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A tribute

Volume Four of Six
Letters from Henry VIII



Letters from Henry VIII

Catherine
Anne
Jane
Anne
Catherine
Katherine



Q You said the washing machine is one of life’s supreme objects. Can you nominate others?

A No. I don’t have any more. Certain objects have only a status value or practical value or both but none have the spiritual potential of the washing machine, not even the bathroom, The bathroom is a private oasis.

David Troostwyk

In the stage musical of ‘On the Town’ there is a sad song at the end ‘We’ll catch up sometime’ in which three sailors and the three girls they have met for twenty-four hours reflect on all they have missed, and will continue to miss. They will probably never meet again. The sailors, about to depart for the Second World War may well never return. One of the most poignant moments in this final song is when the Sailors sing their regrets about the lost relationship’. And the saddest line to me, at least, is when they sing ‘Never saw you without your make-up’. You put your ‘face’ on to meet the world, and take it off to meet a lover.

Jane Graves

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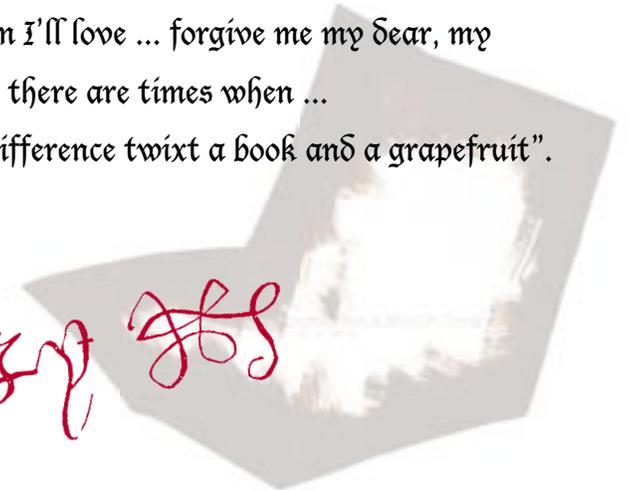
Volume Four - Letter One - Catherine of Aragon



My Dearest Dulcimer

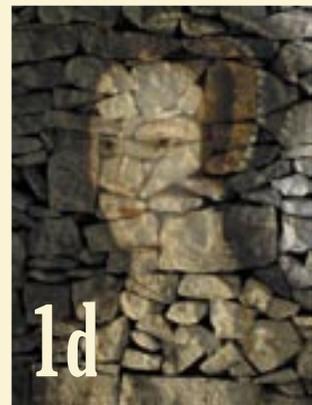
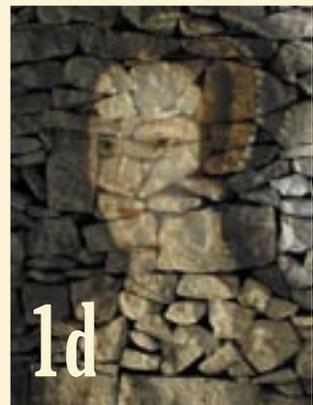
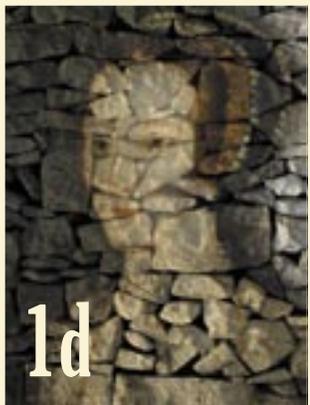
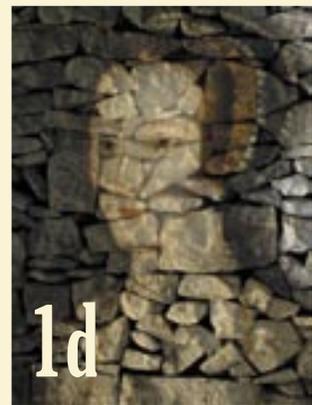
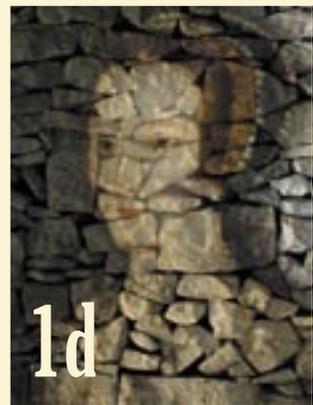
You have tricked me with desire; lying beside you is an animation, a wish for love that is watched by us both and yet not shared with mirth. I am not a great lover but will not know it till I am no longer catholic. We are the state who truly loves the Mass ... Perhaps the Nicene Creed ... Catholic enough my Dear One? You seem distracted ... when I recite the Creed I imagine a ride up or down the Thames ... There may be other rivers but I like this one ... I believe in one river ... on my barge I worry about the sacrament ... The sacrament is the reason I shall lose my faith, my catholic faith not in Christ Jesus; He is the 'loved one' ... I seem to be seeking love rather than the person whom I'll love ... forgive me my dear, my dearest Dulcimer but there are times when ... "We cannot tell the difference twixt a book and a grapefruit". Your ever loving

