

THE ANDROGYNOUS POSSIBILITY

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ABSTRACT

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THE ANDROGYNOUS POSSIBILITY

I interpret the function of the maker.

I define art as symbolic confrontation with reality through materials. The maker functions in his situation with the skills he has. He is a technician ritualizing the turning points in his experience. This is the significance of making art. This is the significance of art in education.

I speak primarily as a weaver, from my knowledge of the technology and the tradition of clothmaking. I research my own making where I articulate the experience of self, sexuality and survival inherent in daily life.

My structure is mythic. It is a rite of passage. I transcend the physical universe and am in the world with new consciousness.

My vehicles are the testimony, the journey, the dance, the dream. - the activities where I am available to the unknown.

My vision is androgynous. I present a pattern for self and community which is aesthetic and ethical.

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CHAPTER I

TWO WAYS OF BEING IN THE WORLD

An Evocation of the Image Recognition of Duality The Word

There are two ways of being in the world:
the way I have been taught and
the way I am learning.

At any instant, I choose between them.

One way is closed and unresponsive to the present.

The other way is open and regenerative.

At each moment, I may move from the one to the other:
from a way which is known,
to a way which is unknown.

I am a maker.

I make an action.

I recognize the duality.

I abandon the past and its attachments.

I confront the possibility of self-realization.

I choose the unknown way.

I am available to the moment.

I am in this context.

I accept the whole circumstance in which I find myself.

I touch my material.

I handle the material of my experience.

I handle the experience as my material.

This action is intimate.

I am in contact with myself.

I repeat the action.

I make it over and over again.

I locate its essence.

I locate myself in the essential act.

I am in the flow of time.

I am aware of time passing.

I am in my body.

I breathe rhythmically and repeatedly.

I age consistently and certainly.

I accept dailyness and the fact of repetition.

I am here for the duration.

I accept the routine.

I perform the task.

I recollect the past in it.

I perform the task.

I multiply the activity.

I synthesize the act.

I invest myself in it.

It returns to me new consciousness.

I am here.

This is significant.

I perform the task.

I function in the present.

I make a way.

I make a way of seeing the daily.

I make a way of being in the world.

I am living and making.

I repeat these actions.

I repeat them past the limits of endurance.

I stretch the boundaries of my experience.

I find a place to break through.

I stand on the threshold.

I confront the particular.

I see the global in it.

I am making a way.

It is the way of the technician.

I am a teacher.

I make a contract with the other.

I articulate the dualities.

I present him with the ways of being in the world.

I confront him with the possibility of self-realization.

I invite him to travel to the unknown.

I present him with my pattern.

It is the pattern of my experience in time and space.

It is the pattern I transform and renew in daily life.

It is my way of seeing and knowing.

I live in a world of drastic contrasts.

I am living. I am dying.

I am present. I am absent.

I am in the community. I am alien.

I live in a world of the one and the other.

I am the one. He is the other.

I am here. He is there.

I experience the oneness of the one.

I experience the otherliness of the other.

I am the one. I am the other.

In me they are married.

I was born of he and she,

conceived between them,

incubated by the one,

brought forth to be the other.

I am the other and the one.

I recognize the duality.

I take a step toward the unknown.

I make a passage between the one and the other.

I make this pattern visible.

I make it verbal.

I write it as I hear it.

I make it visual.

I construct it as I see it.

I make it actual.

I perform events as I experience them.

I locate the opposites in an arena.

I dramatize the passage between them.

I make an act of witness.

I make a testament to being on the earth.

I am present.

He is here also.

I am alone.

We are together.

We share a common destiny.

Death.

We share a common action:

Breath.

We stand on common ground.

Earth.

We confront the changing present.

We confront what is happening.

This is the pattern.

This is between us.

I present him with my steps.

He makes his own way with them.

He records his imprint on the dailiness of life.

He documents his shadow.

He describes the impression of his head in the pillow.

He recalls what happened.

He was sleeping there.

He tells his story.

He speaks of the other who is sleeping.

He recollects himself.

He experiences himself within himself.

He experiences himself outside himself.

He permits an exchange between inner and outer.

He describes his presence in the world.

The shadowmaker addresses his shadow.

The one speaks of the other.

He is making things.

He is a maker in many materials.

He is a maker in one material.

He makes an exchange between
the shape carried in him and
the shape held without.

We share this experience.

We observe the exchange.

We see the repetition.

We are watchful for a pattern
which is visible
which is audible
in the routine.

We confront the other,
the third person present.

We face the shadow.

We see the ghost.

We meet the invisible
in the visible.

We are technicians.
We interpret our experience.

We give form to the changing present.
We make patterns for transcendence.

I am a messenger from the unknown.
I bring news of what I have seen.

I am new to myself.
I am new to the other.

I confront him
with what I hear,
with what I see.

I tell my story.

I live my myth.

I am a traveller on a journey.

I return to the garden.

I recollect myself as creature.

I renew the original contract.

I reconstruct a new world with wood and cloth.

I locate the sacred space on earth.

I make it alone.

I do it with the other.

I locate the sacred space in me.

I accept the profane.

I confront the sacred.

* I renew my experience in the world.

I renew the world in my experience.

