

what is real & what isn't? the quiet unquiet body: it's finished. It has a prop

of course you studied butoh

time the Higgs boson different time (lighting by god) & the clouds

I wish I had seen you dance

Always sticks

Always nature

What you protect.

old men take little steps they are unsure

this is only page 79 think what came after think what came before

arms crossed elbows on knees the athlete waiting

(the crane at rest—bird crane, mechanical)

you have flowers on your walker, a climbing vine

you are unsure

the water tower presides over the wilderness

what the face precludes

cut the old book it yields read it like cake old men are crafty, no? men are allowed to
grow old

backlit

faces are ghosts he is crowned:

:I look back to tell you it is beautiful—your head is down. you are taking notes.

[blackout].

(for & after Annie-B)

Dear Annie-B,

Page

2.

I had in mind this whole thing to say, this whole big eloquent (ha!) thing, when we were in the coffee shop the other day whiling away that afternoon. Well not whiling, but it felt luxurious to me, to spend so much time. Also to not have a notebook out, to not be the one responsible for keeping track, marking down—I never asked if I should take notes, somehow I felt a cue from you, maybe because you suggested a walk, and one doesn't take notes on a walk, I don't think. Anyway. Now of course the day has fled down whatever mental byways these things go. Lived experience, etc.

I liked hearing about your art. As always, and especially after seeing it. And to talk about what it is to balance the things that make money and the things that don't, it's always so helpful for me to hear how other artists are trying to do this.

I think what I appreciated almost most was to talk about the promises & confusions & difficulties of this Hatchery thingamajig. To talk about what's been hard, for all of us as individuals and in our particular Industry Roles. But also, as you said, that we wouldn't have been talking without the HP. That, for me, is not a small thing.

And to remember that it was an experiment. For better and worse—or, well, that is what I left thinking.

It's very gray today. Woke up to news that the German co-pilot apparently did the whole thing on purpose. Jesus. This evening I make a shiva call for a very young, sweet man, and then I go to a party. And before all that, after I send this to you, I upload PDFs to the course site at a new university where I shortly go to teach.

I wonder if you have picked out your gown yet. I do so love the idea of you in a gown, receiving a big old award, in London, no less. I spent a week there a few years ago & it didn't rain once & I walked every day for hours & usually ended up at the National Gallery to stare at Uccello's *Battle of San Romano*, which work I love. And I would get an ice cream cone, chocolate. And then one day I took a day trip to Brighton and it poured and I kissed an Italian waiter who I met on the ruined piers and I knew I would never see him again even though we exchanged information (he wrote, I didn't). It all seems rather romantic. I was very sad, and young.

You said about my writing that it takes in the whole room (thank you so much for that) and what I thought but didn't say is that only certain artists allow for the whole room to be taken in, and they are usually (always?) my favorite artists and you, as is I am sure

obvious but in any case should be repeated, are one of them. I have learned so much in my own art from yours. Thank you.

Yours,

Clr.

Brooklyn

11:49, Thursday, March 26, 2015