

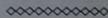
WHAT?

A Document of a Performance



Jeanine Oleson, WHAT?
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*Sometimes you can't be there, so it's good to know what
happened. Sometimes you're there and still want to know.*





Edited by

JEANINE OLESON

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WHAT?

A DOCUMENT OF A PERFORMANCE

Written and directed by

JEANINE OLESON

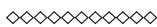
Performed by

EMMA HEDDITCH

JEANINE OLESON

JULIANA SNAPPER

2010





This is a document of two different versions of a performance entitled *WHAT?*, on JANUARY 14, 2010 at **X-INITIATIVE**, NEW YORK, and APRIL 10, 2010 at **MOMA PSI**, QUEENS.

Due to the fact that this piece was performed twice, I will refer to stage direction for both works, separated into *Versions 1* and *2*, respectively. The initial performance at **X-INITIATIVE** was without additional orchestration and included a third performer, while the second, at **MOMA PSI** incorporated sound from a variety of vinyl records.

In the act of performing, certain aspects of language and meaning are submerged in the temporal and physical realm, and portions of the research, reference, and meaning are encrytd. This book is an attempt to offer up the other side, where language and source create meaning without the performer's body injecting content.

JEANINE OLESON



WHAT?

Version 1: X-INITIATIVE, NEW YORK, JANUARY 13, 2010



PERFORMERS: EMMA HEDDITCH — **EH**
 JEANINE OLESON — **JO**
 JULIANA SNAPPER — **JS**

PROLOGUE: Lakmé/Copper Pipe

PART 1: Derrida/Logic of the Living Feminine Redux

PART 2: Gertrude Stein Cue Cards

PART 3: Sister Selves

PART 4: Speak and Spell

PART 5: “half-human and half-animal”

PART 6: Sandra Herold Speaks

EPILOGUE: “Sweet, I kiss your hands.”

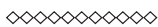


PROLOGUE

Delibes' *Sous le dôme épais* duet from the opera *Lakmé*
toned through a copper pipe with an inflating balloon.

(JO/JS enter from both sides.
Lights go up, duet begins and ends,
lights go down)









PART I:

Derrida/Logic of the Living Feminine redux

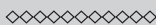
JO to podium, read excerpt of
Logic of the Living Feminine, a chapter from
The Ear of the Other: Otobiography, Transference, Translation.
Jacques Derrida, translated by Peggy Kamuf, Schocken Books, 1985.

JO delivers text at podium, begins to drop words,
replacing with common non-verbal academic responses:

“MMM, HMMM, HUH, UH-HUH.”

(indicated by strikethrough text)

(JS enters and begins speaking the last three sentences in round)



I would like to spare you the tedium, the waste of time, and the subservience that always accompany the classic pedagogical procedures of forging links, referring back to prior premises or arguments, justifying one's own trajectory, method, system, and more or less skillful transitions, reestablishing continuity, and so on. These are but some of the imperatives of classical pedagogy with which, to be sure, one can never break once and for all. Yet, if you were to submit to them rigorously, they would very soon reduce you to silence, tautology, and tiresome repetition.

I therefore propose my compromise to you. And, as everyone knows, by the terms of academic freedom—I repeat: a-ca-dem-ic free-dom—you can take it or leave it. Considering the time I have at my disposal, the tedium I also want to spare myself, the freedom of which I am capable and which I want to ~~preserve~~, I shall proceed in a manner that some will find aphoristic or ~~inadmissible~~, that others will accept as law, and that still others will judge to be not quite aphoristic ~~enough~~. All will be listening to me with one or the other ~~sort~~ of ear (everything comes down to the ear you are able to hear me ~~with~~) to which the coherence and ~~continuity~~ of my ~~trajectory~~ will have seemed evident from my first ~~words~~, even from my title. In any case, let us agree to ~~hear~~ and understand one another on this point: whoever no longer wishes to ~~follow~~ may do so. I do not ~~teach~~ truth as such: I do not ~~transform~~ myself into a ~~diaphanous~~ mouthpiece of ~~eternal~~ pedagogy. I settle accounts, however I ~~can~~. On a certain number of ~~problems~~: with you and with me or me, and through you, me, and me, with a certain ~~number~~ of authorities ~~represented~~ here. I understand that the ~~place~~ I am now ~~occupying~~ will not be left out of the ~~exhibit~~ or withdrawn from the ~~scene~~. Nor do I intend to ~~withhold~~ even that which I shall ~~call~~, to save ~~time~~, an autobiographical ~~demonstration~~, although I must ask you to ~~shift its sense a little~~ and to listen ~~to it~~ with another ear. I wish to take a certain pleasure in this, so that you may learn this pleasure from me.











