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VISION QUEST

Carol Matson

A Thesis  
in  
The Department  
of  
Fine Arts

Presented in Partial Fulfillment of the Requirement  
for the degree of Master of Arts in Art  
Education at  
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June, 1976

ABSTRACT

CAROL MATSON

VISION QUEST

This thesis is a study of me. I am investigating the reason for my creating and how this reason affects my approach to teaching. This search for meaning involves the writing of twenty-five stories that are derived from my drawings. The images that reoccur in the drawings and stories are then discussed as to the role that they play in my creations; in my life.

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## INTRODUCTION

This is a study of approximately one hundred and fifty of my drawings that have actively been produced from 1970-75, but clearly have their origin in work produced from 1966-69. It is an inquiry into the source of the images; the reason for the making of them.

Self-awareness has become a catchall phrase for the contemporary society. It has become another among the monumental pile of cliches. However, that is exactly what the significance of this study is to me. I had the need to research myself in order to come to a self-awareness of the process of creation so that I might be sensitive to the search of my students for self-knowledge.

The writer-philosopher, Albert Camus, stated that, "It is legitimate and necessary to wonder whether life has meaning."<sup>1</sup> I agree. A firm sense of oneself is necessary to me in any relationship. Of relevance to the field of education--including artists, art educators, students, parents, and administrators--is an approach to art education that is a living part of all concerned.

I have investigated the origin and the meaning of expression in my drawings by writing about the on going

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<sup>1</sup>Albert Camus, The Myth of Sisyphus (New York: Random House, Inc., 1955), p. v.

images and have developed my philosophy of art education through this quest and through a reflection upon the significant developments in my educational background.

## CHAPTER I

### THE QUESTION: WHAT AM I NOW?

This thesis is classified as a creative inquiry. It is a reflection on one's work, an exploration of ideas. The artist-teacher produces something, looks at it, and relates his or her findings to art education.

This chapter deals with the purpose and the method of execution. I begin my study with a poem question.

#### A Riddle

Once I was a peddler,  
24 hours ago.  
Once I was a dancer,  
many pirouettes I turned.  
Once I was an oceanographer,  
loving the sea.  
Once I was a lawyer,  
a criminal.  
Once I was a teacher,  
when I was a child.  
Never have I been an artist,  
I wonder why?  
Once I was a juggler,  
What am I now?

One feels as an artist but one must study these feelings in order to function as an aware artist-teacher. To understand the other person one must first understand oneself. To be inside another's skin is not possible, but sympathy can be reached with that skin.

In my drawings I look for a repetition of images, or ideas, that is the very substance of my being. I endeavour



to see again, to become conscious of the images that result from my experience. This is the purpose of the stories that are based on my drawings.

The drawings are parts of experiences which I relate. The images emerge from the mind as an expression of a feeling, then these images are recreated in line and colour. Thus, the experience continues its growth outside the body.

The stories grow with and from the drawings. The titles for the drawings are given as the images are being spewed out on the blank sheet of paper. It is, however, definitely visual before it is written. My ritual, or system of rites, is the writing of the stories from my drawings; my task contemplation.

My method involves the production of images, a short hand-written description of them, a reflection upon the descriptions, the creation of stories based on this reflection, a reflection on the stories themselves, and a return to the images. A circular motion. This is an attempt to determine the colour of the thread running through the images.

## CHAPTER II

### BACKGROUND ON THE DRAWINGS

The drawings began to emerge in late 1966, when an introductory drawing and composition course became mechanical and repetitious. Sameness was my impression of the drawings produced. There was never much of the person visible in the drawings.

I began to draw a series of fanciful figures that I named the "blob" people. The class exercises took on less and less meaning. Then, at the beginning of 1967, I spent two months with Bob Steele, the Graphics Instructor. He approached drawing in a manner that was profoundly different from the "exercises." Instead of the accurate visual representation of a person or object, he valued the inward reflection on personal, yet universal, experience. I knew immediately that this was what I was striving for in my expression.

Never planning on studying graphics, this encounter changed my plans. I felt that I was in an atmosphere where growth of an image, not slavery to technique was treasured.

The dedication of the instructor to his students as well as to his own art work was obvious. His encouragement and perceptive guidance made it much less frustrating for me than my experiences with art classes in the past. He gave

me the self-confidence to walk my own path.

For three years I happily grew in this environment. The images that appeared in my prints became a part of my paintings and ceramic sculptures. The other instructors, some previously unresponsive to these images, readily accepted and indeed praised and encouraged what was once ignored.

## CHAPTER III

### TITLES

An introduction to my stories:

The images appear in my drawings;  
the psychic lines of my experience,  
Of universal, my own, your experience.

Woman and Man exist as in the garden  
of Eden.

Their space is floating; they are not  
tied to the ground;

To a specific space in time.

They can exist on their own, must  
exist on their own.

They are bare so very often as before  
knowledge.

Their feet are not enclosed, but feel the  
emptiness,

the openness.

Covers are see-through.

They are without but with sex.

The grave is see-through, the

Eternal sleep;

Numbered 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, skeleton.

Walls appear to be pushed but seldom  
moved.

Why must I try to push over a wall?

Walls of plaster, stone, air, flesh.

The Wall collapses for a fleeting  
moment on departure.

The Man reaches out.

A demon, winged appears;

A messenger, a watcher.

The Man often begins to rise,

the Woman tries to keep him  
from floating away.

Voices emit red impulses as  
communication,

that seldom communicates  
to the receiver.

Evil arises on a Mountain top

where Woman is forced into

the sharp stones below Man.

Life flows from her injury.

An unheard sub-conscious cry,

A smile being stretched.

Woman desires to share; to be  
a part,

but Man does not desire it.

"Montez!" cried the Ferry Captain to Levis.

Once upon a lifetime there was a blue castle on a high plain. The only way to approach the castle was by the sea. One bright sunny day Woman and Man decided to journey to the majestic castle in order to view it more closely.

Hurriedly they gathered together a few belongings, amongst them a device to capture the magic of the castle. Together they ran through the village streets to the waiting ferry; excitedly climbing to the upper levels of the vessel, as the ferry departed from its berth to cautiously begin the journey to the opposite shore.

The journey was surprisingly swift, and, as the blue castle grew closer, Man frantically tried to begin his capture of the sources of magic. But to no avail. The tower of the ferry blocked the view.

Seeing the distress of Man and Woman, the Captain of the tower called out to them to climb the stairway leading to the tower. Man traversed the space first while the Captain directed Woman to wait. When Man had reached the summit of the tower the Captain signalled to the Woman to join them at their great height.

However, the staircase now became transformed. The climb was made difficult for Woman, there was little angle to the stairs; they were nearly straight up and down. She struggled up the staircase using the railings to help pull herself up.

Man was now standing on the edge of a platform with the capture device held closely to his eye, nearly blinding him. He tried several times in his initial attempt to store the image before him.

Woman stood silently, exhausted after the difficult ascent. Man and Captain spoke in a dialect that Woman could not understand. Closer and closer they drew to the terminal beneath the blue castle.

The Captain required solitude to safely guide the vessel to its rest. So, Man thanked the Captain for his kindness and swiftly descended to the surface below. The Captain bade farewell to Woman as she cautiously attempted to follow Man. Man loomed large and laughing as he waited for Woman to descend.

