



This article was published at <https://doi.org/10.5749/envispacplac.13.1.0111> as:

**Whiting, M. (2021) 'Landandmybody ... body from the stillness drinking in', *Environment, Space, Place*, 13 (1), pp. 111-132.**

"No part of this article may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, transmitted, or distributed, in any form, by any means, electronic, mechanical, photographic, or otherwise, without the prior permission of the University of Minnesota Press."

## ResearchSPAce

<http://researchspace.bathspa.ac.uk/>

This version is made available in accordance with publisher policies.  
Please cite only the published version using the reference above.

Your access and use of this document is based on your acceptance of the ResearchSPAce Metadata and Data Policies, as well as applicable law:-

<https://researchspace.bathspa.ac.uk/policies.html>

Unless you accept the terms of these Policies in full, you do not have permission to download this document.

This cover sheet may not be removed from the document.

Please scroll down to view the document.

*Land and my body...my body from the stillness drinking in*

## Images 1

Considering diverse approaches made to investigate modalities of spatial thinking through the discipline of a Fine Art drawing practice, this paper aims to prospect for embodied strategies so as to address spatial drawing concerns, responding to a conversation between the body present and a set of waypoints used to explore developments of spatial thinking and its relational turn within arts practice. Methodologies of walking and drawing are employed to encounter the land, mindful of Frédérique Gros' observation that the landscape is a set of tastes, colours and scents which are absorbable by the body, (Gros, F, 2015 p38) in this instance, absorbed through my walking gendered body.

Walking is the main methodological strategy for this drawing practice, taking durational walks in the English Landscape, walking as far in one day as my body will allow me often between 15-32 English miles. I carry that walk, as experience, deep inside of me somewhere to the calm space of the studio. Here, dynamic creative methods are used to provoke active residual memories; that is what remains imaginatively after the durational walk re-awakened through embodied processes of drawing.

Artistic methods used are found within drawing and reside in the performative act of creating pathways between the action of the hand and the mind at play. No references photographic or otherwise, no sketches in situ, just physical and intellectual space and a support on which to draw. In this creative, physical flow, structures are elusive, colours difficult to hold onto and activated walking memories are at best flawed although trying to be re-experienced, thus questioning acts of re-immersion through the performativity of mark-making and the use of the body as a, and in a, mode of spatial thinking.

It is useful to note also that the position of spatialetics within this drawing practice take their cue from Gandy's response to the earlier works of Deleuze and Guattari, recognising that '...the virtual realm is not simply a mimesis or reflection of physical reality but an independent domain that generates new ideas'. (Gandy, M, 2005, p30) In the making of the physical works aesthetics seduce (Alaimo, S, 2017) and this arguably promotes flattening out to occur not just in these open public spaces but also within the act of drawing. Walking and purposefully not recording through digital devices (which in themselves have a tendency to flatten) means a practiced engagement of looking, pushing against any problematics of foreseen flat ontologies in a bid for freedom from fixity. And then in the

space of the drawing studio undoing practiced geometries whilst acknowledging the horizon, and including into this conundrum a vital inclusion of sensed volumetrics of the spaces walked through, embracing fluidity and sensitivity through the process of mark-making.

This position moves beyond or transcends the given ocular, and insists on considerations of a multi-sensory perspective and an 'embodied spatial approach' (Low, S, 2000) that utilises strands of thinking through, and with the cultural and physical body as a tool for understanding tacit knowledges- thus building on, or more realistically extruding from more traditional and often urban ethnographic and even geographic methods formalised through The Chicago School. These walks are made with nature and thus the drawings become acts of re-experiencing through and with the mediums.

