Drawn and Rendered; The Drawing Frame; This Is Not the Drawing. This Is the Exact Imitation of One

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I had no clock.

When I am late to the drawing, I am quartered. If I am a quarter of an hour late, half an hour will have to be taken off. I only have an hour, and I will have occupied half.

Part of that time… I am an artisanal pencil sharpener, a whittler, a shaver and a papermaker. I pore and salivate over the fresh shavings, fallacious deckles and usher the dots into lines; I can tell the fresh shavings by their aspect, and then I would be like a murder of crows after them; I was not so particular about the shavings being fresh as some others; I adore the fresh shavings; I don't finger ones that are a little high; the dust is as agreeable as their perfume, it is all covered over by bone, and no filth can get at it… I have whittled a pantomime sheep's head, The Devil's Crayon, and the donkey that ate a pencil; that was when they were moist and fresh; sometimes I draw and render those that are putrefied and omit a stench, and I relish them even then; I suppose I draw them when they are fusty and rancid because I am avid. From time to time I only have a stick and the ground on which to work and as I don't countenance ink on pen days, I use fat, usually set aside and rendered from an earlier work, and then, having only this tool and the earth, I am often ravenous again before the next work. To satisfy my appetite a little, because a twig and some sand are less than ample for an artist’s self-esteem, I eat those fetid shavings. When I have a fresh pencil then I don't take the shavings. Infrequently I also allow myself some fat charcoal on pen days, almost half a pound, seven or eight middling sized sticks. I make a couple of batches of soap with it. I've used beef, pork and duck fat for drawing so far. I heated [mon] agneau very slowly until as much liquid fat as possible … drip … drip … drip … had been extracted, leaving small and crisp remains… fat charcoal.
The Drawing Frame
Phil Sawdon

René Hector snatches an attenuated nothing with Emily Blaireau erstwhile curator of The Fictional Museum of Drawing. Ms Blaireau now prefers to dress in diamonds and pose as a pantomime sheep. Her current position is at The Drawing Frame in the House of Le Singe.

We all agreed that the impotent pencil is indeed The Devil’s Crayon; otherwise and hereabouts known as le crayon du singe. It is a precise, hubristic and exceptionally depraved contrivance – encouraged to abuse all hands, particularly the ambidextrous. We have repeatedly witnessed le crayon twitch and scratch at the prospect of our pages of blank vellum whilst drawing and flogging with either hand in the view of both men and boys. We were both terrified and mute. It once snapped at the point, and we were very relieved. We wished it might shatter. There was a loosely compacted round stick, velour à sauce, temporarily appointed whilst le crayon was blunt. It approached us and queried why The Drawing Frame was silent. We said we did not know because it wasn’t us that had stopped it. A donkey that was on the other side had stopped at the edge of the frame, but was too preoccupied with grazing to say it was him. Velour started drawing us, and when it was done we screeched that we would let our mothers know. Velour withdrew and summoned the impotent pencil. It started sketching us around and about the head until we were full of lumps, then we were knocked to the floor and bled. Our heads are now so dissolute and marked that we can’t sleep. Our bed-fellows found us dead in bed.
This is not the drawing.

This is the exact imitation of one.

*Phil Sawdon*

In his discreet moments by the corners of the stone frame they could be seen to repetitiously mumble a heretical translation of *What shall I draw?*

‘I don’t know how to draw’.

Passing an indulgent notice … we recited.

**WANTED immediately**

**At The Fictional Museum of Drawing**

*Two competent and reliable but unexceptional draughtsmen and one more word, or others that understand dots and line well: Also an artisanal pencil sharpener that can whittle and shave - likewise two papermakers that have been accustomed to mark-making, fallacious deckles, &c. Drafters residing in this Neighbourhood, by applying at The Fictional Museum of Drawing, may have good Work. There is employment at the above Place, for [pantomime] sheep, a donkey, &c. and courteous Wages.*

*Forgers & Blade Sharpeners, Whittlers and Cylindrical Cutters, Renderers and Charcoal-burners with large families - likewise papermakers and drafters; above seventy years old, may have constant Employment. Boys and very young Men may have draughtsmanship taught them, which will enable them to sustain a department in a short Time. Two or three young Men, who can draw a good Hand, are also wanted.*

*NB A Quantity of Rendered Fat is coveted.*

*Any Persons whom the above may suit, will be treated with by René Hector at the Museum or Madame Pipe in Room XCa.*

*By personal Application at the Fictional Museum, Particulars may be Known.*
It quickly became very obvious that we were not the artist. We were the exact imitation of one. So our words will be with useful LUSTRES upon the Whole without place.

INEXISTENCE haunted Evasions or Ambiguities CONFERRING no PICTURE of Whatever is brittle, INQUISITIVE and worth REFLE-CTION. To be read aloud: Viz.

i. The artificial minimalism of your marks and lines.

ii. The impotent Practice, Conducts, and Discourse as also the Uses, and Detours, of description.

iii. The constructive deconstruction if Nothing is Something of no importance … systematic monkey business.

iv. The intense fragility in parts and Parcels Eye, wherein Becoming is Allotropic Powder.

v. The appearing in being with indiscernible Fictional Museums.

This was not the drawing.

This was the exact imitation of one.