



M o r n i n g S k e t c h e s

D r a w i n g s , T h o u g h t s , T i m e

P a t r i c k S p i r i t

"Once while in Paris, I purchased two sketchbooks. One was still in plastic wrap after seven years. The other was open, but never used. It had smooth, thin, yellowy cream paper, with a feel of magic like the city from which it came. I feared drawing in it. I thought it was so perfect that only perfection should grace it. But my drawing ability fell far short.

One morning however, far from Paris and far from any imposed perfection, I drew in that sketchbook. I drew in it every morning thereafter until it was full. Then I filled another and another. Each filled with drawings that were perfectly imperfect like all things. And still I draw."



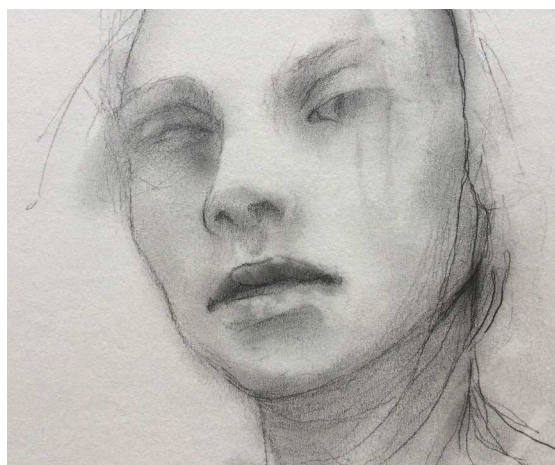
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All drawings completed 2016-2018.



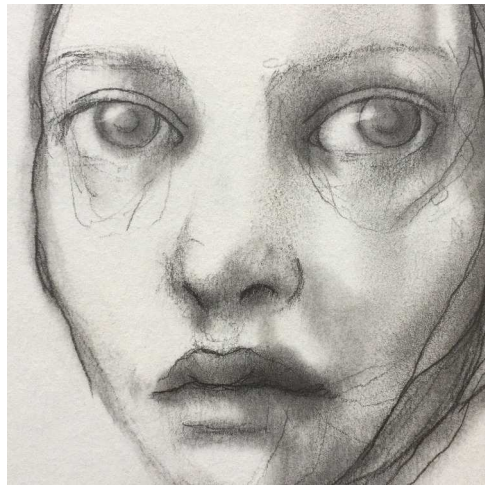
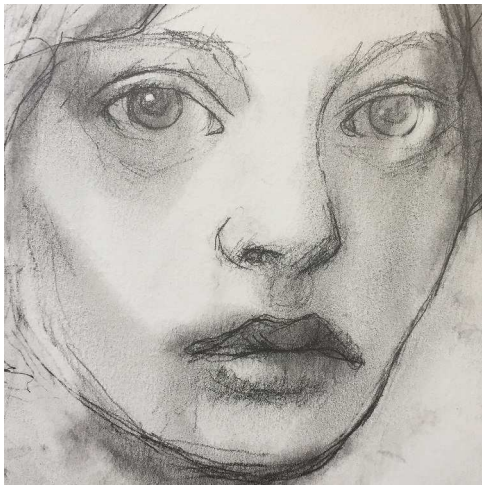
the Artist and the Practice

NEARLY EVERY MORNING for two years, he has poured a cup of coffee and opened his sketchbook, while two dogs settle in around him. This ritual signals the beginning of another drawing in the series, *Morning Sketches*. A series grown more out of habit than intention.

Working with two mechanical pencils (one with HB lead and the other with 2B) and a kneaded eraser, he marks and smudges his way to yet another face. Always it is faces. Some say the same face. Peering out from the paper, it appears somewhat sad and vulnerable. He would say, unfiltered.

There was a time when he journaled every morning. This daily practice of drawing is not so different. And if pressed, he will admit these drawings are shards of memories. Bits of dreams left over from the night before or nights long before. All pieces of ephemera that tend to cling over the course of a lifetime. With these tiny drawings filling sketchbook after sketchbook, he believes he has finally found a resting place for those "bits and pieces".

" It is said, that the eyes are the windows to the soul. But on a more earthly plane, could they not also be thought of as mirrors? Mirrors that easily reveal ourselves in the other."





