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The journal that I am starting as of this date is intended to correlate with the visual work that I am preparing for my Master of Fine Arts thesis. This visual work is a series of line-etchings on themes involving three characteristics: oddity, incongruity, and humor. They will be a continuation of work that I have been developing over a period of time and have found to be challenging. The journal is to function as a transcription of the discoveries and the processes, mental and physical, that I use to convey my ideas into final works.

However, it is also a means of discovering myself through the documentation and illumination of thoughts and events. I hope that what I write in this journal is honest, critical, and revealing. I feel that this undertaking will not be a task; in fact, I look forward to it with pleasure. I can see only rewards for taking this approach.

The weather, today, has been worth noting. After a drizzly morning with winds gusting out of the south-southeast, a new front moved across the lake with incredible speed. I could see the edge of the dark, slate-gray cloud bank as soon as it appeared over the horizon. By the time those clouds were overhead (I was standing on the beach) the wind was already at gale force out of the west-southwest. It literally hammered the trees along the beach, creating an almost impenetrable din. The wind blew so hard that the waves were torn apart before they could build in size.

After supper, Gil and I went for a walk down the back beach. The wind was now creating some of the largest waves I have seen this year. It was truly a magnificent fury!

I have started a drawing for a new plate and I'm trying to analyze each step without interfering with the actual work. However, unlike many of my ideas, I know where this one started. When I was talking to Danska last Thursday, she mentioned riding through Wolcott and "marveling" at the fountain downtown. The thought of this made me realize that I had never really looked at it, but that, to an
outsider, it was definitely an extraordinary sight for a village like Wolcott. Friday, I went into town and photographed the fountain along with the bandstand. I was already toying with the idea of a spoof on the Baroque paintings of the French and Flemish masters, in particular Rubens and Nicolas Poussin ("Rape of the Daughters of Leucippus" and "The Rape of the Sabine Women"). Saturday, I printed the negatives, and this morning I worked on the drawing. It involved working with figures drawn in the heroic style, which I found interesting and quite worthwhile. I modeled my figures after those of Michelangelo, Rafael, and, of course, Rubens. I used the traditional pyramid structure characteristic of Rubens ("Rape of the Daughters of Leucippus" and "The Raising of the Cross"). The idea is centered around a work crew performing maintenance on the fountain. At the root of the idea is the influence of the painting "Venus and Adonis" by Paul Cadmus. Cadmus took an everyday scene of a tennis date and, by the way of positioning the figures and using a low vantage point, created a painting common to the Italian Baroque ceiling painters. I find myself quite interested in the work of Cadmus.

I plan to use the Wolcott Hotel as the background. The fountain and its natural setting are as incongruous as could possibly be desired. The positioning of the figures, I hope, will add to this humor.

30 September, Monday

I worked most of the day on the drawing. I took time out to re-etch a couple areas on the "Cardplayers" where I had scraped out previous lines. That plate is coming along. The laughing woman looks much better after re-drawing. I'm glad it was not copper!

I gathered enormous numbers of hickory nuts, black walnuts, and butternuts blown down by the wind. It is still blowing hard but with nowhere near the force of last night. It is a beautiful evening.

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October, Tuesday

There was almost a full moon last night. I heard numerous flocks of geese flying over as late as 2 A.M. What a wild sound!

I spent most of the day in class (Methods and Materials in Art Education). The course has raised my interest and curiosity along with taking up my time.

I proofed the "Cardplayers", again. The areas I re-etched seem to blend in well, at least to the point where they satisfy me. I still need to do some major scraping and re-drawing. Someday, I'll be able to draw one side of a vase the same shape as the other. And, someday I'll have enough sense to get the drawing right before etching it into the plate! I'll be glad when I'm done with this plate. I've worked on it so long that it's like eating old corn.

I was remarking to Sue, today at lunch, that I'm in a contented state of mind. I have passed out of the doldrums of inactivity (waiting for an idea) into an active period of creativity. I seem to have a command over myself in my actions and my thoughts when in this state. Sherlock Holmes felt the same way. Fortunately, I do not need cocaine when the tide has ebbed. I know how he felt, though.

4 October, Wednesday

Again, another fickle day. The most outstanding visual experience was the weather. The cloud formations were magnificent. Phil was determined they were Turneresque. I was reminded of "Robert Andrews and His Wife" by Gainsborough. The long drive from RIT to Sodus seems endless on a drizzly day. Even my mind was drizzly. I sought entertainment from "As It Happens" on CBL (radio).

I learned an interesting fact, which is not surprising for a show on CBL. Do you know why pigs without tails are worth more at market than those retaining their anterior possession? Well, the answer is quite simple. As the pigs with tails travel to the butcher shop in trucks, they are often placed face to rear with neighboring pigs. Is it unnatural to start to chew the neighbor's tail since it is already almost in the mouth? Not for a pig! Now, it has been discovered that a pig's tail is insensitive to pressure up to a certain point. How-
ever, once that nerve area is reached with a good chomp, all the secrecy is lost and the trouble starts. The victim becomes offended and feels some sort of vindication is due. Consequently, a "pig fight" starts. The results usually are bruised hams, which don't sell to the housewife well versed in porkology. We know the story about why bears have no tails, but now when we see "the little piggy that went to market" we will know why he wears a bandage on his rump.

I worked out some problems I had with the "Cardplayers". However, there are still some visual confusions. I showed the latest proof to Bruce and we talked about these areas. I pretty well knew where they were before, but the idea of another's unfamiliar opinion was helpful. The painting on the wall (in the background behind the figures) needs to be toned-down. It is much too loud and causes visual confusion. I'll try softening it with burnishing. It also distorts the depth of field terribly.

Bruce thought I should see the drawings and etchings of David Hockney. I looked at some very poor reproductions but got an idea. Hockney's work is simpler and looser than mine in his set-up of figure-ground, simplicity vs. complexity problems. Bruce was after, I think, an example of when simplicity is necessary in the midst of complexity for shape definition. I could think of better examples in works of Whistler and Tennier, but it was still interesting to see Hockney's etchings.

Bruce demonstrated the photomechanical lithography process on aluminum plates this morning and afternoon. It sure was slick!

I would like to comment on that article on dreams but I'll do that later.2

5 October, Thursday

I spent the morning at Theodore Roosevelt School (#43). I assigned myself to a second-third grade class (Miss Hoyler) and a sixth grade (Mr. Logan) as the art teacher. I do not want to be like the —

stereotyped elementary school art teacher, but I can recognize why elementary art teachers are as they are and do what they do. However, whether I fail or succeed, my two classes will be presented with material that develops artistic concepts. It will be interesting to observe how I intend to accomplish this!

I worked some more on the "Cardplayers". It has developed slowly, but, I feel that it is approaching completion. I'll pull proofs on Arches and Rives this next week.

The cloud formations were beautiful, again, today. There was no snow or frost like areas south of the lake experienced. It was fortunate for my tomatoes.

I took my usual walk before bed.

6 October, Friday

It was a busy day of relatively mundane events until after dinner.

Gil and I went out in the canoe for an extremely pleasant trip. This was the first chance we had had for days. The bay was calm with no traffic. Quiet--except for our steady conversation. As we reached the break-wall area off Charles Point, we could see the moon rising over the Bluff in a blood-red ball. It was a magnificent sight as it cleared the trees over the Bluff casting that citadel shape in silhouette.

I have always loved Botticelli's "Birth of Venus" and "The Allegory of Spring." His women are beautiful.

5 October, Saturday

Indian Summer! This morning Gil and I made a pumpkin pie from two of our own pumpkins. Actually, we cleaned the pumpkins, quartered them, and baked them. After lunch, we made the pie filling and the crust and baked it.

Earlier this morning, we observed a boat off the eastern point of the Bluff hauling in great numbers of large fish with a net. When the operation was concluded, they lowered the empty net and marked each end with red painted, and flagged buoys. Who these men were,
we have no idea. They could have been conservationists checking and recording salmon, but, somehow, it appeared to be more like a commercial operation.

In the afternoon, after making the pie, we went down to Port Bay by boat. There is a good deal of break-wall repair work going on in front of cottages, over there. We had a little motor trouble as we were touring the bay. We pulled over at the Anchorage and Gil changed the lower spark plug. That seemed to be the problem. On the way back we investigated the net-buoys off Lake Bluff. Each was marked with identification tags but stated nothing as to the owner or whether it was a state or a commercial enterprise. I heard, recently, that the salmon (Coho) the Canadians stocked in the lake in 1969 have matured and returned to the lake to spawn. I know the U.S. stocked the lake at the same time, so maybe what they were reeling in this morning were salmon. As we were approaching my cottage on our return, the motor went back to firing on one cylinder.

I relaxed, pretty much, after dinner, but was too exhausted to do more than record the day's events.

As I think back on last night's moon, I call to mind the illustrations by Leonard E. Fisher in his book "The Warlock of Westfall."  

6 October, Sunday

When I awoke this morning, there were two wood ducks swimming off the boat house. I heard for the first time the "clucking" din of hundreds of blackbirds that have been congregating for their fall migration.

It was another perfect day. Gil and I set out in the canoe around ten o'clock. We went out under Leroy Island Bridge, around Eagle and Newark Islands and then back to the dock. There was a fair wind out of the south. Sailboats! My God, do I want to sail!

After dinner, we went up to the hill to record trees. We had better luck than we ever did with the mushrooms. However, we did run into some problems identifying the oaks. Tomorrow, I'll get a better book at the library in Newark. I relaxed in the evening, and started reading the Deerslayer. It is a custom for me to read a "Leather-Stocking Tale" in the fall. I was attracted to the poem that started chapter one:

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society where none intrudes.
By the deep sea, and music in its roar:
I love not man the less, but nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal,
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

Childe Harold

7 October, Monday

The blackbirds are surrounding the cottage and creating a terrific noise "clucking" and "squelching". The squirrels have taken to the ground and are voicing their protests from a safe distance. The birds have now taken flight and are leaving in a wave. There are grackles, starlings, but most are just blackbirds. Silence!

I spent the morning in Newark. I went to Dr. Tyner's for a flu shot. I talked with him about the museums of Europe, in particular, the Tate. He does not like the works of William Blake. He's a Turner man.

I went to the library and got a better book on trees and got a book on children's art.

I went to Aunt Kate's.

I went to Wolcott in the afternoon to the post office.

Worked on my "Rape" sketch after dinner.

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8 October, Tuesday

I spent a boring day at RIT in Education class. The day was not completely shot, however, for I got a good critique on my "Cardplayers" from Norm Bate, Sue, and Bonnie Buck. I think I am going to start to work upside down or something. My design and structure have a great tendency to escape me when I concentrate on subject matter. I have always been subject oriented and, most likely, always will be. There is nothing wrong with that! But, it does overshadow structural and design elements in at least two out of every three drawings I do. Not a very good record!

I had a pleasant trip home listening to President Ford's speech on the economy and listening to selected pieces on WBFB. CBL was broadcasting a hockey game.

I cooked dinner outdoors as I try to do every night. The bay was like a mirror. The reflection of the island was almost perfect, occasionally disturbed when a fish jumped. This is the nicest time of the year. It is truly quiet and peaceful.

Gil came down after dinner with a journal he has been keeping. The differences are plentiful, but in the main, his and mine are the same. We listened to the Boston Symphony's all Mozart program on WBFB.

As I write, I am sitting before the fire. I am physically and mentally drained. Maybe it is because of the flu shot I got yesterday. I called Aunt Marion to see if she needed a ride to the airport, tomorrow. She is going to visit her brother in San Angelo, Texas. She has a ride for tomorrow but I'll pick her up when she comes back on the sixteenth.

9 October, Wednesday

I showed my "Cardplayers" to both Phil and Norm and got two evaluations that were constructive and thought provoking. Norm straightened me out on some technical difficulties from an illustrator's point of view. Both criticisms helped me recognize something that, I guess, I have been setting up repeatedly since last year. That something would have to be the play of a didactic situation against
an active visual setting that are treated with somewhat equal importance. This play, to some extent, has presented problems of confusion when reading the print. However, this problem of confusion seems almost built-in. If I want to treat a normal non-dominant area with the same emphasis characteristic of a dominant area, then, I believe, there will always be some confusion. In fact, I think that it is this confusion that I find challenging. Say I lessen subject matter in favor of form, spatial relations, etc. Then the print will become static and predictable. Conversely, the same is true. Maybe what I need to do is really scramble things up -- create a print that is warped because of planal shifts, over and under emphasis of detail, perspective changes, etc. My problem, now, is that I don't make the confusion really confusing. I tend to stay on the safe side with subject matter. I am glad that I got this all down. I think, however, that my next print will be relatively conservative in order to familiarize myself with the techniques that I later hope to distort and play with. I have been distorting and playing right along with little success. In order to present a confusing situation, I better not be confused myself.

10 October, Thursday

Today was teaching day at Theodore Roosevelt. I was more than a little apprehensive as to how I would function under "fire", but, I believe, I managed fairly well. My first class was Mr. Logan's sixth grade. Generally, the boys and girls show their age and immaturity; however, there are some blatant exceptions. Of course, the majority of these "precocious" kids are girls and their advancement is in the field of sexual awareness. It is all pretty much kept in cult-like secrecy, with the overflow coming out in giggles.

Bonnie Macur and I are partners and it was her project that we did, today, while I observed and met the children. She had them do a "House, Tree, Person" psychology test, a drawing of whatever they wanted to do, and a group mural-type drawing on a large sheet of paper. I think the HTP helped loosen the kids up for the other two drawings. I would say that there is a lot more imagination
untapped than I at first expected. I hope to get at this before it becomes walled in and inaccessible. Of course, they are very conscious of "being able to draw" or "not being able to draw."

We ran into the problem of kids being done before the period was over. That is going to be a problem hard to cope with.

Mr. Logan never once told the class to quiet down or any of that. It was a very easy class to work in. The noise level was moderate, I guess. Since I live alone and cherish silence, I am a poor judge.

Over all, I think the children were receptive.

My second class was Miss Hoyler's second-third graders. The classroom procedure was completely the opposite to Mr. Logan's. I could not begin until the children were all sitting straight in their chairs, hands folded on their desks. Although I was a little startled, at first, I realized that it was not all bad. This type of discipline riveted the kids' attention on me. They expected something from me and I had the opportunity to present it without competition from noise or movement. I liked it! It eased up, somewhat, as the project commenced, but Miss Hoyler never let the kids even think about getting out of hand.

I had the children do wax-paper transfer drawings. I had a captivated audience as I demonstrated. I heard "ohs" and "ahs" as I made my transfers. I had the kids in a spell. This spell lasted, for the most part, the entire sixty minutes. Some kids grew restless towards the end, but I believe that it was because they normally were active and had problems sticking to something for any length of time. I did not see boredom. I did see frustration. There were problems making transfers. In the main, it was a pencil holding problem, just as I had anticipated. There was a lot of this \underline{as opposed to} \underline{PMR}. Some of the problems were not their fault, but the fault of the newspaper.

