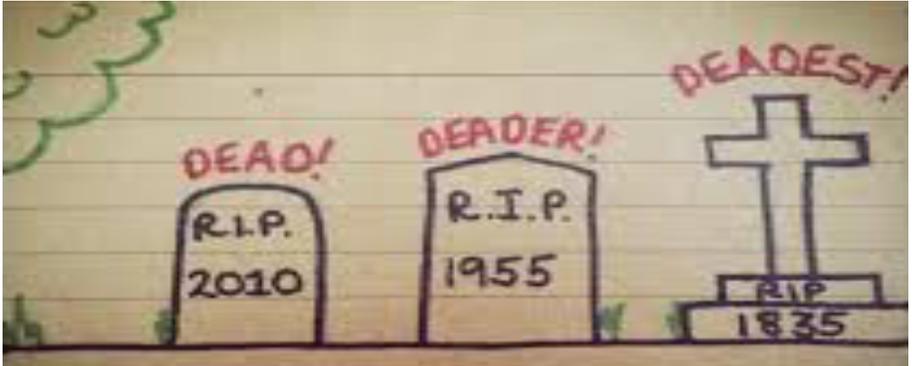


Matters
of Life &
Death

**DEAD
DEADER
DEADEST!**



In *A Place In The Sun*/1951 – unglamorized Shelley Winters as Alice Tripp - hasta die – I’m 15 & I know it – David sez – if Montgomery Clift as poor handsome George Eastman – wantsa be – w/beautiful rich Angela - Elizabeth Taylor as Angela Vickers – pregnant Alice hasta die and if she hasta die – then George – who’s gonna hafta drown her - or let her drown - hasta die too – for thinking of it - in those good old black & white moral movie days – nobody gets away with nothing.

BIRTHS. MARRIAGES & DEATHS

goodbye...

SAYING GOODBYE IS LIKE FALLING INTO A DARK PIT. I'D RATHER JUST walk out the door.



Elizabeth Taylor hasta visit George inna jail - both hafta be so young & beautiful & she hasta say – “we spend the best parta our time just saying g’bye” & she hasta go – & turn back – for 1 last look at him – which gives us 1 last look at her – & he hasta walk to the electric chair – convicts say g’bye – g’bye George – that movie & that music -

David buys the 33rpm record – he can still hum the music fa you if ya like?

THE DAY AFTER RETRA YAD EHT TOMORROW WORROW

AND
THE DANCE
GOES ON

The
**Beat
Goes
On**

LIFE
GOES ON

EVERYTHING
I KNOW ABOUT LIFE:
IT GOES ON

THE
SHOW
GOES
ON

TO DAY
NO
SHOWS

Marilyn Kratka – who David goesta school w/from kindergarden to the enda high school – and who he bumps into n’laughs with for mosta his downtown NY life - is gonna die –



DIGNIFIED
DYING
IS A
HUMAN
RIGHT

‘I’ll See
Myself Out,
Thank You’

Dear Marilyn -

Do I understand you go to Zurich for assisted suicide? You are brave - I will miss you old friend. You are always ahead of me - you do life - earlier & faster. Now I am old - and working daily on my archives - in a race against time - not as obvious a race as yours - archives to be buried at Lincoln Ctr Performing Arts Library -

I tell the story of taking the role of George in *Our Town* in Junior High - because you are gonna be Emily - teacher decides to do last act only - George has no lines with Emily - so I ask to be your father instead - to be in 1 scene w/you - “where’s my girl? Where’s my birthday girl?” but you forget the line to bring me onstage - so I never go on - ha ha - would I know you if I saw you inna street? I will think about you - dear friend - for as long as I can - dg

Dear David - you not only would NOT know me – you’ve already looked quite through me in the street – as though I was invisible – which I yam to many – not just you – do not kid yourself - this is not bravery – DIGNITAS will assist me in Zurich – to drink a nasty potion and reach for the stars... March 9th is doomsday – light a yahrzeit candle for me – LOVE LOVE LOVE - Marilyn

IN-N-OUT

LEAD, FORGET OUT
FOLLOW, OF THE WAY

Never heard a actor Pauline Lord - Mrs. Wiggs of The Cabbage Patch - 1934 - on TV -



poor single mother of a lotta kids - ya son is only a little sick doctor sez - don't worry he sez - go to the vaudeville show he sez - somebody gave 'em tickets - uh oh - David sez - so she goes w/her other kids - usher asks are you Mrs. Wiggs? uh oh - back at the hospital we see sick son - well we don't - we see him in her eyes - in her face at his bedside as she describes the show - smiles & tells him the show - wotta good show she sez - how we all wish you was with us - ya woulda laughed - she sez - & as she talks we see him in her eyes - we see him dying in her eyes - see him die in his mother's eyes. Boy - David sez - do I cry.

