

generative scribing

A SOCIAL ART
of the 21st CENTURY

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Kelvy Bird



Cambridge, Massachusetts

source

Source. Life force. Aliveness.

Around us, in us, a wellspring of energy to tap into at any moment.

Palpable when we feel our own heartbeat, and when we have our head close to someone's chest and can hear theirs.

A current felt between people, living things, objects, in nature. A vibrational, charged space. We know it when we look into someone's eyes—when our focus on outer appearance blurs and we meet the inner truth of that person, no matter how well we know them.

Maybe it's in the cry of an infant at birth. Maybe it's the last gasp, the "death rattle" we hear when someone passes. It's surely in the wind, waves, flame, and rock.

Sometimes source rages and is loud and all around us, like thunder in a summer heat storm. Sometimes it's a buzzing frenzy of flies. Sometimes it's in dandelion spores floating across an empty city lot or swirling on the surface of a puddle.

Accessing source while drawing, the mind hangs, suspended, alert and patient for a specific gesture, interior stillness in the midst of outer churning.

I often pause—sometimes for a few minutes even—before drawing. I take a moment to settle, to "Be." People have asked me about this "waiting." It's partly to clear the mind, and yes, partly to sense into source.

Accessing source while drawing, what is meant to be revealed in the present moment becomes perfectly clear.

Source is a self-sustained, inextinguishable resource. We need only to be quiet, open, and breathe in to engage in its current, to infuse our own process of joining.

By attending to source, the essence of what wants to be seen makes itself known, and drawing shifts from a quick repetition of marks made *onto*, to a series of fluid marks extracted *through*. The scribe, pen, surface, words, people, room, moment all exist in harmony.

