

Cerulean Gallery Exhibition / Michael Moore

My drawings begin with the practice of drawing – drawing simply to draw – using traditional techniques of pen and ink on paper.

The techniques are mixed, mingled, and juxtaposed, drawing upon the drawing, until some recognizable semblance begins to appear.

Then I ask myself, “What is going on here?”

When I have done all that I can to make that clear, I stop drawing.

Every line is a thing in itself.

Being a thing in itself, a line may appear to be something else as well.

In addition to whatever image a drawing makes, the drawing exists as a family of lines, with its own story to tell.

Like a fence between neighbors, a river flowing, a kite-string held tight, or the trajectory of an object thrown, a single line can be charged with feeling and implications beyond its own dimensions, while an accumulation of lines may embody many unnamed beings of graphic origin.

Lines can be imagined as material things that can be knotted, bundled, stretched, woven, bounced, and broken.

Lines can reveal the rhythms, gestures, pressures, speed, and life of the hand that made them, drawn as nature might draw, if nature drew.

My kind of drawing begins within the body – the kinesthetic self, from the inside out, drawing out what I have known using lines that I can see.

Made from the inside out, each drawing leaves a trail to follow from the outside in.

A drawing can become a credible fiction embodied within the fact of form.

Drawings come from drawings, but they usually need to be about life, in some way, for anyone else to care.

As a practitioner of drawing, I seek freedom within the limitations of the craft.