Needless to say, I was busy trying to help children with difficulties. Time went fast. I will give this project to the sixth grade, some time. Next week, I will give Miss Hoyler's people a
chance to use their imagination, which, I hope, will prove interesting as well as entertaining.

What did I learn? Sixty minutes is a long time. Outside of that, things are still hazy. I was glad to leave the school and head to the lake.

11 October, Friday

I was up betimes. The sunrise was interesting, this morning. The mist was rising off the bay, which was perfectly flat. It looked like ice as the surface reflected the mist just above it. There were about a dozen ducks swimming a bit down from our dock. I hope they remember that hunting season is almost here! They are safe off my dock.

I finished the "Cardplayers", today. I am happy with the printed results. It was a long time to completion. I made the initial sketch on the beach, in August. It has come a long way. I can thank poor drawing and poor thinking for the time it consumed. I am printing this on Arches white, using 514 black. It takes about one-half hour to pull a print. The wiping is what takes the time. At least, the print will look clean.

I have been saving all my proofs. It is a good thing to do this because I can look back and reread all that I wrote in the margins. I can also see when I made discoveries of certain problems and can ask the question why it took me so long to find them. Or worse, why were the problems ever present.

The day turned out to be warm and beautiful. However, after I struggled with the five o'clock traffic in and around Rochester, I did not feel like reveling outdoors. If it were not for the lake and the seclusion of the cottage at the other end of my drive, I think I would go nuts. I am not looking forward to having to shut the place up and move closer to the city (maybe, even, into the city).

12 October, Saturday

I worked all morning and into the afternoon on my "Rape" drawing. I practically re-drew everything but the fountain. I think it
is technically stronger and not as static. I plan to follow the rules in this print. In other words, there is an orderly sequence to the plane shifts. The background will be kept subdued. The reason for this is to better understand the tools and techniques of drawing and illustrating that I intend to distort and play with, later. I can already hear the question being asked, "What are they doing?" To hell with it! Let all ask all they want! I am not going to concern myself with making a subject that raises no question as to what is happening.

I filed down the edges on my copper plate, this afternoon, and put the ground down. This plate is larger than others that I have done, a full nine inches by twelve inches. However, the actual drawing area I believe to be smaller than previous plates, since it is an oval. I am still toying with the idea of making an embossing around the printed area. I would accomplish it by etching out portions of the surrounding metal, being careful to cover that area of the plate to be inked from false bite while in the acid.

I went to the Burgesses for a Bockwurst dinner. I watched Gil's slides of England until the bulb in the projector burned out. I then saw some movies that dated back to earlier days of the Bluff and Newark. They were very interesting even though I am not concerned in memorizing the names of all the people, like Gil. The stories, however, are fascinating vignettes of life that might become possible subjects. Many of the films were in black and white. I wish I could get some black and white super 8, today.

13 October, Sunday

I didn't sleep worth a damn. I am sure that it was because of the coffee I drank for dinner.

Today was beautiful, but chilly. Unfortunately, I was unable to take advantage of the weather, because I wanted to transfer my drawing on to the plate and scribe it out. I stopped for a while, this morning, to tow Gil in his boat over to Kuhn's, where he was going to take the boat out for the season. It is always depressing
to see the boats come out in the fall.

I worked all afternoon, until four. Gil arrived with three baskets of tomatoes, most of them green. We have been placing them on screens over newspaper. They seem to ripen well in this way. We then went for a walk under the Bluff.

I had an excellent dinner at Burgesses of Cuban spaghetti, a recipe of Grump Burgess.

14 October, Monday

A busy day. I took my car into Russ Cook's to have a tune-up. While I waited, I worked on my story about "Line" for the second-third grade class on Thursday. I'll read the story and then have the kids do a related drawing.

I made grape jelly in the afternoon, mowed the damn lawn (hopefully, for the last time), gathered chestnuts for roasting from our Chinese Chestnut, and took down the screens and put up the storm windows. It was a good day to do this outdoor work since it was warm (75 F.)

After dinner, I went into Newark with Gil. I did laundry, while he went to Lodge. I stopped by to see Aunt Kate. It was raining when we left town. I was almost hit by a drunk woman careening out of the Village Steak Pit parking lot. The ass! I believe 100% in defensive driving.

15 October, Tuesday

I rode to school with Norm Williams. I drove to Lock Berlin to pick him up. He, like Phil, is a good traveling companion by being interesting to listen to. He commands a good repertoire of anecdotes and full-scale stories.

Had trouble with the Dutch Mordant. Sue mixed up the standard recipe, this morning, but it would not bite. I told Phil about it and he recommended a 5-1 solution: 25 parts HCL, 5 parts KCL, and 125 parts H2O. This worked well. However, it might be too hot. I will work more on the plate tomorrow. The plate was in the acid for one-half hour.
I did a little weaving project in Methods this afternoon. It was to get me acquainted with the principles. Well, I had (and still do have) no idea what the principles of weaving were (or are), but managed to get involved in a little string rug (?). In a way, it was fascinating, but, above all, very relaxing. I felt really at ease. Kind of surprising!

16 October, Wednesday

More enormous flocks of black birds flew over this morning. I drove through Newark to stop at the Wayne-Ontario Library to pick up four films I plan to use in teaching.

I worked with clay, this morning, in Methods. I had forgotten how therapeutic it was to work with it. I never seem to get tired.

This afternoon, I scribed the background of the "Rape" plate and etched it in the 5-25-125. I had not blocked out the first lines I had etched earlier, so these lines were etched quite deep. There is a pleasing difference in line weight, when printed. However, there was a great deal of false bite. I won't worry about that, yet, because I usually can work the false-bitten areas into the texture of the print.

Norm Bate commented that my "Dinner at Lord Glutton's" was far better than the "Cardplayers," which remains and always will remain a confusion to him. He, I'm sure, is not alone. What he saw in the "Dinner . . ." plate was the regular recession of planal areas from the foreground to the back. This he had talked to me about, before, saying I had tendencies to be inconsistent and, as a result, confusing. In the "Dinner . . ." plate, figures and objects went back with one figure or object definitely in front of another.

I showed him the new drawing of "Rape." He agreed that I had opened it up more and, thereby, strengthened it.

I printed two more finished proofs of the "Cardplayers." I experienced no bigger difficulties than keeping the edges of the plate free of dried ink flakes.
I picked Aunt Marion up at the airport. She was extremely tired, but had a good time in Texas. I arrived back here, late. I just finished my story on "Line" that I will read to the second-third graders, tomorrow.

17 October, Thursday

I left early for RIT so I could preview the four films. More birds migrating and--hunters! As I drove by the swamp, there was one walking about the cattails trying to sneak up on an unwary duck so he could blast it apart with his semi-automatic 10 gauge shotgun. Real sport! I leaned on the car horn the entire length of the swamp. I am reminded of the short story, "The Most Dangerous Game."5

Today's teaching experience at Theodore Roosevelt was quite interesting. First of all, my name was Don Quixote and I attacked the windmills of sixth grade art! I had about as much success as my more famous antecedent. Seriously, it was not quite as bad as all that, but I did take more than a small leap into the fire, so to speak. The story is better told with levity.

LINE--one of the foundations of art, was being trampled on in Mr. Logan's sixth grade class. It was being abused, bastardized, and butchered. It was neglected, overlooked, and what's worse, was completely misunderstood. The question "What is Line?" was usually answered by saying "It is made with a ruler." As an artist, I felt it my duty to straighten this dreadful misconception out. I set up my strategy. I used a flanking tactic, in the form of a visual aid, to begin my campaign. It was an excellently illustrated film-story called "The Dot and the Line," but the verbal text was hopelessly advanced.6 If the story and its point were missed visually, there was no such thing as recovering through the audio. But, since the story was built around "love," it was a success. Possibly, it was a Pyrrhic

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victory. However, I plunged ahead—a direct assault.

"Line can be understood when it is isolated."

How do you get sixth graders to understand that when you have to water the wording down to their level. (Maybe I shouldn't worry about it, yet. Let them continue to think art is nothing serious—just a series of gimmicks that one is either good at or is not.)

"Line is defined by what it does."

That was about as dynamic as wilted lettuce. It lacked Romanticism (Romance).

I used a novel strategy. I armed the enemy with weapons of my own design. These were two precisely cut pieces of paper that, when placed together in a certain manner, made a view-finder or editor. With this simple machinery, it was easy to take a photograph or an illustration and minutely examine the line structure. I demonstrated the operation and then dictated my demands.

"Find a photograph that has good line-work, place the view-finder over just part of the area, and then draw what is seen to the scale of the paper."

Simple! Too simple!

Through simplicity came confusion. Oh, some of the children got it right away. Others never got it at all, and the majority sort of got it and sort of didn't get it. If the results were plotted on a graph, they would form a perfect normal distribution curve, I'm sure. Was this an intelligence test? A psychologist might say that I would never accomplish any better results, no matter what I did. Indeed, however, I think the confusion factors were related partly to the abstract concept line, partly to what I wanted them to do, and, partly to the inability to react to something that is new (or approached differently). The novelty of the project seemed to release a feeling of dependence.

"Is this photograph a good one?"

"Like this?" (No, carry your lines to the edge of the paper, just as you see it in your view-finder.) "Oh! You want it THAT big?" (Yes)
"Is this right?" (Yes! Do another one.) "Over this one?"
"I don't want to draw just PART of the face!"
After thirty minutes of reinforcing and correcting, I stopped the battle. I picked out some of the results.
"It won't matter if it does not look like anything." I said. "See how the lines divide the space, creating shapes?"
What did I see in their faces? Bewilderment? Was bewilderment in the classroom? Was there anything in their faces?
I was satisfied with many of the results. They copied better than they drew from their head. That was a plus as far as I was concerned. But did they understand line? Did they understand me?
Miss Hoyler's second-third grade class was interesting, also, The theme was line, again, but greatly watered down. In fact, it was so watered down that I am sure that I am the only one that knows what was talked about, today. I made up a story that personified line. Its point was to place emphasis on the importance of being aware of line in art; that line is at the foundation of all art. The story was a smashing success. I was applauded. Whether they understood what I wanted them to do is another question.
After that, everything went down hill. The problem I gave was a drawing-illustration problem. Again, I emphasized the importance of line.
That project burned up in twenty minutes. (The story took ten minutes to read, and I dragged that dramatic recitation out to the max!) Thirty minutes to go and I was swimming upstream. I needed to use a reserve problem.
If I learned anything from the second problem, it was that a) not everybody is a dummy in the second-third grade, and b) there is a limit to a second-third grader's imagination. The problem was to imagine being a pill that is swallowed and to draw what would be seen upon the descent. If I had said it like that there might not have been the embarrassing question asked by one trouble-making urchin.
"How can you swallow yourself?"
It is obvious, now, how I communicated the problem to the class. Fortunately, not everybody heard the girl's astute query.

Another group of smarties went to a health book they had in their desk that showed an illustration of the human digestive system. Another girl started to draw the Halloween skeletons that hung overhead. Resourceful, but hardly imaginative.

But, not everybody was that smart. Some tried to fathom a solution. It was beyond them.

Overall, the kids enjoyed the project or, at least, sounded as though they did. It lasted the rest of the time, which got me off the hook, so I enjoyed it, too. More importantly, it gave me a greater insight into the limits of the imaginative powers of the children in the class.

This is a pretty honest evaluation of what happened, today, at Theodore Roosevelt. I will use most of it for Norm Williams' Reaction Report. It "kills two birds with one stone," as they say.

I feel absolutely drained and I taught only two hours!

18 October, Friday

I finished proofing the "Cardplayers" in the morning and worked on my new plate, some, in the afternoon. All in all, I wasted a good deal of time talking with people.

19 October, Saturday

Today was a good relaxing day. I don't mean that I slept most of the morning and shifted the rest of the day in ease and comfort. I was up early and worked steadily right to dinner.

The major accomplishment of the day was getting the garden harvested and ready to be spaded up and worked into the ground for compost. Gil and I worked most of the afternoon on that project. It was cold when the sun was behind the clouds.

These fall sunsets are extraordinarily beautiful. It's like looking at the world through an orange-red filter.

Gil and I listened to two W. O. Mitchell "Jake and the Kid" stories after dinner before the fire. They were "Hip, Thigh, and
Shinbone"⁷ and "100% Canadian."⁸ These were two stories that Gil taped from the radio (CBL) in May, 1972. The power of radio drama is incredible.

20 October, Sunday

Today was gold with winds out of the Northwest. There were snowshowers. Gil and I walked up to the end of Charles Point, after dinner. It was cold on the ears, but, otherwise, was quite comfortable.

I worked on "Rape," this morning, and again this evening. I put a piece of contact paper on the back to protect it when the plate is in the mordant. If I leave the background the way it is, this plate will not take as long to do as the first two. However, the cardboard embossment might take some time.

21 October, Monday

I was in Newark, early, to do my laundry and see Aunt Kate. This afternoon, I worked on "Rape." I etched what I worked on yesterday, but, I fear, I did not etch it long enough. I spent the rest of the time straining that Dixon's hard-ground through cheese-cloth, to remove lumps.

I'll print what I have done, tomorrow, to see what steps I will have to take. The plate was in the acid (normal strength) forty minutes.

I fixed chili for dinner and froze two batches for later. The sunset was beautiful. The moon is out, now, and it is gorgeous over the water. I hear an owl down towards Wintergreen Point. How anybody could recognize the constellation Hydra on a night like tonight is beyond me.

22 October, Tuesday

I had a beautiful drive this morning on my way to Lock Berlin

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to Norm's. I took all back roads. On my way, the sun rose creating a magnificent yellow-tinged landscape. After seeing something like that, I can not help but feel good.

Otherwise, the day was uneventful. Gil and I took a long walk after dinner, which tired me out, beautifully. I'll sleep well.

23 October, Wednesday

I rode with Phil, today, which is always worthwhile. I worked pretty much the whole day on the potter's wheel. It was very relaxing, to say the least. I threw a small bottle, and, later, when it had dried, tooled the bottom and the top.

On the way back to Pultneyville, Phil and I got into an excellent discussion on education, and what should be taught and when. He thinks that what I am trying to do at Theodore Roosevelt is not crazy or too advanced. I felt quite a bit better after that talk.

"The Men Who Made the Movies: Alfred Hitchcock" was on, tonight. An excellent, excellent, excellent program.