I am a vessel of renewal.

I am in the world in two ways:
the way I have been taught and
the way I am learning.

I am in the world in two ways.
I am a maker and a teacher.

I am in the world in one way.
I am a technician.

This is my rite of passage.

CHAPTER II

THE BRIDE

A Journey from Selfconsciousness to Selfrealization
Rite of Passage
The Image

L'Histoire de la pierre*

I had been collecting stones,
on beaches,
private places,
where I could be alone.

I had been working on a large scale,
for a long time,
moving quickly,
taking big steps,
everywhere.

And I was tired.

One day, I carried in my arms
so many stones
I could only walk slowly.

*See Slide 1, The Bride.

I might drop a stone
and each was precious.

This was pleasant.

I thought about stones,
how still they were,
how they were grounded on the earth.
I thought about how inevitable the stone was,
how it was changed slowly by the elements,
by water,
by wind,
and yet, it remained the stone it was.

I thought about the others
and how they had felt about stones,
when they made zen gardens
and Stonehenge.

I arranged stones as they had done before me.

I re-arranged them.

Others would see the pattern in my stones
and would make changes.

They would arrange the stones.

They would re-arrange them.

We were making messages,
casually.

This action was not tiring.
It was intimate.

I had begun to weave.
I was a very slow weaver.
I did each step carefully.
I made time to breathe.

They said, "What are you making?"
"Samples", I said.

Sample means nothing-in-particular.

I thought weaving was wonderful
to have a name for doing this.
No one doubted a sample.
It was enough to make cloth.

I thought about weaving,
about the threads in my hands,
I saw how the fabric changed
and how it was revealing.

When I was anxious and willful,
the material was abused.

When I was grounded,
the weaving was easy.

As I learned the technique,
I learned to weave life fibres.

There are two kinds of fabric I can weave.

There is hard fabric, like carpet,
and under it I can sweep
all the things that hurt me,
all my unrealized dreams,
all the things I cannot accept,
the things I cannot change.

This fabric will become heavy and lumpy
with all the dust it has to carry
and I will always have to worry if the dust is showing.

Then, I can weave sprang,
a sprang kind of life.

This is a mesh
made only from a warp
which runs parallel to itself

in rhythmic intervals.

As one warp is twisted around another,
a fabric is woven which is open.

It is not possible to say
which element is more important,
the twisted thread or the spaces in between.
The holes in the fabric are the fabric.

That is what makes it mesh.

With this kind of fabric,

I cannot brush the dust underneath.

The particles move through it,

all the time,

with the air I breathe.

I had found my way.

Making things has a sacred purpose.

Making is a form of magic.

It is a way of seizing power

by giving form to our terrors and our desires.

The made thing is a mediator

between this strange hostile world and us.

Healing Event*

In my drawings the sky is dark
but there is always a horizon.

My drawings are nightwalks -
myself and the other
moving through black space in white time.
The scape is dark
but as I draw and as we walk,
it gets lighter.

In my drawings I find my way on a small scale
through the particular experiences I share,
with the particular people around me,
in a particular place,
at a particular time.

On this walk, I am healing self and other.

*See Slide 2, Nightwalk.

Metamorphosis*

The Wall

I am at war
within myself.

My breath is short.
I hear it escape
from my nostrils.
Sharp contractions
in my chest
pinch
the breath
out.

My anger is tireless-
pushing, shoving,
banging against
the walls of my body.
It violates my skin.
It abuses my system.

My anger is a wall
built brick by brick,
a boundary line
between us.

*See Slide 3 and 4, The Bride.

The Passage

I cannot choose.

Either and Or

struggle in me.

He pulls me his way.

She pushes me another.

I am battered

between them.

Two powers

compete

collide.

I try to soothe them.

I try to hold them

together

in my arms.

And my back breaks.

The Arch

I have lost some thing.

I have forgotten something.

I have lost the keystone to my arch.

I cannot bridge the gap.

I cannot span the distance.

I cannot support the load.

My arms no longer stretch out
and hold the air between them.

The keystone has gone
and the bricks are falling
down and around
inside.

The Temple

I must rebuild my house.

I must reconstruct this temple.

I will start from the beginning.

I begin to breathe.

I breathe in. I breathe out.

My chest expands.

The air moves through.

The space grows larger.

• Into this vacuum

the struggling warriors

drift then float.

They spin

locked in combat

their turmoil

their embrace.

They revolve

a globe in orbit

in the space

I have breathed

in me.

I contain them.

Suspended

they reside in me.

I am in my house.

I am at home.

I have made myself a temple

silent

still

transparent

white.

The Bridge

My arms stretch out.

I hold the air between them.

I am the bridge.

I span the gap.

I support the load.

I carry the weight of the road on my back.

I stand in the river that runs beneath.

The ground is on each side of me.

I am the bridge that joins the banks of the river.

I hold the earth together in my arms.

The river surrounds me.

I am in it.

and of it.

The Bride*

She is going to her own wedding.

She is walking through the passage.

She is taking the steps of renewal.

She is marrying herself to herself.

She is seeing the separations clearly

the Dark and the Light

the Either and the Or

the He and the She

the Opposites.

She is going to the wedding to marry them
within her.