Thus I did steal along that silent road,  
My body from the stillness drinking in  
A restoration like calm of sleep  
But sweeter far. Above, before, behind,  
Around me, all was peace and solitude,  
I looked not round, nor did the solitude  
Speak to my eye; but it was heard and felt  
**So, why should our bodies end at our skin?**

**(Wordsworth, cited Potkay 201:53, and Haraway D, 1990)**

This text will draw heavily on personal experience as a means to knowingly practice landscape's embodiment, acknowledging implicitly pain, accidents and losing oneself, and through embracing praxis is presented here as an interwoven dialogue of movements, personal reflection and speculative theory; the reflexive written moments acknowledging threads of voicing broken silences and engagement with the smallest of everyday gestures that might (or might not) add to the cumulative impact of being heard (with care) in the landscape (Solnit 2017). This also picks up on Haraway's '...inspiration of care in its transformative, non-innocent, disruptive ways' hence the location of her words in addendum to Wordsworth's as a means of locating ourselves in a more hopeful, equal human world, and this vision of care accounts for space within which relational kinships and common alliances can become 'transformative connections' (Puig de Bellacasa, M.2017 p 71). Therefore, this text considers and encounters interwoven strands of thought and dialectic through the peripatetic drawing process.

One such encounter is within Rebecca Solnit's text *The Mother of All Questions* (2017) wherein she discusses the unequal power of silence which resonates with my own method of uttering words aloud within the spaces of my encounters, 'Individuals and societies serve power and the powerful by refusing to speak and bear witness... When, witnesses refuse to speak up, they consent to another's loss of rights, agency, bodily integrity or life. Silence protects violence'. Reconsidered in relation to the ideologies of landscape, her words bring to the fore important implications of being unjustly frightened and alone as a female, with its dangers, fear spaces and the problematic behaviours of other people that act as dislocations. Almost as a counter-balance I choose to embrace an external monologue, realised and spoken in the spaces of the outdoors and studio- this monologue comes about through physical and intellectual pursuits of walking and drawing and is remembered here in order to re-encounter. In the text the words of the monologue are used to punctuate the reading and call attention to something of note, its effect is to disrupt the flow, which is akin to any walk in the English countryside where you have to climb a gate, cross a ditch, navigate a footpath, falter and progress, so the very rhythm of the walks are implicated in this way; the land evoked through the cadence of the words, it is after all, the stuff on which we stand and balance our whole lives. Bearing witness aloud to the land feels like it is a right and a necessity, in order to reclaim it as an act of insistence through an arts practice, rather than merely reflect upon it.

## Image 2

Colours, you will note, are mentioned throughout, this is because colour helps us to experience the world and calibrate ourselves through our apprehension of it. My understanding of colour has darkness within it and inclines philosophically towards Goethe's reasoning of colours themselves being degrees of darkness, which was in fact in contrast to the given understanding of Newton's exploration of light and the colour spectrum. Colour is insightful, it sharpens the impact of being, and within my own methodologies its presence is felt visually, audibly through the spoken word and indeed within my writings. Colour is often uttered aloud in the spaces where it is regarded and sensed through the body, affecting the body, expressing and possibly affirming something beyond the body, as a means of savouring affect.

It is safe to say that this isn't the tale of one walk but many, at different times and lengths, hinged together through geographic location. They are the sum parts of day to day existence. They take place in the ancient county of Wiltshire in the South West region of the United Kingdom, which dates back conservatively to the year 703 BC. The land is rich in its ancientness with Megalithic Sites such as Stonehenge and Avebury, and vast numbers of earthworks, tumuli, burial mounds and long barrows, not to mention the Iron Age hill forts, Lynchet terrace farming (ancient) and medieval terracing and strip farming that are still plainly visible.

The location of the walks are the chalk plateaus of Salisbury Plain. These are not easy open plains but a rich melange of problematic areas and open spaces of some 300 square miles, and even that measurement remains contentious. The Neolithic heritage site of Stonehenge is very present with its tourist car park and flows of traffic on the outer roads, the land around scattered with Long Barrows, Mounds and Tumuli, importantly there are ancient drove ways once used for herding cattle and sheep to market, pathways and planting systems to be encountered. In its wide openness and raw weathers (when walking) you will also come across large military sites as the land is used for practice warfare and holds military camps and constructed or requisitioned villages for training purposes; this has been the case since prior to World War 1. The land is managed by The Ministry of Defence, Defence Infrastructure Organisation <sup>1</sup>. Large swathes of its rolling landscape are reserved, designated as an area of outstanding natural beauty, with significant contributions to preserving endangered species of flora and fauna. Within the heart of the Plain is a thirty square mile marked but unfenced perimeter that encircles a live and very active firing range.

