

Dear Stu,

Saturday
October 24

1964
19 ~~64~~

Thankyou for your letter and the solutions to my ~~dilemma~~ dilemma, but my situation isn't as bad as it was mainly because I am working. Just week I finished a beautiful head of a negro - by far the best head I've ever done. In fact I did two drybrush studies of him. Also I've gotten a Negro named Ceaser to sit for me next week, and I have plans for a good painting. Already I've done six dry brush heads and the practice is paying off. I'm happy as long as I can work but when there is nothing that turns me on, I get low and have no ambition and then my work shows it. But up here I have a constant supply of heads to keep me in practice whereas at home I don't. I want to be so good at heads that I can draw and paint them very quickly and surely. I want also to be able to capture the gesture of the sitter quickly. I guess you know why I want this ability. It's all a preparation for that big painting of the negros and for improvement in general.

Your letter gave me a genuine inspiration you mentioned that I should paint you duck hunting. Well heading into town on the bus I mullied it over and the more I thought the more the idea worked on me and now I can't wait to get to work on it. This is in essence my idea: You are going to be crouched trying to keep warm - probably with your old parka on and your gun in your arms. (over)



I might try for a very early ^{sun} light striking you but I want to show the loneliness and freezing isolation of man trying to impose his self on nature (I believe he's grown away from it into his own segment of nature)

I can see it perfectly and I even have something of a title in my head. "Waiting for Duck" or something of that order. So if you cooperate with me you'll have a fine painting of yourself. I want you in the weeds with maybe a slight feeling of a ship somewhere. The meaning of the painting might seem corny but it's not and I think it could be very thought provoking if I can get it to work like I want it. You might be looking slightly up as if you see something or you might be looking at the ground and withdrawn concentration on the passage of time and weather. The painting should be as grey and somber as possible - even though you might have a long early morning light casting long shadows on your face.

Well what do you think of it?

Stu, these are the only things I can write you about because there is nothing here that ever happens to me. It's harder for me to write than for you because of this. I got ^{the} ~~your~~ check you sent me

Also I do have a harpsichord and it's a real honey. I'm learning some Bach and writing some too.

(next page)

Now, I want to know when you going to have your vacation what the days are and how much time you can spend. You see I want to visit Jim on my way down that is if I can work it into my schedule. Then I want to fly to New Orleans and ride with you on home.

I think that by then I'll probably have a few real nice things to show you. I'm not going send them to you as I would like to see and hear your initial reactions. It's a rare thing you know.

I hope again to try an etching, perhaps next week or so and if it's successful I'll send it to you. I firmly believe though that if you haven't got your heart in it than you won't get any results.

But there is always the pleasant accident and sometimes that is enough to get one started on a series of good etchings. I don't want to get away from painting though because I'm learning a lot now and as much as I hate practice it has a purpose for me that is so great that it is worth it.

Tomorrow night I go to the rehearsal of the Promethian String Orchestra. I've practiced every spare hour and I think I'm ready to join them with confidence. It's a pity that you don't know what it's like to sit in the middle of an orchestra playing Baroque music. It's glorious!

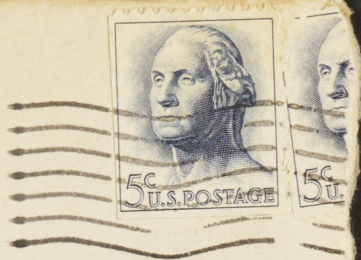
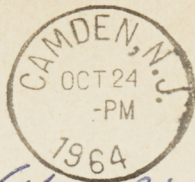
Scott.

P.S. For Christmas why don't you buy me that record of Handel's Fireworks music. I'd love to have it.

"The noble theater of Handel's genius" - I liked that
it really pegs him.

614 Grant Ave
W. Cullingwood N.J.

October 24
1964



Mr. Stuart Gentling
Box 1110
31 McAlister Drive
New Orleans, Louisiana

(Scott is coming to N.O. and we
are going to drive home together for
Thanksgiving: the parents Trudeaus
Hume)

Gift mail