Catherine of Aragon



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Volume Four - Letter Two - Anne Boleyn



My Dearest Dulcimer,

Picture time my dearest Boleyn and make then seem as now ...
you are with me, with me always ... picture us as one and you
will see that Now is Drowning

We both are together in time spent looking for a truth we have
no notion of ... and so as I say this in my age, as you are still
young in my heart ... in my memory; remember us not me. For
though you may not see me now but only as then ... you, not I
alone, are lovers forever ... I like plain speaking.

What then is this other way of speech you present for me in
letter... is there, as you propose 'another way' untied from page
and language written down? Paintings do not move; they seal
the truths of our moments here; they are the art of being still
... so, unlike the photographs that follow ... Photographs that
live in anticipation of a moment never to appear in picture
... Always recall my Boleyn, that unlike light the speed of time
changes. Locked in a moment of repose made for and by us ... we
are still locked in Marcel Duchamp's pictured vision of 'objects
chosen' ... we are the museum in a suitcase. In time we seem the



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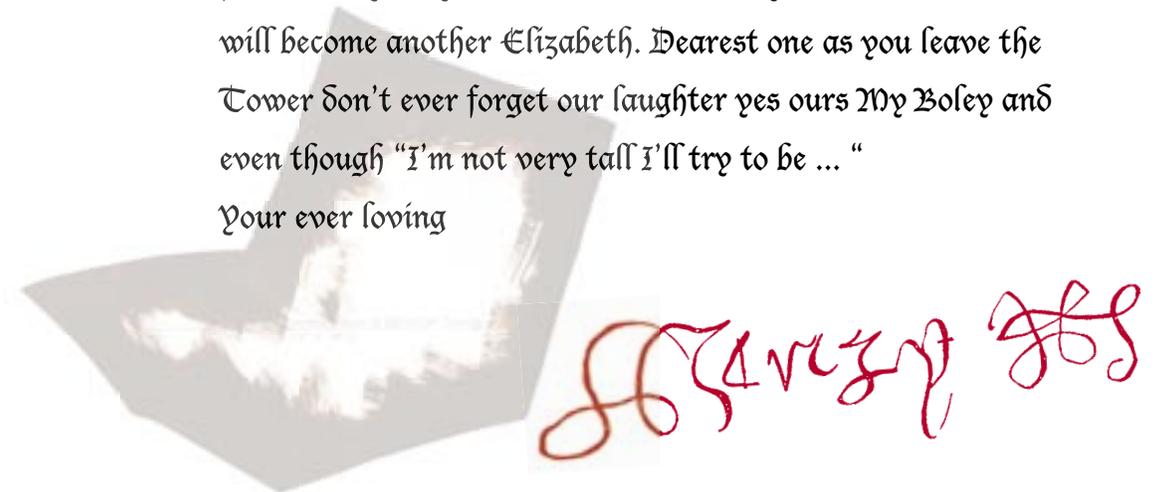
*Volume Four - Letter Two - Anne Boleyn
Continued*



closest to picture I can imagine ... that seems to me, perhaps to us, to be unlike time as in lovemaking for children ...so not for pleasure alone we are outside it ... quite still in love.