PART 2:

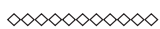
Gertrude Stein Cue Cards

Excerpt from *An Exercise in Analysis: A Play*. Gertrude Stein, 1917.

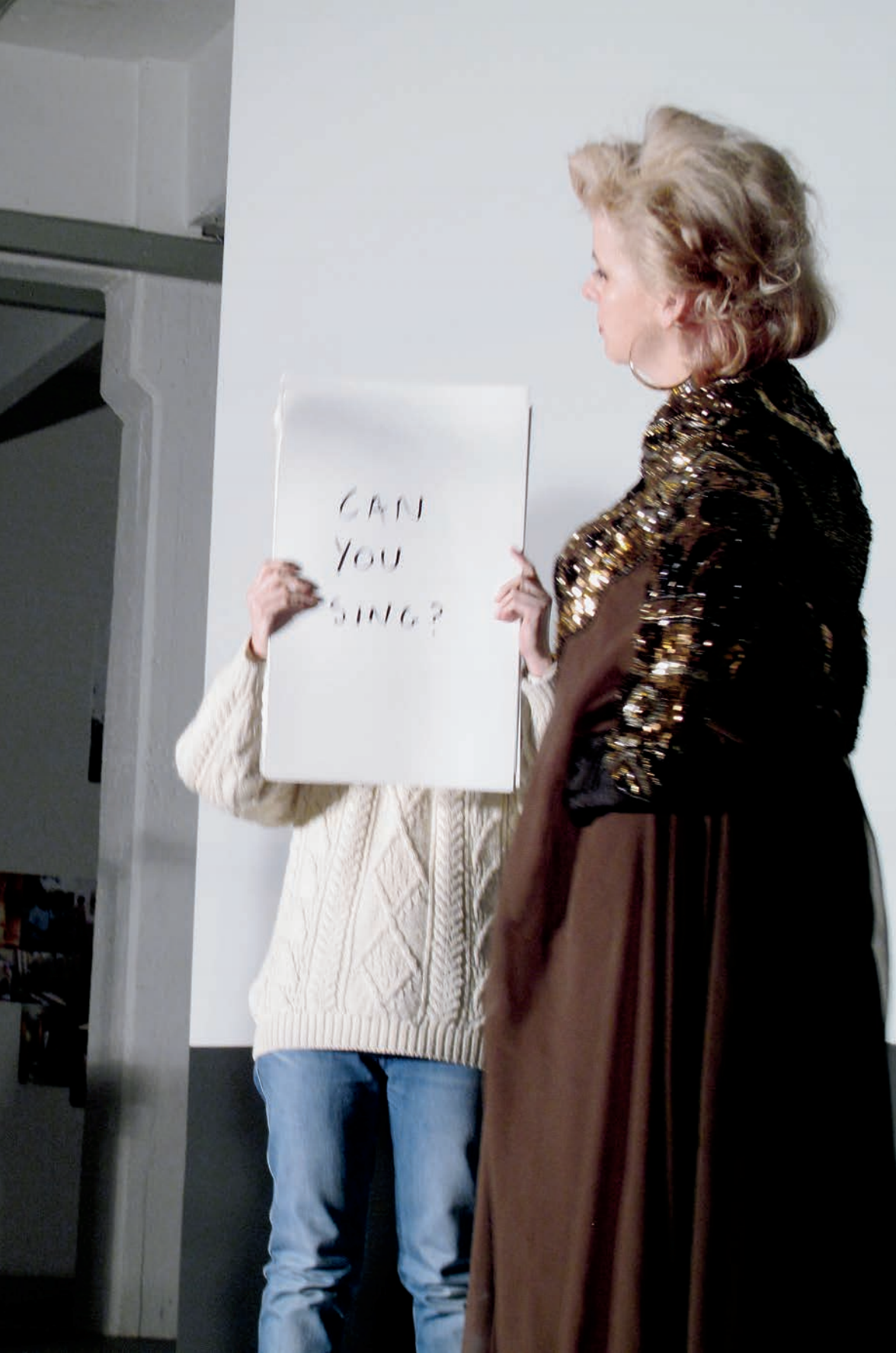
(JO asks EH to hold up cards with script lines. There are four rotations of the text read by JO and JS, creating alternate meanings)



