

... I immediately got down to work and I'm drawing away.

Painting in fact, or writing rather, with my brush and black paint.

It was originally supposed to be only Africa but I make it looser than that.

Everything is slowly developing and growing. The manner and form of my drawing has so far been purely intuitive, depending on the situation and my mood at a given moment. I think the idea with the roll was good.

It makes the very process interesting – wrapping up the past, and the full, while unwrapping the future, the empty.

The canvass so far reflects a ritual of purely abstract, organic shapes and ornamental structures. But all that can change a metre or two later; I leave it to myself.

At times I get completely lost in it which is something I enjoy.

My hand follows the impulses from my head ... my head is free and barely thinks.

It's like a diary without text ... about time and energy; about Africa.

I hope I can get it in. It's important for me.

Eventually, everything should be very full, even overflowing. Excess pressure will out. It's such joy to be free and to be working like this for a while, and I'm grateful for it.

I think I'll call it In Black and White, although it has no text, no clear message or statement. Instead, it is more like searching, long and black. In white.

P.Z.