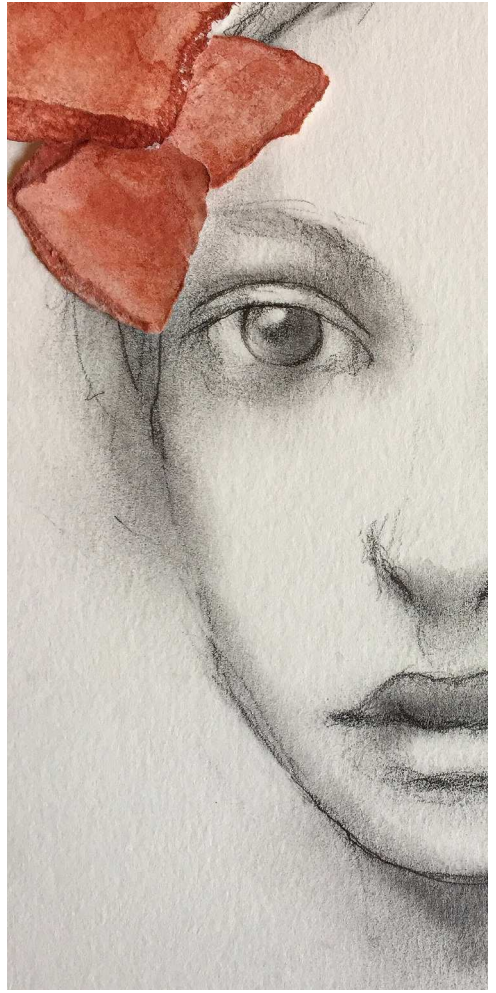
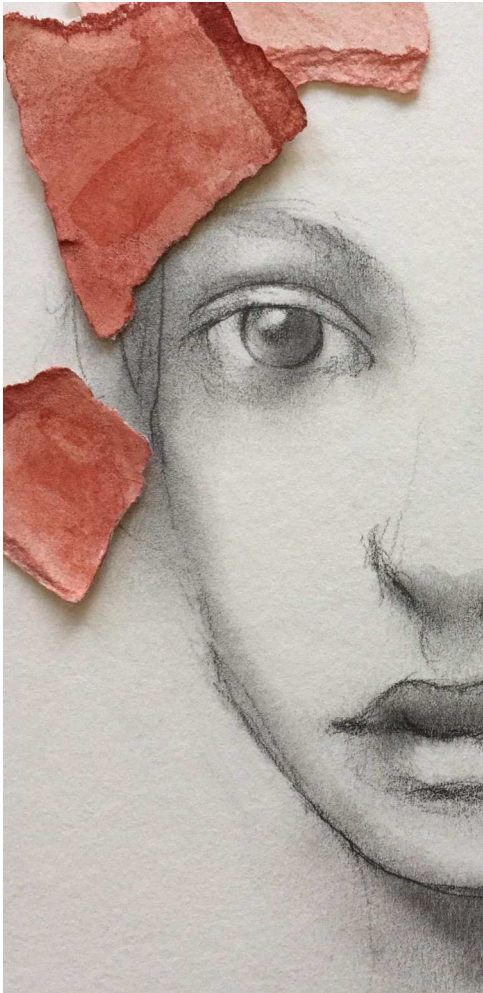




A D R A W I N G L E S S O N

"START WITH THE LEFT EYE, building out to the whole face. Pay attention to the proportions if you must, but don't be overly concerned. Draw until something is familiar. Draw until you forget time. Draw until you forget yourself. Then observe. The drawing will tell you how to proceed."









"The paper is the basis of all drawing. It must be elegant to both the eye and the touch. Whether rough or smooth it must accept the graphite like skin does a kiss."

M a r k M a k i n g

THE IDEA OF A DRAWING is often confused with how accurately a subject is rendered. And while this is one way to gauge a drawing, we must also remember a drawing is an object unto itself. It has depth, breadth, and weight. It has the quality of line. It has quality of surface. So a drawing may be deemed a success on many different levels. And simple or complex, a drawing on some level is always familiar. For we have all at one time or another drawn. We intuitively understand lines and scribbles. Drawing is a common language. Very often it is our first language. From the moment we first grabbed a crayon, a marker, or a pointy stick and scratched on the nearest surface, we lent our unique voice to this language. As a child we drew uninhibited. We drew without hesitation. We drew with joy.

