

*return
journeys*

afaf zurayk

Return Journeys,
Afaf Zurayk

First Edition 2019

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TWIG

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Gallery in 2019.

SALEH BARAKAT GALLERY
ساليه باركات جالري

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contents

foreword 7

introduction 8

essays 12

1978 - 2000 29

2000 - 2015 63

2015 - 2019 81

COVER

quietude 3/10, 2018
140 x 100 cm
pencil on canvas

it is not all about us
though we have to travel
inwards to immense depths
to realize that.
it is about questioning
and honest mirroring.
emerging lighter
though much indebted
wishing only to smile
and bend with the rustling leaves
and join the wind.

Foreword

Saleh Barakat

Beirut-based gallerist and founder of Agial Art Gallery (1991), and Saleh Barakat Gallery (2016). In addition to his extensive program both in and beyond his galleries, he co-curated, with Sandra Dagher, the first national pavilion for Lebanon at the 52nd Venice Biennale. He was also nominated as a Yale World Fellow in 2006.

In today's art world, it is encouraging to witness gender balanced practice, evident in the unprecedented international fame of female artists such as Hilma af Klint, Louise Bourgeois, and Lygia Clark, among others. It can be claimed that whereas some Lebanese artists such as Saloua Raouda Choucair, Huguette Caland, Helen El Khal, and Etel Adnan were prominent in their own local circles, it is only recently that they have been recognized globally.

However, there is still much work to be done, as one faces exceptional artists who remain in the shadows of the limelight; Afaf Zurayk is one such artist. Having spent a lifetime painting her most intimate inner feelings, Zurayk is the leading painter of "intangibles." It is evident in Afaf's treatment of the painting's surface, as well as in her choice of subject matter, that she had Helen El-Khal and Huguette Caland in her entourage, but her own paintings are subtle, and more understated. It is high time to award Afaf the recognition she deserves after forty years of perseverance.

When I was approached by Sylvia Agémian who had been preparing a retrospective for Afaf, I had the chance to learn in-depth about an artist who has so far remained obscure to me and many others. I feel privileged to present this much-needed retrospective exhibition to the world, along with a monograph, which together trace the artist's evolution across different periods. I have faith that she will join her mentors and contemporaries in the league of fame, and I invite you to join me in the discovery of this gifted artist.

Introduction

Sarah Rogers

Art historian whose scholarship focuses on modern and contemporary art of the Arab world. She is co-editor of “Arab Art Histories: The Khalid Shoman Foundation (2014) and Modern Art in the Arab World: Primary Documents (2017).”

A young school-age child is home, sick with a fever, but her hands refuse to rest and instead pass the time molding clay for hours on end. Astonished by her daughter’s sustained enchantment with the process of making, the mother enrolls her in one of the city’s art schools, where she studies drawing and painting. Over the ensuing decades, a childhood fascination develops into a lifelong journey with form, line, and color.

Born in Beirut in 1948, artist Afaf Zurayk entered the world during the year of the *Nakba*. Just a month before her birth, Zurayk’s father, distinguished historian Constantine Zurayk, published the renowned work, *The Meaning of Disaster (Ma’na al-Nakba)*, in which he used the term *Nakba* to define the defeat of the Arabs in Palestine and its immediate aftermath. Thirty-five years later, in 1983, another regional upheaval—the Lebanese Civil War (1975-1990)—would force Afaf to take refuge in Washington, DC. In between those years, however, Afaf would follow an aesthetic voyage that illuminates much about Beirut’s own artistic history.

A few years after Afaf’s mother observed her young daughter’s artistic inclination, she enrolled Afaf at the Sami Salibi School of Fine Arts in Ras Beirut to study drawing and painting. It was the mid-1950s at the time, and the possibility of training as a professional artist in the Lebanese capital was relatively novel; it had been a little over a decade since the Lebanese Academy of Fine Arts had launched a department of Art and Architecture, and only a few short years since the American University of Beirut (AUB) followed with their own Department of Fine Arts. Afaf would graduate from AUB, studying under its founding faculty members, Islamic art historian, archaeologist, and artist John Carswell and American artist Arthur Frick as well as Lebanese-American artist, Helen Khal. By 1970, the year Afaf graduated, Beirut had become home to a bustling cosmopolitan art scene with over twenty galleries and cultural centers nestled within the small

area of Ras Beirut. Afaf, however, decided to continue her studies in the US, earning a master’s degree at Harvard University under prominent Islamic art historian Oleg Grabar.

Upon her return to Beirut in 1971, Afaf launched a career teaching art; a passion that she remains committed to today and one that includes teaching at institutions such as the Lebanese American University and the American University of Beirut, and in DC, at Georgetown University, George Washington University, the Corcoran College of Art and Design, and the World Bank Art Society. An intrepid artist, Afaf also gives private lessons, and is dedicated to her own body of work. She held her first solo exhibition in 1978 at Beirut’s Smuggler’s Inn, a celebrated restaurant, gallery, and gathering place for intellectuals and artists owned by George Zeini (the Inn’s bombing in 1985 during the Lebanese Civil War would be featured in *The New York Times*). A second solo show would follow two years later at the Goethe Institut in Beirut. But as the hostilities raged on, Afaf decided to travel to Washington, DC for what was to be a six month visit. Importantly, before she traveled, Afaf had finished a series of oil paintings on canvas entitled, *The Human Form*. During the process of working on the series, Afaf came to understand that art was more than just a profession; it was a calling. At that moment, Afaf discovered a confidence in her creative process that solidified her commitment to being an artist. Remaining in Washington, DC for the next three decades, Afaf would build a career there.

Afaf’s arrival in 1983 coincided with the opening of Alif Gallery in Washington DC, the non-profit exhibition center and headquarters of the Arab American Cultural Foundation (AACF), founded to further greater understanding of Arab culture in the US. Pre-dating the current fascination with Arab art in a post 9-11 American landscape, Alif Gallery was a novel and critical initiative at the time. This would



ABOVE RIGHT

Review of first solo exhibition at Smuggler’s Inn, Beirut, 1978

BELOW RIGHT

Foundry Gallery, Washington, DC. Solo exhibition, early 1990s

ABOVE LEFT

Afaf Zurayk, as a Fine Arts student at AUB, 1969

BELOW LEFT

Alif Gallery, Washington, DC. Dr. & Mrs. Constantine Zurayk in front of Afaf Zurayk’s art, 1990s



not be Afaf's only participation in these early projects to promote contemporary Arab art in the US. In 1994, Afaf participated in the groundbreaking exhibition, *Forces of Change: Artists of the Arab World*, which opened at the National Museum of Women in the Arts and traveled throughout the country. Then, in 2005, Afaf took part in *In/Visible: Contemporary Art by Arab Americans*, the inaugural exhibition at the Arab American National Museum in Dearborn, Michigan.

While living in DC, Afaf also continued teaching art at the university level, including teaching painting to graduate students in art therapy. She pursued her own artistic work as well, translating the loss experienced living under the Lebanese Civil War into a concentrated focus on the use of black ink as an expression of nuanced stillness and the use of brushstroke to convey emotion. Her work was exhibited widely throughout Washington, D.C.

In November of 2006, Afaf found herself on a return journey to Beirut, which was recovering from yet another round of violence after Israel attacked Lebanon in June of that year. Resilient as always, both Beirut and Afaf persisted in their creativity. Afaf not only taught, but also held numerous solo and collaborative exhibitions. She published three books on her work in 2010, 2011, and 2012, respectively. These intimate creations can be likened to keyholes into Afaf's larger body of work. Indeed, in one of life's small moments of lyrical beauty, the publication, *My Father. Reflections* captures the artist's relationship with her father through a collaborative project with photographer Noel Nasr. Nasr's in sepia photographs of small clay figures Afaf modeled harken back to Afaf's artistic origins as a sick child playing with clay. As such, these contemporary photographs transform the clay figurines into abstracted landscapes of shadow and depth, rich in both history and visual form.

This publication documents Afaf's creative journeys over the last several decades; journeys that traverse a range of media and themes, all united by a shared expression in visualizing what Afaf calls, "the resounding sound of silence." A collection of voices from colleagues, students, and friends who reflect on Afaf's art, the publication stands testimony to the power of an art that speaks from the depths of the soul.



ABOVE LEFT

Janine Rubeiz Gallery, Beirut, Afaf Zurayk & Helen Khal, 1997

ABOVE RIGHT

Forces of Change exhibition, Museum of Women in the Arts, Washington, DC. Etel Adnan, Simone Fattal, Afaf Zurayk & others, 1995

BELOW LEFT

Pinceaux pour Plumes exhibition, The Surssock Museum, Beirut, 2006

BELOW RIGHT

Shifting Lights exhibition, Beirut. Afaf Zurayk, Rami Saab, Noel Nasr, 2017

Sylvia Agémian

Art historian and the former curator at the Nicolas Sursock Museum in Beirut, Lebanon. Her research interests include Armenian illuminated manuscripts and Melkite icons, and has been featured in articles and books.

How to describe, in just a few lines, the rich creativity of paintings of which we usually only know fragmentary aspects? By bringing together over three decades of paintings, this exhibition of Afaf Zurayk's work deserves praise for introducing us to the very heart of her artistic adventure. Through a variety of techniques, and through cycles, stages, and themes, the exhibition unveils a coherent oeuvre that has been intensely felt and planned out, a group of paintings that are as striking for their strength as they are for their subtlety.

The exhibition has been put together in such a way so as to focus, from the outset, on the dark vein that runs through the work, as well as to reveal, along the way, the serene shores that are also part of it. Here the viewer comes face to face with an autobiographical art marked by events that shaped the painter's sensibility. Afaf Zurayk has translated into forms her aspirations, her impulses, her suffering and her fears, her dreams and her nightmares, and, on the threshold of danger, her anxiety about the fate of man. On the canvases, an obsession with death alternates with carnal attraction, tumult is punctuated by moments of silence, and distress is followed by the sweetness of dialogue.

Beyond the world that by rights belongs to the artist, there are large and beautiful pieces of painting. The particular emotion of each image is concretized by very masterful means wherein the construction has lost neither its rights nor the controlled play of forms, rhythms, and colors. If the palette, which prefers to be discrete, seduces by its own transparencies, its velvety qualities, its skillful blendings, the collection is undeniably dominated by black and white. From the very beginning, Afaf has used oil paint, acrylic, and mixed media, but she has also frequently turned to charcoal and graphite. She has taken advantage of all the resources of these friable substances, and the results, with their modulations, call for wholehearted admiration.

Translated from French by Kareem James Abu-Zeid

Comment dire en quelques lignes la richesse d'une peinture dont on ne connaît généralement que des aspects fragmentaires? En regroupant des oeuvres réparties sur plus de trois décennies, la présente exposition de Afaf Zurayk a le mérite de nous introduire au coeur même de l'aventure artistique de l'auteur. Elle dévoile à travers une gamme variée de techniques, à travers cycles, étapes et thèmes, une peinture homogène intensément sentie et méditée, qui frappe autant par sa force que par sa délicatesse.

L'exposition a été agencée de manière à mettre l'accent, d'entrée de jeu, sur la veine sombre qui traverse l'oeuvre et à laisser découvrir au gré du parcours les plages de sérénité qui en font également partie. Le spectateur est ici confronté à un art autobiographique marqué par les événements qui ont façonné la sensibilité du peintre. Afaf Zurayk a traduit par des formes ses aspirations, ses élans, ses tourments et ses craintes, ses rêves et ses cauchemars, et au seuil du péril, son inquiétude face au destin de l'homme. L'obsession de la mort alterne sur les cimaises avec l'attrance charnelle, le tumulte est coupé de silences, à la détresse succède la douceur du dialogue.

Au-delà du monde qui appartient en propre à l'artiste, il ya de grands et beaux morceaux de peinture. L'émotion particulière de chaque image est concrétisée par des moyens très maîtrisés où la construction n'a pas perdu ses droits ni le jeu contrôlé des formes, des rythmes et des couleurs. Si la palette, discrète de préférence, séduit par ses transparences, son velouté, ses fondus savants, c'est incontestablement le noir et le blanc qui dominent l'ensemble. Dès les débuts, Afaf a usé de la peinture à l'huile, de l'acrylique et du mélange de matières diverses mais aussi elle a eu fréquemment recours au fusain et au graphite. Elle a exploité toutes les ressources de ces substances friables et les résultats obtenus appellent, par leurs modulations, une admiration sans réserve.

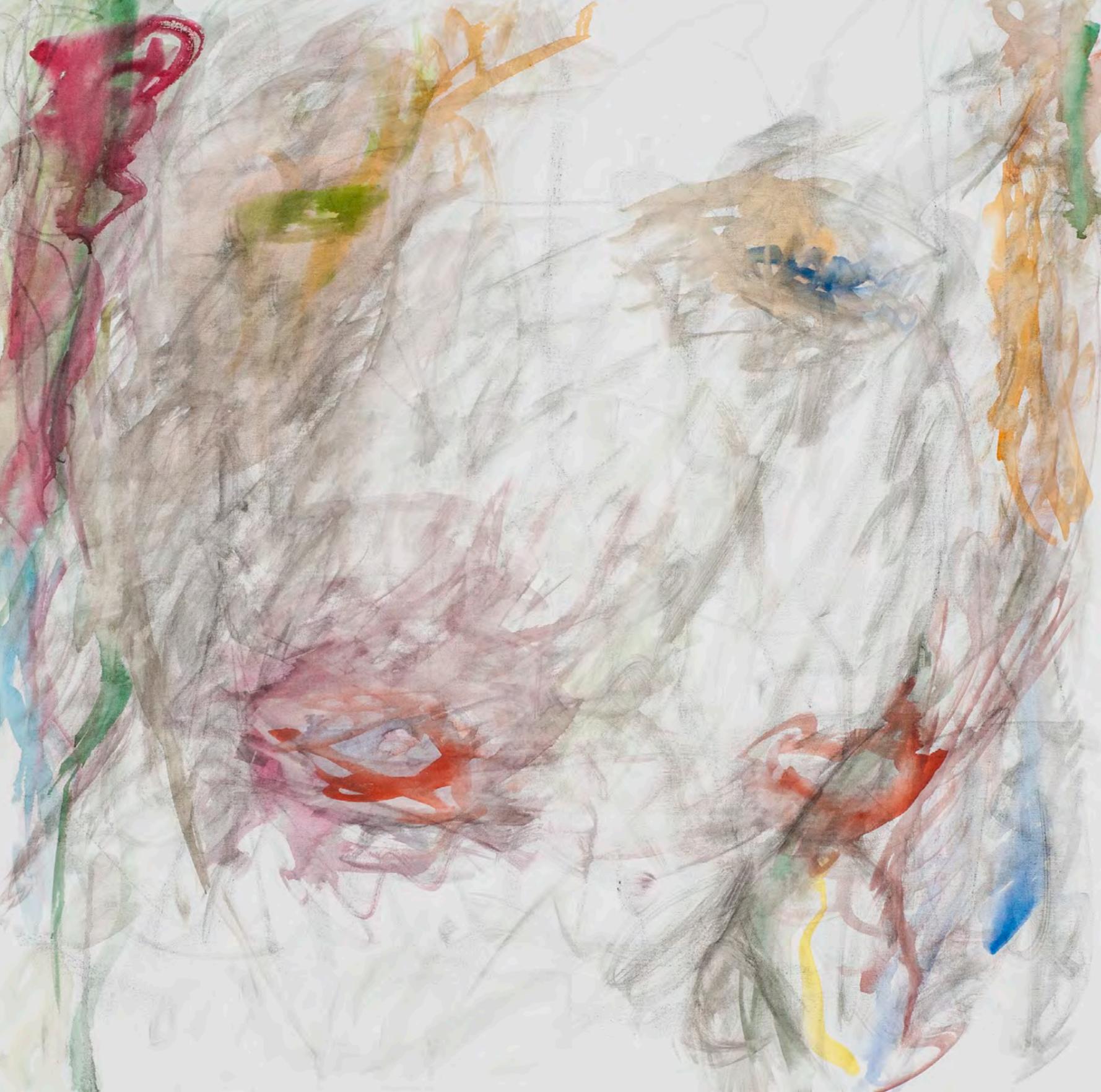
OPPOSITE

from the edge 2/11, 2017
60 x 60 cm
charcoal & turpentine on
canvas

FOLLOWING PAGE

untitled 1/21, 2015
100 x 100 cm
watercolor & graphite on
canvas





Raghida Ghandour

Lives between Beirut and London. She is a member of the Middle East and North Africa Acquisitions Committee for the Tate and British Museum.

15

I first met Afaf as a teacher in Beirut and, much later, worked with her as a colleague at Alif Gallery in Washington, D.C. Soon after, we became best friends. Then came the art—drawings of thin faces, genderless; expressions alternating between reflective and melancholic, often somber and pensive; people reclining next to windows; potted plants on window sills; swaying walls; structures in constant movement under the shade of palm and pine trees; long shadows in oriental alleys; short stories, poems, and memories. All of its complications simply manifested.

Afaf's master works in all shades of black never cease to amaze me. Abstract at first: sensual insinuations of dark tones play hide and seek with untrained vision, eventually graduating to lighter, definitely more cheerful tones and visions. Thick and blunt brushstrokes: a puzzle. Veils on figures struggling to break free from painting and frame, and all the abstraction. Courageous in all its nakedness.

Her most recent work is of massive faces on massive canvases: cantos, sonatas, jazzy. Angry faces, pensive, deranged in prayer. Beseeching. Smooth medleys of pastels, only to be contradicted with charcoal, dark and chaotic, loud with clear and definitely opinionated statements of either black or white, never gray.

Afaf's works hang on my walls, in constant motion with all their swinging moods. Inspiring and forever compassionate, always captivating.



OPPOSITE

the wind 1/7, 2018
60 x 60 cm
charcoal on canvas

I first met Afaf during my final year as an architecture student at the American University of Beirut. Keen on completing my studio arts minor, I apprehensively walked into her office in the fall of 2014 to petition joining her painting studio, offered later that spring. She graciously accepted. Our initial meeting would be the start of a budding friendship, an inspiring and collaborative professional relationship, and my belated introduction to the deeply profound and transformative world of Afaf's artwork and artistic practice.

Over the next five years, as part of Twig - a collaborative design firm I cofounded after graduating - I've had the honor of working very closely with Afaf on several projects, most notably on the exhibition, *Shifting Lights* at Beit Beirut, Afaf's own residence and studio, and most recently on *Return Journeys*, a retrospective at the Saleh Barakat Gallery. I am particularly grateful for these experiences because they have allowed me to fully immerse myself into Afaf's extensive body of work, spanning back over four decades and the likes of which I had not seen in the region or the art world at large.

For Afaf, to paint is to confront non-facts that are universal to the human condition. Thus, to engage her work is to have the pleasure of experiencing a rich and dynamic oeuvre that testifies to the human capability to consciously restore the unity of sense, need, impulse, and action. Although diverse in medium, subject matter, and style, Afaf's body of work creates a coherent

Rami Saab

Architect, Design Scholar, and Managing Partner at Twig, a Beirut based design consultancy that positions itself at the intersection of collaboration and critical practice.

continuum in which she challenges each medium and theme beyond its endurance. Days of undergoing in silence while observing the soft dance of light, shade, and shadow gives way to a series of works that move away from the excess of the ornamental and towards a distillation that is carried by the only constant in her work: light. Through light, Afaf actively embodies how the self and the other is revealed and experienced. With a never-ending dance between color and grey, presence and absence, Afaf captures the ephemeral essence of relationships as she paints the tenuous nature of relating through the meeting of another soul.

In contrast to intellectuals who are interested only in the discrepancies between what is observed and what is conceived, and accordingly use moments of resistance as inquires in search of resolutions, Afaf chooses to dwell on these moments, ultimately cultivating them to create artworks that question, confront, comfort and provoke the viewer. With swift, rhythmic motions that have been refined over the years, Afaf consciously undergoes the effect of every change in the medium, all while making connections of doing and undergoing on multiple levels especially in relation to the artwork as a whole. In this way, the connection of the medium with the act of expression is intrinsic. She creates nuances in her lines by varying pressure, speed, and tempo, which slowly build up towards a purified totality that leads to self-understanding, all while opening up the door for us as viewers to embark on a similar journey of self-discovery. While working, Afaf also embodies the attitude of the perceiver, continually reworking the artwork until the result is perceived as good. For Afaf, it is important to note that impulses from need initiate an experience that does not know its intended direction. Only through resistance, followed by reflection and action, can she select and distill the traits that contribute to the interpretation of each other, therefore realizing the direction of the work. In that sense, the act of artistic expression is not something that adheres itself to an inspiration that is already complete, but rather one that carries the work forward.

Thus is Afaf's ability to consolidate intent with purpose, to marry the present moment with past memories of similar experiences, all while balancing the right amount of emotion with intellect. And although emotion is at the very heart of Afaf's artistic practice, one must not confuse it as the content of her work, for it possesses the ability to transform the artwork, but never to replace it.

For the past four decades, Afaf has shared with us, through painting and prose, many of the terrors, graces, uncertainties, and hopes of our world. Through countless physical and emotional journeys of exile and homecoming, Afaf has produced an inspiring body of work that stands testament to the power of the human mind and to a talent coupled with artistic brilliance, unwavering courage, delicate sensitivity, and self-effacing humility. I am humbled to call her my friend.

Omar Abdulaziz

Hallaj

Architect and urban development expert. He works with various initiatives to support dialogue, reconciliation, and urban recovery in Syria.

Faces appear on the canvas. They appear from deep inside. Did we reach out to them, or did they reach out to us? We can only understand our being in the world when we are intimately intertwined with others. But the moment we think of others in our past, in our future, or in the present, we are alienated from them. This is the biggest mystery of our being. This is where the work of Afaf breaks all the molds; it forces us to be, rather than to think about being. Her work takes us to that ephemeral moment when time ceases to have a direction forwards or backwards. We are confronted with being not as representation, as words fail narratives that have created so many terrors, and hopes lose their ability to change the world. We are because we love, and all we can offer to the world is this unconditional love. Afaf's world draws us in: we see the materiality of the canvas and the colors. We are never told untruths.

We enter willingly to come to terms with our own being, our own perception of time, our own struggles with meaning, and our own ethics and responsibilities. Yet, it is her world and, in Afaf's world, you cannot be neutral because neutrality changes every relationship into one between subject and object. In Afaf's world, we become one.

The first time I saw Afaf's work, I was challenged to let go of everything I knew about art. There is no history to remember, no future to which to look forward. The shapes and colors in front of you are brutally honest: they are what you see; they do not pretend to be anything else. Their materiality is unmistakable; their scale betrays all the theories of harmony and balance and the countertheories of chaos and abstraction. Are we looking back, reaching through formal materiality for messages from some unknown, alternative consciousness (known as "the past," to those educated in the twentieth century fervor of nationalism)? Or, are we holding these materialities preciously in our hearts to witness the epiphanies of things to come (what we were taught in school to strive for under the rubric of "the future")? Are we excavating or constructing the shapes that we see? I must confess, I remain frightened every time I look. I am confronted with my own being. Once stripped of history, that banal thing shoved down our throats, all we have left is our own journey. Afaf puts us there, "on the edge." We share with her the weight of being in the world; we are both excavating and constructing our own being. Once you remove the direction of time from the past to the future, all possibilities are open; we are free to be part of the greater Being. So, we are.

