

Spring 1965

Dear Stu,

Your letter was very amusing and delightful, and I thank you for taking the time to write a few lines of humor. I still laugh when I think about it. I forgot to tell you before, but two of the finest if not the two finest examples of Mayan Pottery in extent are in the University of Pennsylvania's museum. They're called the "Chama" vase and the "Katinlinpul" vase - They're in that beautiful Mayan book that Shirley mailed to me (and which I'll try to get off to you this week. They also have one of the most beautiful classic period small figurines I ever saw - still with the touches of blue paint on it. It's also a famous one and I think you've probably seen it reproduced. It has one of the most serene expressions of any piece of sculpture I know. It's also a perfectly balanced pose of quiet meditation. It sits bolt up right and looks something like this: (Musta faulty memory)

Anyway I think that of all the pieces of ancient sculpture I have seen and that includes the Egyptians and the Greeks I think I would like to have that one.



no it doesn't!
I could have the original in front of me and still not get its feeling

I hope that before the year is out that you can come up and see these things they have all sorts of other Mayan treasures.

I'm sorry that my letters have betrayed the general boredom that has encompassed me but you have to realize that life for me is not like yours at Tulane. The only friends

I have one at school and that occupies a short part of my time. Since I can't afford too many amusements and I have no car my opportunities for doing things worth writing about are somewhat limited. Most of my free time is spent reading or sometimes just plain waiting and sitting. I am at ~~a~~ constant odds with this lethargy that creeps at me ~~and~~ but I think that an answer has been found that will eliminate much of this inactivity and may also prove beneficial.

I have become a member of that august group of string, guitar, and recorder players collectively known as the Promethean Baroque String Orchestra. Last week someone placed a notice on the bulletin board requesting violinists and violists. I called the number given and was invited to attend a rehearsal. Now this orchestra is made up entirely of amateurs and some of them are damn good. They were especially interested in the fact that I had a harpsichord. They don't you see.

Anyway last Saturday night I journeyed in the cold and rain way out into West Philadelphia to a comfortable old field stone white shuttered building mansion. I was late and the hostess greeted me at the door. In the background I heard the celestial brilliance of a fast Vivaldi Concerto.

I introduced myself to all and was warmly received (for an outsider) I took a seat and for six hours enjoyed beautiful Baroque masterpieces by Bach (Concerto for 2 violins) Corelli (his Christmas Concerto) and Vivaldi. They were at times pretty crude and unbalanced but at others ~~and~~ they ~~shone~~ shined brilliantly. After sizing them up I figured I was good enough to play some menial parts and gradually work up to the more difficult works. The last 2 days I

have been practicing which has improved my playing already tremendously. All of the players are about my age and are college students - mostly from Temple University and they're dedicated enthusiasts.

So you have no idea what effect Baroque music has when you're sitting in the room, nay, in the orchestra itself. I can't describe it. So I'm looking forward to their next rehearsal this Saturday. In a couple of weeks they might all come out here! This is something I've always wanted to do and now I have the chance.

Also I have bought some books on Harmony and counterpoint and am going to begin at the bottom and learn them. I figure I've wasted enough time trying to ship preliminaries that I could have learned it all. So now I realize there's plenty of time and since I only have one life I'm going to push it to the fullest, ~~also~~ in Don't worry about my painting.

My head studies are coming much better now. I'm at present working on one of a negro student (I've already done one) and I must brag and say they're pretty good. Also I've gotten another to pose for me next week and he's got a jacket that looks like a blue color. I've got some new and interesting positions planned which will please you. I'm glad to say that for once I'm sticking to a resolution - to paint a head or two every week. It's a habit to pass the time with but these negro heads are beautiful studies. I have found the fact that it will

be some time before I etch again. The gism just
aint with me anymore - not since I've been painting and
right now that's all I'm interested in - to become
good enough at painting people so that I can begin
on some of those big ideas I always talk about. I
want to stop talking and start doing.

Right now it's very very late (I want to get this
off to you in the morning and keep my bargain to
send you a letter as soon as I get one from you. Please
forgive me if mine aren't very interesting. After all
I'm not a writer and also my life falls awful far short
of being interesting.

Your dull brother,
Scott

P.S. Buckey and I are having a silent feud ~~ever~~ ^{ever} ~~since~~
ever since she tried to take my thumb off at the
wrist but in spite of it she sends her greetings
Nellie does too!

Haiku: ~~in the rustling~~

In the wind - reeds, bobbing, croaking
blackbirds!