My Boleyn, My own, My very dearest Boleyn we are here to reflect and only to reflect. And once more I say this as the truth to present after the time of death and you are with me still and always. You and I are now both in memory ... we are there always, there held ... held in painful memory. Held tightly by others who seek to share their pain with royal state and so sometime, yes my dearest Boleyn sometime it was not our memory alone but one that could belong to everyone ... my dear one, my Dulcimer, We hid from memory in the secret of the pictured mystery ...It will be there always ...and soon our child will become another Elizabeth. Dearest one as you leave the Tower don't ever forget our slaughter yes ours My Boleyn and even though "I'm not very tall I'll try to be ... "

Your ever loving



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Volume Four - Letter Three - Jane Seymour



My Dearest Dulcimer,

What can I say my sweet one; they are both in the past; you are my Queen now ... their pictures will soon fade ... I'll get Man Ray to do yours ... after all's said and done the photograph will change even more than pictures in frames ... If no one manages to see much what chance has an image in a frame. We have to look more deeply, avoid object recognition and be more like moving chalk.

What better way to show the culture ... to protect the royal state of mind than a book of stamps, it'll come, it'll come ... we could even have a red and black manifesto?

hey wait a moment ... are you putting words in my mouth ... are you suggesting a manifesto? ... You are, you are, admit it ... Now hang on Jane we're talking inheritance here not who's best at jousting.

But suppose you're right my treasure ... yes suppose you're right; let's have a manifesto of Red and Black Dyslectic Dada.

Oh my lovely little boy welcome to the royal family ... Art's going to get tougher ... Hans Holbein for example painted a nice ceiling for me but that was in a tent ... imagine 'tent art' as a notion.

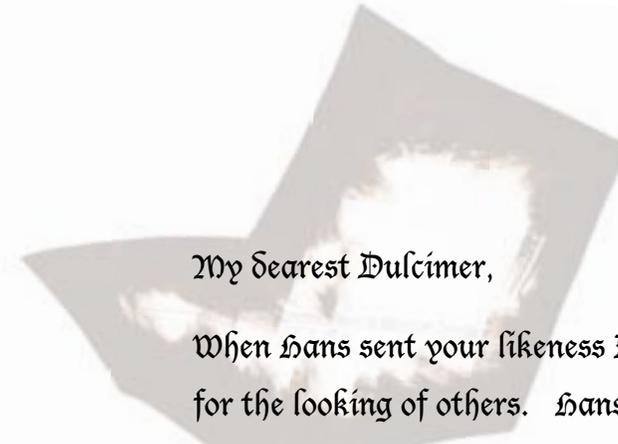
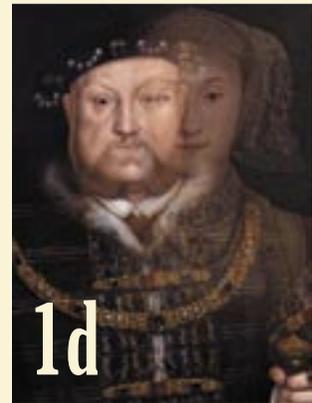
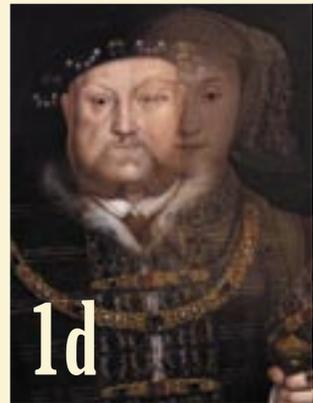
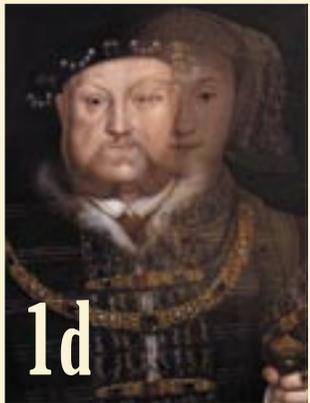
Art in a tent may be a thing for the future, so perhaps Hans will always be in the avant-garde; just picture ideas illuminating manuscript ... "A Ben Hur 1860 with a duplicated line on page one-sixteen."