Yet forgoing our fathers' glory and liberating ourselves from our mothers' cocoons of "pretending honesty" does not negate time. Time is infinite; we live every moment of it. We see it in the changing colors of the day as the morning hues touch every surface, every skin—softly, or harshly, at crooked angles. In Afaf's world, time is neither liquid nor fixed. You have to experience it constantly. You witness. You live, die, and are rebirthed at every moment. You witness time; you cannot escape its horror. And time can be cruel, but it can also pass as the fragile change of colors when tree leaves pass in front of each other with every gentle breath. You can live through war, or gaze into the emptiness outside your window. Afaf's time is not measured in hours, minutes, or seconds. It is measured in shades of blue and green, in overtones and undertones of every possible hue you are likely to imagine. She is not representing time, she is just generous to let us live through it by discovering for ourselves what color of the day it is. Even her black is open. It is not an inscription or a text as we have been taught in the most formative lessons about art. Black is loaded with color; you cannot miss it. The best way to describe it: close your eyes after staring and start seeing with your heart. Black is full of color and it is all there for you to witness its passage.

In that critical balance, neither forced nor expected, in between being as a subjective act and an objective deliverance, and time as neither past nor future, we ask why? Afaf's brush, her pen, and her chalk bring us to that moment in space where one more line would give it all away; she would become the subject and you would become the object, or the other way around. You do not have that luxury. There is no easy meaning to grasp. Lines are not juxtaposed over layers of color to speak or tell a story. It is not even lyrical, though often we are seduced because of our conditioned social norms to interpret. We desperately want to read the bits of narratives; we want to see some of ourselves in her coerced struggle to live the landscape around her and not represent it. Yet it is not a whimsical world. There are reasons why things appear and disappear within layers of color and washes of water or turpentine. You cannot be neutral in Afaf's world. Between the deliberate and the accidental, at that very moment, you are convinced of the logic. But do not try to narrate it; keep it to yourself. The moment you utter it, you have added a new layer and the balance is gone. I must confess I cannot hold that balance for long. I am forced to add a layer of meaning, but for the brief moment that I can suspend my judgment, I reach far beyond my banal interpretations.

So seductive is that moment: to be absolved of making sense of the world, of having no obligation towards anything or anyone. To witness and feel and know that whatever action you make will be unjust and unethical because you are treading on someone else's subjectivity. The politics of the world are one big lie and you can remain comforted in your refusal to be sucked into the lies, feeling a sense of superiority for your being in time. This is not Afaf's world. You cannot be neutral in her world. You have a responsibility that transcends ethics. You have to leave a mark on the world. In mere mortal language, we call it love, hope, or prayer. Afaf herself struggles with naming it in her poetry, but she does so beautifully in her painting. Beauty is not a quality. In the old days, theologians and philosophers alike struggled with beauty and love because they imbued them with ethics. In Afaf's world they come free, unconditional, and knowing all too well that one cannot change anything in the world, but the empathy we have for it allows us to tread lightly through time.

FOLLOWING LEFT

untitled 2/21, 2015
100 x 100 cm
watercolor & graphite on
canvas

FOLLOWING RIGHT

untitled 3/21, 2015
100 x 100 cm
watercolor & graphite on
canvas



Art for art's sake. Art for the soul's sake. Afaf Zurayk refreshes, invites, and challenges in transcending categorization. Her work is made from her own soul and touches the soul directly. Yet it is, at once, daring art. No small feat, and one she consistently accomplishes with integrity and grace.

Afaf's work opens one's soul and heart: sometimes she soothes and cradles; at other times, she challenges in a respectful way that allows the viewer to dive deep into unknown waters or to walk away from the shore.

Compelling to me is her trust in and permeability to the life of space: the outer space in which she creates; the inner space in which she finds herself and from which each of her pieces is born; the space she vivifies with gentle and loving self-discipline.

Jill Mellick

Professor Emeritus at Sofia University in California and a Clinical Psychologist, who practices Jungian psychotherapy. She is also an exhibiting painter. She has published extensively, including most recently, "The Red Book Hours: Discovering C.G. Jung's Art Mediums and Creative Process."

Her work is a perfect paradox. Through color and line, she explores the vast, unfathomable spaces of the heart—its joy, pain, memories, and its present. If one can draw the presence of the soul or the longing for it, paint a breeze, portray the hint of the heart, speak the unspoken, Afaf Zurayk does this. And she does it in multiple media. Her opus reveals an ongoing, ever-renewing love affair with media. At no time does her love affair with the medium itself dominate; rather, the love affair informs the explorations.

The paradoxes she holds with quiet grace and fearlessness are not confined to the unexplored space of heart and soul that most of us rarely find the courage to visit. She also quietly holds the paradoxes of power and gentleness, truth and vulnerability, daring boldness and infinite tenderness.

She challenges our conception of time by moving line and color in nonlinear space. Yet somehow she does this in an adagio ending with a violin note played so long and so lightly that one is sure the arc of the note will outlast the bow and string. Yet she never lets this happen. Her timing is exquisite.

She trusts body and eye to move quickly, slowly, pause for long periods, begin again with movement that could have only arisen from a pause, a silence, a waiting.

Another paradox Afaf holds is courage and trust. She is utterly alone in her trust of the truth of her soul and heart, yet she shares this with us without apology. She respectfully leaves it to us, the viewers, to determine whether it is time for us to receive the truths she has dived to find for herself and which we can find within ourselves if we so wish or if we choose to set these aside for now.

Having spent almost a decade studying Carl Jung's use of art to map his inner world and the processes he found to do this, I am particularly sensitive to Afaf's use of silence, succinctness, and solitude: these are *de rigueur* for such a journey, yet rarely honored. Jung once, reflecting on a talk, realized that he had not been as clear as he might have been. His conclusion: he had not spent enough time silently looking at the lake before he wrote the talk. He spent similar time and space between periods of creating in different media. Afaf waits by the lake. She invites us both to sit by the lake with her and to receive what arrives from its depths.

There is not a single piece of Afaf Zurayk's art that I have been privileged to see, hold, or touch that has not changed my understanding of my inner and outer worlds. For that, I am deeply grateful.



OPPOSITE

untitled 4/21, 2015
60 x 60 cm
charcoal on canvas

Return Journeys

Afaf Zurayk

My art developed from a deep rooted need to travel inwards, to reflect upon experience, and to express both senses and thoughts in works that are intimately connected to a larger cultural compass with which to map the road ahead both individually and collectively. Throughout I tried to build a solid sense of Self that I believe moved me forward towards a conscious recognition of the forces at play in my own life and in the life of the culture to which I belonged. I am a child of the Arab world during one of the most turbulent epochs of its history. As a result of war and disruption, I moved to the United States in search of a life free of the burdens of violence and chaos. My life in the United States was not that of exile as much as that of discovery and richness. I became more open in the inward thinking I always craved and more adept at understanding the tensions inherent in my experiences.

I always appreciated a life of solitude marked with a few close and deep friendships. This enabled me to pursue my art with both depth and clarity. To do that well, I learned to listen. I listened to my own inner voice: that of the child within me; and that of the adult I was becoming. I listened to others' inner voices either through their words or through their body languages. I learned to listen beneath the outward veils to the hidden layers of emotional and spiritual stresses and tensions. I listened to other artists as well as to musicians and poets. And I learned much about life, not that of the public realm, but that of the innermost private centers of our beings that propel us in our personal and individual paths of growth.

OPPOSITE

beings 1/10, 2018
40 x 40 cm
oil on canvas

In a sense, I was living on the edge; painting from the edge.

I discovered the power of black. That black is not Dark. It becomes Dark when placed alongside Light either as a space or as a flash of insight through color or line. To me dark and light intertwined and formed the first leg of support for my art. I painted at night when I was alone and all was quiet so I could experience both states of light and dark with a clarity that escaped me during the day. I spent long hours in nature listening to its sounds and looking at its silences. For therein lie the bases for the opposing dark and light and their merging through me and in my work.

I drew and painted 'presences' in face and in body. These were sometimes passive listeners and, at other times, expressively active. Through them I searched for an understanding of both loss and fulfillment. For me, the feelings of loss and fulfillment intertwine to form another leg in the formation of the Self. In painting both passivity and activity, I have relied on a variety of media and different techniques to achieve their full potential, both visually and emotionally. I sometimes combined techniques and media to build together the layers that held the 'presence' and its emotion together. At other times, I relied on fine brushwork to delineate a necessary edge or boundary expressing both touch and sight. Often I used twigs and natural objects to paint and draw with, recreating through them the incredible nuances found in nature and imbuing my figures with power drawn directly and symbolically from the earth.

25

I followed my explorations with words. I tried to couple my icon to my concept in yet another opposing relationship for growth in the expression of Self. Both image and word enriched my understanding and worked as counterpoints to my imagination. I relied on the two both for structure and fluidity of expression.

In my youth, I was drawn to the gentle transparency in Helen Khal's painting and to Huguette Caland's sense of volume and space. In choosing to commit to painting, I was indelibly marked and profoundly transformed by the art and person of Dorothy Salhab Kazemi. As a painter, I have been guided by the expansive art of Marc Rothko as seen through the agitated and sometimes violent marks of Willem de Kooning, maintaining throughout a deep reverence for the spiritual vastness of Rembrandt. All these artists have moved my art from a static search to one in which creative tensions have prompted me further, forward and inward. Although these artists were incredible colorists, a lot of my work is monochromatic. I feel I can express color best using a limited palette, even a grey one, for this was my test to recreate the nuances I see and feel whether within inner lives or in nature. I rely heavily on brushwork as well as on erasers to create and achieve the marks and the tonemists for which I am looking.

I work on a small scale not only for spatial considerations but also because I truly believe in the ultimate intimacy of all art experiences. I feel the artist to be second to the work of art that to me is an unfolding rather than a statement. An unfolding much like what happens between two people getting to know one another closely and building a lasting relationship. In this, the philosophical inquiries of both Ibn Arabi and Carl Jung helped me to transcend the concrete and to understand creative imagination as a means to increased spiritual and emotive awareness. Through these readings and my own efforts, my art became for me a way to manage the traumas, joys, and uncertainties of life.

I see my art as a garden without a fence, limitless and free, having been watered by endless return journeys in exile and in communion; in love and in separation; and in merging mirrors. Although the recognition of Self is paramount for me, it forms only a part of my experience. I wish my art to be a mirror reflecting my viewer's humanity. For I feel our mirrors, both artist and viewer, merge in expressing our common reality. It is my hope that this process of joint, reflective expression leads us to live life fully with introspection and inclusive magnanimity.

OPPOSITE

from the edge 1/11, 2018
100 x 100 cm
charcoal & turpentine on
canvas

FOLLOWING PAGE

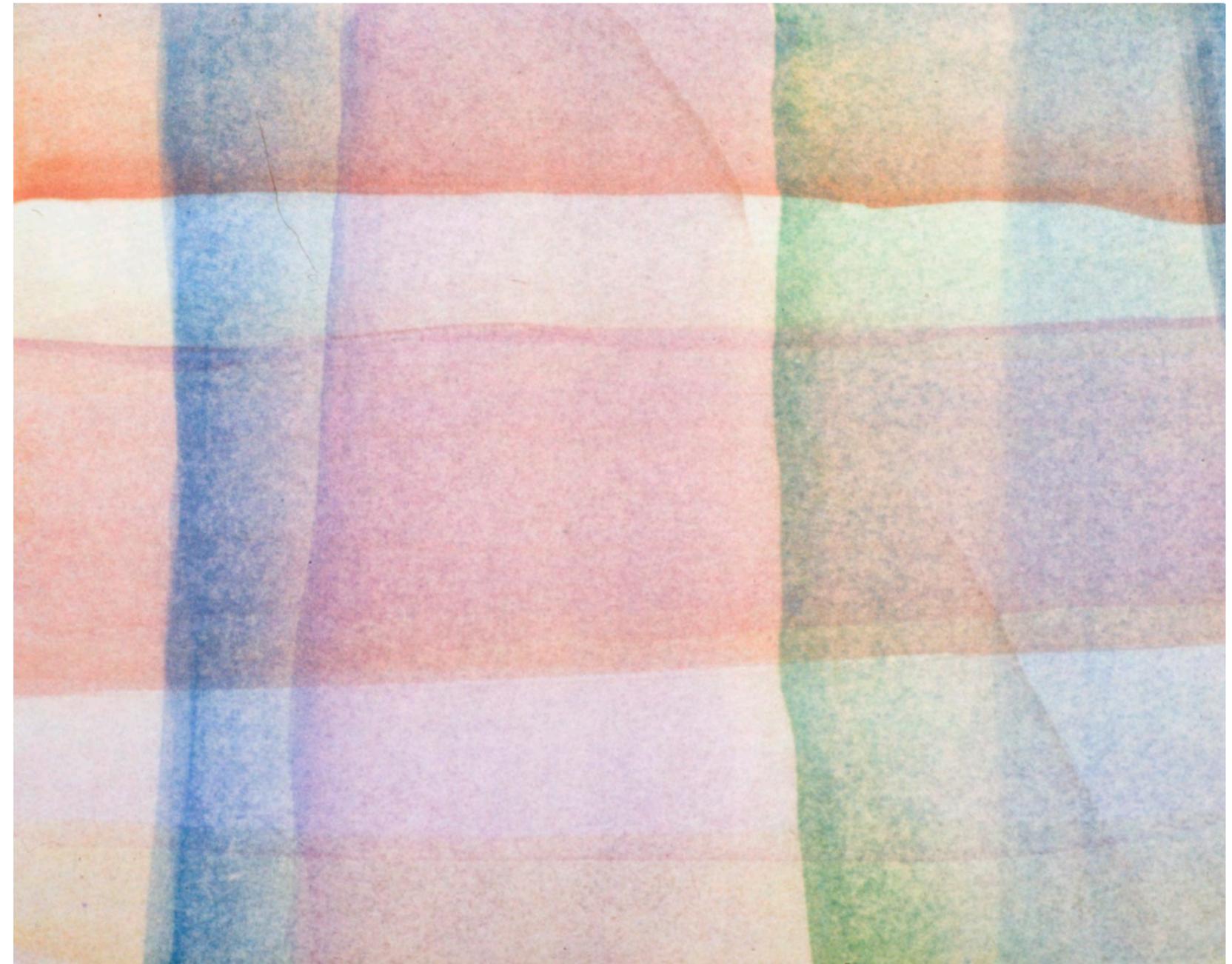
the wind 2/7, 2018
60 x 60 cm
charcoal on canvas



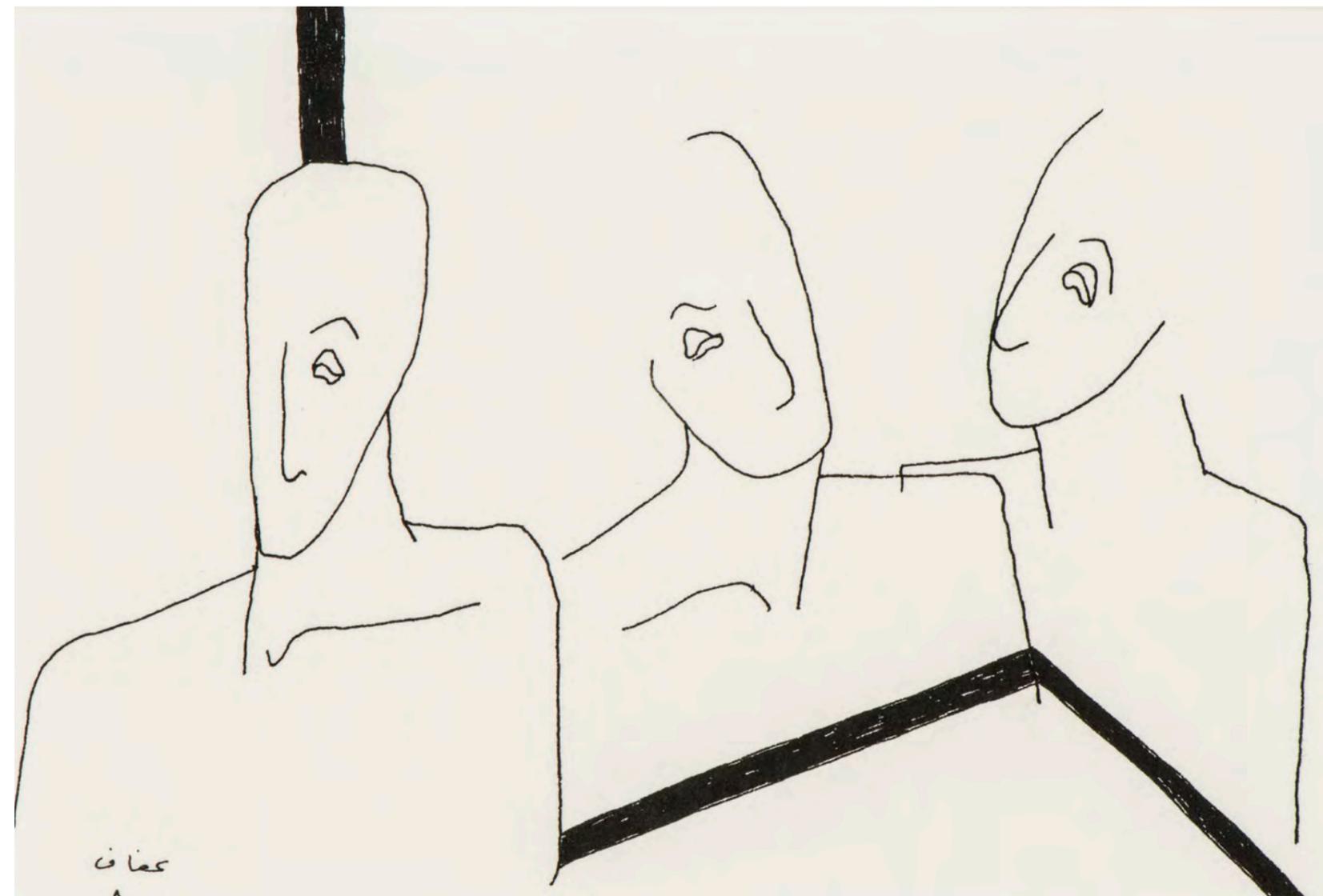
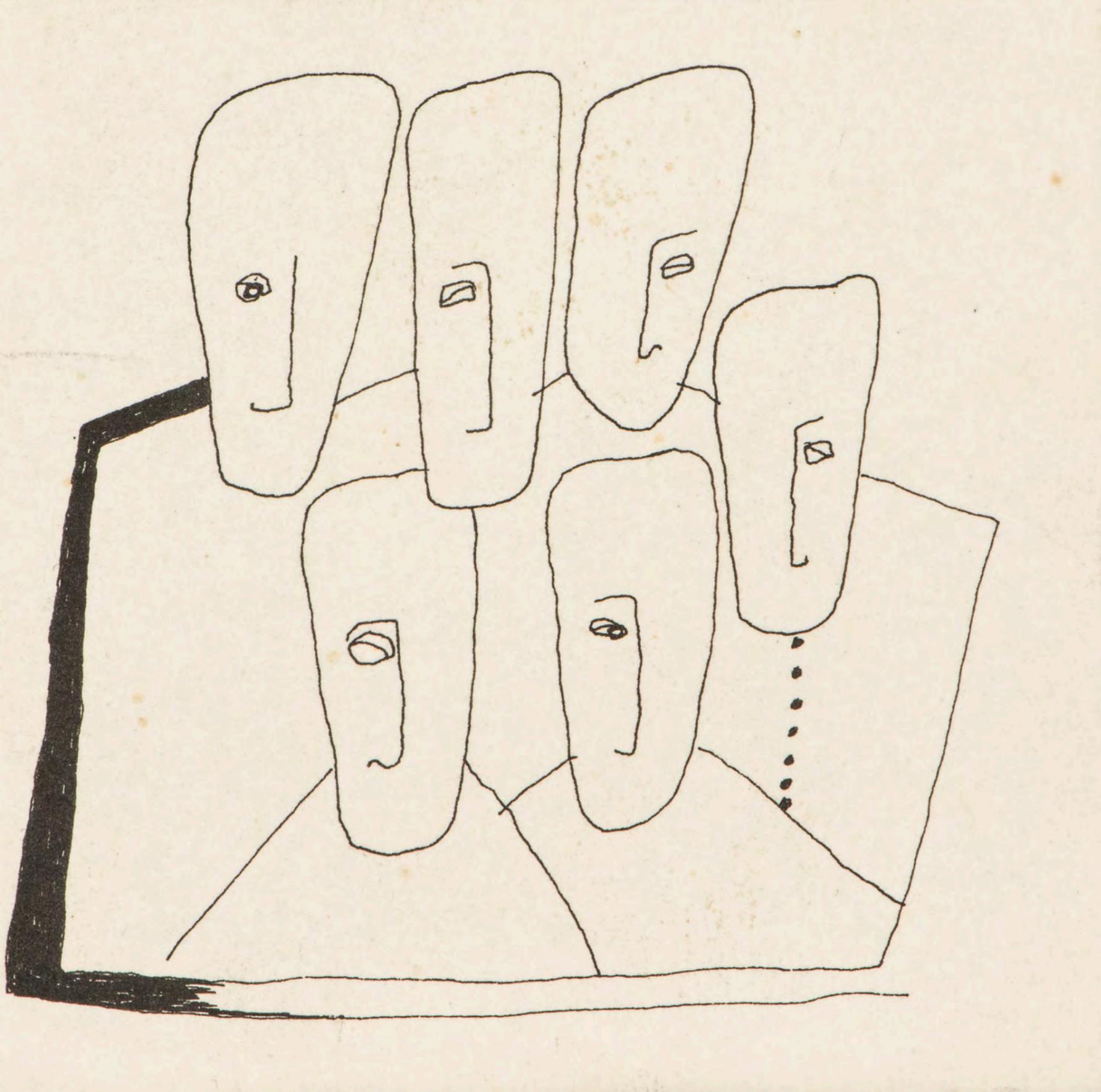


1978 - 2000

*my paintings are nursery rhymes.
they build relationships with voids.
sometimes the void has an edge.
like a child peering over an object, i can see a
line, a color, a shade.
an image slowly emerges from the debris of
detail.
it seems to come from within: genuinely and
without effort.
rarely does one painting engulf the void
completely.
often each painting is a refraction of a central
idea.
painting in series is the outcome of obsession.
it allows me to express a single image from a
multitude of viewpoints.
slowly, painfully, complete distillation occurs.*

