

Chilbury
Orville-Paine

SWG

February 6, 1964

Dear Scott,

just got back from the Mardi Gras Parade of Momus. It's 10:00 AM. now and the parade was a night one. They had more floatbear carriers than ever before. What a spectacle! We stood on Canal Street for an hour before the parade reached us. By then ~~the~~ the King of Momus was pretty drunk, waving his arm majestically and with great exuberance. The people on the floats were pretty stinky at the Canal Street corner because they still had so much more to go. So Jim and I went down Royal Street and stood just up from St. Peter Street. When the parade reached us there, the King of Momus was out of it. The "dicks" was ride the horses were all drunk too, and all of the float riders were generous. Scott, it was the first parade in which I got a necktie that was thrown straight at meeeee...! I got some others to robie me but usually the parade would pass on by before they could get their trinkets out of their bags. you know! half the fun of those parades is the audience participation. That and the color of the pageantry coupled with the knowledge that you really are in

Mardi Gras.

Scott, I guess you know that Dad is going to get married sometime in February. I found out about it when I was home and so did Mom. If Bucky hadn't been there to help I think Mom might have broken up pretty bad. But Bucky really helped. Still Mom was pretty bad shape when I left. I didn't want to leave but I had to be doing here for registration. Well, yesterday I called home and Mom is wonderful. Curtis and Mr. Kunkin have all been helping her and she is bearing up to this with that old strength which used to be so characteristic of her. I know there will be hard times ahead for her. She knows it too. But I think she is ingenious to realize it and not go from the start. Write her a morale boosting letter. She doesn't need it but it will help.

Scott, tonight I watched the beggars. There is something about them that moves me beyond words. I really don't know what it is but those two old blind ladies with their seeing eye dogs really do something to me. Tonight I saw a blind man bending over repromending his dog. ~~the~~ The dog was barking and the blind man swatted it across the muzzle. He swatted the animal too hard and really hurt it. The old man realized what he had done and he bent over to console the cowering dog. That moment, Scott, a moment when man and beast, in that unique relationship which

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the blind man had with the dog. The scene just moved me beyond words. I guess it was just plain pitiful. Both were miserable. The Master, so dependent, had not meant to do the dog harm. It was an old dog, and the barking was hardly any real noise at all, but the old man thought that it was scaring people. If you could have only seen it. What a picture!

Mother told me that you had sent a letter home and that she was forwarding it to me. I'm dying to see your sketching of Outcrop Point. Jim + I are going to take a trip up to East Feliciana Parish this weekend and with luck it might yield some good photos. I'd give my soul for you to be with me. I'm taking maps, sketching, God (now conspicuously barren of creations) with me in hope of doing some sketching. I have never felt my inadequacy more than when I try to draw or try to write. My writing has not been conspicuously barren but it has not been conspicuously good either. However, my ideas range on being very good (I believe) but they are way ahead of my ability to communicate them. This Short Story I'm working on is really good though

I'm about to throw away the first
two pages and start over again. There is
yet hope for my writing ability because
my critical faculties are getting much
much better. I just have to learn to
write about adults in an adult way.
I will send you the story when I'm
finished with it. That may not be
for quite a while because this story is
likely to be a long, long one.

Write me.

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