CCS BARD ARCHIVES

Speakers Series : Chris Kraus
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Center for Curatorial Studies at Bard College
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00:00:00:00 **JANIQUE VIGIER:** Hi, everyone. I'm Janique. It's my great pleasure to introduce Chris Kraus tonight. She's someone who's been an immense personal and professional influence for me as a mentor, a colleague, and a great friend over the years. I knew there was a time before I read Chris—in fact, that time was only around six years ago—but it's hard to imagine. Her works have this effect. They tear down so many assumptions about what form can handle that there's no way to recreate your mind before your encounter with them.

00:00:28:19 She began her career in the 1980s, as an experimental filmmaker in New York's scene, and took acting lessons with Ruth Maleczech of the Mabou Mines Theater Company. This early work is formative to any understanding of her writing, in which she deftly performs as art critic, historian, diarist, and screenwriter of personal and structural relationships.

00:00:49:16 In 1997, Chris published I Love Dick, an epistolary romantic comedy about projection, authority, and crushing desire. Twenty years and thousands of selfies later, the novel has been made into a TV show, and more importantly, has changed the stakes of who gets to speak and why, as she writes in the novel. But for Chris, Dick is history. Since then, she's released four more novels and two collections of art and cultural criticism. She's also, significantly, an editor with *Semiotext(e)*, her publishing home since 1990, along editors Sylvère Lotringer and Hedi El Kholti, and where she founded the seminal Native Agents imprint, which publishes radical and feminist writers like Eileen Myles, Shulamith Firestone, and Michelle Tea.

00:01:32:05 Most recently, Chris has authored this biography of Kathy Acker, from which she'll be reading tonight. This is a literary biography and a summoning of the late writer, who died at the age of 50, in 1997. Here, she moves fluidly between literary analysis, biographical history, cultural criticism, and abundant literary gossip, to trace Acker's formation as artist and her self-construction into a great writer as countercultural hero. Aside from these many professional accomplishments, Chris has been an incredible source of inspiration for many young writers and authors, and I would just really like to thank her tonight and bring her up to the stage right now.

[APPLAUSE]

00:02:15:23 **CHRIS KRAUS:** Hi. Thank you very much. I mean, this is Bard CCS, and this is kind of an art talk; but it's also really— I feel like it's the book launch, because this is like, there're four people here, at least two, who were involved in the book. Janique and Maxine Bartow, who copy edited, and George Quasha, who was a really important respondent, and Carolee Schneemann, who was sort of always part of the backstory in the middle of the book. I'm going to read the end. I mean, I'm assuming everybody knows who Kathy was and something about her work. I guess if we're going to have some kind of discussion afterwards— I mean, yes, we can talk about Kathy, for sure. But also, I guess the problem that I was dealing with writing the book were problems of biography and the intersection between biography and criticism.

00:03:16:00 You know, I never wanted to write one of those big, fat 700-page, doorstopper, cradle-to-grave jobs that pretend to know everything about the person. I always knew that the— I wanted to access Kathy through her work. And I believe, I think, in the spirit of Kathy, I think if she wouldn't agree with me about anything, I think she would agree with me about this: that there

can never really be a definitive picture of a person. Every biography will tell a different story. And I was very— I didn't know Kathy very well. We breathed some of the same air, we knew some of the same people; but we weren't close and I didn't know her. I came to know her through her writing and through the sources that I gathered. Generally, the archival sources were much more useful than interviews. Interviews tell you a lot about who you're talking to, but if you really want to find the subject, go to their letters, go to their diaries, see what they say to other people at different times.

00:04:28:10 There's something else really important that I wanted to bring out, but I lost it. So why don't I read the chapter? And I'm sure I will remember as it goes on, what the other issues are that come into play here. Yeah. I guess there's one more thing I'd like to add. Biographers have this way of judging people. And I think it's almost endemic that if you spend that much time with a person's stuff, with their life, that you start to form opinions, you know? And you fool yourself that, like, they're a person in your life and you're in a dialog with them. So as I was working on it, I would say over and over again that Kathy would make these choices that seemed to be so self-defeating. You know, she would say that she's longing for community; and then every time she's in something that's like a community, she sets up competitions and sleeps with everybody's boyfriends. Or she says she's longing to have a stable monogamous relationship; but then she only picks married people to go out with.

