

**NEXT.**  
**LIFE AND LETTERS OF**  
**MARCEL DUCHAMP**

by  
**GERTRUDE STEIN**

a script for a woman reader

A family likeness pleases  
when there is a cessation of resemblances.

This is to say that points of remarkable resemblance  
are those which make Henry leading.

Henry leading actually smothers Emil.

Emil is pointed.  
He does not over do examples.  
He even hesitates.

But I am sensible.  
Am I not rather efficient in sympathy  
or common feeling.

I was looking to see if I could make Marcel out of it  
but I can't.

Not a doctor to me  
not a debtor to me  
not a d to me  
but a c to me a credit to me.

To interlace a story with glass  
and with rope with color and roam.

How many people roam.

Dark people roam.

Can dark people come from the north.  
Are they dark then.  
Do they begin to be dark when they have come from there.

Any question leads away from me.

Grave a boy grave.

What I do recollect is this.  
I collect black and white.

From the standpoint of white all color is color.

From the standpoint of black.  
Black is white.  
White is black.  
Black is black.  
White is black.  
White and black is black and white.

What I recollect when I am there  
is that words are not birds.  
How easily I feel thin.  
Birds do not.  
So I replace birds with tin-foil.  
Silver is thin.

Life and letters of Marcel Duchamp.

Quickly return the unabridged restraint  
and mention letters.

My dear Fourth.

Confess to me in a quick saying.  
The vote is taken.

The lucky strike works well and difficultly.  
It rounds, it sounds round.  
I cannot conceal attrition.

Let me think.

I repeat the fullness of bread.  
In a way not bread.

Delight me.

I delight a lamb in birth.