\*

## **Breathe in**

**It's very early in the morning, not 5am: the colours in the forest that flank the upper plateau are dark like aubergines where the green meets the fleshy darkening body; small orange lights flicker on the lower horizon if I look behind and down to where I have already been, in front of me is the steep climb up and into the deeper escarpment.**

**Soft black in the folds of the land  
Glossy crow marks across trees**

And later

**Bottomless ponds linked through landscaping  
Grey hill bisected by railway in the distance at 60% saturation  
Tangles crossed in branches**

I speak the words of the space out loud where I stand, describing what I see, almost tasting them, as if in doing this, the event of the place and I, in unison, will be acknowledged in some way, maybe through the spittle in my mouth, otherwise this walk might just lay aside

---

<sup>1</sup> <https://www.gov.uk/government/organisations/defence-infrastructure-organisation>

discarded as an other unacknowledged, unimportant experience, rather than it being the vital and authentic space that it is.

**Leaves**

**Olive sky**

**Muted silence**

Being in this space has a real import and a body, as walking has a body, a physical body- and this walk in its wide openness has my body with all it's social contexts and frailties. And so, here I am exposed artistically, culturally and significantly as 'other' in this time and forest which hugs the upper reaches of the plain. This chilly exposure may be defined as my socio-physical present-ness, and as such may be considered performative, the methodology peripatetic and/or embodied. I know many things that my walking theoretically is not and there are many things critically yet to uncover, what I have comprehended is that the scope of my projects are humble, in the old meaning of the word, that is to know ones place in the world and this feels in keeping with the ideological and physical relations of the places and spaces that I traverse with nature through. My walking theoretically is speculative at best and slippery which feels necessary in order to articulate the shifting conditions and contingencies of place.

**Tense**

**Crepuscular**

**Amber**

**White**

**...air in my nose so it hurts, boots on, warm body chill face.**

**Skeins of dampness on clothes like cobwebs.**

**I can smell the deep greens of mosses this morning and the camel musk of earth spores...**

**The tips of my fingers are cold**

In the doing of this, this uttering of words out into the world, this writing in space, I am also quietly but insistently acknowledging my female assertion in/on and with landscape: dealing with re-impending and recurring invisibility and silences; this artful insistence of incomplete equalities can be as dangerous as Solnit contested in describing how unequal silence is '...like waves lapping over the footprints, the sandcastles and washed-up shells and seaweed, silence rises again.' and although being broken down day to day there is still a '...culture that withers away a space in which women speak...'. (Solnit 2017, pp,65, 47.)

In this space, in this part of the forest, in this body, where there is quiet, so quiet that I can hear the blood moving and the trees stretching; uttering these words out loud feels like committing to existence, to female agency, to pausing the sense of a withering space, and to affirming the truth of consciousness that prescribes a world wherein we can live wholly because mutuality (and therefore respect) becomes the cornerstone that establishes authentic interactions with the world. (hooks, b. 2000)

Solnit's artful acknowledgment in the back of her text, *The Mother of All Questions* details her struggles to realise publicly real liberty for women, and this is at the forefront of my mind as I write this, I can also hear Susan Griffin's exquisite past and still present linguistic rattling of man's injustice and domination (Griffin, S. 1984) through the keyboard keys, as these walks, my walks still feel like little acts of reclamation made in on and with Mother Earth, and in this set of circumstances my focus is about thinking, walking, drawing, being with the land as extending from this my fundamental, gendered bodily experience

In order to imagine and sustain such an equal imaginary landscape it is necessary for me to adopt a stance which takes its inspiration from Edith Stein, whose works on Empathy and Phenomenology inform this practice, which means that '...I can comport myself just as though it (the inequalities) were not present; (therefore) I can make it (the prevailing attitudes) inoperative.' (Stein cited Sullivan, J. 2002) In this way, for a short amount of time, measured in miles, I can carry myself as if those often frightening beliefs are not present, not to deny them but to experience the landscape without inequalities becoming operative within me, and therefore I can stand a chance to see it as its given values. Stein's empathetic phenomenologies and hooks loving equalities come with me, hand in hand and I gather these women to myself and take courage.

