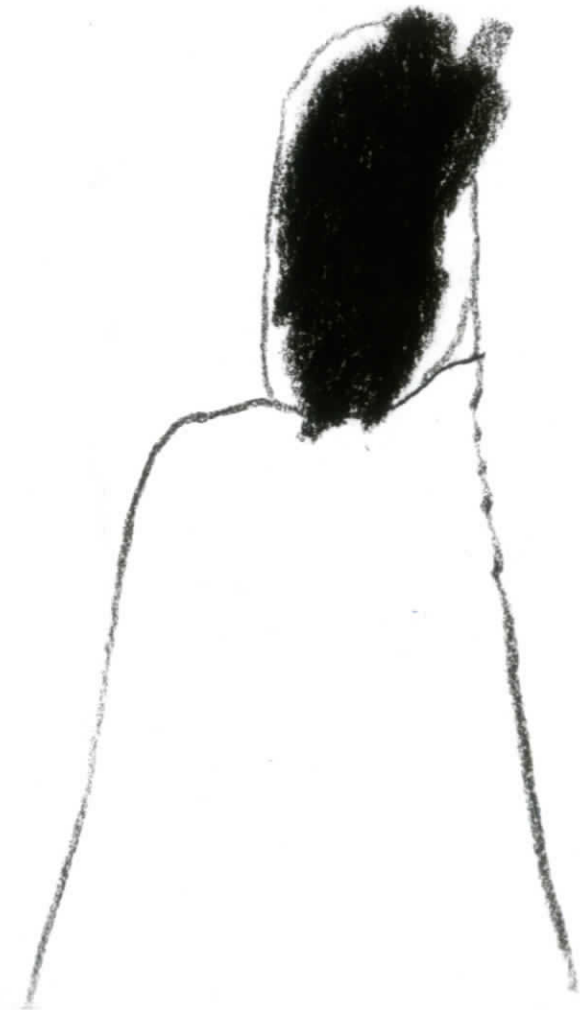


Book II



Writing as Drawing : Drawing as Writing







I is a line, a distinguishing line



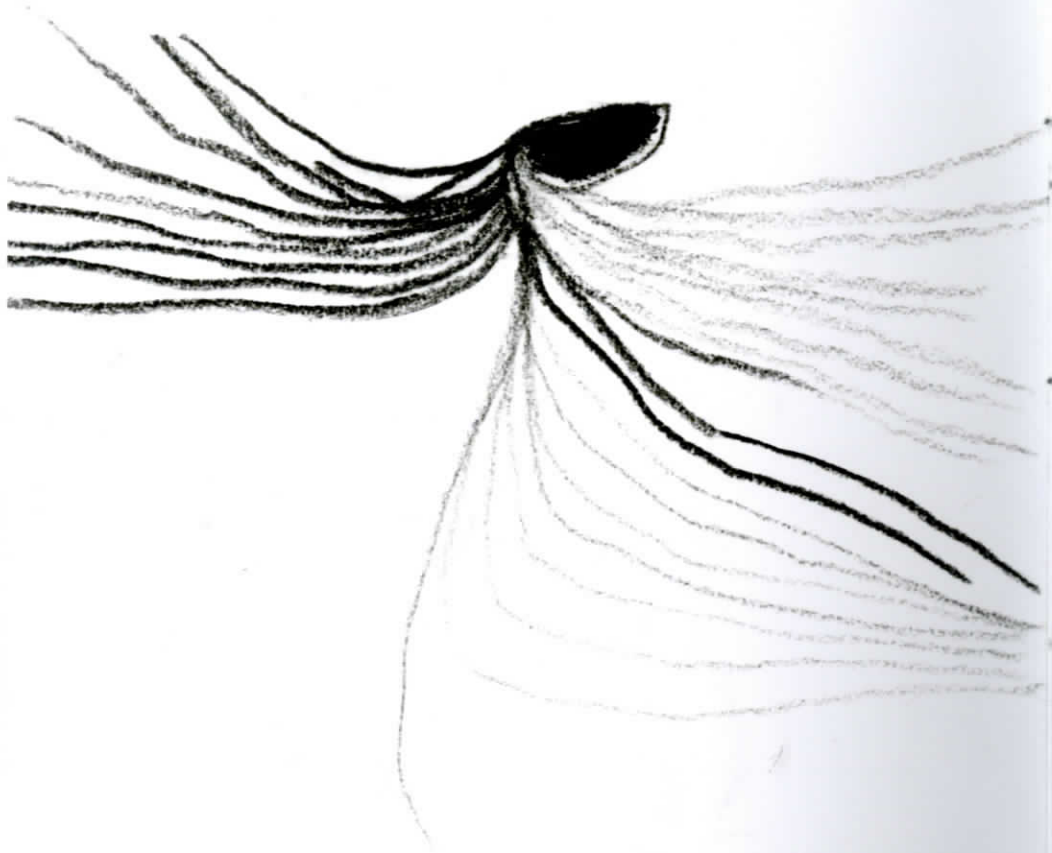
I am querying this very line, the territorial line and this line too indicates in its essential form I as draughtsperson,





