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A tribute

Volume Six of Six
Letters to David and Jane



Letters to David and Jane

Marlon Brando

Richard Feynman

Uncle Fred

Jimi Hendrix

Barnett Newman

Charles Swann

This is Kuring-gai, bush land of the great Australian continent and ground of the Aboriginal where his meaning is carved from the surface of his home.

Now, the earth bound pages of his culture fade beneath the footsteps of the passing multitude.

The ground is lost the meaning cancelled and the Grand Army of the Turkish Ottoman Empire passes, Eastward, over the Pacific Ocean to Easter Island.

David Troostweyk

Our bloody mouths must be wiped of their acid despair.
Love touches our guilty tongues with forgiveness
And opens our ears to the sound of your voice.

Jane Graves

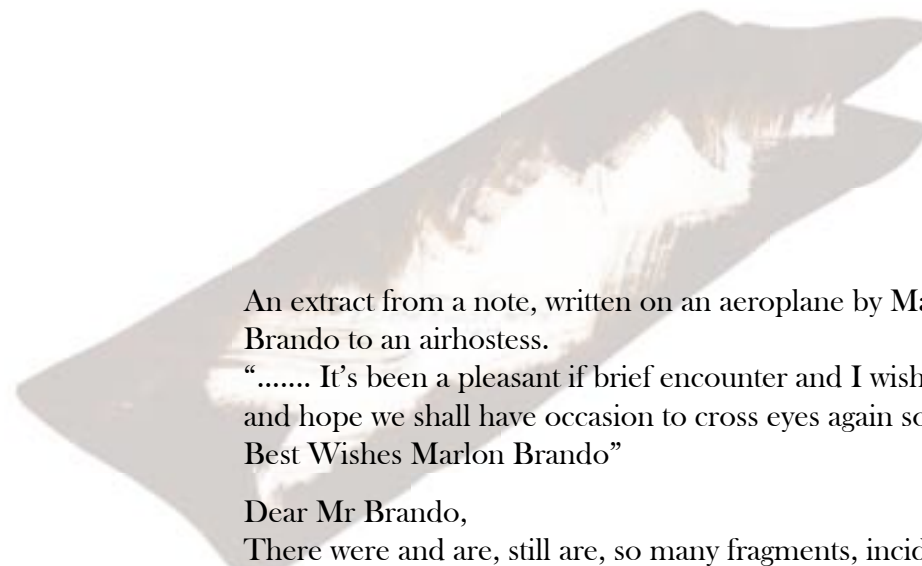
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Volume Six - Letter One - Marlon Brando



“It’s all over, there wasn’t anything else to do”

One Eyed Jacks



An extract from a note, written on an aeroplane by Marlon Brando to an airhostess.

“..... It’s been a pleasant if brief encounter and I wish you well and hope we shall have occasion to cross eyes again sometime.
Best Wishes Marlon Brando”

Dear Mr Brando,

There were and are, still are, so many fragments, incidents that haunt ... haunt us all I imagine. The time I turned into an almost empty Cecil Court on a windy evening; autumn and pleasantly chilly. A few paces and a woman about the same age as me turns into the other end; the wind catches her coat, it blows out behind her. We walk and become, gradually become, aware of ‘I know not what’ ... perhaps a smile? Some sort of exchange, she must know, she does know... gone. This happened when I was young, I’m old now and remember, so does she ... I know that she remembers; there’s nothing more ... until years later by coincidence

Trot rents a basement shop in Cecil Court from where he sells Photographs ... I had been buying images from him since he got back to the UK after a year of teaching in Sydney. Trot didn’t really like teaching, gave it up to take up trade ... trusting his eye. He liked commerce and managed to move through selling postcards from a ‘Covent Garden Stall’ to a ‘Portabella memorabilia lock up’ then onto the Cecil Court Shop selling Photographs.

