

SWG

Friday Night
January 1964

Dear Scott, excuse the salubrious tone of this letter but I've had 4 hrs sleep in 2 days. I have my last exam tomorrow and then it is all over. I don't know how I do it, but I think I am going to pull some good grades. Pray. It probably made a bit of a mess.

How do you like the photos of the snow. It took long enough to get them but they are worth it. Scott, I still can't believe how the photo I took inside came out. I think it is perfect. Too bad I couldn't get the thorny mesquite in the window. Scott, turn the picture over and look at the composition. Tell me that wouldn't make a good template! The other pictures come out well too but since I only guessed at the exposure I feel proud of this picture. I've got a good camera there. I am keeping one of the photos of the snow scenes because I'm going to print it. It is the wagon with snow in it against the house. Not the best picture but with a little manipulation it could be very good. I'm going to manipulate when I get home.

Scott, I'm going to better on the writing list. I have several new ideas about the novel and some very, very, very good short story ideas. You are

right when you say I must start to learn my
craft now. I really ought to go some place for
instruction But Stanford.' That's shooting a little
high isn't it. He'll write and find out the details.
He's going to turn out some work which I
hope will amaze and amuse you. He's going to
write some short stories, as well as working on my
novel. He'll do it. With your help He'll do it. To write
is much like painting. There are mechanics; there are
techniques which can be learned through apprentice
ship. I believe I have two things on my side. I
have good ideas; I have good poetic feeling. I just
don't know how to express it. The expression is at least
50% of the whole thing. Usually in sentence structure,
that is my greatest obstacle. I just don't write yet.
The big example lies in fact that I may never
learn. But that's the price to be happy and I'm
willing to take it.

Heath, I wish you would be a more of
litter yourself. You don't write me too often. You
don't have to send me an etching with every letter!!
I want you to tell me how you feel about illustrating
my book. I think it could be a tremendous
emotional experience for both of us. Please tell
me what you think. I regard this as most
important.

About your etching - I need time to evaluate it.
I never saw better composition in my life and I
am still too moved by it to say anything. He's
going to write about it after I wake up. I think
it is one of the very best. But so are all your
etchings. He's frustrating. Please do a bad one. S.W.

P.S. Write Emmy and Thelma for the work on your portrait.