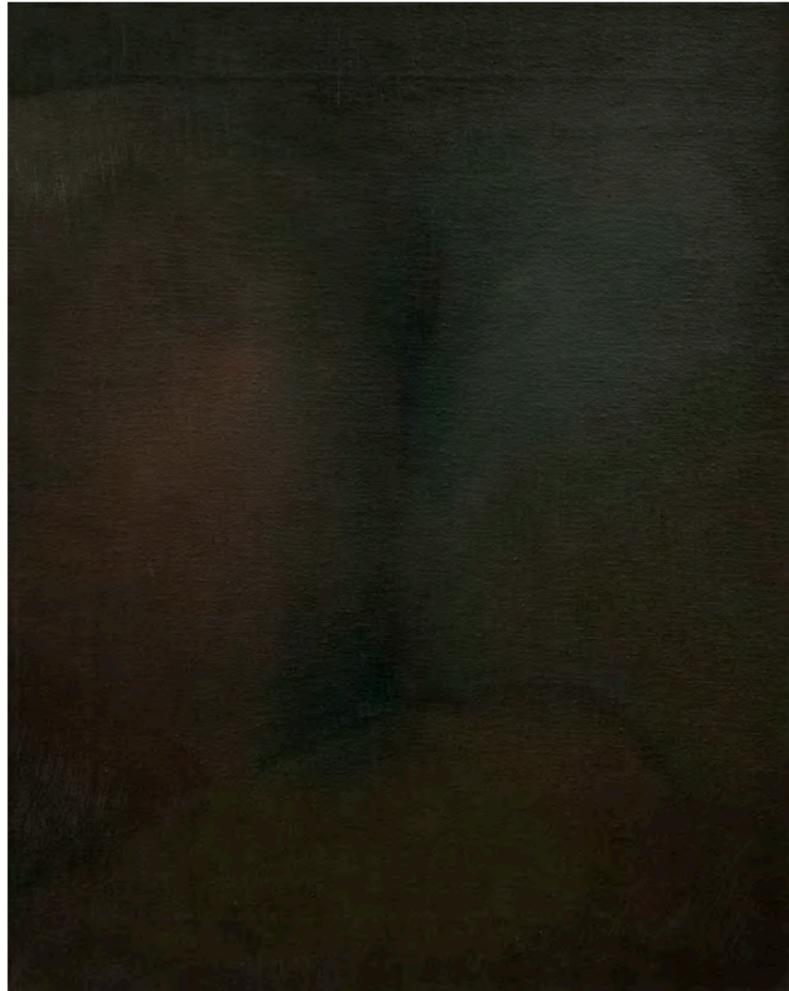
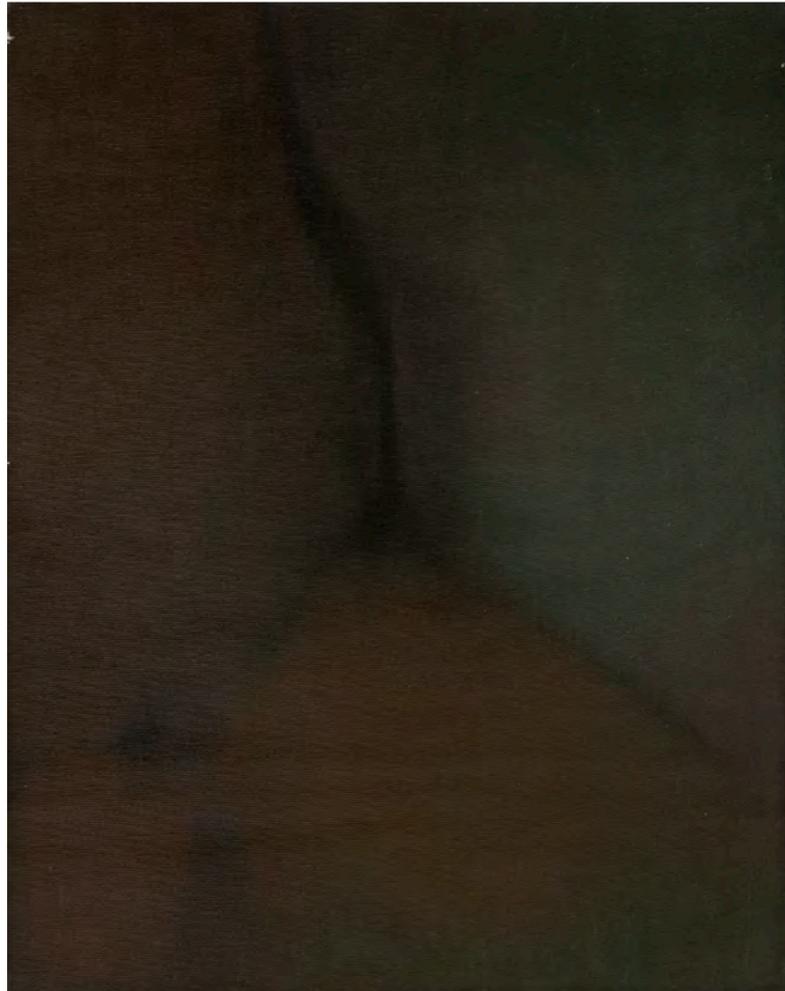
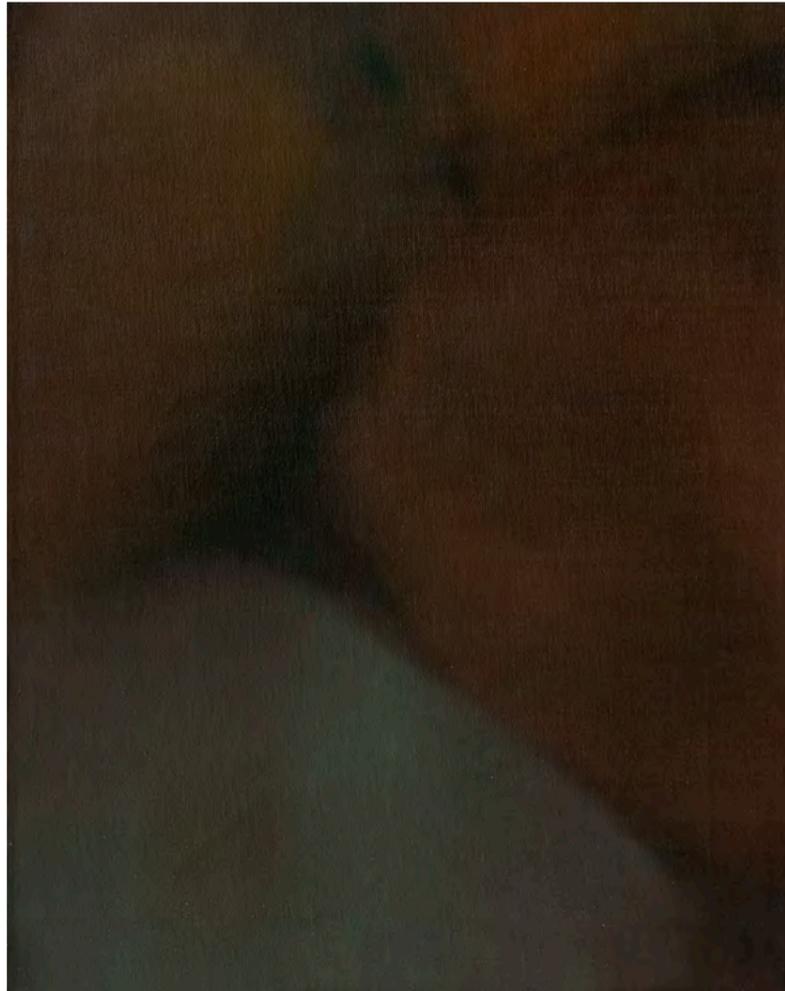
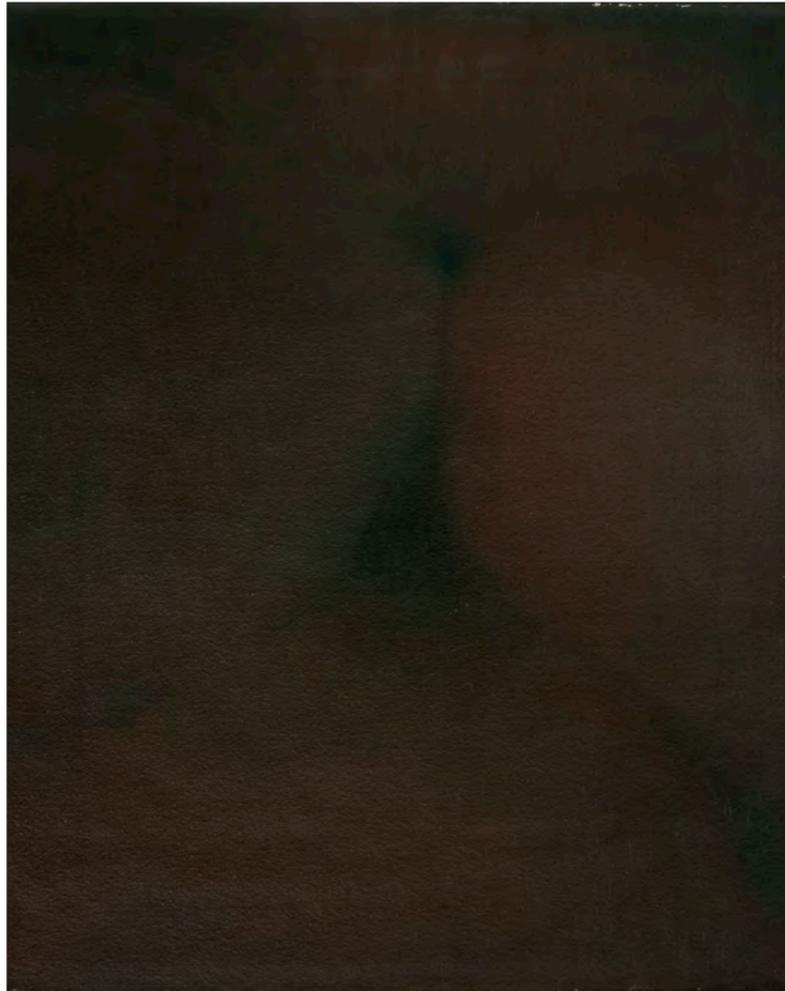


ABOVE
abstractions, 1978
dimensions unavailable
watercolor on paper



OPPOSITE
untitled, 1979
11 x 11 cm
ink on paper

ABOVE
untitled, 1980
10 x 13
ink on paper



LEFT

human form, 1983
46 x 43 cm
oil on canvas

RIGHT

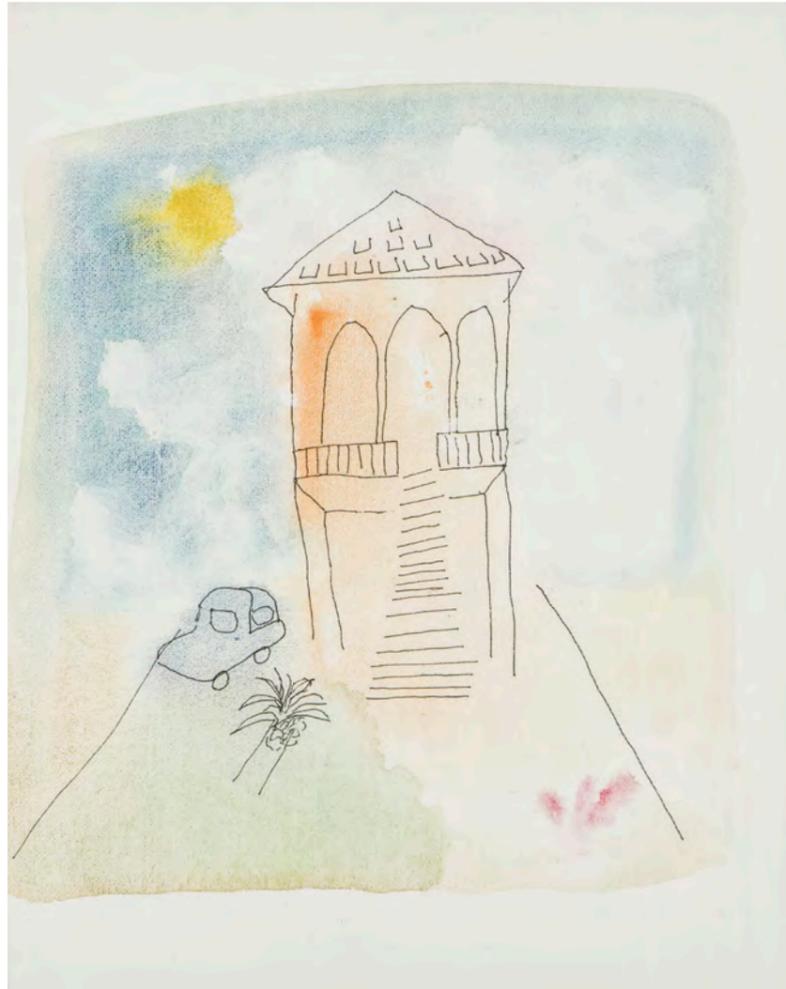
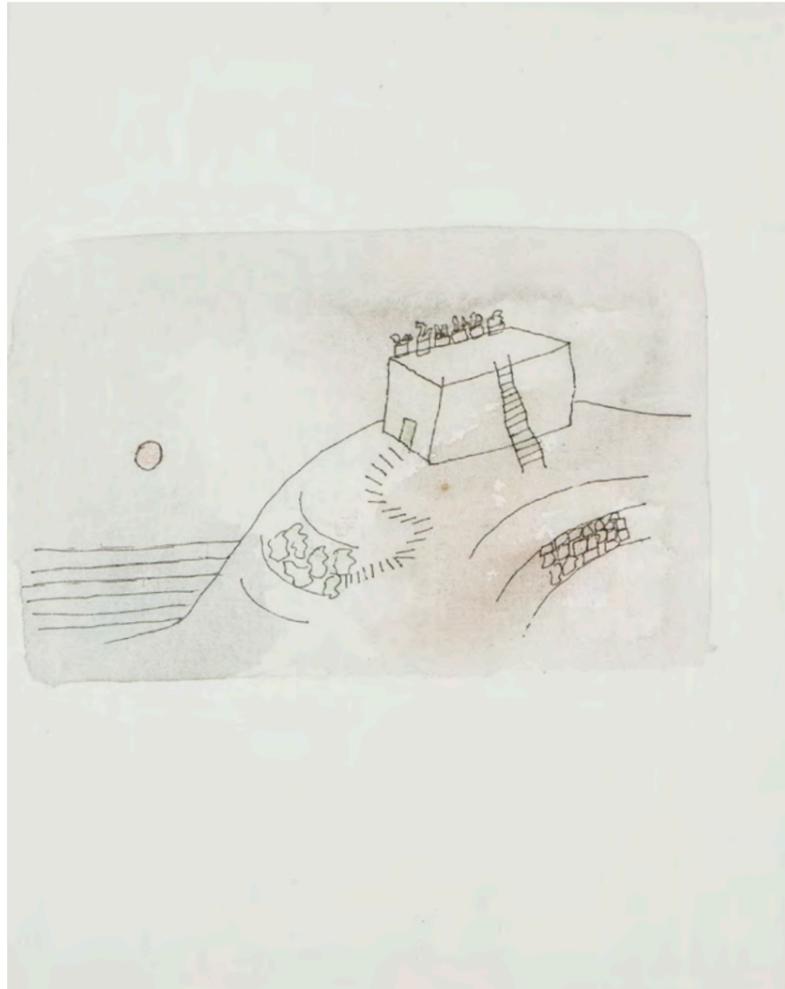
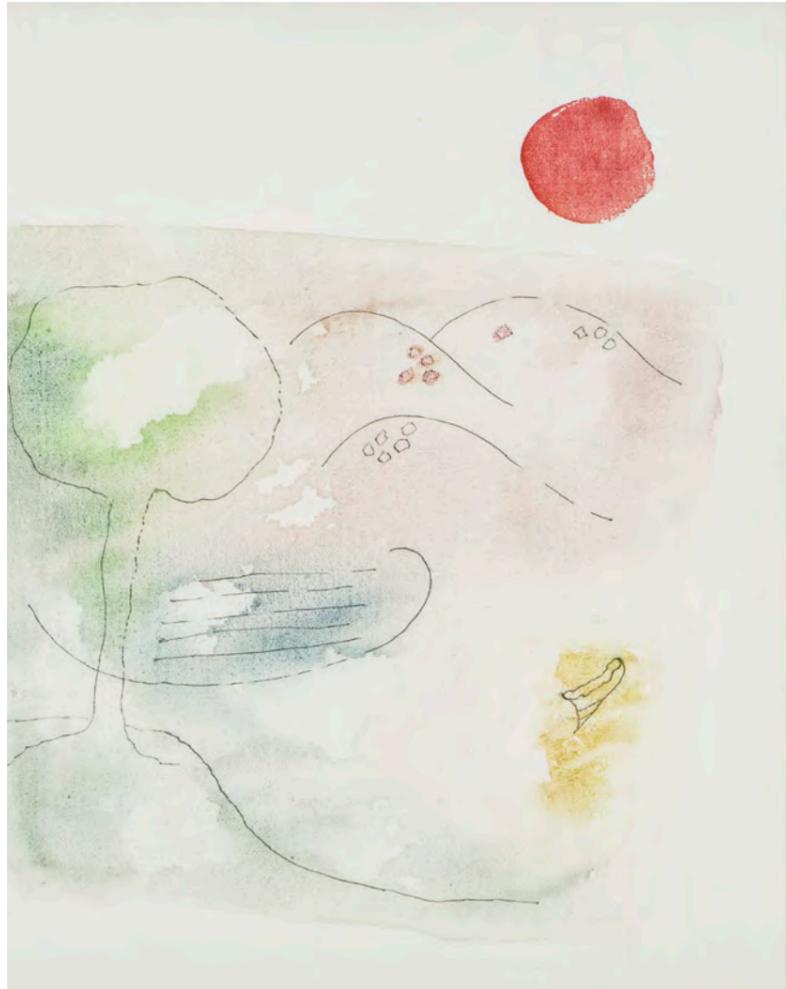
human form, 1983
46 x 43 cm
oil on canvas

OPPOSITE LEFT

human form, 1983
46 x 43 cm
oil on canvas

OPPOSITE RIGHT

human form, 1983
46 x 43 cm
oil on canvas



OPPOSITE LEFT

my lebanon 1/15, 1985
34 x 27 cm
ink & watercolor on
canvas board

OPPOSITE RIGHT

my lebanon 2/15, 1985
34 x 27 cm
ink & watercolor on
canvas board

LEFT

my lebanon 3/15, 1985
34 x 27 cm
ink & watercolor on
canvas board

RIGHT

my lebanon 4/15, 1985
34 x 27 cm
ink & watercolor on
canvas board



oxford woods

LEFT

my lebanon 5/15, 1985
34 x 27 cm
ink & watercolor on
canvas board

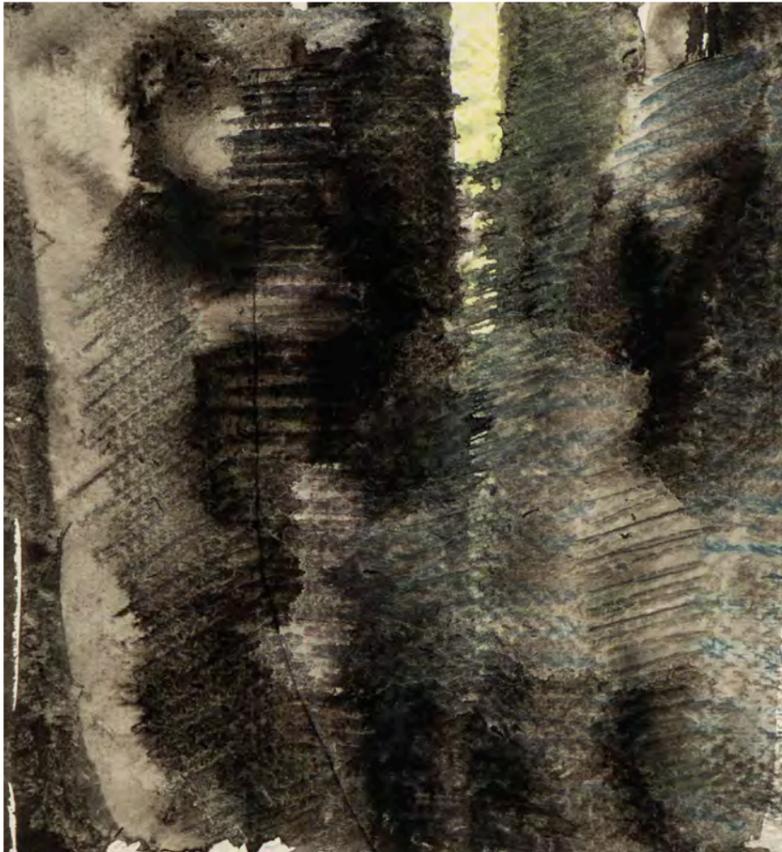
RIGHT

my lebanon 6/15, 1985
34 x 27 cm
ink & watercolor on
canvas board

The first impression was one of total darkness. The monumental trees towered above and engulfed me as i walked through this part of the Eastern Shore. After a while, I sensed light shimmering through the darkness. The solidity was diffused and the images crowded together. As I moved around and between the trees, I felt the contradictory sensations of being both isolated and connected, participant and observer, one with the woods yet separate. I slowly began to understand the woods, I saw in their trunks and vines, poison ivy and leaves, ticks and birds, a mirror of my contradictory self. The overwhelming darkness became an envelope in which ideas appeared and disappeared, changed color or focus with every new position.