00:06:03:03 But taking a larger view, I mean, I came to realize that those weren't really her goals. The choice that she put first and foremost all the time and that all of her actions utterly served were to pursue her work as a writer. I mean, I came to so respect her seriousness and her dedication. And her writing didn't do very well with boredom. So like a lot of people, she had a lot of, you know, countervailing desires. She was paradoxical. And so my hope was like, for anything I would do as a biography, to reflect the paradoxical nature of this person, of all people, of life. So that's my introduction.

00:06:49:02 Here we go. 1996 to '97. She has just— Yeah, I've got to read you the last line of the last chapter. "Within weeks of returning, Acker had a routine biopsy of small lump she discovered in her left breast. It was the same unpleasant procedure she'd undergone periodically since her first cancer scare in 1978. But this time it wasn't benign. The doctors proposed a lumpectomy followed by radiation, but she demanded a double mastectomy and declined further treatment. She thought, I'll get rid of it all; just give me a mastectomy. Which, to her old friend Eleanor Antin, seemed like an act of total self-hate. David Antin talked on the phone to her doctor, who was very concerned about her prognosis without radiation. `She was so afraid,' Eleanor Antin recalls. `Her response was very paranoid, because it was like to her, radiation meant evil things, invisible rays coming into you. Do you know what I mean?'

00:07:52:01 "Georgina Ritchie also criticized this decision, fearing the mastectomy destroyed an essential defining part of her femininity. `I never like my breasts,' Acker retorted, `and I'd rather look like a boy.' Adopting an antioxidant diet designed to eliminate toxins, she consulted healers, acupuncturists, card readers, astrologers. Charles Shaar Murray had bought a ticket to see her in San Francisco that April, before she'd join him in London, so he was with her the day of the surgery. Later, she described routine anesthesia procedures as if they were medical torture. `One of the green[?] figures introduced a preanesthetic into the IV fluid that was dripping into veins. As soon as she inserted the liquid, I felt cold creeping around the base of my skull, eating at me. My brains were nauseous. I knew that I didn't want to be here. Then I knew that I could escape because my mind had been changed.'

00:08:49:21 "When they discovered the cancer had spread into some of her lymph nodes, the doctors urged

her to start chemotherapy, but she declined. She was afraid her hair would fall out; she was afraid of losing her teeth; she was afraid her muscles would wither. Eventually, she'd come to explain this decision as strictly financial. 'At the time, I was working as an adjunct professor at an art college, so did not quality for medical benefits. The price of the mastectomy was $7,000. I could afford to pay that. Chemotherapy begins at 20,000.' Still, she had more than $260,000 left from her trust, and many self-employed people at that time in San Francisco bought their own coverage. Her reasoning here wasn't flawless. She never spoke to the doctor again. Instead, she consulted Frank Molinaro and Georgina Ritchie. Ritchie referred her to the healer George Shulkan. Shulkan told her, 'You have to want to be well. You have to learn how to be well. That can take a lifetime or five lifetimes.'

00:09:55:05 "'All her friends,' Antin recalls, 'became enemies. She made enemies of everyone so no one could talk to her.' Georgina Ritchie, the past-lives regressionist, attributed Acker's state of dis-ease or unhealth to unresolved childhood trauma. Appearing in a cameo role in Eurydice in the Underworld, Georgina Ritchie tells Acker's character, 'I Roto-root the past. When a person goes through regression, childhood or past lives, that person is able to situate the trauma in the whole picture, and so stop obsessing about it. To overcome cancer, she had to find out what caused it.' This notion pleased her. Meaning, to Acker, had always meant power. It was a protection against chaos and failure. 'You have an abnormal childhood, you will have to live childhood over again,' the twenty-four-year-old Acker had written in her notebook.

00:10:51:06 "With Ritchie, she set out again to retrace her childhood in earnest, to discover what had gone wrong. 'Cancer became my whole brain,' she wrote in her notebook that spring. 'If only I could think enough. If only I could think hard enough. If I can find out the cause of the cancer, then I can change that cause. That's my only chance. Then the cancer will go away.' Later, she'd transcribe one of her sessions with Ritchie and fold it into Requiem, her opera libretto. George: 'Did Electra's mother try to kill her before she was born?' Yes.' 'When she was three months in the womb?' 'When you were seven months in the womb, your mother tried to abort you, using something to do with heat, a method common in those days.' Electra: 'I know this.' George: 'The abortion didn't work because you were meant to be born. You were helpless when all this happened. That's why you're scared.'