As the ferry's engines died so did much within Woman. Man and Woman left the ferry, now not so much together as apart.

## The Giant Disturber

It was a blistery cold winter's day as Man and Woman set out on their journey. Soon, a desire to refresh their mouths overcame them. Stopping by the roadside, they found an inn. Happily they entered, sitting themselves down before a round table.

The proprietor filled their request, as they gazed about at their fellow patrons. Gradually, once their throats were satisfied, they began to talk of life together. A loving aura pervaded the conversation. Then, suddenly, a giant-like woman with dark looks appeared at the junction of Man and Woman.

After a moment's hesitation, Man showed recognition of this monster. He rose up and stood upon the chair so as to be level with the giant as they spoke. Their words sunk to the feet of Woman, then began filling her body with an acid substance that slowly but painfully ate away at her soul. The giant spoke of worlds foreign to Woman but familiar to Man. Soon the giant departed but the love halo was now destroyed between Man and Woman.

Man, not sensing change, spoke to Woman of the giant and her world. The giant had begun a monologue within Man that began to eat at the physical substance of Woman as well as her soul. She became ill as he became bewildered. Together they set off for their destiny. Man flowed endlessly with words, Woman with secret tears to cleanse her injured soul and body.



## The Evil Rises on a Mountain Top

In a region of the land, surrounded on three sides by the sea, there exists a trail that rims the edges of the overhanging cliffs. The trail itself is winding and often wrought with danger. Man and Woman undertook the trail journey one sun-lit summer's day.

They cautiously followed the trail, climbing at one point to the top of a dormant volcano. From this great height a view of one half the region was exposed to their searching eyes. Deciding that the trail could offer them little they had not seen before, they chose to leave it and venture into the interior of the land.

After several hours of travel along this unknown route, a noticeable greying of the atmosphere occurred. Soon the sun no longer brightened the path as a fine mist fell. The trees drooped their crowns while the moss beneath the feet of Man and Woman cried out at each advancing step.

A sense of urgency, a shot of fear in Woman, quickened their footsteps until they reached a second mountain top; this one being on the opposite side of the peninsula-like land. As they stood on the summit the sun regained its position in the sky, lighting up the sparkles in the sea below.

At the base of the mountain a tiny village, dominated by a church spire, reassured Woman of their safety. She turned towards Man and wrapped her arms around his neck. Man looked down at Woman while slowly lifting her off the

ground; placing her beneath him on a surface of jagged stones.

A demon red smile advanced slowly across Man's face. Woman withdrew her arms from his neck as she tried to control the spreading of the smile with her hands. Man mechanically pressed Woman into the sharp stones; her feet began to bleed. She tried to cry out but soundless lines emitted from her mouth. Her only escape was the sea below; she flung herself down, passing a seagull in her flight.

Being a strong swimmer, she headed swiftly out to sea, looking back only once to the mountain of evil. There stood Man with wings like the gull but incapable of flight. He mourned the loss of Woman with a scattering of flowers.

### The Pauses Mean more than the Words

Woman lay sleeping in her bed one winter's night, when her rest suddenly became interrupted by a ringing sound in the near distance. She arose to search for the source. The sound emanated from a green instrument of unusual shape. She picked it up, holding the device to her ear.

Faintly at first, then growing stronger, Woman heard the voice of Man being transmitted over many miles. She wrapped her arms around herself to preserve the sense of touch that was missing from the bodiless voice. He spoke words which made Woman turn cold. She found it difficult to speak; no words could warm her. The pauses stretched between their evergrowing space.

In desperation Woman sent off a flesh colored bird to carry the message that could not pass her lips. Man reached out for the flying creature but it hovered slightly out of his grasp. The pauses grew longer until there were no words left at all. The bird opened its mouth in screaming horror but it too fell dumb.

Woman grew colder and colder until she stood stiff as if she were a piece of sculptor's marble. A second sound could now be heard; this one had a chipping resonance. As she looked down at her cold body she could see a chisel and hammer methodically chipping away at her heart. At each stroke the pain in her mind ever increased as the pile of heart chips gathered around her frozen feet. Woman's mind felt the blows as well until the pain overwhelmed all

the senses. Nothing remained but an empty shell.

## The Face Stealer

At the end of an old year, when the land was cold as in death, Woman set off to join Man on a snowed island anchored in the sea. On arrival she unpacked her belongings in the space set aside by Man. He pranced about her inquiring of her needs.

A mirror hung high on the wall, so high that Woman could not view her image. Man's eyes grew narrow, a minute smile crossed his lips as he offered to climb up and bring down the mirror to a level that would suit Woman. Not wanting to cause any trouble for Man, she declined the offer. Man entreated her not to be shy. Feeling reassured Woman thanked him for his consideration, then asked that the mirror be brought down.

With pleasure on his face, Man climbed up, carefully removing the mirror from the wall. As he returned to the ground a ripping sensation vibrated through Woman. She cried out to Man but no sound reached her ears. She touched her lips but felt no parting; she grabbed at her nose but there was no projection; she searched for her eyes but there were no sockets. Her sight was now provided by a mesh like material that acted as a screen to project the world around her.

Terrified, she ran after Man who was triumphantly carrying the mirror across the room. As she approached the mirror, an image appeared on its surface. The reflection was that of Woman herself. Relief pulsed within her.

body. She cried out for joy but only to discover that once again no sound reached her ears. Frantically she felt for her features--there were none.

Man turned to Woman with a smile of knowledge. He placed the Mirror containing her image on the wall, low enough for Woman to see but for Man to always have.

## The Inquisition

The Inquisition arranged itself in a triangle. Woman was placed in a chair at the point. Her hands were as one, imprisoned; no mouth existed for her to speak. Sight and sound agonizingly remained. At the angle to the right of the base stood the judge, clothed in tuxedo with gold striped legs. His skin was a hue of purple. One arm pointed to the left angle of the base, the other towards Woman. Within the left angle sat Man on a falling chair, which had been suspended midway in the air. His arms outstretched in bewilderment, he answered the Inquisitor's questions. All dealt with Woman who was cajooned into silence. She strained the confines of her chair. Man was helpless in his suspended state.

"Why are you here?" inquired the judge of Woman. "She likes the snow," replied Man. "Not believable," retorted the Inquisitor. "Where is your home?" asked the Inquisitor. "I don't know," was Man's reply. "Insane," exploded the judge. At each question and reply fear grew in Woman's eyes, uneasiness in those of Man, and anger in the eyes of the Inquisitor.

Near explosion, the judge rushed towards Woman withdrawing her mouth from his pocket as he ran. Placing the mouth on her face, but not freeing her arms, he directed the same questions again to a now vocal Woman. Woman dropped her eyes to the first question, then requested the use of her arms. It was granted. She reached out and touched Man

in reply. "Fool!" cried the Inquisitor. Her eyes glared upwards to the second question. Pronouncing each word with a pause she replied, "I don't know." Man's chair collapsed; the Inquisitor fell silent. Woman, dazed by the event, stood up then sleepwalked away.



## Fish Head Offering-Dream #3

Silvery pillows rested under Woman's sleeping head and her body floated above the soft linen. Sea sounds flowed through her resting mind as dreams formed shapes that gradually came into focus. Woman found herself walking beside a rapidly moving river that flowed to the sounds of the salt water beyond.