In the blackness, diffused light and changing patterns of my paintings, I hope to recreate my first explorations of this living enclosure.





dream doors

42

LEFT

oxford woods, 1990
21 x 20 cm
mixed media on paper

RIGHT

oxford woods, 1990
21 x 20 cm
mixed media on paper

PREVIOUS PAGE

oxford woods, 1990
21 x 20 cm
mixed media on paper

PAGE 43

dream doors, 1992
21 x 20 cm
mixed media on paper

PAGE 44

dream doors, 1992
21 x 20 cm
mixed media on paper

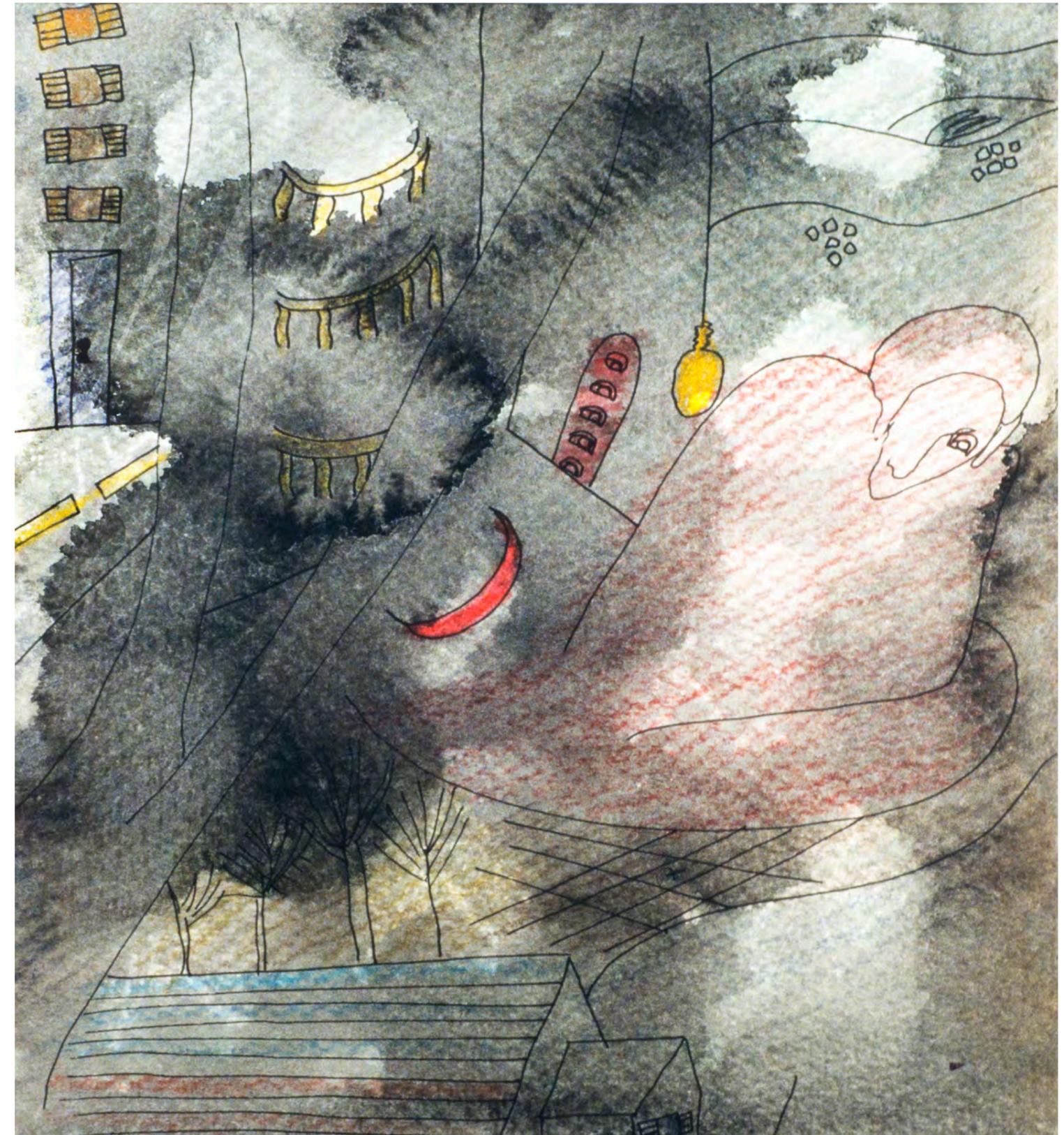
*as a child i lived in a house with no doors.
thoughts, drenched in sunlight, wandered
through its spaces.
they lived in the round.
they dreamt.*

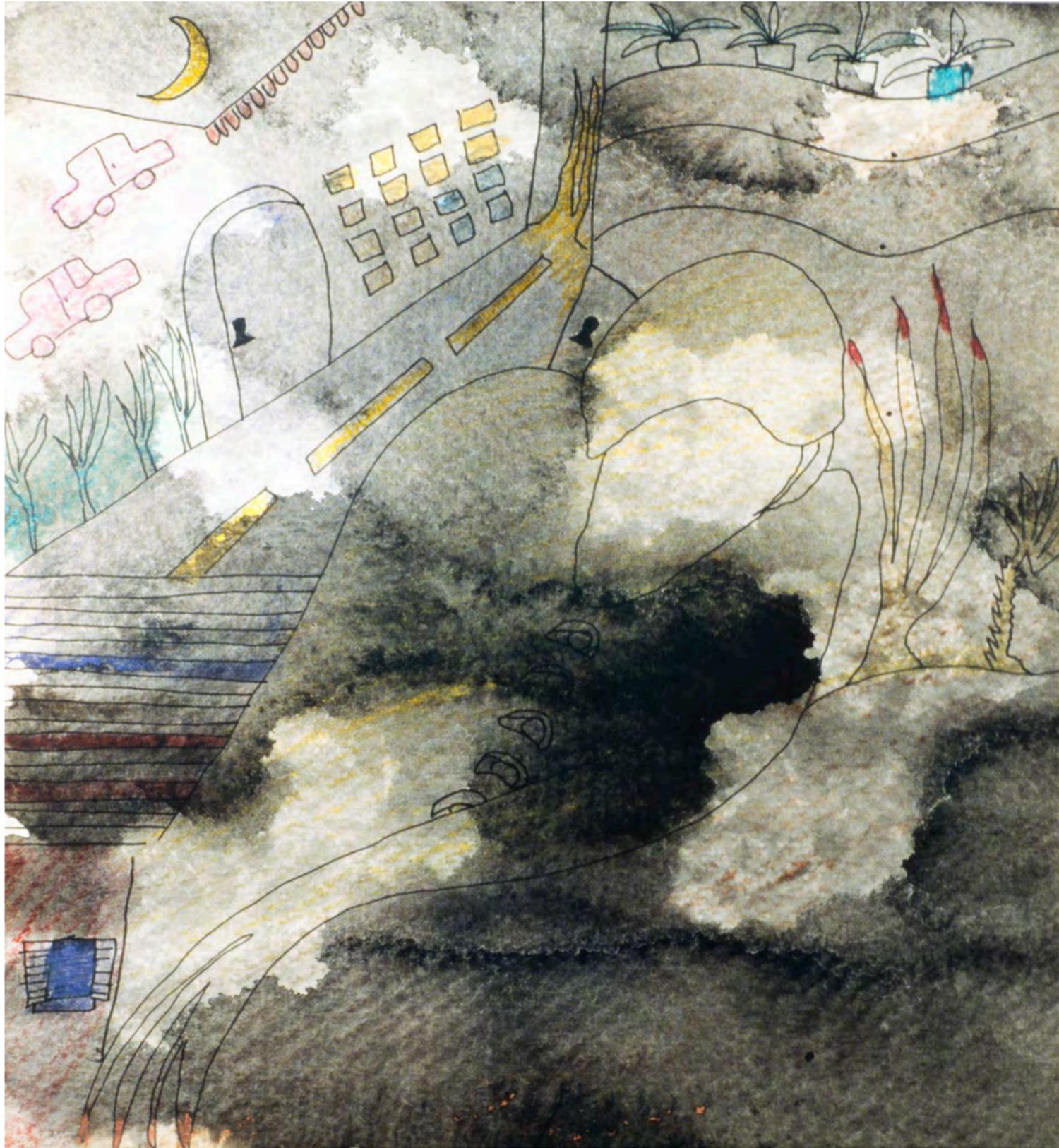
*in time the sunset erected doors.
vision recoiled from touch as angles replaced
circles.
the house, organizing itself into neat thoughts,
closed in on itself.*

*i drew keyholes.
and
one eyed men.*

*morning grew softly.
petalled nuances drew from recesses, doors
breathed, and bodies joined trees to give shape
to light.
like a bowl, the house embraced its thoughts.*

*paintings became passages.
and
i became a dream*





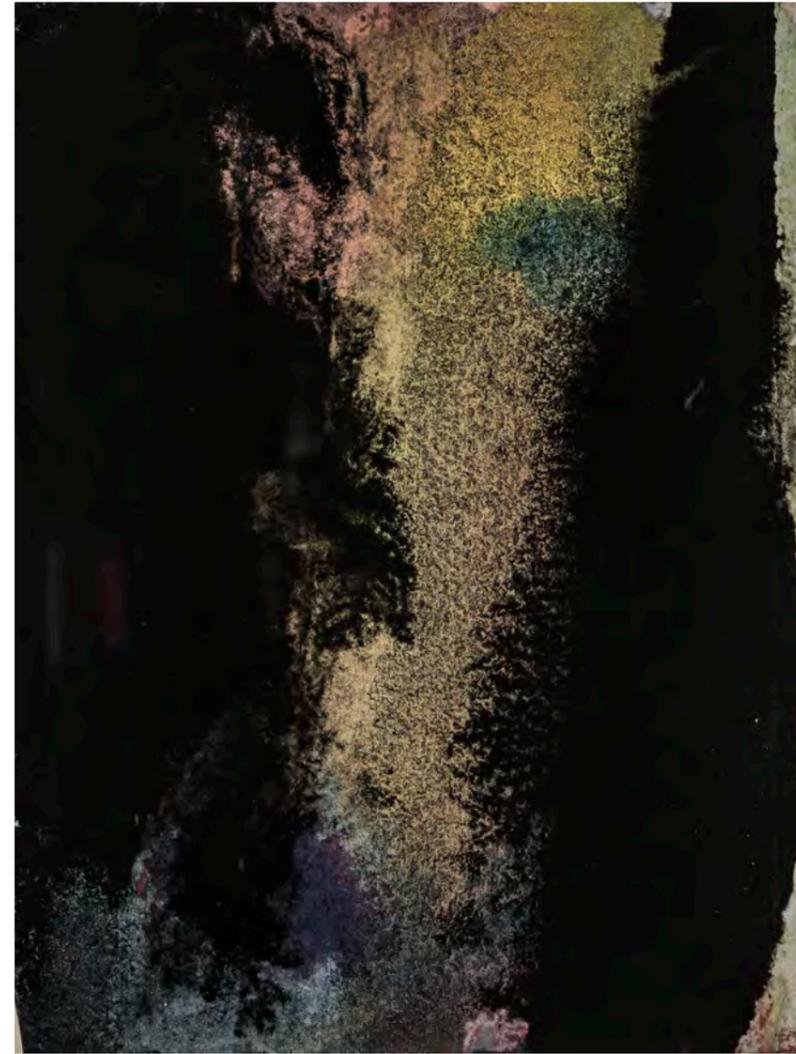
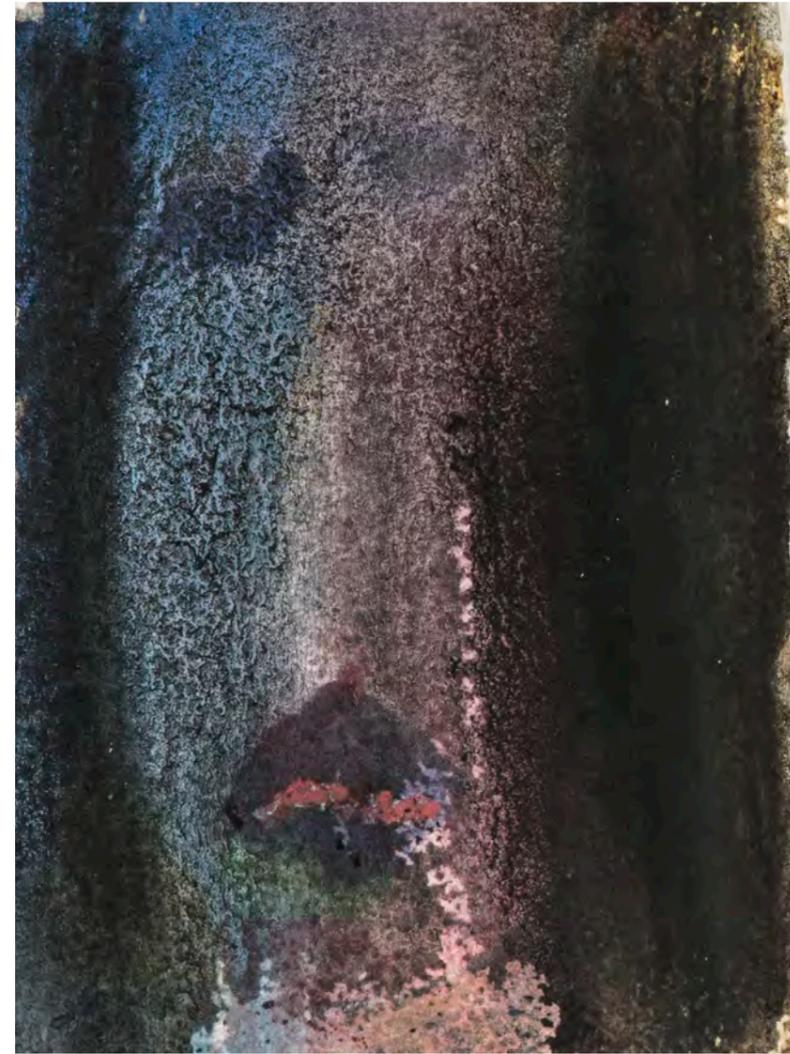
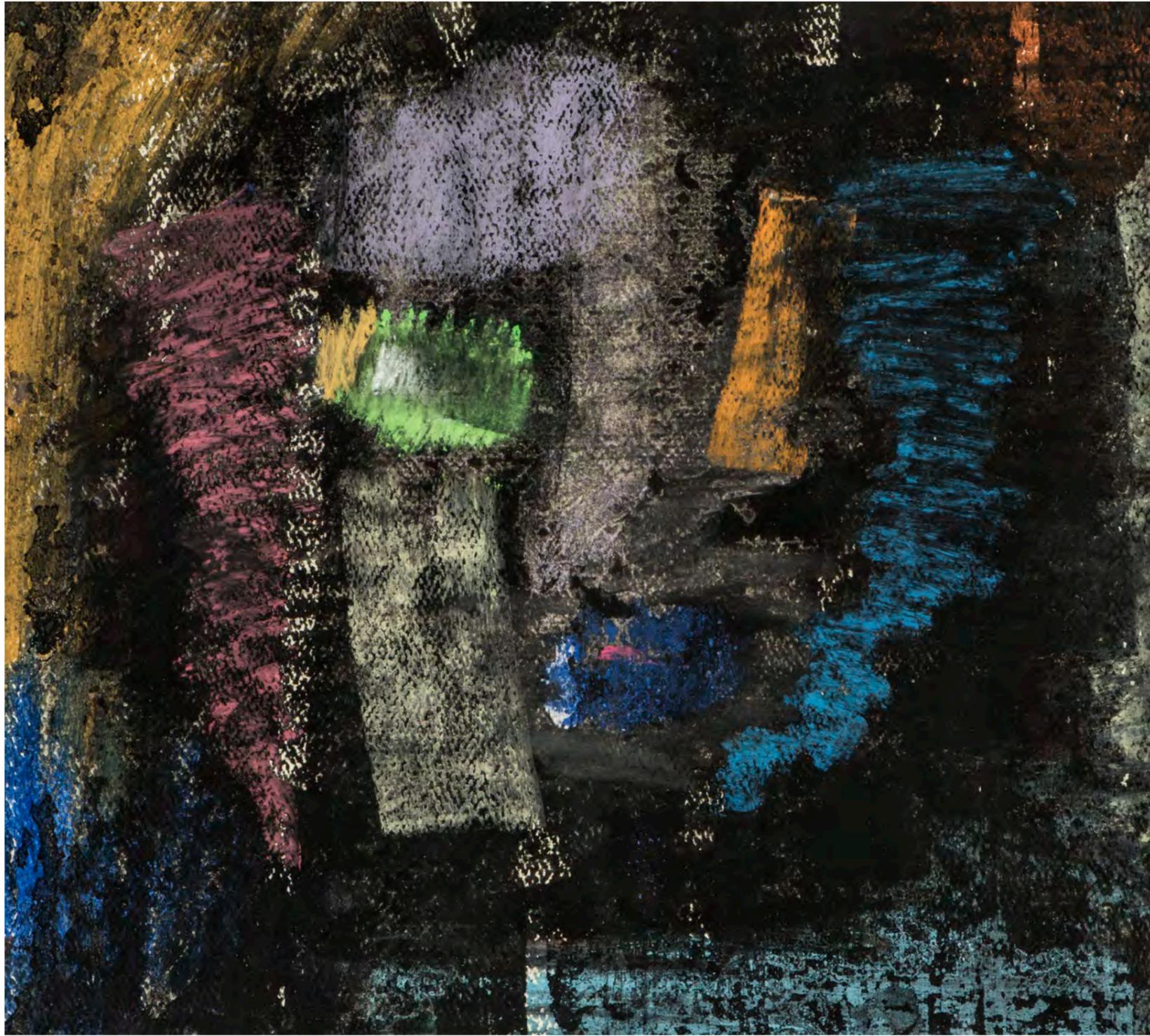
washington spring

I come from Lebanon, a country of gentle colors and crowded streets. It is a small country and the scale of life is small. Maybe that is why I choose small sizes for my paintings. They are intimate and personal.

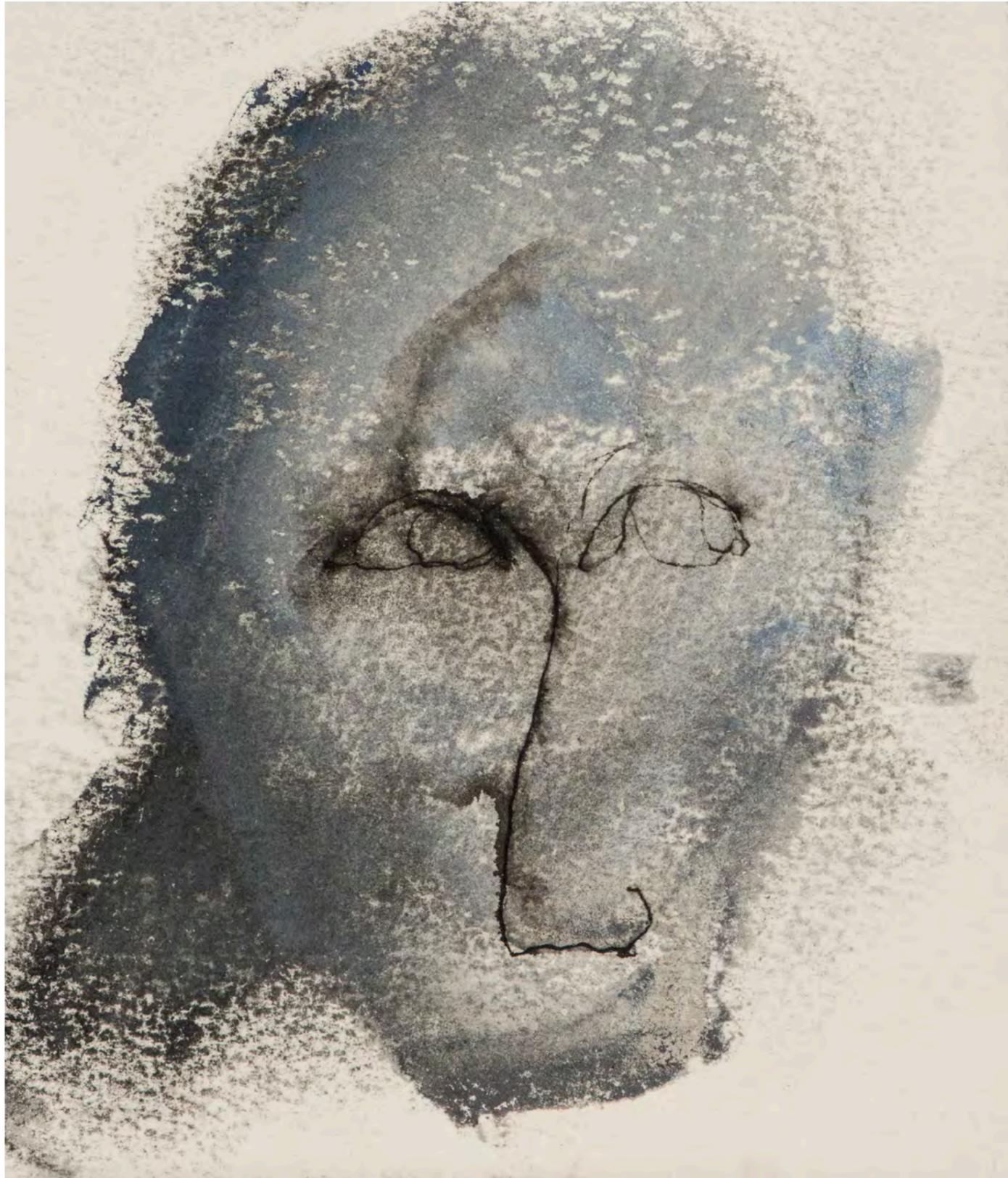
Washington, DC is spacious. Compared to Beirut it is ordered and relatively calm. The seasons here are punctuated. In Lebanon they flow one into the other, sometimes coexisting. Spring in Washington bursts with color, in contrast to the Mediterranean spring which is quietly still. Moving from one landscape into another is not easy. Nature means home. To feel at one with it implies layers and depths of acceptance. Feeling at one with it means coming to terms with its silent language.

The first few years I was here, I was overwhelmed with the enormity of the loss I experienced. Today, I am enriched by what I have gained. I hope in these works to do justice to the complexity of this emotion.





	<u>LEFT</u>	<u>RIGHT</u>
	portraits 1/8, 1993-1995 19 x 14 cm mixed media on paper	portraits 2/8, 1993-1995 19 x 14 cm mixed media on paper
<u>PREVIOUS PAGE</u>	<u>OPPOSITE</u>	<u>FOLLOWING PAGE</u>
washington spring, 1991 21 x 20 cm mixed media on paper	recollections, 1993 20 x 21 cm mixed media on paper	portraits 3/8, 1993-1995 14 x 12 cm mixed media on paper



driftwood

By painting driftwood I try to animate the inanimate by evoking the presence of beings. In some cases, these are analogues of familiar animals, both real and mythical; in others, fragments of landscape may appear.

To me the journey of the wood from earth to water to earth again in a transformed state is not unlike that of our consciousness as we realize the interdependence of each creature in nature.

The finished pieces reveal themselves slowly, in layers of understanding.

Together they form a multi-part entity yet separately each stands alone.



LEFT
driftwood, 1990-2000
115 x 79 x 75 cm
painted driftwood

RIGHT
driftwood, 1990-2000
painted driftwood

FOLLOWING PAGE
driftwood, 1990-2000
130 x 80 x 60 cm
painted driftwood







LEFT
 driftwood, 1990-2000
 70 x 70 x 70 cm
 painted driftwood



RIGHT
 driftwood, 1990-2000
 painted driftwood

BELOW

driftwood, 1990-2000
32 x 11 x 5 cm
painted driftwood



2000 - 2010

Saying farewell was a very long process of coming to terms with the darkness of finality and its ever present emerging light. The depth of this terrain forced me to look with piercing honesty at my attempts to explore my reflections visually.