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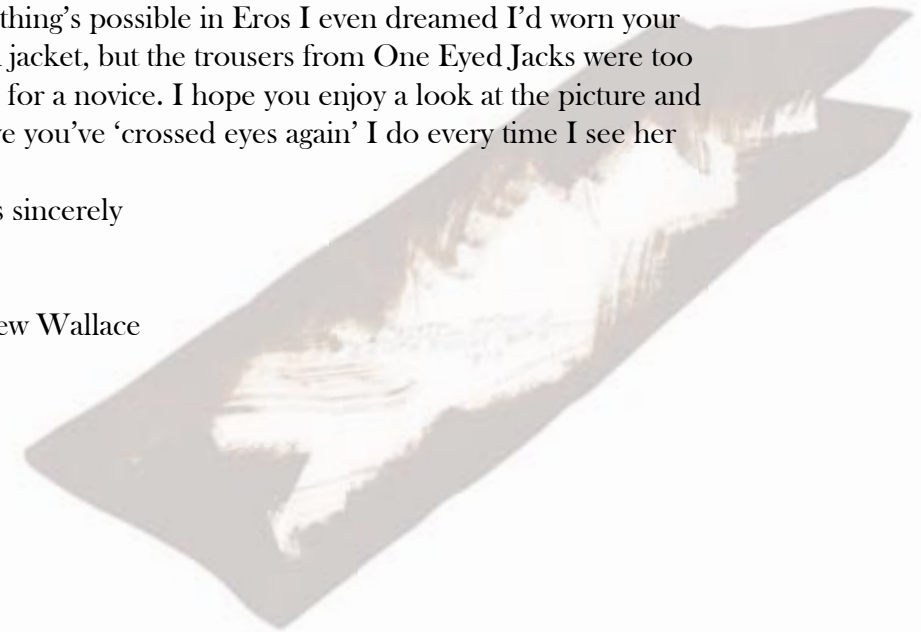
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As I've said I bought images from him over the years ... there were even a few Hollywood Stills among my collection. I know we never met Mr Brando but if only we had I could tell you all about those Tinsletown photographs I bought, in return for your memories of Hollywood ... but, I imagine our memories would not properly fuse I mean ... we don't even know each other and we would need time to get our grids straight. You would though, I feel sure, like the photograph I bought one Tuesday afternoon in Trot's Cecil Court Shop. After a while of looking I began to pretend 'she' was walking towards me with her coat blown out behind in the wind while you perhaps would be reminded of an airhostess. Everything's possible in Eros I even dreamed I'd worn your check jacket, but the trousers from One Eyed Jacks were too much for a novice. I hope you enjoy a look at the picture and believe you've 'crossed eyes again' I do every time I see her

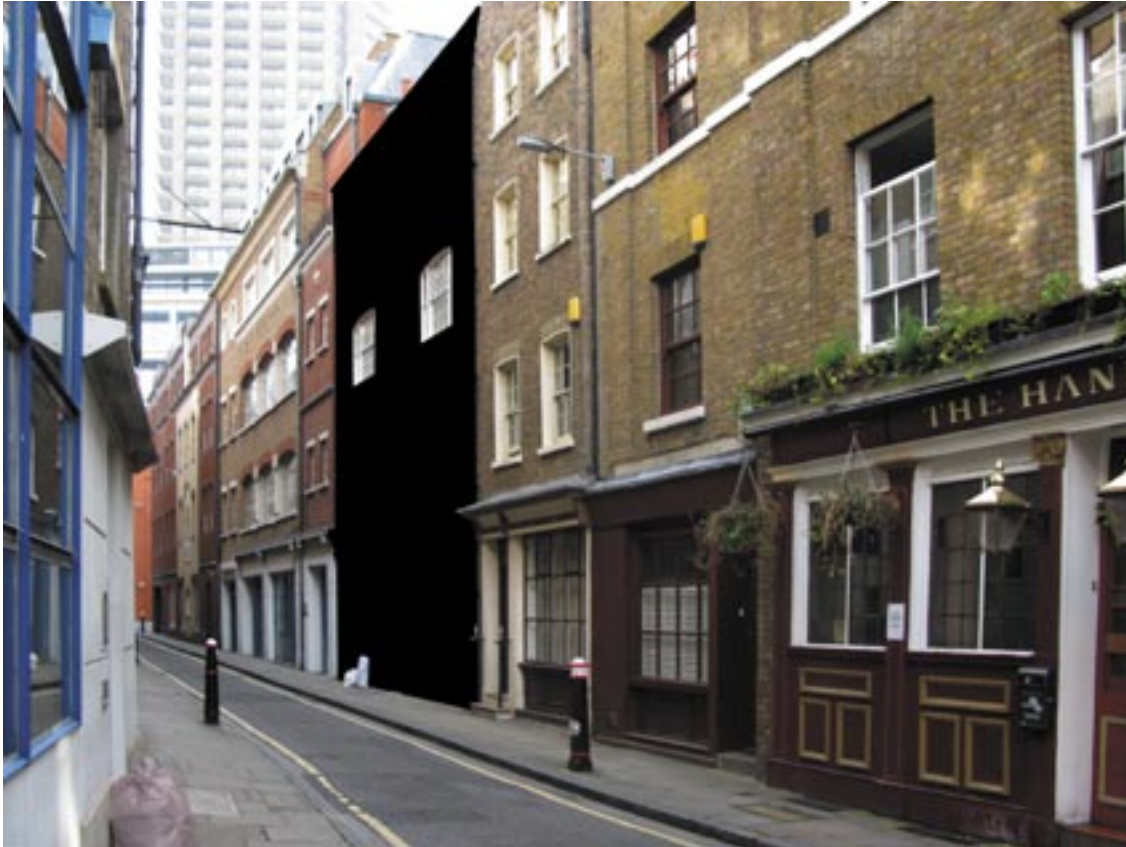
Yours sincerely

Andrew Wallace



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Volume Six - Letter Two - Richard Feynman



An extract from Richard Feynman's letter written to his dead wife
"... I find it hard to understand in my mind what it means to love you after you are dead — but I still want to comfort and take care of you — and I want you to love me and care for me ..."

