

26.2



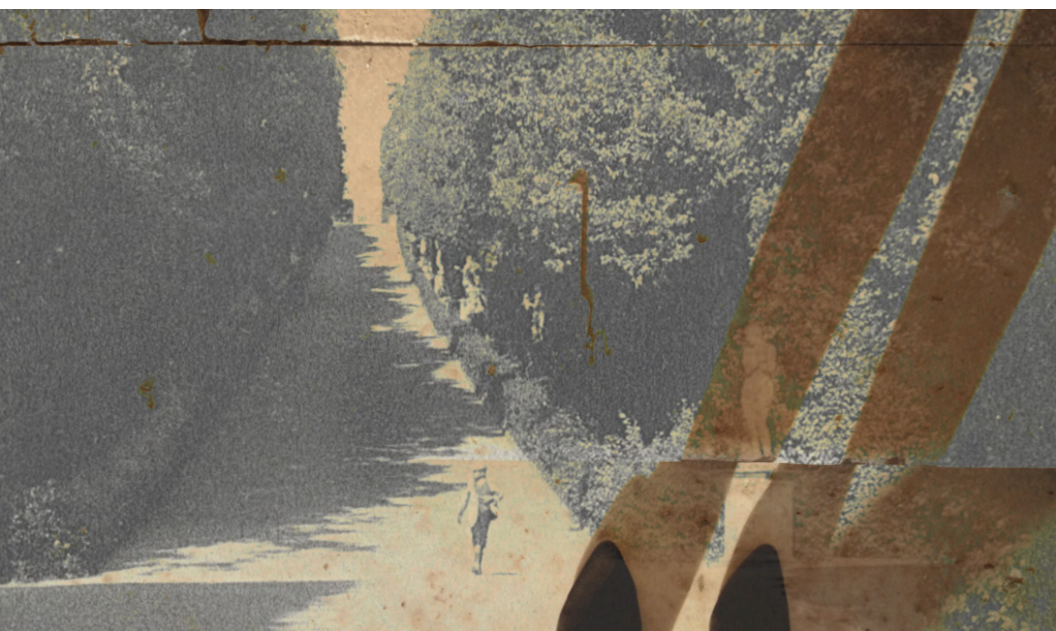
Dear F---

How are you? Things here are moving sluggishly. Spring must be awakening for you by now, yes? Slowly, to be sure, but if I remember correctly this is the beginning of it.

It's a time of cold mornings ripped open and awake with bright sunshine. A kind of intense light that, though not yet fully a rich, golden hue (that will arrive in July), has nevertheless been absent for many months. The delight that light engendered in me!

Firenze
La via Strozzi

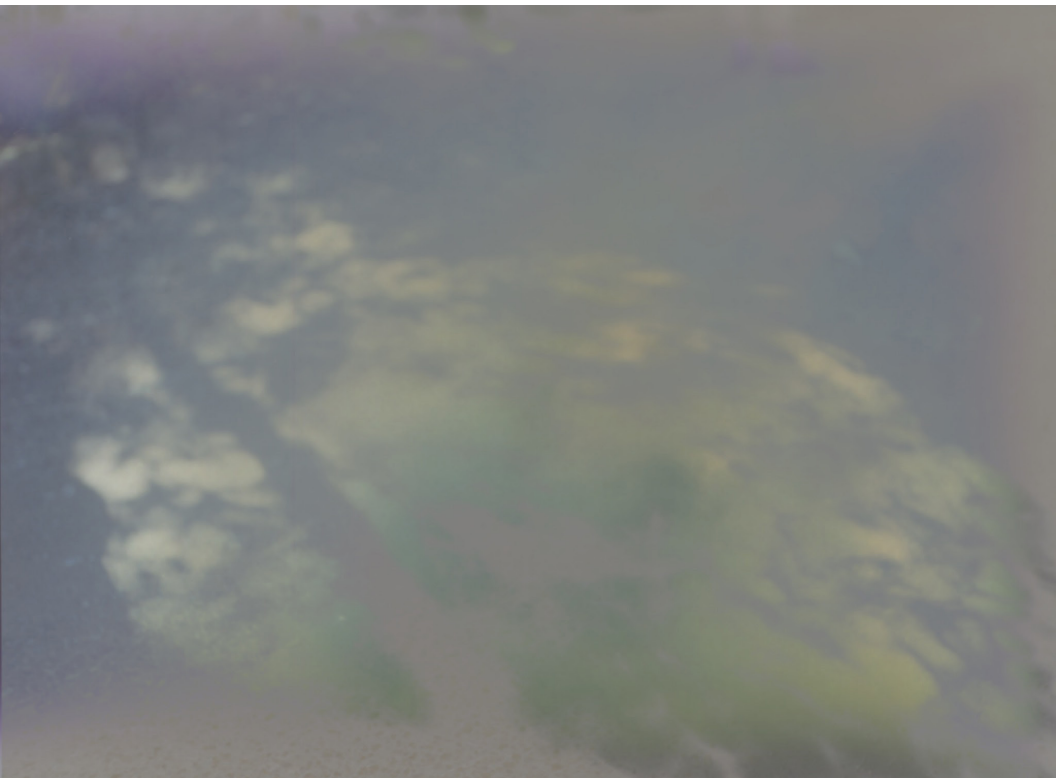




I've been thinking about that one summer I was with you, when I was living in that one room studio on the other side of the river. The location was superb. I arrived in May, when the sun hadn't yet reached the peak of its brilliant intensity, though I got to watch over the next two months as it inched towards its full authority.

(All the while photographing that process, as if I could somehow hold on to that light, keep its magic, through silver gelatin-coated plastic.)





I had such energy then. I would wake up in full joy, agitated with excitement. There is a particular smell, that smell of May in the early morning when the delivery trucks are still dropping off supplies and the bars are only just opening, that I can still remember. Well, I can't recall the smell specifically in my mind, but I can recall its effect on me. When I would throw open the shutters and be greeted with it I would want to almost scream with excitement. The smell would produce in me an immediate desperation to be within the magic of the world below my apartment. In that moment the urgency to be on the street, moving about, exploring, would nearly explode within my chest.

But, above all, that scent triggered in me a delirious desire to be with you.







The time will come (oh god I hope) that I will be able to feel that frenetic joy again.
When I see you again I'm sure I'll feel that frenzy once more.

I don't think you can help it, it's just what you do to people.

