

Note: **text in blue** (Feb 1st entry & following) pertains to Samizu's art career in New York City

Feb 1, 1973

Design or idea of the painting took shape. Scarcity of the substance itself gives one a certain degree of uncertainty. Whether or not this vacantness of significance will deserves the labor of execution.

But honestly speaking, I can hardly find some important thoughts or some ideas with substance or some spiritual state worth mentioning, etc...

Feb 2 1973

The act of painting is the only ceremonial act left for me now. Only ceremonial act which justify my existence itself.

...

[Re Mr and Mrs Brown Too bad! What surprised me was their extraordinary interest in my painting Still Life. Perhaps power of magic has, after all, despite all those advancements of civilization, never really changed.

February 3, 1973 Saturday Visit the **home of Mr. HermanBrown. Saw three paintings that I sold to him: Opia!, Still life,and Barbara and the Fortuneteller** Regret that I did not have enough time to scrutinize again of **Opia! Despite of their special consideration displaying Opia! right in front of my place in table, I did not quite**

look at it because of petty concern for others (perhaps did not want to give them narcissistic impression?).

Actually, nothing is more pleasing to me than looking at my own works!

February 7, 1973 Wednesday

Everybody asks: Are you painting? The answer usually is No.

February 10, 1973. Saturday

Thought about calling Craig. [.....,] Perhaps its better by all means to forget about him and really get into painting.

February 11, 1973. Sunday

Just got held by extraordinary curiosity over my own youthfulness. I'm sure I look young. Pursuits of magic power. What else can beat this passionate pursuit of youthfulness!
I've got to start painting.

February 12, 1973 Monday.

...Then with Janet together we went to the basement - their living space. **Thought it was a good idea to paint all the wall and ceiling white. Can save electricity.**

Harold's coloured pencil works seem like screaming or shrieking voice of an epileptic. Lack of skill in rendition is rather obvious.

February 13, 1973 Tuesday

Then we three headed to Outlook dress shop, where Harold was working. Harold was very much of an Adonis! **It is rather difficult to imagine such a beautiful boy (19 years old) has been pursuing monstrous imageries of mainly female figures. Wonder whether he is merely going after a fashionable way of today, or has intuitively found the way to make himself even more attractive through grotesque and depressive imageries.** Maybe it is rather natural consequence for extraordinary beauty to seek a way out for the soul to shriek.

February 14, 1973 Wednesday.

Since I have had spent quite busy time for the last couple days, a certain degree of laziness should be justifiable. Smoked some marijuana and took sleeping pills on top of it. I must sleep well tonight.

Made up the basement for painting.

I call Kazuko.

February 15, 1973 Thursday.

Decided: Not to paint anything I don't like. If this brings drought, then I might as well starve to death.

The basement is cold.

Painted the underpainting of Celebrator. The self portrait as a great centerpiece.

Sleeping schedule again went out of whack

February 16, 1973. Friday.

10 minutes before 6:00 a.m. Strangely agitated (nervous).

Temperature went down below zero.

Design infrastructure for Celebrator took shape.

Must use biggest canvas available just in order to avoid parallel comparison with Rockwell. Present circumstance is actually in the same dimension (as Rockwell) as far as my own reality is concerned, therefore the adaptation of method reflective of this everyday condition is nothing but proper .

Proper is a strange expression. As though I'm expecting an audience.

Sometimes I think that it may be so much easier if I just turn into an insane person. I feel this kind of pulling power for insanity in the night when snow keeps falling. Snow seems like fish.

I really have to spend all my might for painting. Just keep painting. That's all.

The shapes jump around in front of my eyes. As if they are little eagles.

February 24, 1973. Saturday

Spent the whole day in bed. Did not a single thing.

Thinking a little bit about my family in Japan, and about Craig.

Or will I ever paint his pin (he wrote me a poem about a pin piercing my shoulder) and that strange desert in his face? (An expression as arid and vacant as a desert.) This

perhaps is one of those memories that seem to last up to the end of my life.

