

To: Jeffrey Epstein[jeevacation@gmail.com]; Jeffrey Epstein [REDACTED]
From: Richard Wurman
Sent: Mon 1/27/2014 3:56:00 PM
Subject: Fwd: Beginning of a memory of Seamus Heaney

C K WILLIAMS WAS AT WWW
PULITZER PRIZE WINNER
THOUGHT YOU MIGHT ENJOY

Sent from my iPhone
RICHARD SAUL WURMAN
respond to-- [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]

Begin forwarded message:

From: "C.K. Williams" [REDACTED]
Date: January 27, 2014 at 9:53:09 AM EST
To: WURMAN RICHARD [REDACTED]
Subject: Beginning of a memory of Seamus Heaney

I have a photograph, a snapshot, I cherish: Seamus, Adam Zagajewski, Paul Muldoon and I are standing on a sidewalk in New York, all of us smiling at the camera. The reason we're all smiling as broadly as we are is because Woody Allen had just stepped out of a limousine beside us, and though we'd tried to hail him, to say hello, or compliment him, or whatever one thinks one will enact in the presence of such vastly public entities, Allen had rushed by us into a doorway without a glance in our direction.

We all stood, perhaps a bit taken aback, and then, "My goodness," Seamus said, "he was *scuttling*, wasn't he? Just scuttling right along." And it was true, that was the precise and now only word to describe Allen, his posture, his velocity, and the odd, barely suppressed desperation of his gait. He had indeed *scuttled* out of our ken, and we were all standing there delighted, not by Allen, of course, but by Seamus's having plucked that word out of both the air, and—we surely, poets all, heard the echo—of "J. Alfred Prufrock," and its famous scuttling ragged claws...

C.K. Williams
[REDACTED]

Phone: [REDACTED]

Cell: [REDACTED]