00:11:50:09 "By July '96, her healers agreed she was now cancer-free. She gave up her Cole Valley apartment, packed her books, and joined Charles Shaar Murray in London. 'She was working,' he wrote later, 'on the assumption that she was free of cancer, and she'd do whatever was necessary to stay that way.' She maintained a rigorously controlled diet, supplemented with all manner of herbs and pills and powders, frequent visits to a gallery of healers, and daily hours of yoga and meditation. Her interest in all things spiritual and esoteric deepened daily. Her healers, the ones she was seeing her and the ones in California, she consulted by phone for several hours a week. All told her she remained cancer-free, though massively debilitated by the aftermath of the disease and the high-pressure detox of her diet and the medicine she swallowed daily.

00:12:43:18 "Soon they discovered that living together in Murray's small, cluttered Islington flat wasn't ideal for two self-employed writers. She liked to sleep until noon; he was an early riser and wrote in the morning. And there was the question of money. Murray lived modestly: Acker, less so. Writing as Eurydice in a short dramatic text Eurydice in the Underworld, she addresses Shaar Murray as Orpheus. 'I traveled to your land, though I was scared that the trip would kill me. Legally, I was alien. There was no work. I was a nobody, a rat, a dowdy housewife. In the outside world, I was no one. There, you were someone.' Which was perhaps a stretch. She was extremely well-known. To younger contemporaries like the writer Stewart Home, she seemed

so much cooler than Charles. She was a much cooler person. Cool or hip. Still, London was no more hospitable to her than it was six years before, when she left it. She couldn't find work. When Home proposed asking her to blurb his new Serpent's Tail book, his editor told him not to use Acker. Whatever she wrote would put people off, because she was unpopular.

00:13:56:21 "She and Murray had decided things might be better if she found her own place. And so just two months after arriving in London, she bought a nearby basement apartment near the canals, at 14 Duncan Terrace, for 130,000 pounds. It was a cramped warren of low-ceilinged rooms, but the house overlooked a thin strip of park with wrought iron fences and benches. `It was a very prestigious address,' recalled Gary Pulsifer, `but it was a basement flat. It was dark. It wasn't a particularly big apartment. Books everywhere. Books, books, books. I said to Kathy, `You're like a rat living in a maze.' I thought, my God, why do you want to live in this place?' Even in separate quarters, the couple's disagreements continued. As Murray wrote, `We were caught in an endless cycle of breakups and reconciliations, sometimes two or three a week. Our feelings for each other were far too strong for us to let each other go; but our inability to create a practical emotional structure inhabitable by both of us kept driving us apart.'

00:15:01:10 "She was seeing a Chinese herbalist, a craniosacral therapist, and a healer. She was constantly tired. But the following month, she traveled back to the States to give readings. During that trip, she spent several days visiting with William Burroughs at his home in Lawrence, Kansas. `The whole Kansas visit means so much to me,' she emailed to Ira Silverberg. `My lineage. William, as I'm sure you know, is happy, and to my surprise, open and openly kind. He's always been kind, but scary to me on the surface. He hugged me again and made an effort to speak to me, despite my ridiculous shyness. Most of all for me, I could see how clear he is, how without rancor and all the obfuscations that blind most people.'

00:15:47:23 "Back home in London, the Charles mess continued. `He just keeps wanting to play James Dean and Natalie Woods. Was that her name? And strangely, I'm too old and too in need of a home.' Allen Ginsberg had just retired from his faculty job in the creative writing department at Brooklyn College, and Acker asked Silverberg to help her apply for it, but he had no clue how to do that. Finally, the department told her they'd consider bringing her in as a visiting writer. As usual, back on the road. Silverberg suggested she buy a subscription to AWP, Association of Writers and Writing Programs, a very valuable resource in looking for teaching work, and apply for jobs cold. Most of her colleagues and friends knew of her cancer diagnosis, but no one could or would help her find more stable employment.