Many hours passed without sight of another human form. However, soon, not far in front of Woman appeared a kneeling figure. Approaching slowly, Woman discovered that the figure had the majestic features of a female native race.

The native's voluptuous black hair lay thickly braided down her back. Clothed in the skin of the deer, she sat silently gazing at Woman, then she spoke. Without any introduction she instructed Woman to gather enough sticks to build and replenish a cooking fire. Woman unhesitatingly complied. The native piled the sticks in pyramid shape, igniting them by rubbing together two fragments of amber. Then, dipping her hand into the river, brought forth a fish of iridescent beauty. From the side of her deer skin she pulled a knife, severing the head of the glowing fish. From her satchel came a dish decorated with intricate designs foreign to Woman.

Casting her eyes downwards, the native woman placed the fish head on the dish. All sounds ceased; the air crystallized. Then lifting her eyes to Woman she ceremoniously presented her with the head. On receiving the gift.

a mist covered the ground and the mind of Woman emptied to  
sleep.

## The Sea Hostess and the Friends

Returning from a voyage across the narrow strait that divided the mainland from the island; Woman entered into the dining hall of her communal home. Thereupon she was immediately joined by two friends who eagerly questioned her regarding the journey. Some of the inquiries made no sense to Woman. She stood slightly puzzled before them.

The two friends then told of a gathering near the ocean that was presently in progress. Woman knew that the hostess of the ocean dwelling was jealous of her and would not smile upon her arrival. But the two friends persisted until she succumbed to their pleadings. The trio set off, with Woman captivated by curiosity and the two friends filled with delight at the prospects ahead.

It was dark when they arrived at the cottage. The two friends placed Woman between them and slightly ahead. They knocked. Swiftly the door swung open to reveal the stunned face of the sea hostess. Woman was definitely not expected. The hostess uncertainly invited them in. As the trio stepped into the festive room Woman's curiosity quickly extinguished; all reasons became clear. On a cushioned floor sat Man, cross-legged and smug.

The signal for the play to begin was given. The central characters were Man, Woman, and Hostess; the two friends and one other guest the audience. Tensions increased until the atmosphere became so violent that all

light vanished from the dwelling. Woman lit a torch to begin her exit; Man inquired if she needed any help, while the hostess placed a claw clutching grasp on his wrist. "I can manage on my own," was Woman's reply. The two friends, satisfied with the performance, left with Woman believing that she learned from her role, but missing all they destroyed.

### A Moment of Oneness has to Last a Lifetime

The granular sand softened the walk of Man and Woman while the dusky sky guided their steps. From the hovering clouds, prongs of lightning brightened the far reaches of the sea. During the walk Woman discovered a stick smoothed by the continual movement of the sea. Picking it up she drew a cross-like shape in the sand and divided it into rectangular shapes.

Next, she found a stone to fit the palm of her hand. Throwing it into the first rectangle, she proceeded to jump from rectangle to rectangle but always avoiding the one containing the stone. Man stood aside viewing her progression. When she had jumped the last stoned space, Man cried out in ecstasy, "You did it!"

Woman smiled quietly at Man then linked arms with him. They retraced their steps, passing two scurrying sandpipers moving to the rhythm of the incoming tide. Brilliant rays of light peacefully flowed from the sky to the horizon; as Man and Woman approached the light, a staircase appeared. Their feet drew them towards the vision, making Man and Woman momentarily feel as one. The staircase dissolved leaving them looking eye to eye with the knowledge that a moment of oneness has to last a lifetime.

## The Last Breakfast

In the archway stood Woman arrayed in a delicate shade of mauve. She was watching Man who was lying on his stomach beneath the translucent covers of the bed. A ghost-like trail led from the bed to where Woman stood. The only other objects in the room were a blank television and a naked light bulb. Sorrow seemed to float through space. This was the final morning.

Man grew aware of the studied eyes as his haltingly opened to Woman's stare. With few words they both prepared for the trip that would take them to the Last Breakfast. Their eyes appeared insensitive with glaze as they took the path leading to their destination. An unusually dense gathering of birds met them as they progressed. It was difficult to pass through the birds; Man was forced to kill those that stood in the way.

On arrival they were directed to a table supported along one side by a wall of landscape lush with vegetation, fed by waterfalls. They sat down on opposite sides of the table and ordered their meal. Man balanced uneasily on the corner of his chair. Woman reached out to reassure him of her presence, but each time her arm stretched forward the distance between them increased.

A quiet whimpering had begun near Woman. Streaming from her hair was the source; a face of Man's proportions, crying silently without words. His tears flowed into the landscape that joined the space between the two. The Last Breakfast had begun.

## The Rose Kiss

The two eternal lovers lived in splendour captured forever in an ornate painting. Coloured fragments of glass reflected the rich bejeweled elegance of their attire. Winged cupid hovered forever above the two, floating flowers down upon his children.

The lovers remained alone for countless years until one lightning day when the framework of their world was invaded by a second duo of vague shape and colour. Grey-ness engulfed that portion of their world; the flowers that had dropped there shrivelled to nothingness.

Only the lower portion of the painting was penetrated; the lovers' world felt threatened but the power within them combined to prevent any further intrusion. The world continued in this state for several more years; two duos juxtaposing the composition of their lives.

Things did not remain static, however. A table appeared beneath the painting, circular in shape with a human neck and striped shoulders as a stem base. At the same time a third duo appeared. Sitting themselves down at the stem table, they held hands but spoke no words.

The painting duos cast their eyes downwards, studying the pair. A long stemmed rose of gentle pink materialized on the table top. The third duo now became distinctly Man and Woman. Man took the flower in his hand and gently presented it to Woman. Woman leaned over, kissing Man on his wordless mouth.

At the same instant, change occurred in the world of the painting. Emerging from the reflective glass was a face carrying wisdom as its message; crowns appeared on the heads of the eternal lovers as the triad of duos formed a union. Man and Woman joined the eternal lovers through the greyness of the shapeless duo.



## The Shrine at Cap-de-la Madeleine

Man directed Woman along a course that led to a shrine of his childhood memory. The day was sunny as they walked amongst the trees that clustered near the river. In a clearing was an immense statue of the Madonna and Child; four faceless figures stood before it. Their hands swiftly counted smooth, rounded beads which were joined by a string. This encounter left Woman uneasy; anxious to leave the confines of this unfamiliar world that Man had brought her to. But Man sensed no resistance, rather, eagerness radiated from his eyes.

A small wood and stone structure stood to the right of them. Man grabbed Woman's hand, hurrying to enter through the thick doors. The interior was lit solely by candles. In the front of the room, high on an altar stood another statue, this one child-like in size, carved from wood with delicate coloration. On each side of the figure burned three white candles; the configuration gave the appearance of an entrance to the altar. The rest of the room was composed of wooden benches divided by a walkway.

Still holding Woman's hand, Man drew her down the path towards a second door. His eyes were fixed on the exit but Woman felt compelled to turn back. Man clung tightly to her hand so that only her head was free to turn. Woman turned to see the eyes of the statue following her. Three more candles appeared to the left of the image; they were displayed on a tall fork-like support. Then a female

figure appeared. She knelt on the first wooden bench; her back to Woman but her hands in sight. Moving, they manipulated beads of the faceless figures outside.

