

The first use of this sketchbook was to record thoughts as the artist walked through landscape. In this case West Witterring, a coastal village, near Chichester.

A small piece of turf is left standing as the sea erodes its support away. The pencil drawing inside the cover, was a reminder of a thought I had whilst making the observational drawing, which was that the small stack also looked like a head.

All the pen and ink drawings in this sketchbook were done directly from observation and were done simply to keep the mind aware and active when looking and as a sort of meditation on looking.

Central to each drawing is a focus on how mark energy can be used to reflect on observed rhythms, such as in this case the rhythm of a sea swell, contrasted with the rhythm of small stones set into a column of earth, or the swaying of grasses in a slight breeze.



A recording of rhythmic variation across a section of beach where land and sea interact. At times pebbles are clustered together by the action of water flow, whilst vegetation holds on to the edges of the land and seaweed encroaches from seaward. The occasional sharp spike of old now almost weathered away wooden posts, punctuate the scene.

Practicing these rhythms allows the artist to become one with the flow of his own vision, alongside the shaping of natural events.

I have written an account of these types of observational drawings as aesthetic transducers.

All drawings are engraved with life and movement is a sign of life. If existence is regarded as an interconnected totality then there is no clear divide between things such as drawings, people, minerals, plant life, animal lives, chemical exchanges, weather patterns, gravity, sunlight, and the use of a particular muscle to hold a pen in order to make a mark. These things are all events within a constant flow of movements that are interconnected with each other. Central to how these events fit together are energy exchanges, such as electro-magnetic to chemical energy or chemical to mechanical energy. I would therefore argue that drawings can be regarded as sites of energy exchange, and that movement in relation to drawing can be understood both as a physical record and as a deep metaphor, by thinking of drawings as aesthetic transducers. Drawings it is further argued can convert different forms of energy flow into compressed energy fields that can be stored in a similar way to a battery.

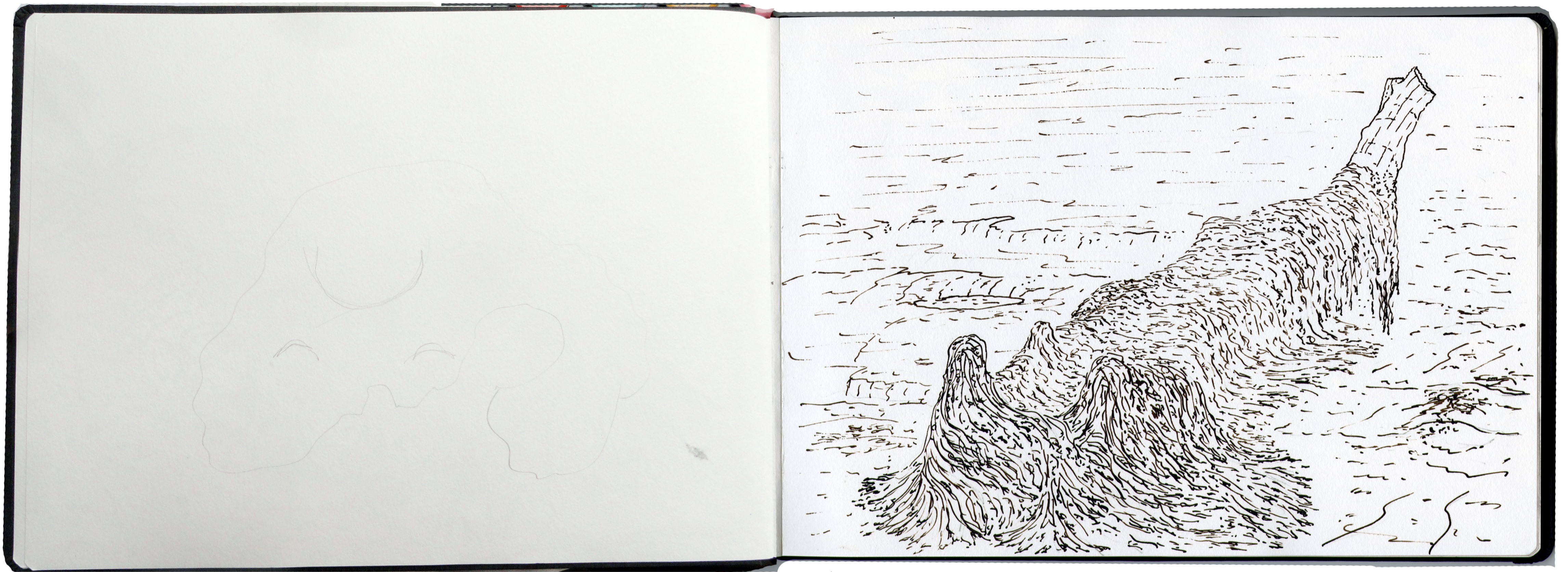


The idea that everything is undergoing a constant transformation and that all things have some form of élan vital or internal life energy, means that as you gaze at one thing it has possibilities of being many others. In this case an old tree stump becomes some sort of beached sea creature. The many branches of its pulled up roots, becoming multiple legs, as it scuttles back into the sea out of which it emerged.

The wide horizontal shape of this particular sketchbook makes it an ideal shape for working in landscape and for sometimes leaving space at one side of an image, in this case a space into which the tree creature is trying to move.

As with most of the drawing done in this sketchbook, a dip in pen is used. As you draw you can control the nib by developing various different speeds and weights as well as angle of incidence, so that your own body's 'thoughts' are recorded at the same time as the mind's responses to the looking.

When things are going well, speed of hand moving over the surface of the paper, type of grip on the pen, amount of ink left on the nib, changes in downward pressure thickening or thinning the line, type of paper surface allowing for smooth or bumpy nib ride and of course the type and nature of the ink, are all combined into a seamless dance.

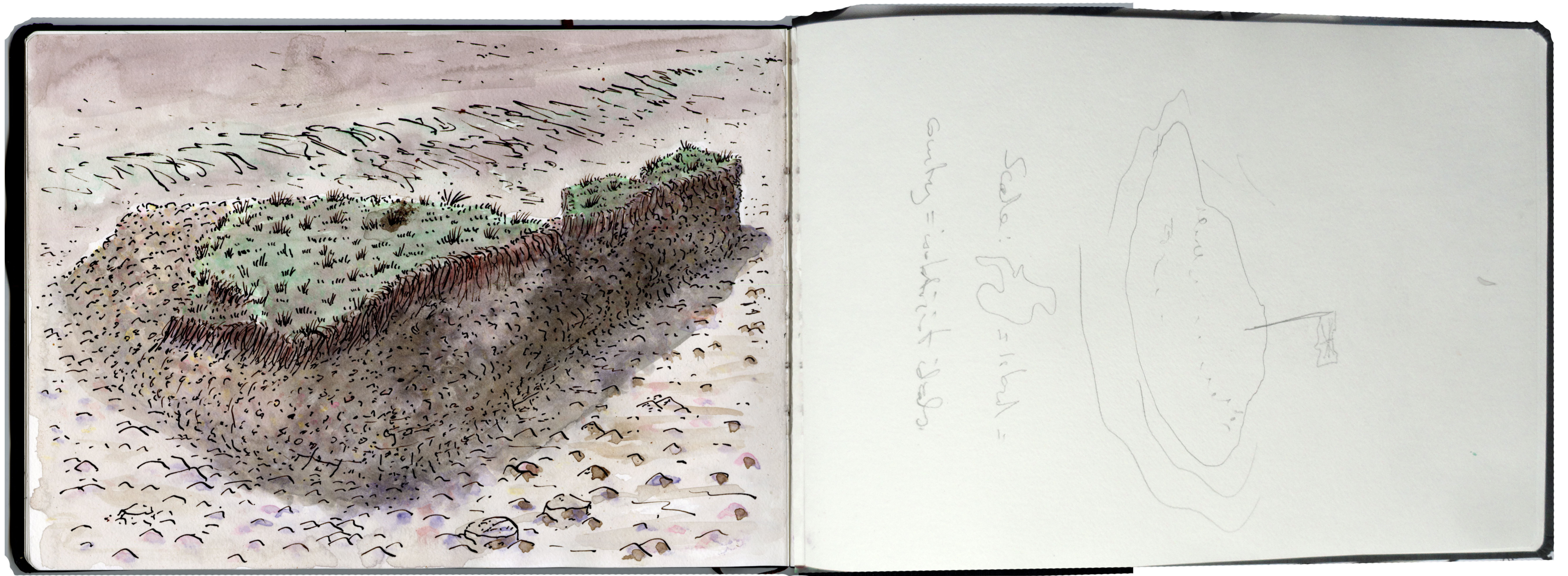


Another recording of rhythmic form. This time an old tree that is weighty enough not to be swept away by the tide is covered by seaweed. As the vegetation flows over the old wooden form it begins to set up a rhythmic flow, as if the seaweed contains within it a memory of the ways that water first flowed over the tree.

The cloaking of the tree by the seaweed also echoes the way that clothes cloak a human body and as the drawing evolved those echoes became more and more apparent. This was also for the drawer a moment when animist thoughts became more realised and it felt as if as this form was drawn, something of the artist was locked into it.