Even as a child I was fascinated with chiaroscuro. In time this translated itself into real life experiences where the feeling for the Dark had within it an understanding of the Light. Dark and Light became, for me, neither contradictory nor opposite and formed the basis for my knowledge of the other.

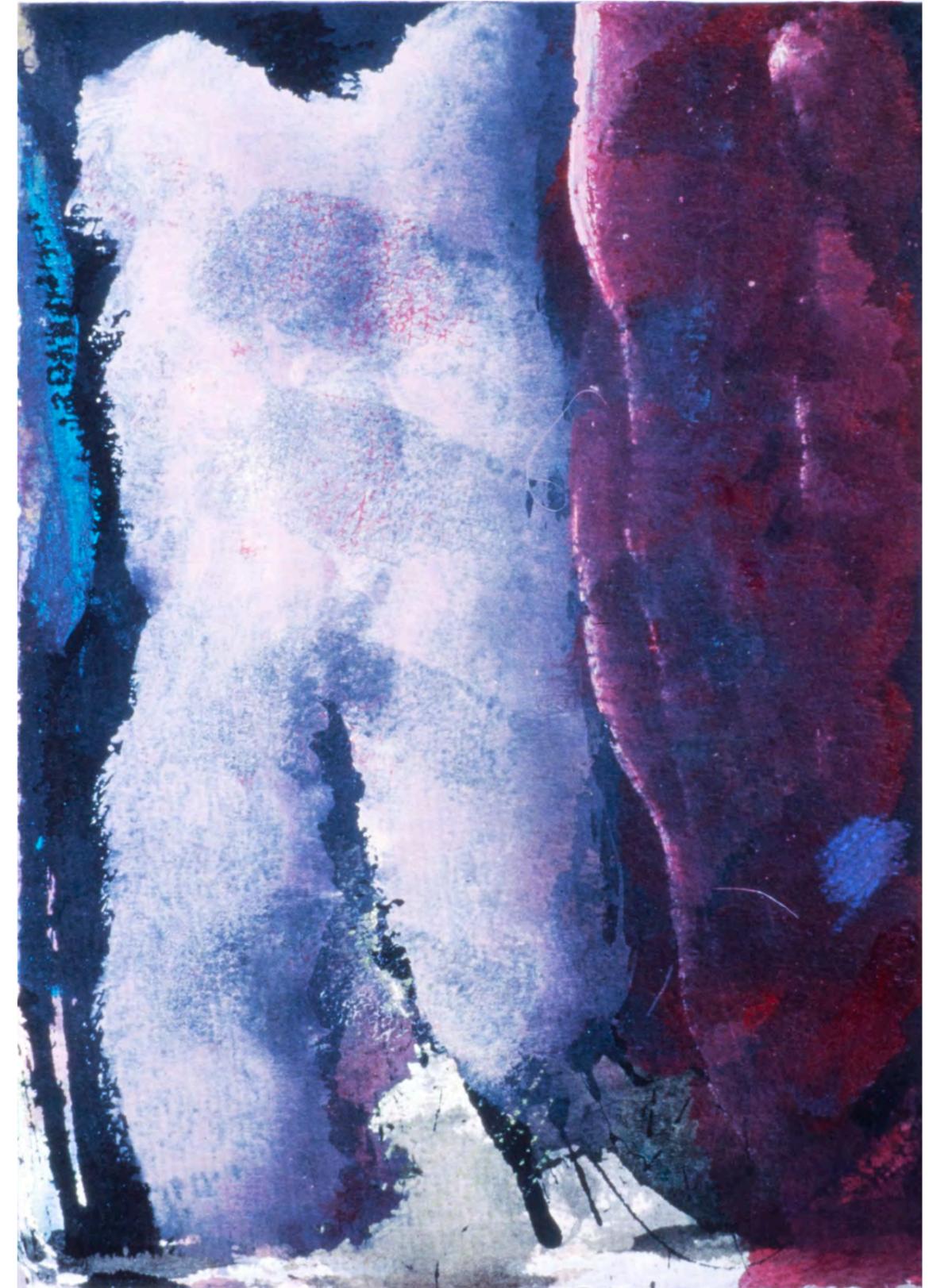
Becoming a dance of shadows, ideas and emotions discerned themselves slowly and I attempted to express them with the subtlety with which they were experienced.

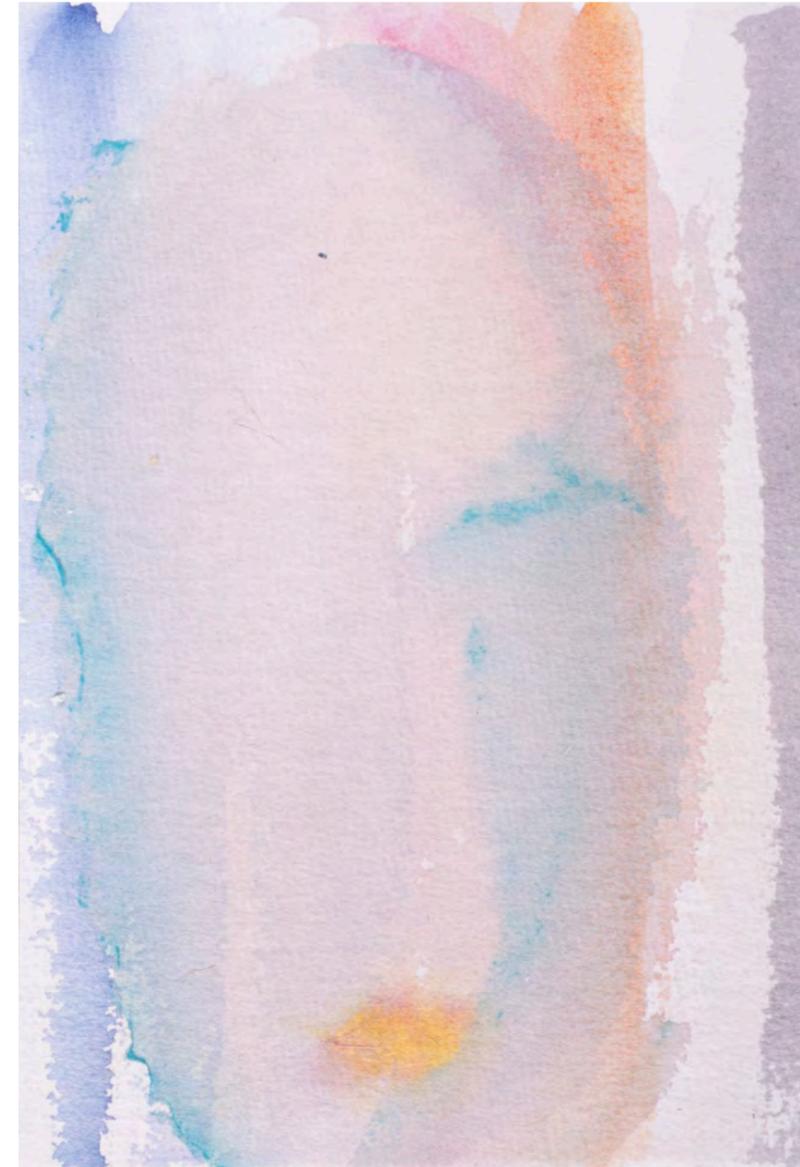
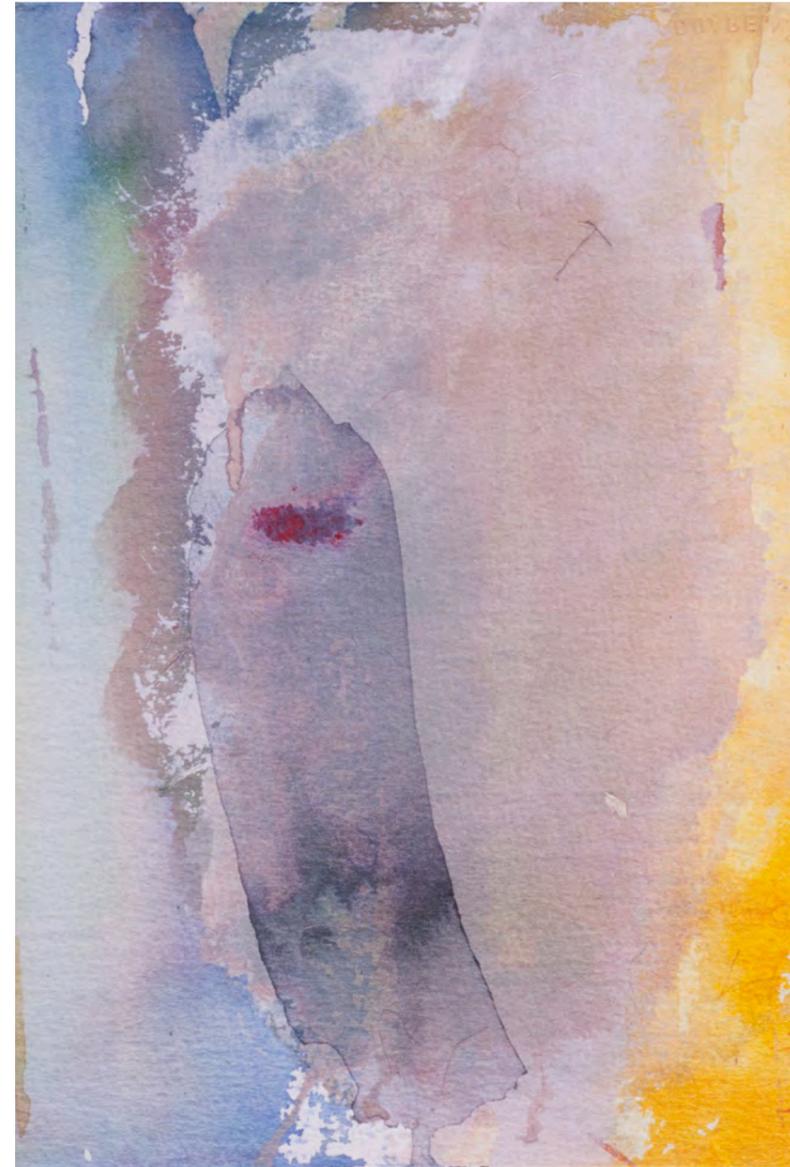
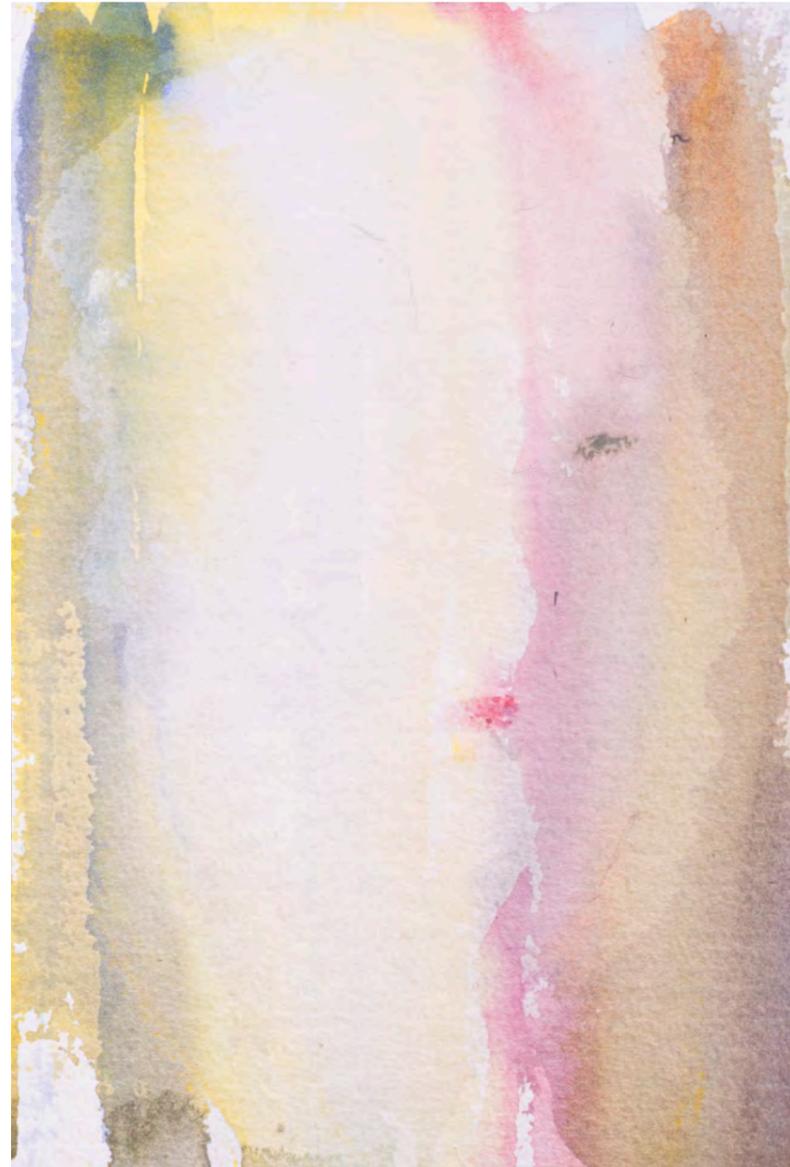
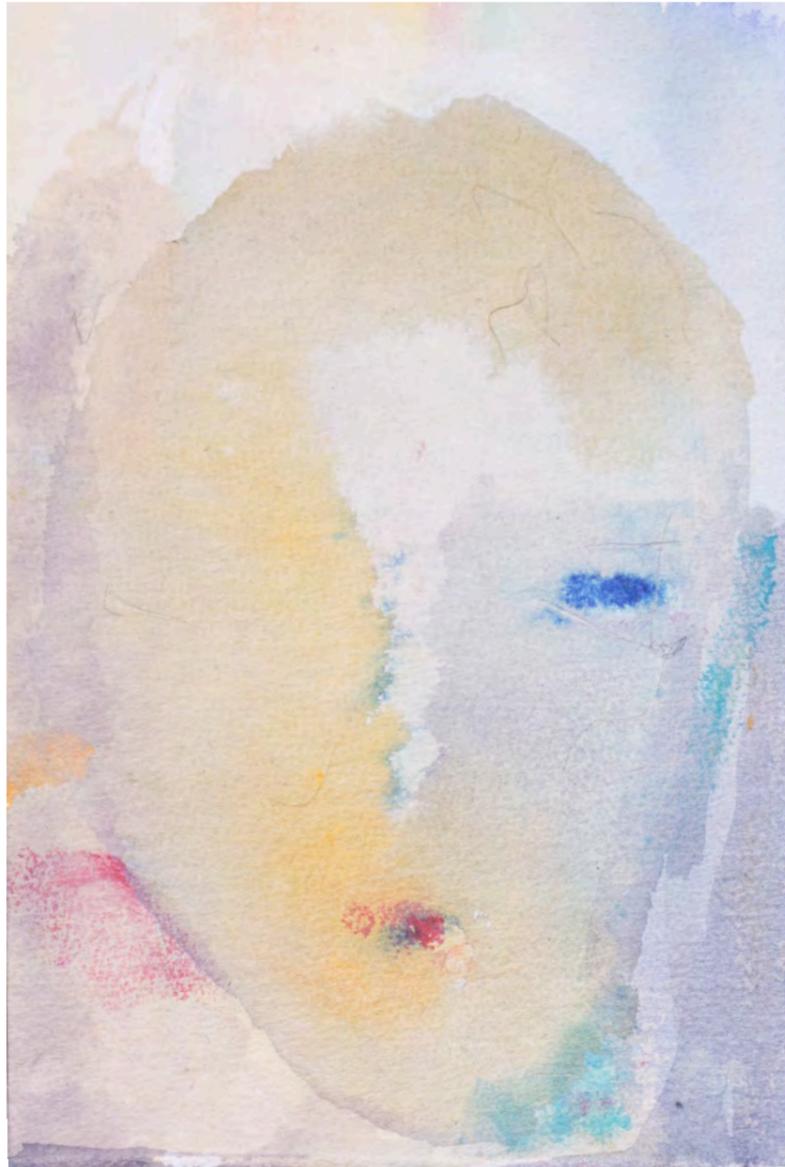
Intricate as they were the dissipating Dark allowed for the emerging Light and continued for me the eternal process of forming and being formed.

As an artist this wish to form became paramount and my paintings spoke in passages that connected. And understanding began.

RIGHT

departures 1/6, 2000
28 x 19 cm
mixed media on paper





LEFT

conversations 1/6, 2000
28 x 19 cm
acrylic & watercolor on
paper

RIGHT

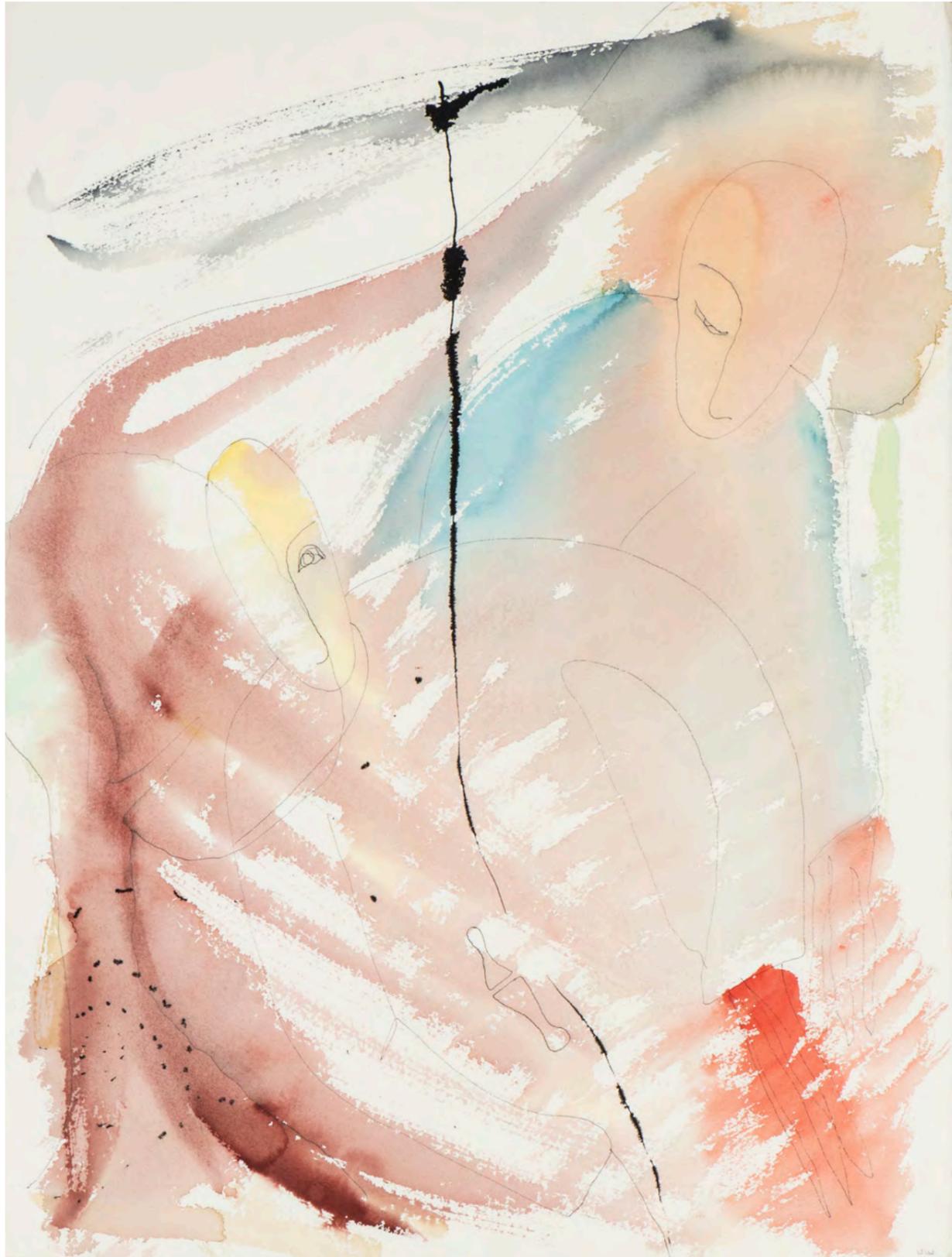
conversations 2/6, 2000
28 x 19 cm
acrylic & watercolor on
paper

