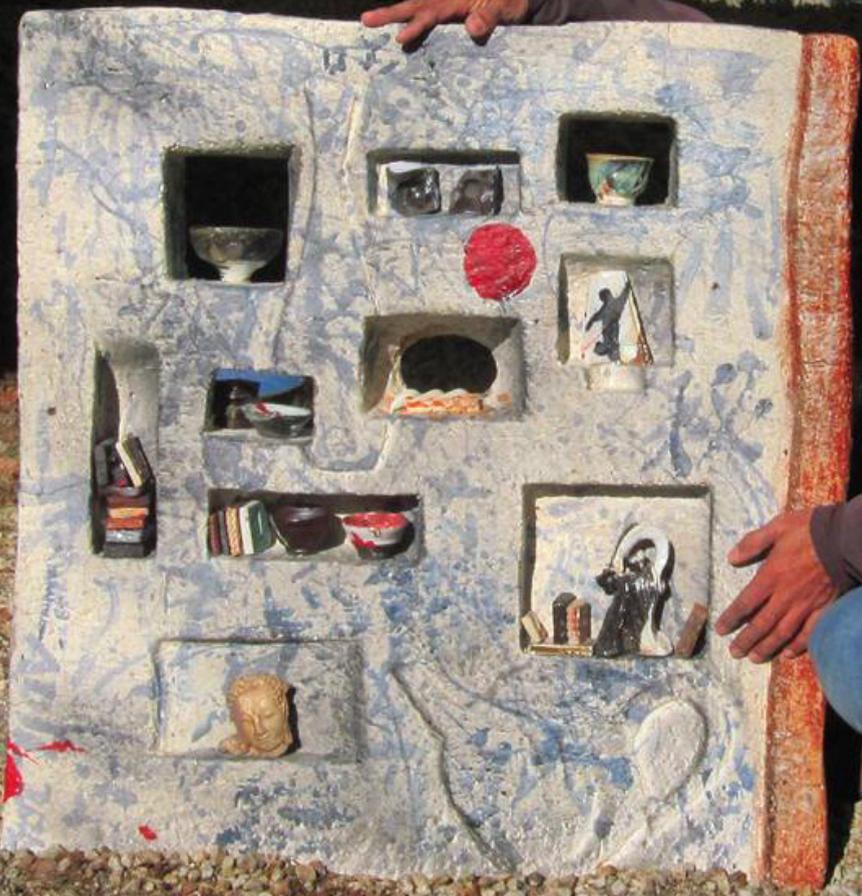


object of art

ADIL WRITER





object of art

ADIL WRITER

[SHOW DETAILS](#)

[LEFT: LARGE 'BOOKS' WITH NICHEs FOR SMALLER OBJECTS, FOR THE SHIGARAKI PARK'S PERMANENT COLLECTION]

Writer makes objects not meaning.
His material is the only substance
between us and him; his form, only
a pause; his colour, the remains of a
smear; his size, only contrast, and we
have only ourselves to find proportion.

Like the patina of raindrops that stain
Rodin's bronze, we find time vitrified in
Writer's objects — having acted upon
clay, presenting proof, rather than
pretty. They look old. Their gnarled
bodies are heavily marked; having
secret places of clotted residue — as if
carrying some stolen legacy, bleeding
away ceaselessly before our eyes.

CAPTION FOR OBJECTS BELOW

[RIGHT] TEST-BOOKS; SIZE: XX
WRITER'S EXPERIMENTS WITH DIFFERENT
MINERAL-RICH CLAYS AVAILABLE TO HIM AT
A RESIDENCY IN SHIGARAKI, ONE OF JAPAN'S SIX
ANCIENT KILN SITES — HIS 'TRIP TO MECCA'.



“The things we make have one supreme quality —they live longer than us. We perish, they survive, we have one life, they have many lives, and in each life they can mean different things”

— NEIL MACGREGOR, DIRECTOR OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM, TALKING ABOUT THE CYRUS CYLINDER AT TED TALKS



I might have found Adil Writer's hidden subject, this 'time'. Like a harlequin trickster, he treats time as if it were a sprinkle of ground sugar on crème Brûlée. As it settles, time acts for Writer through memory - memory that makes up the identity of his architecture. He presents us with

one odd creature after another - old souls, at once playful and profound; incidental and infuriating in their silence. He has stolen a moment and held it captive in physical form. Sometimes, I feel like letting one drop to the floor, if only to see what might be released from it breaking.

