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Paul to Dario Aug. 29, 1942

Paul Sargent

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P to Dario  Aug. 29, 1942

Dear Dario,

I was glad to get a letter from you. I had been thinking of writing to you.

It must be quite a change for you not to be going by schedule as you do in school, a pleasant change I should say as it would be for me.

Well, the summer has come to an end. Some cooler weather is due that will pick us up from the dog day doldrums. I intend to call Scruggs this morning and maybe we will go painting this afternoon if he isn't busy. I may go alone if he can't go.

Awhile back one Sunday I drove half way to Chicago to meet a small shop dealer from there who had some pictures of mine and we thought this the best way to get the pictures home again without wearing away too much rubber for either of us. He had sold two good sized pictures since a year ago which wasn't enough. He said people and painters liked my technique but my subjects were not the kind people would buy. So I am making some that he and I consider are better bait, those with water in them, yet not too much as my ocean pictures did not.

Now there is something you can always depend upon. Thee values are always distinct from each other in normal daylight and if we don't paint them that way our picture is a mess. Some time the land plane is covered by bushes that confuse that plane with the upright of trees. Better not paint that kind of scene—Under night effect these planes tend to come closer together but even at night starlight without moon, we can still see the three more distinctly from each other. Also in fog or rain they merge but even then we must try to express the solidarity that is there. As Mr Shulz once said “in fog things look flat but it isn't true the planes are there,” as we find by trying to paint without planes.

I lost your letter so I can't answer any questions you may have asked.

I can't say now if I can or not go to Indiana to paint. I would like to and would like for you to be there. You would get some art education by intensive cultivation by being there a short time. We would like you to get acquainted with my good
friend Cariani over there, a good painter and an Italian. He went to school at Art Students League, N.Y. Was about 3 yrs. Old, I believe, when his folks came to U.S.

   Guess I better desist.

   Let me know when you get back to Charleston and we will meander out with the paint boxes. Hope you write again.

Sincerely,

Paul T.