

SWG

the Inheritor

Treadman
June ?

Jan 17, 1964

Dear Scott,

K Moseley Rain?

What a print... Mom, you still got the gismo. It's beautiful. It's moody. It seems to mirror your blue devils, and yet it has a comfort about it, a certain place and promised warmth which I know well in my little fictional world. Scott, you have said well in that etching, that which I have been wanting to say all along in my short stories. Believe it or not, you have said something to me in that etching. It is something that nothing would've even understood or come to know. You have got that feeling, Scott. That something inside of me, that Saelkner, that Goat Castle feeling which haunts me which will never let me forget the feeling. You don't know, Scott, how well that etching has redefined and rededicated my faith in the story which I'm going to tell. I'm very, very moved but in a small, private way. The same way I'm moved by a single revelation of that feeling. It's private, esoteric. You and I know it. Perhaps no one else. I'm j.d. Scott, to help me if you don't do more I'll come up there myself and swing your reel. I can't get over that print. It's the best you've done. I don't think even you can do any better. I love it.

(On back)

Scott, I have so much work to do today, and with finals coming up I'm going to have to keep pretty busy. I'm going to stay at school. I must since my grades are not going to be very good, not really bad but mediocre. If I leave school it's got to be with good grades. Scott, my Saledical is a good one for next semester. I'm going to have twice as much free time and I'm going to use it. I swear to god that you'll see a good start on that book next semester. That is a promise I'm making to you one I'm going to keep. No it's and's or but's about it. I promise.

I have a great idea, Scott. Why don't you illustrate my novel. You know the story. You know the people. Just sitting here writing I can think of at least a dozen very great great great etchings. Think of the characters - the Crazy Dick Dora howling in the attic by the shuttered window. Think of Octavia Dockey, old and thin standing in the garden behind the House. Think of the murder, when the men are gathered around the body in the morning. Think of the three fat people D. Minor, A. Dora and Octavia sitting on the front porch under arrest. Think of Host Castle. of Octavia's room, neat and clean. Think of D. Dora playing at the piano amidst the dirt and decay. Scott these things would make a great series of etchings. If you do the etchings, I'll do the book. We can't fail.

Stu.

P.S. I'm all excited! Tell me what you think. Here's another batch of pictures. The last batch has all come in yet!