

Artist

WHY I'M AN ARTIST

TOM BURR



I stumble into things, I bang up against possibilities partially blindfolded; I sleepwalk. I mumble in my sleep and then answer myself. I wake up when I'm not asleep; I sleep while I'm awake. I write in notebooks liking the way the ink marks up the pages when my eyes lose focus and patterns take over. With glasses on, I continue attempts to articulate. I write things down then I mock things up to make them actual, or physical, or at least possible or plausible. I jot, plot and accumulate notes, and I sketch. I make models of models until they hover against the backdrop of a concrete reality and reside there, reflecting.

I like concrete. I like the way it looks in mirrors and in photographs. I enjoy the way it casts and the way it crumbles and the way it scrapes against my skin when I bang up against it. I accept the way it makes me

bleed. Concrete jars me when it cuts my skin and prompts my yell or my sigh; it throws my eyes into focus. It prompts my process of jotting and plotting, and pushes my organs forward.

I'm humble about things, about physical things, about concrete realities that provoke fascination or fear. I write things down and I mock things up in order to sculpt a reflection of the grid of conditions that I find all around and through my body; in order to mumble in my sleep and then answer myself, with objects fashioned to cohabitate and converse with the realities of the crumbling cast concrete I stumble through, daily.

Text and Art Tom Burr