	1st	2nd	3rd	4th
Can you sing?	JS	JS	JO	JS
I have asked you that before	JS	JO	JS	JS
I can ask you that again	JS	JS	JO	JO
You can if you like	JO	JS	JS	JS
Can you not vary it	JO	JS	JO	JO
By what	JS	JO	JS	JS
By making changes	JO	JS	JO	JO
Oh yes	JS	JO	JS	JS







CAN
YOU
SING?

CAN
YOU
SING?

I HAVE
ASKED
YOU THAT
BEFORE

I CAN
ASK YOU
THAT
AGAIN

CAN
YOU NOT
VARY IT?

BY

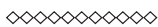
WHAT

BY

MAKING
CHANGES

OH

YES



PART 3:

Sister Selves

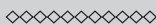
Excerpt from *Gyn/Ecology: The Metaethics of Radical Feminism*. Mary Daly, Beacon Press, 1978.

(JO asks EH to come to mic and read)

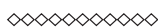
JS: silent re-enactment of Jean-Martin Charcot's
contortions of female hysteria;

JO: Lean Wolf's 1880 address to the U.S. CONGRESS
in Native American sign language:

"FOUR YEARS AGO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE AGREED
TO BE FRIENDS WITH US, BUT THEY LIED. THAT IS ALL."



Wild is the name of the Self in women, of the enspiriting Sister Self. The wildness of our Selves is visible to wild-eyes, to the inner eyes which ask the deepest “whys,” the interconnected “whys” that have not been fragmented by fathers’ “mother tongues,” nor by their seductive images or -ologies. These are the “whys” undreamt of in their philosophies, but which lie sleeping, sometimes half awake, in the wild minds of women. These are the whys of untamed wisdom.















PART 4:

Speak and Spell

(JO spells words into microphone, JS sings them with tragic operatic elocution. Then, JS sings words, JO writes on a large notepad and speaks them into the microphone)

(JO/JS stay in previous places)



WORDS TO SPELL JO → JS

Can you sing?

Tedium

Mother tongue

Freedom

Mouthpiece

Sister self

Reclamation

Ear

Hear

What

WORDS TO SING JS → JO

What

Problem

Associated Press

What is the problem?

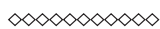
Found

Communication

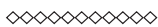
Animal

Screaming

Life













WHAT
PROBLEM

ASSOCIATED PRESS
WHAT'S THE PROBLEM?

FOUND
COMMUNICATION

ANIMAL
SCREAMING

LIFE

PART 5:

“half-human and half-animal”

Reading of *Woman, 27, found after two decades lost in jungle*,
Ian MacKinnon, *The Guardian*, JAN. 19, 2007.

(JO asks EH to read article from newspaper at microphone;
JO/JS sit on each side of stage)



Woman, 27, found after two decades lost in jungle

A woman who went missing 19 years ago as an eight-year-old in the remote jungles of Cambodia has reappeared after apparently living rough and scavenging food for almost two decades. The woman, thought to be Rochom P'ngieng, who would now be 27, was discovered by villagers who noticed that food was going missing and set a trap, only to discover her naked and painfully thin. But the woman speaks no intelligible language, making it almost impossible to verify what would be a remarkable sequence of events. Her long absence and years spent in the dense forest leave many questions unanswered. Medical experts received permission from her parents to take DNA samples in an effort to confirm the woman's identity, but her father is convinced it is his long-lost daughter because of a prominent scar received from a knife wound as a child. "When I saw her, she was naked and walking in a bending-forward position like a monkey... She was bare-bones skinny," her father, Sal Lou, 45, told the Associated Press. "She was shaking and picking up grains of rice from the ground to eat. Her eyes were red like tigers' eyes." The girl disappeared in about 1988 while tending a herd of buffalo in an isolated region 200 miles from the Cambodian capital, Phnom Penh, on the border with Vietnam's rugged central highlands. The woman was described as "half-human and half-animal" by Mao San, police chief of Oyadao district. But her father, who believed she had long ago been killed by forest animals, said he recognised his daughter instantly, despite her blackened body and wild hair down to her waist. Yet communication with the woman has proved virtually impossible, apart from sign language. When she was hungry, Mr. Lou said, she simply patted her stomach. She has also found readjusting to normal life difficult, according to her father. She has resisted wearing clothes and bathing, fending him off by shouting and screaming. "If she is not sleeping, she just sits and glances left and right, left and right," he said. "It is not easy indeed but life is waiting ahead for her."