Words, words that can document, words that describe are at the beginning middle and end of such an encounter, maybe even words that spring from the body or leach out of the body. An intimacy of language and thought that is charged to connect with understanding and meaning, is applied here to artistic process, and not to formal representation, however significant are the facets of interpretation. (Gadamer, H, G. p400)

**up**  
**don't look up**  
**up and across**  
**look down**  
**red behind my eyes**

I've been walking uphill for an hour, sweat beads around the back of my head, the air on my face helps a bit. These are givens, but words are not, they can help to make sense of some things, they can help to remember to some extent. Words can linger in the spaces of the

visual untold, what I mean by this is that when the fast eye movements (saccades) occur between the points of focus, saccades suppression kicks in where we are effectively blocking visual processing during the movement, so that no gaping or blurring takes place as we turn to look. Between the act of observation and drawing, back in the space of the studio or wherever we draw, we also experience this visual masking in the same way, and in these 'gaps' we account for it within the performative action of drawing. We are not conscious of this form of visual memory, it just happens in super-fast time, but is it possible to access these micro memories? Are they imprinted somewhere lost in our unconscious? It is hardly a memory or recall, but surely something there is something there?

**Soft underfoot melting into hard tells me the path again**

**Viridian**

Image 3

Umberto Eco, cited in Deanne Petherbridge's text, *The Primacy of Drawing* states '...expressiveness arises instead from a dialectic between significative forms and codes of interpretation (Petherbridge, D. 2010 p26) therefore, the lines that I draw have signifiers attached to them, so, like the horizontal line, the horizontal may assume 'horizon' but in the eyes and intentions of the artist it may be on a more micro level or something more pareidolic or anamorphic, interpretation is up to the viewer and is outside of the artist's intentions. As I am drawing, aware of these traps of significations, can my spoken words take me back to place and activate other imperceptible more imaginative spaces that are caught in the act of looking?

**Scratches on legs stinging, pale creamy golden grey of wheat, barley, rye, corn.**

**structures**

**and non -structures**

...where the words linger is in the gaps and pauses before and during the movement of the hands acting like verbs; saying them out loud once again in the space of the studio ignites the form of the line and engages with emotion and embodiment within the practice of drawing. I draw with my left (unorthodox) and my right (orthodox) hands, giving myself over and this is also aligned to Merleau-Ponty's notion of phenomenology as my mind and body are instrumentalised into and through the state of production- i.e. in the production of drawing. ( cited Petherbridge, D. 2010. pp26,27)

**Toasted yellow into ochre, breaching of greens on browns**

**Sharp dark moss green lines of the path**



## **Uprights**

### **Curved horizon**

#### **Billowing clouds, one heavy with charcoal grey**

In reality and returning to the act of distinguishing these small observations by speaking them in the space of their being, is (in and amongst aesthetic considerations) to no longer remain silent, and in doing so not become complicit in the domination of the residue of our natural world, but rather co-exist with respect, there is (as we are all well aware) a frightened urgency to this desire. hooks described the despotic 'Dominant Culture' in Pedagogy of Hope as 'fear' and urges us to move through the fear to find our connections, revel in our differences so as to build meaningful community, hooks also determined that the function of art (in its most liberal sense) was to do more than represent, in her words I to do more than tell it like it is, rather use it to imagine what is possible. Thus, to imagine possibilities and be caught in an imaginative state within an active space of drawing, where real relations to a felt experience of the land can be re-ignited, enables a sense of affinity, and in this context now, where we are realising our biochemical impacts and re-examining our relations with natural systems, it feels like a call, a call to live in freedom, not outside of 'natural' systems but with care amongst and with them, importantly recognising the gestalt shift of this as Natalie Jeremijenko said about our 'enmeshedness', where the anthropocenic assertion of our agency as biochemical forces means that we have transgressed into facing up to our being inside and not outside the system, in her words to 'test our agency'. (Grusin, R. (ed) 2001 p119).

