



ANNE TRUITT



SELECTIONS FROM THE WRITINGS OF ANNE TRUITT

I slowly came to realize that what I was actually trying to do was to take paintings off the wall, to set color free as three dimensions for its own sake. This was analogous to my feeling for the freedom of my own body and my own being, as if in some spontaneous way I felt myself to be color.

—12 OCTOBER 1976, *DRAWING*, p. 91

[In 1961] at the Guggenheim, I saw my first Ad Reinhardt. I was baffled by what looked to be an all black painting and indicated when [my friend] pointed out the Adolphe changes in hue. I remember feeling a sense of gratitude—to her for showing me such an incredibly beautiful fact and to the painter for having made it to be seen... And when we strolled into the lowest semi-circular gallery, I saw my first Barnett Newman, a sunrise of blue paint by which I was astoundedly startled. My whole self tilted into a "Through" was my radiant feeling—far more in my life enough space, enough color. It seemed to me that I had never before been free. Even running in a field had not given me the same airy boundless. I would not have believed it possible had I not seen it with my own eyes. Such openness wiped out with one sweep all my petty ideas. I staggered out into the street, intoxicated with freedom, tilted into a realm I had not dreamed could be caught into existence.

—17 MARCH 1975, *DRAWING*, pp. 155–56

I having taken off from the houses, trees, fences, and fields of my childhood... I very soon found that I was leaving the literal object behind... I discovered that what really interested me was proportion, which soon led me into the fascinating reaches of correspondence between form and color, and ultimately to the work I am doing now, at once more austere in structure and more expressive in color.

—3 MAY 1975, *DRAWING*, pp. 163–64

In the Place Vendôme yesterday, I imagined my work free to face with its elegant elegance and felt for the first time the full force of Clement Greenberg's statement that in my sculpture I had "blended with the look of non-art." A few wooden boards painted white. Could they be art at all? In the beginning, in 1961, I never thought about that. I walked on the open airy fields of my own mind among the sculptures I was making and intended to make without ever looking beyond my own raptly engaging world.

—11 MARCH 1984, *DRAWING*, pp. 124–25

The sculptures are simple fabrications. They decline to show technical processes nor the implied functions of the artist who for their own good reasons have brought the materials and methods of industry into the service of art... I use wood for a number of reasons. A tree grows slowly, my temperaments is slow-growing. I feel skin to wood, which absorbs paint as I have found that I absorb experience, as layers that become intrinsic. And wood looks itself to planes. A stone glass sculpture shows emphasis on color, sets it free into three dimensions so that a whole sculpture reflects the light to which human beings owe their lives.

—DRAWING 1972, *DRAWING*, pp. 72–73

January and February are my favorite months. I like the bare branches of trees, structure becomes visible, and the white colors, all sorts of varieties of browns and grays that are seen only at the time of year, brought into focus by the pellucid light that is in close analogy as I know to the silence out of which my work emerges.

—1972, *DRAWING*, p. 131

I am working steadily, today mixed deeper and deeper purples for a colorless sculpture, adding color in small dapples that alter them as little as possible while allowing them just-visible differences. This is the next of pursuit is art that I like best the pursuit of the just-visible, of some mystery that seems to me to lie at thresholds of perception.

—DRAWING 1972, *DRAWING*, pp. 207–08

Ann Duetz published three volumes of poems: *Daybreak: The Journal of an Artist* (Berkeley, 1962); *Tides: The Journey of an Artist* (Oling Papers, 1962); and *Prospect: The Journey of an Artist* (Berkeley, 1966).

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