I is a mark, a mark that is marking a territory.

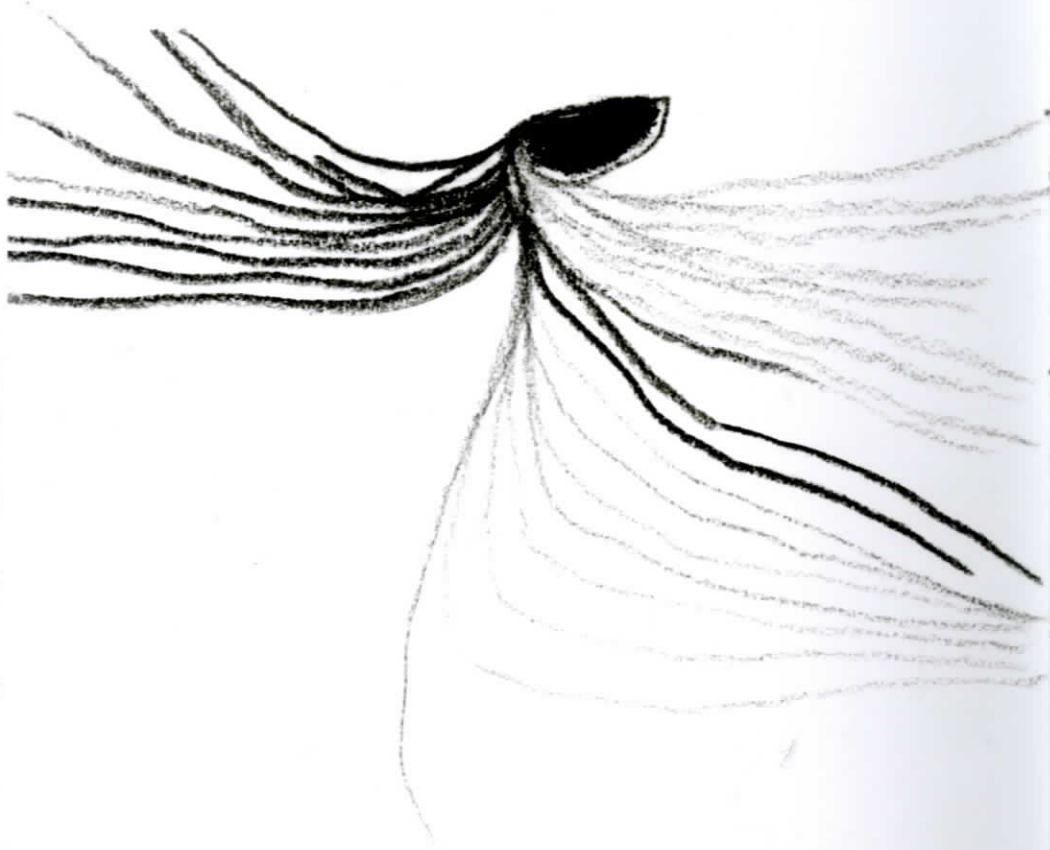
.I. I bespeaks I the artist the draftswoman the drawer of drawings.