There is a faint pencil drawing on the left hand side of the beginnings of a thought, done later at some point when a blank piece of paper was needed. A not quite formed thought that never did become realised. Sometimes I look back on these things and see in them an idea, which is why they remain important. They can operate almost like a Rorschach Ink Blot, especially once I have forgotten what the original drawing was all about.

The edge of the land and the line of flow between it and the sea fascinates me, as it is such a clear reminder of how ephemeral the world is. I visit this coastline twice a year and walk the same paths each time I go. Every time I see change and I'm reminded of how futile our resistance is to the inroads of such a huge beast as the sea.



A return to a similar subject to the one drawn on the first page. This time however the pencil note made after the image was completed, suggests a very different underlying thought. The edges of this small remainder of land have been severely eroded and its 'cliffs' are at one point almost eaten through. I was reminded of how the rhetoric set up in the right wing press about our endangered island reads. This small, inconsequential outcrop of land, soon to disappear under the waves, became a reminder for me of how those rhetorics of ownership disturb me. We can't own the Earth and it is hubris to think that we can. To take back our land is a false idea, as we could never have it for ourselves anyway.

The Capitalist idea of ownership and profit has led to us draining the world's resources and causing global warming. As the ice melts, the sea will rise and the loss of tiny bits of land like this will be the least of our worries.

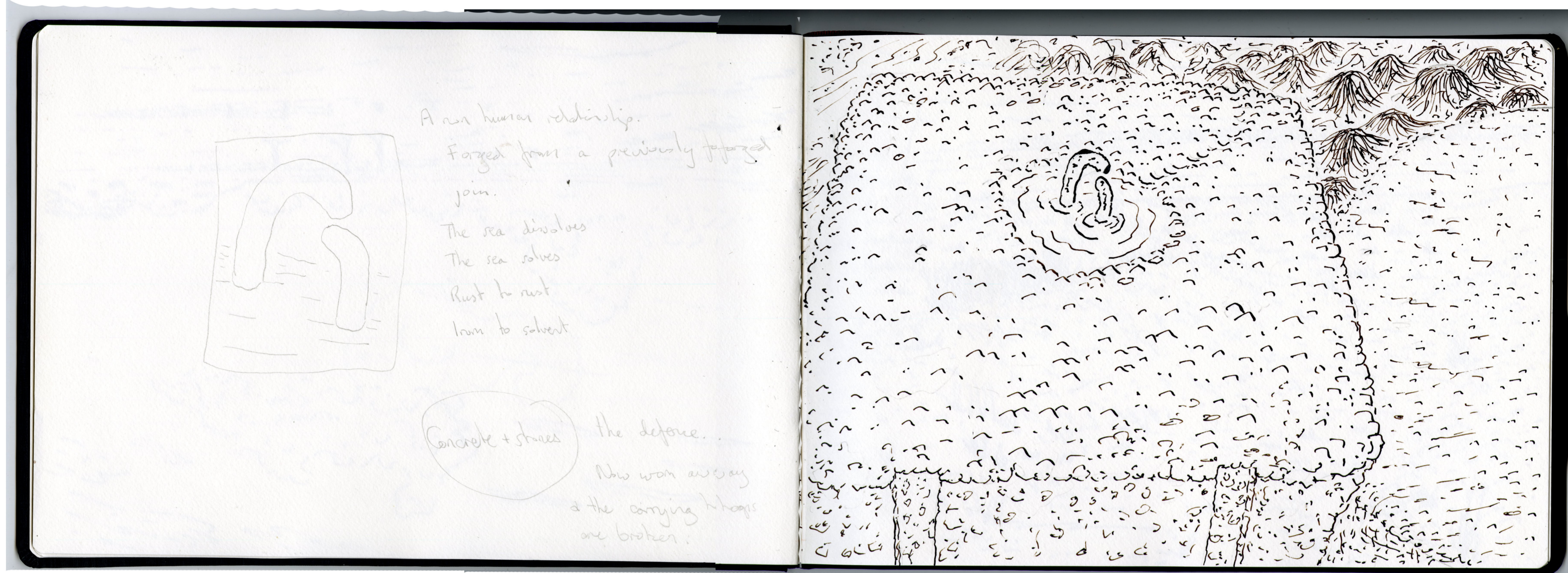


One of those drawings where not a lot is going on and then you begin to see something happening. In this case the cloud seemed to have a face and that was about it.

That 'seeing things in clouds' thing is though quite important to me, as it was my personal way into how I might tap into my own visualisation abilities. Many years ago as a boy, I used to lie down in long grass and stare up at the sky. Clouds would give me endless ideas of possibilities, from imagining whole landscapes that suggested strange unexplored worlds, to animals and people and various combinations of them.

I have written about how important clouds are here:

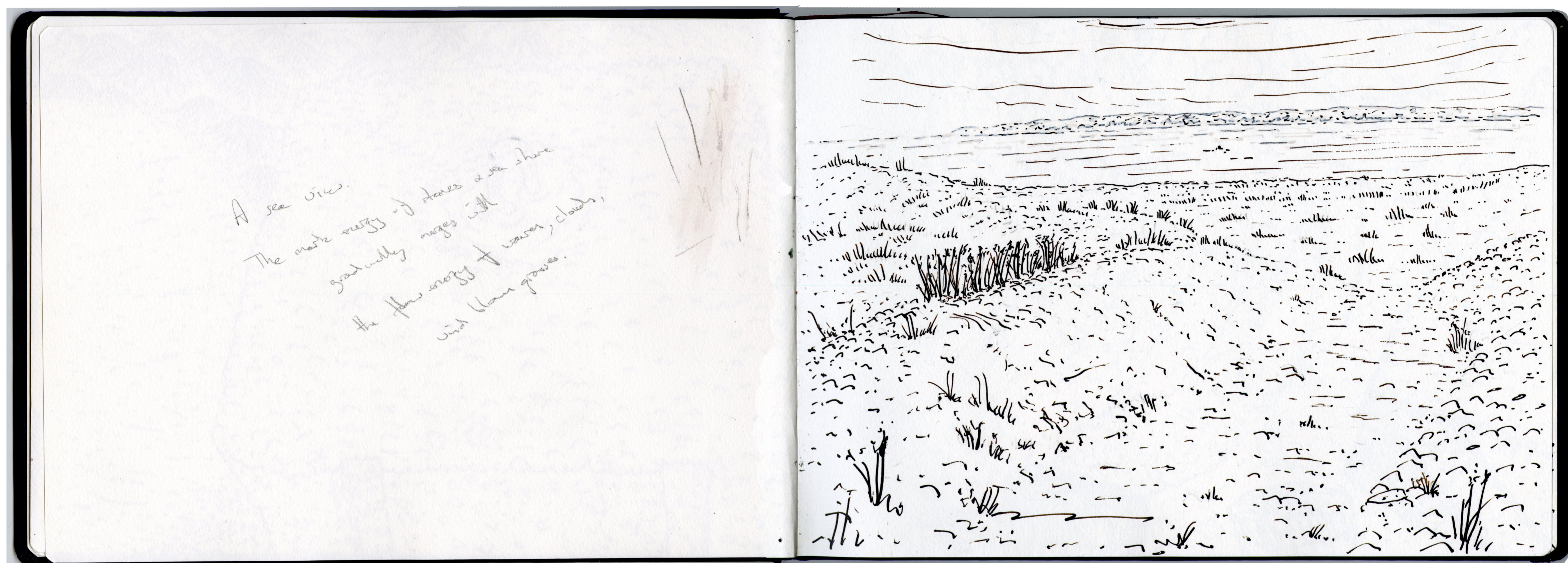
<https://fineartdrawinglca.blogspot.com/2019/11/clouds.html>



I've made drawings of these concrete blocks for over 20 years. Each year they are a little more worn and lately the iron hoops that were set into them, so that they could be attached to lifting equipment, have begun breaking away, the rust now starting to erode away the last remnants of them. However as these inserts are worn away they take on new forms, in this case it looked to me as if the two parts of what was a continuous loop, were now in conversation; one side communicating something, whilst the other listened. It's amazing how easily we can see human attributes in the inanimate.

The pencilled note is also a reminder of how futile the work done to stop the encroaches of the sea is. Even tough concrete will be worn away by the waves. In the drawing the concrete becomes threatened by soft seaweed forms, forms that are forever flowing with the swell and tidal flow of the sea. But also forms that are millions of years old, and which will still be waving and flowing over the edges of the land in millions of years time, their DNA being far more durable than the concrete stuffed with pebbles that I was drawing.

It had been raining and a small pool of water was left surrounding the rusting loop of iron that had been set into the concrete block. As the wind blew it rippled like a tiny sea and I noticed that a small channel had worn its way across the top surface of the block, a channel made by tiny rivulets of water, that must need to flow off the block each time it rains, or is wet by the incoming sea. Slowly but surely erosion will make its way through the toughest of resistant surfaces.

