

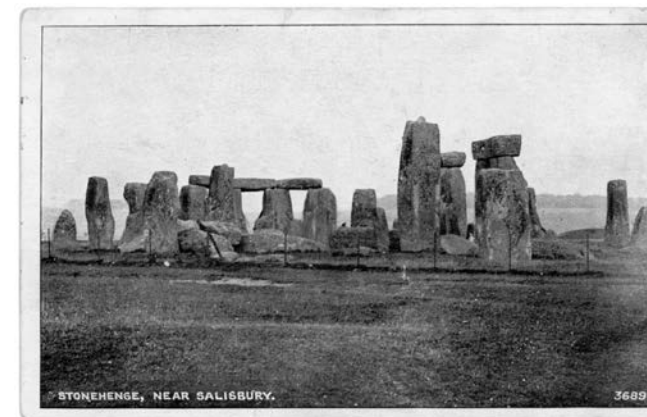
[1]

Two hundred years ago Thomas Bewick made compositions out of boxwood and ink, and what they show is a proposal of a place, often a creature or person, or sometimes an event. The centre of the vignette is the subject, and the focus—all coming together and unfolding, connected by paper and impression. What is depicted is both idealised and ordinary, not just typical, but particular, and showing at its edges is the sky, and the ground, or rather their absence; the world around and beyond imagined forever.



[2]

Stonehenge, named and framed; and all about, the view, its landscape as it were. The miscellany of stones, behind the wire-fence, the flat grey sky and the wooded distance; all neatly titled inside the ruled edge. Post the card, by way of a communication, its rigid stock, from here to there, and not show where it sits but just its look. Or take it back, and prop or put away as a record, a reminder of the event, inadequate and partial of course—anywhere only ever as much what can be seen from it as how it might appear.



[3]

Transcribed in black line, Geoffrey Hutchings' landscapes are more or less invisible, the definition their substance, blank paper above and below both sky and incline. Their purpose was as figures, by way of example, means in the process of being able to look and interpret, and to draw and understand. Although they are views that have largely remain unaltered, at least from distance, the prevailing time seems passed, when an inked line would show a place, and we could know it, both by recognition and by its annotation.