Drawing devices

drawing activated by a construction
sculpt
mould
weave
interlock
pile up
sticking together

it is an intimate medium, it transfers and never rejects, it embodies it contains
it extends out, it is sensitive it breathes it requires layer to become more
dense



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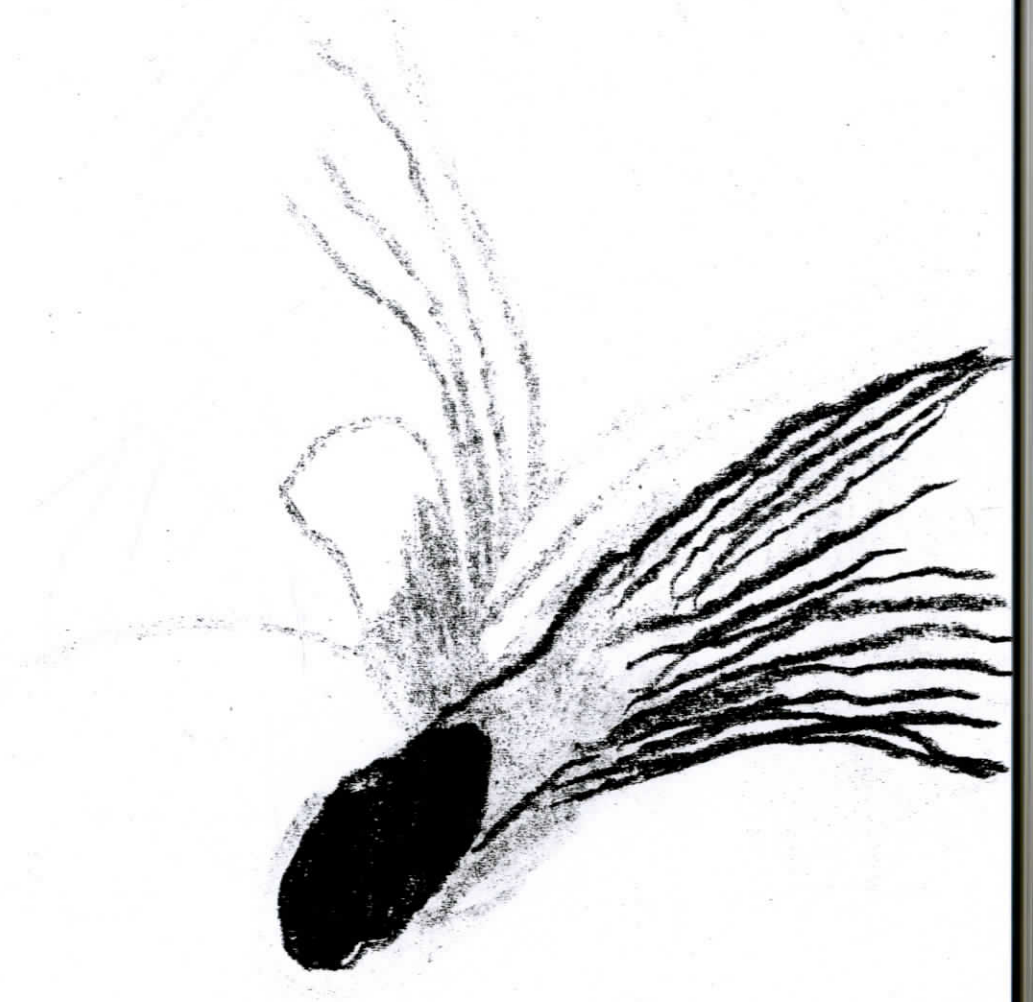
you offer consistency and tension
does it involve a crossing of sort you are organic you curve you can come
inside and outside of yourself
you are organic you interloop

you can exist as a tension that needs to be pushed out of you
you can be binded and fastened to anything a being or object structure

you can tangle unravel cause absolute torment in being unable to be come
undone
you can become absolutely chaotic yet functional pragmatic
separation and boundedness *****
union

you can be manipulated and forgiven you can suggest stability and eternity
you can disappear through a hole

drawing like that of a construction of a nest can be molded, sculpted, piled up
, woven, interlocked and stuck together, it requires a support of sort
something that carries it , holds it







begin with entanglement and connections, the knots and tensions that exist
within practical practice
entanglements that loop, connect, knot, tie, untie, release, come into each
other and out of each other on a continual consistent basis