OPPOSITE LEFT

conversations 3/6, 2000
28 x 19 cm
acrylic & watercolor on
paper

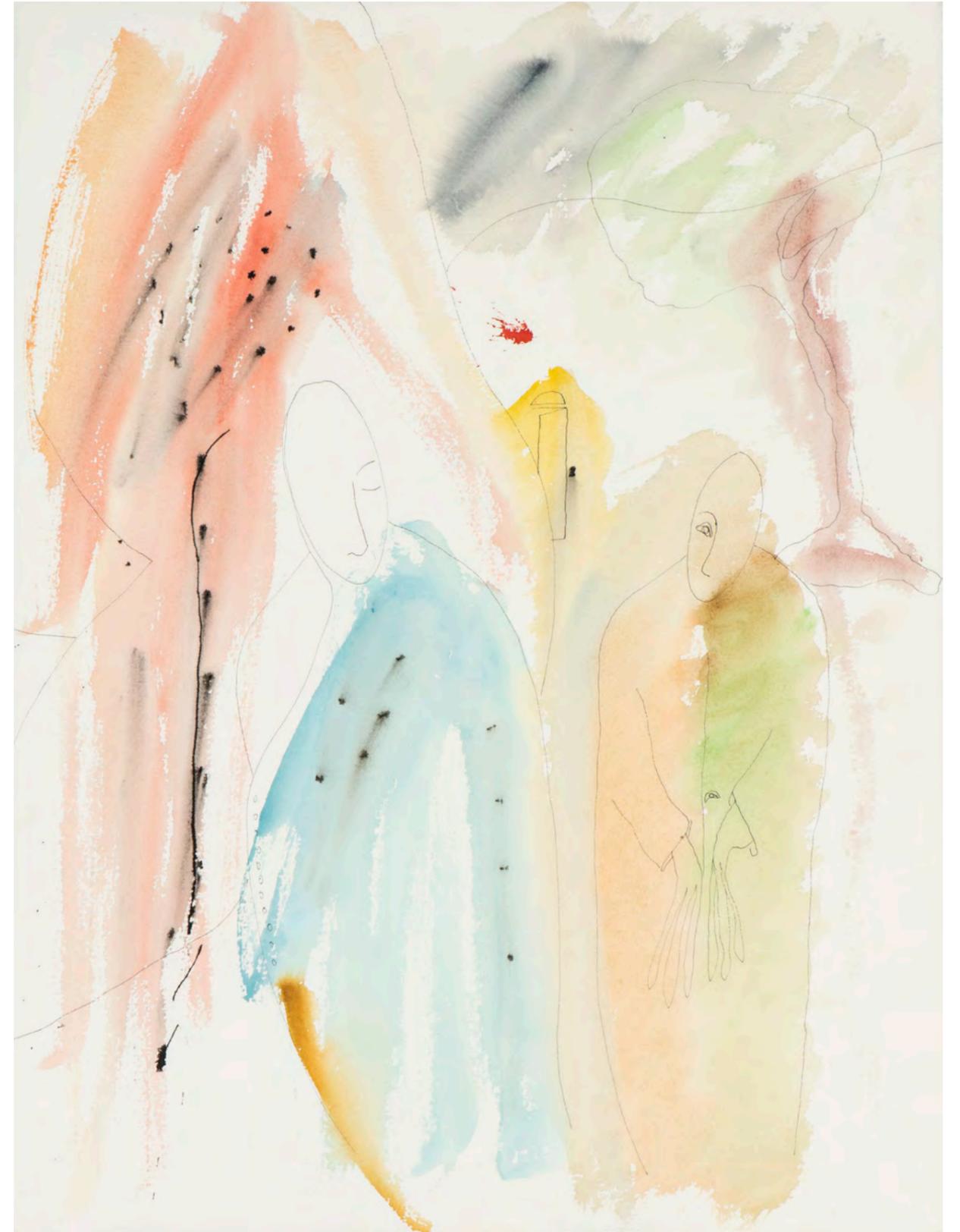
OPPOSITE RIGHT

conversations 4/6, 2000
28 x 19 cm
acrylic & watercolor on
paper

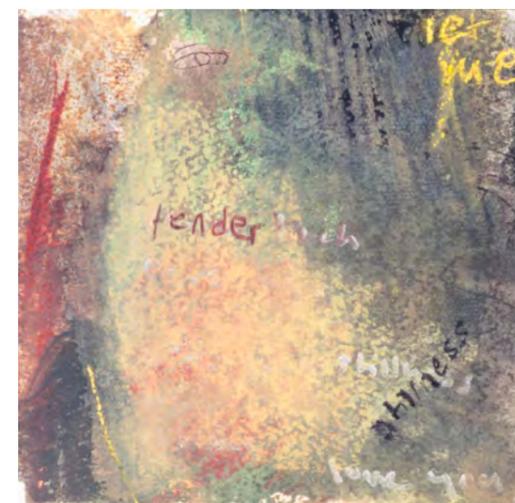
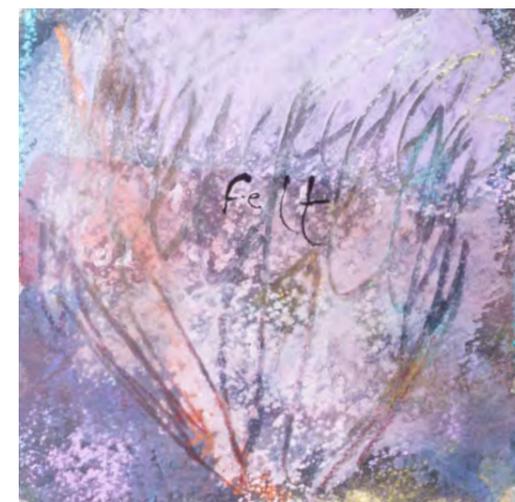
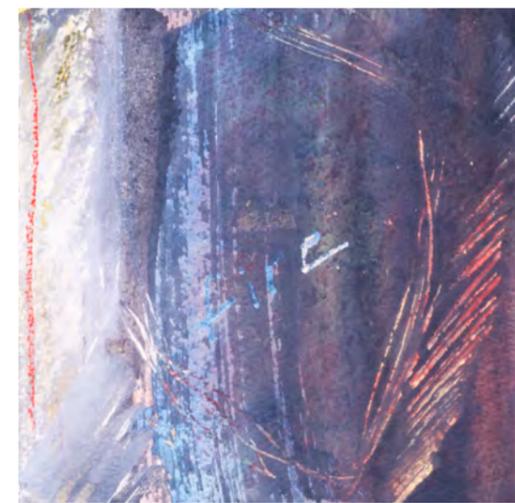
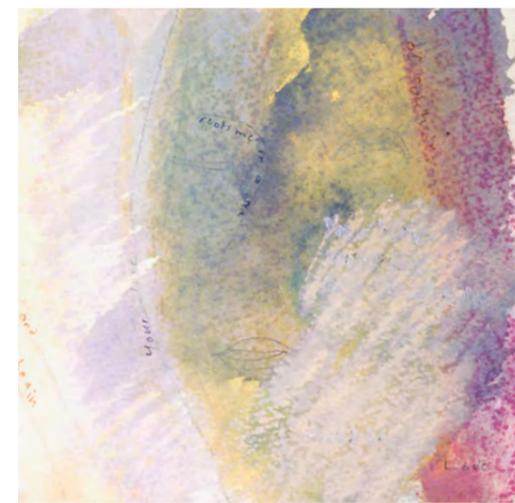


LEFT
everyman 1/7, 2002
77 x 57 cm
ink & watercolor on paper

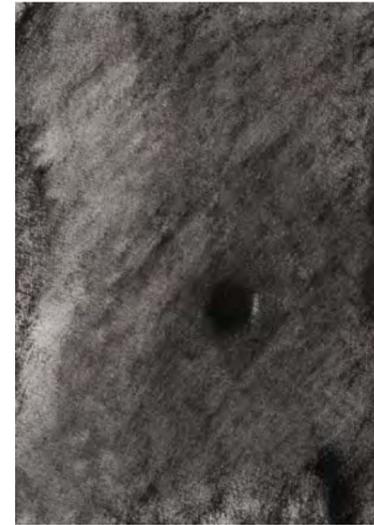
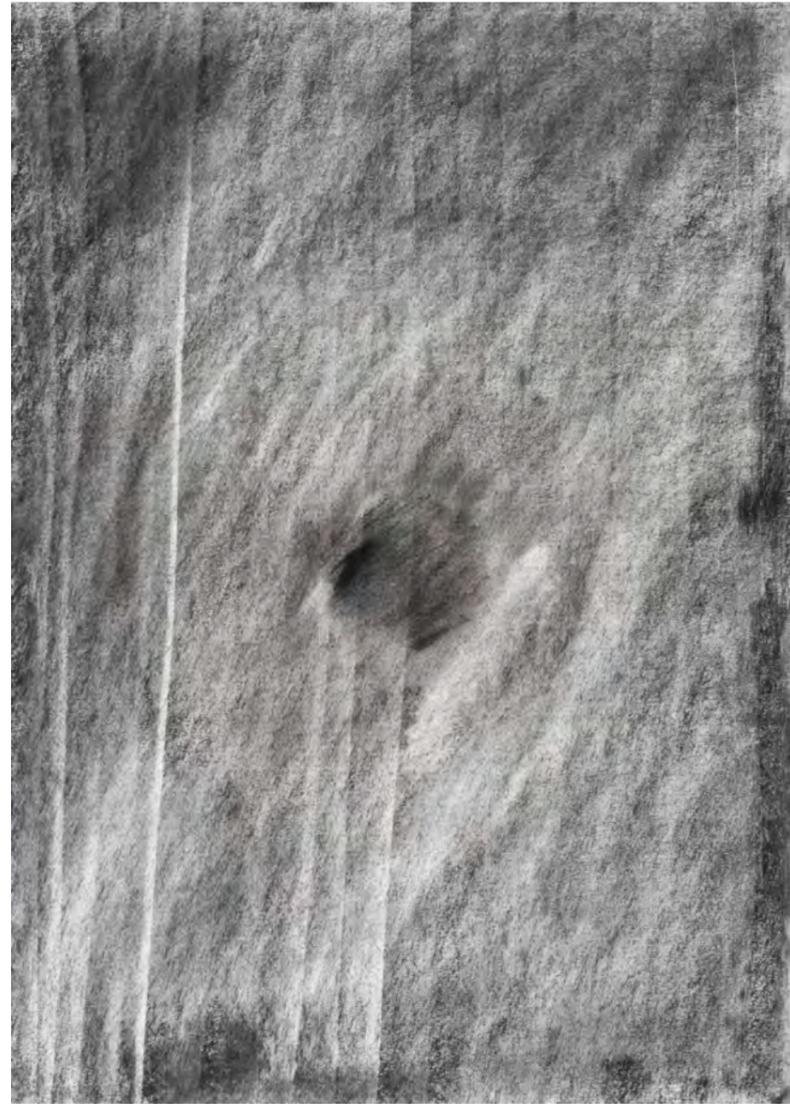
RIGHT
everyman 2/7, 2002
77 x 57 cm
ink & watercolor on paper



OPPOSITE
mahaba, 2004
18 x 18 cm each
mixed media on paper







PREVIOUS LEFT

untitled, 2004
100 x 100 cm
oil on canvas

LEFT

untitled, 2007
29 x 20 cm
charcoal on paper

PREVIOUS RIGHT

untitled, 2004
100 x 100 cm
oil on canvas

RIGHT

untitled, 2007
59 x 41 cm
charcoal on paper

OPPOSITE

untitled, 2007
20 x 15 cm each
charcoal on paper



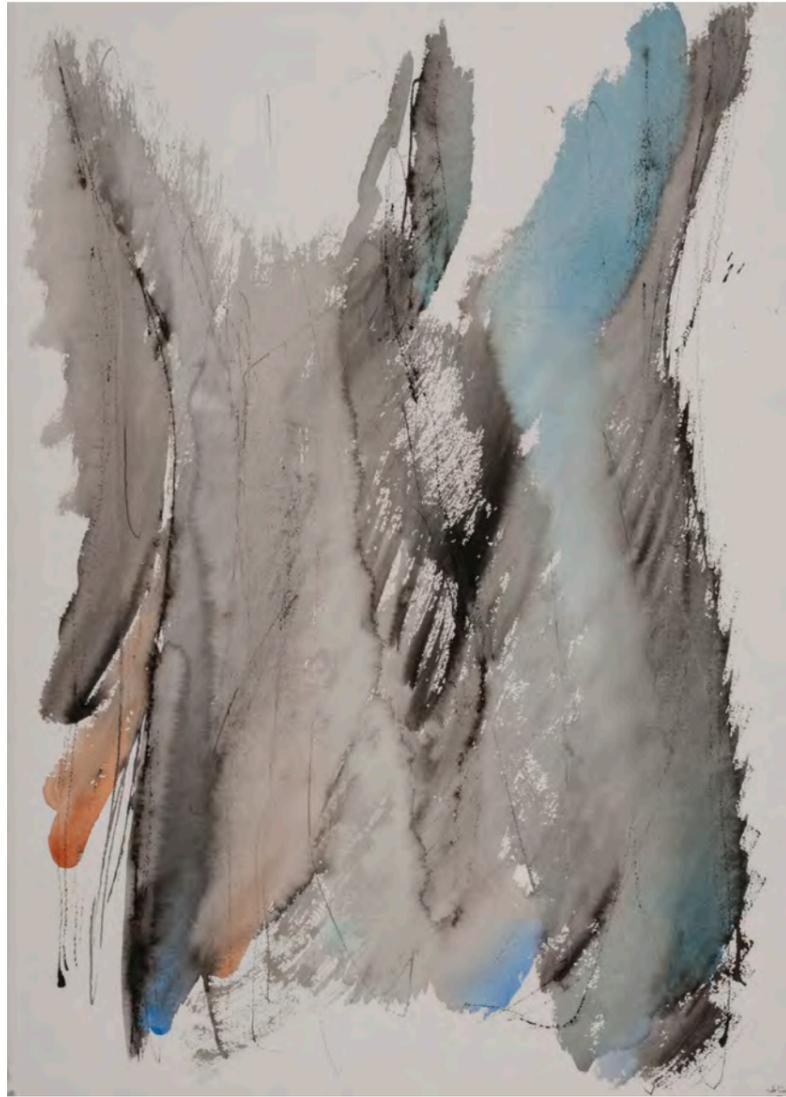
76



77

LEFT
untitled, 2008
75 x 53 cm
charcoal on paper

RIGHT
untitled, 2008
75 x 53 cm
charcoal on paper



LEFT

body 1/17, 2009
75 x 52 cm
mixed media on paper

RIGHT

body 2/17, 2009
75 x 52 cm
mixed media on paper

OPPOSITE LEFT

body 3/17, 2009
75 x 52 cm
mixed media on paper

OPPOSITE RIGHT

body 4/17, 2009
75 x 52 cm
mixed media on paper

FOLLOWING

untitled, 2007
100 x 100 cm
oil on canvas

2010 - 2019

The gift of receiving is an honor that is bestowed by our ancestors on spirits eager to absorb and do the necessary reflection to move themselves and others into realms of understanding hitherto uncharted or only ascertained through the act of letting go and of connecting.

This territory is covered by the few. It is the privilege of allowing the a-rational to live alongside the mundane and the practical. It is accepting the presence of beings that exist through endless Time only to make their presence felt in a moment of acknowledgment.

It is the existence of the many essences within the one. It is the dark energy that has no mass. It exists only to move the present into a

realization of immense continuity. It makes the receiver both a speck and a totality.

Awareness of the present observed through the past. Not actively giving. But being felt as fact where science, magic and art converge.

Painting these 'beings' is for me accepting, forming, conversing and reaching beyond the self. Painting them allows me to open myself to presences that wish to shape and to inform. To shape our present understanding and to inform us of the multitude realities that exist within us. All this is comforting.

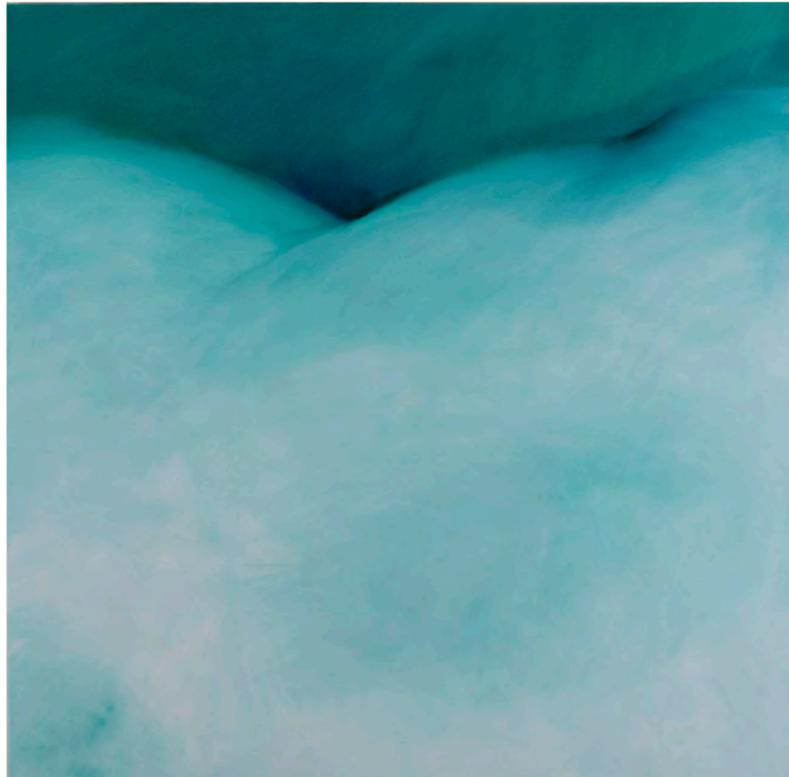
My art can only listen and invite.



ABOVE

places i have been, 2012
40 x 40 cm each
charcoal on canvas





PREVIOUS PAGE

ombres, 2012
15 x 11.5 cm each
charcoal & pastel installed
in plexi glass structure
permanent collection of
the Sursock Museum

OPPOSITE

untitled, 2009-2010
100 x 100 cm
oil on canvas

LEFT

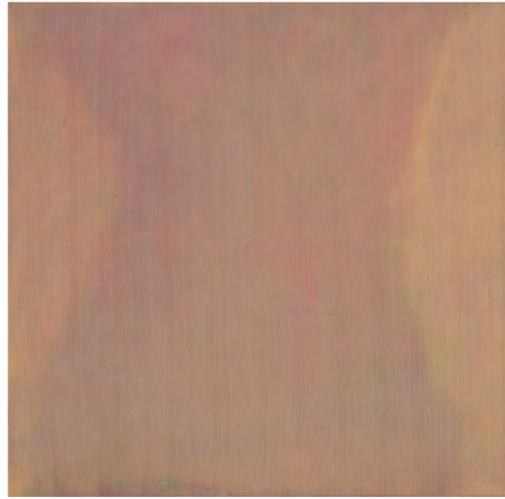
untitled, 2009-2010
100 x 100 cm
oil on canvas

RIGHT

untitled, 2009-2010
100 x 100 cm
oil on canvas

FOLLOWING PAGE

i don't exist, 2012
50 x 50 cm each
oil on canvas



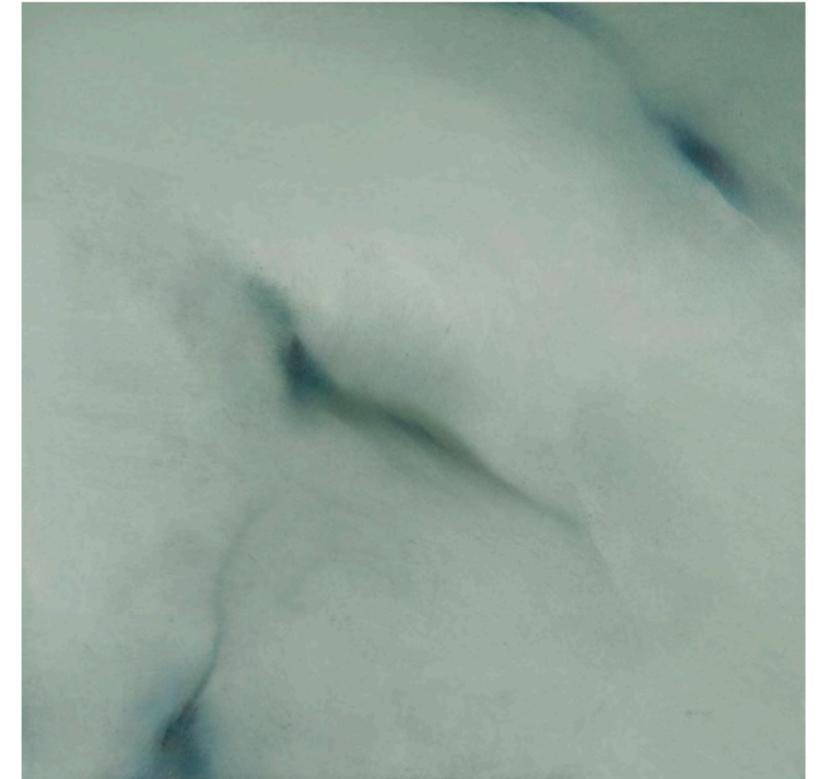
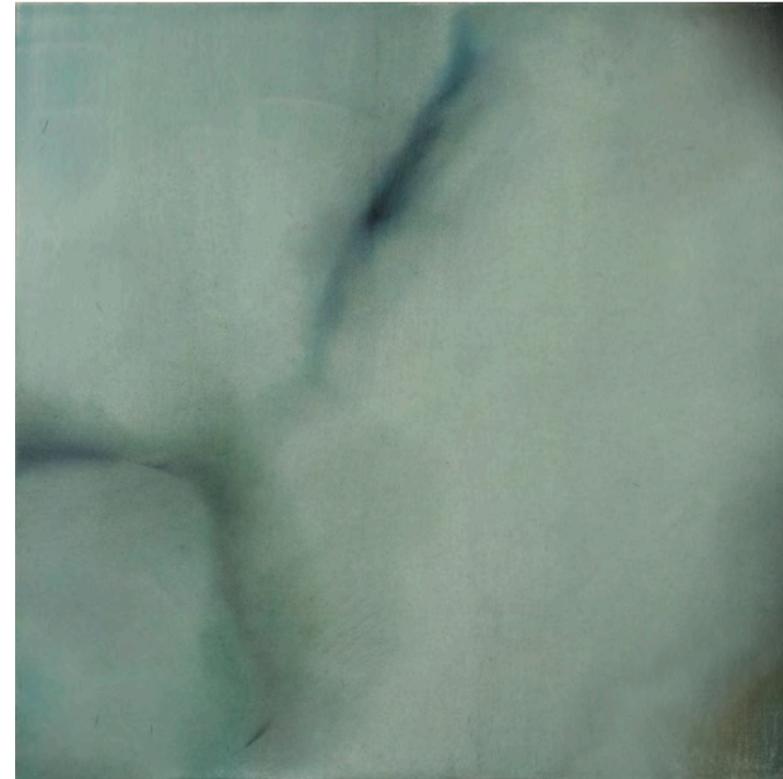
...and morning drew softly

"...and morning drew softly" is a series of oil paintings that express the way night becomes day both in the emotional as well as the physical sense. They were painted to reflect the emergence of light in my own life and to express its pure physical beauty. The paintings, for me, emit energy from within as I allow immense space to express itself through detail.

The palette I use is limited to a few colors that depict the changing light as my body awakens. I move my brush across the canvas with a tenderness that echoes the softness of the morning light. Gradations of tones, subtle and barely perceptible, convey the slow gentle movement of light as an expansive sky gradually illuminates my body.

Feeling the changing light in the early morning hours on my skin has been my prayer ritual as I greet each new day. The expansive peace, spreading across time and place at that hour, covers me with its subtle warmth, and ideas form themselves into a clear dream. The world 'draws' itself into existence touching, through light, the very fibers of my being.