Dear Mr Feynman

I'm always on my way to meet Jane in the 'Hand And Shears'; we used to meet there to talk, among other things, about the subjects for the essays she writes.

I won't ask you to join us, as it seems pointless; Neither of us really knowing you and anyway your window is too high to tap on and ask ... you might have a guest or be busy working, you might like the rest of us always be leaving a diagram of our actions... anyway, all those years ago I imagined you working here in London ... I was a bit mad at the time and couldn't quite work out who was with who and am apt to muddle anyway because I have dyslectic dada.

Jane mentions Eurydice's death; in the Cocteau film *Orphée*, we talk our way through it's wonders ... Heurtebise the chauffeur is a favoured character. I love the notion that when death comes she has been driven to the meeting in a limousine. Jane smiles at my suggestion that for many she would travel on the back of a tandem ...that when we travel outside of time ... when we respond to works of art or science, I know you liked both ... we see our death traveling towards us; the warmth of Jane's smile spurs me on; she knows I am not myself at the moment.

Heurtebise is, was and will be a chauffeur before and after he

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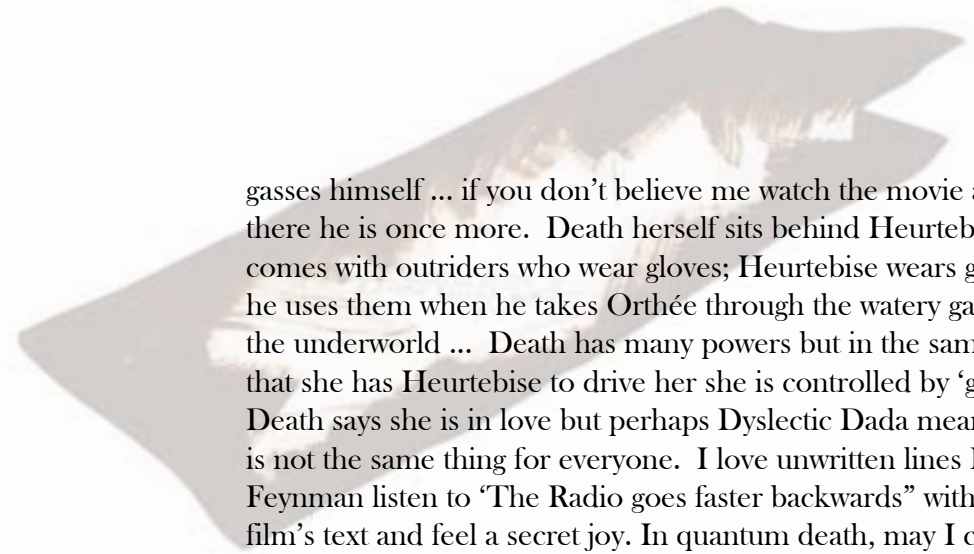
Volume Six - Letter Two - Richard Feynman

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$$\alpha \longrightarrow \beta \quad \rightarrow \quad \left(\frac{i}{\not{p} - m + i\epsilon} \right)_{\beta\alpha}$$

$$\mu \text{ wavy } \nu \quad \rightarrow \quad \frac{-i\eta_{\mu\nu}}{p^2 + i\epsilon}$$

$$\begin{array}{c} \beta \\ \nearrow \\ \alpha \end{array} \text{ wavy } \mu \quad \rightarrow \quad -ie\gamma_{\beta\alpha}^{\mu} (2\pi)^4 \delta^{(4)}(p_1 + p_2 + p_3).$$



gasses himself ... if you don't believe me watch the movie and there he is once more. Death herself sits behind Heurtebise, comes with outriders who wear gloves; Heurtebise wears gloves, he uses them when he takes Orthée through the watery gates to the underworld ... Death has many powers but in the same way that she has Heurtebise to drive her she is controlled by 'gloves'. Death says she is in love but perhaps Dyslectic Dada means love is not the same thing for everyone. I love unwritten lines Mr Feynman listen to "The Radio goes faster backwards" within the film's text and feel a secret joy. In quantum death, may I call you Richard, we may turn out to be at last, released from sequential memory. In the film, the history of memory, of being in love, of 'Death' herself being transfixed by a poet's lines are ... no, they just may or may not be written, this makes us with dyslectic dada see for a moment that both love and death are memories.

The way you drew your diagrams Mr Feynman was a different way to see how the world works ... When your wife died and you wrote to her I wonder if you had thought to send her a diagram: then she could see as well as read of your love for her. I like explaining by looking, the mathematics being too abstract for me ... the words too have a tendency to jumble up in dyslectic dada ... we like to see left brainers get so very cross ... by the by you could pop down from your room, delay drawing your diagrams and join in with Jane and me as we quantumly ramble through Orphée ... in Eros you could be with your wife for just a little longer.