February 23, 1973 Sunday Got out of bed around five pm. Just sat there in front of the television till 2:00 a.m. **After Dony had gone to sleep, went to basement and did some charcoal sketching. Continued till six a.m.** There wasn't pain except for coldness in my leg.

Must enlarge chairs in [Celebrator's] background. Put more light on ceiling and added more stuff such as tube, water pipe, electric wires, etc, in the ceiling part. Settled down to mundane-magic effect of painting in the painting. May be some one might buy this.

February 24, 1973

Painted in basement from 12 a.m. to about six a.m. My painting is a satire. Don't care very much about the French caricature painter Domier, but to be a humorist is not too bad. There are many ways to laugh.

Never as anything been more in vain than trying to explain my paintings. After all I have to express every thought I associate with every brush stroke at every particular moment. In other words its absolutely impossible to give, at the time of completion, words to all those infinite streams of thought.

I'm putting meaning (significance) to every little speck on the floor of the painting's back lower foreground. Without this sense of giving significance, I don't think I can paint anything at all.

Came up with another title for the work: Introduction to the Great Centerpiece.

February 27, 1973

Letter from Craig arrives. Wrote a long reply.

Promised to paint a picture of flower May have to go to Colorado since the picture is going to be as big as a whole wall.

March 15, 1973 Thursday. Kazuko and Ashizawa visit.

Blue flower was decorating the table and table utensils are delicately shining, yet what a vacant feeling to see deep and sharp torrent running through among humans. If you draw a white line from top of their head and bring all together at some point in space and imagine that they might somewhat cross each other, then you'll see strange design in while no line crossing one another.

March 20, 1973 Tuesday. Finished draft of the painting Celebrator by charcoal.

March 23, 1973. Friday. A letter from Lisa Garber arrived. There seems a fantastic misunderstanding about my mentioning the comparability of painting and womanhood.

Actually my intention from expression like "woman hood" meant my own particular need to explain to myself the significance of Craig's existence, and since Craig's being represents vitreous quality to me.

I want to display a lot of glass objects in the painting (Celebrator) that I'm painting. Hence, I have used word "womanhood" to connote all those feelings. But my impression is that she mistook these for women's liberation movement. Wonder how she would respond if I told her that I've got not a single interest in such movement. In fact I even feel revulsion toward those activities.

Took a sketch of Donny (main character of "Celebrator") and retouched underpaint. Fumbling around until 7:00 am wondering this and that. It is "a beautiful morning".

March 24, 1973 Saturday

Feeling rather serious hostility from **Mrs. Riker**. I don't like her. Must get out of here as soon as possible.

Don't feel like painting.

That foolish woman! She even has to put her words about my painting. Acting out, catching on my acting idiot. I don't like her.

March 26, 1973. Monday.

Wrote a postcard to the parents of Rick (Fumi's first husband) telling them that Minoru would drop by with ball point pen sketch of their portrait.

Have to finish oil painting within this year.

Shoulder hurts.

March 27, 1973 Tuesday

Put make up on. 6:00pm I went to city to attend the allied artists of America meeting. Asked the way to the Salmagundi Club Building in which the meeting was held, to a policeman. He not only showed me the wrong way, but also asked me for a date!

Salmagundi Club was located at 5th Avenue and 9th Street. Old but not so graceful looking inside. **there were, as I expected, water colour paintings looking like they were suffering from chronic "Indian summer disease"** displayed on the wall without much of consideration.

Among them a painting of a boat was outstanding with its dynamic composition. It was a prizewinning one. Seems like my "eye" for artistic judgment hasn't changed Folding chairs were lining the wooden floor and we were supposed to sit there.

The president was on the podium struggling with the microphone, and all the committee members were sitting undisturbed. Their average ages seemed to be 50-60. New members looked middle of twenties to thirty. Everybody had to take a look at me. General atmosphere was those of conservative tradition which generally assumes hostile behavior against heretics.

Previous president Mr Riljarger was a large man with sanguine countenance, nervous type, spoke in small voice. When I went to introduce myself, he seemed run out of words. Mr. Rolf Fabri was chosen for the new president. And I became a 'judge in waiting'. Since last year they began to open doors to newcomers, so they said.