**I am halfway up the escarpment, breathe burning body,  
flashes of barium yellow pain jagged yet linear**

**force one foot  
in front of another  
variation in hue**

Underfoot, the ground is soft with small grey patches and occasional rocks, walking boots prevent the feeling of the ground from me. I take my boots off and walk for a while until my feet become numb from the bruised temperature. Through this action, I learnt the texture of the earth, the slippery mosses and sticky spores, the painful twigs and grit, cold dull water in shallow grey puddles I couldn't last long like this but I did feel the sensations, enough perhaps, and so I dry my feet carefully and find comfort back in my boots.

If I move my foot slowly from heel to the ball, I can conjure the feeling from the base of the foot up the lower part of my leg. Pushing the front part of the foot into the ground I can feel the give of the ground, but I remember it better without my boots on. The boots act to

cushion me from the world on which I stand, and deadens the impacts of feeling. But nonetheless with this dynamic action (though small by other peoples' standards maybe) I can affirm my place in this environment and commit it to some bodily memory, so as to access it knowingly at some later point in time back in the studio.

It is clear that drawing in this scenario is not an act of representation but an act of interrupting processes of possible replication, striving as Merleau-Ponty perceives in his contemplation of Cezanne to '...recapture the feel of perceptual experience itself.' (Merleau-Ponty (2004) p55) or maybe going beyond that and using the walking body as instrument to trigger perceptual experience with nature, conducted through and with drawing as mentioned above, and with these methods apparently disparate spaces (of land and studio) are sensed as connected through the conduit of being. Systematic experimentation has enabled this practice to evolve which coupled with material knowledge derived from examination and testing of mediums (such as inks, graphite, wax and so on) explores this evolving language.

My body in this time becoming a sensorial device of another way, through walking with all its efficiencies, repetitions and deficiencies. I apprehend the tactile, aural and olfactory ways that enunciate the forest spatialising its being and much later in studio time, sensorially orientating myself in order to access perceptions of being (sensing and feeling in that place at that time) and gaining access to the experience through the body. (Merleau-Ponty, 2004 p56), in this way active residual memories are accessed.

\*

I am up on the Plain, scanning the horizon, lateral movements make me aware of my head and neck, I search for verticality in the forms of a distant spire, a stripe from a far-off plane almost connected but not quite...

**an isolated tree here  
vertical gashes of golden  
tainted blue  
flatness of chroma  
primary yellow striated with moss green**

...re-reading perceptual experience of the landscape away from maps, turning away from the two-dimensionality that as a walker I am used to. This serves to re-calibrate the landscape within the politics of today's space, when we think of drones, bunkers, water towers, army sites that are off limits. But verticality isn't just obvious at macro levels, it is also micro and mezzo; the blade of grass that cuts the air, other organic growth and matter that is trodden underfoot, a spiders' web strung early in the morning. So, easy to look past

from our given positionality, but if I look in this way, I can confront aerial perspectives that are tied to more obvious verticality, and look past those aspects of war and its culpabilities, my position in direct stubborn confrontation to the given values of the place today. (Adey, Whitehead, Williams, 2014). This amounts to walking without war and thus speaks directly to Stein through this attitude taken, reprising '...I can comport myself just as though it were not present; I can make it (the prevailing attitudes) inoperative.' (Stein cited Sullivan, J. 2002)

\*

*I looked not round, nor did the solitude  
Speak to my eye; but it was heard and felt.* (Wordsworth cited Potkay, A. 201:53).

Frédéric Gros account of Wordsworth's struggles to be understood as to why he would walk out, when culturally this was the occupation of 'lesser' parts of society at that time, but Wordsworth revelled in the rhythm of the walk and the repetition of the pace, the beat of it which he infused into his writings, Gros terms it '...steady, monotonous, unshowy'. (Gros 2011). This is a rhythm that inhabits the body, pervades the senses... one foot in front of another, looking at the tired summer ground, ignoring the ascent that screams in the body. Like walking, drawing also invades the body, it pervades the senses, has tedium and monotony felt within it. It has rhythm and repetition; it makes the arm ache, you have to continue until it is complete and so ignore the pain and dull aches that invade the mind, but apart from the physical, the practice is also concerned with exploring the boundaries of drawing language. The resultant works and subsequent images are the result of these explorations, an individual testament to an extraordinary heterogeneity of places and spaces.