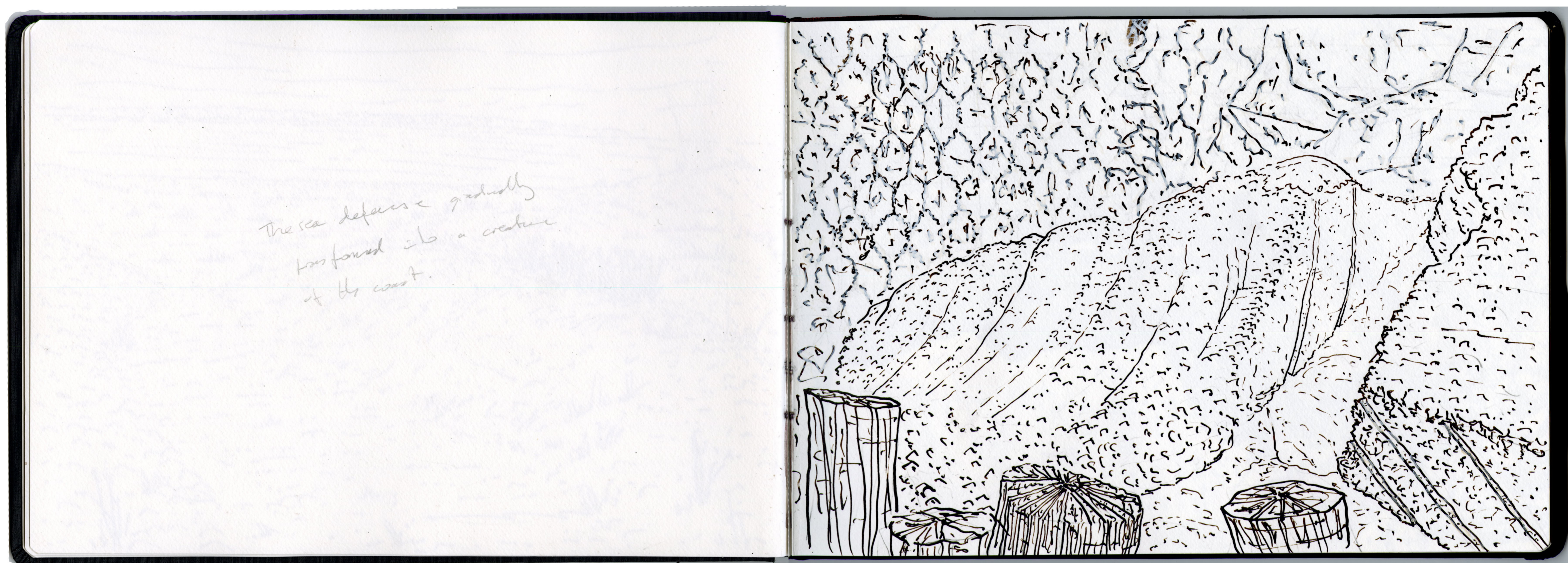


Mark energy is devoted to recording the way that different aspects of a looked at landscape organise themselves spatially in relation to the observer. For instance certain salt resistant grasses begin to colonise areas of shale. These and other small salt resistant plants begin to hold together the shifting clumps of sand, gravel and stone mix, a gap between two rising dunes becomes a path both for walking down to the sea and for looking down towards the sea. Small stones and pebbles create moving textures that are also helping to define the space through which looking is being done. The sea and the sky tend to open space out in a slightly different way to the earth bound elements, they expand into the horizontal, rather than punctuate the vertical.

As I made the drawing, I became aware of my own physical efforts to record these seen rhythms, making my body movements via my hands echo the seen experience. It was as if I was dancing to the tune of the view.

The landscape is a body and I am a landscape, the two are in fact one.

When you stand drawing in a landscape, you are in effect part of the landscape.



Another drawing of sea defences that are breaking down because of the powerful daily erosion of tidal sea movements.

This time the textures are of wood and stone, concrete and wire mesh. The wire mesh is used to hold together aggregates of pebbles, stones and flint. This creates a particular repetitive rhythm, that sets off a riff of almost repeated rhythms found in other elements. The wooden posts are revealing their inner structures as they weather, what were cracks in the wood grain are now fissures. A cast concrete form is becoming more organic by the day, as sea erosion makes it lose definition and it now finds a new form emerging from below.

This drawing is more to do with a close up space. The eyes are busy, flickering over lots of textual detail, but very few spatial triggers. This made the drawing feel more like a meditation on trapped, inside forms and I began to see the body again, but this time from the inside.

As I drew I felt an echo in my stomach, the rhythms of hidden inside my stomach peristalsis waves, chiming with the rhythms of outside seen things.

The drawing's energy felt pent up, it was more like a battery, the energy of looking was trapped and was looking for a release at some point.



A drawing made in a graveyard in Chapel Allerton, Leeds. This is a place I often walk through and it has provided me with much food for thought. In this case my attention was directed to the form of a broken branch that stuck out into the space over which the ever growing tree had pushed aside various parts of a grave.

The branch looked very like some sort of animal and this triggered my 'hybrid' instincts. Is this a tree or is it really an animal disguised as a tree?

The tree feels as if it has emerged from the grave. Has it grown from what was in there?

I'm reminded of old horror movies and the flow of life forces that animist beliefs engender.

I was also working with diluted ink in order to give weight to the forms seen. This helps to freeze the image and give it more gravitas. A little 3D modelling of forms is sometimes essential if the image is not to dissolve into the rhythms of its own making.

In order to oscillate the mark making between drawing using a pen nib to set out rhythmic form and using washes to create tonal value, I use a brush with a nib taped on the opposite end of the handle to the hair. A small metal ink and water holder is used for ease of working whilst standing.





Still wondering the graveyard and pondering, something most of us have done at one time or another.

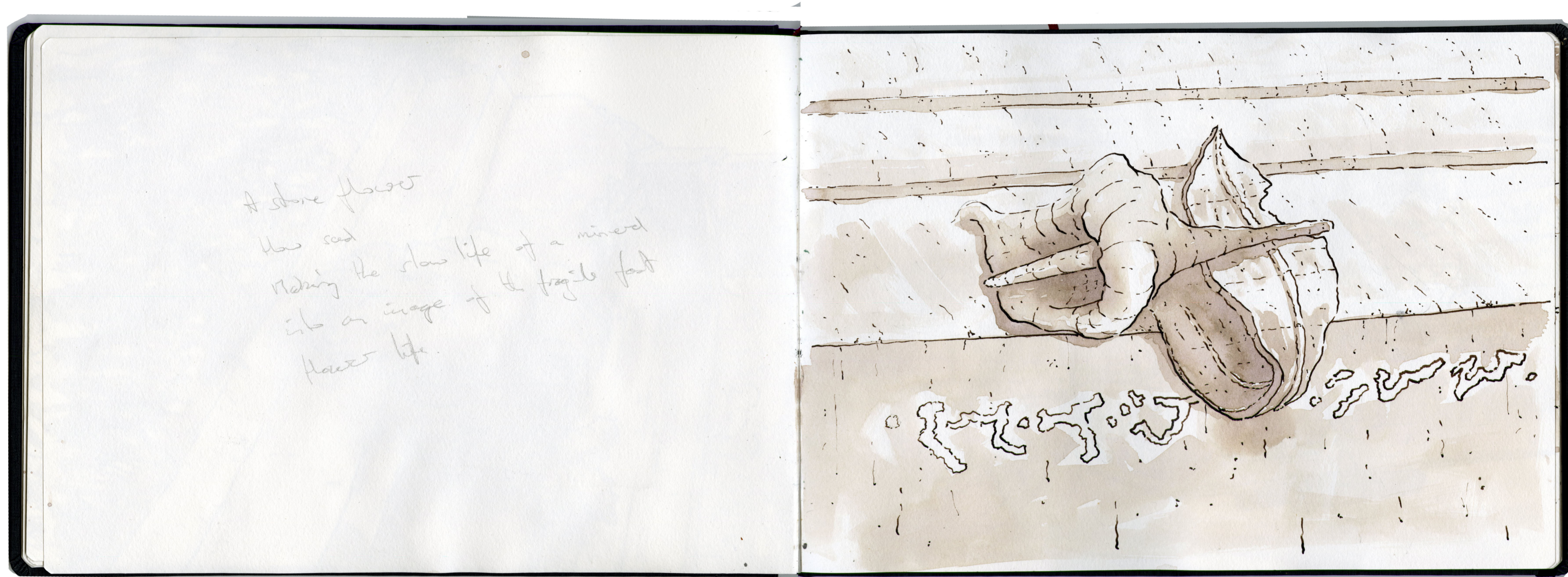
In this case a stone sleeping head took my attention. The fact that it had been carved in stone and then had become part of the memorial seemed somehow very strange. The stone was itself now sleeping. It had begun to wear, rain and wind slowly beginning the relentless process of erosion, a process that will at some point in time mean that the head will become a pebble or stone, its former human shape, disappearing, just as the person it was meant to memorialise has done.