PART 6:

Sandra Herold speaks

Excerpt/duet from transcript of Sandra Herold's 911 call
for chimpanze attack occurring on

FEB. 17, 2009 in STAMFORD, CT.

(JO/JS pick up transcripts and face audience, sing as duet)





DISPATCHER: Stamford 911 where's you're emergency?

HEROLD: [Inaudible]...241 Rock, Rockrimmon Road—send the police!

DISPATCHER: What's the problem?

HEROLD: Send the police.

DISPATCHER: What's the problem there?

HEROLD: The, that the chimp killed my, my friend.

DISPATCHER: What's wrong with your friend?

HEROLD: [Gasps, breathing hard, presses button]

DISPATCHER: What's the problem with your friend?

HEROLD: Oh, please!

DISPATCHER: What's the problem with your friend, I need to know.

HEROLD: Send the police up with a gun, with a gun, hurry up!

DISPATCHER: Who has the gun?

HEROLD: Please hurry up! Please hurry up! He's killin' my girlfriend.

DISPATCHER: [To police] 241 Rockrimmon Road, they're sayin' someone has a gun and trying to kill somebody.

HEROLD: Hurry up!

DISPATCHER: They're on their way, but I need you to give me more information, who's doing this?

HEROLD: [Inaudible]...with guns!

DISPATCHER: Who has the guns?

HEROLD: No! Bring the guns! Ya gotta kill my chimp...[Inaudible]

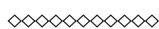
DISPATCHER: What's the problem there?

HEROLD: Hurry up!

DISPATCHER: I need you to talk to me, I need you to calm down. Why do you need somebody there?

HEROLD: What? Please, God.

DISPATCHER: What is the problem?



HEROLD: He's killing my friend!

DISPATCHER: Who's killing your friend?

HEROLD: Chimp, my chimpanzee.

DISPATCHER: Oh, your chimpanzee is killing your friend?

HEROLD: [Inaudible]...yes he ripped her apart. Hurry up! Hurry up please!

DISPATCHER: Is your monkey still with your friend?

HEROLD: Yes he...he killed her...[inaudible]...please...

DISPATCHER: I need you to...[inaudible]...ma'am are you there with your friend?

HEROLD: [Inaudible]

DISPATCHER: Ma'am I need you to calm down, so you can help your friend. Okay?

HEROLD: [Inaudible]...he tried to attack me! Please hurry! Hurry! Please!

DISPATCHER: Are you there with your friend? I need you to help me with your friend. Ok? Are you there with your friend?

HEROLD: Listen, listen. Please.

DISPATCHER: Are you there with your friend?

HEROLD: [Inaudible]...how fast, how fast can you get them here? Hurry!

DISPATCHER: Are they, you there with your friend? I need you to help your friend. Can you go help your friend?

HEROLD: I can't! He tried to attack me now.

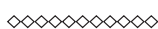
DISPATCHER: Is he still there with your friend?

HEROLD: Yes!

DISPATCHER: [Inaudible]...there is someone on the way.

HEROLD: With guns, please just shoot him!

DISPATCHER: [To police] [Inaudible]...the monkey is beating up on somebody.











WHAT
PROBLEM
ASSOCIATED
WITH

THE
BOOK

EPILOGUE

“Sweet, I kiss your hands.”

Excerpt from

To Cherish the Life of the World: Selected Letters of Margaret Mead. Edited
by Margaret M. Caffrey and Patricia A. Frances, Basic Books, 2006.

Margaret Mead writing to Ruth Benedict,

MAR. 14, 1926, from SAMOA.

