

Dear Mr. Dana or whoever you are this week,

Well I finally received my money from Dad and things look a damn sight better. Tomorrow I shall go to school and once my mind is wholly occupied then I shall I am sure emerge from my blue funk.

Today it is foggy a little bit and so I'm going to go take pictures down by the river front where they are tearing down all the old buildings. Stuart there are some beautiful scenes down there and with a fog it should be even more beautiful. If I get some good photos I shall send you some. Their real purpose is for use in painting landscapes in side. It's way too cold to paint outside and it will help to while away the hours that I have nothing to do. Many of the old places look like cat fish row only with all the buildings torn down for hundreds of feet around they look stranded and a plain of broken brick.

There's one scene that has an old building with a colonial look about it. That looks like a slave market — all of it in fact looks like a movie set for a colonial movie.

Oh, yesterday when I was sketching down there I stopped by an old church grave yard that looks like something out of Hawthorne or Poe and I looked at some of the stones. There were a couple buried there in 1763 — killed in the French War and then there was one of Washington's aid de camps at Valley Forge.

I shall leave now and will continue this letter when I get back.

Several hours later:

Sta: I think that I got some of the best pictures that I ever took, I just hope that they come out O.K. I cannot describe to you the poetic experiences that I have had today.

Barry, Al, and I went down to the water front and snooped in and around the old buildings whose fates are sealed.

The slave market type scene gave me one of the best photos that I have ever taken. An old negro walking across the open street shuffling his feet with an old green overcoat and black hat on. I imagine the whole thing shrouded in a hulk fog O.K. and evocative. They sure had better come and, if they do then they may inspire some good paintings. You see, I shall use the photos in my studio and do the final work when the weather permits. Don't worry you'll get to see the pictures ahead of time. I'll send some to you. I hope I'm not counting my chickens before they hatch.

A sad thing that I ~~thought~~ saw today was an old dilapidated coat laying on a side walk down in the ruins. Al picked it up and in the pockets were one dried up roll of bread and a piece of nibbled cheese and in the other pocket was a little bar of soap - I'm sure all the possessions of some little old bum that died on the street. It's strange but I saw a great deal of beauty in that and I thought of a man who owned "nothing" but some food and soap. The air of the "ruins" as I call them - the total absence of human life as far as you could see made the coat have a very poignant effect on me as if some one poor and tired in the waste land had "shuffled off his mortal coil."

uphere, as you can in N.O., you see life at its rawest. The city, a cage, and the life within it like a zoo of strange and terrifying animals. The cold days uphere and the fog and dampness make it seem like men grovels in shadows fighting cold and sadness, bitter defeat and all for one thing, the last desperate breath of air, the last morsel of food and calorie of heat, fighting death and relief when it comes. (oh! a bit of sanctified prose!) Really I've found a little truth in what I've seen and I feel a little better, no better is not the word. I guess more knowing.

Sweet all today I've been thinking about your novel and how powerful it could be. I love the ~~the~~ name Octavia Dackery (so). Ah! the power in that name! I pray that you will be able to write it. A first book I can imagine must be hell. The burden of inexperience is heavy indeed. Always keep it (the story of Dick + Octavia) in mind and even if you should fail on this attempt keep at it. The story's too good to pass up. Ah Natchez, thou not much less ~~than~~ than pure Elysium. Tomorrow I shall go to school and begin to really work. After all an idle mind is the Devil's workshop.

soon I shall plan and paint a self portrait utilizing all the ~~the~~ new things that I have learned

Monday Morning

I received your present and your two letters. I am fine and shall write tomorrow.

Thanks loads for the ^{Suit}
Keep Good