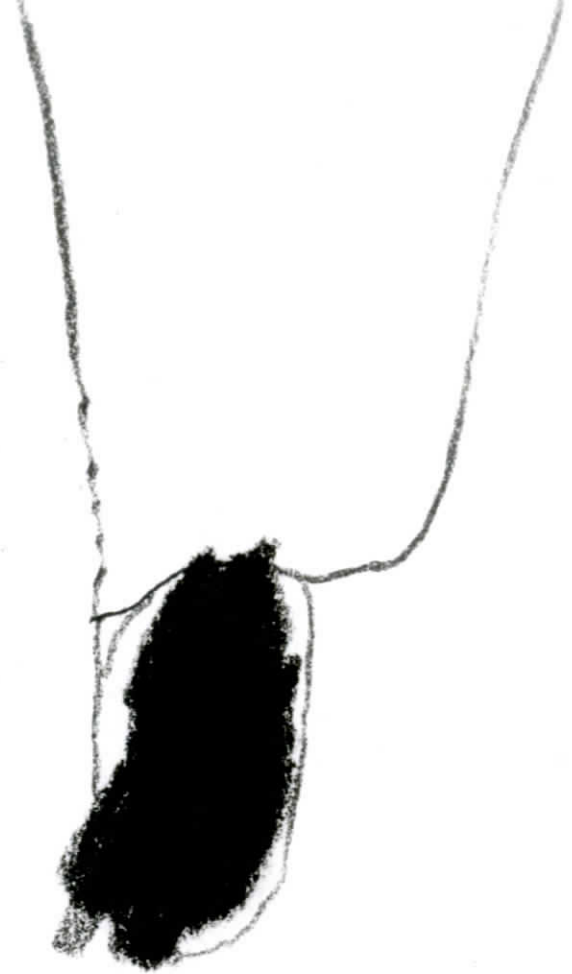


drawing allows a freedom it informs, the very essence of drawing is a tentative
release, a habitual release a meditated release an intended [un]intended
release

dear horizon

i know it is were the earth and sky meet but what does it mean to me, were
the horizontality of line cuts the earth in half, but where do i meet you?
through lines of flight, mark making as border and territory

lines of horizon , horizontality of the body and the horizontality of horizon



Herewith me, day to day lie piles and piles of chaotic newsprint papers odd ends of papers bits of papers, papers of thought, of quotations of texts or texts that have informed, inspired or rejected my practice. stuck on the wall, lying on the floor scattered between the studio and home spaces.

Truth to work, truth in practice, an understanding thereof.

To create something linear,
connects
varying tensions and releases.

drawing as moment, drawing as mapping of architectural space, architectures
are not merely physical , concrete, architectures exist ubiquitously the
architectural space of the memory, a physical, the imaginary or a trauma of a
resurgence in ones life
returning to something that is tangible

the question of charcoal as medium

it allows translucencies, it entertains this notion of magic, escape layer anxiety
fortitude a threshold in itself as it is always in a transitory state, it can escape
the surface (of the paper) it remains on the hands and continues onto any
surface that may come into contact with it if not forcible fixed