The leaves that emerge from the head are like thoughts depicted in stone, what was for the carver I'm sure a decorative flourish, became for myself a paradox. A thought carved in stone is really weird when you come to contemplate it, but that is what every one of Michelangelo's sculptures are, 'thoughts carved in stone'.

It seemed to me that this was what we all desire, our ephemeral internal life to be somehow made concrete and solid, so that others can see what it was we were thinking.

Such hubris, and yet here I was in a graveyard thinking these things and making drawings, so that the thoughts I had could be captured and externalised.

I continued to use ink and wash in these drawings, somehow the sombre nature of the place seemed to demand it.



Stone flowers have always seemed to me the most extreme form of vanitas. Flowers are such delicate things, only existing for brief moments of time. But human beings need to hold on to an idea that even such ephemeral things can be frozen in time. I presumed the model would have been a white lily. White lilies symbolise purity, rebirth, innocence and fertility and are often used at times of weddings, funerals, and baptisms.

I like the fact that they are given at baptisms as well as at funerals, a reminder that rebirth allows us to move on and stops us being trapped in sad reminiscences.

The text below the flower was already wearing away and was getting hard to read, so I sped the process up and made some marks to stand for whatever was written. The observer can now fill in the blank thought, they can put into words whatever thoughts seem appropriate.

'In loving memory'

'Rest in peace'

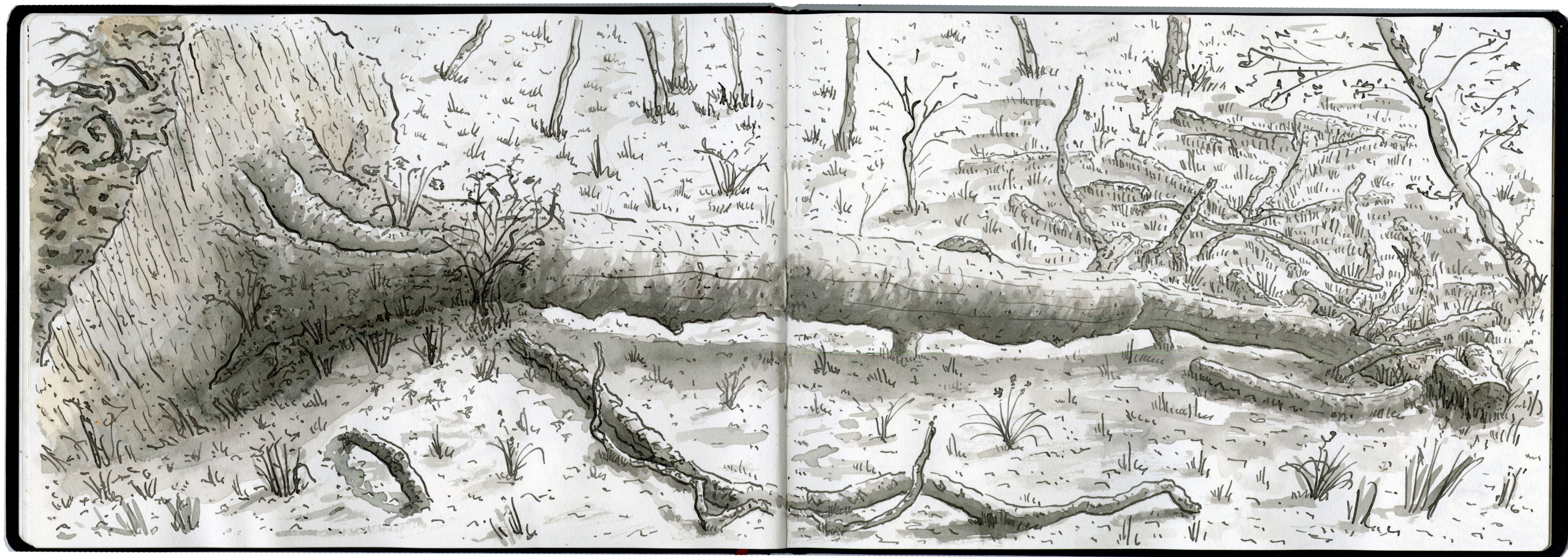
'Forever in our hearts'



I'd been to the Touchstones Gallery in Rochdale and was waiting to get a train back to Leeds and it was going to take a while before one arrived, so I drew the view from the station platform. Train travel has been rather hit and miss lately because of rail strikes and a dysfunctional service, that has come about mainly due to having several competing rail operators, all put in place due to the privatisation of a complex whole that was then split into parts, so that it could be sold off. The whole process feels like a metaphor to me, one whereby we are warned that the world is a deeply interconnected system and if you chop it up and try and profit from it, eventually it will fail, because it can only run so long without all its connections working.

As I looked out from the platform the most imposing building was a church, built using a classical format and the only other noticeable building was a modernist construction. The two seemed to make an odd pair, so I concentrated on how to put them together. The church building seemed to have more gravitas, so was more central, the modernist interloper coming in from the left. Again the horizontal format of my sketchbook helped me to find a composition for the drawing and the fact that the train was late, was an added bonus as I had more time to concentrate on the drawing.

No matter where I draw, I find the way that nature always seems to intervene is a very important aspect of what I'm seeing. In this case the outcrops of trees and grasses were always in movement, swaying to the breeze and making me visually aware of the flow of air which fills the space in all these drawings and which is only acknowledged by the making of marks that suggest a breeze has just moved through the image.

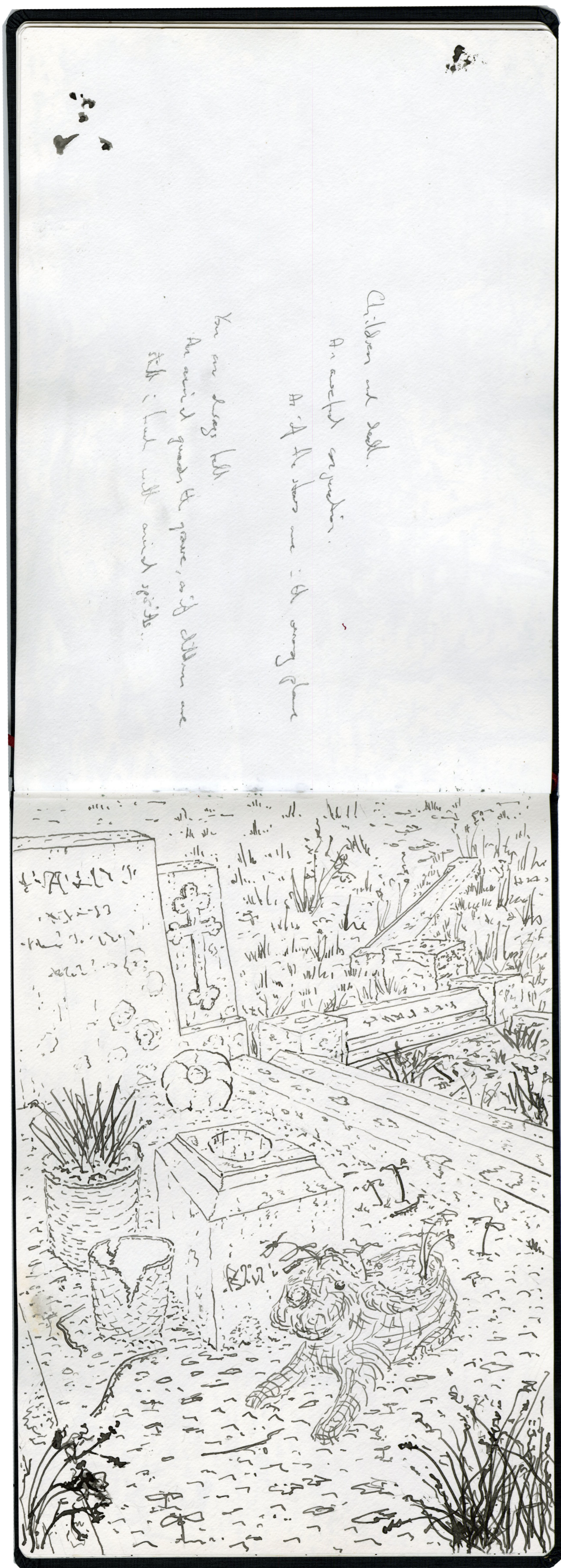


Gledhow Valley woods in Leeds, a drawing of a fallen tree. This is a subject I have drawn many times, as it intrigues me and is another of those found images that I see as a metaphor for other things.

The tree's roots are so tightly embedded into the soil that when it falls it upends a huge slice of the ground within which it grew. It has in this case been cut up, I presume by one of the woodland rangers; it being not just a fallen giant, but a dismembered one too.

Trees are so huge in comparison to people, so strong and resistant, which means that when you do find them fallen, it feels as if something massive has happened. In this case there have been more trees falling because of changes in weather conditions, either the soil drying out too much, or becoming sodden due to constant rain. The fact that we now get far more gales and strong winds then really tests out whether or not any tree is rooted firmly enough. Any weakness is now probed by climate change and just as trees topple, we will too if we don't find a way to combat global warming.

