

This attitude has complicated my attitude toward painting. I can't paint away in a direction (cultivate a genre to the point of saturation which allows the way one enters the area of exploitation of the consumer), take slides and hustle a dealer.

No. I have to putter. And if I got onto something solid—as regards my esthetic intellect—I will be able to maintain a direction and eventually acquire the obvious manifestations of penetration. Namely, oodles

of canvases on a theme. That's what they want to see. And if in the meantime I feel like working in paper mache I'll just take time off and work in paper mache. To hell with what they want.

One thing I begin to understand is the necessity of maintaining an active (tactile, physical) interest in painting. This is more complex a problem than it seems. For if one exerts enormous energy on a dream for glory and doesn't begin to achieve the goal, the dream is apt to burst. And one is likely to totally abandon the dream. I've done this in other areas. I do not want this to happen to my painting. So if I reduce the passionate factor in my painting to a level of complacency (albeit not void of emotion) I will be able to continue a programed effort. And then, instead of ever outgrowing painting, I may someday grow into it. Annew.

May 5, 1967

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I'm a fraud, I left art when it mattered²⁵
to me; I came back to it after nothing,
else mattered to me

1994

I'm afraid I left art when it
mattered to me;
I came back to it after
nothing else mattered to me-