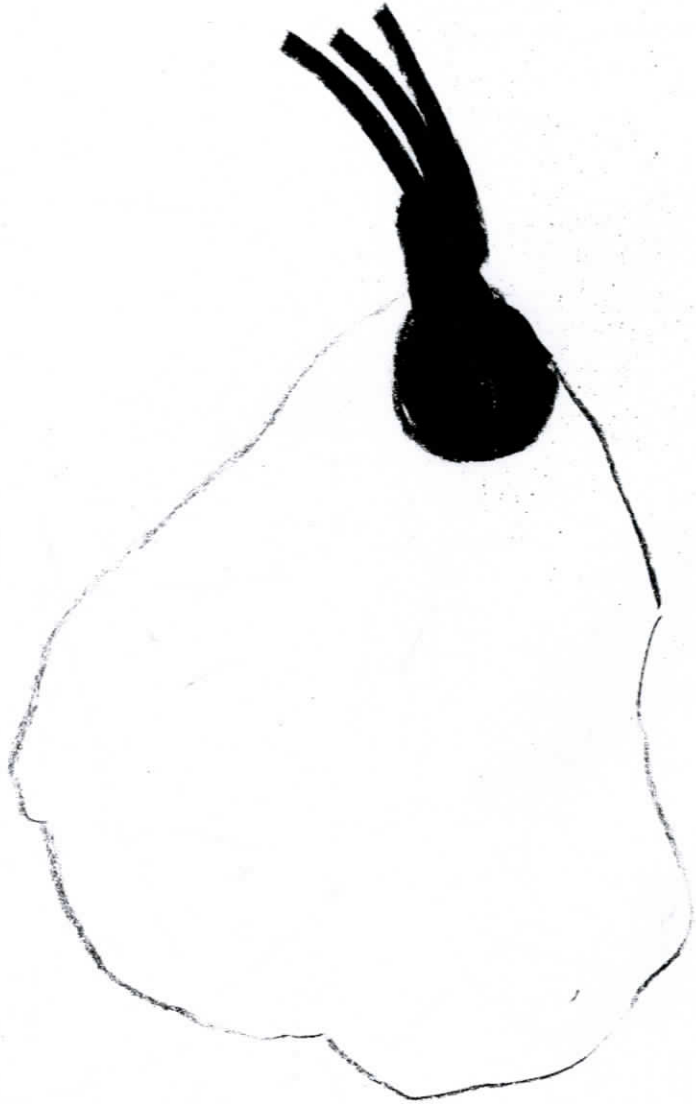




incidental drawing

moments of trepidation
moments of thought

how do I reach you when i can't see you
I can just let the tension drive me forth



dear drawing
you have movement, you are able to withstand weight, hoist raise hold a
structure of any sort yes you are fragile one side can be uneven to the next
and then you can fall, you can fall quickly and not quietly
you can be both vertical and horizontal all depending on the equality in
tension, tension drives you keeps you together
you can move yet remain static too
you have an opening just above your mechanical system, an openness and
empty space that need to be tied to something else to be functional, to
operate you are also in a sense are dependable on something else holding
you tight

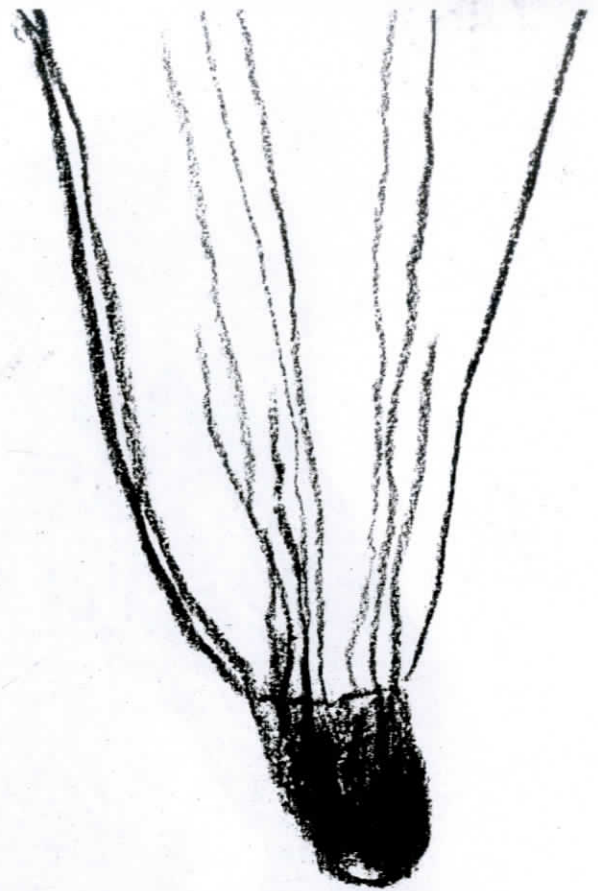
device in practice practical devices do i need you to hold a paper together

i can achieve blackness, soft blackness that entraps you engulfs you invites
you in seduces you
you know what it is you understand it you can project into it

the body is in immediate contact with drawing, it invokes movement gesture,
interaction with space

drawing darkness

blackness is cosmos, blackness is unconsciousness is consciousness, i write
to blackness blackness writes to me, blackness arrives out of meditative
states out of layer ,translucency upon translucency







colour palette
brightness and darkness, organic earth without darkness we cannot place
light

Language in description or essence is intimacy language whether text based or visual based is intimacy. Intimacy with author writer artist, viewer reader audience. Intimacy of the body, the body that interacts with an action of writing drawing it is all the same interaction just different capacities and degrees of intimacies.