The fact that forests and woods are wonderful carbon sinks is a fact that lies at the back of my mind, this memorial of one tree dying, will have to stand as a tribute to all those other trees destroyed by humans, as they seek short term gains, while around them what were global lungs, begin to fail, because so many of their brothers and sisters have been cut down, and they no longer have the protection that numbers used to give.



Walking through the graveyard again, I noticed a child's grave. Having children of your own, you realise how painful it must have been for someone to have to bury their child. I can't bare watching some news footage because of the fact that there is nearly always a family grieving over the death of one of their children, often killed by mistake, 'collateral' damage in one conflict or another, whereby civilians are indistinguishable from combatants.

Living in the north of England, I'm always reminded of the Harrying of the North, campaigns waged by William the Conqueror in the winter of 1069–1070 to subjugate Northern England; up to 100,000 people were slaughtered, which was about 5% of the English population at the time. Those in power rarely distinguish between fighters and those who just happen to live in the same area.

Someone had left an image of an animal, a dog I think, woven from straw, as a token of their loss and continuing affection. A reminder of how animals can help us mediate our emotions when words seem to fail us.

In the vicinity other graves are broken and their structure falls apart, what were at one time solid stone edifices of memorial, now broken like old teeth.

Grasses already begin to reclaim this grave, a broken pot would once have held a potted plant and the central grave vase base lies empty. I'm reminded that no one is now left to keep my parents grave in order. My aunt used to visit her sister's grave every week and make sure it was in good order, but she has now passed on and so it will be left to the municipal grave digging and ground maintenance services to do.

As always I try to build a series of mark made rhythms, designed to both record the seeing and to re-enact the flicker of looking as my eyes scanned the scene. In some way this gives life back to the moment, a process that may still happen long after I'm gone.

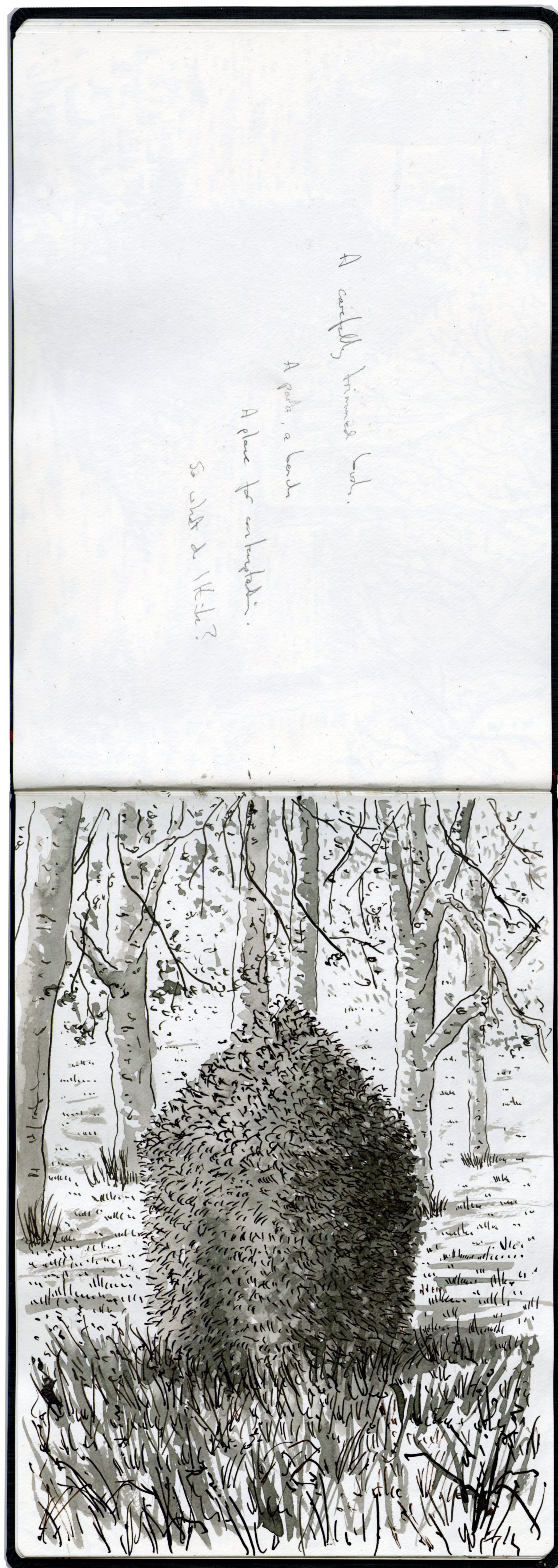


Walking through Potternewton Park, looking at a bush that has been shaped into a geometric cone with a pointed top.

This was another reflection on futility and our need to shape nature. Someone has been given the job, or they have decided themselves to cut this hedge into a geometric form. Plants grow organically out into the spaces that surround them, but buildings do not. The bush now echoes the form of the building in the distance, it might as well be an oast house or any other conical building, anything but a plant.

But the bush is already trying to reassert itself, spikes of growth are starting to mock its enforced symmetry, as Hegel put it, at some point the slave will become the master and the master the slave, the gardener will be forced to return and reassert the geometry, but it is a battle the gardener can never win.

This is another subject I have drawn many times, always fascinated by human need to assert control and how it often leads to violence. At least when trying to shape a bush, no one is hurt in the process.



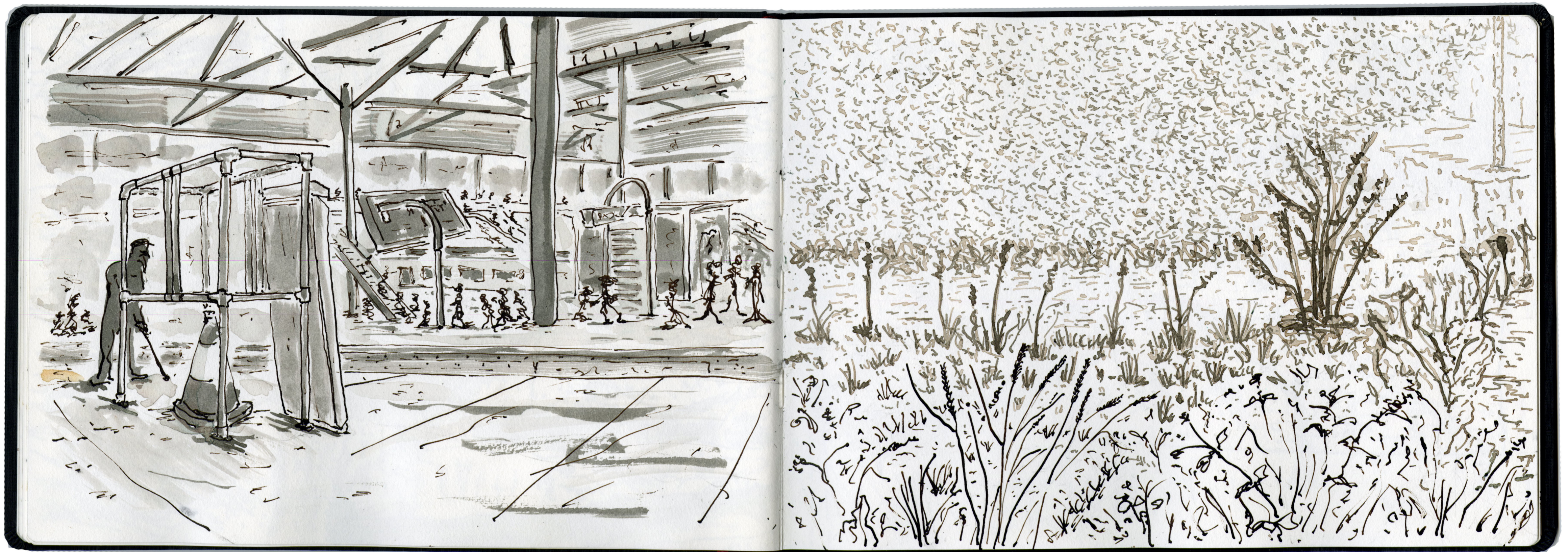
Another shaped bush from Potternewton Park. This time I had reframed it as a centralised image. By centralising the composition, the bush image becomes more like a portrait. It also has more presence and its pent up inner energy becomes more apparent, bits of bush stick out like bits of hair standing up due to some form of static electricity.

A slight indentation that ran from the ground, almost up to the conical roof interested me. I couldn't work out why that was there. It was a flaw in the gardener's geometry and I wondered if it was something he or she was determined to eradicate.

In my mind it read rather like an implied doorway, the bush becoming a hut.

By clipping nature into geometry I suppose architecture is what you are making, but in this case as they say, "Who would live in a house like that?"

As a form it also broods, perhaps because of the darkness it inhabits.

