My work is about *process*.

The process of making, of learning, of planning.
The process of reaching.
Drawing as process.
Drawing as diagram.
Drawing as thinking.
Thinking as touching, patting, stroking, nudging.
Touch's immediacy.
Textures, rhythms, temperature, vibrations.
Touch's tenderness.

Process is how I develop form.
Process is a constant experiment.

Always evolving, always moving, like walking or breathing.

Or,
My work is about having doubts.

To be unsure.
To have questions.
Measure once, measure twice.
Make it crooked but not so much.

Measure again.
Will it hold?

The part of work where I am making constant changes.
Have doubts.
Have more questions.

Doubt language.
Doubt traditions.
Doubt cultures.
Doubt religion.

Measure once. Measure twice.
Will it stick?

To speak.
To stay quiet.
But remain angry.
Doubt self.

Measure again.
Will it last?

Work where nothing remains fixed.
Not absolute. Incalculable.
Work that says, “I don’t know” or “I wonder”
This? That? OR that?

This. That.
This, That.
This, not that.

Measure once, measure twice.
My work is about *improvisation and accidents*.

Improvisation that occurs in the heat of the moment, or in response to another. In response to light, material, space, sound and smell. An impulsive gesture, a quick stroke.

Wood on wood,
wood on plaster,
Spice on plaster.
Tape on plaster.
Tape on the floor.

The surprise of seeing color materialize from liquid to dust as it comes out from a spray can. Scribble on paper, scribble on the wall, just to hear the different sounds they make. Substitute *this* material for the other.
Look for cheaper options.
Dumb hand made stuff, poorly crafted, barely hanging.
Failure, awkwardness, clumsiness

Accidental possibility for ugliness, awkwardness and unfinishedness. Accidental meeting of systems, situations and uncertainties.

Or,
My work is about *difficulties*.

A difficulty in language(s).  
A difficulty in not being able to communicate.  
The difficulty of not having the right combination of words.  
A difficulty in having to do a mental gymnastic of choosing between BALL, ball, बल, and भकुण्डो and many other, for even the smallest fraction of time.  
A difficulty in defining my own shapes, shadows, silhouettes and affections.  
A difficulty in defying capitalist ideas of success and traditions.  

A difficulty in developing my own language, my own counter culture.  
A difficulty in taking a stance when I have no grounds.