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### Part 38: The Uncanny aids a Charcoal-Burner

A drawing memorate: the precursor to a migratory theory

*Phil Sawdon and Rob Ward*

We are and I am four and a half million years old if I were still alive.

I labour as a charcoal-burner and semi-scholar in a dwelling space in the vaults of the Fictional Museum [of Drawing] sometimes alone and always lost in the lyrical forest.

I was out and about to burn and afterward, compress some charcoal.

Whenever there was something awry with the charcoal stacks a line would let me know by drawing and beating on the door, so I could slumber in dreams and relative peace until my drawing was over.

At sundown an inconsistency occurred in the cellar and spoke with me through a mirror. This particular conundrum had lately arrived in the vicinity and claimed it was on the way to a doubtful somewhere but alas could not find a route. We stayed spellbound in contradiction for at least three years and in due course as well as being mindful of the charcoal stacks we conveyed three consequences, the youngest of the three was a compositional study for the large canvas titled *Parking for 300 Spartans (Leonidas at Thermopylae)*.

I promised that when I had been absent and was returning that I would first scratch a pen on the bole of a tree that was pointed out to me, animated bloodied scratches of inquiry that if painstakingly transcribed read – “can a drawing have a point of view?” I was instructed to scratch at least three lines. But once I failed to remember and when I approached the stack I could see as you really are. Some[thing] was using its nose as a pencil and was drawing out charcoal with a sheepskin eraser whilst dousing the fire with buttocks dipped in a bucket of ink. I came to what we agreed was the end of a dot in motion, and there stood standing, whilst naked, an inconsistent and enigmatic line, within and through the frame, combing its various hairs with graces, but from behind hollowed out, like a trough for kneading lead. And I was told where the donkey is but the view was still out of sight.

I was pleasantly startled, for I recognised it as The Uncanny [in Drawing]. I said nothing, however, but carefully and slowly turned around and went to the Sand-Man to convey what was occurring. The Sand-Man advised: “Get a tub-cart and traverse the line and the consequences to the extended field, but you must sit on the donkey [that ate the pencil] and ride. Put in the pins so loosely that you can extract them with your teeth, and don’t have any knots that knot about you, tie everything with slip-knots. When you get out into the middle at the point furthest from either end, you must ride away from them, but don’t turn around until you get to the beginning”.

I returned and scratched on the tree, bloody as usual, and by now the lines were once more justified. I announced that we were going for an elliptical traverse, a ride, and put The Uncanny [in Drawing] and our three blind and eyeless consequences in the cart whilst I mounted the donkey. When we got to the furthest point from either end eight white monkeys (Les Singes) emerged from a blank fragment of vellum.

When The Uncanny [in Drawing] realised what I was going to do, it beseeched on behalf of itself and the consequences and said: “If you don’t have sympathy or forgiveness for me or the others, at least have compassion for *Leonidas at Thermopylae*. If you do what you intend to, I will call on my sister in Castleton (a shaving), my brother in Seathwaite (The Plumbago), and my cousin in Aether (some powders), but I rode away, I did, I rode away. Then the screaming commenced and I was splattered from numerous projections, it thundered like

cannons as the ink hit the vellum, splot upon splat behind me as I fled, testing the surface for my disorders. I got away, for I had all my knots tied in slip-knots, but Les Singes devoured the line and all its consequences. Meanwhile I noted that his place is unfamiliar to me, I have not been here before. Home once more.