00:16:40:07 "Meanwhile, she'd already accepted a visiting writer position at Hollins University, in Roanoke Virginia, for the spring '97 semester. Throughout the late fall of '96, she worked on "The Gift of Disease," a long essay about cancer and healing commissioned by The Guardian. The essay, she hoped, could eventually be expanded into a book about her encounters with healers. The piece ran in January, and then she left London for Hollins. The job was easy enough, but setting up another one-bedroom apartment, buying a motorcycle, a printer, and joining a gym consumed most of her salary. `I can't keep living out of a suitcase and owning a motorcycle in every port,' she emailed to Ira Silverberg. Still, she kept most of her emails to Silverberg, now editor-in-chief at Grove Press, upbeat and cheery. Sometimes she slipped. `I'm down here till May, and the loneliness really stinks. There isn't even a bookstore. A bit worried about the health. Have gotten myself run down, what with the strangeness and loneliness here, the breakup with Charles, and moving here. Oh, well. Love to everyone.' A week later, she called him and tried to talk with him about her career. `I have been so much in a non-literary world, and this, in a way, is a kind of

early attempt to make contact with the literary side of things again. I have no idea how to move this information about healing back to your side of the fence. In fact, I'm not sure I know how to move make back to your side of the fence. I'm a bit nervous.' His reply, `Career is ever-shifting. The same flight[?], but noncommittal.'

00:18:23:10 "Back in London in June, she thought about moving to a less depressing apartment, and even applied for a mortgage. She was having terrible shooting pains down her back and right arm, which she understood as the somatic effect of her anxiety and perpetual travel. She still had no agent. She'd written two new short pieces, both drawn from her life after cancer. Her old friend Gary Pulsifer had just founded the independent press Arcadia. He suggested combining these essays with some of her earlier works, into a new book for the press. She trusted Pulsifer, and at that time, had no other choices. They agreed that the new book would be called Eurydice in the Underworld. That summer, they met often for lunch at a barge restaurant near her apartment. She didn't look well. As a resident alien in the UK, she could've received free conventional treatment. Pulsifer didn't approve of her medical choices, so they rarely talked about cancer. `Sure chemotherapy's poison,' he told me in London in 2015, `but it's a chance.' At the time, he was being treated for cancer, from which he died sixteen months later. `Kathy,' he said, `was fascinated by the whole world, or aspects of the whole world, and she pulled the world into herself, which is unusual.'

00:19:46:05 "As summer progressed, she got sicker. She couldn't eat or digest food, or walk more than a few blocks without tiring. `I affirm that every day is a day of wonder. I affirm that though I don't see it, I have more money than I need, I earn more than I need. I live in a house with room for all my books, next to where I can walk in the woods. I am healthy. I love my work. My money and books are in the right hands of the right people and I have time for my work every day. I open more and more to vision,' she wrote in her notebook.

00:20:20:04 "One late afternoon, she and Murray went for a walk along the canal. Again, they were arguing. Her hands moving fast as she talked, she dropped her Evian bottle into the water. Murray leapt down the bank, fished it out, and handed it back. She took a long drink of water, not thinking then about how the filthy canal water must've seeped through the cap. By August, her liver had swollen to four times its size, but she was convinced that the pain in her gut was a viral infection. Every effect has its cause. Murray had poisoned her. The next time they fought, it was final.

00:20:58:18 "Eurydice was about to come out with Arcadia in September '97, but Acker saw no reason to stay in London. She already had tickets to fly to Chicago to perform Pussy with the Mekons for three nights in September. She decided not to use the return ticket to London, and move back to California instead. She put her flat on the market and invited friends she was still in touch with to stop by for a drink and help themselves to the unwanted clothes, books, and Ikea furniture that wasn't worth shipping. When Gary Pulsifer arrived toward the end of the party, nothing was left except for a box of financial records. He took them. Someday, he thought, these could be useful. And they have been. Her Islington flat sold for 160,000 pounds while she was on the plane to Chicago. For the three Pussy performances with the Mekons at Chicago Museum of Contemporary Art, she wore a gauzy white tunic over black leggings, and danced out in front of the band. The cool, clear soprano voice of the singer Sally Timms ranged over Acker's lyrics. `The foul breath of the lower mouth becomes a jewel. Jewels can't be cut, except with special tools. You had to cut me open, I was so closed.' She was tired during rehearsals because, she explained, she was getting over a bad case of food poisoning. Sometimes during performances, she closed her eyes and just swayed towards the mic. Everyone in the show knew she was terribly ill and understood that she'd rather not talk about it.