PREVIOUS PAGE

...and morning drew softly
2013
40 x 40 cm
oil on canvas

OPPOSITE

...and morning drew softly
2013
40 x 40 cm
oil on canvas

FOLLOWING LEFT

...and morning drew softly
2013
40 x 40 cm
oil on canvas

LEFT

...and morning drew softly
2013
40 x 40 cm
oil on canvas

RIGHT

...and morning drew softly
2013
40 x 40 cm
oil on canvas

FOLLOWING RIGHT

...and morning drew softly
2013
40 x 40 cm
oil on canvas





japanese lantern and table top

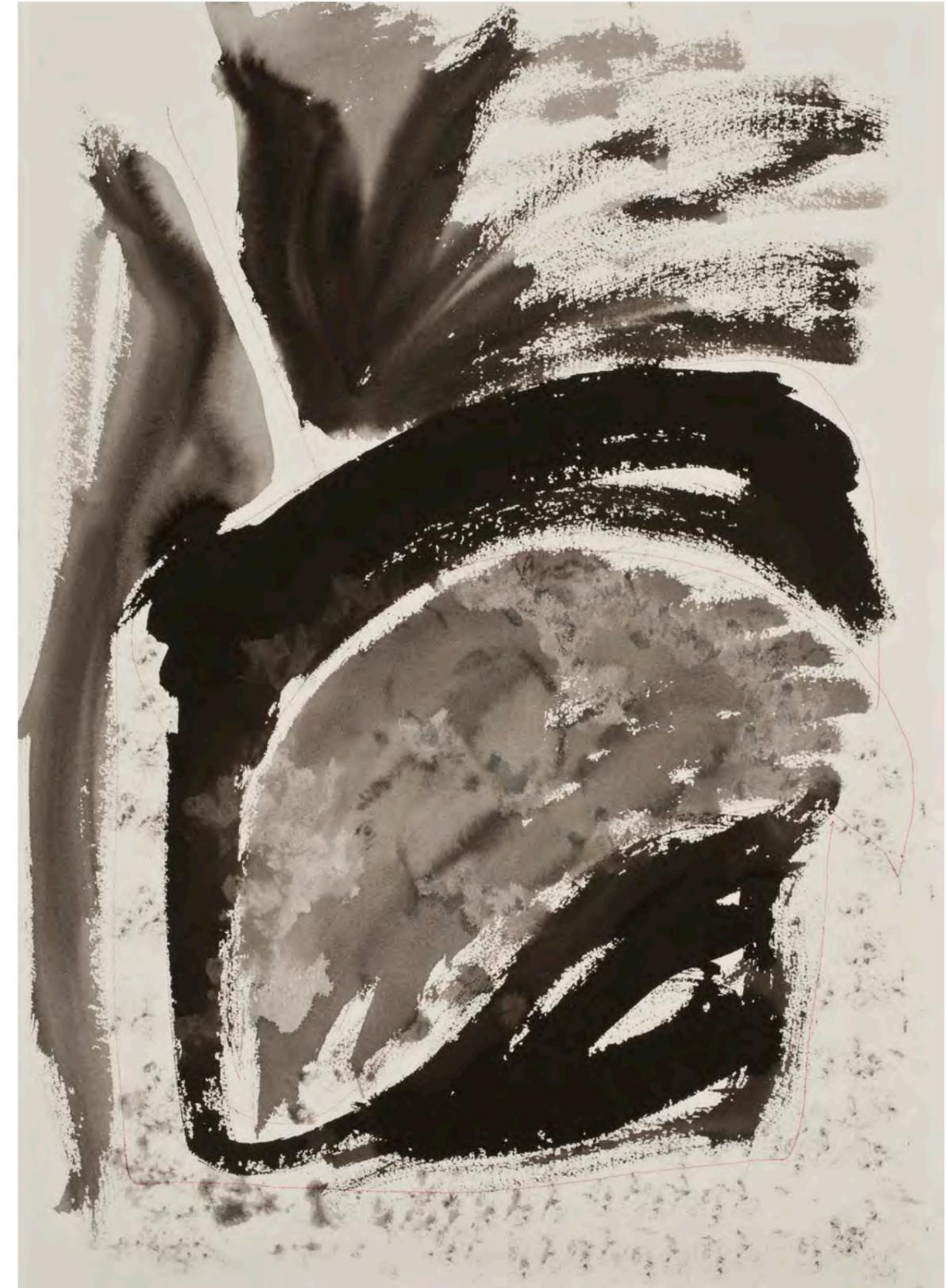
Light is also the subject of the series of ink drawings entitled “a Japanese lantern and a table top”. In this series, light becomes less a physical force and more a beacon for higher consciousness. This consciousness was born out of a dialogue between shapes and realities. I started drawing this series as a result of a powerful dream in which I was identified as a Japanese lantern and a tabletop. Trying hard to understand the inherent symbolism I proceeded to envision a conversation between a triangle and a rectangle. Using red and black ink as well as the whiteness of the paper I tried to create a coherent, dynamic interaction between imagination and solidity: between heaven and earth. I worked quickly and intensely and after a couple of sleepless nights I was able, through the drawings, to commit to both total abstraction and expressive content.

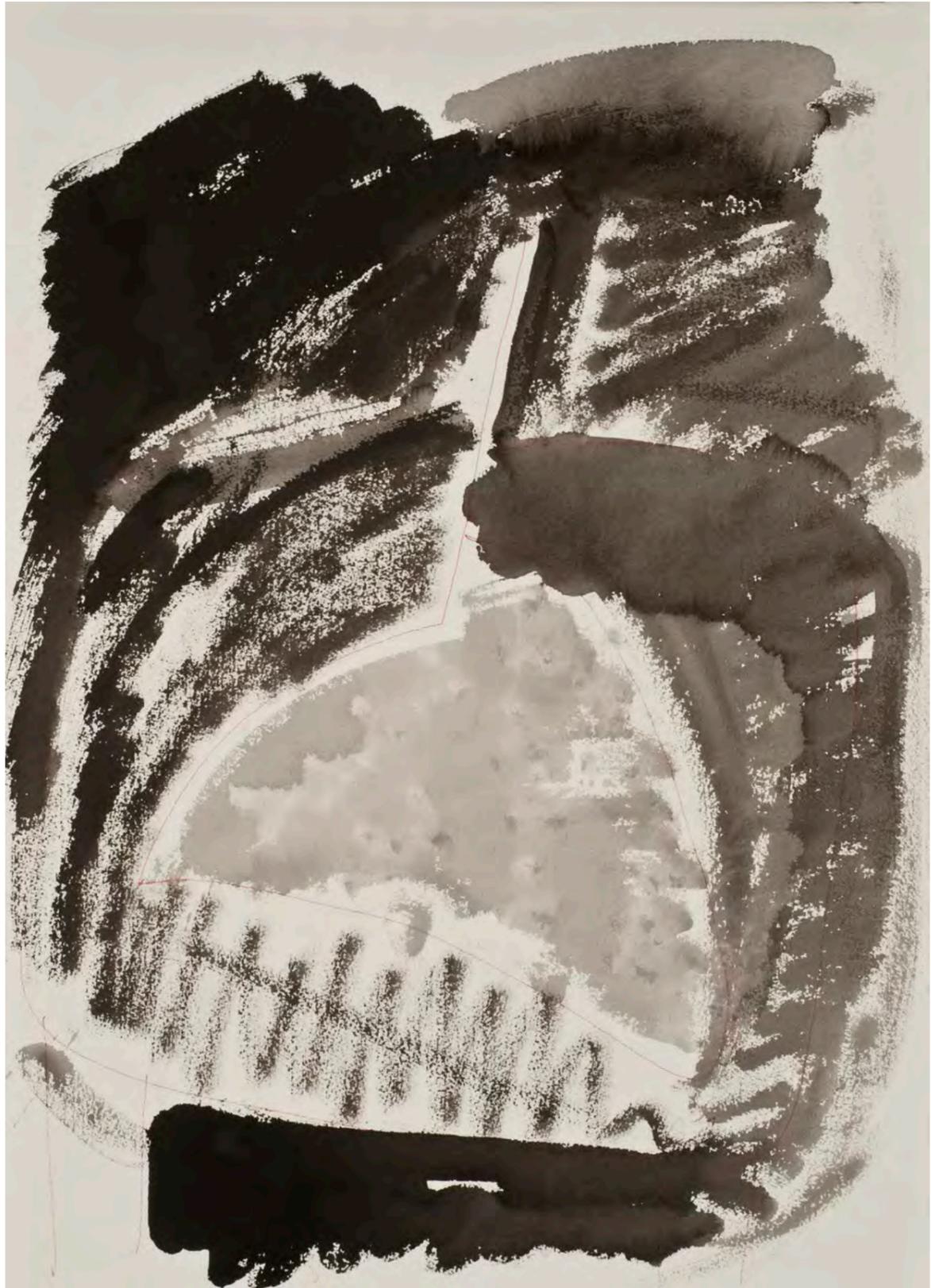
PAGE 94

...and morning drew softly
2013
40 x 40 cm
oil on canvas

RIGHT

japanese lantern and table top
2013
75 x 52 cm
ink on paper





100



101

OPPOSITE LEFT

japanese lantern and table top
2013
75 x 52 cm
ink on paper

LEFT

japanese lantern and table top
2013
23 x 15 cm
ink on paper

MIDDLE

japanese lantern and table top
2013
23 x 15 cm
ink on paper

RIGHT

japanese lantern and table top
2013
23 x 15 cm
ink on paper



OPPOSITE

black hole, 2014
60 x 60 cm
charcoal on canvas

LEFT

black hole, 2014
60 x 60 cm
charcoal on canvas

RIGHT

black hole, 2014
60 x 60 cm
charcoal on canvas





ABOVE

crucifixion, 2014
27 x 90 cm
wood, charcoal, paper, nails

PREVIOUS LEFT

crucifixion, 2014
40 x 16 cm
wood, charcoal, paper, nails

PREVIOUS RIGHT

crucifixion, 2014
244 x 17 cm
wood, charcoal, paper, nails

...the rift

refashioning goblets of blood

in a rented room

named fear,

i listen to a mandolin

and strings

exchanging love eternal.

suspended thus

i continue.

until i can no more.



ABOVE

life is a continuous horror story 1/9
2014
54 x 75 cm
charcoal on paper

BELOW

life is a continuous horror story 2/9
2014
54 x 75 cm
charcoal on paper





112



ABOVE

life is a continuous horror story 3/9
2014
54 x 75 cm
charcoal on paper

BELOW

life is a continuous horror story 4/9
2014
54 x 75 cm
charcoal on paper



113



ABOVE

life is a continuous horror story 5/9
2014
54 x 75 cm
charcoal on paper

BELOW

life is a continuous horror story 6/9
2014
54 x 75 cm
charcoal on paper



114



ABOVE

life is a continuous horror story 7/9
2014
54 x 75 cm
charcoal on paper

BELOW

cripplegate 2 1/20, 2014
54 x 75 cm
graphite on paper



115



ABOVE

cripplegate 2 2/20, 2014
54 x 75 cm
graphite on paper

BELOW

cripplegate 1 1/7, 2014
29 x 38 cm
graphite on paper



116



ABOVE

cripplegate 1 2/7, 2014
29 x 38 cm
graphite on paper

BELOW

cripplegate 2 3/20, 2014
54 x 75 cm
graphite on paper



117



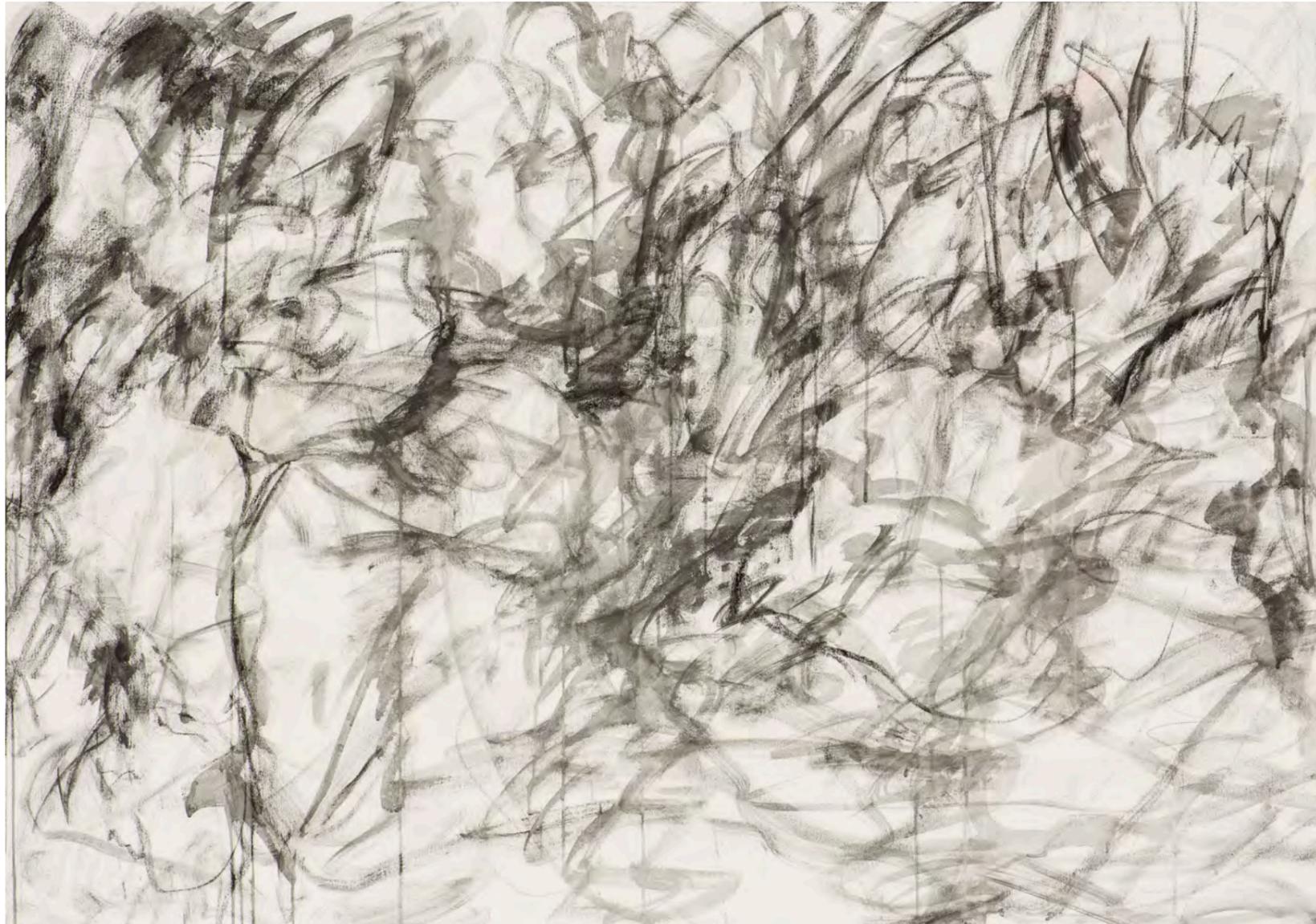
ABOVE

cripplegate 2 4/20, 2014
54 x 75 cm
graphite on paper

BELOW

cripplegate 2 5/20, 2014
54 x 75 cm
graphite on paper





120

LEFT

babel 1/4, 2015
100 x 140 cm
mixed media on canvas

PREVIOUS LEFT

untitled, 2015
60 x 60 cm
charcoal on canvas



121

RIGHT

babel 2/4, 2015
100 x 140 cm
mixed media on canvas

PREVIOUS RIGHT

untitled, 2015
60 x 60 cm
charcoal on canvas



LEFT

untitled 1/5, 2015
100 x 100 cm
charcoal & colored graphite
on canvas

OPPOSITE

untitled 3/5, 2015
100 x 100 cm
charcoal & colored graphite
on canvas

RIGHT

untitled 2/5, 2015
100 x 100 cm
charcoal & colored graphite
on canvas

FOLLOWING PAGE

untitled 4/5, 2015
100 x 100 cm
charcoal & colored graphite
on canvas



october 2016

It is as if you have been through the battle and survived: bloodied but whole. I cannot make out your look... is it one of reproach, one of looking ahead for another battle, one of inner sanctity?? Or all of them together. The key word is 'whole'. And as such allows for being ready. The world calls. You will be bloodied again. But it is all right.





PREVIOUS PAGE

october 2016, 2016
100 x 100 cm
mixed media on canvas

LEFT

untitled, 2016
100 x 100 cm
mixed media on canvas

OPPOSITE

gray mask, 2016
100 x 100 cm
graphite on canvas

RIGHT

untitled, 2016
100 x 100 cm
mixed media on canvas

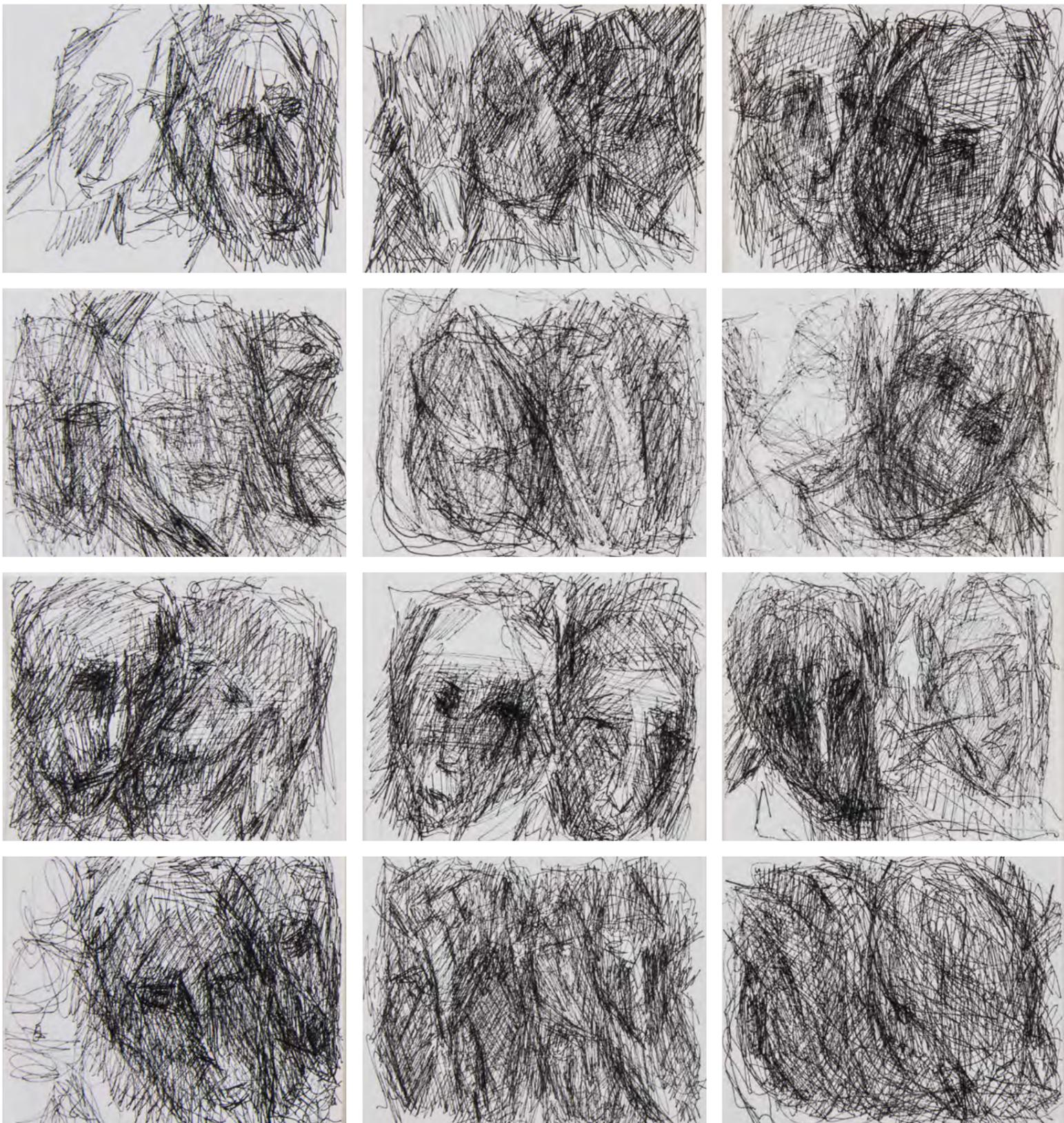
**LEFT**

untitled, 2016
32 x 24 cm
charcoal on canvas

RIGHT

untitled, 2016
32 x 24 cm
charcoal on canvas





ABOVE

qissah, 2016
10 x 12 cm each
ink on paper

FOLLOWING PAGE

untitled, 2016
60 x 60 cm
mixed media on canvas



shifting lights

*is that really you?
capable of such cowardice.
i confront you.
frontally.
without armor.
except for my look.
of devotion.
always beginning from the inside out.
viewing you through a lens fit for you.
or so i thought.
and still do think.
and continue.
to love.
and to hope.
drawing from within.
from the one place still unsilenced by terror.
from wounds.
towards dignity.
standing upright in front of my easel.
being human.*

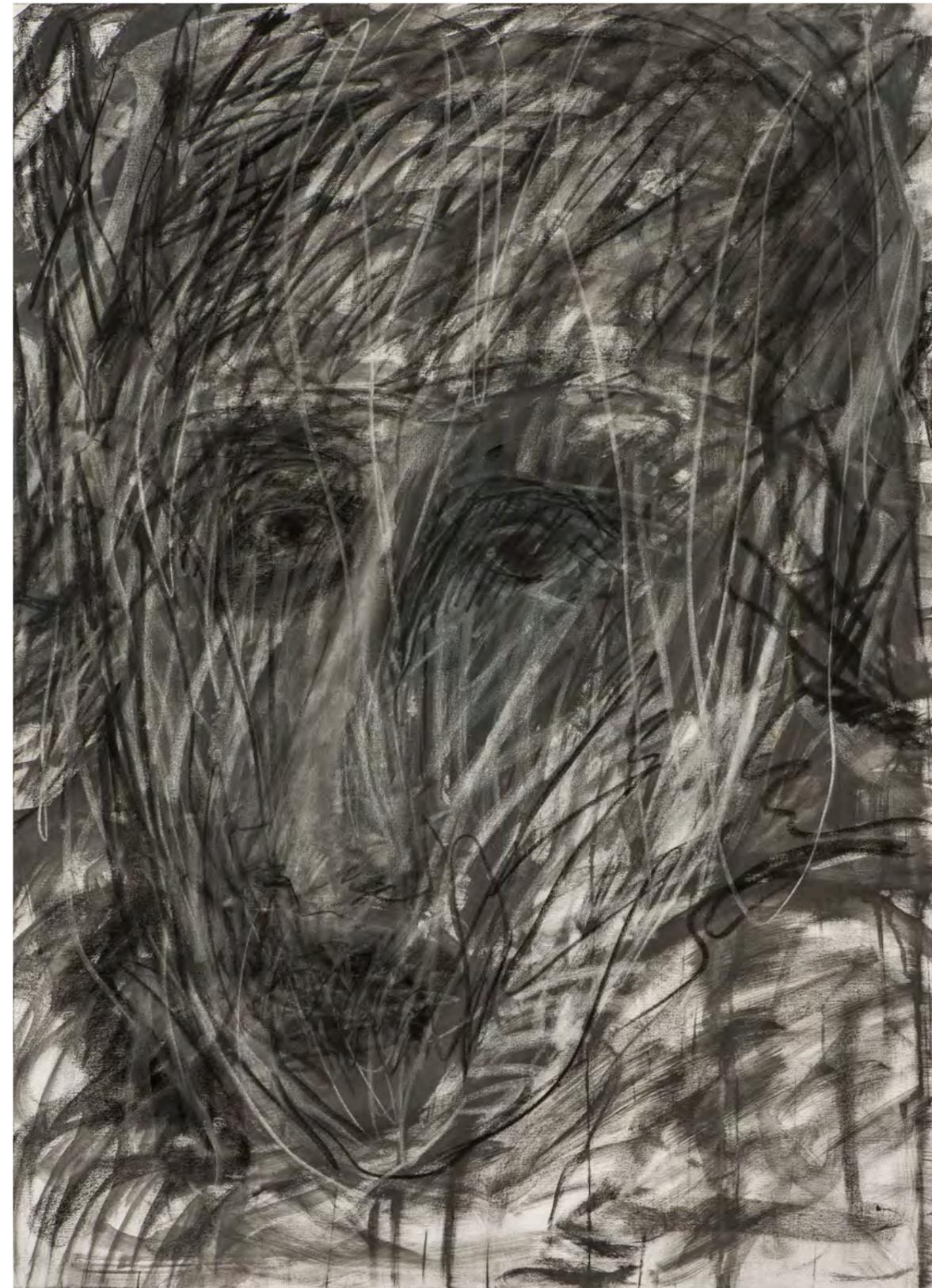
RIGHT

shifting lights 1/11, 2017
140 x 100 cm
oil on canvas





LEFT
 shifting lights 2/11, 2017
 140 x 100 cm
 charcoal, graphite, & chalk on canvas



RIGHT
 shifting lights 3/11, 2017
 140 x 100 cm
 charcoal, graphite, & chalk on canvas



LEFT
shifting lights 4/11, 2017
140 x 100 cm
graphite, on canvas

fear

Terror and Grace

We choose to be terrified as we choose to have the grace to deal with it.