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Volume Six - Letter Three - Uncle Fred



An extract from the letter Catharine Howard wrote to Henry the Eighth.

“I, your Grace’s most sorrowful subject and most vile wretch in the world, not worthy to make any recommendation unto your most excellent Majesty, do only make my most humble submission and confession of my faults. And where no cause of mercy is given on my part, yet of your most accustomed mercy extended unto all other men undeserved, most humbly on my hands and knees do desire one particle thereof to be extended unto me, although of all other creatures I am most unworthy either to be called your wife or subject”

Dear Ms Howard,

I’m so taken with the exchange between you and your husband Ms Howard that I falter ...

“..... Your letter touched me deeply and I’m sorry if I muddle you ... there are so many wives”

... pause and try to imagine a glove you may have worn ... even be wearing still; tell myself how long ago I began this work and that when Jane and David died my knees gave way as they had done in Martha when I was given the key to the gallery and wandered alone with the sculpture of Donald Judd ... my private act in a public space. I’ll never have another opportunity to look at art as I did that afternoon in Martha ... alone with a hundred blocks Ms Howard, outside lightning, thunder and me safe inside the inside for two whole hours anxious to put the gloves you wore safely placed inside the right block. The sculpture is so wonderful, I see it over and over like seeing your glove there is no translation no where to place the feeling

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*Volume Six - Letter Three - Uncle Fred
Continued*



Uniforms of state baffle me as I continue the search for my subject. It's taking me a long time and so late now my doubt grows I'll find it, perhaps you could help me You probably haven't met my uncle Fred, last time I saw him he was wearing a uniform because 'reverse tactics' kept him on show as an attendant. He hated uniforms, for me he still sits round each corner in the British Museum where he managed his last employment and from his seat mumbles as he listens for your accent...

An attendant in the British museum uncle Fred must have 'guarded' the Elgin Marbles but without ever seeing 'the conduits' above his head. He was always pleased to see me because he thought I hadn't 'left' ... same as my dad ... who later on went into a sort of despair when he had to face the fact that I had.

Lets muddle the thoughts a little and roll with my Dyslectic Dada it might help you face your past and though you may well be wondering just why I'm bothering to write you all this Ms Howard you might begin to see it's because of Agnes, one of my favourite Big Sleep characters. If only you had been an actress in the Big Sleep Ms Howard, Bogey might have 'taken you round the corner and take it easy'; even though neither he or you were the taxi driver he may still have given you the wherewithal to 'buy yourself a cigar'. Poor Agnes, she got a raw deal. Betrayal is painful to the point of ruin but in your case quite beyond cruelty ... I kneel beside an armchair rest my head, my neck, onto the arm and try to imagine ... I cannot.

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Volume Six - Letter Four - Jimi Hendrix



An extract written by Jimi Hendrix to his dad.