She is always going to the wedding.

*See Slide 5, The Bride.

The Journey*

She is building
a bridge
to her past,
to her childhood,
to its enchantment.

Brick by brick
she is making
this connection.

This thread
was severed.

She is walking
her way back
step by step.

She is linking and joining,
binding the ends,
tying the knot.

She is following
the thread
which leads her
to her source.

*See Slide 6, The Bride and the Mountain.

The Baggage*

She has tried to leave it everywhere.
She has sought help in carrying it.
She has asked others to take it from her
to spare her the load.

She has longed to give it up.
She has longed for its transparency.
But it is her baggage.
And she is carrying it.

She is a woman carrying baggage in her arms
on her back.

She carries children.
She is a woman living in a woman's body.
This is the baggage she is carrying.

Her baggage. Her body.
Her body. Herself.

She is carrying herself.

*See Slide 7, The Bride.

The Weaver and the Carpenter*

Carpenters
are always busy
building,
making things,
making spaces,
making containers
to put things in.

Weavers
are always
containing.
They contain carpenters.
They are contained by them.

He surrounds her
with his loom.
She enters it and
dresses it with threads.

He enters her
with himself.

*See Slides 8 and 9, The Bride Going to the Wedding.

She surrounds him,
dressing him with herself.

She weaves him in.

She weaves their threads together,
weft securing warp.

They interlock.

They hold each other fast.

They are making fabric with each other.

He surrounds her with his loom.

She warps it with her thread.

She weaves him in

binding warp with weft.

She binds him.

She binds herself to him.

They are bound.

They contain each other.

La Vierge ouvrante*

She is the goddess
 the mother
 the earth
 the bride.

He is the god
 the father
 the divine
 the bridegroom.

She is woman.

He is man.

She is the weaver.

He is the carpenter.

She is the marriage of hell and heaven.

He is the marriage of death and rebirth.

It is the marriage of the opposites:

the mystery of the Totality.

*See Slides 10 and 11, La Vierge ouvrante.

Birthday*

It's your birthday.

I was remembering.

I realized how
some things change and
some things stay the same.

Circumstances change
but feelings and experience
are what we share in common.

Ever since the beginning
we have made rituals,
rites of passage,
to help us function in our situation
at certain times.

We have always made ceremonies
to mark out our time
on this earth space.

In baptism and in naming,

*See Slide 12, The Midwives.

we make a "here we are" ceremony.

In weddings, we make

a "here we are together" ceremony.

In funerals, we make

a "here we go" ceremony.

We are always coming and going
from one point in time to another.

We are always
moving through space
in time.

And no matter where we are on the journey,

we share this:

we are feeling

what is happening

to us.

We are experiencing alone.

We are sharing experience with the others.

We are alone.

We are together.

This is all we have.

This is all there is.

This is what it means to be human.

From the beginning to the end.

And so we make ceremonies.

We make acts of witness.

We make events to say

"Now, I am here."

"Now, you are here with me."

And so, we make birthdays.

We celebrate the coming of the other.

We say,

"I am glad.

You are here."

This is the fourteenth time

this event has been witnessed.

Once again, we welcome

your presence among us.

Really and Always*

"Is this it?", I said to her.

"Is this really it?"

You mean, we never settle down.

Nothing ever becomes stable?

You mean, we never really know?

And right now

where I am

is always it?

Me and the others - you mean,

we're always moving around,

the relationships are always changing,

nothing is ever fixed?

Do you mean that

because I'm human

I'm always in motion?

because I'm human

I'm always loving?

*See Slide 13, Changes.

And all the time from birth to death
it's the same damn thing,
working out the loving between all of us?

You mean,
there's no rest from this heartbeat,
this constant throbbing
day in and out?

I thought this was temporary.
And someday things would come together.

I thought that all these momentary "togetherness"
would suddenly add up to make
long periods of time of being together.

I always thought that one day
time would stand still and
everything would fall into place.

And then, we talk
and the whole thing starts
all over again.

Now is always.

Isn't it?

Experiencing*

My experience
expands,
contracts,
reaching out to stretch my boundaries,
pulling in to protect them.

The expansions thrill me.
The contractions are scary.

Here,
I feel myself withdrawing from the others.
This is painful
and paradoxical.

Here,
my experience is reinforced by another.
Someone reminds me
to trust myself to it.

The pulse of my experience is strong.
I try to listen,
to hear the sense in it.

*See Slide 14-26, The Package.

I try to hear this sound in others,
to share their experience.

I try to listen
but I'm not very good at it.

I find myself always realizing that
yesterday

I missed, the moment.

I feel helpless
when I confront myself with this.

I'd like to re-run the script and change it.
But it can't be helped.

At this point
art is my only weapon.

I re-create the moment on my own terms.

I reconstruct it.

This time I make contact.

This time I don't withdraw.

I take the risk.

I see my way through the passage.

I see myself through to the end.

I meet the other.

I part from the other.

I make my own action.

I terminate my own experience.

This is what it means "to let go".

It means to choose my own dying process,
to choose my own living process.

This is the marriage I am making in my experience,
through my weaving.

Art is my contract.

The made thing is the new contract I make
with myself
with the other
with the world.