Frightened, Woman returned her head to the exit but as she did so, felt something under her feet. The sensation of traversing a figure stretched cross-like on the ground filled her body with dread. She threw her face up to Man but his eyes never left the staring position of the door. He drew Woman through the exit with him, satisfied that he had shown her the shrine that no longer existed for him but was now left to her.

## Dream #1

Woman wandered along the shore of the tussled sea; this was her thought paradise. Mossed rocks hidden at moments by the tide gave refuge to the dipping gulls. Growing tired she sat down on a nearby driftwood sculpture to feel the last warmth of the sun on her body. She rested peacefully there for an indeterminate length of time; closing and opening her eyes to the scene before her until the sand grew cool under her feet.

Mystical in the beginning, then growing clearer, a slashing movement of the water close to shore attracted her attention. As the slashing grew auditory a herd of creatures appeared. They were in the form of identical male figures, completely blue in color like the great extinct whales. Each had one leg extended from the water in a ballet stance.

The group progressed smoothly through the shallow water. Woman felt compelled to reach them; unthinkingly she entered the water and reached out for the sea forms. However, the herd continued on its course not aware of Woman's presence in the sea.

She frantically tried to attract their attention but the harder she tried the more distant they became. Soon only Woman was left to remove herself from the sea. She collapsed into the carpet of sand moaning over the ignorance of the creatures. The dream was over.

## Hidden in Time

Woman crouched, back arched, legs grasped by hands, contained in an invisible cave. Encircling her--thousands of time pieces, worn time, half time, new time, blue, green, black time. How did she reach this condition? Time. She tightened her hold on her knees, drawing them up so that they touched her body; her head bowed down to meet her hands. Thoughts flowed through her as uncontrollably as a flash flood. Departure crystallized for a moment:

Brightness bathed the station.  
Dullness, heaviness impeded  
the minds of the three souls.  
The ground was their escape;  
nonsensical looking for me.  
Relief--the call soon planted  
my floating body in the  
prepaid seat. Smoke curled  
to meet the air conditioner,  
flaunting itself before the  
sign: No Smoking/Ne Pas Fumer.  
A mass of grooves weathered  
by life hunched across from  
me. The source of fire. It  
spoke:

"Where are you heading?"

-Away-

"Why?"

-to escape-

"What from?"

-no answer-

"You are brave."

-Am I?"

Silence.

Woman's mind continued to penetrate the time.

Frightened faces encased my  
being. Death in one corner  
impinging on the wrinkles,  
Loneliness, fear of the  
unknown, echoed from the  
triad.

Deserted, grey, unwanted  
warehouses skimmed the  
surface.

Darkness-confined by  
Intertwining ropes and hooks;  
sleep advanced.

Woman's mind continued the journey.

Escorted by a pitted, face  
proprietor, I was channeled  
into a room.

Starkness everywhere:

-Two beds, ready to crumble.

-A basin, without a plug.

-A window, gaunt, viewless.

Only a decadent brick wall  
for company.

-A door, white, leading  
nowhere.

The next pause on the journey--a Riddle.

Once I was a peddler;  
24 hours ago.

Once I was a dancer,  
many pirouettes I turned.

Once I was an oceanographer,  
loving the sea.

Once I was a lawyer,  
a criminal.

Once I was a teacher,  
when I was a child.

Never have I been an artist;  
I wonder why?

Once I was a juggler,  
What am I now?

The moment that the question was asked by Woman's  
travelling mind, the clocks responded. Ringing alarms  
set off like a chain of Chinese Red firecrackers. The  
sound grew deafening as the chorus increased. When they  
all had sounded their alarms they vanished. Woman had been  
hidden in time.

## The Ceremonious Ketchup Bottle

Woman exhausted the night celled in her room, away from the eyes that would be judging her reactions; her reactions to the return invasion of Man. The solitude strengthened the soul of Woman; as the dark hours passed she grew inside until the morning rays burst as if from within.

Dressing, she walked the familiar space to the structure containing the dining hall. With determination she entered, flinging open the door of the inner room. The room was empty but for three people, the three people that made the previous evening's self-imprisonment a necessity. The voices ceased as Woman strode forth to gather her morning's food from the sterile kitchen.

The three were seated at a long wooden table. The two men; one Definite, the other Obscure, sat on the same side of the table; the Uniform Woman at one end. Woman boldly placed herself across from the Obscure Man, wishing to avoid the face of Definite Man. She shattered the silence with cheerful, meaningless words. Obscure Man shifted uncomfortably in his chair, rose, then parted muttering unintelligible phrases of farewell.

Now the tensions tightened. The Uniform Woman was rooted dumb to her seat; helplessness surrounded her features. It was left to Definite Man to react. He grasped a vessel close to him, ceremoniously presenting it to Woman. The vessel joined the two as one. Woman's free

arm stretched outwards from her side; a blue bird appeared on her fingertip; an aura of the spiritual encased her being. There were now only two at the table, Man and Woman.

Man released his hand from the vessel; Woman smiled kindly at the still dormant Uniform Woman, then stood up, balancing the gentle bird on her fingertip. Turning, she left the Definite Man and Uniform Woman to search for the meaning of this encounter. Woman reached the open space where she released the blue bird that had freed her from fear.

## Mirror Image Larger than Life

The interior of the room was sparse. Soft blue covered the floor, an unmade bed rested against one wall. Across from the bedded wall stood a huge full length mirror reflective of nearly the whole scene.

Man and Woman entered the scene from opposite sides. Moving towards each other, they embraced until their faces intersected; they shared an eye for seeing, a nose for breathing, and a mouth for speaking. The mirror reflected their image, however, the image revealed was quite different from the intersection of the two bodies. Woman and Man, backs to one another, stripped of all clothing; legs, faces, arms, directed away from together --they had changed sides.

They were enclosed in the mirror and in this enclosure were unable to stand face to face. With eyes down-cast and features dreary, they had no sense of direction; outwards seemed an escape but the ends of the mirror held them captive. The intersecting couple with their 'one-eye' view were unable to understand the mirror message, although more could be seen in the reflection than in their surface world.



## Cracked Earth, Demon, and Clown

Demon Man hovered above Woman; he carried Clown's eyes around his neck, the eyes mocked down at Woman. She was clinging to the sides of the cracked Earth. The clown's detached mouth hung close to her face, grinning like a knowing Chesire cat.

In the chasm, icy drops flowed like nature's tears. Earth enclosed Woman gradually until the Demon and the Clown were no longer in view. She fell into darkness. When her vision adjusted, the land around her took on shape. A complex of buildings covered many miles; two of the structures appeared partially lit.

A shouting then attracted her attention. A man swinging a lantern called out to her, instructing Woman to run as quickly as possible, on his signal, to the nearest lit building; his light producing lantern would not last long. She waited. "Now run!" he cried. Woman dashed across the ground and through the open doorway, as she entered all turned to stare then continued their game of cards.

Curious, Woman wandered within the bright space. A second man interrupted her ramblings; this one was undertaking a task of great skill--bridge building across the legendary Tiber river. Together, Woman and the Bridge Builder walked along the now dry river bed. The Builder explained the difficulties of his task. Samples of the river bed in the state of mud had to be gathered early in

the morning to test for areas of security. This was dangerous because of the fish that lived buried deep in the mud. They were capable of devouring a man's hand. Woman listened with awe. When would she ever build her bridge to span the chasm that had held her suspended?

