

Dear Stu,

Wednesday
17 March 1965

I was very sorry to hear that the car got stolen - it seems that that car is a real jinx one way or the other. Did you have any valuables in it? papers etc. (I'm wondering if I had anything in it) And most important do we have a chance to be compensated for it? My God, what m.p.t.!

Last Sunday night Audrey and I went down to an old church in the low rent district of Philly and heard a performance of Bach's B minor mass with full chorus (250 or so) and orchestra which included trumpets, drums, and woodwinds, organ and harpsichord ^(plus the usual strings). The chorus was a youthful one - from 3 local colleges and they were damn good. The orchestra was immaculate and powerful - they were all seated in Baroque style - a kind of glorious confusion. To me there is little music more emotional and rousing than Baroque. I wish you could have been there. During the intermission, a Brass Choir played a Gabrieli Sonata (like on that sampler of ours) and it was impressive. They were high up and in the back of the church behind us. The effect was glorious.

I called mother the other day and she told me that her marriage is going to take place just after Easter and that she's moving out of the house on May 1st.

It's probably due to my own selfishness but I don't like the change of things. I think N.P. is a great guy and I'm all for this marriage, but with this marriage I sense the final dissolution of our family and the big kick into the cold ~~and~~ cruel world. Responsibility and all that shit. I abhor change and I feel this one is a bad one. I wish we could get some blessings that weren't in disguise.

But then things are never as bad as I think they are.
and I'm sure that we'll all adjust like we've done at
other times.

On a lighter and more important side I was
flabbergasted by your photographs! The one of the
tree trunk is so good that I've begun a superb painting
of it and I'm all excited. The composition is very
strong and abstract and the color is lyric. There's nothing
sad or lonely about that subject - more a joy of cool
rich earth and pale late afternoon sunlight and contentment.
That's what I want to strive for in this one.

I'm doing it in dry brush and the picture is going to be
fairly big. I hope to work on it until the end of school
and thus keep myself a little more occupied.

By the way if you have any more photos that you think
I might like, send 'em on up.

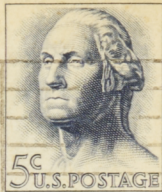
Tonight I'm going to go in to town to hear a concert
at Moose College of Art. It's all going to be Baroque trios
by Scarlatti, Telemann, Bach and others. There will
be an oboe, flute, and harpsichord, so it should prove to
be a good evening's diversion.

Since school is out this week for spring vacation I'm
at home most of the time and nothing much happens.
So I'm sorry if there's aint no news.

Scott

P.S. It's too bad we've got our correspondence ~~and~~ miped
up again. Oh Well.

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Mr. Stuart Gentling
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March 17
1965

(mother marries ND after Easter 1965)
We move out of Stella's May 1st)