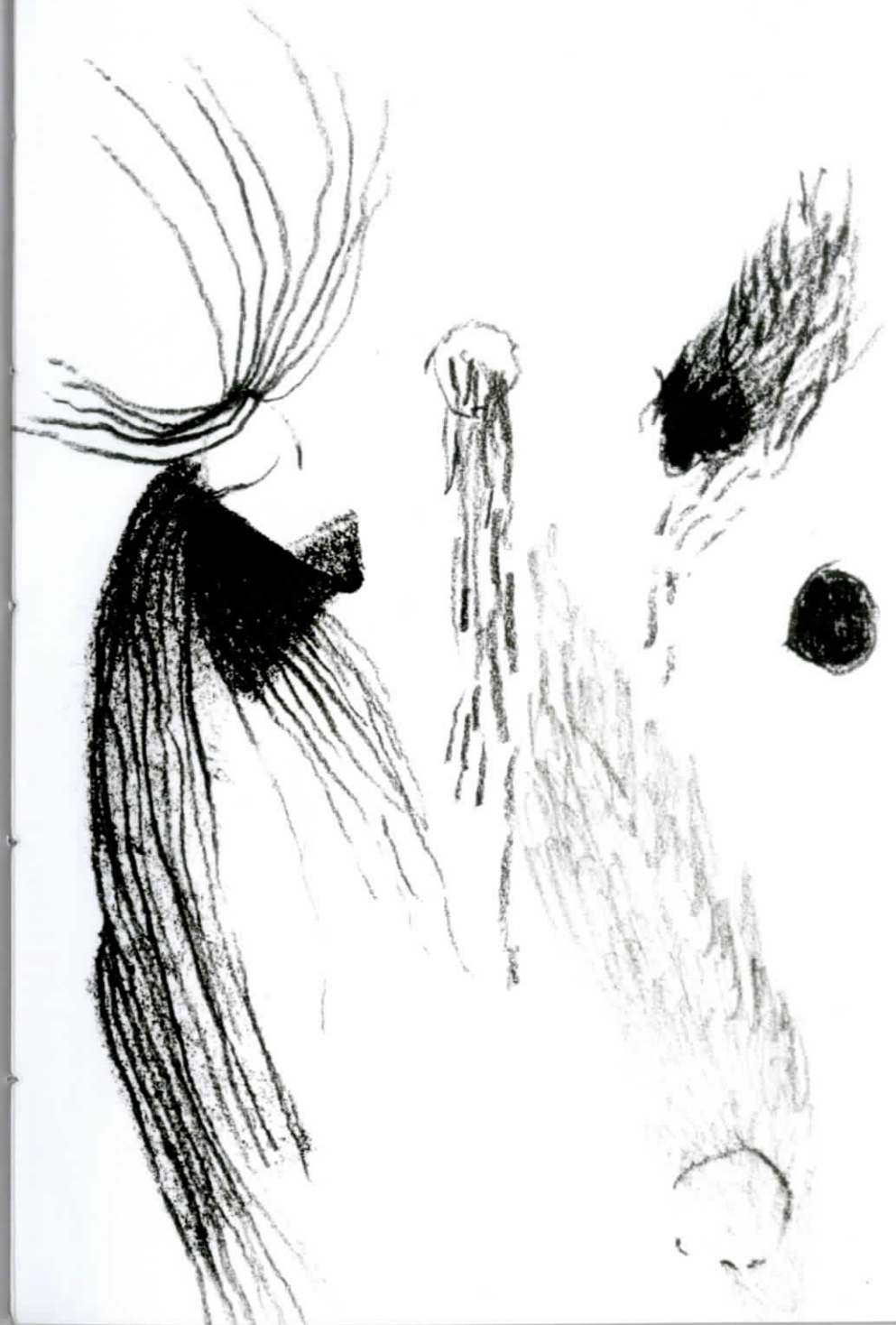


You put your body into it. It is inspired by your body it comes from your body.
Just put your body into it

We extrapolate. I extrapolate.

Where to begin... a gesture, a word, many words, lines, sentences, lines of flight, fortitude.

Where to formulate.



drawing in itself is drawing of space, object and experience
experience in the act of drawing conjuring up varying emotional states in the
act of drawing
drawing enables touch, touch with charcoal touch with paper working with the
four sides of a page, a personal sensibility is formed
ones bare skin comes into contact with surface and drawing medium like that
of charcoal
contact with charcoal leaves mark on the body and continues onto a plane
drawing can become mesmerizing, inviting reverie, imagination and
mediations

dear blackness

i see you i feel you i can touch you i can invest my body into you, i can apply
my hands to you and push and pull and create tension with line and mark, you
can contain me as i can contain you
you are my thoughts, my memories and my reveries, my rejection of
something that i don't quite want to touch on as it may frighten me
i can draw in you over you under you through you and take you away yet a
mark will always remain a tension a memory in itself

I write to darkness ,I write into darkness. How is it that memory is persistent
within darkness, or the figuring out of memory, perhaps it is in a discordance
or distrust of memory. Trying to shift between the states that exist in a
memory or many memories that are all interlaced onto one another. I
somehow bind myself to the light, it is a point of relief, a point where the
tension can leave me, it can be released into another transitory state. These
transitory states both in the blackness the blankness or memory and the
whiteness co-exist and cannot be without one another.