## North Sydney Faux Pas

Summer travels found Man and Woman living transiently through the country. Always they were beckoned by the sea. Arriving on an eastern shore, they walked down to a wharf that held the ferries waiting to cross to an island not within sight.

Man talked of people once visited by him but unknown by Woman except through hearing. Their name pained Woman as it was forbidden to her. Man expressed worry that he would be seen in the company of Woman; mortified by Man's thoughts, Woman fell to her knees. Man stood shocked at this action and unfeeling of the cause. Eventually, she rose to her feet, feeling mortally wounded by his words. She faced away in tearful agony. Bewildered, Man continued to speak receiving no response from his companion.

They walked uncommunicatively to the small town where they found lodging and food for the night. Sitting down to eat, the silence grew to dismay. Man's arms flew up and outward exasperated by the sight of Woman, arms wrapped about herself and head folded over to shield a meeting of eyes. Nearly visible broken lines divided the table between them.

Man and Woman grew rapidly weary so retired for the night, together but alone. Morning brought little change. Woman's tears flowed during the night so abundantly that the rising sun shining through the window caused rainbows to drape the surrounding walls.

Man left the bed to stand in one corner. His arms lifted, wings sprouted from his spine; he calmly spoke these words, "Je ne comprend pas," then vanished, leaving Woman without understanding once again.

Il aux Coudres-'She trys to be a part  
but he does not desire it.'

The ferry lay crouched in waiting at the dock. Man and Woman stood prepared to board her, along with a multitude of others. Their destination was to be a minute island in the midst of a vast river. On the signal, the gates were opened for the travellers to board the vessel. Man and Woman progressed together from the belly of the ferry to the uppermost tower.

As it was evening, Man and Woman gradually grew weary. Woman rested her head trustfully on Man's shoulder. Suddenly, a jerking motion sent Man's torso stiffly upright, awakening the now sleeping Woman. He jumped from his seat moving rapidly through the doorway to an adjoining tower.

Dazed at first, Woman gathered herself together and followed a short distance behind; there, in one corner of the second tower, was a creature half concealed by the shadows. Man stood studying the apparition. Woman, closing the distance between them, was halted by the holding up of Man's arm, red like a stop sign. Woman froze, then screamed out in horror; she had recognized the creature, it was the Usurper.

Man continued to ignore Woman in his fascination with this shape. Woman repeatedly called out to Man to be aware of the consequences of venturing too close to the Usurper. She received no reply from Man; only the signal for depart-

ture from the ferry could rend his eyes away.

Helplessness separated Man and Woman as they stepped off the vessel to enter onto Il aux Coudres, the ancestral grounds of Man's childhood. Dawn was arriving as they travelled along the earthen road that encircled the island. Lush vegetation, stone dwellings, and blue-mauve sea offered pleasure to their eyes.

Tiring, they climbed over a cross-sticked fence to rest in a soft green field. Their eyes closed until the warmth of the noon sun prodded their bodies to awakeness. Woman's eyes opened first. There in the field, enveloped in a circular-shaped cloud, transparent in the middle, loomed a cow framed by an ancient stone and mortar windmill.

The image soared through Woman with delight. Jumping up, she exclaimed her desire to Man, the desire to become a part of this image so much contained within him. At this request, Man burst into gales of laughter so strong that his breath blew the cloud enclosed image out to sea.

Woman reached forward as far as her arms could stretch knowing that it would never be far enough for Man. She now realized, too, that the ferry Usurper was not a foreign creature unknown to Man but a shadowy form of Man himself. The Usurper within him would always keep the image apart from Woman for that was his desire.

## Run by a Semi-Human Electrode

Life in the city revolved gleefully around Man and Woman. The two were seen everywhere together; seldom apart. Man always walked ahead of Woman, the joy of power upon his face. In tow by an activated wire, Woman automated behind Man. Her head was in the shape of a portion of the communicative device, the telephone; the portion that dials the number but does not receive the message. The rest of her body was coiled by the wire that extended to Man's hand. The sight of this strange duo soon grew to be commonplace.

One day as Man and his Semi-Human Electrode began their daily trek through the city streets, a spectacular storm engulfed them. So violent grew the sky that the wire joining Man to Woman became severed. At the same instant the sky above cracked like the design on the shell of a tortoise. The wind increased in velocity causing the loose wire to dance in the air.

Man leaped desperately after the errant wire, following its erotic path. Finally, capturing it in mid-air, Man was swirled high above the ground. Erratically he flew, taking the shape of that portion of the phone referred to as the receiver. Woman clung onto the cord; trying at the same time to pull it back down to earth.

Tiring, a thought vibrated through her dial shaped head; lifting one finger to her head she dialed Man's number. Bells immediately sounded in Man's receiver. A communication had taken place although no words were spoken.

Man tried to help Woman drag him to the earthly surface of his life; after much effort his feet rejoined Woman's roots. More time was needed, however, to make the Receiver understand the necessity of the Dial. The storm had begun a continual conversation within Man and Woman; it was now left to Man and Woman to decipher the message.



Pressures from Outside an Egg Shell  
and from Within a Car

The moistened dust smelled traffic jerked through the summer heat. Within the vehicle travelled two--Man at the wheel, Woman on his right. They were in search of a lamp. Man cancelled one by one, the eye suggestions of Woman. His own ideas were similarly terminated due to his usual required concealment of Woman.

Lost idea after idea built up a shell around Man; the pressure from within grew ever increasing as the repetition of this situation saddened Woman to despair. The shell created such a stupefying vision that traffic drew to a stop around the vehicle of Man and Woman. The eyes glared through every window space. Woman with one hand pressing on the shell, the other grabbing the door handle, fought to suspend the pressure created from within the egg shell and from without the vehicle. The lamp became significant beyond its intention.

The crowd around them increased in volume until their outside weight crushed the shell of Man before Woman could equalize the pressure. The search began again. Would they ever find a common lamp that would illuminate the thoughts of the sleeping creature within the now crushed shell and allow the contained screams of Woman to be heard?

## Featuring the Gyrotron

Woman awoke one day to find herself in a triangular landscape which was joined by a larger rectangular space, empty but for a grid of stars. Gently floating within the three cornered shape, as an astronaut in a non-gravity space; she felt free of life. She was encompassed by mauve sky, lush green hills, and crystalline waters.

Curved streams of blackness were being emitted below the triangle; pollution that once contaminated the inner space. Attached to this blackness by two umbilical-like cords, was Man. He hovered by means of jet propulsion that continued the black streams of pollution above him. Torn between two black forces, he was rendered semi-conscious by the torment.

Woman sensed this stretched shape beneath her but could not control the ecstasy of living within the triangular shape; so many times she had been the tormented. This suspended state, however, this contrasted world of beneath and above was not contentment. The pollution separating Man from Woman, the extremes of the idyllic and the tortuous, offered no solution to survival.

The empty rectangular space of stars stands created for Man and Woman to resolve their individual "regas"-- their fears or dreads.