(JO give JS and envelop, JS goes to podium, reads letter)



Ruth Darling,

Last night I had the strangest dream. I was in a laboratory with Dr. Boas and he was talking to me and a group of other people about religion, insisting that life must have meaning, that man couldn't live without that. Then he made a mass of jelly-like stuff of the most beautiful blue I had ever seen—and he seemed to be asking us all what to do with it. I remember thinking it was very beautiful but wondering helplessly what it was for. People came and were making absurd suggestions. Somehow Dr. Boas tried to carry them out—but always the people went away angry or disappointed—and finally after we'd been up all night they had disappeared and there were just the two of us. He looked at me and said, appealingly, "touch it." I took some of the astonishingly blue beauty in my hand, and felt with a great thrill that it was living matter. I said "Why it's life—and that's enough"—and he looked so pleased that I had found an answer—and said, "yes, it's life and that is wonder enough."

Sweet, I kiss your hands.

Margaret





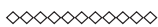








END



WHAT?

Version 2: MOMA PSI, NEW YORK, APRIL 10, 2010



PERFORMERS: JEANINE OLESON — **JO**
 JULIANA SNAPPER — **JS**

PROLOGUE: Lakme/Copper Pipe

PART 1: Derrida/Logic of the Living Feminine redux

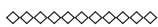
PART 2: Sister Selves

PART 3: Speak and Spell

PART 4: *“half-human and half-animal”*

PART 5: Sandra Herold Speaks

EPILOGUE: *“Sweet, I kiss your hands.”*



PROLOGUE

Delibes' *Sous le dôme épais* duet from the opera *Lakmé*
toned through a copper pipe with an inflating balloon.

(JO/JS enter from both sides.

Lights go up, duet begins and ends, lights go down)

Transition: JO puts on *2001: A Space Odyssey* record,
at the end, so it scratches rhythmically.

(right side of stage)