24 October, Thursday

I swung by Newark on my way to Rochester to pick up the film "Hailstones and Halibut Bones," Which I showed to my second-third grade class this afternoon. Once in Rochester, I went to the Rundel Library to take back records and to pick up some different ones. I took out Rossini's "Semiramide" and Paganini's "Second Violin Concerto." I also got "The Diaries of Paul Klee, 1898-1918." I then went to Theodore Roosevelt School.

It was a pleasant day as far as teaching was concerned. Bonnie was in charge of the sixth grade. She gave the self-portrait problem. I floated around and managed to stir up some interest in what was being done and actually got some results. This was on a one to one basis.

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First, I made the individual ask the question, "Is that really me?" in reference to the self-portrait. Of course, the answer was usually "No". This response was followed up by, "But, I can't draw!"

"Well," I said, "I know a couple of things that might help you out. First, feel your face, your ears, your nose, etc. Does what you feel look like what you drew?"

"No."

"What do you think your ears look like, then, after feeling them?"

![Before and After](image)

"Did you feel that?" pointing to the new version.

"Yes, sort of. Is it right?"

"What do you think?"

"YES!"

"I think so, too. Now, what about your nose..."

By taking this approach, I rekindled the child's interest. He started to think about what he was drawing. The problem became serious and challenging as opposed to being a sixty minute time waster. I think (and I say this with some vanity) that I broke down (maybe only a chip or two) some of the "I can't draw" barricade. I really do.

The children are beginning to come to conclusions through the use of logic. With that knowledge, I set up my strategy. I challenged the child about his drawing and emphasized that the solution to the problem must come through a logical approach. By reinforcing the drawing changes that showed a logical improvement (the drawing of the fleshy part of the lower ear), I managed to stimulate further changes and development in a rather backward, earlier, approach.

I also told some of them about the classical division of the face in relation to features.

"The eyes are way down in the middle?"

"Yes, there is a lot of forehead. Feel with your hands. Make a compass out of your hand with your thumb and little finger. Then measure from the top of your head to your eyes. Without changing
the distance between your thumb and little finger, measure the
distance between your eyes and chin."

"Huh!"

This strategy worked great with the boys. I could get no-
where with the girls. They were too self-conscious to even feel their
faces.

What were the results I got? Well, they were no blockbusters,
for sure. But, when I got the kid to change one part of his drawing
so that it looked like what he wanted it to look like, I was more than
satisfied.

The movie I showed in the second-third grade was fairly success-
ful, I think. However, I invited some observers in, which had a ten-
dency to interrupt the class attention. The fact that the film was in
two parts, created an unfortunate intermission. "Hailstones and
Halibut Bones" was about color.

"What is red? Red is an apple, an Indian, a firecracker. Red
is when you feel angry."!!

During the intermission, I sort of explained about warm and
cool colors. They bought it, but since you can still kidnap a kid
at that age with a lollipop, I was not all that impressed with the
sale.

The rest of the class time was spent drawing. I handed out
two sheets of colored paper to each child, one a warm color, the other
a cool color. On the warm color they could only use red, yellow, and
orange crayons. On the cool colored paper, they could use only brown,
purple, blue, or green crayons.

I will not praise myself for this project. The movie I do
think was good. The problem (if you can call it that) with the colored
paper was not well planned as far as I am concerned. However, it did
do the all important thing—last until the end of the hour. Well,
 isn't that what it's supposed to do?

!!!"Hailstones and Halibut Bones," Part I.
I drove back through Newark on the way to the lake to drop off the movie.

It was a beautiful night. Gil and I walked around Leroy Island. We heard an owl close by. Gil asked the logical question, "Why would he (the owl) make so much noise when he is out hunting?" The moon made things very mysterious and close.

25 October, Friday
I worked all day at RIT on the "Rape" plate. It was another beautiful day, so I left early. However, the traffic was so bad through Webster that I never got back here until six.

Had a nice walk after dinner.

26 October, Saturday
Like all the previous Saturdays, today was a busy day. I tried to do six things at once. Primary on my list was to work on my plate, which involved scribing and etching. While the plate was in the mordant, I cleaned the cottage from top to bottom. After one and one-half hours, I had the bite I wanted. I was after a gray tone halfway between the black and the light-gray I had already.

In the afternoon, I toned the bricks in the background. It took two hours to scribe all the lines. My hand got so cramped, I had to put it in hot water.

While the plate was in the mordant (45 minutes), I washed my car.

I had dinner at Burgesses. The Boogaards were there.

After dinner, Gil and I went on an exhausting walk, from his cottage down to Connelly's Cove, around Leroy Island, down around Wintergreen Point, and then ended at my cottage. All the time, we were discussing a topic that has been foremost in our minds since he came to visit me in Germany in the summer of 1972. Will we lose our artistic directions or endeavors once we have a steady job? Will we take the road that is easy to follow, the non-productive road taken by people like Laurie Zepp or Norm Williams. Norm told me that it is hard (impossible, I believe was his word) to teach and to produce
one's own work at the same time. Laurie has done nothing since she started teaching in Wolcott. Anyway, Gil and I thrashed it around on our walk.

27 October, Sunday
Spaded the garden. I threw in some wood ashes for enrichment.
Gil and I put the canoe in my cellar.
I ate dinner at Burgesses.
I worked on the cardboard embossment plate for the "Rape" print.
I painted the rocker panels of my car.
I had a beautiful fire in the fireplace. It was another magnificently moonlit night. It was quite cold.
The Burgesses moved into Newark.

28 October, Monday
Tonight's walk was one that I will always remember. The route was the same (up to the Bluff and around the circle), but that is where similarities ended.
The Moon was my host, tonight, and he treated me to the grand experience. I find it hard to write down all that I saw and heard.
Leaves scraping at my feet on their curled ends.
The wind causing the old willow by Terry's to moan.
The moonlight emphasized objects that were normally overlooked.
For instance, the old discarded stove along the road became a monument of whiteness. The white natural gas tanks upstaged the rest of Jeb Becker's cottage. I could see individual stones from the top of the Bluff, not to mention my own shadow way down below. The cliff walls were either bathed in white or cast in black shadow. The old, dead logs along the shore looked like bleached bones against the black lake. Things were either white, black or middle-gray.
I met some animal coming out onto the road by Sutherland's mailbox. I'll make no conjecture as to what it was, but, fortunately, it stopped short of the road and stayed under cover. (Not that I'm really afraid of a skunk.)
29 October, Tuesday

My plate had definitely been going too smoothly. When I proofed it this morning, I discovered that I had been the victim of a great deal of foul bite, which had attacked my previously etched lines and widened them. It has also broken down areas where lines had been placed close together. These I managed to recover with my burnisher. However, the outline looks like something out of a coloring book; it's so thick and black.

I proofed my embossing plate and that will work well. It looks quite all right when printed.

I planned out my strategy for this Thursday's classes at Theodore Roosevelt.

I had several good discussions with Sue on a variety of subjects, today.

The weather has been beautiful. Indeed, it was unseasonably warm.

30 October, Wednesday

On this date in 1938, Orson Welles broadcast the "War of the Worlds" by H. G. Wells A great testimony to the power of radio.

I worked on trying to salvage the overbitten "Rape" plate. I toned all the figures in a simple parallel-line shadow.

I made a slab pot where I beat out the clay with my hand into a large oval-shape. Then, I rolled one edge over to meet the other side and pinched the two sides together. I continued to pinch the edges together until the pot was formed and sealed. I then took a knife and cut out a top and attached two pieces of clay for a handle. It looks sort of like this...
The usefulness of this pot is questionable; however, the shape is novel in that it is not traditional.

I am developing sketches for a plate dealing with the laundromat.

31 October, Thursday

A full moon, fog, silence, and Halloween. I have just finished work on a sketch for a new print. I call it the "Fly." The plate will be one of my smallest. I almost think I will do it on zinc.

My two classes at Theodore Roosevelt went well. I had both classes doing the same thing. The project was to make a picture based on Halloween by cutting out paper and pasting it on a larger sheet of colored paper. The project had a number of limitations and requirements. The classes were limited to orange, yellow, red, green, black and blue paper. I told them to mount the cut objects on the blue paper. I was concerned about the children's ability to cut paper with some precision and so I required certain objects in their picture:

- 2 people
- 3 jack o' lanterns
- a moon
- 3 trees with no leaves
- a fence
- a cat
- a house showing the lights on shadows on ground from moonlight
- 2 trees without branches or roots or leaves

The last two requirements were for the sixth grade only.

Unfortunately, this project was too long for the sixth grade. Most of the people did not finish. There was a good bit of grumbling about having to do the project at the start, but this disappeared and, overall, everybody was very involved in his own work.

I would have to say that I was satisfied with the results from both classes. Maybe this is because I am wearing down. There is still the visual-mental problem of not being able to visualize on paper one object in front or behind another. Overlapping is done through necessity rather than through reality. Another thing, everything germinates from the bottom of the paper. This is true in both the sixth grade
and the second-third grade. I can see it in the lower grade, but I cannot understand it continuing into the upper grade level.

1 November, Friday

A long day! I worked all morning on "Rape." It has improved, greatly. I have learned my lesson. Dutch Mordant may be slow, but it still needs to be watched. I toned all the figures (including the statue) and this proved to be the factor that reduced the harshness of the outline by making the background interact with the foreground. I also used more pressure on the printing and got all the ink in the lines. I had been using two blotters on the press bed. In this last proofing, I used three. I still need to wipe the plate cleaner.

I went ice-skating with Sue during lunch.

2 November, Saturday

Gil and I were up, early, and have put in a full day. After breakfast, I took the leaves out of the gutters. I then went to work on the "Rape" plate. I went into some areas with the engraver and then refiled and burnished the edges. I think I am ready to print for keepers.

I then filed the edges of my new copper plate (4 1/2" x 7").

While I was doing this, Gil spaded over nine feet by twelve feet of new area for next year's garden. He also cut and brought down the last of the sunflowers.

After lunch, we went to the Chimney's to get some clay. There are some mammoth rocks along the shore.

When we got back, we harvested the sunflower seed, saving a good number for planting next spring. The bulk will be used for bird-seed this winter.

Gil went into Newark for a 150th Anniversary Masonic Lodge Celebration dinner.

Before dinner, I burnished smooth the edges on the new plate and put the ground on. I also re-drew some of the sketch that I thought to be awkward. It looks better to me, now.
3 November, Sunday

Gil and I spent the morning on the water in the canoe. We paddled along the sand bar on both the bay and lake sides. There were many ducks on the lake, loons, golden-eyes, buffleheads, etc. Earlier in the morning, we saw a phalarope (Watson's) off my dock.

After dinner, we walked around the Bluff. It had warmed up beautifully. There were no ducks on the lake this afternoon. The wind was out of the Northeast.

I worked on my new plate before supper. It is about ready for the acid. Since I had so much trouble with foul-bite on the last plate, I have double-coated this one with ground (asphaltum and universal ground). It makes it hard to scribe cleanly.

It is raining, now. I have been reading the Deerslayer.

4 November, Monday

Objects from the Newark Laundromat.
Women in curlers.

Enormous women in tight stretch-slacks and T-shirts.

Bras of tremendous construction were seen through the T-shirts and pull-overs. On the average, every woman in there, today, was twice my size and weight. The gossip was incredible.

Women moving as automatons among the washers and dryers.
Surreal!

5 November, Tuesday

I did no work on either of my plates. However, I worked on pottery in Methods. The clay that I dug up from the Chimney's proved to be excellent for throwing. I know of no better that I have ever used. It is extremely plastic and needs very little water. I threw small bottles; so I have no idea how it works when throwing large. I also made a test tablet of the clay to check for shrinkage and for cracking when fired.

6 November, Wednesday

Today was a strange day. It was a day of meetings at RIT.
Somehow, every time I walk out of a meeting at school, whether a critique or otherwise, I am left with a strange emotional feeling. Why, I cannot really say. I guess one of the reasons has to be that they (the meetings) are called through necessity and, yet, their validity or necessity never comes to the surface during the meeting. But, there is still more that confuses me to a point that I am unable to express it in words.

I proofed both the "Rape" plate and the "Fly" plate. I need more work, still, on the "Rape," but it is coming along as well as possible. The first proof of the "Fly" was a good one. The bite was uniformly even and was quite light, which allows for a good bit of re-working and intensification. It is better to start off light and bring up the darks than to start too dark and have to lighten.

**Etching Ground**

2 Pints Asphaltum
2 Pints Beeswax
1 Part Rosin

Solvent: Benzine or Benzol (Rubber Cement thinner)

Will Hubbell and I made hard-ground this afternoon to the above specifications. It took quite a bit of time, but it was worth it, looking at the results. Since we grated the beeswax, earlier, we had no problem mixing the ingredients. I had never done it before.

a) Rosin added to kettle, first
b) Benzine added, enough to cover rosin--stir
c) Beeswax added--stirring constantly until melted completely
d) Asphaltum added--stirring until mixed-in well
e) Add Benzine until at consistency desired

This ground dries immediately on contact with the plate. It is really an improvement over the Dixon. When kerosene is added, it can be used as a soft-ground. It can be thinned for 98% sure resolution with sugar-lift.

7 November, Thursday

I spent the whole day at Theodore Roosevelt. I rode with Norm,
who has to be there early. While in the teacher's room, this morning, I sensed some feeling of strained relations between the principal, Mrs. Pugh, and the RIT program. She is not as happy with us as she was with last year's group (whom she thought to be excellent).

I think that it is possible to look at what happened in Mr. Logan's class, this afternoon, in two ways:

1) A waste of time (almost zero on accomplishment scale)
2) A great learning experience

Why was it a waste of time? I believe the best answer to this is that the project lacked depth. In some ways, the surface was incomplete, too. The project was to build two things out of wood and Elmer's glue. Earlier this fall, Mr. Logan mentioned that it would be nice to build something out of wood in Art class. Somehow, I feel that Bonnie expected that the mere presence of wood would be magic enough to trigger a barrage of ideas for possible constructions. She asked the kids what could be made out of wood so that she could list their answers on the blackboard. The answers she received related to what things were made of wood, not what could be made from their wood. After she had a list of about eight or so items, she said, "Make two things that are listed on the board out of your wood." I guess my jaw hit the floor the same time that everybody else's did. I looked hastily around the room and saw, to my horror, kids with just two popsicle sticks for "wood." Fortunately, Bonnie had brought in a bag of wood for just such an emergency. However, she needed more than a bag of wood to keep the "balloon from going up." But, she did get help! The balloon didn't go up even though I could see it bobbing up and down everywhere I looked. Why it did not, I will explain later.

