

Draft:

Dear Jamie

Many thanks for the truly beautiful Catalog and also for your wonderful and challenging letter. Thank heavens, I am somewhat ^{of an} adept in the decipherment of hieroglyphic writing so that it took only ^{a couple of} ~~two~~ hours to figure it out.

Your graciousness in allowing me to keep what is ^{for} ~~to~~ me an important work, which was actually part of a collection of costume-people works I've been working on for a couple of decades. I've done Ed Ruscha, Mama Cass Elliott, the art dealer, Michael Findley and other personal friends.

It is so difficult ^{now} ~~these~~ days to find people who can fit these things that I'm almost spider-like, waiting

for a suitable victim (pardon the pun)

My brother and I collected over the years some ninety 18th Century costumes with a couple from the 17th Century, with one beauty from about 1570-85. We even ~~have been~~ acquired seven pairs of Roman Sandals.

In fact one morning as I was walking through my living room to the front door - for the morning paper I ~~stepped~~ stepped on a nail that had come loose from a Roman Soldier's Sandal - a caligae - and as I sat down to pull it out, my first thought, beside the pain, was that I was probably the only person in America to have stepped on a Roman nail that day.

Later I made perfect replicas of these sandals which were comfortable

and instructive as well. The architecture of these sandals answered all of the various movements of the foot without damaging what appeared to be the delicate structure in the working of the leather itself. They had been ^{the Wallbrook} discovered in 1928 in a stream that once flowed through Roman London, now covered over, but opened and explored that year.

Also, I have in my hallway two drawings your father made, thanking us for the costumes we sent to Detsey and him in 1974. Two of them became ~~parts~~ the subject of his work the quaker. Stu had restored the one on the right by reinforcing the buckram which had once held the collars high by the neck, but had lost

their rabbit skin glue stiffener over the years. He was always pleased that his efforts showed in the painting.

The Composers you saw were all done in costumes from our collection. I had nine more at my home which you didn't see. In fact what you saw at the studio was really the tip of the iceberg.

I wish, since you are a sea person that you could have seen the ship models I built - researched and built from scratch, a Venetian merchant ship from Barbaro's famous print and a Roman Merchant-passenger ship from the second century done from a Tebanese grave stella. A good friend once brought a guest to the house - a Norwegian sailor who

had sailed solo around the world.

He looked closely, silently at these ships while I stood by nervously waiting for the verdict. It seemed a painfully long time, when finally he looked up and in a classic accent, looking me in the eyes said, "Ya, these will sail"

Ice cream, Paper plates, cereals, eggs

Bayer Aspirin - first fidel chicken patty

Pineapple juice TIC TACS

Passing through all meanings like a
Ghost

Stu's Death

I feel a fading in me when I view

my long retreat while looking as I would

for presences denying death which could

in some small measure Stuart's life renew.

What is my ~~own~~ fullness now that Death has left

in more than twain a single soul and more

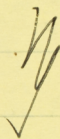
than life can sum, with striking at the core.

and wounding ^{with} a void and nothing left?

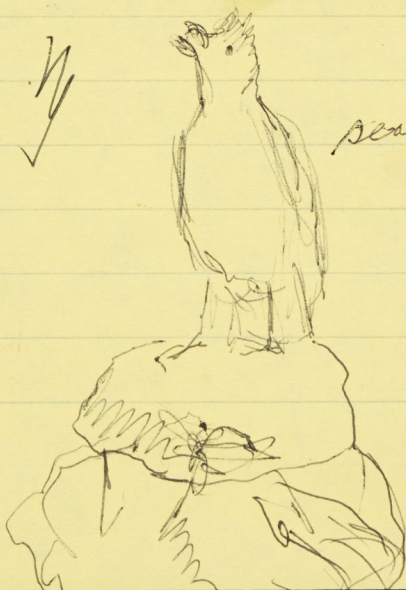
No spark of being nor of having been

will light his night now dateless in its span

Oct Laundry



sealed quail



wing out
and foot
stretching



no animate me now, more ghost than man
as clocks in tick tocks measure out my end.

My fading and his loss has come to be

Not just the total loss of him - but me.

Another

We think in human terms of time and tide
and monument ourselves, upstart our race
but what, ^{when} mountains crumble in their pace
will measure out ^{then} the limits of our pride?

When seas upchange their origins for ends
and ^{roll} wash away

One by one my joys are run to ground
cornered one by one by sight and sound

mm