Dear Sally,

Thanks for your beautiful letter and penned pendent, de-pendent, etc. I'm afraid I'm not going to be able to answer worthily: I find myself exhausted these days -- mysteriously inasmuch as I haven't really been able to do any work that would account for it: the news of Marie's death was the last straw to my system . . . came like a sledge hammer -- I've been in physical mourning all week now. In addition to the grief at her death, I've felt a terrible social disintegration somehow grotesquely symbolized by the fact that she'd been dead and buried a week without anyone having thought to inform either myself or Ken Jacobs: I learned it quite by accident, called him and discovered he knew nothing about it: probably very few others know: maybe this is your first sign of any such thing. One of the very greatest film-makers of our Time dies and is buried in the style of Mozart: what else is there to say? What makes that particularly grotesque is that she and Willard DID for so many years stand so much against the impersonalization that characterizes American 20th Century living. Both fought so bravely to hold people together in their endeavors. That/comes-to-that! I find myself in an absolute circle of grief and loneliness. I remember TOO well how much the film-makers did once relate to eachother humanly. Now we seem to have all become ciphers in some immortality machine, some historical process of an increasingly fascist society. And I am sick, sick with the social mean-and-meaningless-ness and the sadness of her death -- not that she died . . but that she died amidst such estrangement as she did -- and such despair as her alcoholism attempted foolishly to withstand. I myself could not bear to go and visit her this last trip to New York: with Ken, and others, it was the same: the despair had almost completely taken over and replaced Marie herself: and, worst of all, she continued an act of gaity which would not even permit the despair to manifest itself honestly: (do I misspell "despair"?: am I trying to make it mean "desperate" also?): I cannot even think this morning: NOR have ## I the fulfillment of any emotion: confusion only.

I had not thought to write all that, or anything really. I just intended to send you the information you asked-for. I do not want to hinder your processes at all -- no matter WHAT -- for you do seem to be at center some full LIFE these days . . . bless it.

We don't have a list of all prices: thus I'll quote you only those you requested and a few others readily available.

"Dog Star Man" is \$1200.00
"Sirius Remembered" is \$200.00
"The Weir Falcon Saga" is \$500.00
"The Machine of Eden" is \$200.
"The Animals of Eden and After" is \$600.00
"Scenes From Under Childhood" is \$2,800.00
"eyes" is \$600.00

"The Dead" is \$180.00 "Blue Moses" is \$200.00". "Three Films" is \$175.00 "Fire of Waters" is \$110.00. "The Art of Vision" is \$5,000.00. "Daybreak & Whiteye" is \$100.00. "Anticipation of The Night" is \$600.00. "Window Water Baby Moving" is \$180.00. "Films By Stan Brakhage" is \$75.00. "Reflections on Black" is \$180.00 Jane had to raise prices on all "Songs". She will send a list when she gets her new catalogue.

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