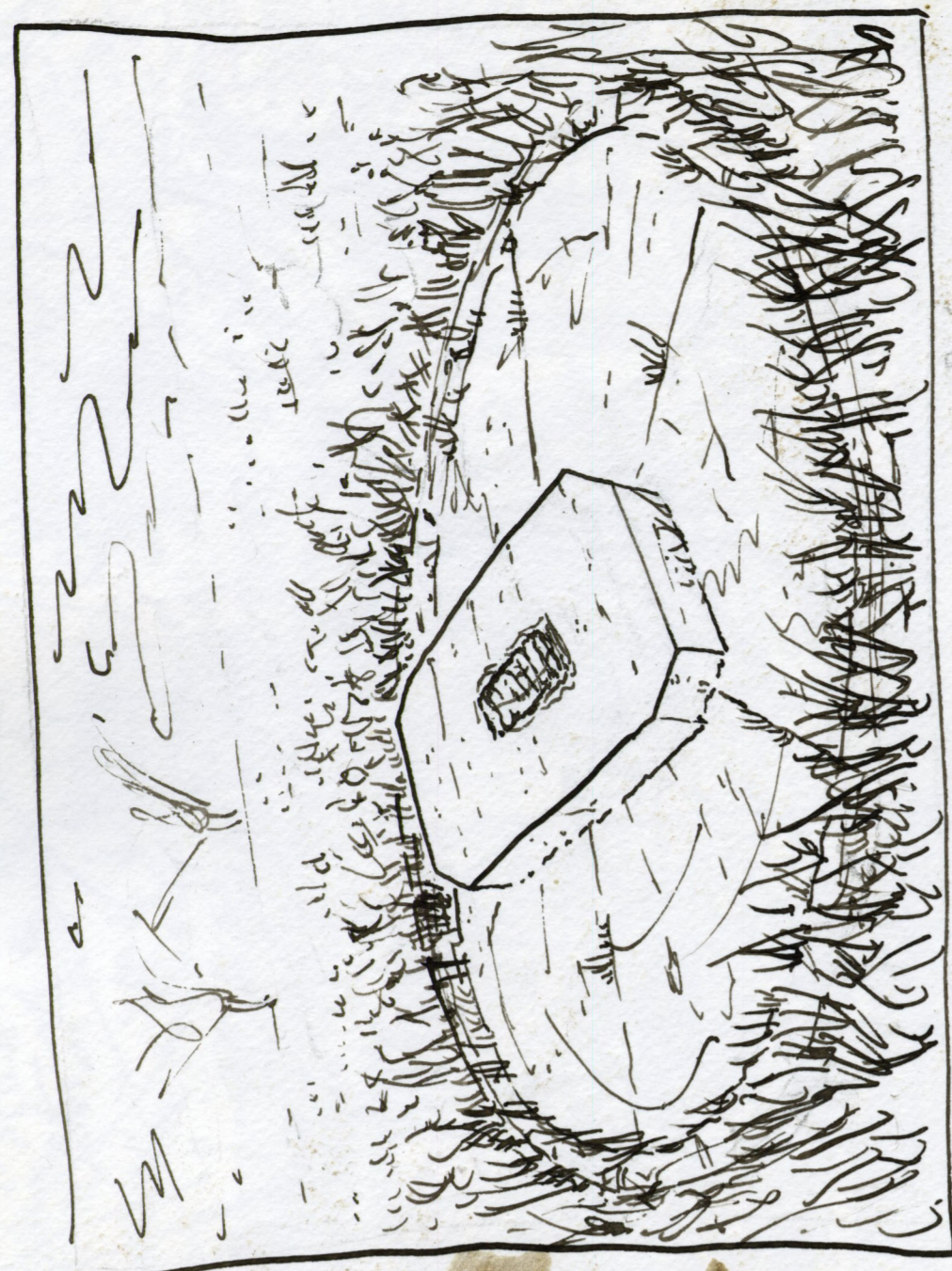


Leeds city rail station drawn whilst waiting for a delayed train and a small section of our overgrown garden, before having to set to and do some gardening.

The station's hustle and bustle is about moving people, people trying to get from one place to another. By having a sketchbook I can stop and look and let time go by without feeling too fretful. The man with a walking stick on the left of the drawing, kept using it to tap the hollow metal tube structure next to him, I think the sound must have intrigued him, he would do it over and over again.

The garden's busyness is one of rhythmic textures, I can get lost in the dance of the privet leaves' tiny movements as a breeze passes and how when that happens all the other plants join in the dance.

I have an obsession with invisible forces and air is for myself one of those powerful generators of change and enablers of life that we live with and swim in, but rarely in our images acknowledge, simply because it is normally invisible. But each time a leaf moves it is in acknowledgement of the air moving and therefore trying to draw the impossibility of freezing this movement somehow feels a little like praying to an invisible God.



I was walking through the graveyard again. It might seem as if I do this far too often, but it lies on my walking route to the Co-op and I like to get away from the roadside and its fumes whenever I have an opportunity.

This is a drawing of a small moment of looking that seemed important at the time. A root like form had grown into the base of one of the stone blocks that formed the perimeter of a grave. Another rooted stump emerged from the ground close by and one straight line of root connected the two things.

I don't know why this seemed important but it did, perhaps the small twig lifting itself into an arc that sits to the left of the line had something to do with it? Perhaps it was to do with the way that vegetation will always find and seek out the cracks in human made things.

Sometimes the drawing of insignificant moments can be even more important than those drawings done because you have an idea, they are a reminder that everything is interesting and that there is no such thing as a boring experience, only your own boring perception of it.

The drawing on the top half of the open sketchbook is of a base if something that has now gone, I didn't know what it was, but was fascinated to think about what could go there and what did. Another sort of invisible idea,

'Plinth for an invisible sculpture'.





Tree drawn whilst sitting on the grass near the lakeside of Roundhay Park, Leeds.

Trees are such wonderful things, in this case a swirling mass of leaves and branches, which I began to see as rhythmic echoes of the swirling currents of the lake that sat just behind it. This tree represented restrained power in movement, another energy battery, not least because of its ability to use its leaves to photosynthesise the sun's energy. Another invisible energy idea, that again crops up, over and over again as I draw.

On the left-hand side of the sketchbook page is a momentary sketch of a swan as it took off. I already had the pen in my hand. It was just a couple of seconds of looking, an event to the left of the tree, out above the lake, that took my attention because movement always does that. Normally I would not be able to draw an event like this, as by the time I had sorted my equipment, it would all be over. I think of moments like this as gifts.

I know wild life photographers would capture everything beautifully, but what do they make us see? For myself it is the translation a few marks make that opens out a doorway into the imagination that a photograph never does.



A tree pushes up out of the ground, whilst old brick walls crumble around its base.

A tree growing on land that was once the home of factories built just off Buslingthorpe Lane in Leeds. The area is now overgrown and is turning back into a wooded hillside, a situation that is similar to as it would have been a couple of hundred years ago.

The rising force of this tree is enormous, it has now established itself as the dominant force in a territory once controlled by the architectural geometry of a factory.

It is always heartening to see how quickly nature will take back the spaces once taken over by humans. We need to remember we are just temporary occupiers of the landscapes we inhabit, even if we have been there for a thousand years, a span of time that is totally insignificant as far as the Earth is concerned.



Sugarwell Hill, Leeds, just off Buslingthorpe Lane, tree branches have been woven together in order to form a crude archway or perhaps they are the start of a simple den or hut.

After covid, I began to find these types of structures in nearly all of the wooded areas I walked through.

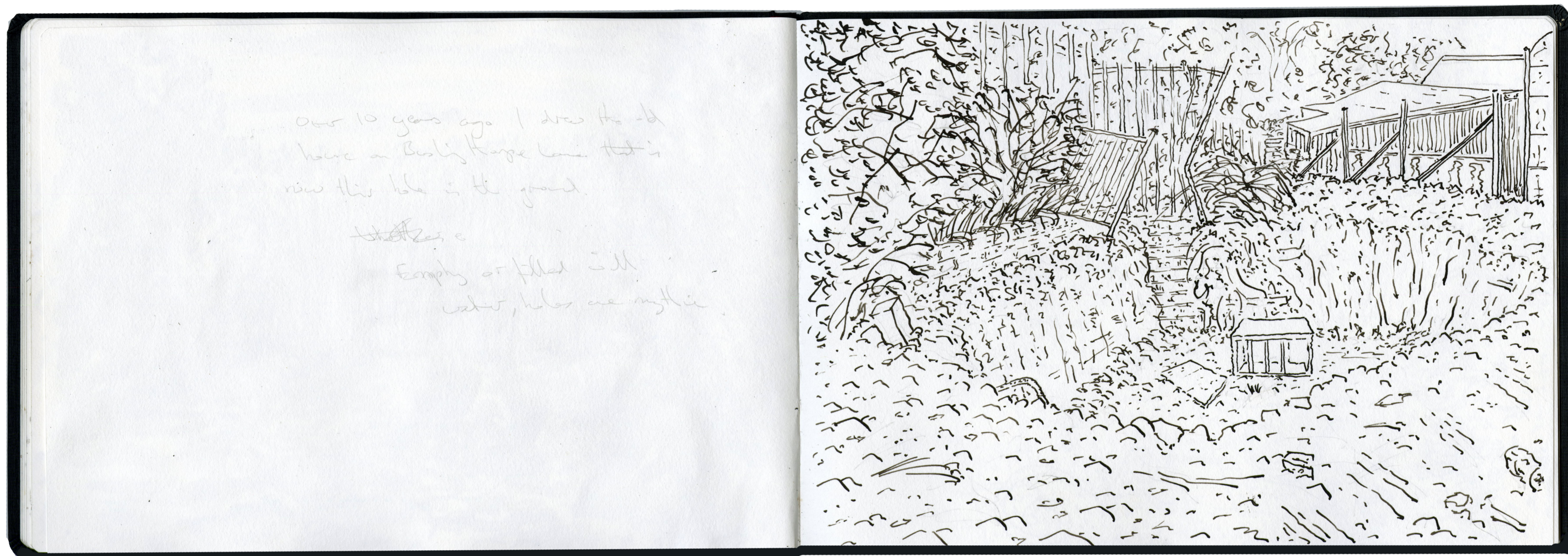
People when given the time and resources love to build things and when they were 'locked down', they seemed to need to get out and play, as a way of coming to terms with the frustration of inaction. I have several sketchbooks of these types of structures; I made the drawings as it seemed to me that we very quickly return to what we used to be, people that lived in the forests and woods and who used the resources found to build lives in harmony with the landscape we found ourselves within. No doubt if the lockdown had continued, we would have begun to hunt as well.