Dance
It
Out

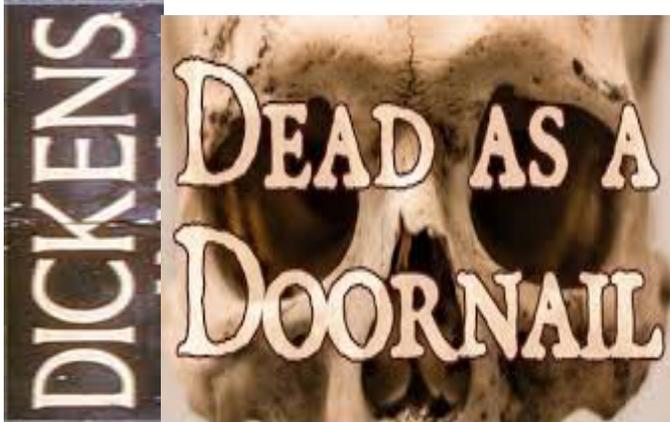
OUTTA
TIME

OUTTA
TIME OUT

OUTTA
BYEATH

NO
WAY
OUT

OUTTA
CONTROL



"Old Marley was as dead as a doornail. Mind! I don't mean to say that, of my own knowledge, what there is particularly dead about a doornail. I might have been inclined, myself, to regard a coffin-nail as the deadest piece of ironmongery in the trade. But the wisdom of our ancestors is in the simile; and my unhallowed hands shall not disturb it, or the Country's done for. You will therefore permit me to repeat, emphatically, that Marley was as **dead as a doornail.**"

DEAD AS A DOORNAIL

DEAD AS A DOORNAIL



PRONOUNCED - SHE SAID - NAH - DEEN - (NOT NAY DEEN) - BEAR - TAN - (NOT BURR - TIN) - AMERICAN FRENCH/RUSSIAN - COLOR EDITOR @ HOUSE & GARDEN MAGAZINE - HIRES ME TO DO DISPLAY. I INCORPORATE NOT FOR PROFIT DANCE CO & ASK NADINE - N'SHE SEZ OKAY TO BE ONNA BOARD. INNA 80'S - ME N'VALDA WORK IN PARIS 1 WINTER & IT'S FREEZING & OUR BORROWED FLAT HAS NO HEAT & 1 WINDOW IS BUST & NADINE - BY CHANCE - IS @ A PARIS HOTEL & INVITES US TO TAKE A BATH & WE DO - & TOWELS ARE THICKER THAN THE QUILT IN OUR FLAT & WE WARM UP & NADINE ORDERS ROOM SERVICE. NEXTJOUR I TELL 'EM @ PARIS OPERA - WHERE WE'RE WORKING - WE NEED A HOTEL ROOM - & WE MOVE. I FIND OUT TODAY - FEBRUARY 3, 2018 - NADINE DIED DECEMBER 25, 2017. SHE WAS STILL ON THE BOARD.

REALLY
YOU
GOTTA
STOP

LIVE BETTING
IS DEAD
WHAT'S NEXT?

SO
what's
next?

N
X
E
T

STOP

MY IDOLS
ARE DEAD +

OR DYING

AND
OR

I am

DEAD
EARNEST

NO
WAY
OUT

OUR
WAY
OUT
FIRST PRINCIPLES FOR A POST-APCALYPTIC WORLD

London England
WAY OUT

WRONG
WAY

NO ENTRY
WRONG WAY

DEAD END
No Thru Traffic
Turn Back Now

YOUR GPS
IS WRONG
DEAD END

DEAD
WRONG



NORMA FIRE - dancer/actor/singer/friend - excellent scrabble player - 60 yrs - David sez - we last work together - spring 2012 - *Beginning of the End of the...* based on Luigi Pirandello - *Six Characters In Search Of An Author* - Norma acts/dances The Mother - 6 shows a wk for 4 wks - @ now disappeared Joyce Soho - Norma hasta wear a colostomy bag for the run - Not the character hasta wear it - David sez - Norma hasta.



2012 - David begins rehearsal - inna fall - for *The Matter/2012: Art & Archive* - at Danspace in NY. I ask Norma - David sez - to dance in it. Something to do ha ha beside be sick - he sez. He's a comedian. I'll make special new steps for you - he sez. She says maybe - but no - she gets sicker. David hasta start rehearsals for *The Matter* - & *Bayadere* entrance w/o Norma. She woulda walked great -



**2012 - David visits Norma inna hospice. He has an hour before rehearsal.
 My friend for 60 years – in costume for featured role of patient – in a limited run –
 in Bellevue Hospital Hospice - dying of her latest'n last cancer.
 Her eyes are closed. I sit quietly at her side for a long while - he sez.
 When I hafta go - I lean in to whisper - gotta go - I love you.
 She opens her eyes – "I loved you" - she sez – "the 1st minute I saw you".**



I get a call inna night to say Norma's "gone." I taxi to Bellevue Hospital.
 I pull a chair over to the bed'n sit. Is this her good side? I smile at the idea. She woulda.
 Someone tucked a fresh pink flower over her right ear. I don't wanna not like it.
 My taste is a pain in the ass. She woulda laughed at me.
 I sit alone w/my friend – arguably my "best" friend - for an hour.

Her other friends arrive crying'n hugging'n whispering. She always has/had a lotta friends.
 Don't wanna witness other people's grief. I look at her - 1 last time – say g'bye & go.
 I don't go - with her friends - to toss her ashes inna sea.