**breath in**  
**breath out**  
**breath in**

**breathe**

It's important to breathe when you walk. When you breathe knowingly and walk it makes the land feel connected to us in a profound way, and the breath with practice can become rhythmic: inhale counting slowly, one step, two, three, four, five, exhale, one step, two, three, four, five. Feel your feet walking, count your breath.

Sometimes when you draw you have to remember to breathe as it's easy to hold onto your breathing whilst you concentrate on a line. If you breathe in the same rhythm of walking when drawing, it can take you back to place. Here in this open walking space of imagination

and all its ordinariness lies creativity and ideation that has a rich lineage in artistic sojourning. Mostly it is not my history but the histories of others. A cautionary tale may be that following the ambulant common ways and intuiting an environment may not manifest creativity, sometimes it just manifests, pain, injury, fear and injustice however much we concentrate on breathing.

Today the military firing range is loudly active. It is at odds with the verdant, green bucolic scenes that we are travelling through.

**Deep crusty oranges, burnished browns, rainclouds against bright blue streaks, veneer of calm.**

**Flaccid clumps of green yellow as far as the eye can see**

The firing stops: I put on my red beanie hat. My walking companion today and I are lost again. We have been gone for hours. We are now deep in the active firing range having misread the map. The maps don't make sense in this army space for good reason. GPS doesn't work here. Knee to hip deep in grasses, waving our arms above our heads so that we might be seen in the crosshairs of a rifle scope should an outbreak of real fire happen, once again we move across a huge stretch of course grassland. Aware of our potential to become victims we keep going even though tension manifests through our whole bodies.

Underground bunkers are bear traps. We follow our instincts and again scan the horizon for vertical clues as to the edges of the range. The land folds into itself and we are in the valley- none of this is mapped- we can't see ourselves anywhere, we move forward cautiously, all the while waving. A Muezzin's call to prayer reverberates across the landscape, jarring our senses, acting as displacement, recalling us to the real purposes of this landscape. We can't tell from which direction it emanates. We see no Army but feel them. The body does not stop at the skin, there are force fields to account for.

**Hairs raise on arms**  
**white**  
**parchment dry**

We disappear deeper into the crevasse of the land and are now folded within it hoping to disappear; thousands of meadow brown butterflies release themselves as we walk through, we can hear their wing noise. After some time, unmapped and suspended in a state of apprehension but very alive as if apprehension, fear and aliveness are linked to being unmapped and unaccounted for, we get to the perimeter.

Still on Army land we find a road and walk down it, now out of the firing range. Mapped, tension lifts.

**The road is mummy brown with dust.**

Being unmapped and in real danger at that moment is something that I will carry with me, I remember the context of the horizon, the geographies and geomorphology of the land more acutely

**green sand and chalk white, rubbles of flints.**

Being enervated through apprehension and fear enabled a reading of the land that otherwise might have been lost in a more irresilient state, meaning that I might have forgotten it as the memory became enfeebled and inelastic. What is remarkable is that a walking methodology allows for being lost, being in danger, fragile and isolated, and in the scenario of the firing range it accounted for a certain undoing of a sense of alienation in this foreign space, because It allowed the walking practice to become considered, attentive and acute in its lostness; when the panic subsided then reflection and distance enabled other readings to emerge.

In the space of the studio after another walk, I sit quietly. In stark contrast to the miles walked, the uphill struggles and down-hill adventures, pulled muscles and sore tendons. The peace in the studio is part of the decanting, part of trying to understand the visual and embodied performativity experienced in walking, and to allow its transformative properties to emerge, perhaps somewhat haltingly, beyond any pre-disposed cognitive and affective dualities.