Your ever loving

A handwritten signature in red ink, appearing to read 'Jane Seymour' with a flourish at the end.

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Volume Four - Letter Four - Anne of Cleaves



My dearest Dulcimer,

When Hans sent your likeness I failed to see what picturing did for the looking of others. Hans had picked up as he painted the openings to where art lies; then went on to make your imitation of me. Will I, if I look there, be able to see my imitation of you?

So little a chance my love ... We are not art even though We wish it; We have no key that fits your lock, no door to open and am unable to think myself into the happiness of my people until there is a male child for We, who are the state, to nurture.

We remain our self; We leave Hampden Court Palace to the tourist ... We shall see these tourists walk the path We ourself have made. Bemused with life We wait for the interval between acts but there is none. These 'Tinseltown' movies are all in one without duplications ... but wait am I "becoming soft all over with a Charlie Chan Moustache and one glass eye?" There's no love here even though you adjust your looks and it's "So Long Pal" and back to the bookshop across the street

Your ever loving

A red handwritten signature, possibly reading "Anne of Cleaves", written in a cursive style.

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Volume Four - Letter Five - Catherine Howard



My Dearest Dulcinea

Catharine Mio cara Catharine ... The State, the Republic, The Oligarchies, Democracies all the methods of rule have to be separate and sadly in many cases exclude the ruled. Your letter touched me deeply and I'm sorry if I muddle you ... there are so many wives. You see how difficult it is mio cara ... Now We know you are pretty posh yourself but still had to face it out; bend your neck up before bending it down ... We've had longer to think about it on the throne here but you didn't ever encounter Dyslectic Dada which might sound a bit anachronistic until we all face our lives as a series of scenes to remember as stories. You are now, a story; mostly told to schoolchildren and remembered by a few adults ... had we met in different circumstances we would probably long to find rather than be a subject you might have stayed rather than ... well, leaving. Look it's not easy being a king ... anyway the other day Sigmund Freud told me a joke... It's really funny "Marriage" he said, "is like an umbrella ... Sooner or later you take a cab" ... We were in stitches.

Catherine Howard

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*Volume Four - Letter Five - Catherine Howard
Continued*



It reminded me of an exchange in 'The Big Sleep' Bogey (oops Freudian slip) Bogey comes out from a book shop

-Guigers and grabs a taxi ...

"All right driver lets go"

"O K"

"Round the corner and Take it easy"

"Where we going?"

"Follow a car, tail job"

"I'm your Girl"

"Wouldn't bet"

Great movie eh ...I hope you get to see it before you get the ...
oops sorry again.

There, you see my Little Cherub, I thought that you might be
my inspiration but there's a book coming out quite soon called
'The Selfish Gene' ... I get some bad advice ... These advisers by
the by tell me you've been dancing with others and I can almost
hear the tap myself. I was touched by your letter dear one but
not quite enough. No doubt I'll see you in paradise

Your ever loving

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Volume Four - Letter Six - Katherine Parr



My Dearest Dulcimer

Remember love? ...I searched in my gardens of roses but only ever found myself there waiting. I am so muddled about the legend I shall leave you all. I am Henry V three the King of all the Land and you only ever think of me in legend; not even a story ... everyone loves a good story.

Sadly, as I'm heading for The Big Sleep, I wish I'd fallen for Agnes ... now at last I know what she told me means, remember ... "No, I never have a smart guy. That's what I always draw. Never once a man who's smart all the way around the course. Never once." foolishly perhaps I didn't believe her ... She flew in through the keyhole like Peter Pan who had lost his shadow, even though she was a woman in disguise ... an image without a shadow, shade of our Divine Comedy; My Funeral Cypress ... My Halucigen ... My Pantomime Pierrot .

I know I try to call you dearest but words stick ... I am old now and dream of battles past; my love of war is gone, the money's spent.

I yearn to hear the songs sung at my funeral ...

"I have a friend

I've never seen ..."

My dear one, the death of our marriage is like the death of friendship that leaves a hole where there isn't one.

Forgive me

Your ever loving