"Every child is an artist. The problem is how to remain an artist once we grow up."

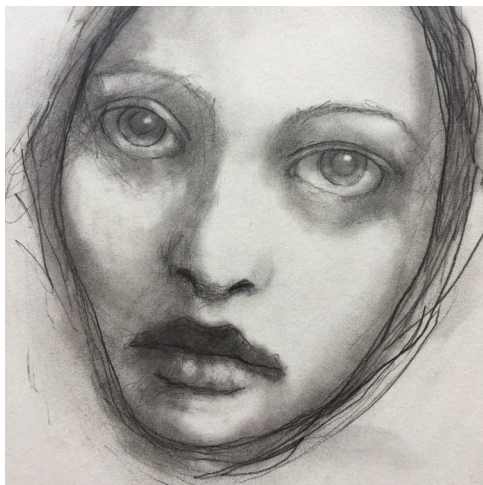
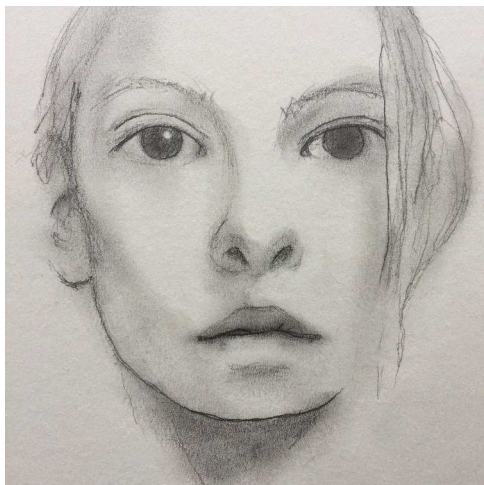
- Pablo Picasso

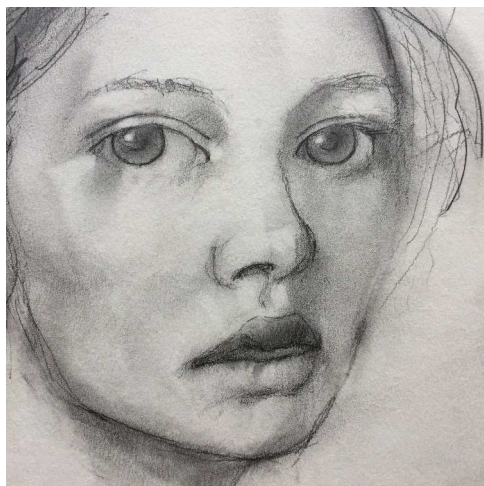
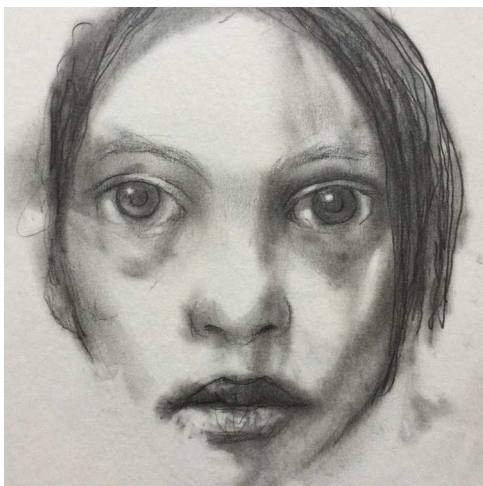


