

“I am responsible for the sky where my words, sometimes, evolve.”

Says Yukel in Edmond Jabès, *The Book of Questions*

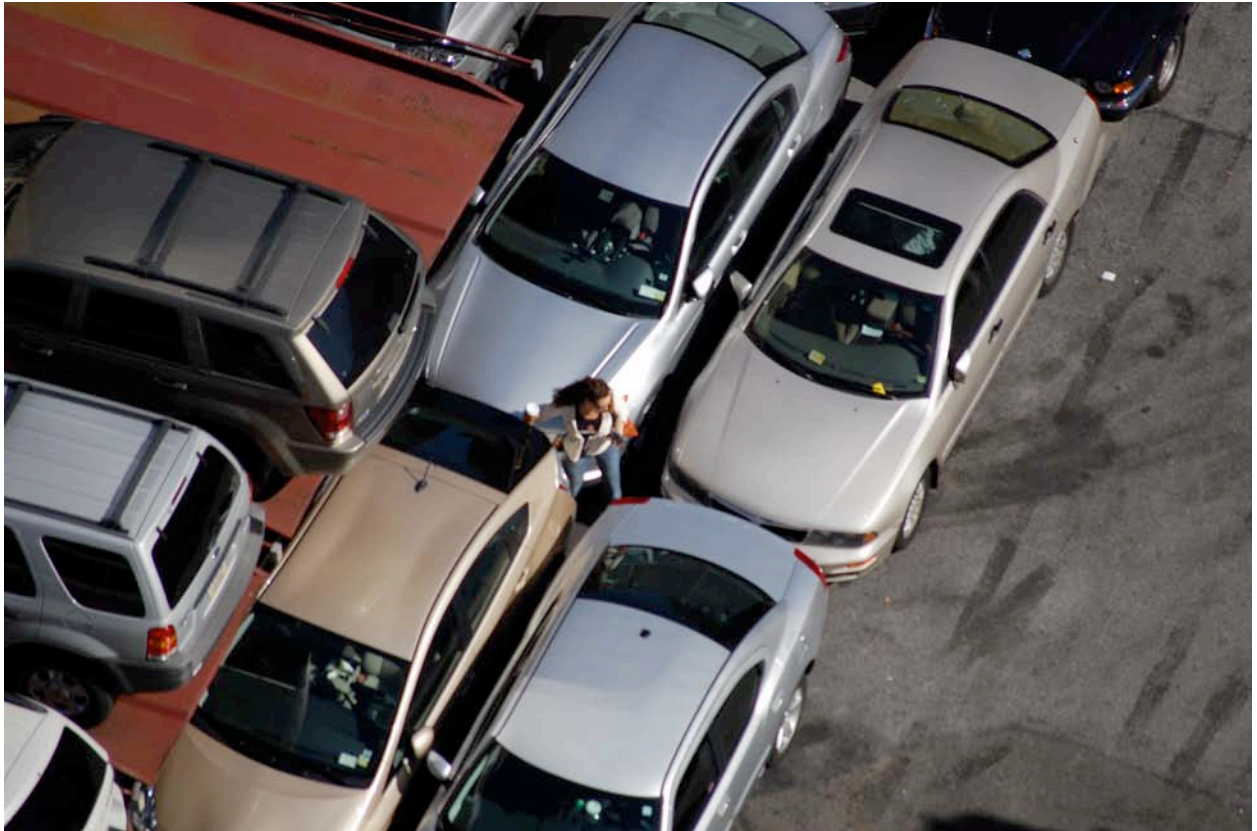




This morning, the hour was sublime light. The sun had mastered the dark. I had gotten up before dawn to witness a victory no doubt counted upon, but unpredictable in its details. I watched the dismantling of the night, the capture of every single trench of shadow. What unsuspected cunning, What snares prepared in secret.

