May 5, 2008

Max Neuhaus c/o The MeniI
Collection 1 515 Branard
St.
Houston, Texas 77006—9875

Hi, Max!

Here is a funny story.

I didn't like your drawing on the invitation. I thought, oh, brother, here _ge go with Judd's stacks again. And felt that was pretty iffy in the beginning, even tho, I do love, love, the minimalist transdiscipl inary breakthroughs.

The real reason I came to the opening was that, having been in the courts for seven years, trying to rescue my dowry from a 30 year marriage under Texas (Shari a) law, I am pro—active about identity issues. (e I have had untold harrassment by two—bit legal investigators and other paid or economically interested parties, trying to neutralize me as a player and undermine my credibility. One consistent point of attack is that I have alzheimers--though I am too young to even be medically at risk. Hence the only thing I had to do was to say publicly y, _ yes, I do know that I am related to the Neuhauses. matter of fact, I do like the Neuhauses because they have been generous along with other wealthy Houstonians in making •this an artistic and intellectual center, but I will never again submit to being "in society, having suffered so much from wasting my time with the dress code.)

S then I was annoyed by the gallery nd the panel because you clued me in that the work outside the door might really be interesting, and you gave me only shed skin while describing tnes_Sinøuosities- So after -the—requisite two hours, tore outside returning to the walkway. Of course, being neo—Platonist, I tune out the material senses unless artists poke at me with a stick.

I have been here in Houston really as an escape from -the abusiveness of my personal situation for two years. During that time there are a couple of stan -outs. The Menil, for example. Nonetheless, I really haven't heard the music of the spheres before. I do believe it is one of the most sublime artworks have ever expeben ed, not -the least because you orchestrated the flowery milling/of the rapt crowd.

There I s more. I'm scriptural tradition . Not so long before all hell brqke artists astounded me by pointing out that God can speak' through other ways besides words. Then I began to study all the postmodernist questions about language and truth a d turn back on the sacred writing in its inconsistencie and subtexts. Far

from t ' losing my religion", I found my texts even deeper and more resonant (sorry for stealing your adj ective, maestro!) I also began to steal metaphors, that is, translate into my native language—language. I don't apologize to you, either, about privileging such a flawed medium as; er, truth, since I have begun to think language is indeed an important door r because we slather it all over everything anyway and identity, memory , relationship are always already mediated. I guess you would argue that sound comes first, but I would counter, yeah, but does it, can it, come second ?

Regardless, this is what I did to your work. I try to explain to people WhO"äre •curious about healing prayerA"10w -yow know it's not coincidence. Of course, the maleability of so—called natural law when it confronts its maker——consciousness, but most of you techie boys are such true believers... But then,

> there's something else, something I try to describe: well, you experience a certain sense of harmony; it's like hitting just the right tone. Like eating An orange. Once you •ve eaten an orange, you never can *not know- what it tastes like, though you might not be able to describe it.

Or it's like walking into a Max Neu aus. The background sound could be there without you ' re even being aware of it, but once you know about the " sacred spa e", you find you can walk out of it, and this causes you to loop back and look for it. Furthermore, it doesn quite leave you alone since you will hereafter find yours If in dialogue with that grackle on the way to your car.

> Having said all this, I go back to our drawing and explanations and find these very apt——if still f ustrating since I do not plan to loop around par avion in se vice of subtle ether. I will add, though, I have found the Menil uite sly and crafty, never more so than in hanging you overhea

> said at the ovening, Once havi g been struck by john Alexander's soul train, I was flabb rgasted to find another Beaumont artist at all, or one so centrary to his Bardoworld,

Texas, thåt I admire as much. Yeeha

Sincerely ,

Catherine Brown
Waco, Texas