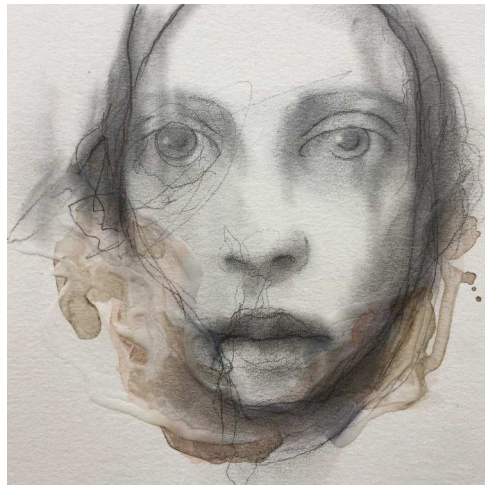
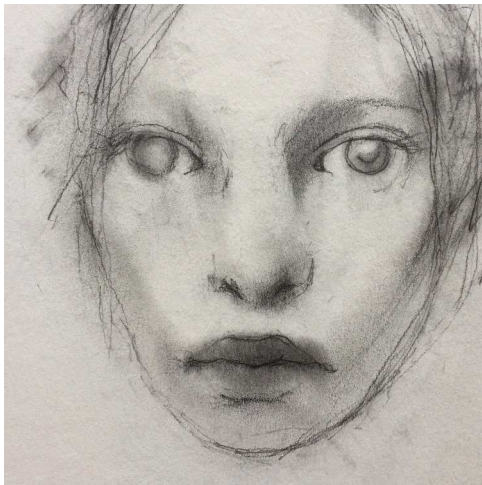




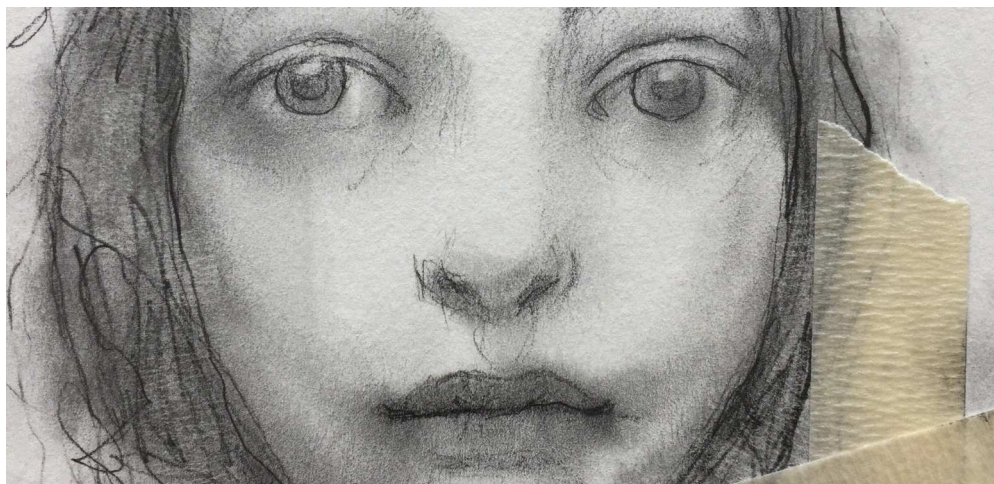
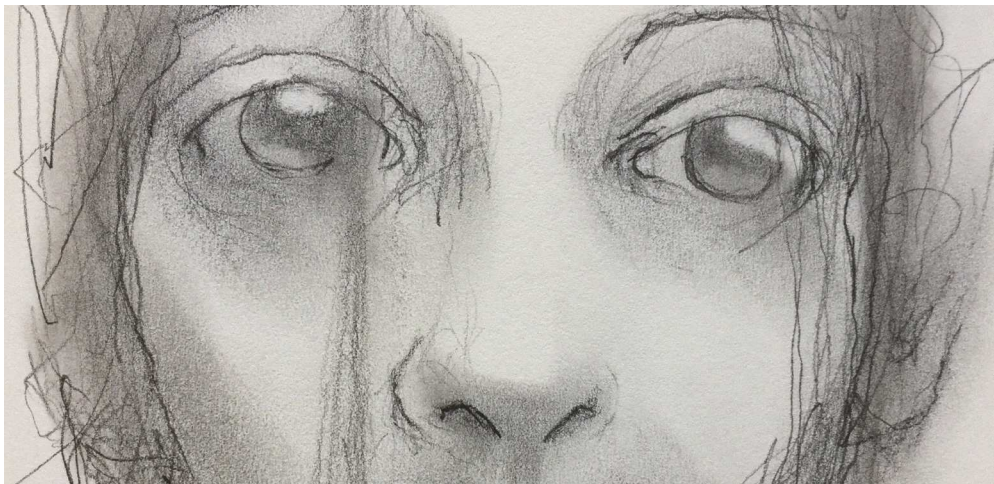
"Construction. Deconstruction. Rebirth. There are no mistakes."

