

**Toni Warburton**

**Bimbetka**

A passage, a doorway, a door. Both sides of its surface are significant. Perhaps it's to do with foresight and hindsight.

On a surface, there is a line and an idea, a trace of a gesture, an impact a scratch.  
A mark and a subject: the subject may be the mark.

Sheets of paper, metal, Cainite, cardboard, curved to form, flat to figure, a figure of speech, a figure of a climb, a journey. Compressed sensation, a trace of recollection is present to the making of a Meta line with gesso, charcoal, graphite, ink.

Some container forms reveal no beginnings and the end is not an edge as one's vision can go over it. The gaze darts from the inside to the outside, as newcomers circumnambulate old territories, explorers returning to ground.

Water falls. Gravity runs pigment along fractal folds of crushed paper. Draped muslin cloth, weave stiffened with size, a gentle moire, a veil, a vapour.

Placed on the ground are a mound of clay, a piece of string, a bath to be drawn.

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