– I think things are getting a little Better –

Your loving son

Jimi

Dear Mr Hendrix

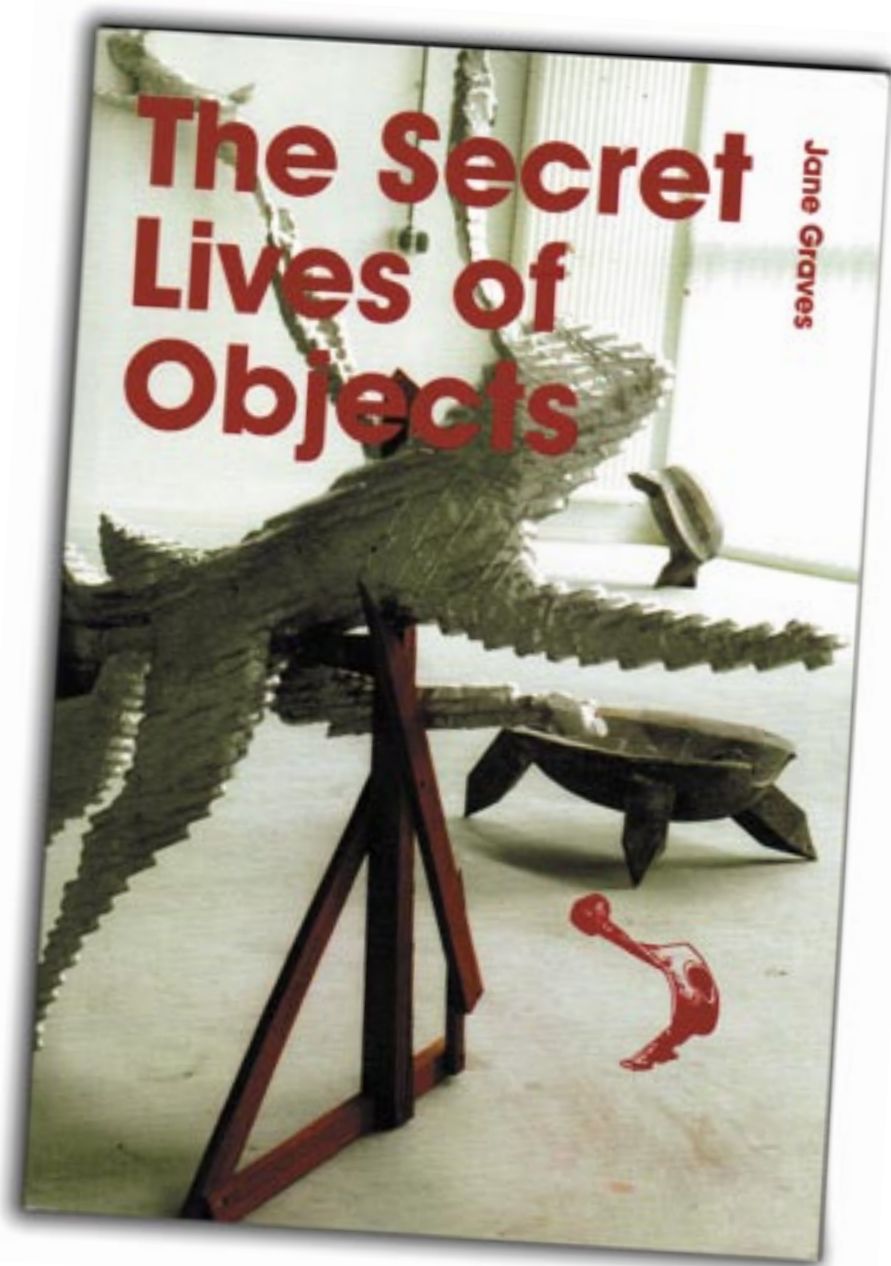
In the play 'Needles and Opium' we, in audience, see Miles Davis and Juliet Greco's shadows, they share them with a hypodermic needle; the fusion is projected for us onto a huge screen. My imagination takes me to another street in Paris where Charles Swann searched for Odette; fooled by flickered shadows in a dimly lit window, he is denied his dream. Back in the theatre I watch the staged reality of injecting drugs; a small lump comes from my left tear duct, it is quite painful and certainly different from liquid tears.

This letter is for you Mr Hendrix because you, like Mr Davis, Miss Greco, perhaps Charles Swann too, were addicted ... lets ask a favour of Charles Swann in hope that one day he might let me sit alone with you to look at his Vermeer ... In Eros I dream the possibility.

When you sang '... traffic lights turn up blue tomorrow', in memory, perhaps of a different kind of blue did you imagine all the lines from Cocteau's Orphée would be staged by Mr Lepage. I remember 'lines' I wrote as a child as if repetition rather than practice would make me a better speller. Writing lines for a schoolteacher was a preparation, for the repetition faced in many lives ... for a daily routine on the factory or office floor where one might hear a song over and over for some light relief and dream.

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Volume Six - Letter Four - Jimi Hendrix
Continued



On Waterloo station all are assembled; from cheap suits to cheap uniform; the seventy-eight plays a distraction. All remembered 'Marys' Mr Hendrix will soon be waiting for their letters and in a strangely formed space a few kick a stone around while they wait as always to be told what to do next. In war torn Paris Albert Camus, thought repetition absurd and wrote for a few lucky readers his Myth of Sisyphus. On the way down the mountain after another day of 'failed repeating' Sisyphus had an hour to dream and think. Perhaps he dreamed of Miles refusal to marry Juliet because he didn't want to make her unhappy.

It is sad that wonderful musicians like you Mr Hendrix couldn't inject happiness or find other ways to suck out sadness ... but whatever you did there is always the empty space you left for others to witness even if sometimes we feel you might have left it whole, like your very own Kind of Blue ... the Plaque put up in Brook Street next door to Frederic shines down on our heads in memory of all our blues moments.



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Volume Six - Letter Five - Barnett Newman



An extract from the letter Barnett Newman might have written to me but didn't

"... Andrew... The central issue of painting is the subject, subject subject subject"

Dear Mr Newman.

When I lived in London my dentist Alicia radiated a great feeling of intimacy ... I miss her ... there you are with someone you see once every six months and she looks around your mouth where you eat, breath, speak, smile and kiss. I hold a special pose for her as she works and when I leave London to live in the country 'gradually' leave her. My new dentist is efficient, cheerful but there is not the same intimacy; not that he intrudes as he inspects but Alicia had her secret mystery that intrigued and we made each other laugh.

