

Tokyo, December 6, 2001

My Dear Morice,

Happy to receive your writings the other day.

Ah my friend, master, those of the Japanese don't have the inflated curves of Occidental women, nor the bolemic aggressivity of the libertine roundness; more than some inevitable hills, it is a field where you are seeking something.

They are plain, hardly can the eye catch their presence nor the hand contain their scarcity; but the tension of the skin, its prude opening to those tentative to reach it, make this, almost nothing, far more than opulence.

Just a depression, nothing more than a thickness, but what can hardly be found, one hardly tries to find.

The Nippon breast: one suspects it.

The eyes: I am still too involved with them to speak with you about it.

But of course, to speak of it one escapes the brutality, avoiding the simple crudity of flesh. This, without any recourse to the text, nor discourse, is what would otherwise make it disappear.

"Suck the grapes, but by grace, don't speak about it."

You know as I do, this discomfort that submerges you when suddenly you hear yourself: being suddenly so far from truth at the very time when you were walking on a serene path with it as the destination.

(By chance, the writing in Japan is not speaking, nor discoursing; it is unto itself. Writing or drawing, is moreover the same verb, the same nuance: in Japanese: 書きます)

Warmly,

Maurice