

An act of drawing

The point is that love changes reality.

— Mari Lending, 2018

One analyzes enigmas to enter into them.

— Vilém Flusser, 1999

The artist sits at her table.

In her hand a pencil, on the table a paper.

She moves the pencil over the paper, leaving behind small graphite particles, watching the pencil lines form as they go along.

The artist is moving the pencil.

Her entire body is drawing. It is her hand that holds the pencil, her arm that holds her hand, her torso that holds her arm, her back and buttocks keeping her upright.

Also an untangible body within her is drawing. A distinctive, if elusive, knowing (soul), gathered up from tacit experience and memory, dream, vision.

A secret pact between hand, eye and soul moves the pencil.

The hand moves so the eye observes so the soul alters so the hand observes so the eye alters so the soul moves so the (..)

Every part of the drawing artist's being, physical and ethereal, plus the pencil in her hand, they constitute; the moving body.

The pencil touches the paper.

Parts of graphite are held by the paper which is held by the table which is held by the floor which is held by the building's foundation which is held by the earth which is (..)

They are receiving, unfolding the moving body's movements.

The whole of material bodies involved through this act of holding, animate yet from our direct point of view quite stable, they constitute; the silent body.

The pencil and such is silent.

The pencil in the hand of the artist during the act of drawing is moving.

The graphite particles sticking onto the paper by the act of drawing become, from the moment they have left the pencil, silent.

The moving body enters into the silent body. And vice versa.

At the tip of the pencil we find a magical place — the point of touch.

At this specific point, a point that constantly shifts its time/space coordinates in accordance with the course of drawing, the two bodies meet.

Their touch is a loving gesture. Through and within their touch the silent and the moving body become aware of each other; they become the other.

All intentions, translated by a hand-soul-eye accord into movement, are transmitted through a narrow tunnel; the tip of the pencil, flowing onto an expanding surface; paper, table, floor, earth (..) being received and receiving simultaneously, *unconditionally*, all possibilities manifesting into this: a certain line on paper.

The tip of the pencil specifies the touching of the moving and the silent.

A drawing is a record of this specificity.

A drawing is a remnant of an act of drawing.

An instance of love.