The existence of light can exist within the darkness or beyond it like that of the
paper surface.
the whiteness or brightness for me in writing drawing allows a certain pleasure
in that very luminosity, being able to release something into

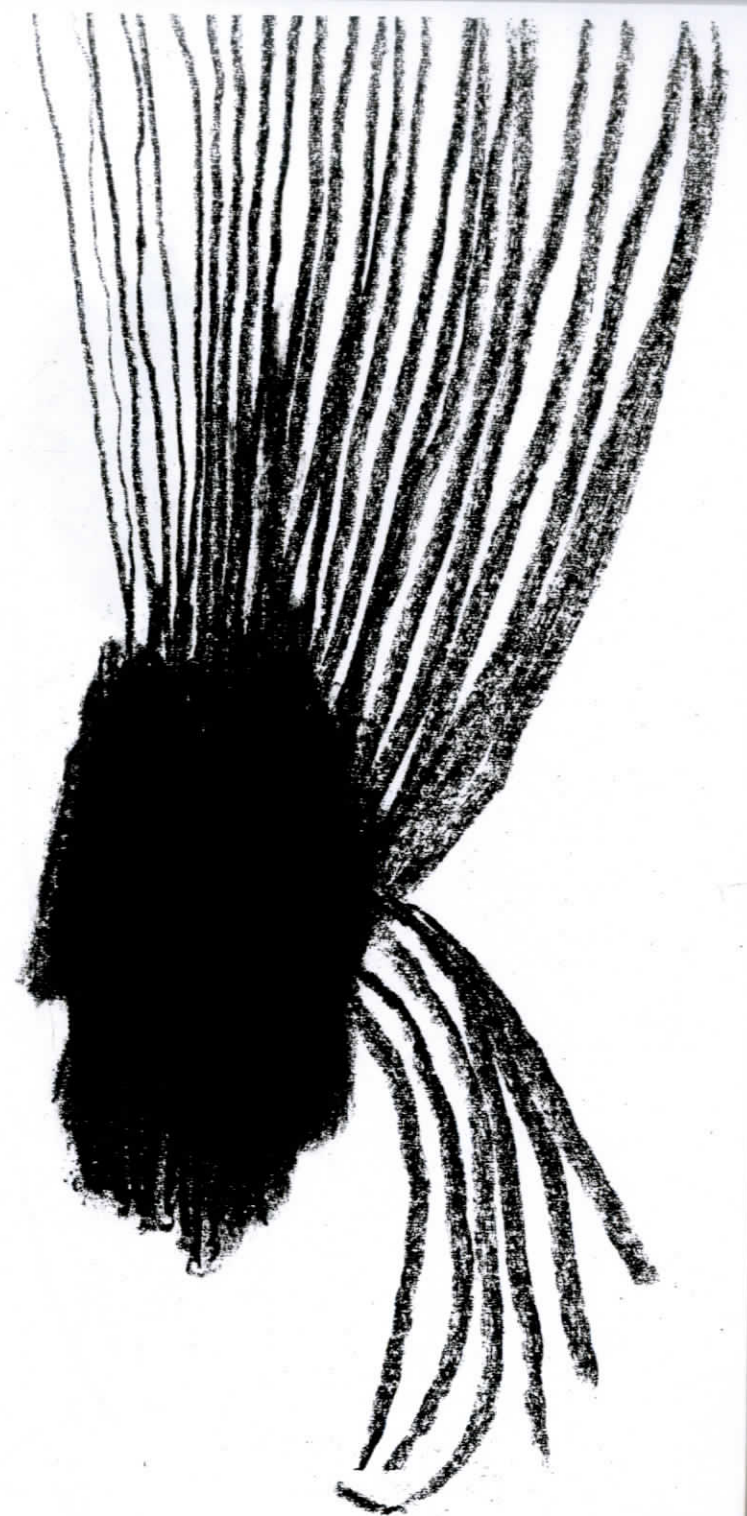
Drawing from darkness

drawing into darkness
drawing out of darkness

territories with in drawing
The very act of drawing



I am making the mark and the mark is making me



I as in eye.