I tell my own story.

I write my own myth.

The body is my metaphor.

My body is my place and time.

This is where my experience is.

I embody it.

I am finding my own answer.

And it is me.

She*.

She is her body.

She is skeleton and skin.

Her body contains the opposites:

hard structure,

soft substance,

She never questions which is more important.

She accepts that they are there,

that they are essential to each other.

She knows each by its contrast,

by its difference from the other.

She accepts their unity

in the construction of herself.

Her body is a container.

It contains the opposites.

It contains the life cycle.

It contains the other.

*See Slide 27, The Girl Who Came Back.

Her body is dying.

At this moment.

Here,

It is happening now as well as later.

It is not alien to her.

It has been with her from her beginning.

Her body is living and dying.

It contains the opposites.

She is here.

She is there.

She contains where she has been.

And where she is going.

The Maker*

She conceives.

She conceives something.

She makes some thing new.

She nurtures it.

She develops it.

She works with it.

It works with her.

They play: the thing and her.

She shapes it.

It shapes her.

She is aware of it.

It presents her with itself.

They leave each other alone.

They let each other go.

They are finished.

They give each other up to be herself, itself.

She is the one.

It is the other.

*See Slide 28, The Bride.

Testament*

This is my answer
to any question
you might ask me.

It is the only answer I have
and, at the same time,
every answer.

There are no alternatives.
There is only where we are.

I am located here in time and space.
and from where I stand
I see you, also present.

I am a technician.
I work with materials.
I speak in metaphor.
I make actions.
I witness events.

*See Slides 29-32, The Veil.

This is my answer
to any question you will ask me.

It is the only answer I have
and, at the same time,
every answer.

There are no alternatives.
There is only who we are.

I am located here in time and space
and from where I stand,
I see you.

The Awakening*

She packed.

She set out.

She arrived with packages
wrapped and tied.

She arrived with familiar things.

She arrived on unknown ground.

She had taken this way and
here she was.

It was terrifying.

It was dark.

The edges of the space were impossible to see.

It felt small.

The journey had taken a day and a night.

Her arms were tired from carrying.

Her back ached from lifting.

She was tired.

She had no desire to move.

*See Slide 33, The Shed.

It was morning.
But in her the night persisted.
The dark was inside her.
She was alien to the day.
She curled up in the blankets,
in the pillow.
She surrounded with her body,
with the sheets,
the emptiness that was inside herself.

The sun was alien.
The air was outside.
The walls and the ceiling were far away.

She was separate from everything,
from the packages,
from the physical space,
from the life outside the room.

She was a self apart,
still in darkness,
wrapped in cloth,
motionless in bed.

Still within her she was travelling
from one place to another.

She was in between
where she had been and
where she was going.

She was a self apart from herself.

She was lying here
wrapped like a parcel.

She was healing.

She was waiting.

She was waiting
for herself
to arrive.

She was behind time
waiting to be in it.

This was an event of her own making.

It was no-event at all.

This was a time of her own choosing.

It was no-time at all.

The one who is sleeping awaits
the one who is striving to come.
One awaits the coming of the other.

She accepts the separation for the duration.

The routine of living continues.
The breath moves in and out repeatedly.
The heart beats regularly.
The living body manufactures and multiplies.
The cycle is rhythmic.

Waiting is punctuated
at intervals.

There is contraction.
There is release.

The pattern of living continues.
She does not interfere with it.

She is in transition.

The one is resting,
wrapped by cloth,
enclosed by sleep.

The other walks in darkness
through a corridor
with baggage.

One dreams.

The other walks.

One sleeps through the day.

The other walks through the night.

She is passing from then to now.

She is taking steps.

Walking is repetitious.

It is rhythmical.

It is routine.

She lifts.

Carries.

Shifts.

Carries.

She has made packages
of everyday things,
of things which are familiar.

Each is significant
to locate her on the scene.

They carry the daily,
the routine,
the repetition
from place to place.

They are arranged appropriately.
There is a pattern to living.
There is a rhythm which repeats itself
from household to household.

The unfamiliar becomes familiar
in the ordinary contact,
in the necessary task.

She carries the known.
She confronts the unknown with it.

She brings the things in which
she has invested herself.
She is carrying her attachments to the past.

They are wrapped and folded.

They are packed in bags and boxes.

They are packaged in parcels with cords.

They are carried in arms.

For a day and a night

her arms have not been empty.

The road is wide and flat.

There are interruptions regularly.

There are numerous routes

in other directions.

She tries several.

But her baggage is difficult to carry.

It is clumsy and fragile.

She wonders about the others.

This way might be interesting.

That way might be shorter.

She cannot leave the baggage anywhere.

It is what she has with her.

She has left everything else behind.

She has a destination to realize.

There is no end to this road.

It is rigorous and tedious,

always walking,

never arriving.

There must be an easier way.

She sits down upon a rock.

It is in the earth.

It is grounded. Still.

It is not easily moved.

She rests upon it weary of walking.

She longs to stay

like the rock

fixed and located.

Its destiny is apparent.

Her's is so far off.

For all her effort, it is not any closer.

In the dark she cannot tell where she is.

She cannot see any ending.

There is no other way.