Sue likes to go wild swimming at Saint Aidan's bird sanctuary. This is a drawing of the spot where she goes in; a couple of marks are used to indicate she is out there on the lake swimming.

I am happy to walk and draw, in this case sitting and drawing, whilst guarding her clothes. This was another of those images that are simply about the visual rhythms made by various types of foliage. Tall reeds move across the centre, spiky grasses rise from clumps of mud in the foreground, whilst bushy trees frame the view on either side.

The cross pollinating rustling of the reeds and trees and grasses, operates as a quiet musical set of harmonies, my drawing tried to capture this.

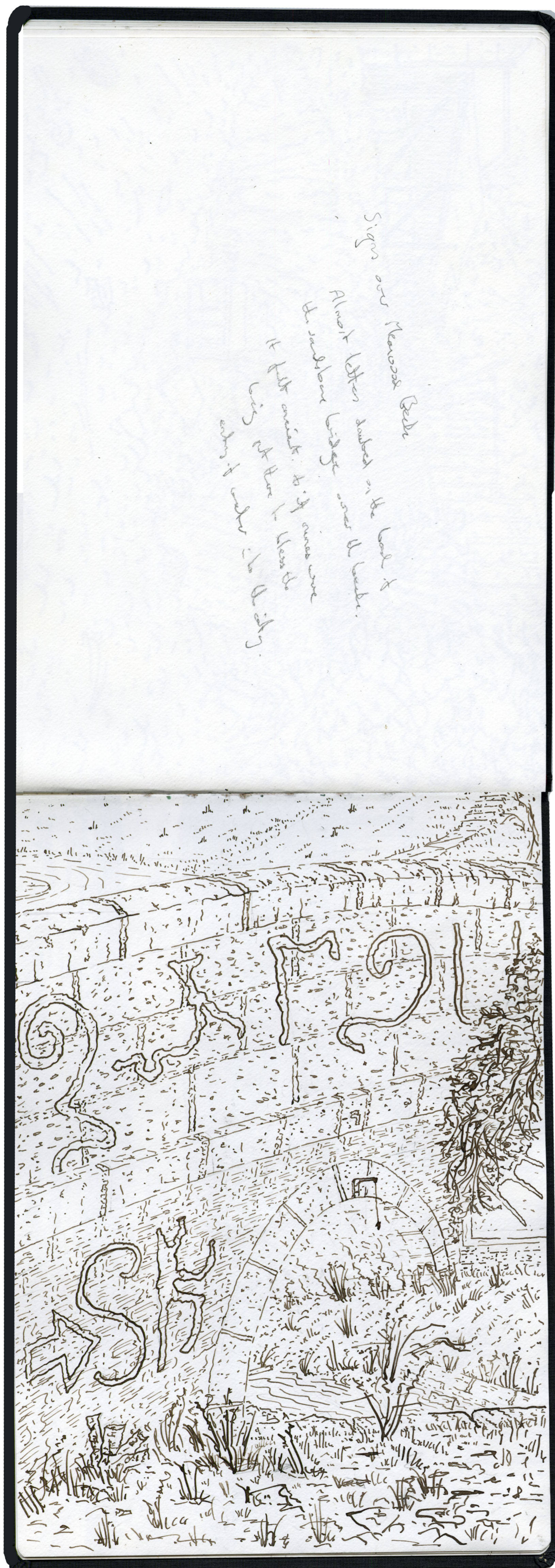


Walking along Buslingthorpe Lane I come across a big hole dug into the ground, where once there was an old house. I had drawn that house about 10 years ago and although it had stood empty all the times I had passed it since, it was still quite a shock to see such a gap.

Holes in the ground are in my mind mythic. They suggest entry points into underground worlds, or pools waiting to happen. In this case an old fridge had been dumped in the hole, perhaps an indicator as to what might be happening next.

Remains of fencing still sit alongside the edges of the excavation, a scraggly bush peers over its lip and I wonder if it has already dropped its seeds into what is now a giant seed tray.

The various rhythms of the fences were interesting to draw, each one slightly different, a formal repetition that I could play off against the informal 'mess' of everything else.



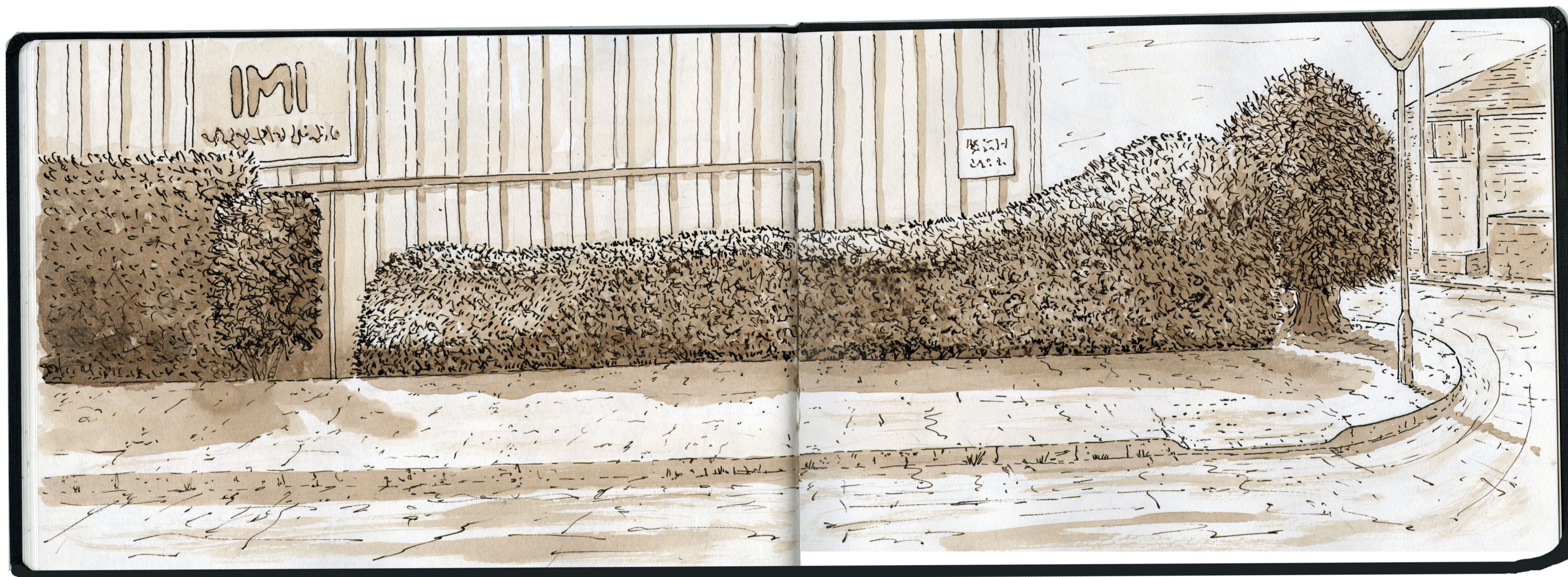
The bridge that carries Buslingthorpe Lane over the Meadow Beck, is a very solid sandstone structure. One day I looked down to where the beck is culverted beneath the bridge and spotted some very strange graffiti.

I read the signs as almost letters and as some sort of mystic language, painted up by a cult member of a sect from some strange religious order.

I'm sure there was a far more prosaic reason for their presence but I had a narrative something beginning to tell a story in my head and so I needed to draw what was there.

I still see the signs as runes of some sort but I see them as signs written by the bridge itself as it attempts to become animate. This is I'm sure an understanding driven by my interest in animist thinking, whereby everything has some sort of life force.

Bridges and flowing water will always be powerful symbolic forms as they are junctures between things, between water and stone, between above and underground, they are crossings and as such moments of possibility, do you follow the road or slip into the flowing water?



