

Monday night

Dear Stu,

I just got home from school, completely exhausted, sapped and so it has been for the past week and a half, ever since they opened the graphics workshop every day. I think I've worked harder than I've ever done before. Today I finally finished my editions of the 2 etchings that I've sent to you. Believe me when I say that you have miserable copies of both. I wasn't about to wrinkle good ones.

So now I have a small portfolio - fat with fine prints - fifty in all, 25 of each - all numbered and signed. It's a good feeling, because whether you may know it or not that's quite an accomplishment.

I have an anecdote (sp) to relate to you. When I was printing the other day, Mr. Franklin Watkins (our school's greatest painter) was showing some members of the board through the graphics department and they being curious as to what I was doing begged him behind my back to give them a demonstration and I at my Bull shitting best consented. My plate was the one of the woman and all the while I was cleaning it Mr. Watkins kept remarking "what a beautiful drawing" over and over. That made me nervous and I was afraid I might goof. So all was ready and I printed it and Bingo it was a beauty! Watkins was so impressed that he asked me for it. Gladly I said yes but that I had some that were dry, that he could handle easily. "No," he said "I want this one because I saw you print it." and then he asked me if I would dedicate it to him which I, fumbling for my pencil, gladly did. Naively he asked if I knew who he was. I said I did in a way that evoked laughter from the little band of aristocrats surrounding me. They were a little jealous that I hadn't bestowed some on them.

Truly, Stuart, that must me a great print though
I personally don't see anything that exceptional about
it. Anyway today I started on two more. One came out
very badly ^{the} - one I made up out of my head, but frankly
I've been waiting for one that would give me a challenge
one that would fight back. The others have been too
easy. I'm also doing a shoulders and head study of
"Pauline" about ~~the~~ ² "by ~~the~~ ^{2 3/4}" which will probably give me
more hell than all the others since I'm now entering that
sanctified and inviolate domain of portraiture. It will
be quite a fine work if it lives up to my expectations.
So far my luck with it has been miserable.

Stuart, I feel that clothing is my medium. It is
probably the only medium that I feel is not just
a tool that fits my pattern of thought whatever it
maybe at the time, but is a true extension of my self -
an emotional appendage so to speak. It is the only thing
in the visual arts that really interests me. My true love
is and always shall be music and right now as I'm
writing this my room is vibrating to the mighty swelling
choruses of Bach's B. minor Mass. I also have a fugue
by Händel which is the finest I've ever heard and I can't
wait ~~wait~~ until you hear it.

My friend Barry Wilkinson is posing for portraits at
school and if I find time I shall paint him and
perhaps you may get to know him and his elusively
shy, gentle and thoroughly artistic character through my
paint smears.

Stuart, my time is completely occupied from 9:00 in
the morning till sometimes 7: at night, engrossed in
work that is completely exhausting (You see I can't
even write right tonight (a poem in three words!) So
don't blame me if my letters are poor and or infrequent.
At least you'll know I'm working on new sights and visions.

Stuart

P.S. I'm glad you and your friends enjoyed my works. please
forward any criticisms you may have. And above all enjoy them