She is travelling on a road
to a place which is far off.

She gathers her parcels in her arms.

She sets out again.

Slowly.

The night is darker.

The road is steeper.

The baggage is clumsier.

There is no comfort.

This way is harsh.

Her loneliness deepens.

Her heaviness overwhelms her.

She lays her packages
around her like a shelter.

She lies down among them.

She can go no further on this journey.

She has done enough.

She is tired.

She has no desire to move.

Her eyes open.

She sees the wall and the ceiling.

They are white.

It is morning.

The light transforms the window.

It is everywhere.

The sky is clear.

The space is new.

She uncovers herself.

She watches everything.

She looks at her packages.

She observes their strangeness.

She confronts each one of them.

She unwraps them one by one.

Each is familiar and unfamiliar.

She unties the cord.

She opens the container.

She removes the packaging.

She takes the contents out.

She holds them in her hands.

She contains them as they contain her.

She lifts each thing up.

It is baggage and gift.

It is old and new.

She arranges them

in past patterns

in present places.

The same arrangement is different.

She locates them in the space.

Each item in her baggage has its place.

The question is immediate.

The answer is close at hand.

It is being in time:
the particular thing,
in a particular place,
at a particular time.

It is mundane. It is magical.

She is unpacking her household.
Each package is opened.
Each thing is lifted up.

It is intimate and strange.
It is herself and itself.

It is as it is.
It is revealed to her.

She sees for the first time
what she has always known.

The one is here. The other is here also.
They are present in her.

She is creature.. She is traveller.
She is in time in this way.

CHAPTER III

THE WAY OF THE TECHNICIAN

A Pattern for Self and Community
Transcendence
The Act

Exchanges: A Liturgy in Fabric

Presenting Ourselves

This is an event,
a series of actions
which are repeated.

We give these acts significance
by bringing our experience to them
as we go through.

We ask you to participate
by probing your experience,
by giving them significance
from your own lives.

We make these actions
for ourselves and on your behalf.

We are the one making actions
on behalf of the others.

We are actors in the original sense of the word.

1. The Parcel

(A square of unbleached cotton marks the playing area.

In the centre is a table.)

He and she enter from opposite directions.

She is carrying a parcel.

(It is unbleached cotton tied with white cord.)

She gives the parcel to him across the table.

He accepts it.

He places it on the table and opens it.

He takes out a charm.

(It is a necklace made from knotted white cord.)

He wears it.

He takes the unbleached cotton and cord with which the gift was wrapped and twists them together.

He ties this fabric like a garland around her head.

She wears it.

They enjoy each other's gifts.

They leave as they came in.

2. The Package

(i) Opening

(Two piles are located in the playing area.

They are in opposite corners.

One is clothing. The other is ropes and cords.

A wooden box, like a packing crate, is located along one side of the playing area.)



Exchanges, 1. The Parcel, "He takes out a charm."



Exchanges, 1. The Parcel, "He takes the unbleached cotton and cord with which the gift was wrapped and twists them together."



Exchanges, I. The Parcel, "He ties this fabric like a garland around her head."

He and she enter from opposite directions.

They walk outside the playing area parallel to each other three times.

They stop, turn and see each other on the diagonal.

They walk one more side of the playing area.

They step carefully into the space treading on the cloth.

They confront each other.

They change places in a circling motion.

They choose each other taking both hands.

(ii) Wrapping

He moves to the pile of clothing and picks up a long coat.

(It is made of unbleached cotton.)

He returns to the centre and dresses her in it.

(It ties with ribbons down the front.)