## Dream #2 Peacocks

Repeated syllables of rhythmic cadence moved through the mind of Woman as she lay sleeping. Audibly low from a distance, the swishing movement of wings larger than an eagle or albatross mingled with the rhythms. No images were clear, only sounds engulfed her world. The wing vibrations grew louder and louder as the repetitive chants quickened.

An image appeared as the first star reveals itself with darkness; small on the horizon. Blue was the colour feeling, icy was Woman's response. Methodically, slowly, the blueness moved closer to Woman, gradually taking on form. The blueness had begun its movement from a hazy hidden island in the sea; the image thus moved across the sea to the shore where Woman slept.

The blueness now appeared as a humanoid shape still blue but with two gold bands around its wrists. As the creature neared the shore the vibrating wings became deafening; the rhythmic sounds were overwhelmed by the force. As the shape approached resting Woman its wings provided lift but no movement to the creature; it hovered above Woman's body.

Feeling a presence, she opened her eyes although still being in a trance-like state. The wings of the creature astounded her senses--they were replicas of the black-eyed peacock feather, tipped in luminous copper and gold. Her blue eyes became captive of the two black eyes of this

creature--the Demon. Her body lost its earthly weight as she drifted underneath the hovering being. Her face painted the design of the peacock, from black center to gold and copper edges, so that it was a reflection of the wing of the Demon--a mask.

Then, between the Demon and Woman, appeared a glorious male peacock in full feathered array. Woman glided towards this magical bird. Stopping for a moment to admire the colourful apparition, she then moved into the bird, becoming a part of this masterpiece of design.

Together, the peacock and Woman left her resting place through a door to infinity. At that precise moment the Demon suddenly plummet to the ground; his wings had lost their design and their power.

## I Don't Mind the Cold as Long as the Sun Shines

Woman sat crouched, knees encircled by her hands touching her torso, suspended between icy coldness. Above her menaced stalactites dripping lime to the stalagmites beneath her. These formations, one growing from the other, near mirror images, effectively imprisoned Woman in her cave-like existence.

Overseeing this caging was the blue Demon. He balanced like a handstanding acrobat on the roots of the hanging lime icicles. His grin encompassed his face; his shape prevented the sun from penetrating the icy cave below. Woman languished in this prison for countless years.

One day, early in the morning, the Demon tired of his acrobatic task deciding to rest on a nearby rock. The sun was weak at its first rising so did not effect the chill of the cave. As the sun grew more powerful its warmth lulled the Demon to sleep. As the sun progressed the stalactites began to drip rapidly, so rapidly that no time enabled the stalagmites to grow.

The flow from above cascaded down like a spring waterfall. A veil of drops covered Woman; the sun reflected rainbows in each drop creating a gown of prismatic quality. The floor of the cave became a river of melted stalactites covering the stalagmites that had guarded Woman.

The river created, became so powerful that it carried veiled Woman from the cave; continuing its flow through treacherous canyons until it widened to a fertile mouth.

that opened to the life-giving sea. Woman softly entered the sea revelling in the red-purple sunset of dusk.

This sunset awoke the Demon from his sun sleep. Bewildered upon his lofty rock, not knowing whether he was awake or dreaming, the Demon surveyed the sky and surrounding land with his eyes, for signs of his existence. Off in the distance lay the sea, strange in appearance as never before.

On the crest of each wave that cleansed the shore twinkled a rainbow enclosed in a drop. He was surely dreaming. Turning from the sea he returned to his handstanding position above the cave. Through the roof he viewed the inner cave now inhabited by new forming icicle forms, but no Woman. A dream of reality he screamed: The Demon hung suspended as Woman had hung in the cave, suspended between dream and reality.

## Flight from Inside the Demon

The flight plan was arranged; the distance determined. Woman entered the flying vehicle and positioned herself in the midst of the great blue creature. She was the sole passenger. Within seconds they were airborne, Woman and the Demon--she contained within him. They soared ever upward through the layers of atmosphere until the clouds appeared as puffy pillows below, joined together to create a bed of surreal softness.

The Sun was before them, golden. Their path seemed to aim for this explosive star positioned not too far, not too near, to the planet Earth. This delicate acceptance of position between Sun and Earth marvelled Woman's mind. She was being transported by the Demon; she was inside the creature but only as a visitor not as an integral part of the whole. There was no accepted balance.

The flight progressed until the Sun excused itself from the sky and allowed the Earth's partner, the Moon, to light their journey. As the evening reached its climax the Demon vehicle began the descent to the surface of the Earth. The clouds cushioned the fall allowing Demon and Woman to land with a minimum of shock.

Upon landing a decision had to be made. Where were they to go from here? Woman withdrew from the vehicle to travel to her waiting space. The Demon stretched pensively on the runway. Once Woman reached her destination, she laid down on a bed. Sleep captured her as soon as all ten-

sions loosened their grip. In this sleeping state a feeling of soaring encompassed her body. It was as if the bed was jet propelled.

The Demon remained resting where he had landed until an uncontrollable force lifted him upward, guiding him to the window of Woman's resting place. He hovered outside the window watching her as she slept.

Woman sensed that she was being studied. The feeling of soaring vanished. Her mind struggled between the thought that a protective guardian hovered nearby and the feeling that this guardian was not a protector but a jailor. Her sleep became frantic as the Demon continued his watch outside.

With the dawn, Woman awoke exhausted. She flashed her eyes to the windows but saw nothing except the waning Moon and the rising Sun. However, she could not forget the feeling of being watched, nor could she forget yesterday's flight within the Demon. Dressing, she returned to her point of arrival. The blue creature was still stretched upon the tarmac. She stood staring at it, then entered into the shape once again. Another flight was to begin. The Demon was ready.



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## CHAPTER IV

### A COMING TOGETHER OF IMAGES

The drawings are my world of experiences transformed and crystallized in line and colour. They are me and they are everyone. My universe of emotions is expressed in the acts of drawing and story writing.

To the mind of Albert Camus, the work of art marks the death of an experience and its multiplication. It is somewhat like a monotonous but passionate reoccurrence of the themes or symbols of the past, present, and future world. It makes the mind "get outside of itself" so that it might view the workings of its insides.<sup>2</sup>

There are constant symbols in my world. Man, Woman, and Demon are the main participants. Journeys, Ferries, Water, Storms, and Communicative devices reoccur as images in the drawings and stories. In order to view these symbols more clearly, I have summarized the stories and then attempted to join the repetitive experiences of the symbols into a whole expression of their role.

Man is usually a catalyst to Woman. As a catalyst he remains unchanged; he has difficulty seeing. Many things aid in blocking his view--the ferry vessel, the giant, walls,

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<sup>2</sup>Albert Camus, The Myth of Sisyphus (New York: Random House, Inc., 1955), p. 71.

and shells. He is unfeeling of the hurt that he directly or indirectly causes Woman to suffer. The bird--the meaning is out of his reach. Apparitions he either does not see or does not understand. He prefers to ignore through such reactions as sprouting wings and vanishing. The necessity of Woman is beyond his comprehension; her pleas go unheeded.

Man has tasks to perform, usually without much difficulty. He climbs easily to the summit; he can reach the mirror. Man goes directly forward in the shrine. The image on Iles aux Coudres exists within him. Man walks ahead of Woman with her in tow.