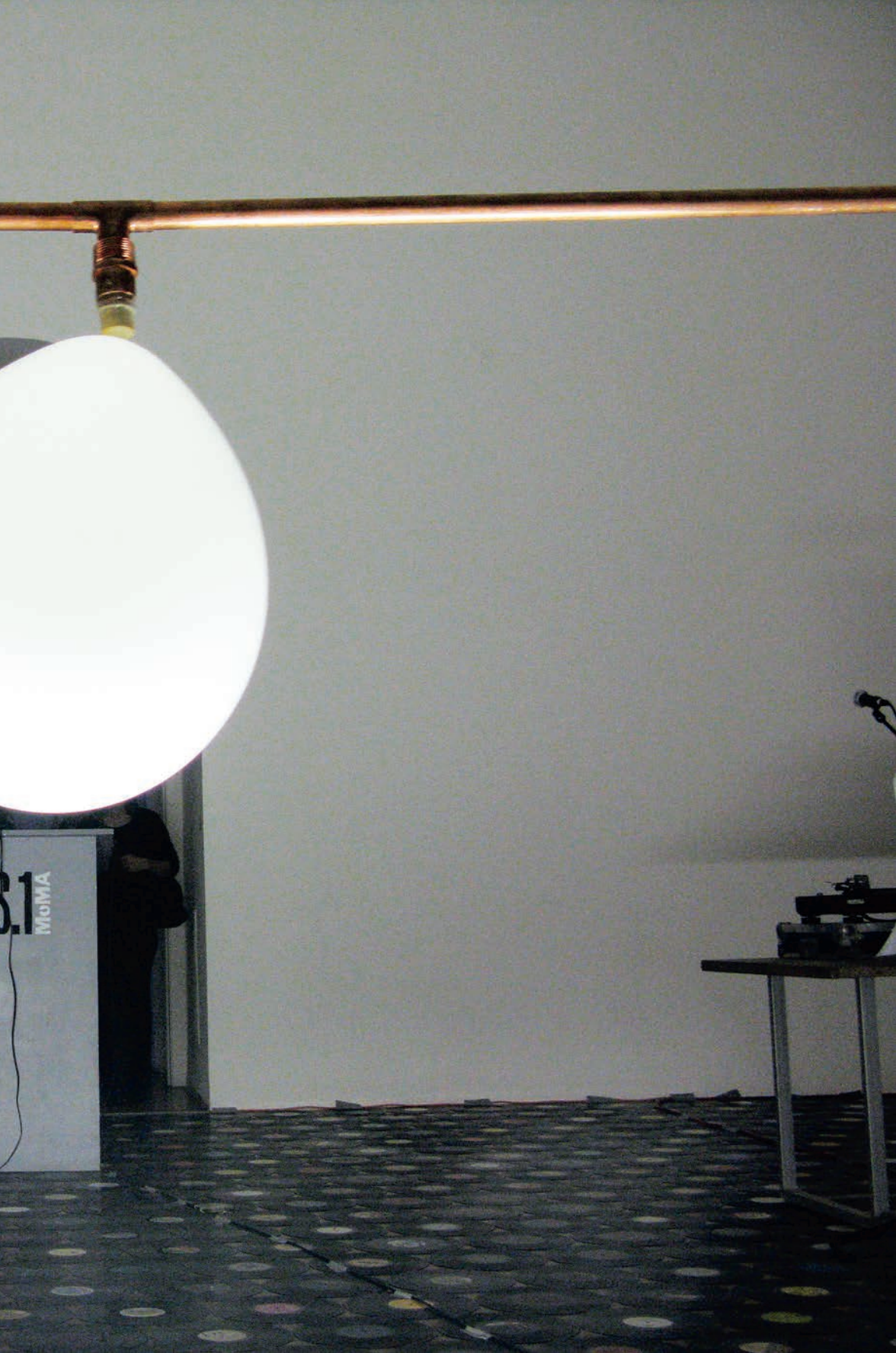








P.S



3.1
MoMA





PART I:

Derrida/Logic of the Living Feminine redux

JO to podium, read excerpt of
Logic of the Living Feminine, a chapter from *The Ear of the Other:*
Otobiography, Transference, Translation.
Jacques Derrida, translated by Peggy Kamuf, Schocken Books, 1985.

JO delivers text at podium, begins to drop words,
replacing with common non-verbal academic responses:

“MMM, HMMM, HUH, UH-HUH.”

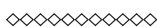
(indicated by strikethrough text)

(JS pokes at 2001 record, takes it off)



I would like to spare you the tedium, the waste of time, and the subservience that always accompany the classic pedagogical procedures of forging links, referring back to prior premises or arguments, justifying one's own trajectory, method, system, and more or less skillful transitions, reestablishing continuity, and so on. These are but some of the imperatives of classical pedagogy with which, to be sure, one can never break once and for all. Yet, if you were to submit to them rigorously, they would very soon reduce you to silence, tautology, and tiresome repetition.

I therefore propose my compromise to you. And, as everyone knows, by the terms of academic freedom—I repeat: a-ca-dem-ic free-dom—you can take it or leave it. Considering the time I have at my disposal, the tedium I also want to spare myself, the freedom of which I am capable and which I want to ~~preserve~~, I shall proceed in a manner that some will find aphoristic or ~~inadmissible~~, that others will accept as law, and that still others will judge to be not quite aphoristic ~~enough~~. All will be listening to me with one or the other ~~sort~~ of ear (everything comes down to the ear you are able to hear me ~~with~~) to which the coherence and ~~continuity~~ of my ~~trajectory~~ will have seemed evident from my first ~~words~~, even from my title. In any case, let us agree to ~~hear~~ and understand one another on this point: whoever no longer wishes to ~~follow~~ may do so. I do not ~~teach~~ truth as such: I do not ~~transform~~ myself into a ~~diaphanous~~ mouthpiece of ~~eternal~~ pedagogy. I settle accounts, however I ~~can~~. On a certain number of ~~problems~~: with you and with me or me, and through you, me, and me, with a certain ~~number~~ of authorities ~~represented~~ here. I understand that the ~~place~~ I am now ~~occupying~~ will not be left out of the ~~exhibit~~ or withdrawn from the ~~scene~~. Nor do I intend to ~~withhold~~ even that which I shall ~~call~~, to save ~~time~~, an autobiographical ~~demonstration~~, although I must ask you to ~~shift its sense a little~~ and to listen ~~to it~~ with another ear. I wish to take a certain pleasure in this, so that you may learn this pleasure from me.







PS1 MoMA





PART 2:

Sister Selves

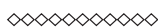
Excerpt from *Gyn/Ecology: The Metaethics of Radical Feminism*.