**Studio Reflection:** Standing now I can slip off my shoes and feel the shit on the carpet underfoot, hardened inks, blobs of filler, paints encrusted on its surface. I can move my legs freely here, release the tension in my shoulders, the door is shut, this space is mine. Private space from public encounters. I can remember in here through my body. One way is to roll my feet back and forth, from toe to heel- feel the pull on the back of my heel, breathe deeply, taking me back to the land and to my body in that space.

**feel the contours**

**move my shoulders**

**mix the colours**

**use the graphite**

Another is to stretch in directions or lean through the head, neck and shoulders, to place strain on certain parts of my body. These acts are not random but also not rehearsed. Dancing is like this, repetition teaches our muscles until it is second nature, I need to think more about this, I've danced off and on all my life, there is work to do here.

Being present in the studio I can knowingly force this relationship between the body and memory, I can lean, shift weight, move around the space. Upper body movements are important. These movements must be repeated, as walking is repetition; I've learnt that through time and by repeated actions it triggers an iterative process through allowing the sketch or drawing as a mode of production both out of, and of the body. So, I've learnt that I can close my eyes and can utilise my body to experiment and push at something beyond primary memory; the tautness of a muscle or a repeated physical gesture provokes material knowledge production. It is labour akin to walking, it is walking practice but not wholly, as if in some way the mutability of the studio occasion denies it, makes it partial despite attempts being made. Instead material thinking, and conceptual thinking with parity, alongside embodied drawing processes enables the outputs or works and they in their turn reveal unintended meanings that happen at the time of making, but are also often not revealed until after their execution. (Dewey, J. 1934 p46).

At times the fractured memories coagulate and at others they just won't happen at all. At these times it is the body or voice stimulus that forces the function of the pictorial plane to become active once again in the mind's eye, and to make its way onto the paper or stretcher. I can speak the words that I spoke on the walk:

**yellow,**  
**damp green**  
**fresh breeze**

**Studio Reflection:** If I breathe in deeply, I can sense the colours and shapes in my mind's eye, they are not fixed but slippery, they appear and are absorbed again into nothingness - bodily sensations are linked but permeable in this space. And then other words separate from the words that sprung to mind initially on the walk, they come to mind here in the drawing space, words such as:

**emergent**  
**primal**  
**transformative**  
**impulse** *pulse*

Performance within this drawing scenario insists on being heard and sensed as an empathetic action- a verb like space both physical and intellectual, and within that, there is

another space, an in-between space that is made up of a number of things, amongst them certainly inner experience and perhaps extended thought or mind that although sits between, also transcends - and this space is itself made up of other textures such as dynamics, gestures, passages of time, touch and the importance of touch that issues from an embodied, enfolded experience. (Lorraine,T. 1999 :12)

This middle space to be found in the making, is itself inhabited through conceptual and imaginal contiguous flows. Cognitive limitations of memory are inconsistent and through repeated bodily actions meshed with repeated language both gestural and physical, small fractured snapshots in the mind's eye surface and are recalled. On reflection this is a multidimensional-phenomena, a place where forms of unarticulated information may surface as visual, due to complex negotiations of the body physical and the brain cognitive, suggesting that cognition may not wholly reside in the brain but can be stimulated extraneously through embodied practice and movements including touch.

In this scenario drawing is thinking, moving is drawing. What this is not is an ad hoc, post hoc experiential outputting of a prior walking experience. Rather it appears to be and is sensed to be something that extends out of the body through profound memory; something that seeps through the activity of drawing which become, or are, little acts of reclamation externalised through the walking three- dimensional body to the two-dimensional support or surface.

Drawing is a process. We can set up conditions to draw, set up rules and procedures, set up our physical beings in a space. We can elect to provoke our experiences through drawing activity and as the drawing method unfolds, it can conjure something out of absence, and between the act of looking and remembering we can (perhaps) dally and delay in the gaps and crevasses where the unseen resides wherein there are traces, gaps and dislocations.