Another hedge drawing, whereby I see something in the way vegetation is clipped into shape. In this case the hedge becomes animal like, a slumped beast waiting to prowl down streets at night.

Perhaps I ought to collect all my hedge drawings together at some point, they have something about them that is to do with animism. Our association with them is rather like the one we have with pets. We groom them, spend time shaping them, use them as guards to protect our buildings and to establish boundaries. We put our personalities into them and you can walk past various houses and get an idea of the person inhabiting them from how they treat their hedges. Some are unkempt, other totally controlled, some very high and others shaped into intricate forms.

In many ways they become externalised minds, sometimes going on to be an art form in its own right as in topiary and then I begin to see that hedges are an everyday sculptural material, the gardener's marble.

In order to draw a hedge I need to make a dense series of marks that are controlled carefully so that the rhythm weight is contained within the form. This isn't as easy as it sounds, one mark made too weightily will suddenly pop out of the coordinated hedge space and coherence is lost. Trying to keep an eye on the three dimensionality of these organic/geometric forms is also important, but every leaf is tilted to the light at a different angle, so it is a collective average that needs to be aimed at to show planar change.

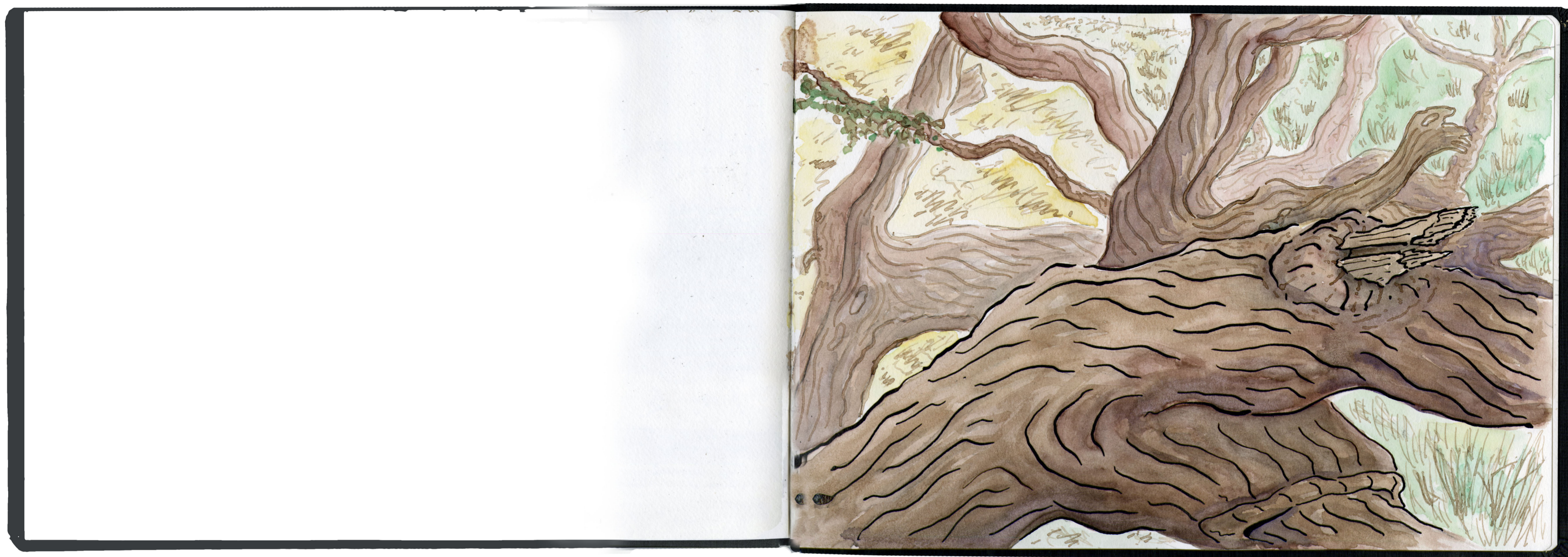


A mass of vegetation swaying across the page. A hogweed stands its ground on the edge of a cornfield.

A drawing of the rhythms of vegetation growth, some controlled, as in the lines of hedges in the background and others not, as in the hogweed, a plant often removed due to the toxic nature of its sap.

In this case I was trying to make a drawing that celebrated the existence of a plant that for all our power to control nature, we still fear it. A proper fear as we cant really control something that we are actually part of.

As I draw I do feel that part of me inhabits the thing I'm drawing, I become, if only for a moment an unruly hogweed.



The muscular forms of a tree, drawn as if they are tendons of some animal or a series of flowing rhythms like currents in a stream.

Another animist inflected drawing, whereby I'm trying to show how easily vegetable life can slip over into an animal nature or become inserted back into a landscape as a geological feature, just as much as an aspect of vegetation.

In effect the tree begins to walk, it can stride out to the right of the image, its torso bent over towards the right in the effort to move. I'm reminded of boyhood short trousers by the way the tree's bark has had to change form as it flows over the right 'leg' of a downward thrusting branch.

This is all old-fashioned stuff, the stuff of fairy tales and the shaman, but I still feel and see these things, so why not respond to them?

The oak tree is one of several that lie on the edge of the shingle beach at West Wittering. They are all twisted and broken giants, who have fought against the inroads made by the sea but are clearly losing.



A brick built sluice gate lets water through, enabling a small stream to flow between sloping banks of mud, grasses and reeds.

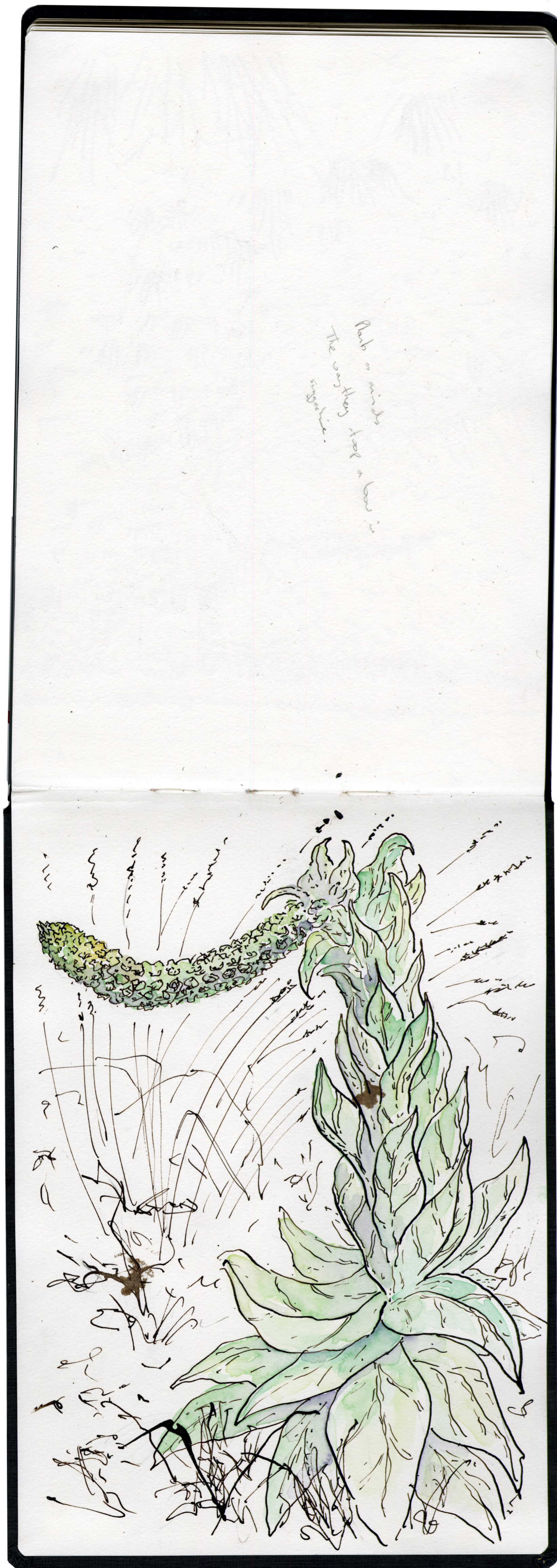
This is part of the geology of an estuary, mud banks form and are then colonised by salt resistant plant life.

In the far distance is a line of trees, their forms echoing the clouds bouncing along above them.

A drawing that is all about rhythms moving backwards and forwards through space and then zigzagging into the distance.

The human intervention of the sluice gate is also a fulcrum around which the composition revolves.

An open mouth emits a tongue of water, the sluice gate being a product of a human mind is bilaterally symmetrical and therefore resembles a human head.



An encounter with a sea side plant.

I have no idea what this plant is called, but it stopped me in my tracks when I saw it. It moves suggestively, the banana shaped dense cluster of flowers bobbing up and down in the slight breeze.

It really did feel like an animal, it had a similar presence and a nodding head, or at least something that suggested a nodding head.

It visually dominated the patch of grasses it had grown out of and there was just one of them. It felt as if it had arrived from somewhere else, rather than had grown into where it was.

I couldn't compare it to another version of itself so didn't know if this was a unique specimen, or whether they were always like this, whatever they are.