Mary Daly, Beacon Press, 1978.

(JO to front mic to read, JS to left side of stage,
silent re-enactment of Jean-Martin Charcot's contortions of female
hysteria)



Wild is the name of the Self in women, of the enspiriting Sister Self. The wildness of our Selves is visible to wild-eyes, to the inner eyes which ask the deepest “whys,” the interconnected “whys” that have not been fragmented by fathers’ “mother tongues,” nor by their seductive images or -ologies. These are the “whys” undreamt of in their philosophies, but which lie sleeping, sometimes half awake, in the wild minds of women. These are the whys of untamed wisdom.





GYN/ECOLOGY

The Materiality of Radical Feminism

MARY DALRYMPLE

Dragon Press





PART 3:

Speak and Spell

(JO spells words into microphone, JS sings them with tragic operatic elocution. Then, JS sings words, JO writes on a large notepad and speaks them into the microphone)



WORDS TO SPELL JO → JS

Can you sing?

Tedium

Mother tongue

Freedom

Mouthpiece

Sister self

Reclamation

Ear

Hear

What

WORDS TO SING JS → JO

What

Problem

Associated Press

What is the problem?

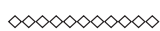
Found

Communication


Animal

Screaming

Life





A woman with long brown hair, wearing a dark brown fur coat over a light-colored garment, is speaking into a professional microphone on a stand. She is holding a white sign with handwritten text in her left hand. The background is a plain, light-colored wall.

PROBLEM
ASSOCIATED PRESS
WHAT
FOUND
ANIMAL





◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇

PROBLEM
ASSOCIATED PRESS
WHAT
FOUND
ANIMAL
SISTER SELF

PART 4:

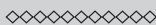
“half-human and half-animal”

Reading of *Woman, 27, found after two decades lost in jungle*,
Ian MacKinnon, *The Guardian*, JAN. 19, 2007.

Lean Wolf’s 1880 address to the US. CONGRESS
in Native American sign language:

“FOUR YEARS AGO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE AGREED
TO BE FRIENDS WITH US, BUT THEY LIED. THAT IS ALL.”

(JS goes to front microphone to read *Guardian* article,
JO goes to right side of stage, performs sign language)



Woman, 27, found after two decades lost in jungle

A woman who went missing 19 years ago as an eight-year-old in the remote jungles of Cambodia has reappeared after apparently living rough and scavenging food for almost two decades. The woman, thought to be Rochom P'ngieng, who would now be 27, was discovered by villagers who noticed that food was going missing and set a trap, only to discover her naked and painfully thin. But the woman speaks no intelligible language, making it almost impossible to verify what would be a remarkable sequence of events. Her long absence and years spent in the dense forest leave many questions unanswered. Medical experts received permission from her parents to take DNA samples in an effort to confirm the woman's identity, but her father is convinced it is his long-lost daughter because of a prominent scar received from a knife wound as a child. "When I saw her, she was naked and walking in a bending-forward position like a monkey... She was bare-bones skinny," her father, Sal Lou, 45, told the Associated Press. "She was shaking and picking up grains of rice from the ground to eat. Her eyes were red like tigers' eyes." The girl disappeared in about 1988 while tending a herd of buffalo in an isolated region 200 miles from the Cambodian capital, Phnom Penh, on the border with Vietnam's rugged central highlands. The woman was described as "half-human and half-animal" by Mao San, police chief of Oyadao district. But her father, who believed she had long ago been killed by forest animals, said he recognised his daughter instantly, despite her blackened body and wild hair down to her waist. Yet communication with the woman has proved virtually impossible, apart from sign language. When she was hungry, Mr. Lou said, she simply patted her stomach. She has also found readjusting to normal life difficult, according to her father. She has resisted wearing clothes and bathing, fending him off by shouting and screaming. "If she is not sleeping, she just sits and glances left and right, left and right," he said. "It is not easy indeed but life is waiting ahead for her."











PART 5:

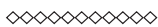
Sandra Herold Speaks

Excerpt/duet from transcript of Sandra Herold's 911 call
for chimpanze attack occurring on

FEB. 17, 2009 in STAMFORD, CT.