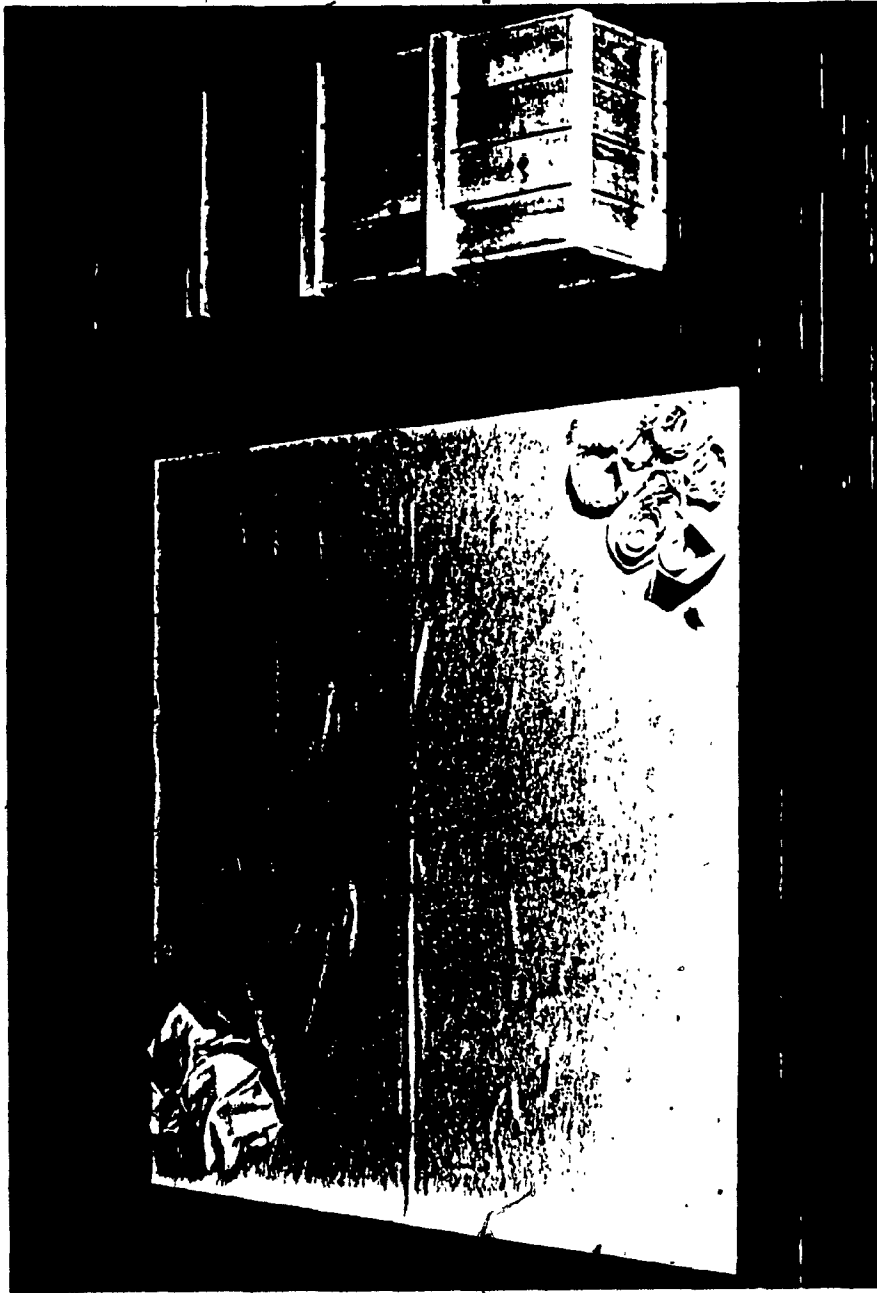
He moves to the pile of ropes and cords and one by one he ties them around her.

He ties a braided garland around her head.

He ties a braided necklace around her neck.

He ties a ring of braided cords around her finger.

He ties braided bracelets around each wrist and knots them together.



Exchanges, 2. The Package, (i) Opening, "The Playing Area."



Exchanges, 2. The Package, (ii) Wrapping;
"He ties a ring of braided cords around her
finger."

He ties a rope belt around her waist.

He ties a rope around her mouth.

He ties a rope around her limbs.

She leans on him.

He lowers her to the ground.

He wraps her up in the cotton groundsheet which marks the playing area.

He ties her like a parcel with rope and knots it.

He lifts her up and throws her over his shoulder like baggage.

He carries her to the box.

He places her in it.

He closes the lid.

He lies down on the box.

He rolls over, aware of her distance.

(iii) Unwrapping

He gets up on the other side of the box to face the playing area.

He opens the box.

He lifts her out as if from a cradle.

He carries her to the playing area.

He places her on the ground.

He unwraps her.

He spreads the cotton groundsheet out neatly on the floor.



Exchanges, 2. The Package, (ii) Wrapping,
"He wraps her up in the cotton groundsheet
which marks the playing area."



Exchanges, 2. The Package, (ii) Wrapping,
"He places her in it."



Exchanges, 2. The Package, (iii) Unwrapping, "He lifts her out as if from a cradle."

He unties all the ropes and cords as he tied them.

He lifts her up with both hands.

He unties the coat and takes it from her.

He places the ropes and coat in separate piles as they were originally.

He takes both her hands.

(iv) Binding

She dresses him in the coat as he dressed her.

She binds him in the cords one by one as he bound her.

He leans on her.

She lowers him to the ground.

She wraps him in the cotton groundsheet.

She ties him like a parcel with rope and knots it.

She ties herself to the parcel attaching a rope to the centre knot and wrapping it around her waist.

She knots it firmly.

She tries to pull the parcel with the rope she has attached to herself.