Depth was Bonnie's problem. Her project could have been successful as an Art project if she could have shown the children an example of what she wanted. In short, if she had done her own project and shown the kids what she had made. I don't think that it would have jeopardized individual ideas. You are always going to have imitators; likewise, you are always going to have others who scorn your answer and develop their own resolutions. It is this latter group that you want to stimulate. But, on the other hand, imitation
is a proven way to learn and very beneficial, to boot. We are, after all, trying to stimulate a large number of people, all different in the way they think and learn. To regress to cliche, "What is good for Peter may not be good for Paul." Not everybody is going to conceive a conclusion to an abstract problem by himself. This problem was abstract, and it became more abstract as the children looked at the lists on the board, their little pile of sticks or whatever, and thought about what they were told to do. Abstraction led to confusion. Confusion led to loss of purpose. And, the loss of purpose led to a waste of time.

O.K., the redeeming factor of the project was the experience. This is where I come in and I thank Bonnie, seriously, for the opportunity of being knee deep in a struggle that was so rewarding. First, let me say that I am a normal individual and did want to leave the room. In fact, I think, I was actually beating my retreat when I was captured by the Inquisition.

"What are we supposed to do?" (How the Hell do I know!) "I can't make anything out of two popsicle sticks!" (Tough luck) "Mr. Jagger, come here, please!" (No) "Mr. Jagger!" "Mr. Jagger!" "TOM!" (Trapped)

Now, don't get me wrong. Bonnie was up to her ears in kids, too. If one of us was going up in the balloon, I guess, we both were. But, we didn't and here is why. Those children were terrific! They had us at their mercy and they knew it. But, they tried to do the project! Some tried very hard and actually accomplished some worthy constructions. Most of the people were interested, to enough of an extent in exploring with the possibilities presented, to want to experiment with the project.

My second-third grade class seemed to go quite well. I had them each do a mosaic out of scrap colored-paper. They could do either their initials or a design of their own choice. I made them set up a
simple figure-ground relationship by telling them to make their initials (design) stand out in some way, either by making the letters all one color or by making the background one color, or any other way they chose to answer the problem. This project was a long one, and they did not finish before the bell. They also became restless after working for thirty minutes and realizing that they had quite a way to go before they were done. The small squares they were tearing became larger in order to finish. The idea of "completion" seemed paramount. To have a project carry over at that age level might not be a good idea. I don't know for sure. Miss Hoyler was going to give them time on Friday to work on it some more. By seeing the results this next week, I'll know more about it.

I tried three different approaches this week. First, I made a sample of a mosaic and showed it to the class while explaining what I wanted them to do. I believe this saved me a great deal of further explanation. Second, I had two kids pass out some of the material, so that I could keep the children's attention longer. Third, when I saw a student doing what I wanted, I held his or her paper up and had the class look at it. I pointed out what I felt to be working and then went on. I did this indiscriminately to avoid favoritism. I hope I was successful on that point.

I think that the initial ten or fifteen minutes of the class is the most critical period of time a teacher has to deal with. It is during this time that the instructions are given, or any other form of presentation takes place. If there is a disruption during this critical period, I think that it is almost impossible to retrieve what is lost.

8 November, Friday

My mind was never on printmaking, today. I arrived early and went through the motions of proofing the "Rape" plate on Dutch Etching paper. I liked the white tone of the paper but did not get a good print. Possibly the paper was still too wet (I had soaked it the night before). I also proofed the embossment plate. That printed well.
My mind has not been on my work, altogether. Bilha has occupied a place in my thoughts for weeks. It is not that I have just recognized the fact, but that the thoughts about her have become cancerous. Is it funny that I speak of this in terms of a disease? I have asked her out to "Der Fledermaus" next Thursday.

Gil was here when I arrived. He seemed to have a good cold. The Northern Lights were magnificently beautiful, tonight. The stars were as bright as I can ever remember before. We saw several meteorites.

I went to bed, early, exhausted.

9 November, Saturday

Cloudy all day.

We went into Newark to rake Aunt Kate's lawn. She fixed Dutch Lettuce for lunch. Marian helped her.

We arrived back at the lake by three. We cooked halibut steaks outdoors. Tremendous!

10 November, Sunday

A bunch of low-lifes threw a beer bottle through Aunt Kate's window last night! I am afraid to comment further.

We went out for a beautiful canoe trip this morning. We went out in the lake and went as far east as the Hogsback. We saw hundreds of ducks and two hunters. The level of the lake is way down. We discovered some more clay deposits down by the Hogsback.

I worked on the "Rape" plate, this afternoon. I am darkening-in by cross-hatching into areas I feel to be weak. These are areas in the drapery on the statue and part of the pedestal "she" stands on. I have also gone into the figures of the men. I might end up wanting to bring the background up, uniformly, to a darker level.

I had another fire in the fireplace.

11 November, Monday

Pre-registration at RIT. It was hectic, yes, but the principle behind it is good. The next time they do it, it will be smoother.
I went into Wolcott in the afternoon for books on macrame and weaving.

I made macaroni and cheese for later this week.

The weather is cloudy and uncertain. The wind is out of the southeast. The temperature is mild.

12 November, Tuesday

Norm and I had excellent talks on the way to RIT and on the way back. The subjects ranged from teaching to gossip. There is certainly no lack of entertainment when we ride together.

I had an enjoyable walk after dinner. My thoughts, however, were not permanent. I daydreamed of meeting a skunk.

13 November, Wednesday

The last lines I etched on the "Rape" plate did wonders. I showed the last proof to Norm Bate and Phil. They both thought that it was stronger and held together much more cohesively than before. I am still perplexed as to how I will be able to print the plate and the embossment in just one run. I have these alternatives.

a) Cut the plate and fit it into the cardboard embossment plate and use the Dickerson press.

b) Cut the plate, print the plate first. Re-soak the paper and print the embossment.

c) Re-cut the shapes of the embossment and place them on the plate (which remains whole).

I am favoring the latter possibility. I don't want to cut the plate.

Norm thought the central area of the "Fly" plate too weak to stand alone. He says that working with just two figures is the hardest. The woman on the left is also pushing her finger into the pillow on the sofa—a visual confusion.

I had a great walk after dinner. There were millions of stars visible.

14 November, Thursday

A long day! I arrived at Theodore Roosevelt around ten o'clock.
I learned some interesting things in Mr. Logan's class. By far the most startling had to have been that there were people that still did not know how long two inches was on a ruler. I was amazed, to say the least. The three-dimensional problem I gave the class started sluggishly but picked up momentum as the time went on. The hardest thing for the children to grasp was the making of the equilateral triangle. It was too bad that the breakdown had to be at that point since it was minor to the overall project. In fact, if I was to give this problem over again, I would pass out pre-made triangle patterns and skip the making of them entirely. After the triangle problems, everything went fairly well. In many cases, the tracing was so sloppy that the solid could not be made. When the equilateral triangle stopped them, they tried to freehand step B. This resulted in poor constructions.

As usual, certain kids did very well; certain people never got it; and the rest were somewhere in between. The average number of triangular solids made during the hour was two. I asked the class to have ten done by next week. Good luck, eh? These individual solids are to be glued together to form a piece of sculpture. Using this sculpture, I will have them make drawings, emphasizing shape, spatial relationships, structure, and volume.

**Do I feel that this problem is too advanced?**

No. To be aware of the elements of drawing is no more difficult than learning math. In fact, since every element in drawing is visible, it should be simpler than math. It is the lack of awareness that causes this class to have problems drawing. When people in the sixth grade can not group objects or indicate some sense of depth and volume in a picture, it is because they have never been made aware of how depth, perspective, shape, space, etc., work on paper. I think that now is
the time to start.

Why did I use the solid constructions instead of a still life?

I think the answer to that is simple. Making the three-dimensional constructions, they were forced to struggle with the third dimension. They were forced to take notice of the planes of the triangular structure and they were forced to feel them. When they go to draw what they built, they will have first hand knowledge of its construction. I think this is valuable when first learning the elements of drawing. When sight is so important in drawing, the beginner should be visually aware of what he is to draw from the start.

Another reason for using the solid is simplicity for drawing. The repeating regularity of shape will allow the students to attend to the various elements of drawing with more ease than if presented with a still life where there are a number of objects of different shapes.

In the second-third grade class, I tried to develop an awareness to two elements of drawing. The first was depth. When an object is close it is larger; when farther away, smaller. This they seemed to understand. They even managed to do a capital job of drawing an animal up close and one farther away, changing the size to fit the case. However, when it came to putting one object behind another so that the one behind was just partially exposed, there was trouble. They seemed to understand the principle after I demonstrated but were unable to carry it over onto the paper.

The theme of the drawing was "Lollypop Farm." The class had gone there in the morning. I have to say, with pleasure, that their drawing of the animals and all were well done with some emphasis on detail.

I spent the rest of the day and evening with Bilha. We went for a ride until around six. We had dinner and then went to the Eastman to hear "Der Fledermaus" by Johann Strauss. The opera was done by the Eastman School and it was excellent. I arrived back at the lake by one.
15 November, Friday

I stayed away from Rochester. I changed my tires (rotated them, rather) and put on my snow tires. It was beautiful in the morning.

I went into Newark and did my laundry. I caught up on some of the local gossip at Ken's Barber Shop and at the laundromat.

At the barber shop, I heard that winter was just a week away. A telephone man had been in and told Ken that mice were eating their way into the ground cables. This, according to this guy, meant winter was "a week and a half away." I'll add this one to my collection of quotes and "ole wives tales."

I went to see Aunt Kate. She had been to Dr. Tyner's, this week, because her good leg had been bothering her. She went to the hospital for X-rays and all. Outside of that, she was in good spirits. Her window was all taken care of.

I met Gil at Aunt Kate's. He was going on to Red Creek and then out to the lake.

After dinner, we went for a walk around the Bluff. It was cloudy and cold. I went to bed early.

16 November, Saturday

I had to go to RIT, today, and it was a waste of time and mileage. We were supposed to attend an Art Supply Fair and a lecture. The art suppliers were there but the lecturer failed to show. I was boiling mad and left shortly after one.

It was a beautiful day at the cottage, sunny, but chilly.

I have been disturbed over something or possibly a number of things for over a week. Exactly what it is, I don't know, but it has gotten in my way when I think and eat. I am unable to concentrate on a single thought for any length of time. I am also restless and nervous. Work is out of the question.

17 November, Sunday

I feel better. I ate a good breakfast and feel hungry for dinner. We are barbequing a chicken outdoors. Gil and I went to the
North Huron dump, which is always an experience. "Yep, that's ole Russell" was there with his wife checking out what all was being thrown away. This old man, I think, is the caretaker of the dump. Once before, when I was at the dump, I asked this fellow if a certain other person present was Russell Freer. His reply was "Yep, that's ole Russell." He repeated this over and over and over. . . . We stopped at Spross' for cider and potatoes.

After dinner, we went for a walk underneath the Bluff and down the length of the back beach. There was still a good bit of greenery in the swamp. However, all the trees were naked of their leaves.

Gil left for Newark about six-thirty. I started to work on a drawing with a laundromat theme. I am still having trouble getting good concrete thoughts. I gave up at nine o'clock and went to bed.

18 November, Monday

I stayed here. I worked most of the day on my two plates. I re-did the embossment for "Rape." I cut out new pieces that I will glue onto acetate (using Elmer's). This acetate sheet will be placed over the plate when ready to print. Once the paper is placed, I think I will need to put oval-shaped blotters in the center to counter the height difference between the embossment and the etching surface.

I worked on the figures in the "Fly" plate.

While on a walk, this morning, I discovered a flock of Cedar Waxwings in the willows behind Sutherland's. There must have been a hundred of them. While I stood there watching, a chick-a-dee flew right up to me, hovered in front of my face and then flew on. I thought, for a moment, that he would land on me. While I was still standing there, a hairy woodpecker came up within two yards to poke at a hollow cattail. They do not usually like to get close to man. I had binoculars (I had previously been up on the Bluff looking at ducks out in the lake—Golden-eyes, mostly) and, therefore, got a really good look at this bird, and all the others, for that matter.

I went into the Wolcott library after lunch.
19 November, Tuesday

I spent the entire day at Norm Williams' farm. The Methods class met there to fire the wood kiln for a glaze firing (cone04-06) and to make a sawdust firing. I arrived at about seven forty-five and worked constantly until four forty in the afternoon. A group of us moved another kiln to the smokehouse, where we dismantled it on the outside and then rebuilt it inside. We then rebuilt the arch-top, which was quite a chore, since a number of the fire-bricks did not want to fit. This arch took 2 1/2 hours to rebuild. It never did come out right.

When not working on this kiln, I chopped wood. By the time I left, the wood-kiln had just begun to glow a dull red. None of the cones had begun to dip. One of the big problems was wet wood.

All of my pots were in the sawdust kiln. One of them was done by the time I left. It came out rather nicely, with portions charcoal-black and the rest a dull purple-gray. I find this natural look more appealing than glaze.

20 November, Wednesday

A long day at RIT. I rode with Phil, which meant getting up at five.

I etched the "Fly" plate some more. The ground on the plate started to flake-off in the acid, so I never got the bite I wanted.

Mainly, I worked on the "Rape" plate. I tried to work a solution out that allowed me to print the plate and the embossment without having to cut the copper plate. I worked on this idea for several hours and, finally, gave up. There was no way of ensuring consistency. I started to cut the copperplate at four. I will finish it Friday. Hopefully, it will be cut well. I am using a great deal of caution and patience.

I arrived back at the cottage at seven. I took the usual walk around the Bluff, down Lake Bluff Road, around Wintergreen Point at back. It was surprisingly light out for an overcast, drizzly evening.
21 November, Thursday

I have not wanted to write about today.

My performance in Mr. Logan's class has left me questioning a number of things. But first, some background.

The project was the second part of the triangular construction problem started on the 14th. Or, I should say, it was supposed to be the construction. I had wanted the class to have made ten of the solids so that they could have been glued into one sculptural form to be drawn. Well, only a few kids had done the solids. When I said we would take a half hour to make more, about six people refused and did other things. I did not force these people to do the project. Why should I? Force never really works. But I was mad! Jesus, was I mad! I was proud of my project and did not like being scorned. During that half hour, I boiled and raged inside.

When the clock showed one-thirty, I still did not know what I was going to do or say. Quickly, I gathered my wits and ruled out doing and decided on saying. In short, I gave a lecture. I am proud of one thing, I never yelled or growled. What I tried to do, I guess, was make them feel guilty for wasting their time. I built Bonnie and myself up as "specialists" and said that they were crazy not to take advantage of us while we were here. I preached that the projects we gave them were beneficial to their overall development, not just art. In other words, art was serious and had a definite role in education. At this point, I guess, I showed them selected work of my own. Again, I stressed the "specialist" point. I eased up a bit at this time, and so did the class.

WHAT DID YOU GAIN FROM TAKING THIS APPROACH? Well, the experience of taking this type of approach. I also realized that I could command my own actions calmly and coolly and that I could present an austere presence that could command a class.

