

The Museum of Modern Art

11 West 53 Street, New York, N.Y. 10019 Circle 5-8900 Cable: Modernart

Department of Photography

February 19th, 1968.

Nell dear:

If friends' shoulders are not-for weeping,
of what good are they? Somehow, there is
less and less to laugh about these days....

I have indeed seen Max Waldman's
marat/Sade essay, practically in its
entirety, for he brought it here and we
showed a selection in the end gallery
of the Stiechen Center, under Peter Bunnell's
direction. I'm glad you like Dorothea's
book, but sorry that you do not care
for Callahan, whose work I hold most
dear. He has long been one of my
special loves and I find his photography
one of life's blessings. However, as Ludwig
Charell used to say, "Chacun à son
degout."

Yes, I think you should drink a glass of wine and break beautiful bread with Mr. Steichen, who is lonesome at mid-week, while Joanna is attending classes. Time is running out at a speed that to me is frightening. However, life these days is more terrifying than death, and infinitely more hopeless.

I quite agree with you that there are cases in the art of our time when the poverty of the king's wardrobe becomes very apparent to many people, but on the other hand there are moments of beauty beyond bearing in some of its manifestations. And I think that the Brancusi exhibition we are planning will delight you, as the prospect does me.

Have you ever been to South America, and, if so, do you think I will like it as a vacation experience in the fall (if anyone is going to be alive then)?

Love to you always -
Trace