

Wednesday

Dear Scott

Today I ventured rather half-heartedly back into realism; at least I attended two classes. Really there's no realism except a bourgeois realism for the mediocrites and then you take the intelligentsia and find them steeped in sundry idealisms which are, fraudulent even. And the more one observes the more fatuous everything becomes. beauti
tiful (2) Consequently, I am happy, happy, happy and presently my life is a beautiful dream with my mind and me & Sally. Sometimes I become adventuresome & through the mists I see friends and that is enjoyment & equality. You are. Oh! no animosity towards you, Scott. What was obscured didn't concern me, well it did because I happened to be watching. Really it is a very insignificant thing, now.

Jesus, the mountains were a "phantasy of delight" the mountains weren't made by God for people to say "See, ~~how~~ how small we are. God made the mountains to show our smallness and his omnipotence." Instead the mountains are strong & towering because God wants people to climb to their peaks, and to see the sullen valleys compared with the strength of one's position. Finally we started down through the trees and meadow conscious of only ourselves and our surroundings. Sometimes we walked silently and other times we whispered our love. And Monday morning we awoke to the

white & blackness of snow.

Your "order in a desert town" is wonderful; — just for its portraying an alone town separated by the sands — the colouring (a bit of British!) is so definite. Of course I am no critic of art — don't you know that. Indeed it is similar to literature in the myriad of interpretations it can have — ah, but a picture's meaning is even more elusive. But I tell you what I see. Muslim (thought it is supposed to be Islamic) mosques and sometimes there are sickles coming from the left to form their domes. Then I see the "complex simplicity" of this town — the lines ending yet there is a homogeneity, a constancy of relationships. And I see Christian cross stretching to the sky and this is the individual, maybe the Jesus, maybe the Zarathustra. This essentially is the picture to my brain. If I am totally wrong tell me what you intended — if I'm not then tell me not what it was for its creator. Your poetry is good and I think the sonnet on love is best as it seems you concentrated more here, — it is considerably smoother than the one on vanity. If you have a copy of "On Vanity" notice that the "also" line 5 is too abrupt — as you have "is the burden on the mind" why not say "And, oh! ⁽³⁾ the burden ^{is} on the mind" which would lead into line 6 well I think. And line 7. But the ideas are good & so true. Listen, I think I recall your mentioning Paul Klee's once at Tulane; anyway I will try to get something of his.

I would like to come to Philadelphia maybe about Dec. 13 but I won't know or anything until much later. Then we discuss it (you will say if you want me to come, i.e.) Sali called & I can't remember what I was about to say concerning the eye to mind to hand thing on creativity but I don't see it exactly as you say. I mean it depends, ...

Your buddy Jim