YES, BUT WHAT DID YOU GAIN? DID YOU GAIN THEIR RESPECT? DID WHAT YOU SAY SINK IN? WILL THEY BECOME INHIBITED BECAUSE OF YOUR AUSTERITY? WILL THEY CHALLENGE YOU MORE BECAUSE YOU DIDN'T IMPRESS
THEM? IN ALL YOUR AUSTERITY, WERE THEY ABLE TO SEE THAT YOU REALLY
CARED FOR THEM AND WANTED TO HELP THEM?
How can I ever answer these questions!

22 November, Friday
I first went into Newark before going to RIT. On the way in
I was thinking about the 4 1/2" x 5" copper plate that I have. I was
toing with the idea of making a Christmas Card out of it when (suddenly)
this image of a young girl sitting on the floor holding a gigantic
balloon that all but enveloped the room and her flashed into my mind.

I worked finishing the cutting of the "Rape" plate. After the
sawing, Bruce took me down to the machine shop and showed me how to
"sand" the edges down to where I wanted them on the belt sander. I
decided to rebuild the embossment plate to ensure a perfect fit.

I ate dinner at the Skyway Drive-in. It was mediocre. It
doesn't pay to be lazy.

Gil arrived at about nine-thirty. I watched an excellent movie
of "Great Expectations" by Dickens on television. The acting was
superb. Estella!

23 November, Saturday
We were up early. I worked all morning on the new embossment
plate. I made this one far better than the first one. I also added
some pieces. I am very pleased with the way it turned out. The plate
fits perfectly in the center. I should be pleased with the print I
get. It has been a long haul. I am glad that I did not take short
cuts or settle for anything less than near perfection. But, I have
still to see a print so I better not count my chickens . . . .

Today was beautiful: sunny and relatively mild with the wind
out of the south. The moon is magnificent, now. It is almost cloud-
less. There is a ring around the moon, however.

24 November, Sunday
The moon was right. It is raining, now, and has rained on and
off most of the day. I have worked on a drawing of the "Girl with
Balloon" that I conceived Friday morning. The oppressing character of the balloon seems to reflect the feeling of oppression that I have sensed for several weeks. However, the little girl is not too worried and, after all, the face on the balloon is smiling.

25 November, Monday

A day filled with errands. It snowed most of the day. The snow was quite wet and melted rapidly. In the towns, the snow created a muddy slime. However, in the country, on the fields, bushes, and trees, the snow made magic patterns all over. The white against the various browns and grays was striking.

I took a walk around the Bluff (and so on) around four. I had many interesting thoughts pass through my mind that made the walk all the more enjoyable. I guess most of these thoughts were on the snow and how most people think a day like today is disgusting and disagreeable. On the contrary, I think that a day like today offers much beauty if one looks for it.

The other day, Sue asked me if I were ever lonely out here. The strength of my mind and my imagination keep me from being lonely. The abundance of life around me keeps me ever vigilant lest I should miss something I have never seen before. Sublimation, they say.

At the present, I feel that I relate, socially, better to the creatures of the wild than I do to people. I certainly have more compassion for birds and animals than I do for most people.

The clouds are breaking up and the moon is shining. It is quite cold.

26 November, Tuesday

I rode to RIT and back with Norm. It snowed in the morning but eventually cleared.

I just returned from a magnificent walk. Actually, it was not much different from my nightly "beat," but it was different enough to make it outstanding (actually, each time I take the walk, something is different to make it stand out from previous trips). Just like
yesterday, I was deep in thought the whole time (about an hour). The moon made the walk a treasure. I could see the white caps on the lake as far out as a half mile or so in vivid contrast to the gray-black water. The sky over the lake was so light it almost appeared blue. I have never seen it like it was tonight! The Bluff was bathed in a shroud of light.

The wind added to the experience. It was cutting and relentless. Its force grew and ebbed. There was no rhythm to the waves. This wind I definitely call a winter wind in that it is erratic, causing the waves to appear choppy and not to approach the beach in rhythmic bands. It was hypnotic to watch the snowy waves dissolve into blackness when they hit the beach.

Sound was also an important element of the experience. Of course, there were the waves crashing along the shore, a rocky shore. The wind was whooshing around and in my ears. But, there was also the sound of the wind driving through the frozen blades of orchard grass along the top of the cliff. There was the scratching sound of ice-encrusted oak leaves blown along the road. There was the crackling sound of a disturbed pile of leaves. There was the crusty, flapping noise of a hearty leaf still attached to a branch. There was the sharp crack (like breaking glass) made when I put my boot through a frozen puddle. And there were so many other sounds that it would be impossible for me to remember them all.

To walk by moonlight along a familiar road is a treat. It is like viewing a friend in a new suit of clothes. You admire unashamedly and closely. And yet, your admiration is for a combination of the old and the new.

I walked up the dirt road towards the Corduroy Road to the crest of the ridge. I then walked through Teeple's orchard until I reached the row of trees that cuts vertically up the slope nearly opposite the road to Wintergreen Point. I have never taken this route before at night. Even though I was keenly alert, I know I missed a great deal. I descended to Wintergreen Point Road and proceeded back to the cottage.

As I said earlier, I was deep in thought much of the time. The
most outstanding thought I had was that I was probably the only person
who lived along the shore of Lake Ontario that was out on a walk for
pleasure at this time. Where was everybody else? Many were living
their shallow lives in the confines of their world-homes watching
"life" on television. However, to scorn these people means to recog-
nize them and that I find difficult to do.

I am listening to Beethoven's "Eroica" Symphony on the radio.
As much as I love this piece of music, it cannot compare to the
symphony of sounds I heard on my walk. I doubt that the people who are
clapping at the conclusion of this piece would agree with me. But, I
think Beethoven would.

I have been reading Paul Klee's diaries. I find them easier
to relate to than either Van Gogh's writings (The Letters of Vincent
Van Gogh) or those of Delacroix (The Journal of Eugene Delacroix).
My life parallels Klee's quite closely in some aspects. We have the
same birthday. We both visited Rome (Naples, Pompeii, and Florence)
in the same month of the year, November. His comments on Italy, its
art and its people, follow many of my own thoughts. His love for
music is another outstanding parallel. Finding these makes reading
the Diaries very enjoyable.

In a way, the Diaries are very difficult to read and to under-
stand. Whether this is because of the translation or because of
Klee's literary style, I do not know. I am often confused.

27 November, Wednesday

I saw on several occasions a Ruff-legged Hawk.

I went to Rochester apartment hunting. I had good luck and
located a very nice, quiet, small studio on Rutgers Street, between
Monroe and Harvard. It has off street parking and includes utilities--

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12 Mark Roskill, ed., The Letters of Vincent Van Gogh (New York,

13 The Journal of Eugene Delacroix, trans. by Walter Pach
$155/month. The landlord is a sign painter and designer named Leo Welch. He seemed like a very personable man.

I went to the airport and purchased my ticket to Florida.

I took an enjoyable walk around four. I saw a female Downey woodpecker, numerous chick-a-dees, a junco, Buffleheads on the lake, and at least a dozen gray squirrels. The sun was setting, creating magnificent colors over the island, bay, lake, everywhere.

Gil arrived for dinner. We took an extensive walk afterwards. The moon was shining through a film of high clouds, creating one of the largest rings I have ever seen. We walked the length of Teeple's orchard and then back to the cottage.

28 November, Thursday

This was the first Thanksgiving with "family" in many years. We spent the entire day in Newark. We took Aunt Kate home at four. She is not at all sure of herself, anymore. The best thing to do, I think, is let her stay home where she thinks she is safe from falling.

Gil and I finally left around nine. It was snowing.

29 November, Friday

We ran some errands in Wolcott in the morning. After lunch, we walked up to the end of the break-wall. It was a good crisp day to walk. Even though it was overcast, it was so clear that the smokestacks at the power plant at Oswego appeared only five or six miles away.

We located what we think to be a muskrat eating platform built out into the bay like a small beaver home about six feet off shore.

In the evening, we drove to Rochester to the Dryden to see Charlie Chaplin in "The Tramp" and the Marx Brothers in "Coconuts."

30 November, Saturday

I worked all day on two plates, the "Fly" and the "Balloon" plates.

I am trying to learn how to differentiate between animal tracks with accuracy. It is not easy.

A good bit of traffic out here and at the Bluff.
Almost a full moon, tonight. It is cold; the snow squeaks.

Beethoven's Ninth Symphony!

1 December, Sunday

A dreary day. I worked on both plates all morning and some of the afternoon. I am at a point, now, when I need to proof both of them to see where I am.

I am jealous of the hold music has on my life.

I walked around three-thirty.

I did some Mexican stick weaving after supper. All went well until my sticks snapped. This will be a good project for the second-third graders.

2 December, Monday

The first major storm of the year and I mechanically got into my car and drove to Rochester. The reason, I will never know. Anyway, I proofed both plates. The trouble I'm having with the "Fly" plate is the two different line bites. Consequently, I have a limited range of tones and no richness. The "Balloon" plate was printed for the first time. Primarily, I need deeper blacks in this plate.

I left RIT early. The driving was somewhat better on the way back.

I worked on both plates after dinner.

The storm has lessened a great deal. I have had to park my car up by the Dinnerbell in order to somewhat assure my being able to get out in the morning.

3 December, Tuesday

Norm rode to RIT with me.

Overall, today was not pleasant. For some reason, I keep trying to relate with the people in the Methods class, and can't do it. Our fundamental ideas about art and about teaching are so different that there is never a discussion but always the laying down of didactic principles of what is right and what is wrong. I suppose that I am as guilty as they in that I tend to be stubborn on many points. They seem
to want to be considered as teachers, first, and artists, second (if they have time). I can't buy that! I can't buy that art is always fun and is not a discipline. There are many more differences for sure. These are but two that keep coming to the surface.

The wind is relentless, nonight. It is literally driving the lake into the shore.

4 December, Wednesday
I printed the "Rape" plate on the Dickerson. Bruce gave me a hand setting the pressure. The proof was getting to where I wanted it. I was printing on Dutch Etching paper, which is quite cold in tone. I will proof on Arches white and buff to get more of a range to choose from.

5 December, Thursday
I stopped off at the apartment on the way to Theodore Roosevelt. All in all, I had a good time, today. Both classes went smoothly. Bonnie presented the problem in the sixth grade. We were equipped to do paper weaving, cardboard weaving, and macrame. We left the choice up to the children. This was what I call the "sifting approach." You were able to recognize who was interested and who was not. I had four girls working on macrame. Three were interested in what they were doing; the other was interested in me.

Overall, we had a good response to the projects. If the people wanted structure, they created it themselves. I contrast this to the time when I tried to force structure and had it thrown back in my face.

6 December, Friday
I proofed the "Rape" plate on Arches white and buff. I prefer the white. This took most of the morning.

I had lunch with Norm Williams and then met with him for my quarter "evaluation." Our conversations are never dull, but we cover so much ground that detail is passed over rapidly. I guess the main point was that I was much better at dealing with kids than I put on to
be. There are still many things about teaching that I do not understand or may never understand. Foremost of these is how to present Art so that it comes off as a serious course of study for children without becoming heavy and unpopular. Unpopular?

I had a long conference with Bruce. I believe that this was the best talk I have ever had with him. He is so extreme to me that I absorbed his thoughts like a sponge. To me, he represents the "Modern Man." He is always looking for a "short-cut" or a way to speed "life" up. I value his judgments, greatly. He is blunt and honest.

I went into Newark for Uncle Jack's birthday dinner. Gil and I arrived at the cottage around ten.

I had a long talk with Emma Demetsenaere while at Burgesses. What a character! She is entertainment personified! She must know at least thirty years of gossip on 50, 100, oh, who knows, 200 people. We were talking about compost gardens, when she said that she puts eggshells in the blender, grinds them up, and then puts them over the soil. I looked at her and said that I had never heard of grinding the egg shells. She said that if the shells were not broken up they would not decompose. I looked up with wonder (thinking back on the dozens of non-pulverized egg shells turned over in our garden). Her reaction was classic--priceless--a recollection I will always remember. She sat back in her chair, folded her arms, partially closed her eyes, smiled beamingly, and rapidly nodded her head up and down in short but rhythmic movements. In this attitude, she was saying, "There is NO other way!" I was overwhelmed with her positiveness.

7 December, Saturday

I spent most of the day preparing to close up the cottage. The day was cloudy, but mild. Gil and I saw the hawk when returning from Wolcott. A beautiful creature.

Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet"--live Metropolitan broadcast.

8 December, Sunday

I closed the cottage up. The day was miserable; it rained
continually. Gil left around four to go into Wolcott to celebrate Aunt Pauline's birthday. I got the water turned off, the cottage closed and the car loaded by six. I arrived in Rochester at about seven-thirty. The rest of the evening was spent putting things in order.

I washed in with the rain.

9 December, Monday

I slept late—to about 7:30 or 8:00. It took me over an hour to get ready for school. My scheduling is already off. My whole way of thinking and living will change in a day or two. What’s the old saying, "Variety is the spice of life"?

I worked at RIT all day and after dinner. Norm Bate told me that the "Balloon" plate was not working and would not work until it was re-drawn. I had realized this and had already decided to scrap the plate and start again when I had a successful drawing. I have got to get over the idea of one drawing per plate, or, at least, get over the hasty attempt to solve a challenging and difficult problem.

I did some gesture drawings on some scrap paper covering a table. They were nothing worth keeping or worth looking at for any length of time, but they felt good.

Rimsky-Korsakoff -- "Russian Easter"
Tchaikowsky -- "Serenade for Strings"
Ralph Vaughn Williams -- "Variations on a Theme of Thomas Talis"
"Variations on a Theme of Greensleeves"
Samuel Barber -- "Adagio for Strings"
Ivanov -- "The Procession of the Sardar," from the "Caucasian Steppes"
Rodrigo -- "Concerto Aranjuez for Guitar and Orchestra." The Second Movement is absolutely beautiful and moving. Soothing. Haunting!

10 December, Tuesday

On the way to school, I was struck with the image of a woman waiting for the bus on South Goodman. The way she was leaning against the bus stop sign showed beautifully her annoyance over the late bus.
Her face was covered with cosmetics. She was smoking a cigarette.

It finally happened! I am glad it did and also glad that I helped instigate the uprising. I am referring to the Methods and Materials class. For ten weeks, the Tuesday and Wednesday meetings have been wasted because they were never structured. By this, I mean Norm Williams was not about to say, "O.K., this is what we do on every Tuesday and Wednesday." He wanted the people who make up the class to define and control what they wanted to happen. I believe that Norm wanted us to discover methods of teaching art from each other through discussion or actual practice without his dictating certain methods and having us perform like automatons. This was not being done. Nobody was getting much of anything out of anybody. At about 3:30 the discussion started. It broke up around six. Out of the session, which was held in a blunt, no-holds-barred manner, a new understanding emerged. This understanding can be best expressed as a feeling of camaraderie. I am hopeful that the frigid atmosphere is gone for good. It was oppressing, before, and I believe it was the reason for my slump earlier this quarter.