(JO/JS to record players. Sing duet and alternating "dj" battle
between Liberace (JO) and John Cage (JS) records)





DISPATCHER: Stamford 911 where's you're emergency?

HEROLD: [Inaudible]...241 Rock, Rockrimmon Road—send the police!

DISPATCHER: What's the problem?

HEROLD: Send the police.

DISPATCHER: What's the problem there?

HEROLD: The, that the chimp killed my, my friend.

DISPATCHER: What's wrong with your friend?

HEROLD: [Gasps, breathing hard, presses button]

DISPATCHER: What's the problem with your friend?

HEROLD: Oh, please!

DISPATCHER: What's the problem with your friend, I need to know.

HEROLD: Send the police up with a gun, with a gun, hurry up!

DISPATCHER: Who has the gun?

HEROLD: Please hurry up! Please hurry up! He's killin' my girlfriend.

DISPATCHER: [To police] 241 Rockrimmon Road, they're sayin' someone has a gun and trying to kill somebody.

HEROLD: Hurry up!

DISPATCHER: They're on their way, but I need you to give me more information, who's doing this?

HEROLD: [Inaudible]...with guns!

DISPATCHER: Who has the guns?

HEROLD: No! Bring the guns! Ya gotta kill my chimp...[Inaudible]

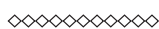
DISPATCHER: What's the problem there?

HEROLD: Hurry up!

DISPATCHER: I need you to talk to me, I need you to calm down. Why do you need somebody there?

HEROLD: What? Please, God.

DISPATCHER: What is the problem?



HEROLD: He's killing my friend!

DISPATCHER: Who's killing your friend?

HEROLD: Chimp, my chimpanzee.

DISPATCHER: Oh, your chimpanzee is killing your friend?

HEROLD: [Inaudible]...yes he ripped her apart. Hurry up! Hurry up please!

DISPATCHER: Is your monkey still with your friend?

HEROLD: Yes he...he killed her...[inaudible]...please...

DISPATCHER: I need you to...[inaudible]...ma'am are you there with your friend?

HEROLD: [Inaudible]

DISPATCHER: Ma'am I need you to calm down, so you can help your friend. Okay?

HEROLD: [Inaudible]...he tried to attack me! Please hurry! Hurry! Please!

DISPATCHER: Are you there with your friend? I need you to help me with your friend. Ok? Are you there with your friend?

HEROLD: Listen, listen. Please.

DISPATCHER: Are you there with your friend?

HEROLD: [Inaudible]...how fast, how fast can you get them here? Hurry!

DISPATCHER: Are they, you there with your friend? I need you to help your friend. Can you go help your friend?

HEROLD: I can't! He tried to attack me now.

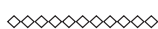
DISPATCHER: Is he still there with your friend?

HEROLD: Yes!

DISPATCHER: [Inaudible]...there is someone on the way.

HEROLD: With guns, please just shoot him!

DISPATCHER: [To police] [Inaudible]...the monkey is beating up on somebody.







EPILOGUE

“Sweet, I kiss your hands.”

Excerpt from

To Cherish the Life of the World: Selected Letters of Margaret Mead. Edited
by Margaret M. Caffrey and Patricia A. Frances, Basic Books, 2006.

Margaret Mead writing to Ruth Benedict,

MAR. 14, 1926, from SAMOA.

(JO give JS and envelop, JS goes to podium, reads letter)

Ruth Darling,

Last night I had the strangest dream. I was in a laboratory with Dr. Boas and he was talking to me and a group of other people about religion, insisting that life must have meaning, that man couldn't live without that. Then he made a mass of jelly-like stuff of the most beautiful blue I had ever seen—and he seemed to be asking us all what to do with it. I remember thinking it was very beautiful but wondering helplessly what it was for. People came and were making absurd suggestions. Somehow Dr. Boas tried to carry them out—but always the people went away angry or disappointed—and finally after we'd been up all night they had disappeared and there were just the two of us. He looked at me and said, appealingly, “touch it.” I took some of the astonishingly blue beauty in my hand, and felt with a great thrill that it was living matter. I said “Why it's life—and that's enough”—and he looked so pleased that I had found an answer—and said, “yes, it's life and that is wonder enough.”

Sweet, I kiss your hands.

Margaret



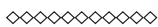




P.S.1 MoMA



END



Thank you

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