Says Yukel in Edmond Jabès, *The Book of Questions*









We heard a band and imagined there was a parade









He was powerfully struck by her passive voice









What makes drawing a wonderful exercise is that one develops the capacity to see a thing and replicate its form





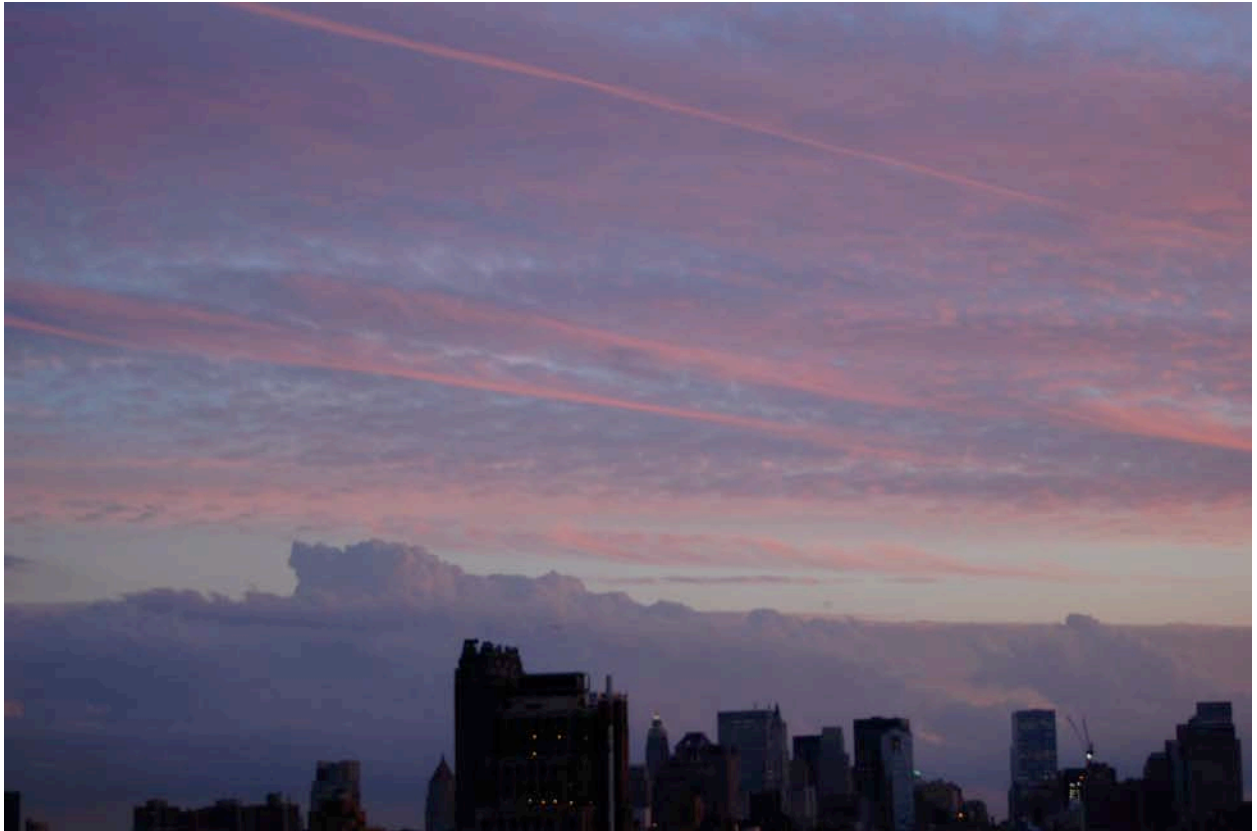


Our meeting, this evening, is about to end. The story I promised you is in your memory. Our passage across pact and imposture, across soul and hands without echo, has led us, via telling detours, to our eyes. They will understand and judge what they see in terms of what they have seen. Both truth and justice are incorruptible eyes: the innocent eyes of a child.

They see freedom in the distance.

—Edmond Jabès, *The Book of Questions*





*n.b.* photos this and previous page by Katie Kehrig