11 December, Wednesday

I believe I have the quality to make people feel relaxed and want to talk. The Methods class had a date with out conterparts at Nazareth. We met in a rather dry, austere environment: a typical modern classroom. Their leader told them to describe, briefly, their teaching experiences. They performed well.

I was becoming bored at a rate I was unable to control, even with drawing. Therefore, I started to interview selected speakers. Through careful and controlled changes of voice level and expression, paired with an attitude of being fully at ease, I managed to relax that rigid environment (I also picked up a little information). The speakers, then, addressed themselves to me, and I reinforced them accordingly.

The Printmaking Department, under Bruce Porter, was having a Christmas party. It was still grinding along when I returned from
Nazareth. However, there was a feeling of boredom among the participants. It seemed that the party was still functioning because it would have looked bad to others if it did not continue into the wee hours. It was being controlled by what I call Modern Social Structure and not by people having fun. I followed the struggle to "Ronnie's Suburban Inn," but soon left, hungry. Modern Social Structure and I have for a long time been on opposite sides of the fence.

12 December, Thursday
This was the final day at Theodore Roosevelt before Christmas. We had the sixth grade do pretty much what they wanted to do. I worked with some students with macramé, on drawings, and with painting. This was the sifting approach, again.
There was more of a struggle in the second-third grade. They were doing Mexican stick weaving. The children, once they learned "over and around and under and around," had little trouble making the "God's Eye," if they concentrated. Many of the children played me for attention. I bit this time, but I will be more conscious the next.
I had dinner at Aunt Marion's.
I have just finished packing for Florida.

13 December, Friday
I left Rochester, early, and went directly to the lake. I seemed to have done everything right when I closed up, Sunday. I picked up the few things I had forgotten and left. There were ducks swimming off Leroy Island and quite a few out in the lake.
I spent some time in the Newark Library looking at reproductions of the paintings of Paul Klee and Van Gogh.
I went to see Aunt Kate, who was not good. In some ways it is a shame to get so old. I think of "Gulliver's Travels" and the land where no one dies. 14 Anyway, her big problem, at the moment, is that someone is having to come in and live with her. The idea that she is

no longer able to take care of herself is overwhelmingly bitter.

14 December, Saturday
I flew to Florida where it is cloudy, rainy, and cold!

15 December, Sunday
I watched some television, for a change. I saw an excellent program called "Red Sea Coral and the Crown of Thorns." It was a BBC production that dealt with the destruction of massive areas of coral reefs in the Red Sea (and along Australia's Great Barrier Reef) by the Crown of Thorns starfish. I also watched a PBS production on Leonardo da Vinci. It was just part of a series, a semi-dramatization-narration. I found it very informative and well done. This portion dealt with his war inventions for the Borgias, his painting competition in Florence with Michelangelo, in particular his unsuccessful "Battle of Angarra," which was never finished because of technical problems, and his flying inventions and sketches.

I skipped a small section of Paul Klee's second Diary and jumped ahead to his third Diary, starting in Munich following his marriage to Lily. So much of his life was built around music. As in Delacroix's Journal, I am fascinated with the accounts of the concerts more than I am with the philosophies and daily living. Many times, I have some difficulty understanding what Klee is talking about. This might be because he never intended that outsiders understand. He was a very intense person and a literary scholar, which gives his writings a tendency to go over my head. Delacroix was more to my liking in this matter, as was Van Gogh.

16 December, Monday
Rain!

Paul Klee is now a father. His writings are more scrambled than ever. He mentions viewing Beardsley's drawings at a party.

17 December, Tuesday
After raining all night, it has finally cleared. I watched a
Black Vulture for a while with the binoculars. He was stretching his wings out while roosting on the top of a tall pine. It reminded me of the Anhinga when it holds its wings out to dry. The vulture is such a strange bird. His wings and body are beautiful as is his flight. But as for his head and face . . . .

Florida smells different than New York. Of course, it must be the differences in vegetation. I am always on the lookout for pigmy rattlesnakes and other tropical oddities. I saw a green tree frog on a poinsettia tree and a chameleon on the front window shutter. They just stared back as if I were a foreigner. How right they were.

18 December, Wednesday

This is Paul Klee's birthday as well as my own. His age would be ninety-five. Mine is twenty-seven.

One of the greatest things about Florida is fresh fish. For dinner, I had Red Snapper cooked to perfection. To a fish lover, this is the king. Pompano is good, but Snapper, fresh and cooked right, is still superior.

I watched the last part of "Leonardo da Vinci." Since so little was known about his later life, the presentation became over-dramatized to make up for lack of facts.

19 December, Thursday

Turkey Buzzards, Fish Crows (Ca-Ca, instead of "caw," very distinct), Brown Pelicans, Black Vultures, Louisiana Heron, Herring Gulls (mature), Herring Gulls (1st Winter), possibly Bonaparte Gulls, Red-breasted Mergansers (female).

I watched three pelicans land in a mangrove tree practically on top of each other. These birds are the epitome of grace in the air and on water, but they are out of their realm landing in a tree.

A pelican, soaring, spots a fish below and puts on his brakes by back-winding. He pulls in his wings and drops. Splash! While eating his capture, the pelican is interrupted by a sea gull that lands on his back. The pelican does nothing but guard his meal closely.
20 December, Friday

Notes from *Children Are Artists* by Daniel Mendelowitz

1. The Arts and Education

   A. "As soon as communication goes beyond practical day-to-day needs, it is cast in some art form, be it literature, music, painting, or sculpture, just as shelter, when carried beyond purely utilitarian level, becomes architecture."

   B. "... life tends to remain only partially experienced except to the degree that the arts give it form and meaning."

   C. "... We come to know the nature of man, of society, of life and love, through seeing plays, movies, and pictures, reading novels and poems, and hearing music ... ."

   D. "This does not deny that science and philosophy provide important guiding concepts to society, but such guiding concepts influence living patterns only after they have been popularized and dramatized."

   E. The visual arts serve two main functions:

      1. Communication (of visual experiences)
      2. Provide the means for man to control and shape his environment (architecture, city planning, etc.)

   F. Self-expression is a main reason for art in education -- it provides a means for a person to express his experiences and project his psychological feelings.

   G. Creativity: Characteristics

      1. "Originality, or the ability to react to stimuli in an unusual way"
      2. "The ability to develop and amplify original responses to some degree of fruition"
      3. "Productivity, or the ability to produce ideas, symbols, and objects easily and frequently"
      4. "The ability to evaluate and think critically, and approach the solution of a problem from a number of viewpoints"
      5. "Flexibility in meeting new situations . . . ."
      6. "Playfulness, a sense of humor, and moral purpose . . . ."
      7. A creative person is described as having two powerful psychic drives:

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a. A sense of personal destiny—often accompanied by self-doubt
b. A need to create order out of chaos

8. Freud's thought on creativity (Psychoanalytic)
a. "Creativity has its genesis in psychic conflict."
b. "The psychic function and effect of creativity is the discharge of pent-up emotion resulting from conflict."
c. "Creative thought drives from the elaboration of freely arising fantasies and ideas, an activity that is related to daydreaming and childhood play."
d. "Creative behavior can be seen as a continuation of and a substitute for the play of childhood."
e. Art is a means of sublimating internal disorders into socially acceptable action.

9. Aspects of creativity:
a. Creativity is related to intelligence in a way not generally understood because it has been suppressed by established means of learning.
b. "Patterns of creativity can only be established by habits of doing."
c. A creative person quite often might be considered abnormal because he does not fall into patterned curves of normalcy. This should be recognized and understood to prevent neurosis or other destructive behavior.

II. Art and the Child

A. Adult standards should not be employed when judging children's art. This results in a misconception of the role of art in education.

B. Art to a child is an extension of play.

C. To inhibit a child participating in an artistic endeavor is dangerous and quite often permanent.

D. Demonstrating a correct way to draw or paint is dangerous. It obstructs expression and often causes frustration.

E. Artistic expression is a means of relieving tension, an outlet to all children.

F. In his art, a child often demonstrates a concern that he might have repressed in verbal communication.

16Ibid., pp. 15-19.
III. Preschool years: From scribble to symbol

A. Between ages of 2 and 4 most children start to scribble.
   1. At first it is undirected motor movement.
   2. Later, the child learns that the marks are created by his hand movements.
   3. A sense of pleasure is gained when child learns to control his scribbles through direction and movement.
   4. Stories become attached to the scribble, play (I noticed this in four-year old Charles last summer. He was intent on telling an imaginative story about going fishing.)

B. Between 4 and 6, there is a searching and unstandardized period caused by uneven development and rapid growths, regressions, and great fluctuations in the character and completeness of the symbols.

C. Following this, according to Viktor Lowenfeld, is the "schematic stage."
   1. Frequent repetition of fairly standardized symbols for the human figure and other forms.
   2. The arrangement of figures and objects along a baseline at the bottom of the picture.

D. Between 4 and 6, the child has little control over his small muscles.

E. People are generally the subjects chosen by children of this age.
   1. Large circle head, arms and legs serve as a standard figure symbol.
   2. Hands, feet, facial features and other parts of body are added when child enters the schematic stage.
   3. Spatial relationships are random and unstandardized.

IV. Six to Nine: The symbol is found.

A. Entering school is a monumental step in child development.

B. Between 5 and 9 years occurs the schematic or symbol stage.
   1. The standardized formula for representing the human figure.
   2. The use of a baseline to indicate relationships of space.

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17 Ibid., pp. 30-50.
18 Ibid., pp. 61-68.
3. Isolated figures give way to figures in groups and figures relating with objects.

4. "Each child's scheme for the human figure is an outgrowth of his ideas, experiences, psychological structure, and physical make-up, and as the child grows and changes, so must the scheme."

5. Growth: enlarging the scheme
   a. A child will change his scheme only when it no longer is adequate to expression.
   b. This is represented when certain anatomical parts are emphasized or dramatized and others are omitted or played down in order to strengthen a desired expression. (Catching a ball or throwing a ball.)
   c. The repetition of a familiar scheme represents the lack of growth.

6. The Space Scheme
   a. A systematic means of relating spatial relationships develop at this time.
   b. The baseline represents the earth to the 6 year old.
   c. The baseline scheme changes when the child needs to find a better solution to something he wishes to express, such as houses along both sides of a street.

7. Composition becomes important when the child deals with many figures interrelating with objects.

8. Balance, structure, and other aesthetic values should not be stressed at this time because they might obstruct freedom of expression.

C. "Adults must remember that the creative act is in direct relation to its expressive power, and that any device developed by the child to increase the expressive power of a drawing represents development. Adults have an unfortunate tendency to conceive of development only in terms of conventional adult values, realistic proportions, perspective, rhythmic or balanced compositions, color harmony, or skillful use of media. All such elements can become the basis for a critical evaluation that is unrelated to children's expression and even unrelated to good adult art." (This is a shot between the eyes for me. I plead guilty to the charges.)

D. Around 9 years, overlapping begins and the baseline is raised for form a horizon line.

E. Muscular control improves and interest span lengthens.

V. Nine to twelve: The symbol is analyzed\textsuperscript{19}

\textsuperscript{19}ibid., pp. 69-94
A. General Characteristics

1. Improved muscular control.
2. Drawings become small with increase in number of details.
3. Consciousness of sex appears in choices of subjects.
5. Drawings and paintings take on an analytical attitude showing intellectual maturity. Naturalization of shape, size relations, literal usage of color.
7. Creativity is no longer as free.
   a. "They now think longer about what to paint or draw, are more apt to feel that something they have drawn does not look 'right,' and often become discouraged because their paintings do not come up to their ideas of 'how a picture should look.'"
8. Group pressures cause conformity, resulting in conventional methods and artistic tastes.
9. This is a good time to introduce examples of modern historic and primitive arts that show relationships to growing skills and interests.

VI. The Arts and Adolescence

A. The search for Self-Identity.

1. Eric H. Erikson (Childhood and Society) states, "What the regressing and growing, rebelling and maturing youth are now primarily concerned with is who and what they are in the eyes of a wider circle of significant people as compared with what they themselves have come to feel they are; and how to connect the dreams, idiosyncrasies, roles and skills cultivated earlier with the occupational and sexual prototypes of the day."
2. The arts have a tremendous impact on the adolescent, whether as a creator or just an observer. The arts provide the ideas and the feelings that the adolescent is becoming sensitive to.

B. Imitation of artists occurs at this time. This is a natural step of development.

C. Andre Malraux in his trilogy The Psychology of Art says that artists are not so much people who love life as people who love art. He goes on to say that young artists are inspired to paint by pictures rather than by daily life, and are influenced by much admired works of art which they pattern their own works after. Artistic maturity (the personal style) results from the painful struggle against the original inspiration.

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20 Ibid., pp. 95-112.
D. Visual vs. Expressionist

1. Viktor Lowenfeld (The Nature of Creative Growth and Creative and Mental Growth) separates two different types of artistic personality. The first is termed "visual." the second termed "haptic."
   a. The visual artist paints what he sees.
   b. The haptic artist paints what he feels.

E. The adolescent is very sensitive to criticism of his work.

F. The re-awakening of sexual drives affect adolescent art.

1. There is a sublimation of sex impulses identified in certain characteristic subjects.
2. Girls tend to paint horses; boys draw cars.

G. There is a trend towards individualism that still remains within the norms of group conformity.

Daniel M. Mendelowitz: Children are Artists, An Introduction to Childrens Art for Teachers and Parents
Second Edition
Stanford University Press
Stanford, California 1963

I have outlined this book because I felt that after some eight weeks of working in a public school as a teacher of art, I needed some insight into why art is taught in school, especially elementary school. I never voiced this question too often to people for I figured they would think that I was crazy. I once asked Norm for an answer and he deftly parried the question. He wanted me to find out. I thought I would during my classes on Thursday, but never did. The reason that I failed to come up with a satisfactory answer was that I did not know what to look for. I did not understand kids and did not fully understand their ways of development. I had taken the Developmental Psychology courses, but I needed to view, first hand, children and their ways of reacting to situations, to art, and to me. My weekly reaction reports showed that I recognized aspects of child behavior, but they were random examples and always remained isolated incidents in my mind. They never seemed to relate to the children's art work. This book helped me to recognize what was happening in my classes. I now recall incidents and realize why things occurred as they did. I will not take
all that Mr. Mendelowitz has stated as gospel but will use his points and stages of development as a means of categorizing my own observations. I found the book to be fascinating and beneficial. I realize that I have been wrong in my approaches and expectations. I certainly was guilty of doing many of the things Mr. Mendelowitz stressed as being harmful to a creative environment.