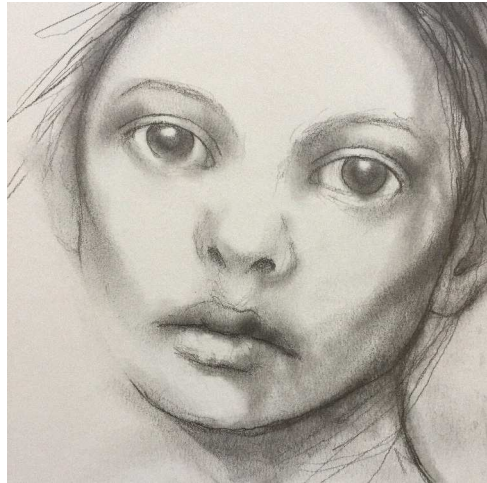




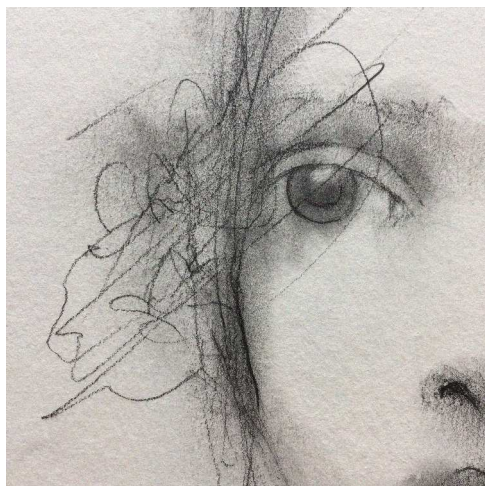
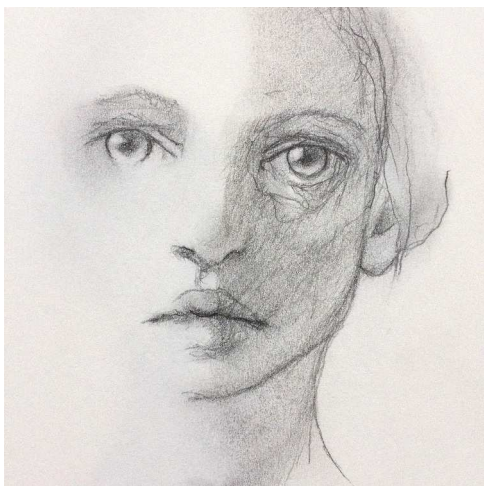


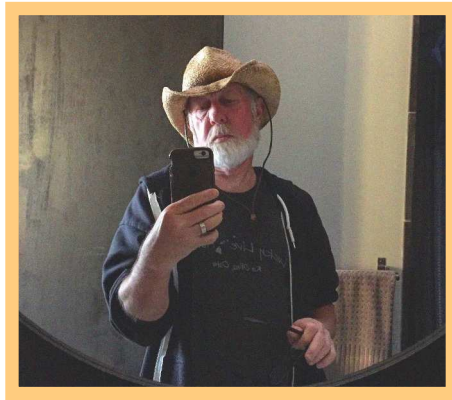
"Drawing is alchemy. Transforming thought into form. Emotion into line. Revealing the inner self to a critical world."





"In art, as in life, beauty is never far away. Be it in a line or a brushstroke, there is always a place to rest and contemplate. Dare to find that space."





A N O T E A B O U T T H E A U T H O R

PATRICK SPIRIT (aka Pat Greenwell), is a visual artist working and living with his wife and their two canine friends, in the desert outside of Santa Fe, New Mexico, in an area called Lamy.

The drawings in the *Morning Sketches* were never considered completely finished until they had been posted daily to Instagram. The viewer's interaction and commentary were an integral part of the process.

The entire *Morning Sketches* series, as well as other of Patrick Spirit's work, can be found at www.instagram.com/patrickspirit.