Woman is excluded, isolated by Man as well as by other forces. Man converses with the captain of the ferry in a way that excludes Woman; the giant talks of things foreign to her. Woman has no mouth, so cannot speak. She is questioned by male friends not understanding the reason for the questions. Woman is left with Man's past after he has discarded it. Man halts Woman. She is forbidden to be seen by the people near the ferry. Concealment of her in a vehicle is required. The blue creatures in the sea are not aware of her presence in the world. Woman wants to become a part of the image contained within Man. Man responds with laughter. The Usurper, in Man always keeps Woman apart from his image for that is his desire. Woman is the part of the phone that dials the number, but does not receive the message. She automates behind Man.

Woman has tasks to perform. She is driven to perform in ways that cause her inward pain. Many tasks are made difficult for her, such as, the same climb as Man up the ladder to the tower of the vessel. She plays a game in a cross-like shape with a stone. Man watches. She is compelled to look back in the shrine. She travels through treacherous canyons; clings to the cracked earth. The harder she tries to attract the attention of the sea creatures, the more distant they become. She fights to suspend the pressure created from within the shell of Man and from without the vehicle of the world. Woman must dial the message and try to bring Man down to earth. She reaches forward knowing that it will never be far enough for Man.

Man tricks trusting Woman. Woman trusts Man as he places her beneath him on jagged stones. The stones cut her feet. Woman is tricked into taking part in her own capture in a mirror.

In their relationship Woman feels pain; Man is bewildered. This occurs at the tavern, on the cliff of the mountain, as he chisels at her marbled heart, at the inquisition, and in the motel room when he sprouts wings rather than understanding.

Oneness is seldom achieved between Man and Woman. As they walk by the sea Woman draws a cross-like shape. Man watches her progression, crying out in ecstasy when she finishes her game. They join harmoniously together. Man and Woman join as one, wordlessly through a rose. The

power of love overcomes the greyness. Definite Man and Woman become one for a moment through the offering of a ketchup bottle.

Man and Woman are not so much in the conflict of roles, but more importantly in the conflict of the world of feelings. Man does not want to become involved in Woman's feelings. He cannot or will not understand or recognize them.

A third person or thing occurs in the stories, one separate from the Demon. This third person or thing is often the go-between; the interpreter. There is the ferry captain, the giant female disturber, the flesh coloured bird which is sent to express Woman's feelings to Man. A bird appears on Woman's fingertip to set her free. A female figure in the shrine appears as an apparition, as does the Usurper. The Inquisitor and the duo of greyness act as go-betweens.

Woman partially is able to free herself, or be freed by something or someone. Woman becomes vocal through the actions of the Inquisitor but is still imprisoned. She is able to escape in the end although in a sleep-like state. She is given instructions by the female native figure, to perform a ritual. Woman's restless mind is purged by this; she is at rest. A near non-verbal communication has occurred. Woman is freed by a bird; by the sun, and the river created by the melting stalactites and stalagmites. She is revitalized by the sea and protected by the rainbow. Woman

awakes in a triangular space that is joined by a rectangular shape, empty but for stars. She floats free of life in an ideal state. Below is pollution, blackness. Man is beneath, torn between two black forces; rendered semi-conscious by the torment. Woman feels his presence but is so happy to be the untormented at last.

The third major character is the Demon. The Demon is a facet of Man that is constant but not always visible. He hovers constantly with eyes mocking and mouth grinning. He is blue; icy. The Demon blocks out the sun as well as sounds. He is the overseer, the jailor. He watches her as she sleeps. Woman is sometimes contained within him as a visitor, but not as an integral part of the whole. He is dubbed once and he can be confused, but is ever there. He has wings. The Demon is half Man, half horror—all the evil in human souls.

Woman escapes from the Demon on two occasions. She becomes part of the peacock, leaving the Demon through a door to infinity. The Demon plummets to the ground. The Demon returns to his handstanding position discovering that there is no Woman in his cave. A dream of reality he screams. The Demon hangs suspended as Woman had hung in the cave, suspended between dream and reality.

Continual transformations take place in the stories. Things appear and disappear. A visionary staircase appears. Man and Woman are one for a moment then the vision disappears. A vague duo appears in a painting, an animated.

table materializes, Man and Woman appear, and finally a rose that joins them as one. Three candles appear in a shrine, along with a kneeling female figure and a cross-like figure on the ground. The native woman appears; a herd of blue creatures; a bird. A lamp carrying man materializes, along with a bridge builder and his world. The Usurper and the cloud encased image appear then disappear. The image blows out to sea. A winged blue creature is sighted on the horizon; a peacock materializes. Clocks appear setting off their alarms. When they all had sounded their alarms they vanished.

Storms and lights occur at times. Light is extinguished by the violence of feeling. Woman lights the torch to guide her from the unsolicited situation. There is a search for a lamp. The elements respond--the sky cracks, a high wind makes the wire dance.

A result of many encounters is destruction. The giant departs but the love between Man and Woman is destroyed. Woman becomes an inanimate object as Man methodically destroys her mind--her heart. She is left nothingness. Woman loses the ability to speak; Man steals it from her. Man does not know how to heal the hurt, the severing of love. He has to kill what stands in the way. The shell breaks without knowledge. Woman only sees the destruction to the sea hostess and herself, not the strange kindness of the friends.

There are walls. Bathroom walls; why must I push



over a wall? The walls reflect rainbow tears. Invisible walls most of all.

There are opposites, reflections that sum up the relationships. Mirror reflections that reverse the open space. Man and Woman are clothed in a "one-eyed" view; their faces intersect. They cannot stand face to face in the enclosed mirror. There they are held captive with no sense of direction. The peacock wings of the Demon reflect on the face of Woman. They reflect a mask of primitivism.

Schisms exist. Man and Woman leave the vessel physically together but spiritually apart. Woman is unable to express her hurt in words; Man is full of words to hide his bewilderment. Her only escape is a physical rending of herself from Man. She flees to the sea. A loss of human touch is championed by the device which transmits Man's voice. Distance increases at the "Last Breakfast". Man and Woman leave the ferry with helplessness separating them. The storm severs Man from Woman.

Chaos reigns when communicative devices no longer communicate. Woman is awakened by a ring from a communicative device. She cannot speak. A bird is sent as messenger--it can only emit soundless screams. Words are meaningless. There are silent cries from Man. Woman is the dial, Man is the receiver. There is no communication between the parts.

No words communicate in the silence. The pauses mean more than the words. The rose kiss joins Man and Woman as

one without words. She dials Man's number. A communication takes place although no words are spoken.

Questions are asked. How did she reach this condition? What am I now? Would she ever build her bridge to span the chasm? Where to go from here? A protective guardian or a jailor? Would they ever find a common lamp to illuminate sleeping Man and let Woman's screams be heard?

Woman is allowed to see the possibilities within herself but is not allowed to achieve them. Man has control of her image. The Usurper in Man would always keep her apart from him for that is his desire. The male friends believe that they have shown Woman the light. They have been true friends to her as well as a willing audience to conflict. Woman, however, only sees the destruction to the sea hostess and to herself. She moans over the ignorance of the sea creatures. Man and Woman are not able to understand the true mirror image. The pollution that separates them has to disappear. The empty rectangle stands ready for Man and Woman to resolve their fears together.

