

Dear O,

On the eve of a departure, and after a certain silence, between two aphorisms of Marcus Aurelius, would you permit me to foment an impetuous vow: that one day you come to Paris to see me, or to see someone else in secret, but that you stay with me, that you sleep in my bed, that you wash yourself with my soap, that you sit in my chair like the heroine in that familiar fairy tale that I can't remember exactly, who leaves her little trace behind in a house of giants? (not that I take myself for a giant), do you know that story? but you, maybe you're thinking: who cares, or maybe all of this turns you off. I've placed your second-to-last little letter, precious, on the hearth in my bedroom, amidst the dried flowers and against the shrunken face of an ex-voto Napolitan. I bought a cabinet to store your other letters, which are very thin, so thin that one might think the envelopes were empty: they rest against each other on the second bolt of one of the ten flat drawers of that antique paint box, a completely impractical piece that takes up lots of space and holds nothing, well, not nothing, since it holds you. Je t'embrasse, O, I hope that this gratuitous letter will distract you a bit. Write me.

cj

Cher ami,

Did you receive my last letter? I ask because I threw it into a departing train. The mailbox was not very reassuring: three fingers of dust and an enormous prison lock. The gesture was already done before I realized it, my hand had been too quick — the letter will likely remain in limbo — until Judgment Day.

That was about ten days ago. The content? A letter is content, so it cannot have content, but to avoid being too particular: it was about sleeping, about you and me sleeping (and the bed — vanished table). A bed,

for { sensing things,
 seeing miracles, a table for { realizing them,
 making them (happen).

The bed: back, the table: elbow. A person is bed and table, so one does not need to have them. [...]

[C.], this winter, we must meet somewhere in the French Savoie, close to Switzerland, somewhere you have never been (does that ever even exist? I doubt it). In a small town, [C.]. As long or as short as you like. [...]

Or this autumn, [C.]. Or in the spring. [...]

Because it is very late and I am very weary, je te serre dans mes bras.

o.k.

My dear,

A photo of you would make me happy, a new one, and in color, one that can represent more precisely, when I think of you, which I still do, your current haircut and your rose-colored trousers (I've been told you've become very yéye): could you grant me this wish? don't be scared, I won't cast a spell on you.

Je t'embrasse:

cj

DCJ,

To ask this question, to be willing to live it through, is still so bold.

In 1974, after producing drawings, ceramics and sculptural wall pieces-many of which involved a «tough, ambiguous depiction of traditionally female imagery» (Douglas Crimp, 1972) for 11 years, Hannah started to insert her own image into her art. I don't know what experiences or conditions in her life precipitated this. [...]

God what a hoot. I'm moved to talk to you about art because I think you'll understand and I think I understand art more than you -

- Because I'm moved in writing to be irrepressible. [...]

But really I'm moved to write you differently' cause everything is different now. I think of you a lot now that crossing socially seems inevitable.

The image that I have of you is frozen in a single snapshot: April 19, the opening of the Jeffrey Vallance/Eleanor Antin/Charles Gaines show at the Santa Monica Museum. You're standing in the largest Jeffrey Vallance room, talking, drink-in-hand, to a knot of younger people (students?). Tall, black shirt and Euro-cut black jacket, standard opening wear for artists. You're standing very straight, your face smushed back in against itself; smiling-talking-moving yet imploding somehow backwards towards the immobility of the frame. You're locked. You are a country. A separate state.

Visible, unbridgeable. And I'm standing in a tiny cluster next to yours, a trio, Daniel Marlos and Mike Kelley and just like you I'm shaky- my body trembles slightly as it cuts through space. But also very present. The Conquering of Fear is like performance. You recognize your fear and then you move with it.

Love

o.k.

Hervé Guibert, Eugène Savitzkaya, *Letters to Eugène: Correspondence 1977-1987*, Los Angeles, Semiotext(e), 2022.

Rainer Maria Rilke, Boris Pasternak, Marina Tsvétaïéva, *Correspondance à trois: été 1926*, Paris, Gallimard, 1993.

Chris Kraus, *I love Dick*, London, Serpent's tail, 2016.