

morning Rain

Tuesday

January 1964
winter 1964-1965

Stu,

Got your letter and several others which must be attended but, God only knows you deserve a good one from me. I'm sending one I wrote a few days ago. I wanted to wait because I'm sending you Mosely's Rain literally hot off the press. I just finished it today. It's very close to what I wanted but alas I feel nothing when I look at it. You're going to hate me for this but etching no longer holds the challenge it used to. I'm grinding things out now and am going nowhere fast. I still have a deep love for it — one that will never die and I still have before me that ideal. But somewhere something is lacking and I think that a few weeks of drawing and painting will cure me. I think that it's subject matter. Discrimination — picking just the right one — that's what I must do and not etch just anything. I must tread very carefully from now on because I sense the end of an era for me and I'm struggling deeply within myself to hold on to it. I will never quit etching. But I'm in danger of desecrating it with carelessness. I know this sounds crazy to you but my respect for it has grown. I have a natural tendency to hurry and produce as much as I can. Well, I must stop that. It is better to have a few great prints than a lot of mediocre ones so I'm going to take my time, work in paint and pencil and prepare myself for greater things. I'm going to work slowly and pour all the craftsmanship I can into each plate. From here on out — perfection. I was wrong when I said I feel nothing about Mosely's Rain. I like it. It is generally agreed at school that it is my finest print. I think it is extremely moody, the mood I wanted. I welcome and demand your comments. (over)

Today, or rather, yesterday it snowed all day and night with winds up to 40 mph. - a real blizzard. I literally froze going to school walking that mile from the bus stop to the Academy Annex. It's been hell on my cold and what with winds and a temperature of 2° above zero I would call it pure dedication. I shouldered Mrs. McCordell's walk till I was blue and I now hate the snow but I must admit, it is really beautiful from a lotus eater point of view and if I get the chance I'm going to paint a snow scene. I'll do one yet damn it!

Sta, you don't know how much I miss you. I'll write often and you do too. These next few months are hell on me here. You can make them easier. I worry a lot about your decision to write your book. Sta don't worry about the army. If you get a leave of absence from school they can't touch you. I don't think you have to worry anyway. You must write this book. You have no choice - none. You owe yourself that much. You have half of it now - the great material to work with.

Let me know your plans. I must go now write and take care that you make the right decision.

Scott

P.S. I'm sending you the 10 dollars for the films dispatch them to me as soon as you get them please.