


→ once upon a time →  
was the being  
of imagery   
a being of oddness  
→ this is a book for  
extraordinary  
astonishments  
→ I collect qualia,  
unique sensations:  
that became  
memories,  
transformed yet  
again into visions →

← sensitive = vision →

A way to let  
these sensations emerge  
amongst blurry landmarks  
← disrupt·ied inner silence  
in this deafening world,  
and be aware of vibrations  
that differ →

→ Win, lose or draw:  
in soul, in love, in visions,  
in time, in life → in vibrations  
≈ draw every single day, this  
is a life → a fierce energy  
initiated to begin with our  
being-world to make a journey  
to the land of senses out of  
it → a farce but a force →

→ dark matter, artist's source →  
guessing its outlines, invisible  
structures of the cosmos → smile  
to the purposes of the universe  
→ drop off the dark matter on  
reality's surfa·r·ce → freedom  
and frictions :‰ the drawing  
× invisible strength and courage  
to be → I scattered dots, lines,  
plans throughout the ages  
sometimes followed by moments  
of happiness, sometimes by  
bottomless wells where I got lost,  
to better exalt a certain reality  
→ graphics' universe is endless,  
it is where our visions ripen →  
only one rule: the unexpected  
is always welcome →



→ my thoughts in pictures, it is  
life in slow motion

- - - → seize the given moment,  
take the time = to contemplate  
our elusive life →

→ the entire universe between the  
mark and the tool that traces it ∞  
choose the tool, the mark  
will follow ..~.. the medium,  
cracks between our inner worlds,  
our perceptions and  
plural universes →

→ to be born

∞ becoming drawing,

∞ dying ← fear of dying,

→ pre-vision → being—world × ←

~ →

maps yet unknown,  
mysteries in motion with  
life comforts the journey →

∞ to dance on paper to the  
wind of spirit → the obedient  
hand, servant to the mind that  
continuously ponders, traces,  
luminous labour in the darkness  
of the present → calls out dark  
matter to reveal the grey matter  
and its immateriality →  
personal codex of the lines, of the  
shapes, of the words that play  
((( ))) resonates, intrigues, offers  
windows on possible worlds  
||||| distorting mirrors,  
offer me a home, a source  
○ feeling, drawing, writing  
in the same silent crucible  
of moments ↔ past eras,

interpreted in the present, in  
an anticipated formal projection  
=fantasised → and be ↻

→ the surface that collects,  
becomes the collection ↻  
I already stepped in ancient  
footsteps but never do I turn  
off at the same place ↘ ↗ if I had  
wanted that, I would never have  
grasped this path:

=drawing,  
holding a past  
and give way to  
the future →

↻ my risks my drawings, my  
tests, my epiphanies, my  
erased pages, my discoveries,  
my guts → the process becomes  
clear the second I realise what  
has become of the drawing

—○—  
after a while, the universe  
becomes uncertain, but destiny  
clarifies itself ∞ doubt and fear  
only exist to reach the blank page  
where the ships from the world of  
ideas are being unloaded

~~~~ Δ -----  
→ don't be afraid to draw, since  
it is the place where you find the  
question to your answers = to  
love, to draw, to trace, follow the  
thread, give to others: inner  
dialogues, games and visual  
entanglements, hyper real  
→ to do → to create

← fascination and detachment  
from the graphic appearance ~~~~~  
where the future—drawing  
becomes → the being—born →  
contemplate → wander → appear  
→ draw → grow in ignorance →  
pretend to know where to go →  
→ know where to go → be = ○ ←

going through time passing  
Through the cone of light ◁  
Create your own space=time →  
Disappear → being-nothing →  
∞ intuitive and hazardous  
junction, world sponge becoming  
body ≡ spirit, I am by doing →

◎ black hole, blank page ◻  
spectrum absorption, →→→→  
luminous, night terrors, dark  
matter revealed in sparks ✨

∞ vastness of the graphic  
universe, I only select  
a few coordinates on  
the space=time map to  
create ✨ dots randomly  
whispered to my ear ③  
they form a constellation,  
an ocean ≈ drawing →

space ÷ time ÷ of ÷ creation  
÷ between ÷ life ÷ and ÷ death →  
→ body ≡ soul as  
vessel Δ immaculate or  
patched sails stretched by the  
breath of life ≈ emotions  
at the helm ↗→ the wheel of time  
is a compass ↘ the ink·hor  
is raised on the sea with  
day and night reflections  
of creation ✨

~> to trace, to draw, to write =  
indissoluble association between  
freedom, life and creation →  
thought, dark matter against  
repository matter shape up an  
impalpable image → fascination  
of creation, survival of the  
present moment ⊙ beyond the  
vision, the work in the crucible  
of the hand and its tool

[vision—thought+matter=image]  
+ images + texts = book ⊙ world

→

→ in my graphic universe,  
creation is a cluster of  
dots which evoke galaxies  
scattered among the  
invisible gloomy matter..... the  
waves produced by the stars  
that compose them, infinite tiny  
ideas, need mediums  
to be revealed and surfaces  
to be intercepted →

☙ milky ways and suns  
radiating with ideas the stars  
that form these clusters,  
get organised in various  
materials, in works  
○ and by chance, rise to  
the retinal surface  
in space≡time

→

→ our entire organism, our  
body=spirit, organises  
unexpected encounters of  
attempts → natural phenomena  
and the imagination feeds them  
↔ thrown projectile attempts  
that ricochet, levitate or sink →

→ the drawing, like all  
the arts, is accretion .....\*

→ a thin space between two  
letters and our world changes  
= our being—world changes →  
I observe and transcribe them by  
vibrations: texts and drawings  
→ sometimes my system even  
leaving aside the image for a  
bit ~~~~~ ter ~~~~~ restrial meeting

→ I experience, learn, believe to  
know or understand, and my  
stroke trembles ~~~~~ --→

# I harvest with every stroke of my drawing



on a point an  
idea, on a  
line a vision,  
on a shape  
a connection,  
on a color  
an emotion,  
on a deletion  
a universe →

→ to have arrived at a path that forks, to the beginning of a new labyrinth, to discover a thread at its entrance, to follow it, to let ourself get carried away and enriched by this new shipping lane and explore new worlds

→ drawing and writing are one and only flame, that appeared thousands of years ago, that is ready to illuminate my palms a little more and to keep on growing in visions before the final black-out



“Thinking is about paying attention to what we’re doing”



⇒⇐ loving  
the world's  
complexity,  
to feel it,  
to perceive it,



to explore it  
⇐↗↖↘↙↕↔ night  
and day, and  
why not, try to  
reveal a tiny  
part indefinitely

