Dear Gort—

Thought I'd sit down tonight & answer indirectly the well-meant information you passed on to me in your letter of the 26th—Christ, is it that long ago?

I say indirectly above for that is the only way to approach it, in the light of how I now feel. I want to get out of advertising when I return—its as simple as that.

You see, one of the reasons I wanted to come here was to study Typography. Which roughly means the arranging of letters in a pleasing manner. The deciding of what size, style, &c. on, of type to use, & most important of all, the application of this to the production of Good Books.

Now the reason I want to design & produce good books is composed of many points, a few of which I want to tell you of, for also a number of reasons—one being that I'm responsible for your daughter & another because I think you'll understand.

1. I am fed to the teeth with advertising. I am tired of designing things, drawing pictures that are used the next day for wrapping fish & chips. Don't get me wrong—advertising is a necessary part of commerce, & it has fed both Nan & I well in the past 3 years. But I've felt for a long time that I'd like to do something that might last a little longer—probably the yen that gets under all man's skins for immortality. Whatever it is, I've got the bug & I want to do something honest & take home my pay for it. But also don't think I'm turning away—for God knows that's the last thing I ever do. I have no truck with the man who feels society doesn't understand him. We have all got to work to eat & that is a truism.

2. Book design is at a pretty low level in Canada. We have never known a good typographer-designer amongst our 15 million people. The majority of the hard or softbacked books on your shelves are imported from U.S.A. We do produce many books but no one knows how to do it well in Canada. From that you can surmise how wide open the field is.
To date, without even asking, I've been offered two jobs. One as a designer for the Macmillan Publishing Co. (as a matter of fact, I'm having a drink with the director next week, he being over here on a business trip) — the other as director of the University of New Brunswick Press. The latter would be an excellent training ground for me, plus the opportunity to start raising a family in a quiet little university town. Either job would never pay the $125 a week I could get in an agency on returning, but by the same token it would be good enough for us to live comfortably always.

My working life as an advertising artist is limited. I've seen men in my business in their 40s (which isn't the prime for anyone) in one of two situations. Either they're riddled with ulcers which they pay out their money to doctors to soothe, or they pass out of artistic fashion and spend their life doing the job that the artists in fashion won't touch. The working life of a book designer is limited only by the coffin. The longer you work, the more you know, the more respect one receives. This is the opposite to my present situation, where my supposed success has brought few friends — the only ones being the ones who were with me when I was struggling.

As I said earlier, I think you'll understand. So Ida's would really be a lost account if it came into my hands — my heart just isn't in advertising anymore.

All my best to you & Bobbie — we are both well if a little homesick. I think we're both tired of "luring a foreign muse." Nan will be writing soon — see you in five months over a bottle of Keeses, this "nut brownside" the song was sung about isn't all it was cracked up to be.

Al.