

put the thing into, the space that wraps it round, and the thing that counts above everything. Still, he's right pep up. I wonder if he had seen my stuff in Seattle. I haps Hatch would write but no word, only a printed preview some Japanese prints and temporary shows, so n lumped with the "temporary shows." It's a bit of a s to show I am conceited and thought my show was to item of the galleries in Seattle for the month, but I'm in "temporary."

November 26th

m Seattle. The show opened last night. Well, forget it less your work is only humdrum—ordinary anyhow—ideshow of the galleries for the month.

ried a bit from Lawrence's book, *St. Mawr*, about a pine ver but it's not my sentiments nor my idea of pines, not es anyhow. I wish I could express what I feel about ours s only a feel and I have not put it into words. I'll try later ng to find equivalents for things in words helps me find in painting. That is the reason for this journal. Every- onnected up. Different paths lead to the great "it," the r to get at by hook and by crook. Lawrence's book is so hing these days is people talking of sex and psychology. This would-be-smart psychology makes me sick; it's so , digging round inside people and saying why they did hat law of mind they came to such and such, and making e statements, and yanking up all the sex problems, the everything. They claim they are being real and natural, to the primitive. Animals are simple and *decent* with hings happen naturally and just *are*. It's all simple and t we—ugh!—we've fouled it all . . . dirty books, filthy ick everywhere.