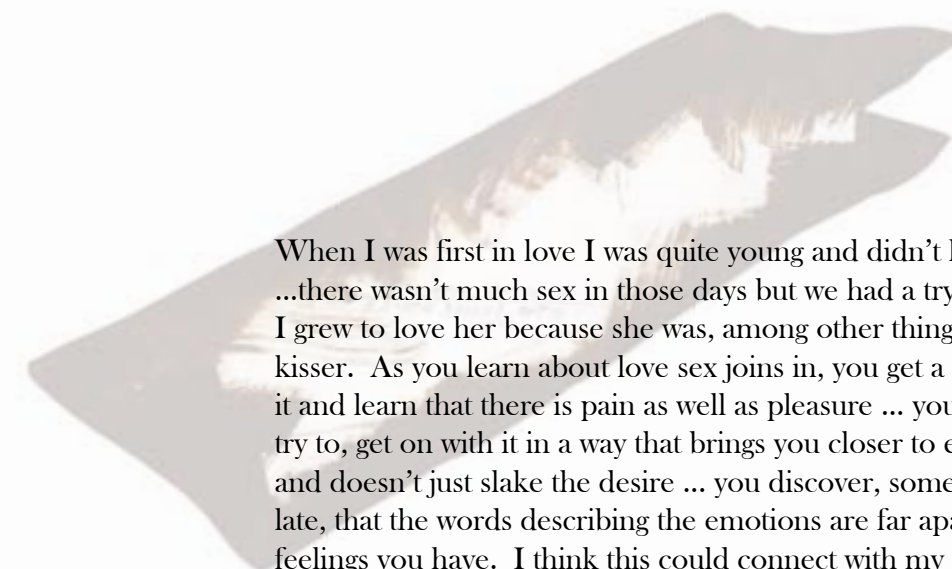
On my now rare visits to London, I go to look at paintings, as I have done for many years. David ... Trot, made a book called 'IMITATION' the first page declares 'My imitation of you', the second 'My imitation of you' and the last 'Their imitation of us'; in-between there are many repetitions. This work sneaks into my life and I remember him ... Trot, saying "Even so even so". This work was shown at the Felicity Samuel's Gallery was called 'Broad sheets' and among other things showed a view of his brevity. The book stems from the exhibited work; he gave me a copy in 1977 and has written 'to

Andrew from David' at the back. So many of the things I look at and recall are an imitation. I'd like to show you this and other books Trot made Mr Newman and see what you think of the subject he found. I remember reading some of your thoughts in a catalogue from your show in London a few years before, in early seventies I think; you were thoughtful, articulate and helped me begin the quest to find a subject for myself.

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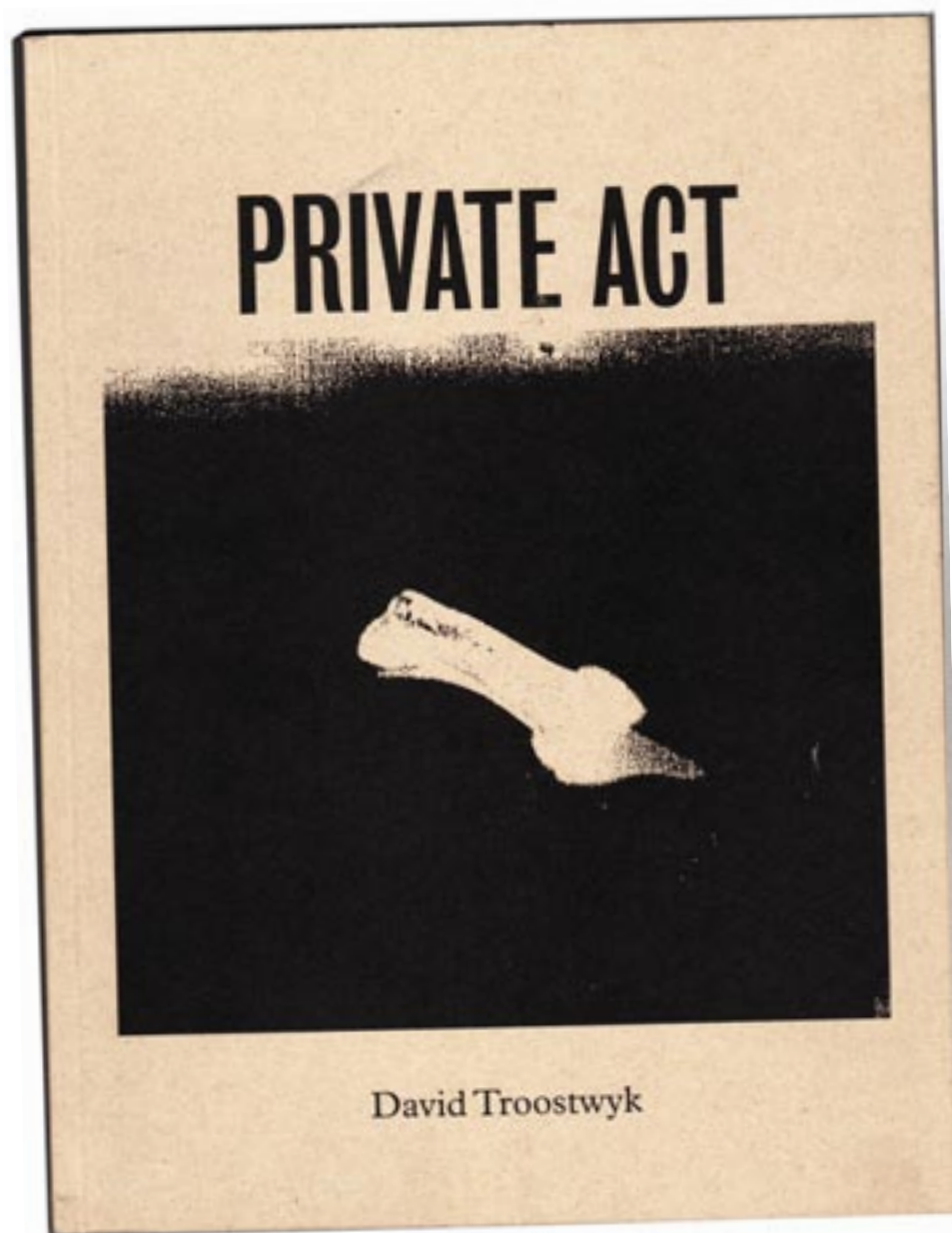
When I was first in love I was quite young and didn't know I was ...there wasn't much sex in those days but we had a try and I think I grew to love her because she was, among other things, a great kisser. As you learn about love sex joins in, you get a bit better at it and learn that there is pain as well as pleasure ... you, well you try to, get on with it in a way that brings you closer to each other and doesn't just slake the desire ... you discover, sometimes to late, that the words describing the emotions are far apart from the feelings you have. I think this could connect with my quest for a visual subject ... I just have to find the right key.