THICK PLATTERS MADE BY CHUCKING THE REMAINS OF THE DAY, ALL INTO A MIX OF IMPURE CLAY — QUARTZ, FELDSPAR, SILICA CRACKLING AWAY TILL DAWN IN AN 'ANAGAMA' OR CAVE KILN, TRADITIONALLY CONSTRUCTED AS A SLOPING TUNNEL OF FIRE INTO THE HILL-SIDE.



... I wanted to write about it all. Everything that happens in a moment. The way the flowers looked when you carried them in your arms. This towel, how it smells, how it feels, this thread. All our feelings, yours and mine. The history of it, who we once were. Everything in the world. Everything all mixed up, like it's all mixed up now. We want everything, don't we?

— RICHARD BROWN IN 'THE HOURS' BY MICHAEL CUNNINGHAM



Among his creatures, is one that he calls 'treasure box'. He makes them everywhere. They are two halves of a whole, carrying a sphere within.



TREASURE BOX, ETC.

FOUR-POSTER SERIES, STONEWARE, 8" HT.



FOUR-POSTER SERIES 'DOT DOT DOT' all white STONEWARE wood-fired 9th HT.



Some are born together in shapes of the other's presence. The gesture of Writer's repetition is not unlike his use of scale in a single object. The singular hollow of a treasure box exists in relation to the colossal association of our collective 'precious', as we open each box and match them shut, wondering what we might have found.

CAPTION

As if to confound us further, Writer is constantly scratching his surfaces with what might appear to be clues in our chase for meaning. You soon develop a suspicion though that it's likely to lead you nowhere; that it's some momentary response to the object shifting states in its elemental business.

He is always strongly stated and seldom intelligible, with his incisions on clay or his smears on canvas. What reaches us is the emotional energy of when he upon them. As in his Shodo paintings, the strokes and formations on canvas appear to be only one of the multiple, splintered directions they could have taken.

The complex map of gritty colour and texture in the Crusade Series, its dips and deposits before our eyes, is only worth the imagination of the many parallel states in which they might exist. These canvases are the picture of possibility, rather akin to Writer's own road from architecture to ceramics.



[CRUSADE SERIES: WRITER'S GRITTY CANVAS PAINTINGS, FREED FROM A PALETTE OF CLAYS, GLAZES AND CONE TEN FIRINGS]



[SHODO SERIES: 2 OF A SET OF 5]





[WRITER'S SHODO SERIES THAT HE MADE SOON AFTER HIS RETURN FROM JAPAN WHERE HE TOOK CLASSES IN SHODO CALLIGRAPHY]

In case you were wondering, Writer's training as an architect is exposed in his **Barcode** and **Premonition** Series of clay-painted canvases made into slabs and columns. This time he refuses to hang them on the wall in frames and instead, wants us to feel their concrete presence.

For most of its history, architecture sought to resist time, to tell stories that transcend its gravity, using materials that would hold up against the ravages of history. Writer, now leaves time be, in his objects. In the touch of its contour and crevice, resides it's voice — big stories held within little details.

[1] BARCODE SERIES: STAGGERED STACKS; ACRYLIC LOADED WITH CERAMIC INGREDIENTS ON CANVAS; SIZE

[2] PREMONITION SERIES: NOT HUNG YET AND STILL STANDING; ACRYLIC AND CERAMIC INGREDIENTS ON CANVAS; SIZE

[3] ARCHITECTS OF IMMORTALITY



... on her arm, Naheem bears 'a series of tiny scars where her glass bangles had broken accidentally against (Jeo's) chest on the wedding night.'

— 'THE BLIND MAN'S GARDEN' BY NADEEM ASLAM



[1]



When invited alongside an impressive list of artists to contribute to the 'bucket show' Writer is the only one to make multiple buckets. Why duplicate an orange? Are there not enough to go around? But in asking the question, in confronting the prosaicness of the

situation, he makes us make meaning. How does sculpture relate to its origin in nature? How do multiples in turn relate to the original in sculpture? In Writer's world even the common balti has poetic possibility.

It is the juxtaposition that is both familiar and strange and therein lies his mischief in nudging us to see things by the book - big and small, grand and mundane as a narrative for sculpture, imagination, and the tenuous fragility of our own existence here, now.



BIO PAGE

What is this life if, full of care,
We have no time to stand and stare
No time to stand beneath the boughs
And stare as long as sheep or cows
No time to see, when woods we pass,
Where squirrels hide their nuts in grass
No time to see, in broad daylight,
Streams full of stars, like skies at night
No time to turn at Beauty's glance,
And watch her feet, how they can dance
No time to wait till her mouth can
Enrich that smile her eyes began
A poor life this if, full of care,
We have no time to stand and stare

