

Sue Sargeaunt

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The lushness of the paint when mixed, so beautiful, so vibrant, with such rich texture encourages me to use it on a white, empty canvas.

The candle flame, hovering over the canvas in the dusk, makes me think of times past, and ghosts. I like its meandering quality, imaginary lines drawn as it drips its wax. I hear soft words of poems. I play with ink and bleach, and I gently resist the becoming of the painting, yet it accedes.

I have seen all my lines before, my arcs, my textures. Yet I see anew and play and dance with paint. I am happy to do this too with you.

I like the stories you make with your drawings yet they hold you. I have been held by mine. Of course, there is pain, but turn the key and there is joy.

I am touched that you notice. I am humbled. You are beautiful. How is it that you understand when we haven't talked? You get me a drink of water and ask after my family. You remember. I especially like your picture. I have framed it for you.

How can we make ourselves apparent?



How do we show others who we are, and who we want to be? It is through the painting and the doing, and our very obstinacy.

Charcoal, smudge, pencil line, rubber drawing, cartridge paper, oil pastel, chalk, household brushes, turpentine, india ink, felt tip pen, acrylic and oil, gouache and watercolour, rollers and brushes, wondrous stuff, wondrous stuff.

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