

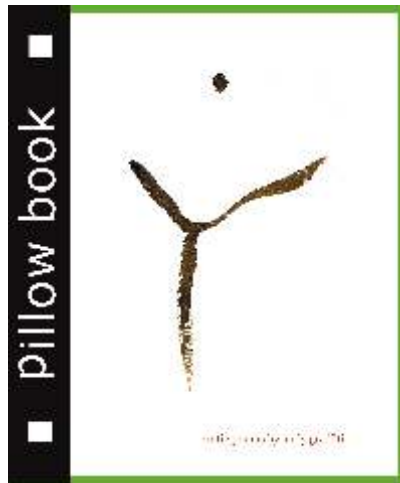


# The Drawers - Headbones Gallery

*Contemporary Drawing, Sculpture and Works on Paper*

## **Andy Graffiti**

An Erotic Exotic Christmas  
December 9 - January 11, 2007



Commentary by Julie Oakes

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Artist Catalog, 'Andy Graffiti - Headbones Gallery, The Drawers '  
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[www.headbonesgallery.com](http://www.headbonesgallery.com)

## **Andy Graffiti**

*Julie Oakes*

Romantics kiss first. They kiss for a length of time, a physical connection that alludes to the sex act, tongue exploring mouth, fleshy lips on fleshy lips. In seven drawings of an unassuming size, Andy Graffiti has gone straight to the sex where his hands have caressed the genitals leaving sensual wanderings in messy tracks upon a once pure white page. His wanderings have a bisexual nature as penises are touched as well as vaginas, sizeable stems stroked to a dark greasiness while cherries nestle in hair, rouge red like the age-old simile for the hymen or as if cursed by the stain of menstruation. These are erotic drawings. They depict the root of the matter.

This visible lustiness is not devoid of feeling. It is a hot rendition of intimacy. Rubbed by the warm palm to a waxen shimmer, the dark panels are the literal semblances of intimacy at night, under the sheets, when darkness furthers the mysterious attractions of sexuality. They are whisper drawings, telling small secrets and not divulging identity other than sex, male or female. They are a suite of private moments where no names or histories get in the way of the pleasures. They are drawings of a mature sexuality, an experienced lover who has abandoned the ego in the pursuit of knowing the other. Like the sequestered rawness of "Last Tango in Paris" this is about sex, not futures, co-habitation or relationship. Andy Graffiti's drawings have the capacity to arouse.

Reading *The Pillow Book* provokes a like happenstance, where eventually not only the artist/writer but the viewer/reader is affected by the castles of fleshy imaginings and lured into a passionate place where juices well up and cups overflow. More evocative and less pornographic than the drawings, the seduction of the poetry is in the perfect turns, the combinations of words that become irresistible phrases that inspire an aesthetic exclamation that in turn leads to the erotic.

**PILLOW BOOK**  
erotic poems & drawings  
by Andy

G  
r  
a  
f  
f  
i  
t  
i

between suns

in the dark here  
in the deep silence between the  
clock's ticks  
your command is my wish  
while it's on the tip of your  
tongue you're on the tip of mine  
I'll drain a little death out  
of your bones  
stuff them with revelations  
lassoo release with cords  
the colour of a cloud at midnight



Untitled - 2007  
pastel, charcoal & wax on paper, 15.5 x 12 inches

the night and all

I breathe in smoke  
and citrus from your hair  
I scent the lotion that your  
body bathes me in  
I feel my blood hurrying  
toward one destination  
I feel your heart move restless  
in its cage  
you rise  
spill over like a freshstruck spring  
like a mouth anticipating  
something good to eat  
and lightnings play about  
our crowns  
as we begin to dance  
drops of water on  
a red hot stove  
bellies pressed together close  
as moonlight lies on skin  
the night and all the world within it  
turns acrobat and tumbles  
to our tune  
as we begin  
to dance





Untitled - 2007  
pastel & charcoal on paper, 15 x 11 inches

I have this dream

...of you  
your hands  
everywhere  
your breasts wounding my palms  
like nails  
your breath a wind that  
blows away words  
your tongue divides me  
neatly into  
sections like a fruit  
extracts my seed  
your eyes fill mine  
too full  
you hold my fingers hostage  
against a ransom  
I will sweat to pay  
tangled in linen I dream  
of your hands  
undoing  
everything



Untitled - 2007  
pastel, charcoal & wax on paper, 12 x 10.5 inches

I confess

I confess  
to acts of solitary paganism  
involving your aroma  
I confess to fondling  
your ghost  
I confess to suspect meat behaviour  
to hiding under the bedclothes  
with grease  
to drawing you from memory  
yes  
I grew a beard to save  
your juice for later need  
yes  
I lick my fingers in private  
reveries  
I had underwear woven from your hair  
I confess  
I have moaned your name  
in your absence, my  
excitement  
I confess  
I will commit these acts again  
if necessary



Untitled - 2007  
pastel & charcoal on paper, 12 x 11 inches

psalm

You licked me upright like  
the ewe licks the lamb to its feet  
you read to me from the books of skin  
stole my bones and generously  
returned them to me one by one  
you led me into the cool cloisters  
of the orchard  
from the furnace of the day  
where we fed on soft fruits  
with sighs and laughter  
you bathed me in darkness  
and towelled me with light  
I will give you everything my  
body knows  
give you my heart's wine  
I will give a garment made of silk  
to wrap the perfect outline  
you inhabit.



Untitled - 2007  
pastel, charcoal & wax on paper, 15.5 x 12 inches

autograph, indelible

I wrote your name against the night  
with the tip  
of a lighted cigarette  
I wrote your name in the water  
with a branch of willow  
with piss in the snow  
on paper with a blackened stick;  
these perish.

You  
wrote your name on my skin  
with your mouth  
autograph, indelible  
proof against the hard or soft  
erasers of other bodies,  
other mouths;  
it will persist  
until I also perish  
which means  
to me  
forever.





Untitled - 2007  
pastel & charcoal on paper, 11 x 7.5 inches

grace

hungering

I imagine

the banquet of your body

a pale loaf pulled open

on a cloth of linen,

plates of gold;

spicy liquor in a cup

of rosy coral

hot flesh on smoking bones;

I'll lick honey from

the insides of your lips

suck juice through your

bursting skin

chew clean

the pits of your ripe nipples

eat you with my fingers

plunge into the feast, be filled

to overflowing

say grace

a thousand times

amen.



Untitled - 2007  
pastel, charcoal & wax on paper, 15.75 x 12 inches

The Pillow Book has previously been printed with variations as artist made books in small editions or as singular copies.

A selection of poems for this edition was printed for Headbones Gallery, Toronto, Ontario by Rich Fog Micro Publishing, December 2006.

## Andy Graffiti

Born in Vancouver in 1952, Andy Graffiti has been engaged in making visual, verbal and aural art for decades. Involved with the Western Front and related artists in the 1970's & 80's, he became a well known and respected figure in the Vancouver alternative music scene during the 1980's, and also began to create visual art in various media. In the latter part of that decade he began to work as a solo performance artist, and in professional theatre throughout Western Canada. In the early 90's he began to perform as a poet. He has created a number of artist-made books of his erotic poetry. He became part of the stable of artists at Headbones Gallery in Vernon BC in 1995, and was a member artist of the Fugitive Gallery (Vernon) 2003-2006.

RICH FOG



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