

Feb 27,
1965?

Dear Scott,

Had a rather late night of it last night, so I'm having a little trouble putting my thoughts in order. Naturally I skipped my class today, fortunately that is one class in which I know what is coming off. For some reason "Absolom, Absolom" was sitting by my bed this morning, probly left by there by some quickly bored amigo. I started reading the beginning of that book and Scott I just can't get over the mood that he casts. You almost feel the heat to the point that you can't breath. A really great book.

I, in order to get everything done am going to have to introduce a very very ~~very~~ strict schedual. It will be good for me. But God is it hard. I am determined to get at least two hours of ~~reading~~ ^{writing} in every day. Yesterday I got my two hours of writing but nothing else accomplished. And I wonder why I am frustrated. It is for the pure and simple reason that I am not organized at all. It is my fault and a fault that I am quickly going to remedy, though on my part it is going to take effort which borders upon the super-human. I know this much — such strict schedualing is my only salvation, for it does inculcate, perhaps not the desire to work as much as it gives me the habit of working. You know, I used to say to myself the reason for my not working is that I can't work with the interruptions so prevalent in the summer. That's bullshit. It all boils down to the fact that I am just ~~lazy~~ lazy lazy. I've got to get out of it. Some great writer or artist once said that nothing was quite as disturbing or as disgusting as a potential artist who will not come to terms with his own creative ability merely because it is discomforting to him. I think that's true. Now that I have the inspiration, I have to get off my fat ass and start working hard. Oooooohhhh no.

Since I still have plenty of space and no real news since yesterday, I'm going to outline for you the story of the prostitute in "I'm Bound away" Hi Scott ; This is @ Dave !!! BACKE To StEWIE. I started this letter yesterday and am now just getting back to it. I am going to save the story about the whore until later because I have something to say about some painting ideas. I was walking over to the gym yesterday (it was raining lightly) and I looked up above me to see a sark wet branch against the sky and a lone sparrow sitting on it cold and still looking. The branch looked black against the sky at first glance

but as you looked at it the colors revealed themselves, barely at first, but the more you looked at it, the more beautiful they became. I sat there and looked at the branch and the bird and thought that only Andrew Wyeth could do something like that. Today, in history class, Mr Bailkey our teacher, a real smart guy said that representational art was dead and I held up my hand and said emphatically no. And you know what, I proved my point. Not only did I get him to concede the fact, but I got myself convinced. I pointed out Andrew Wyeth as an example and then after a mentioning of his faults I extolled his ~~virtues~~ virtues and I told him how he seemed to capture the essence of the thing. Then Bailkey said that Raphael was able to capture the essence of woman in his modonna paintings yet these paintings somehow lacked content. I said that the artist's content did not lie in his skill of depicting his subjects as his choice of subjects. I told Bailkey that Wyeth's choice of subjects was nearly impeccable. There it is. The quality of art lies in its content, not merely in the skill with which they are drawn. I believe that Wyeth has this idea firmly in mind and that is why he is the great painter that he is. That's why he is not the least concerned with the obvious paint splashed that you objected to in his painting of his house, mill in the snow. The onlooker never loses the feel of the medium, but he never loses the feel of the subject whose "whatness or thinness" Wyeth is so very good at. That is what I am going to try to do in my painting. Therefore the choice of subjects is of the utmost importance. I was attracted immediately to this picture of the cold sparrow on the wet branch with the low green grey sky above it. (You are looking up at the bird at a slight angle. I know that it is dangerous but here I believe that it is interesting.



Blackbird



The house

P.S. Don't forget to send me some pictures and please write. I do hate to carry on a monologue all of the time. It is really like addressing ones prayers to some all knowing, omnipotent but silent god whose favors I receive but occasionally - by post. Write!