Art might be something that you feel the first time you see a picture but like other encounters sometimes you grow to love works of art. As with my mouth given to Alicia or falling rather than growing to love I have looked at some paintings and 'jumped', well emitted rather, a sound as an uncontrolled gasp. It is rare for me to have these immediate responses and they are powerful because of the shock they bring ... like "one enchanted evening moments", they seem powerful because of their suddenness. Many other pictures have grown to enrapture me slowly without realization of what's happening but it is foolish to name even one that others might not have seen deeply yet; once, a women, who I had grown to enrapture without either of us noticing said, near to the time she left me "There was nothing else to do" ... an hour earlier she had been fucking a close friend in his studio room where I had fixed his entrance bell, she probably rang it to get into his studio which in a way is a bit annoying because she clearly didn't know I had grown closer to her or that I had mended his bell, well not for her to use year after year anyway ... so silly the things that annoy us. What I have to be clear about is that there must be three separate and distinct memories from the "there was nothing else to do" moment ... mine, hers and the lovers perhaps; like rare 'Alicia whoops of

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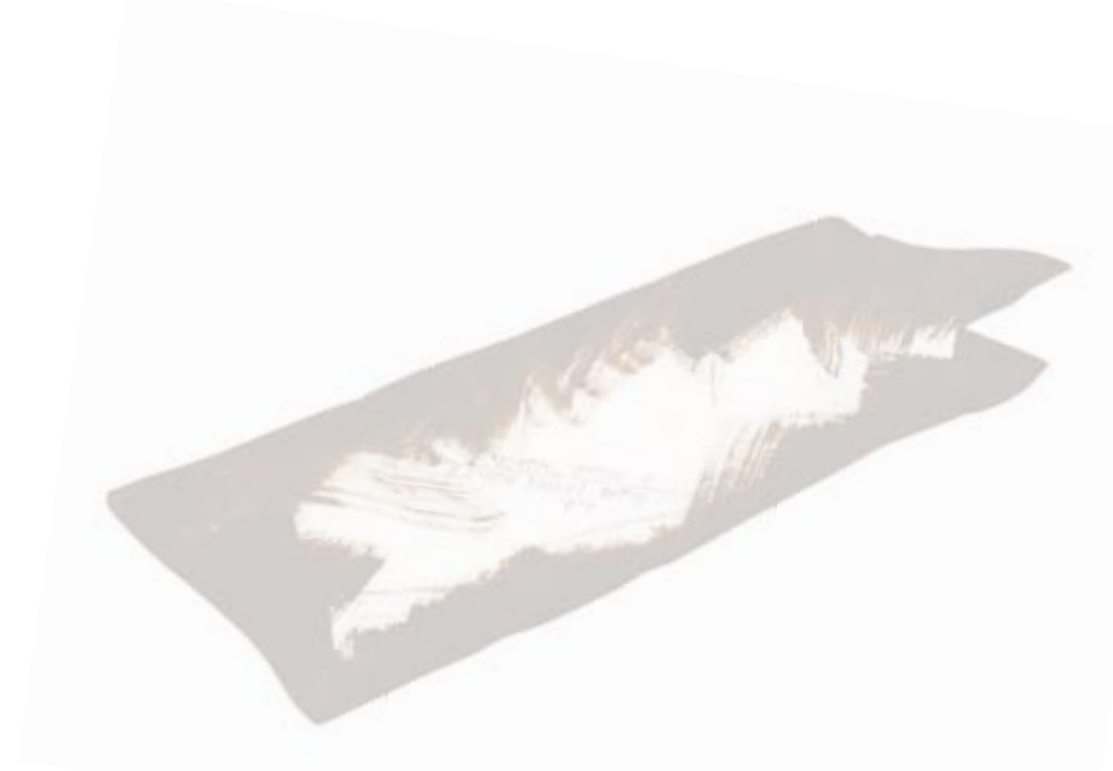
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pain' the memories are the same for us all but I doubt it ... Alicia never meant to hurt me or anyone for that matter as she tidied up our teeth ... no more I suppose did they but they did and this is part of a subject isn't it Mr Newman ... art is possible because we do not quite know what it does and each time I see it more clearly I love it more and the joy of life it offers for us all.

