

## Something Deeply Personal / Maty Grunberg

Drawings / Scribbling / Doodlings / Prints

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The sketch is the beginning of all beginnings.

“The Fundamentality”

I love this, almost untranslatable word.

The fundamental, preliminary sketch is the foundation that touches my senses. The work of sketching complex / sculptural structures activates a kind of fission within me, spiraling around the axis of my emotions. When the deep feeling strums on the strings of echoes, the inner sound begins to pulsate, creating an internal harmony that resonates within the drawing.

The preliminary sketch is tied to the very act of sculpting.

I look at the sketch, my optic nerve transmitting directly into my stream of consciousness. There, inside the cells of my gray matter, wonderful things are born. Often, they are impossible to sculpt, but, with some flexibility, they can be translated into the language of the sketch.

This is the spark that lights the tiny flame, the process leading to another sketch and so on and so forth, creating the experience, which unleashes a process.

Sometimes, a short explanation can simplify a concept, making it easier to grasp.

The journey into the depths of the drawing reveals a small group of lines that tells us more than words ever can.

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Sometimes the drawing is disproportional. This irrational lack of proportion leads me into the open field of the unknown, but always, there is an axis, converging into one point, a point of origin, from which the conceptual sketch is born and developed. The processes that take place when I sketch are, at times, accurate, but often exaggerated. Both cases contain “the truth”. It is a process of play between the hand and its masters, sight and thought. Somewhere along the way onto the drawing surface, the thought, most often, becomes distorted. This gap between the thought and hand makes me realize the enormity of the distance between internal and external, visual, sight. There are, however, times, when the preliminary concept dictates the virtuosity of the resulting sketch, which proves to be a great help.

The drawing has its own internal geometry.

As a sketch artist, I bring the sediments of my culture and education with me into the drawing, which, in itself, dictates a serial process. I try to free myself from it; sometimes I succeed, but mostly, I fail. But, clumsy and distorted, the quality of failure is nonetheless amazing, and each “bad” drawing teaches me something new. “Bad” drawings possess a momentary sensation of mystical, sensual excitement that “good” drawings lack.

When governed by reason, the process of a drawing’s evolution on the drawing surface does not always yield a result. The ability to disconnect oneself from the rationalistic need for control allows one to connect with the drawing on other levels. The logic of a drawing is also formed with the help of the artist’s experience and observational skills, both directly related to visual memory. The line drawing is an act of reason, strengthened by self confidence. The desire to reach a certain quality brings about a lyrical result that cannot be described in words.

The term “aesthetic drawing” (that which is beautiful and pleasing to the eye) is pushed aside, becoming, at times, synonymous with “rejection”. This makes no difference to me, personally. If an aesthetic finds its own way to develop and becomes part of the drawing, it is well and good. When I draw, the concept of aesthetics is not my “final goal”.

Drawing is the art of poetry; to draw is to strum on the strings of emotion and let the mind vibrate with reason.

There is something pure in a drawing made with pencil, charcoal or lines of ink. The triangular structure of hand, sight and observational ability or thought collapses, if one of these fails to find expression; from the ruins, something else is born...

Among other things, drawing, to me, is a hand on a clock. I can look at past drawings and know the mood I was in when I created them.

The complexity of drawings bottles down to fundamental processes.

Overconfidence brings about unconfident drawings; hypersensitivity brings about insensitive drawings; exaggerated proportions bring about disproportional drawings.

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Reasonable thought will always be curious as to the results of a drawing. Where it comes from and where it goes and what it means, to me as a viewer, and to me as its creator, as a sensitive artist.

The work process itself, the preparation for the drawing, starts with a general creation of the spine, rising upward, sprouting branches of drawing, like a young tree, growing, evolving.

This style of drawing I have developed, like a corridor with multiple side passages, gives me plenty of options.

To gaze upon a drawing is not unlike gazing upon a page from a book. It has a “beginning”, “continuity” and an “end”. Almost every drawing has a key; the initial line, the line that follows, and a final, end line. Once this process is understood, the evolution of the drawing can be followed. The joy of understanding how to look into a drawing is a wonderful thing. The process of following a drawing’s evolution is methodical. This is an important point. Understanding the structure of a drawing is a rare experience. Ever curious, the eye never stops investigating, and the ability to “decipher” the complexity of a drawing turns observation into a spiritual act.

The process of creating quick sketches involves memory. Does it start with an idea, or is the idea formed as part the drawing process? My childhood memory of playing in the dunes of Bat-Yam after the rain, the structures and shapes I used to make and the speed with which I destroyed them and make new ones, the easiness of it is something I always remember fondly... that easiness.

My eyes wander the surface of a drawing, as if reading a book. The lines run across the drawing, connecting and merging and flowing and stopping and starting again, creating harmony in their rhythm.

Drawing is the "mother and father" of all art, be it sculpting, painting, architecture, design, etc. Drawings are, by nature, flat. Sometimes they appear to have depth, but always, they are on a surface. The ability to look into a surface resembles a man taking a stroll in the landscape scenery.

Every drawing has a core - a point of origin from which all things grow.

Sometimes, when drawing, the observation process needs to be left alone, in silence; other times it must be rekindled, and other times yet, it is necessary to agree to enter the maze, to get lost in the complexity, and then, to let the result burst onto the paper.

Maty Grunberg, Ajami, Jaffa, 2008.