Three young men with long hair were newly accepted I was the lone female.

Refreshment was coffee and sandwiches. Talk to new member young Chinese. Acquainted with middle aged Jewish man. One of the new members send me back home with his car.

END EXCERPT

March 28, 1973 Wednesday It is supposed to be an honorable thing to be a member of the [Allied Artists of America](#). It left me with some impression to see a couple *1 seemingly in the middle of their 40s, trying hard to hide excitement of being accepted as new members. They have a gallery on Long Island in Maine, featuring paintings of children and other "sentimental" works.

The business called Art. Reminds me of that young Chinese/Taiwanese artist's commercial spirit. Everything reminds me of the atmosphere of Albany Arts Center in Oregon. *2

Notes:

*1 Husband of the newly accepted member, who took me back to home in their car the previous night.

*2 Created by mature artists (mainly housewives)

March 29, 1973 Thursday. Took whole night (why does the Japanese letter for "night" resemble the letter for "death"?) to write a letter to Mr. Nakayama. mainly about my present circumstances and pottery exhibition (A project I proposed to him instead of running commune houses.)

John Berry called me a "scavenger", because of all the junk packed in my painting 'Triumphal Return'. (He didn't know that they are already there in Mr. and Mrs. Delaney's basement.)

Actually the greatest reason for me to be in New York is because of this scavenging spirit,

April 2, 1973. A letter from Craig arrives. Pale and thin. Seems like looking through onion paper. Seemingly he likes Estes Park. Says bought the prints of Milo and Gogh and put them up on wall. Seems like he liked to decorate walls. Must paint big (huge) painting of flowers. As time passes by, so something also slides away. Just like one by one petals of roses falling down.

April 3, 1973 Tuesday Painted in the basement from 1 pm to 5 pm. Ah! Everything is so cold! Black cat curled up on dirty blue rug. Its already been two hours but the cat does not even move.

Motionlessly feeling my feeling with his back. As though he knows that if he turns around and looks at me straight, the calmness may crumble down and understanding became impossible, he sits there turning his back toward me, holding breath trying to grasp situation. Toward its shining black back my feelings run seeking for focal point.

That's why my canvas is vacant, and my brush moves around aimlessly as if scratching the back of turtle. What an alienated, worthless act!

Thinking about using wiring on ceiling as motif.

April 4, 1973 Wednesday Translated by Shinjo Hikari
Then, I draw at basement until almost 5pm.

April 10, 1973.

I draw a painting. From 1pm to 5pm, and from 9pm to 11pm. A 6-hour total. I draft the background. I received a notification from Artists USA.

April 11, 1973. Sunny, windy and cold. I woke up at 11AM. I make time for painting, from 1pm to 5 pm, from 9pm to 11pm, total 6 hours. I finished drawing the draft of the chair of the picture within the paint. It took time to get back on track. I spent 4 hours to solely draft one chair.

The remaining two chairs were a 1-hour job each. Cannot complain if it gets faster! (laugh). As if one was doing carpentry! (laugh). My health condition is excellent, except for my tight shoulders. Eyes are doing great too.

April 12, 1973 Painting from 2pm to 6pm. From 8 pm to 11pm. Total 7 hours. I struggle devoting my full concentration. I have no idea why. I am afraid spending such a long-time in a closed room. I feel like falling in a bottomless mud puddle.

April 18, 1973. I feel refreshed after having thrown a tantrum at Mr. Chodo 's secretary. I had the urge to scream at someone.

I paint for about 5 hours. Flowers are blooming in the garden. Narcissus. Hyacinths.

April 19, 1973.

I laze in my bed until 3pm. I have a headache, I lack sleep, I could not sleep well last night. I fell down the stairs. I got a big bump on my arm. My hips and right arm got hurt.

I sit in the basement and stare at a picture. Emotionless.

I draw around the ceiling little by little for about 30 minutes. It annoys me that Donny is constantly dozing.

