

## An Artist Statement On *Mask 1*

What does paper mean to me? How do tones carry information about experimental acts? How might I connect my different works based variously on emotion, nature, spiritual, classical, political images and texts? When the process empowers my enquiry, the resultant object is as a mask.

In *Lightwave Memory* drawings, the first line is drawn along the perfect edge of the paper. It is an act of setting sail by the side of an unreachable dream shore. All subsequent lines become echoes of my determination and form the rhythmic undulations of an unfulfillable dream. When I hold the form of a dream without a dream in it, what can I follow? I gathered lots of these sheets of paper, these empty skins. I see a solid wooden board as a skeleton. The gluing liquid, in which natural adhesives, distilled water, ink and gin are mixed, is smeared with a broad brush on the skeleton to build layers of soft tissue. Ink gives a physical countenance and gin feeds a despondent soul. Then I immersed myself into a soothing language, formed from the conflict between obedience and recalcitrance. When I obeyed the call for absolute rigid conformity, I was arranging rectilinear grids with awe; when I got into mischief, I saw a connection with *A Moment of Truth*.

The *Mask* does not have a facial anatomy, but it has criss-cross veins and muscle fibres forming crippled organs. Its whitish composure muffles dark groans of dismay. Its proof of being alive is demonstrated by the scattered swollen lumps of air-filled inflammation. Our communication does not require sounds or eye contact. It has simply replaced all buildings, roads, and walls I can see with a spectral vision of its fluttering paper-flesh.

When I drew, the paper had no choice but to lie flat below my hands. It must accept all my offerings, even my pen's most frivolous movement. This time the paper rested on both of my hands, travelled to its destined site under my protection. I bowed to serve its flatness with care. I was obliged to remain imperturbable and quiet. But my dedication did not guarantee perfection. The authority, claimed by the paper occupying each site, denied any attempt with incorrect alignment to which I committed. Consequently, that contaminated paper fell forfeit. In this work, paper has gained the right of veto. My sore back and calves were the messages left by the order of that authority and the official reward for my appointment.

Might this thirty thousand square centimetres of space become a little playground for sparkling sprites? I imagine snow covering white passages and staircases which lead to rooms of different shades and the most prominent 'Place', paper reflecting light like the moon, pollen drifting, and drizzle brightening rocks.