I am an old woman. I have been gripped by terror and impotence all my life. Today I realize that grace is not something that descends on you divinely from above to neutralize the terror. Grace is your own ability to have an open mind and to continue to love despite all givens. Grace and terror are ever dancing with one another. One pulls and the other pushes and the battle is never won by either. Flashes of beauty and flashes of darkness. Moments making a life. A ladder (spiral?) that leads to a spherical multi-dimensional multi-faceted entity called self. Grace and terror are like god and the devil. They are intertwined like vines within the tree (self). Grace and terror. Beauty and the beast. Come with birth. It is their calibration that makes your sanity. Their balance. To untangle them is fruitless.

To think them deeply is what I try to do in my painting. But so far I have painted terror alone and grace alone. Never both in their dance.

That will be a work to dream of and to aspire to. Maybe I can achieve it in writing or I can achieve it in painting. Or both. I know enough by now to know that my road will become clearer. I know how to begin to think about this. It is in the fullness of the presence of both beauty and beast----and in the celebration of both that prayer is most sincere and valid. It is in the thorn that we have to thank the rose. But both are one entity. One reality. One god. One human. Love is in realizing both. And in celebrating their dance.

How much control? Full control. Because as you sink you know you have the power to rise.

You just have to use it.

Choice. Free will is the ability to calibrate.



RIGHT

fear triptych, 2017
60 x 150, 120 x 150, 60 x 150 cm
charcoal, graphite, & chalk on canvas

nothingness

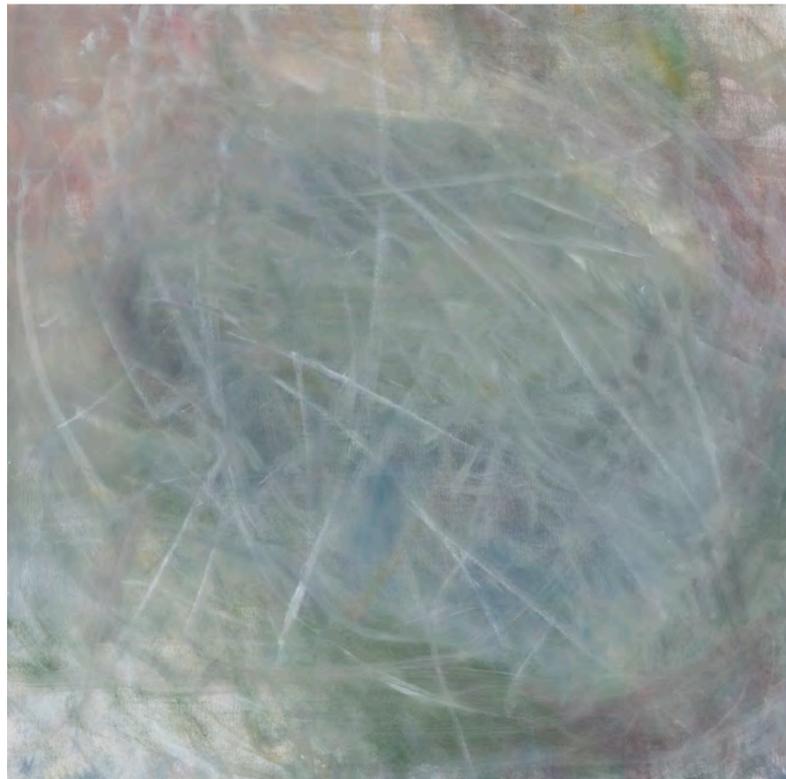
nothingness.

full of potential.

life.

as is.





ABOVE LEFT

nothingness 2/5, 2017
100 x 100 cm
oil on canvas

ABOVE RIGHT

nothingness 3/5, 2017
100 x 100 cm
oil on canvas

PREVIOUS PAGE

nothingness 1/5, 2017
100 x 100 cm
oil on canvas

OPPOSITE

nothingness 4/5, 2017
100 x 100 cm
oil on canvas

FOLLOWING PAGE

nothingness 5/5, 2017
100 x 100 cm
oil on canvas



from the edge

*going from the edge of time to meet another
who could be you in different form. you
converse thus about the here and now, the
there and the then, confronting your beasts;
but gently. you look forward to a word from
your angels, paving the road with mercy;
leaving marks along the way; charting a map
of sorts.*

*you lead and you follow. imperceptibly.
interchangeably.*



153

ABOVE

from the edge 3/11, 2018
100 x 140 cm
charcoal & turpentine on
canvas



LEFT

from the edge 4/11, 2018
60 x 60 cm
charcoal & turpentine on
canvas

RIGHT

from the edge 5/11, 2018
60 x 60 cm
charcoal & turpentine on
canvas

OPPOSITE

from the edge 6/11, 2018
100 x 100 cm
charcoal & turpentine on
canvas



LEFT

from the edge 7/11, 2018
100 x 100 cm
charcoal & turpentine on
canvas

RIGHT

from the edge 8/11, 2018
60 x 60 cm
charcoal & turpentine on
canvas

OPPOSITE LEFT

from the edge 9/11, 2018
60 x 60 cm
charcoal & turpentine on
canvas

OPPOSITE RIGHT

from the edge 10/11, 2018
60 x 60 cm
charcoal & turpentine on
canvas

FOLLOWING PAGE

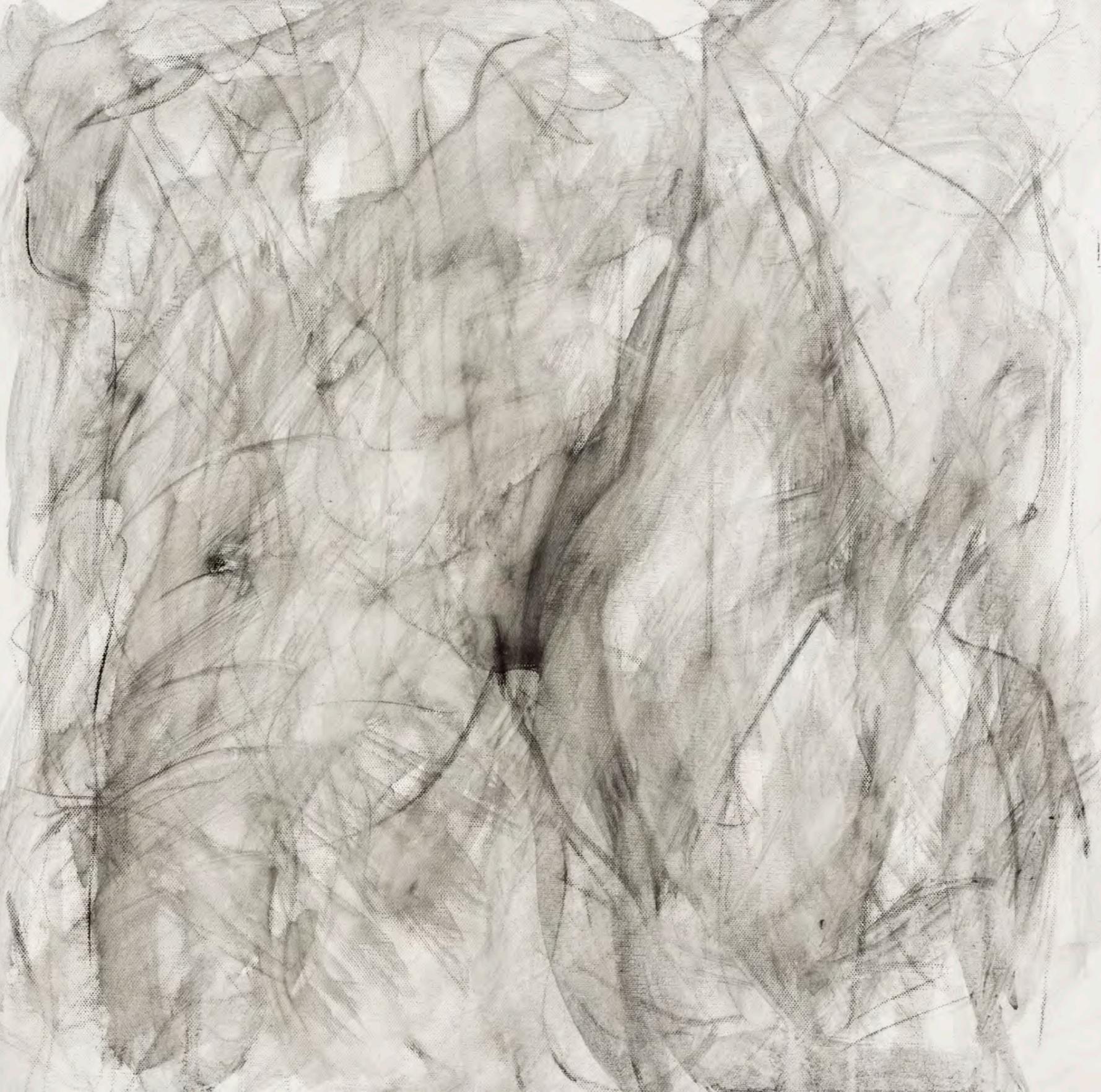
from the edge 11/11, 2018
100 x 100 cm
charcoal & turpentine on
canvas



the wind

*i sat alone watching the trees bend but never
break. they made room for force; sidestepped
it; allowed it through. all the while preserving
their essence. being proud.*





PREVIOUS PAGE

the wind 3/7, 2018
60 x 60 cm
charcoal on canvas

ABOVE LEFT

the wind 5/7, 2018
60 x 60 cm
charcoal on canvas

OPPOSITE

the wind 4/7, 2018
60 x 60 cm
charcoal on canvas

ABOVE RIGHT

the wind 6/7, 2018
60 x 60 cm
charcoal on canvas

FOLLOWING PAGE

the wind 7/7, 2018
60 x 60 cm
charcoal on canvas



...of milk and merging mirrors

*one always... being a part spatially and
emotionally... immersing. fluid, gentle and
soft like milk... nourishing in its whiteness...
cleansing. scars in tree trunks... curved to
allow the sun... entering slowly as diffused
light... bathing apparel and hands... slow
time... from beyond... to the beyond... a
togetherness unexplained... a stream...
perhaps a cascade... rubbing alcohol to heal...
forever scarred and scared... forever loving...
forever waiting...
dawn... a crevice in the abyss... a walk...*



RIGHT

...of milk and merging mirrors
triptych 1/4, 2018
40 x 100 cm each
charcoal & turpentine on canvas



168

LEFT

...of milk and merging mirrors
trptych 2/4, 2018
40 x 100 cm each
charcoal & turpentine on canvas



169

RIGHT

...of milk and merging mirrors
trptych 3/4, 2018
40 x 100 cm each
charcoal & turpentine on canvas



quietude

LEFT

...of milk and merging mirrors
triptych 4/4, 2018
40 x 100 cm each
charcoal & turpentine on canvas

*i am painting quietude. neither before nor
after the storm. not even during. sometimes
centered. sometimes fluid. always aware.
brush, pencil, pen, charcoal, distill. contain.
move softly to the rhythm of my body.
forming time.*

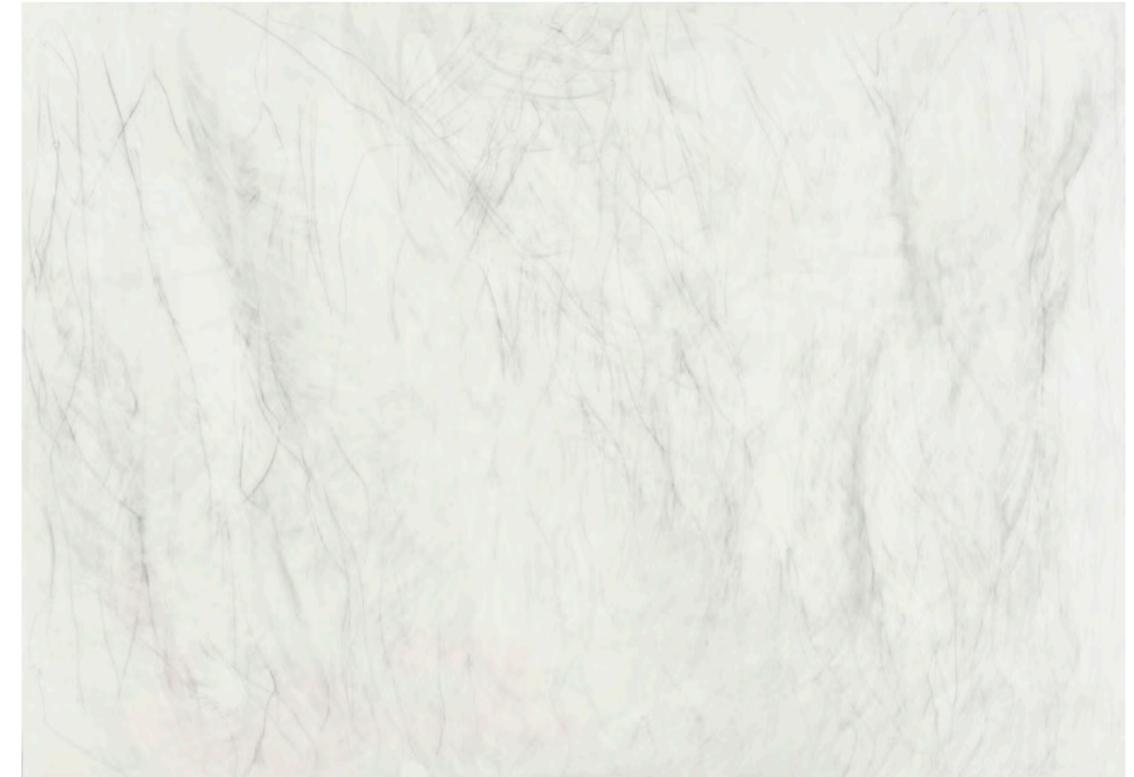
*my painting is about the passage of time.
elliptical rings. with roots. balancing the sky.*

ABOVE

quietude 1/10, 2018
100 x 140 cm
pencil on canvas

BELOW

quietude 2/10, 2018
100 x 140 cm
pencil on canvas



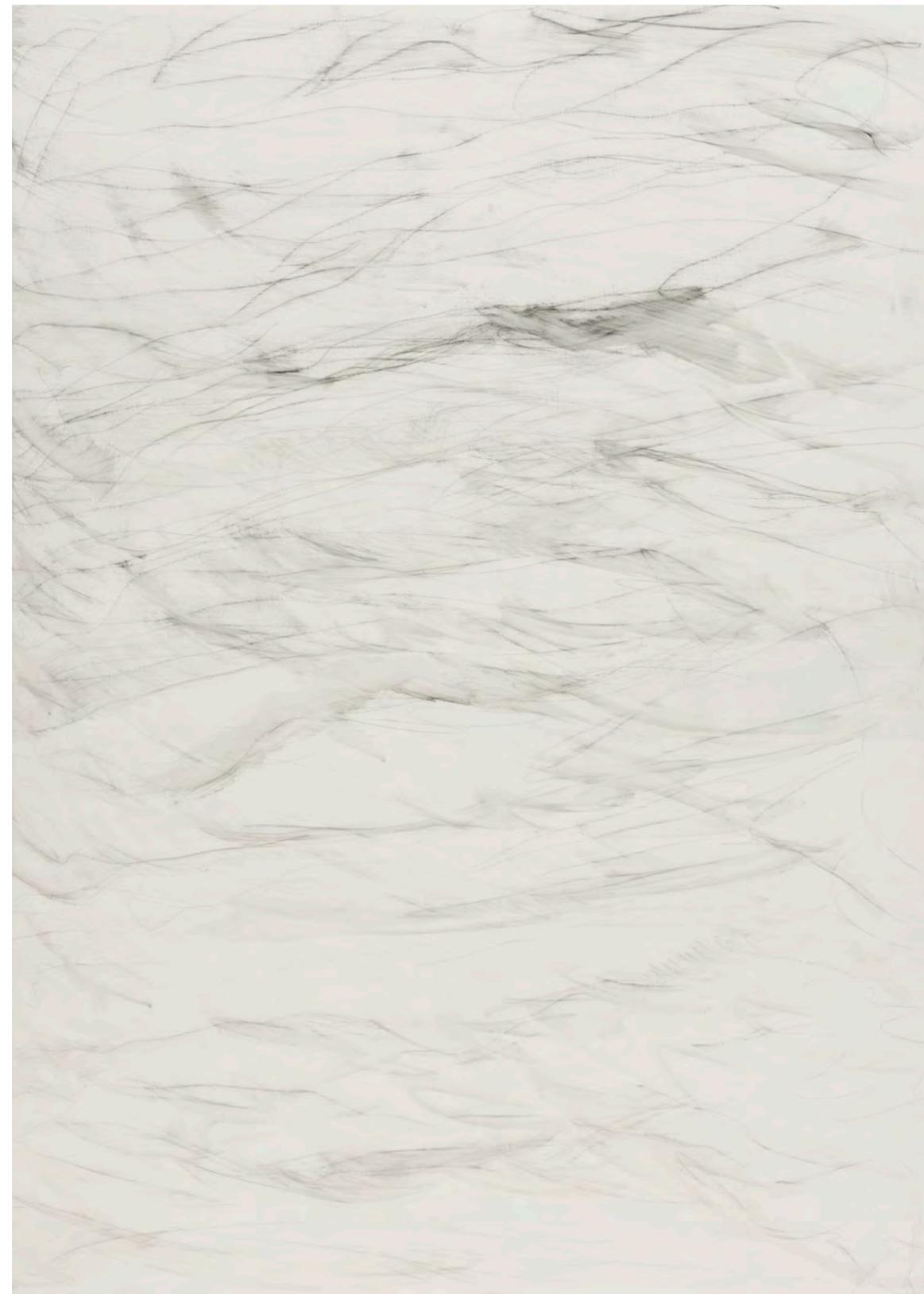


RIGHT

quietude 3/10, 2018
140 x 100 cm
pencil on canvas

OPPOSITE

quietude 4/10, 2018
140 x 100 cm
pencil on canvas





RIGHT

quietude 5/10, 2018
140 x 100 cm
pencil on canvas

OPPOSITE

quietude 6/10, 2018
140 x 100 cm
pencil on canvas





RIGHT

quietude 7/10, 2018
140 x 100 cm
pencil on canvas

OPPOSITE

quietude 8/10, 2018
140 x 100 cm
pencil on canvas





RIGHT

quietude 9/10, 2018
60 x 60 cm
pencil on canvas

LEFT

quietude 10/10, 2018
60 x 60 cm
pencil on canvas

beings

for the love of touching:

*of connecting with another in an infinite
fraction of ephemeral time; bonding beyond
the physical where sensuality is experienced
within an idea of suspended communion that
links me to origins, and beginnings, of self
and others, eternally in the present, forever
present...*



LEFT

beings 3/10, 2018
40 x 40 cm
oil on canvas

RIGHT

beings 4/10, 2018
40 x 40 cm
oil on canvas

OPPOSITE LEFT

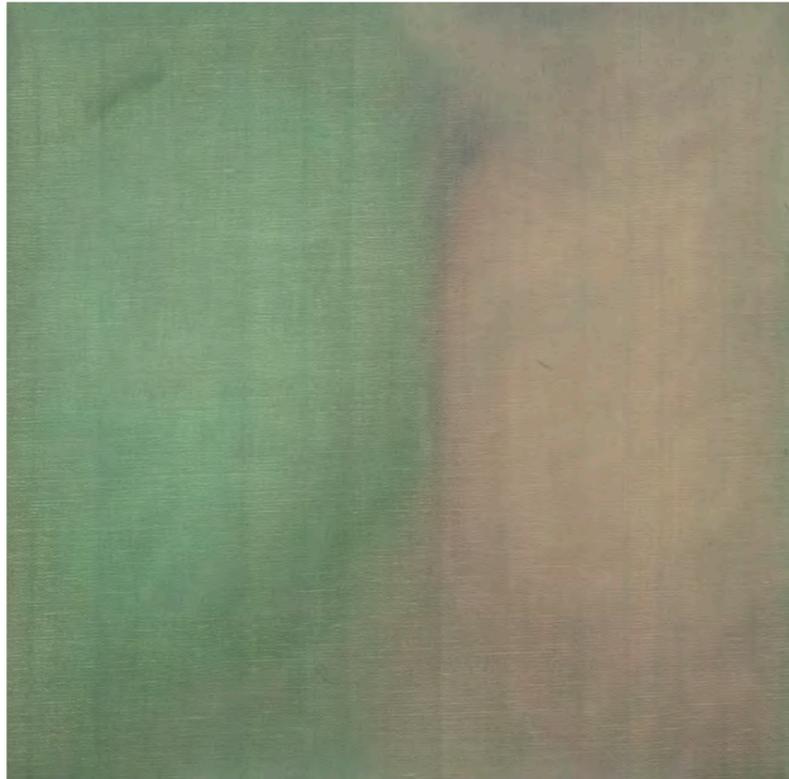
beings 5/10, 2018
40 x 40 cm
oil on canvas

OPPOSITE RIGHT

beings 6/10, 2018
40 x 40 cm
oil on canvas

PREVIOUS PAGE

beings 2/10, 2018
40 x 40 cm
oil on canvas



ABOVE LEFT
beings 7/10, 2018
40 x 40 cm
oil on canvas

ABOVE RIGHT
beings 8/10, 2018
40 x 40 cm
oil on canvas

OPPOSITE
beings 9/10, 2018
40 x 40 cm
oil on canvas

FOLLOWING PAGE
beings 10/10, 2018
40 x 40 cm
oil on canvas



marking dust, i transit.

ephemeral death in life,

as life is, in death.

floating bare and clear,

finally.

recording vacuum.

in time and with rhythm,

gently.