My right arm is numb. It is fine though, if it is not paralysis. If anything happens to it; I am ready to commit suicide. Think calmly, it is horrifying. It can't be helped. If I could not be able to draw anymore one day, I would just spend rest of my life watching TV. Slightly sick. Sunny.

Warm

April 24, 1973. Sunny then cloudy. I go out on the roof from the window and see Donny blowing bubbles. The blue of the sky is beautiful. I finished drafting the ceiling (inside of the painting).

April 25, 1973. I am not myself. For seven hours straight, I try hard to produce something on the canvas, but the result is disastrous. The light of the beam is too low so the mark of a strong brush shines, and the mark of a weak brush cannot produce any effect.

I am not feeling good. It feels like all the nerves of my body are screaming. Like an army of insects ramping all around my flesh. It feels strange.

[.....]

I received an invitation from Lynn Kotler Gallery to exhibit at the three people exhibition . I am planning to accept. There is a small memo, and it is written in red about my painting of N.Y.A.S in 1970. Price:185 dollars.....

April 28, 1973. My cat came back from the veterinary. He 's alright. He needs to receive medicine twice a day. I spend all day in front of the TV. I am thinking to paint something around a TV Viewer theme.

April 29, 1973. 6 pm, I got a phone call from Craig. From Colorado.

I could not keep calm, we talked about weather (Colorado is still sunny in general, but today was cloudy), about Mr. Nakayama, about painting, about the fact that I may visit Colorado someday, about the letter, (I 'm waiting for a letter, reply, what kind of letter ?

Answer: any type of letter will do, reply, that is why I am talking over the phone now '€!'), the things that I thought I could get, but in the end not.

Ultimately, the phone is just sound , it is infinitely empty and cannot be a physical evidence of any kind. The very existence of Craig becomes virtual, completely transparent.

I paint around 3 hours in the basement. I am not in the mood to continue, so I just stop.

April 30, 1973. I received an invitation for a solo art exhibition of Joe Hin Low (he is Chinese). His artwork is typical. I think I will go there with Kazuko on Thursday. If I can manage to get up in the morning.

I painted 7 hours or so. I feel great. I might be in a better condition when lacking sleep. The basement remains cold.

May 6, 1973 I spend most of my day in bed. I doze off the entire day. **Woke up at 6pm. I paint until 8 o'clock in the morning.**

May 17, 1973. This week, I woke up early and spent my whole days painting. I do not feel well today (dizzy), and sleep until 11:00am.

I sit in front of my painting in the basement, staring at it for more than 3 hours. Doing nothing ? Did I not smoke a lot ?

I was thinking about the letter from Lisa (that arrived yesterday). In short, it deals with how a woman is supposed to carry the weight of the unusual condition of being a woman. If men were obsessed with the nature of their existence as women are with theirs, civilization would be half advanced from where we are right now. Or at least I am convinced that industrial revolution would have happened way later in time. If the sexual orientation towards women was such a crucial element in the core of existence, most of our objects would be unnecessary, and would be easily abandoned deep in the forest.

Being a woman and being a painter is not incompatible, but one side needs to shut its conscious to let the other

operates. In other words, a woman who paints and a painter. In the latter case, it is vital to abolish any sexual targeting from men.

July 11, 1973 Bill came. I got a phone call from Malena, she invited me to go to New Jersey.

After eating, once Donny and Bill left, I draw little. I feel emotionally slumped.

July 18, 1973

I draw from 11:00pm to 4:00am. I made picture in the painting by Polaroid photograph. Might be better if there was nothing in background.

July 26th 1973 Thursday.

After dinner printed paint until 5 a.m.

August 1, 1973, Wed.

Painted for 10 hours.

October 3, 1973. Wednesday

Finished painting "Celebrator"

Don't have any particular feeling other than what one may feel after the hard labour. No Pulse. Perhaps the vitality itself runs out of me in defeat.

Feeling like entrapped. The trap called "everyday

**consciousness” coldly surrounds me without smell,
without substance, transparent and immobilized. In it, I sit
still, like a little squirrel.**

October 11, 1973. Thur.

**Brought painting (Celebrator) to the Allied Artists of
America exhibition.**