

It was heartening to me to begin in October of my 82nd year, I didn't know what was happening. I began without intention to draw when I was sitting down in order to write. Because I had written a lot of my life and was a publisher of science text books and that kept me busy from the time I was 15 in Toronto and so October of this year...

(IP interrupts to correct date)

Anyhow, I don't get any of it right any longer....revision of my final results...

(Sip of a glass of water.)

This is Gin.

(Laughter.)

What I want to say is a substantial thank you to the people who have mattered to me over the last 10 years and been part of my shaping the work I've been doing. I wasn't clear with myself or anybody and neither was I clear with myself when I began. It was peculiar and...

I'm not clear about how to say this. I'm not *able* to *become* what I had intended to become. I had meant to begin writing and I thought if I were to write that would be sufficiently similar to my work as a publisher across the years and for some reason I began one morning to attempt to write and I had a piece of paper on which to do that and instead and for no reason whatever I began to draw. And with no skill, no intentions, no background. Somehow the drawing, encouraged by my wife, became a purpose. And the purpose was invaluable not so much because of the nature of the work but the way I felt about being who I am and discovering who I am. It was an exploratory exercise essentially futile and silly but it got hold of me somewhere inside me and became a complete reality. So, if ever you feel inclined to do something, give it a shot — it can become a reason to be alive. What will happen with all of this I have no idea...

I am grateful to the people who have helped me. Allan Gurganus was an inspiration for me because of his way of working and his steady strength and assertion even though he didn't realize that I was a member of his world. Nor should he, I am not a member of his world, but I felt myself to be an integral connection with his pursuits.

And likewise Frank and Ellen, they were a gallery over here, far away from home. For me that is. I don't drive anymore because instead of driving on the road I was driving in ditches and I didn't think it was a good idea for my car. That started me, the activity. I am not able to tell you why this happened or how it happened or whether it will continue to happen but it has been satisfying.

(IP Interrupts re Lily and Hollis.)

Lily Bamberger, maybe you have met her, Bill Bamberger's daughter. And Hollis. Hollis is a peculiar youngster....the son of Ippy's and my daughter.

(IP interrupts re NP's beginning by drawing at the table with these 2 children in restaurants)

I didn't *know* that I was drawing.

(Laughter)

And neither did anybody else. I wasn't.

With encouragement from Ippy and help from other artists I presumed and maybe wrongly that I could manage something other than writing. And I wasn't a good writer either. But I certainly wasn't a worthy contender of art. So...

(IP interrupts)

Anyhow I am going to END now

(laughter)

because I am worn out and fucking tired.

(laughter)