Christina is to arrive sometime, tonight. She is flying on the "Wings of Man" (Eastern Airlines) which usually demonstrates satisfactorily the incompetence of "man's wings."

21 December, Saturday

True to form, Christina had difficulties getting here. The problem this time was thick fog at the Tampa airport.

It has been cloudy and rainy all day.

22 December, Sunday

Ralph Vaughn Williams' score to the ballet "Job" is exciting, rich in variation, and powerful.

23 December, Monday

Maxfield Parrish and Paul Cadmus both used a perspective where the viewer was below or at the base level of the foremost figures or objects.

I saw some illustrations by Arthur Rackham that he did for Wagner's "The Rheingold." They reminded me a great deal of the scenes he drew for Rip Van Winkle in the book Norm Bate has.

24 December through 5 January, 1975

This gap in the journal is due to laziness. It had something


to do with warm to hot days, sunshine, and a desire to read rather than write. All of my northern energy was drained and I just sat in the sun in a state of southern lethargy. This happens every time I go to Florida; it is nothing new. I had hoped to fight it, but failed miserably.

I returned north on Saturday, the fourth, and stayed with the Burgesses in Newark, that night.

Aunt Kate was worse, physically. She will never be able to walk again. She has a wheel chair, which, she said, she could maneuver quite well. She still mourns her loss of independence.

I finished the last of Paul Klee's Diaries, last night. This last one dealt with his military career during World War One. I could not get over the similarities between his experiences and thoughts and my own when I was in the service. His experiences in boot camp were almost identical to mine. It shows that armies are really not different, no matter what their philosophy. I am glad that I had saved for me all the letters I wrote while in the Army. I must add, however, that Paul Klee was much more productive, artistically, than I ever was during my three years. He was thirty-six when he was drafted!

6 January, Monday

This afternoon, I went to the library to get Gauguin's Noa Noa. However, it was out. I started to investigate Maxfield Parrish and found the library had several books about him and several illustrated by him. Most of these were out, too. I did manage to look at one book he had illustrated on Italian villas, but was not impressed. While hunting for the books about Parrish, I discovered an excellent book by Hudson on Arthur Rackham. Following this, I succeeded in extricating from the bowels of the building Kenneth Grahame's Wind in the Willows, illustrated by Rackham. This book does not compare to his Rip Van Winkle

23Hudson, Arthur Rackham, His Life and Work.

illustrations, but they are still enjoyable.

After dinner, I worked on an idea for a new plate. It is based on the sketch I did yesterday of two butlers, off duty, entertaining each other in the master's hall. I completed the design for the fountain.

Before retiring, I read the book Honore Daumier.

7 January, Tuesday

I had Norm's class all day. In the afternoon, we heard Dr. Della Porta, a one-time Rochester anesthesiologist, talk on drugs. He was interesting to listen to but not all that informative.

I worked some more on my new drawing, deciding to use a woman, the maid, instead of a second butler. The smirk on the butler already drawn is just too much for a non-female companion.

8 January, Wednesday

I worked on my "Fly" plate after Norm's class. Because of inconsistent acid bites, I have poor tonal gradations. The plate needs a lot of work building up areas of darks that are consistent, and yet contrasting. I am still excited with the work, however, and will continue, tirelessly, until it is perfect.

I went to the library after dinner and became absorbed in the illustrations of N. C. Wyeth (The White Company, David Balfour, and The Last of the Mohicans). I cannot help but feel that he loved doing his work.

I picked up a book on furniture for reference for my new drawing. I have drawn in the maid. The pose she has taken I adapted from


a drawing by Rackham. She is in the process of taking off her apron.

9 January, Thursday

I went to Theodore Roosevelt. All in all, I had a good day. However, a kid in the sixth grade managed to get glass in his eye while monkeying around during clean-up. I cannot feel sorry for him.

I had the sixth grade do a little commercial design project. I asked them to design the bottle, the can, and the logo for a new soft drink. Overall, everyone seemed to enjoy the project. Artistically, the work was poor. However, I have never seen them so imaginative, before.

In the second-third grade, the kids did collages. The results completely surprised me. They were excellent! In fact, they were so much better than those done by the sixth graders before Christmas, that I could not help telling the class. They applauded themselves after this praise with well-deserved enthusiasm.

Gil and I went to the Rochester Philharmonic Concert in the evening. David Zinman conducted Duka's "Sorcerer's Apprentice," Rachmaninoff's "Piano Concerto No. 1 in F-sharp Minor, Op. 1," Richard Strauss's "Burleske for Piano and Orchestra in D minor," and Rimsky-Korsakov's "Capriccio Espagnol, Op. 34." The Piano soloist was Byron Janis. I thought the concert was magnificent, especially the "Burleske." Byron Janis was one of those pianists that literally attacked the instrument. His hands would move so fast that I could not follow them. David Zinman is a very exciting conductor to watch. He handles the music well.

10 January, Friday

I worked all day in the Printmaking Lab. I started to edition the "Rape" print and pulled six out of seven high quality prints. I was quite pleased.

In the afternoon, I worked on the "Fly" plate. The Dutch Mordant was so weak that after an hour, I still had little to no bite to speak of.

After dinner, I went to the Dryden Theater to see "The Adven-
tures of Robin Hood" with Douglas Fairbanks and Wallace Beery. Fairbanks certainly cut a smashing figure in that film. Why not, though, he produced and directed it.

I went to Newark for the weekend.

11 January, Saturday

I accomplished some errands in the morning. Specifically, I picked up some gossip from Margarette Bennett at the laundromat.

After lunch, Gil and I went to the lake. It was unseasonably warm. When we left Newark, it was almost 68°F. We ran into rain once we arrived at the cottage, but it lasted only a short while. We walked through the woods along the path blazed by the Conservation Department. We discovered some interesting bracket fungi. They were candy-apple red polypores of some variety. We also found a new variety of club moss that we were unfamiliar with. There was evidence of a pileated woodpecker near the Troika. We never saw or heard the bird, but the remains of rotten wood chips around a dead tree was evidence enough.

We continued our walk by going underneath the Bluff. The mud slides along the base were quite something for this time of year. We had to walk on boulders to keep from sinking in the soft mud-clay. The lake was rolling moderately. Overhead, the clouds were being driven by a tremendous wind.

The sunset was absolutely marvelous. The after-glow seemed to last many times longer than normal. It seemed a fitting display to the conclusion of Puccini's "Madame Butterfly."

After dinner, Gil and I went to visit Aunt Kate in the Newark hospital. It is pitiful to see a person so mentally acute, so physically destroyed. However, she appeared to be in good spirits considering the situation.

12 January, Sunday

I left for Rochester around three.

13 January, Monday
I spent the entire day in the lab working on the "Fly" plate. For the first time, I had a mordant that gave me a consistent bite for a specific length of time. I reworked practically the entire plate in order to achieve a gradation of tone necessary for a convincing print. I went back to the apartment for dinner but returned to RIT and worked until ten. I figure by tomorrow I will have brought the tone up to where I want it.

I went out to a tavern with Sue and Bonnie, afterwards. It was a nice place and I relaxed.

Phil loaned me a book on several forgotten illustrators and their work.29

14 January, Tuesday

I went to RIT in the early morning and worked some more on the plate.

I arrived at Theodore Roosevelt around eleven. I saw Mrs. Pugh, the principal, about the incident that occurred last week. She told me that I was legally not responsible, but that I was negligent. She said it in a nice way.

In Mr. Logan's class, the children did collages. This was Bonnie's project. The work was very good! Everybody participated.

In Miss Hoyler's class, I had them make masks out of the large bags I got at the RIT Bookstore. The kids had a great time and so did I. There was noise and movement but it was channeled 100% into the work of cutting and trying on the masks. I see more and more, now, since I have read something about children and their play-art. I was kept busy helping them. I had not anticipated that their arms would not reach up into the top of the bags and that they would not be able to push the blunt-nosed scissors through the tough brown paper. However, they all tried to do it. When the discovered that they could not, they came to me.

After class, I went to talk privately with Mr. Logan. We had

a good discussion. He helped me out with understanding the way he operates and gave me some pointers on how to manipulate the children into a more systematic clean-up. He feels that Bonnie and I have been successful, especially with a couple students by getting them to work. He considered this to be a monumental task. I told him about the development I had observed, and so, I feel, we both gained from the talk.

I went out to RIT, after dinner at Aunt Marion's, and continued to progress on my "Fly" plate. However, it still lacked the strength I desired in the figures and the chairs when I left.

15 January, Wednesday

We had a movie in Norm's class on drugs. It was actually quite gripping and moving in parts. It gave me an uneasy feeling for several hours afterward.

Spent the rest of the day and evening working on my plate. All I can say is that it is not yet there.

16 January, Thursday

In the morning, we talked with a lawyer on the legal and illegal attributes of drugs and how to deal with a drug problem in a school situation (legally, not morally).

I was overwhelmed with the change I discovered in the print lab atmosphere in the morning. It had a flavor of constructive energy and activity. There were people busy on their work, not gabbing with neighbors. Somehow, I was quite affected and told Bruce about it. He sensed the change, too, and agreed that it might be a good time to have an informal critique or get-together, as I preferred to think of it. I had never seen the work of many of the 4th year people or even some of the graduate students. This encounter, I hoped, was a way to meet people and look at their work.

The session took place after lunch and, all in all, was quite successful. A great number of people excused themselves for one reason or another, but the people who participated, I feel, got something out of it. Bruce was interesting in his approach to a critique. He
challenged everybody to look beyond what was physically there but not to completely lose sight of the actual work. How this technique works another time, I can't say.

I had a sandwich and a beer at the Suburban and went back to work on the plate. After another short trip to the mordant and some scraping, I finally pulled a proof satisfactory to my wishes. I soaked Arches white for printing on Friday and left.

17 January, Friday

The keeping of late night hours finally caught up with me. I was exhausted from the very start of the day.

I tried to pull a number of proofs, anyway. It was a complete waste of paper. I had trouble keeping my edges clean. When I managed to do that, the rest of the plate would show a film. I got probably one good one out of six attempts. At least the good one was a good one.

I left around three. Gil arrived for dinner around six. Afterwards we went to the Dryden to see "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" (1923) with Lon Chaney, Sr. I thought the film was a superior adaptation of the book, even with its Hollywood finale. The movie was quite stirring; Lon Chaney played a magnificent, pathetic, Quasimodo. I imagine many movie-goers feel that these old films lack sophistication. I guess that it is this sophistication that keeps me from wanting to go to the theater, today. "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" left a great deal to my imagination, an attribute I enjoyed greatly.

To me, Esmeralda was the most beautiful woman ever created in fiction. There is no woman in the world that could play her on film to my satisfaction.

18 January, Saturday

I worked on a paper for Sociology, this morning. After lunch, I filed the edges on a zinc plate for the new version of the "Balloon" plate. Unfortunately, this plate is not taking form. Maybe, I had best forget about it. Usually, if the idea does not stay strongly in my mind, it never becomes a satisfying work. The idea had an immediate impact, at first. However, it lacked depth after it was drawn. Maybe,
thinking about it, here, will start something stirring.

The idea about the butler and the maid on their time off is progressing well. The drawing of the idea is quite time-consuming, but very interesting. It is challenging in every aspect, structure, volume, perspective, etc.

19 January, Sunday

Aunt Marion and I attended Chapel Service at the Third Presbyterian Church. They had a guest minister who I felt was quite good. He spoke about John the Baptist, who was certainly an interesting character in the Bible. I recall Donatello's "John the Baptist," specifically, as my vision of the man's appearance.

I went to Newark for dinner at Burgesses and to see Aunt Kate. I learned little news at either place.

20 January, Monday

I showed Phil my new drawing and it led into an incredible exploration of perspective. My drawing was suffering spatially because of a minor inconsistency in the position of the vanishing point and from the poorly proportioned dish-monument. This led to Phil's discussing and demonstrating a system in which individual objects can be spatially determined with great accuracy by using a complex and confusing grid system. This system worked when dealing with only one vanishing point. Phil said the system was developed during the Renaissance in Italy in order to create more dynamic stage scenery for plays. Leonardo da Vinci developed a system along this line. He had me investigate the works of the American painter Thomas Eakins ("Max Schmidt in a Single Scull"). Eakins studied under Gerome, who believed in tight draftsmanship. Eventually, Eakins broke away from this conventionalism, but his "Max Schmidt . . ." painting demonstrates a precision and accuracy in the elements of perspective.

I worked most of the afternoon on a layout like that of Phil's

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description. I became enmeshed in the complexity and the insanity of the precision. However, I stuck to it for the rest of the day.

I read an article on Anamorphic Art, distorted images that become normal when a reflecting cylinder or cone is placed in the center of the distorted picture. This furthered my feelings about the utter inanity of precisioned perspective.

21 January, Tuesday

Both of my classes at Theodore Roosevelt worked with clay. The immediate desire of the students was to smash, pull, squeeze, and twist the material. I encouraged this all the way. After a while, the want to manipulate the clay into a shape developed. I specifically wanted the children to make a pot (either slab, pinch or coil) or a piece of sculpture. The sixth graders showed their development of manual skills when working in this medium. It is sometimes difficult to differentiate between a sixth grader's drawing and a second-third grader's, but it is much easier to distinguish between the two levels when dealing with a material like clay. Of course, certain students did much better than others. In several cases in both classes, some children did better with the clay than they ever had drawing. I believe they realized this and concentrated more on the end product. The second-third graders were most impressed with roundness. They thoroughly enjoyed smashing the clay into a pancake shape and then rolling it up into a ball. They would then spend several minutes feeling and playing with this shape. Again, I was less concerned with results or finished pieces and more appreciative of the effect and the energy that went into the work.

I went to the Planetarium with Aunt Marion after dinner. We saw "Silent Spheres," which was an excellent show on the planets and the recent discoveries of the Pioneer and Mariner missions. The amount of information that they bombard you with visually, of course, and verbally is overwhelming.

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22 January, Wednesday

By this morning, I had come to the conclusion that by altering and redrawing the dish-shape in my "Butler and Maid" drawing, most of the other objects would relate. However, I continued to work stubbornly on the graphic layout I had started on Monday night. Finally, I called myself one of the biggest asses to come along in a long time and quit! I went back to my original drawing, after lunch, and using tracing paper, retained the areas that were working, and re-drew the areas that were not. I stopped at 4:30 and went to the airport to meet Dad, who was coming from Florida to help Aunt Kate with some problems.

I went back to RIT after he left, had dinner with Sue, and continued to work on the drawing. As soon as I placed the font so that it related spatially with the two figures, which I moved towards the left, everything else began to click.

23 January, Thursday

I learned how to blind stitch and to do trapunto in Methods. I also refreshed my memory in the use of the welding torch.

I worked in the evening on concluding my drawing "Butler and Maid."