The situation between Man and Woman is one of isolation. The isolation of Woman creates a schism between Man and Woman. She is shut out. He cannot see what is happening within her. They start out on their journeys together, but through isolation by one, they finish apart. Woman has no voice and is controlled by Man. Seldom are they one. Real union is transient and difficult to attain. It

happens when least expected; it cannot be controlled. One must be open and prepared for its coming, for oneness is impossible to sustain.

Man and Woman are seekers along an unknown path. Fear. They reach summits but fall rapidly, for Man cannot control his hurt of Woman, Misunderstanding causes flight. Woman becomes an empty shell. Man's shell is crushed without knowing. The Demon remains.

## CHAPTER V

### THE END OF THE BEGINNING

The journey through my drawings, with the stories that I have written as a vehicle, have strengthened my conviction that art is my way of existing in this world. It provides for me a method of externalizing and understanding my inner thoughts and feelings. Every moment or experience in my life has the potential of becoming a visual creation.

My drawings are a direct extension of me but the human emotion expressed in them has been experienced in infinite numbers of moments, of infinite numbers of lives. The incident is not identical but the feeling is the same.

Art to me is a communication on the human scale. This is how I approach the teaching of art. I strive to instill the desire in my students to express their interior feelings through an artistic expression. To look upon themselves as a being with astounding personal experiences that are too often relegated to a near non-existent role in their conscious life. I emphasize a search inside themselves, a search for the depths.

This inner search of quest for experiences, for meaning, helps one to understand the reason for creating. It aids in the discovery of the relation of oneself to the

world--the part to the whole. Or, as Paul Klee put it:  
 "Wishing to provide things one can be sure of I limited  
 myself to my inner being."<sup>3</sup>

These thoughts that I have expressed, are not uncommon,  
 a reality that strengthens my belief even further. Norma  
 Wagner, in her critique of my thesis proposal, stated:

I have seen how you draw as a means of functioning in  
 your situation, how they spring from the "gut"  
 experiences of your life.

I find your images disturbing.

I know their locations well.

I feel with you as you reach out with your pencil.

I am haunted by the image of a man chipping away at  
 the heart of a woman.

I can feel this hammer and chisel on my own skin.

I see how your drawings are complete, how each  
 assembles at a time, in a place and with a description  
 of the experience in a title.

I've learned about the inner landscape and inner  
 spaces from your pictures.<sup>4</sup>

Paul Klee compares this process of externalizing the  
 internal, with a scientist's dissecting knife:

The scientist takes his knife and dissects; he is thus  
 enabled to measure the relations between inside and  
 outside. He finds that for internal reasons, as with  
 us in art, something is concealed, overgrown with  
 various other things, so to speak. From the inside,  
 you can understand it biologically. And it is only  
 afterwards that you turn to the visible cloak or to  
 the covering.

In summing up we may say: Something has been made  
 visible which could not have been perceived without  
 the effort to make it visible. Yes, you might see  
 something, but you would have no exact knowledge of  
 it. But here we are entering the realm of art; here  
 we must be very clear about the aim of 'making visible.'

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<sup>3</sup>Paul Klee, Paul Klee Notebooks, trans. Ralph Manheim,  
 vol. 1: The Thinking Eye (New York: George Wittenborn Inc.,  
 1956), p. 21.

<sup>4</sup>Norma Wagner, "A letter to Carol about how magical  
 it is" (Critique of the master's thesis proposal by Carol  
 Matson, Concordia University, 1975), p. 1.

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Are we merely noting things seen in order to remember them or are we also trying to reveal what is not visible? Once we know and feel this distinction we have come to the fundamental point of artistic creation.<sup>5</sup>

In my world I view the beginning of awareness as a gate, a gate that all of us are standing before. This gate often conceals what we most want to express. We push at the gate until we become too exhausted to carry on. We give up, some momentarily, others forever. The ones that stay on through their doubts and frustrations, the ones who have hope and faith, are the ones most likely to open that gate.

We are often deaf to everything, to our own personal sounds, our own inner voices, and blind to the images within us and the world around us.

In art we can see the objects and beings around us in a conscious perception--the structure of a leaf, the pattern of a shell, the texture of a tree trunk. We can also use what has been called the creative unconscious--that accumulation of experience not readily available to our senses but often present in our dreams. We must learn to see with awareness, around us and within us; both need a dedication of mind and spirit.

Thus, in my teaching I strive to extend the knowledge of both the outer and inner world of my students--the inner world being the essence of the outer world; that part of the world that is always with one but must be searched after

to become vocal. I try to stress that this search often involves waiting and sometimes even a regression is necessary before a progression can be realized.

I now include a statement made by Erich Neumann that gives me encouragement in my belief that I have chosen the only possible approach for myself in both my personal art and teaching:

The creative man's product, as part of his development, is always bound up with his "mere individuality," his childhood, his personal experiences, his ego's tendencies toward love and hate, his heights and his shadow. For the alertness of his consciousness permits the creative man more than the average man to "know himself" and "suffer from himself." His lasting dependence on his self fortifies him against seduction by a collective ego ideal, but makes him all the more sensitive to the realization that he is inadequate to himself, to the "self." Through this suffering from his shadow, from the wounds that have been open since childhood--these are the gates through which flows the stream of the unconscious, yet the ego never ceases to suffer from them--the creative man arrives at the humility that prevents him from overestimating his ego, because he knows that he is too much at the mercy of his wholeness, of the unknown self within him.<sup>6</sup>

This poem and final statement concludes my beginning quest for a vision as both an artist and teacher:

To Be

I want to tear down a wall,  
To escape from the inside  
Of the person called me.  
To shield the I from the view,  
To halt the ripping of the seal  
that holds the envelope shut.

I want to walk forward  
without looking behind,  
To float amongst flowers  
that are hidden from sight.

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<sup>6</sup>Erich Neumann, Art and the Creative Unconscious, trans. Ralph Manheim, Bollingen Series LXI (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1959), p. 194.

I want to crack open  
shells and scream down manholes,  
To shout farewell and who are you?  
To jump and be suspended in air,  
To know what it is to be,  
Just to be.

I teach what I am. I am what I teach.



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"Montes!"  
cried the

ferry captain  
to Lewis

1

The Giant  
Disturber

2

Escape from  
Cape Breton  
Mountain

3

The Pauses  
Mean more than  
the Words

4

The Face  
Stealer

5

The  
Inquisition

6

Fish Head  
Offering

7

'I can manage  
on my own!'

8

Dream #3

9

A Moment of  
Oneness has  
to last a

lifetime

10

The  
Last Break-  
fast

11

The  
Rose Kiss

12

The Shrine  
at Cap-de-  
la-Madeleine

13

Dream  
#1

14

Hidden in  
Time

15

The Ceremoni-  
ous Ketchup  
Battle

16

On Leaving:  
Mirror Image

Larger than  
Life

17

Cracked Earth,  
Demon and

Green

18

'Uncommunica-  
tive Dinner,

Holiday Inn  
Style, Sydney

19

He sur-  
rounds-the  
trys to be a

part but he  
does not  
desire it.

20

Run by a  
Semi-Human

Electrode

21

Pressure  
from Outside



an Egg Shell  
and from  
Within a Car

21

Featuring  
the Gyrotron



22

Dream #2  
Peasecks



23

I don't mind  
the cold as



long as the  
sun shines

24

Flight from  
Inside the



Demon

25