

## Oscar Bluemner

Extracted on Mar-29-2024 04:14:50

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is felt, the sum of all, human, all that I meet all the time, in me, about me, -"condensed in a mustard seed" in any [[intrine?]] angle of space. And I feel clearly the limitation of myself as well as of painting so as to do that, and of time and money to accomplish it, and of my raving blood that rushes me to side paths, in many ways.

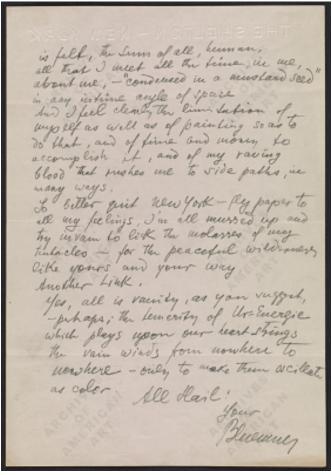
To better quit New York - fly paper to all my feelings, I'm all mussed up and try in vain to lick the molasses of my tentacles - for the peaceful wilderness like yours and your way.

Another link.

Yes, all is vanity, as you suggest, - perhaps; the temerity of Ur=Energie which plays upon our heart strings the vain winds from nowhere to nowhere - only to make them oscillate as color.

All Hail!

Your Bluemner



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