24 January, Friday

For some reason, I let down, today, and accomplished next to nothing. What I managed to do was file the edges of the plate that I will use for the drawing I completed. I had planned to go back to zinc, but in the end, chose to stay with the copper. It takes longer, but the line is so much better.

25 January, Saturday

I spent the day transferring my drawing onto my plate. I managed to put over the plate one of the best layers of ground (asphaltum and universal ground) I ever worked on.

While working on the plate, I listened to the Metropolitan Opera presentation of "Boris Gudounov" by Modeste Moussorgsky. It was sung in Russian, but, I could not have cared less. I very seldom listen to
words in music.

26 January, Sunday

I went to Newark in the morning and met Dad and the Burgesses at church.

After dinner, Dad and I went to see Aunt Kate, who is still at the Newark Hospital. We stayed about forty minutes. Since it was snowing, I left early for Rochester.

I listened to the "Themes on Seven Paintings by Paul Klee," by Schuller. This was a WHAM broadcast of the performance given by the Rochester Philharmonic, David Zinman, conducting. Schuller based his idea for the piece on Moussorgsky's "Pictures at an Exhibition." I thought the music was awful. I wonder how Paul Klee, the musician, would have liked it.

27 January, Monday

I had my plate in the mordant for almost six hours! The bite I got in the metal looks like what would be expected of one hour in normal acid. I finally threw in some small copper pieces to stimulate the reaction. That seemed to work pretty well.

I went to the library in search of books on Degas. I read an article in a Saturday Review on some of his drawings and there seemed to be reason for me to investigate some of his work. I was attracted to his choice of subjects and the spontaneous manner in which he portrayed them. "The Cotton Market, New Orleans," "Absinthe," "The Dancing Class," "Two Laundresses," "The Millinery Shop," all of these I found to show aspects of what I am trying to emulate. I believe he was a master of capturing a moment in time when the subjects are completely unaware of another's presence. His figures remain alive

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and full of movement. His angle of view is very exciting in these particular paintings.

I worked in the evening on my plate. I started to work on the butler's coat and parts of the fountain.

28 January, Tuesday

I worked some more on the maid's hat and put the plate in the mordant for an hour. I then had to leave to go to Theodore Roosevelt.

Today was the last day I had the kids work with clay. In the sixth grade the activity progressed smoothly; however, most students tried nothing new.

In the second-third grade, I had the children make, first a cube, then a cone, and finally a pyramid out of their blocks of clay. This assignment was not as easy as it sounded. The kids had difficulty translating what they saw when looking at my example into the physical shape of the object. They worked on these shapes for about fifteen minutes. I then asked them to model any object they wanted. I was working on an elephant and suggested we make a zoo. As a result, most of the objects were animals. Many of their animals were quite sophisticated.

I hope that the project with the clay helps the children with their drawing or other two-dimensional work.

After dinner at Aunt Marion's, I returned to school and put my plate back into the Dutch Mordant for another hour. The bite was moderate, not extremely deep, but not light, either. In fact, it was of the quality that I like to work with when first developing a plate. I feel that if tonal areas are too dark at the outset, it is difficult to visualize the balance of overall values and spatial relations.

29 January, Wednesday

We had an oral exam in Educational Sociology, this morning.

In Norm's class, we had a round table discussion on teaching problems that had occurred at Theodore Roosevelt over the past weeks.

I proofed the "Butler and Maid" plate. I use these early
proofs more as tests of line quality and acid bite times. I also
have a tendency to approach a new plate with a great deal of caution.
I need to force a feeling of impatience on myself in order to speed
up my thinking and increase my risk taking. This is a pattern I
discovered when re-reading the earlier parts of this journal.
In the evening, I went to a "gathering" at Beth Fiorucci's.
I picked up some interesting information on St. Germain, the 15th
century alchemist, from Dave Flynn.

30 January, Thursday
I was introduced to the complexities and mysteries of the RIT
Placement Office. I was given a packet of materials to fill out and
return.
I learned some methods of kite building and wire sculpture in
Norm's class. I did not actually build a kite or a wire thing because
I see no need of doing something that I am somewhat familiar with. If
it were entirely new, I would feel that I had better try it.
I worked most of the afternoon on a rough resume for my place-
ment folder.
After dinner, I returned to the studio and worked until nine-
 thirty.

31 January, Friday
By varying the width or distance between lines, and also, the
shape made by collected groups of lines, I was able to create a marble-
like effect on the columns in the "Butler and Maid" print. The plate
was left in the mordant for an hour, and the bite was quite substantial.
In fact, it was too much along the foremost figures supporting the
font.
I matted three prints for the "Curator's Choice" show at the
Memorial Art Gallery. Bruce was given several invitations to hand out
to students. I think I was quite lucky to be given one. This will be
a good chance for some exposure.
After dinner, I returned to RIT and started to marbelize the
other four columns.
1 February, Saturday

I went to the studio, early, and continued to work with the toning of the columns and the back wall. It was slow, tedious work. I had to stop several times to un-cramp my hand.

After lunch, I took my prints to the Memorial Art Gallery. I was well received. After meeting the curator, Robert Henning, I couldn't help recall the words of Thomas Hart Benton, "It's the third sex and the museums. The pretty boys with delicate wrists and the swing in their gait . . . ."34

After stopping briefly at the apartment, I left for Newark. I listened to the Metropolitan's "Don Giovanni" by W. A. Mozart.

2 February, Sunday

After church, Gil and I went to the hospital to see Aunt Kate. We went to the cottage after dinner. Our explorations took us deep into the frozen swamp. The landscape was surreal, to say the least. We had to walk around fallen logs whose roots formed cave-like shelters. The amount of natural debris everywhere made it difficult to move in a straight line or see far ahead.

I had never been to the island before. There was something magical about this unknown bit of land. There were signs of armies of raccoons all around the island. Their tracks could be seen on the ice, everywhere.

It is hard to describe my feelings looking back on the trek. It was no Kon Tiki but all the elements of romance and adventure were there.35 Besides, my imagination carried me beyond reality a number of times.

3 February, Monday

I worked on the plate. The back wall came up too much. I have


no illusion of depth because everything is an overall gray in value. I will try to resolve this by putting in the shadow areas on the darksides of the columns. I have a great amount of foul bite on my plate.

I have started Paul Gauguin's Intimate Journals. I was greatly moved by his passages on Vincent Van Gogh. Gauguin seems to have been a bitter and cynical man.

I just returned from the Eastman Theater, where I attended a concert of the Eastman School Symphony Orchestra, Gustav Meirer, conductor. They played Symphony #3 in E♭ Op. 55 of Beethoven (Eroica), "Prelude, Afternoon of a Faun" by Debussy, and the "Totentanz" by Franz Liszt, Kimberly Schmidt, piano soloist. My mind is so filled with the "Totentanz" that it is difficult to write this. My arms want to swing, violently. I was spellbound throughout the performance. Schmidt conjured the Devil, himself, out of that piano. He made notes sound like liquid. He created molten and disturbing phrases followed by crashes of lightning and thunder. He conjured a scene as terrifying as that in the "Night on Bald Mountain." As I write this, I am listening to the same grinding theme (Dies Irae) but used by Hector Berlioz in his "Symphonie Fantastique." It is bizarre! I love it!

Art will never, ever, be able to compete with the Absolute Power of music! I feel as though I am threatened by this fact. I am certainly addicted to it. I listen to it constantly, and it takes me away at will. My art takes me only short distances, and I never know when I'm leaving or how long I will be gone.

4 February, Tuesday


Theodore Roosevelt. Today was an ordinary day with nothing
really outstanding to record.

I went to Kilborn Hall for a concert after dinner. The Eastman Chorale and Baroque Ensemble performed. For an hour, I was in another world.

5 February, Wednesday

I went back into the columns in order to show their roundness. I also worked on the left and right areas behind the columns and the font. It took hours to scribe the lines.

6 February, Thursday

Spending all day in Norm's Methods class is like spending all day in a doctor's waiting room.

In the evening, I went to Monroe Community College to see the film "Painters on Painting" by de Antonio (1972). It dealt with the Abstract Expressionists, the Minimalists, and the Pop artists. There were interviews with the big boys of each movement. To me, the best thing said in the entire two hours of film was by Barnett Newman: "Aesthetics is to me what ornithology is to the birds." I felt the film was informative and well done. I can say no more for it.

7 February, Friday

I am reminded of writings by Joseph Conrad as I read about Gauguin.

8 February, Saturday

I worked on my plate all day. I listened to Puccini's "Tosca" from the Metropolitan Opera House.

9 February, Sunday

Shoestring Gallery. A very oppressive atmosphere! I cannot

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38 Ibid.
even recall what I saw.

University of Rochester Baroque Ensemble and Chapel Choir. Works by J. S. Bach and Ferdinando Bertoni. The "Il Miserere" by Bertoni was well done. The soloists were very good.

Rochester Community Players in "Night Watch." An excellent production. I have neglected the dramatic arts much too long.

10 February through 14 February

Worked every day on "Butler and Maid" plate. I printed it twice on Murillo paper. It looks very well on that surface.

Tuesday, I went with Gil and Aunt Marion to the movie "The Lost World" at the Dryden. It was excellent. Wallace Beery played Professor Challenger.

Friday, I spoke to a portion of the Humanities class at John Marshall High School about my printmaking.

Gil and I attended the opening at the Memorial Art Gallery.

Aunt Pauline is in the hospital with a broken hip.

15 February, Saturday

I have something truly unique. I have a realistic image that does not compete with the technical realism of the photo-mechanical processes. I show vignettes of life that are believable in their humor and incongruous settings. But, above all, I feel I reach the viewer with my pictoral image without the overshadowing presence of the question, "how did he do it?" The process is irrelevant. I give the viewer pure drawing in a sophisticated state, but not so sophisticated that it is no longer human. My prints deal with humanity for the pleasure of humanity.

The Times Union chose my print to be representative of the "Curator's Choice" show in their write up in tonight's paper. They reproduced a portion of my "Dinner at Lord Glutton's."

16 February, Sunday

Went to Sodus to skate. On the return home, we saw what appeared to be a snowy owl flying across a field.

17 February, Monday

I worked on the formalization of the sculptural base-figures upholding the font. This I did in charcoal. I also etched in lightly a tonal area immediately behind the font. This area, I had scraped earlier.

I went to the Eastman to hear the Eastman Symphony Band. The music was exciting and new. I spent most of the time watching the percussion section. To me, they stole the show.

It is too bad so few people take advantage of these marvelous performances. If it were Mitch Miller conducting, the place would be packed.

JOE FROGGERS, a recipe I received from Holly Bate through Norm.40

Use 1/2 recipe - more convenient

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Ingredient</th>
<th>Quantity</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>7 cups sifted flour</td>
<td>3/4 cup water</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 tblsp. salt</td>
<td>1/4 cup rum</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 tblsp. ginger</td>
<td>2 tsp. baking soda</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 tsp. ground cloves</td>
<td>2 cups dark molasses</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 tsp. nutmeg</td>
<td>1 cup shortening</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1/2 tsp. allspice</td>
<td>2 cups sugar</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Sift flour with salt, ginger, cloves, nutmeg, and allspice. Combine water with rum. Combine soda with molasses. Cream shortening and sugar. Add sifted dry ingredients, H₂O mixture, and molasses mixture, blending well after each addition. Chill dough, overnight, if possible. Roll to 1/4 inch thickness on floured surface. Cut with 4-inch cutter (or roll into small balls by hand and flatten out to 4-inch by 5-inch circles). Place on greased baking sheet. Bake at 375° F. for 10-12 minutes; let stand on sheet for a few minutes before removing to prevent breaking. Store in a covered jar.

Yield: 2 dozen, 5" Joe Froggers.

40 Holley Bate and Norman Bate, "Joe Froggers," a recipe.
18 February through 25 February

Quite honestly, I have been too exhausted nights to write down many of the things that have occurred during the days. I have devoted most of my time to my last plate. It is interesting to note how the closer toward completion I come the more aware I have to be as to where each line must be placed on the plate. In other words, a line placed haphazardly is as evident as a scratch in a white area. Consequently, I have had to scrape a great deal to remove haphazard lines. A good example is when I first started to tone the two facing statue-supports. I was not careful in the way I scribed the lines. As a result, the figures looked hairy and crude. So, I scraped them out and started over.

Building up richness has been a task, but a very pleasant task. I refer to myself as the man of the million lines. Yet, each line, as small as it may be or as faint as it may appear when printed, is important. I believe that the values I build with my line structure create a tension, a dynamic power that is hard to gain in an aquatint. Aquatints are like spring flowers, beautiful, delicate, and temporary. To me, the power of Eric Mache's prints lies in his line work (without referring to him image-idea), not in his aquatints.

Spatially, this last print has been challenging. I find no reason to add any more to that statement.

I made my first Artist's Proof of the plate last night. Never before had the butler smirked as he did when I pulled the print off the plate. The maid had never looked so femme fatal. They were liberated, at last, and rejoiced, with me, in their freedom.

The relationships I have with my characters (that is a bad word for they are more than characters--people is a better word) are very intense during the development of the work. They are human in that they complain when I do them an injustice, sneer at my occasional ineptness, and refuse to remain in any unstable environment. Consequently, they are very demanding of me. When the work is finished, there is a tacit thank you, and the intimacy is over. Our ways separate. What is left is that moment in time each work represents.
Sources Consulted

Books


MAGAZINES


NEWSPAPERS


Gil - Gilbert W. Burgess, my cousin
Danska - Danska Dinkelacker, an MFA graduate student
Sue - Sue Bucholtz, an MFA graduate student
Phil - Professor Philip Bornarth, a thesis advisor and traveling companion
Bruce - Bruce Porter, a thesis advisor and instructor of Printmaking
Aunt Kate - Mrs. Jacob German, my great aunt
Norm Bate - Professor Norman Bate, a thesis advisor
Bonnie Buck - an MFA graduate student
Bonnie Macur - an MST graduate student
Uncle Jack and Aunt Pauline - Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Burgess
Norman Williams - the head of the MST program and a traveling companion
Aunt Marion - Miss Marion L'Amoreaux, a very close friend of my family
The Boogaards - Mr. and Mrs. John Boogaard, my cousins
Laurie Zepp - a Junior High Art Teacher in Wolcott, N. Y.
Will Hubbell - an MFA graduate student
Bilha - Bilha Karpman, an MST graduate student
Emma Demetsenaere - a neighbor of the Burgesses in Newark, N. Y.
Christina - my sister
Margarette Bennett - a graduate of my high school in Newark, N. Y.
Beth Fiorucci - an MST graduate student
Dave Flynn - an MST graduate student
Eric Mache - an MFA graduate student
"Dinner At Lord Glutton's"
"The Rape of the Daughter of Neptune"