You seem to be the kind of person who would see these connections as my subject ... well the one I keep hoping I have found. There is more than one way to be intimate ... more than one way to love and I no longer need to see Jane or David to feel the sensation of love they both left for me. What I have to understand from you Mr Newman is the changes we find all the time and say in visual language... "This is being still".



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Volume Six - Letter Six - Charles Swann



Charles Swann speaks to his inamorata but it's as if he is asking ... something more ... something almost terrifying

“ Odette my darling, I know I'm being simply odious, but I must ask you a few questions”

Marcel Proust.

Dear Mr Swann,

I would not mind thinking someone else's thoughts for myself but am not certain I'd know, even after a moment, who/m they belonged to. This 'Jumping around' is quite a good notion because it happens lots and yet may pass unseen. Learning how to listen to the whole of another's thoughts is quite hard... You only have to begin listening and something said stirs up thoughts of your own and they are perhaps only half way through but you miss that next part and sometimes the part after that... so I wonder who the thought belongs to now.

You wont know about Jazz M. Swann but you might because dead people from fiction know nothing and everything at the same time ... but without going off at a Dyslectic tangent just yet, lets listen. Jazz is one of my favourite ways to hear interesting thoughts from another where I tend not to interrupt or wander. I like doing this more than other music where the thoughts are reinterpreted. Jazz musicians think on their feet in a way I keep trying to follow and understand; sometimes my whole body seems to have become enraptured by the sound in the room and I notice 'time ' in a different way. Early and some minimal music has a similar affect and along with jazz is like a time machine'.

For me 'Classical music' are the written thoughts of someone played by someone else; some wonderful 'phrases' can become obsessive as with Peter Finch in the film Sunday Bloody Sunday where he listens to the Mozart Trio from *Così fan Tutti* over and over. If you want to understand Opera and Classy Music

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*Volume Six - Letter Six - Charles Swann
Continued*



“When Oscar Wilde left Reading Jail he saw a flowering bush and declared, “Isn’t the world beautiful” a station guard responded, “Now, Mr Wilde you mustn’t give yourself away like that. You’re the only man in England who would talk like that in a railway station”

it’s best to have been born into a poshish family but you can go the long way round ... Anyway Anyway... You were classic rather than classy M Swann and I’m not to sure why I liked you so very much with your winter coat and your top hat ... dancing with Oddette and her saying ‘tea’ in English with classical trio’s and duets playing that may ... may, well make tears well up in your eye but sometimes when a jazz ensemble hit a groove and your body is taken over and it’s no good me saying it is personnel unless we try to uncover the thought that you are sharing with the players and not translating what’s happening even if it is hard. Having your lover’s head chopped off may be so cruel you don’t want to think about the moment ... the time ... the axe begins to descend to death but other people might like to watch and we all have things that happen when we are alive and maybe Aldous Huxley’s Soma is not such a bad idea when you have to try and think the thoughts of others or that it might be better than water canons and that we hurt quite a lot but mothers still want to give birth even for a second time and standing in front of Vermeer would be good to share a thought and is that it or the way his hand moved back to back between the palette and the support watching the appearance grow rather than trying to miss out the tiny steps. Oh Dyslectic Dada how I need you now because perhaps I am writing this to you M Swann just to ask if I can sit alone with your Vermeer and perhaps Mr Hendrix might join me if that’s all right. I miss sitting with David on our own in his room looking at a new painting and being silent with the thoughts. I miss sitting with Jane and that she talked and listened with me when she was so very bright and made me feel for a while that I was not being sidelined and dyslectic dada could sing a little too.

