

001 ■ October 20, 1947 — June 30, 1948

Shōwa 22-23 / Age 27-28

November 6, 1947

Yesterday, Maruyama apparently took framed works to the *Dainiki-kai* exhibition (the Hankyū show). Unfortunately, I don't have a frame for a 25 gō painting (Japanese size), so I'll have to give up on exhibiting at Hankyū. I must work to eat. However, painting is what keeps me alive.

Like Quasimodo in *The Hunchback of Notre Dame* (in the film...), even if people laugh at me, as long as I can find satisfaction in painting, I need nothing else. In fact, the more I am despised or mistreated, the more deeply attached I will become to painting through that very contempt and hardship.

As things stand now, no matter what happens, I cannot imagine choosing death. Even if I had to become a thief, I would still go on painting. What I dislike most is when people look at me as though painting were some strange curiosity. I have resolved to live as a world-class artist, yet I am content for others to see me as nothing more than a laborer.

*Source: Uemae Diaries, 1947-2020: Chiyu Uemae and Gutai (ed. Hiroyuki Nakatsuka, 2019)*