Image 4

### **Acid yellow**

**Studio reflection:** I mix the yellow and smell the flatness of the rape in the field below that hovers in my mind's eye, dimensions melt into themselves. I sense shape and flex my back, re-situating myself in a walk, momentarily drawing clear images together in my mind. The darks rise to the fore made up of the dull day, the rainclouds and spit spots of rain, and then the colour is worked onto the plywood surface, and moved around until it sits still. Here, Deanne Petherbridge's notion of materials and processes being themselves productive is illuminated. Materials and mediums being in and of thinking, productive and producers of phenomena. Embodied knowledge surfaces through material knowledge, gaining a deeper understanding of the materials or mediums properties, and their relations to observation

and experience, and this tacit material knowledge is gained through doing, in other words knowing that they (the mediums) can do.

Exploring meta dimensions that exist in the flux and flow of creative practice, means that an artist becomes thinking aware, negotiating diverse ways of accessing this creative space through idiosyncratic habits, in order to access a form of perception that references beyond itself – to things unseen or unremarked and maybe felt- taking us consciously back to considering memory and as polymath Raymond Tallis indicated in his text *A Smile at Waterloo* station asserts that ‘event’ belongs nowhere, it only ‘is’ when in reference to something else- the memory ‘holding open’ embodies spaces between here and now and there and then no longer. (Tallis, R. 2012 :54)

**Walking early in the morning the apricot skeins of clouds have dissolved into grey blues. I’ve worn trainers rather than walking boots, forgetting the early dew- my feet are soaked and at some point, I will have to stop and attend to them.**

**It’s important to feel dew.**

Today’s walk will take me for about 24 miles,

**remember to breathe**

I create memories that are distinct but also I know I will amass less tangible interactions with the land through the sheer activity of walking, and the triggers that I have learnt in order to synthesise something more profound in the hermeneutic space of my studio, reading myself into other more immersive situations, and leading myself to consider that walking is drawing and drawing is walking in this form of spatial encounter. So, this is the space where the drawings are made and finding a way into this place is through the walking body, deeply enmeshed and in pursuit of the visual.



## References.

- Adey, P, Whitehead M, Williams Alison. (2014). *From Above: War, Violence, and Verticality*. Oxford Scholarship Online.
- Dewey, J. (1934) Ed (2009) *Art as Experience*, New York, New York. Perigee Books.
- Gros, Frédéric. (2015) *A Philosophy of Walking*, London, New York, Verso.
- Grusin, R. (2016) *Anthropocene Feminism*. University of Minnesota Press.
- hooks, bell. (1992) *Pedagogy of Hope*, London, U.S. Bloomsbury Publishing PLC.
- hooks, bell. (2000) *All About Love*, New York, USA, Harper Collins Books.
- hooks, bell. (2014) *Feminism Is For Everybody: Passionate Politics*. Routledge.
- Lorraine, Tamsin. (1999) *Irigaray and Deleuze: Experiments in Visceral Philosophy*. Ithaca, NY: Cornell Press
- Low, S. (2000) *On The Plaza; The Politics of Public Space and Culture*. Austin: University of Texas Press.
- Matless, D. (1998) *Landscapes and Englishness*, London Reaktion Books.
- Merrimen, P, Cresswell T. (2011) *Geographies of Mobilities: Practices, Spaces, Subjects*. London, Ashgate Publishing Ltd. (Edensor 2000 cited)
- Petherbridge, D. (2010) *The Primacy of Drawing*. New Haven and London Yale University Press.
- Potkay, A. (1961) *Wordsworth's Ethics*, Maryland, John Hopkins University Press.
- Puig de la Bellacasa, M. (2017) *Matters of Care*, Minneapolis, University of Minnesota Press.
- Tallis, R. (2012) *In Defence of Wonder*, London New York, Routledge.
- Solnit, R. (2017) *The Mother of All Questions*, London, Granta Press.
- Stein, E. (trans Stein,W.) *On The Problem with Empathy* , Washington D.C. ICS Publications.
- Sullivan, J. (2002) *Edith Stein, Essential Writings*. New York, Orbis Books.
- Wylie, J. ( 2005) *A Single Days Walking: narrating self and landscape on the South West Coast Path*. Transactions of the Institute of British Geographers. Volume 30, Issue 2.