00:20:58:18 "In San Francisco, she checked into the Market Street Travelodge, an overpriced down-market motel south of the Tenderloin. She weighed less than 100 pounds. In her suitcase, she had some notebooks and clothes; her favorite stuffed animals; a few books, including the I Ching and the Bhagavad Gita; an assortment of vitamins, Chinese teas, herbal supplements, antioxidant compounds. She got back in touch with her healers and called her old friend Bob Gluck. Gluck was shocked when he saw her condition, and urged her to go to a hospital. She didn't call him again.

00:23:14:05 "At age thirty she wrote, in an undated notebook that year, `I was working in a cookie shop. There was absolutely nothing in the society that in any way made it seem possible for me to earn my living as a writer. I was and still am the most noncommercial of writers. I said, `If X doesn't exist, you have to make it exist. You just imagine it. Now I knew why I was so upset when my friends cried over my plight. All of me needed the opposite, joy and light. I would imagine. And those who wouldn't imagine it with me would have to go. I was too weak for any other stance.' Several days later, she moved to a boutique bed and breakfast in the Mission run by a lesbian couple she'd known the mid-nineties dyke scene. She hid out in her room, coming downstairs to make pots of medicinal tea, until finally the owners told her, 'You're too sick. You should be in a hospital. You can't stay here.' It was then that she called Sharon Grace, Aline Mare, and Matias Viegener. Together, they convinced her to go to a hospital, where she was admitted immediately. A CAT scan revealed that the cancer had spread to her pancreas, lungs, liver, bones, kidneys, and lymph nodes.

00:24:30:03 "When he heard the news of her illness, Sylvère Lotringer flew from New York to see her immediately. Seventeen years earlier, when she'd asked him if he wanted to live together, he'd been hesitant, never actually answered. And then she left for Seattle. They never formally parted. `I hardly understood at the time that we were breaking up, that I had to make a choice. After that, we kept crisscrossing each other's paths. There was a feeling that something existed between us, but it was never said. A potential that was never realized. I never stopped feeling close to her.' He was shocked when he walked into her room at the UC San Francisco Medical Center. She was extremely thin. `I actually sensed she could die any second. She was so grim-looking, and her skin looked like parchment. Her arms looked so pitiful I could hardly touch her; I was afraid of breaking her. And yet she was very excited at the same time, very lively.' The lumps had returned to her breasts. She told him, `I made all the wrong choices. Wrong boyfriends, wrong places.' She knew then that she had cancer. 'This little girl is not having fun.' But she wanted out of the hospital.

00:25:43:06 "In The Gift of Disease, she had written about Max Gerson's alternative cancer treatment research and the ongoing work of the Gerson Institute in Tijuana. She begged Viegener to bring her down there. But after they saw her x-rays, they told him the cancer was too advanced and they couldn't admit her. Finally, Viegener discovered American Biologics, a facility also located in Tijuana. Founded by a former electronics engineer who added MD to his name when he opened the clinic, American Biologics was the only facility that would accept her. Because he knew he'd have to return to L.A. every week for his teaching job at CalArts, Viegener enlisted his brother Valentine to stay at the clinic and help care for Acker. Valentine welcomed the job. He was at a loose end, thinking about going to art school. On Halloween night, Viegener ran around San Francisco, through costume parades, renting a van and gathering Acker's possessions. Sharon Grace found a registered nurse who was also a Buddhist, who could help keep her comfortable during the nine-hour trip. The next day, armed with oxygen tanks, Iv's and Demerol, they embarked on a medical road trip and arrived at the Tijuana clinic on the evening of November 1st, the Mexican Day of the Dead. It felt like the final frontier.

00:27:03:11 "'We left this high-technique landscape and arrived at this tiny clinic in a Third World country. It was the last stop. There was no going back. And things were good for a week or two. She was happy to get the alternative treatments.' The clinic was located next to an Alliance Française, in a formerly middle class residential neighborhood, one block away from one of Tijuana's best hospitals, the Hospital Del Prado. It was and still is frequented by Amish and Mennonite patients, whose religious beliefs preclude them from buying commercial medical insurance. 'The quality, not quantity of a life is the basis of our therapy,' the staff nurse [inaudible] she told me. 'We don't give radiation to critical patients. Instead, we build up their overall condition, their weight and their appetite. We take the advanced patients that others don't want to treat.'

