The Oxford Dictionary states that drawing is ‘the art of representation by line’. But as there are no actual lines, no physical outlines in nature, as all forms have mass and volume, even the most microscopic forms, this art of representation of the imagination, stimulated by the real but created in the mind and finalised by the hand. Andrew Goodman calls his sculptural forms ‘drawings’ for his ‘line’ has weight and mass and substance. His drawing ‘Essence’ consists of ten human sized headless figures. These silent sentinels, standing two-by-two in a darkened room pulsate with a rhythmic red glow. This intensely, unsettling, on-and-off viscera glow transforms the felt, the pseudo-epidermis of these forms into transparent veined skin. The corporeality of these forms, their palpable humanness inculcate upon our very being, in that when viewing, when standing beside these forms our breathing starts to replicates the rhythmic pulse of the ‘heartbeat’ glow. But when the lights go out you are left momentarily in the dark with ten silent white guardians. The felt becomes dense and shroud-like. The front seams are ready like a coat-front, for on each form the two front panels are joined together roughly and clumpily as if they have been grasped tightly together by some inner being to keep out a dense cold while the collar folds regally around its imagined neck. Yet, the back seam reads like an animal’s ridge back. Is this cloak concealing some higher order of being or some alien form in silent waiting? Perhaps! Through, the soft cream coloured felt delineates strong human shoulders, ample thighs, womanly buttocks and the linked cupped hands appear to be covering sexual organs in that very protective of human gestures. So what does lay beneath this felted outer layer, nothingness or some universal truth?

Paul Klee took his ‘line for a walk’ to explore his subconscious through the act of drawing. Andrew Goodman explores the complexity of ‘being’ through his act of three dimensionalising the line through drawing.

Karen Ward, January 2002