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Memoratus impotēns
Drawing memorates: the precursors to migratory theories

Phil Sawdon, 2011

Part 27. Happenstances through The Uncanny

No. i
We are and I am four and a half million years old if I were still alive. I labour as a charcoalburner and scholar in a dwelling space in the vaults of the Fictional Museum [of Drawing] but by no means near A Forest. When bidden I used to answer that I had such significant censures enclosing the several drawings in the walls (can you see them all?). On the boles there is the traced and animated bloodied scratches of an inquiry that I painstakingly transcribed – “can a drawing have a point of view?” On two and one occasion I travelled beyond in order to seek both the Paramour Plumbago and a more conclusive view, however the embodied perspective when I glanced, reduced the realism progressively towards a more ambiguous yet collectable representation that I could not even be sure was on the piece of paper or any such other relevant support. I was duped into thinking that whilst perceptions may lead to somewhere they also include more points at which the ‘?’ vanishes to nowhere, a ‘nothing’. I looked and we looked, but I didn’t find them. And at last near doubt I came to what we agreed was the end of a dot in motion, and there stood standing, whilst naked, a line, within and through the frame, combing its various hairs but from behind hollowed out, like a trough for kneading lead. And I was told where the donkey is but the view was still out of sight. I recognised that was The Uncanny [in drawing].

No. ii
One of us also worked as an illicit sharpener, and The Uncanny [in drawing], or the Danse of Impotens, as the others colloquially call it, played cunning guiles and flights of fancy with our eyesight so that we couldn’t retrieve and pen the [pantomime] sheep wandering through the boundary dressed as diamonds. The illicit sharpener meanwhile turned itself inside out and outside in whilst muttering a mantra of the self and not content The Uncanny misplaced an authority and was transfigured into an anguished pencil stump, from which could be heard distorted clamours like the scraping of pen and ink on paper or the squeaking of a blind mouse.

No. iii
Previously I had ventured out scribbling after nightfall in A Forest near a page of perfumed flowers not so far from Corinth. Do you recall that one of us was an elderly scholar? When I arrived at A Forest, I saw The Pencil of Nature (Le crayon du singe) using The Ladder again and again and again. The Pencil approached and blew into my face, but ignored our other. When The Pencil turned, I noticed that from behind it looked hollowed-out. I ran towards nothing in the sanctuary of the vaults, but our other continued to scribble and found a point.

No. iv
I have a charcoal kiln in the purlieus of A Forest that local art folk call Une Fôret. One other evening I set out in time to the vaults through the edge of the frame. I am familiar with graphic space, deep, dark and relentless as it is, although on this occasion I laboured to conceive of a direction. I became so muddled that I was marking circles. From tront at night to twink in the morning I ambled about, until I realised that I was dealing with The Uncanny [in drawing], so I did what others have done – and to good purpose – in such circumstances. I sharpened a pencil, rolled them up, and put the shavings on the ground near the roots of an ash tree. Then I stretched out on the ground, with my head in the shavings, but only for frunt minutes. When I got up I saw clearly where I was and went straight to the vaults.