

Dear Mother or Longing in the form of a Turing Machine by Brad Borevitz

(No. 20) Westcott House
16/2/30
M. Borevitz
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Sherborne
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Dear Mother

I wrote to H^{rs} Horcom
as you suggested & it has given me
a certain relief. Ben^{ny} very kindly
sent me a note on Thursday saying
he had heard there was bad news
& to be prepared for the worst
They had the funeral at dawn
yesterday, to prevent any one coming
according to G. O'H. Perhaps you
sent flowers when you got my
letter.

I feel sure that I shall meet
Horcom again somewhere & that
there will be some work for us
to do together. I believed there
was for us to do here. Now that I am
left to do it alone I must not let him
down but put as much energy into
it, if not as much interest, as if he
were still here. If I succeed I shall
be more fit to enjoy his company
than I am now. I remember what
G. O'H said to me once "Be not weary of
well doing for in due season ye shall
reap if ye faint not" & about Bennett
who is very hard on these occasions
"Business may endure for a night
but joy cometh in the morning. Rather
Plymouth brethren perhaps. I am
sorry he is leaving. I don't never
seems to have occurred to me to
try and make any other friends¹²⁰
besides Horcom, he made every one
seem so ordinary, so that I am
afraid I did not really appreciate
our "worthy" Blaney & his efforts
with me for instance.

Fortunately I kept his letters &
one or two other little souvenirs.
He destroyed that map of the
states when I showed him its
imperfections. I asked H^{rs} Horcom
if she would find me a little
memento of him. I am sure she
won't mind. I do wish you had
seen him to see how what he was
really like.

your loving son
Alan.

Thank you for papers & map. Has substituted

1930 ...

I feel sure that I shall meet Marcom again somewhere and that there will be some work for us to do together just as I believed there was for us to do here. Now that I am left to do it alone I must not let him down but put as much energy into it if not as much interest, as if he were still here. If I succeed I shall be more fit to enjoy his company than I am now.

...

In Cambridge I met a boy and I thought of Christopher but the work we did was different. It was the work of crossing glances.

In London I met a boy and I thought of Christopher but the work we did was strange. It was the work of mingling waters.

In Princeton I met a boy and I thought of Christopher but the work we did was erroneous. It was the work of wrestling angels.

In Brighton I met a boy and I thought of Christopher but the work we did was peculiar. It was the work of inserting affections.

In Sheffield I met a boy and I thought of Christopher but the work we did was eerie. It was the work of removing impediments.

In Leeds I met a boy and I thought of Christopher but the work we did was confounding. It was the work of smoothing hackles.

In Edinburgh I met a boy and I thought of Christopher but the work we did was difficult. It was the work of dreaming solutions.

In Newcastle I met a boy and I thought of Christopher but the work we did was complicated. It was the work of decoding desperation.

In Liverpool I met a boy and I thought of Christopher but the work we did was problematic. It was the work of combing hounds.

In Dover I met a boy and I thought of Christopher but the work we did was awkward. It was the work of riding out yearnings.

In Leeds I met a boy and I thought of Christopher but the work we did was embarrassing. It was the work of enigmatic expression.

In Manchester I met a boy and I thought of Christopher but the work we did was upsetting. It was the work of sleeping in solvent.

... 1952 ...

In Manchester I met a boy and I thought of Christopher but the work we did was different. It was the work of my undoing.

... 1954 ...

There is nothing left for me here. I have eaten the poison apple. Dear Christopher, there will be some work for us to do together.