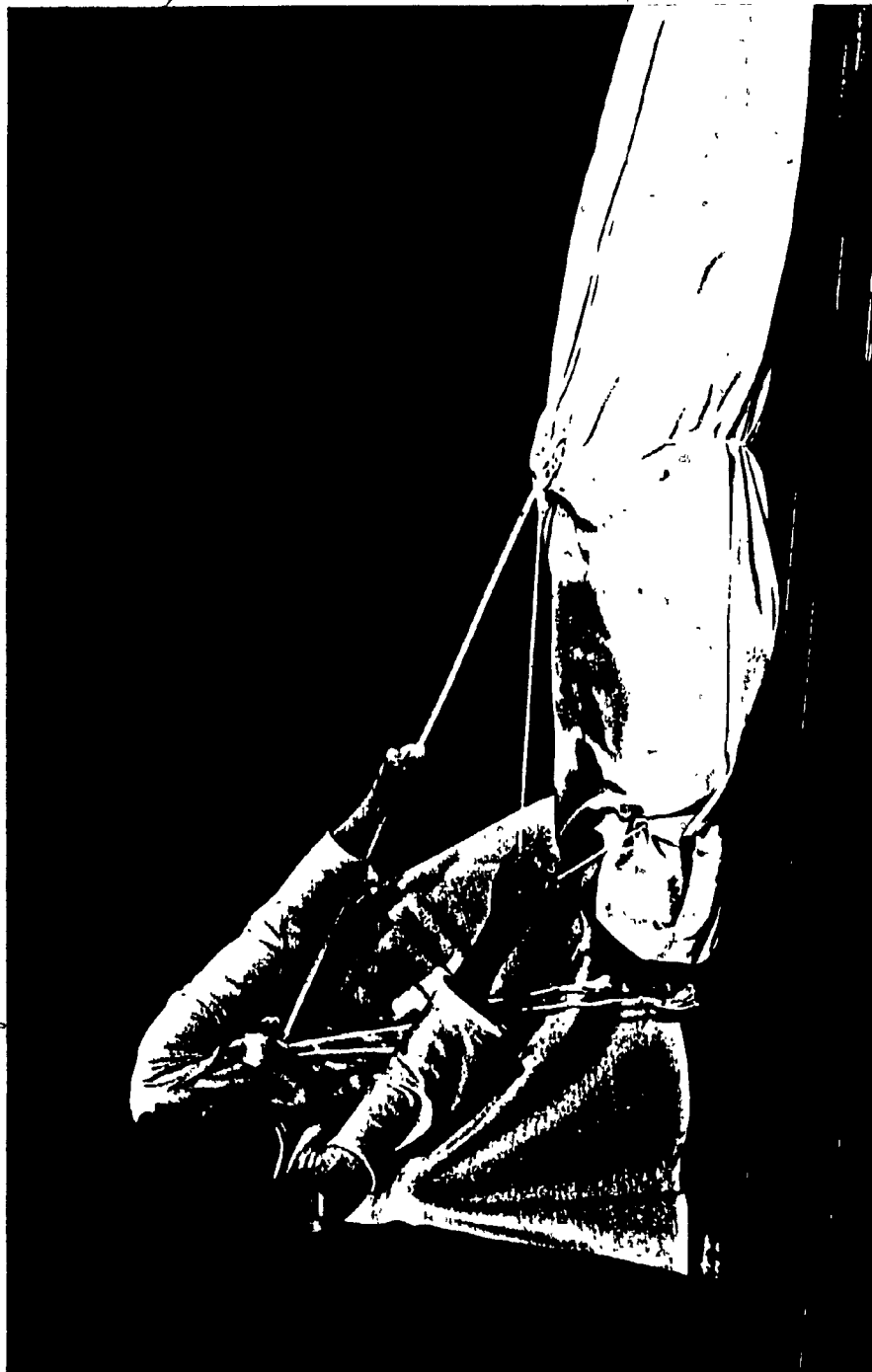
She tries to move it but she cannot.

She lies beside the parcel on the right, facing away from it, at the full extent of the rope.

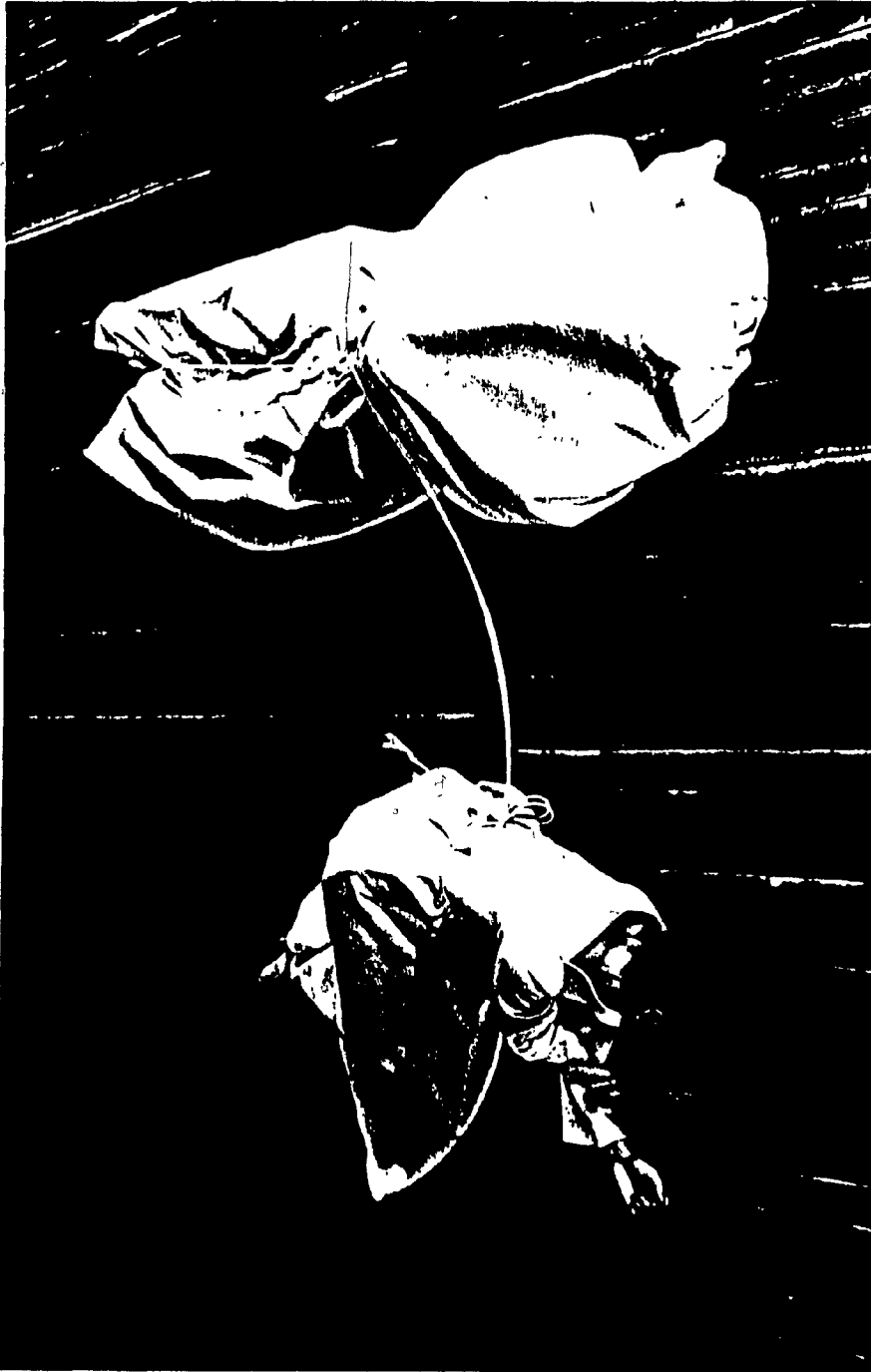
She rolls over.