00:27:58:08 "Kathy Acker had pleural effusion with advanced metastasis. She had her lungs drained, but eventually her condition progressed to a point that her heart could not tolerate. Friends began calling and faxing. Mel Freilicher, Connie Samaras, David and Eleanor Antin, Amy Scholder, Ira Silverberg, Dick Hebdige, and Sylvère Lotringer came down to visit. 'The clinic was really the end of the road,' Lotringer wrote in his notebook. 'Her legs were like sticks. Her arms were so pitifully thin. Barely fifty years old, and she looked like an old Jewish woman. One afternoon I asked if I could go out and get a few of those little pale blue notebooks that Mexican schoolchildren use. She wanted to start writing again. It was so sad seeing her imprisoned in her body and not yet ready to acknowledge her condition. It was like she was a child and couldn't accept what was happening. She had this sense of invincibility, in spite of everything. When I came back with the notebooks, she sighed. She knew she was too weak to use them. She looked at me and asked, 'Do you think they'll make a film about me?' 'Still,' Viegener wrote at the time, 'I was hoping the friends in San Diego would be more visible, though Tijuana seems to everyone there so far away, which it is, culturally.'

00:29:19:13 "Thanksgiving that year fell on November 27th, and by then she was slipping away. Viegener recalls feeling lonely. 'A few blocks away from the clinic, gunmen from a Tijuana cartel opened fire on Zeta magazine editor Jesús Blancornelas, the spiritual godfather of Mexican journalism, while he was on his way to the airport. Zeta had just published a photo of cartel leader Ramon Arellano Felix. The editor's driver and bodyguard, Luis Valero Azilate, was instantly killed. Blancornelas survived, and would spend the rest of his life as a virtual prisoner. That Saturday, David and Eleanor Antin and Mel Freilicher came down to visit Kathy. Surrounded by friends, she began to stop breathing intermittently. She asked Viegener to look for the list. 'What list?' 'The list to call the animals.' 'Kathy, we didn't make a list.' 'It's the list to call the animals back home.' 'Okay.' 'Would you look for the list?'

00:30:24:09 "During the last two weeks of her life, Viegener and Ira Silverberg worked on a fundraising letter to help with her clinic expenses. Printed on Grove Atlantic letterhead and signed by Silverberg, it was faxed to a list of her most established colleagues and friends. 'Dear X,' read the final version, 'the crisis looming now is a financial one, and keeping Kathy on a stable course of treatments. $7,000 a week is the cost of her stay. And if she is discharged, she'll need help with living expenses and outpatient treatment. I have made arrangements with Jonah[?] Poetry Systems to receive tax-deductible contributions for her healthcare.' The account closed out two days after her death. Total: $2400. In 2007, the Austrian filmmaker Barbara Caspar made a feature-length documentary, *Who's Afraid of Kathy Acker?* In her cut, with Acker's performances and interview clips and the recollections of some of her former colleagues and friends, a chorus of younger women describe what reading her work has been like for them.

00:31:31:22 "'She uses real words, and words that make people go, 'oh, my God.' So I like that about her. I think I learned a lot about myself; some things I didn't want to know, and some things I did. She was able to put it out and say, 'I don't care what people think about it; it's for me. It's for me to

work out my language. It's for me to work out my pain, and just find whatever answers I need. It's just life. It's experience.' And the more experience you have, whether it's good or bad or painful or disgusting or ugly, it's there. I think that's really what makes her so beautiful, that she's naïve, yet she does realize this whole world around her. She had lost that inner wonder and inner integrity to some sort of addiction or pain. And just wanting to be able to experience so much of life and put it into literature, I can relate to that exactly.'

00:32:26:04 "They may not read Acker's jokes or her compositional strategies or her fierce intellect. But something in her work connects deeply with them. Incredibly, critics of all kinds have embraced discursive first-person fiction in the last years, as if it were a new post-internet genre. These contemporary texts owe a great debt to the candor and formal inventiveness of Acker's work, and the work of her peers and progenitors. 'We're all the same in a way, do you think?,' Martha Rosler[?] remarked when we were talking about actor[sic]. 'Of course, that means we're competitive. But it also means we identify. I could've been Kathy; Kathy could've been me. I don't know, I could've been you; you could've been me. We all could've been Eleanor Antin. It's all the same. And by that I don't mean we're not who we are. But you know what I mean.' Thank you.

[APPLAUSE]