Exchanges, 2. The Package, (iii) Unwrapping, "He unties all the ropes and cords as he tied them."



Exchanges, 2. The Package, (iv) Binding, "She tries to pull the parcel with the rope she has attached to herself."



Exchanges, 2. The Rackage, (iv) Binding, "She lies beside the parcel on the right, facing away from it, at the full extent of the rope."

She pulls herself closer to the parcel by means of the rope.

She sits up.

She moves the rope behind her out of sight.

She rises and moves away.

She stops at the full extent of the rope.

She moves in the only direction possible making a circle to the other side of the parcel.

She lies down as before.

She uses the rope to pull herself to the parcel.

She lies on it, tired.

She unknots the rope which connects her to the parcel.

(v) Loosening

She unknots the rope which ties the parcel.

She removes it.

She unwraps the cotton groundsheet and spreads it neatly on the floor.

She removes the ropes and cords which bind him working directly from limbs to head.

She lifts him up with both hands.

She unties the coat.

She removes it.

She places coat and cords in separate piles as they were originally.



Exchanges, 2. The Package, (iv) Binding, "She lies on it, tired."

She takes both his hands.

(vi) Closing

They sit in the centre facing each other.

They knot all the ropes and cords in the pile together.

They rise and stretch the full length of the new rope.

They tie the ends of the rope around their waists.

They pick up the coat together.

He stands behind her.

She stands in front of him.

They dress in the coat together placing their arms in the sleeves.

They tie the ribbons of the coat together.

They walk together taking three steps and find it is not spontaneous.

She reaches back to touch his face.

He reaches forward to touch her face.

They find they cannot see each other face to face.

They untie the ribbons on the coat.

They remove the coat and drop it between them in the centre.

They unfasten the rope around their waists and drop it on the coat.



Exchanges, 2. The Package, (vi) Glosing,
"They untie the ribbons on the coat."

They wrap the rope and coat in the cotton
groundsheet and tie it like a parcel.

They lift the parcel together.

They leave together taking it with them.

She lets the parcel go.

He catches it.

He throws it to her playfully.

She catches it.

3. The Pack

They enter together carrying the parcel.

They unwrap it together.

They spread the cotton groundsheet out neatly on the
floor.

They enter the playing area stepping on the cloth
without hesitation.

They pick up the coat and separate it into an upper
and lower part.

He wears the jacket part.

She wears the skirt part.

They pick up the knotted rope and separate it into
two pieces.

They separate the cotton groundsheet into two parts.

He wraps a parcel which contains his piece of knotted
rope.



Exchanges, 3. The Pack, "They separate the cotton
groundsheet into two parts."

She wraps a parcel which contains her piece of knotted rope.

He looks up and calls her by her name.

She answers, "Yes, that's my name."

They leave their parcels on the side of the playing area where they have been wrapping them.

They meet each other in the centre taking both hands.

She calls him by his name.

He affirms it.

They enjoy this moment of knowing who the other is.

They turn around.

They pick up their separate parcels.

They tie them on their backs like a pack.

They leave in opposite directions as they came in.



Exchanges, 3. The Pack, "They meet each other in the
centre taking both hands."



Between Us

We are he and she.

We are travellers and creatures
on a journey.

We learn the ways of packaging experience:
our own experience,
each other's experience.

We teach ourselves the way
to let the parcel go.

We share experience.

We share the moment.

We make a space
between us.

We act out the grace
that lives within us
in it.