REALIZING THE UNKNOWN THROUGH RITUAL OBJECTS

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Masters in Fine Art

By

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The undersigned, appointed by the dean of the Graduate School, have examined the thesis entitled

REALIZING THE UNKNOWN THROUGH RITUAL OBJECTS

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a candidate for the degree of Master of Fine Arts

and hereby certify that, in their opinion, it is worthy of acceptance.

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DEDICATIONS

To my family, who supported my decision to go to graduate school at this stage of my life, and to my friends, who told me, and kept telling me, that I could do it, I thank you from the bottom of my heart.
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The realization that we must interact with the unknown on a daily basis can be confounding. We constantly encounter evidence that mystery pervades our existence. Through the experience of births, deaths, and our own personal contemplation regarding the miracles of the natural world we witness daily, we are given the opportunity to expand our ideas about what we believe. We are charged with making peace with this thing, the unknown, though often it feels like an unstable truce.

Ritual expression is a reflex of human emotion: an action that describes our fears, outlines our concerns, and highlights our triumphs as human beings. Through the process of ritual and the objects we use, from altars and fonts to candles on birthday cakes, we express our milestones of physical and spiritual growth. We are emotional beings, and feed the gods with those emotions, asking them to receive our fear, shame, grief, love and joy. Ritual objects hold a unique place in our world; they are the bookmarks for achievements and objects that are more than sentimental, as they stand for not just a moment or memory but an acknowledgement of how the world has changed us.

The word intuition is sometimes used to describe the concept of knowing beyond our senses, but my communion with the unknown happens during the creative process. I am always pursuing the moment of inspiration, when my hands stop feeling as though they belong to me and the result of my efforts is more than I had imagined, more than the sum of my techniques and abilities. This is the impulse behind my work. It guides the aesthetic, the form and the surfaces of all the objects I make. It is my endeavor to explore the unknown and celebrate its mystery.
Forward

Self-Portrait

It doesn't interest me if there is one god or many gods.
I want to know if you belong or feel abandoned.
If you know despair and can see it in others.
I want to know if you are prepared to live in the world with its harsh need to change you.
If you can look back with firm eyes saying, "This is where I stand".

I want to know if you know how to melt into that fierce heat of living, falling toward the center
of your longing.
I want to know if you are willing to live day-by-day with the consequence of love and the bitter unwanted passion of your sure defeat.
I have heard in that fierce embrace even god consults the gods."

—David Whyte
“I believe that our planet is inhabited not only by animals and plants and bacteria and viruses, but also by ideas. Ideas are a disembodied, energetic life-form. They are completely separate from us, but capable of interacting with us—albeit strangely. Ideas have no material body, but they do have consciousness, and they most certainly have will. Ideas are driven by a single impulse: to be made manifest. And the only way an idea can be made manifest in our world is through collaboration with a human partner. It is only through a human’s efforts that an idea can be escorted out of the ether and into the realm of the actual.”

-Elizabeth Gilbert

“God is always on the lookout for partners with which to co-create the world.”

-Rob Bell
INTRODUCTION: THE RITUAL OBJECT

Human efforts to understand the world and its mysteries have naturally given rise to rituals and ceremonies of all levels of complexity. For thousands of years, people of all cultures have made objects for purely ceremonial purposes. This body of work is a testament to this impulse, and the questions that lie beneath it. My work is an embodiment of the spirit of ritual, consisting of ceremonial vessels, fonts, urns and totems, and also human and animal figures that may invoke a sense of questioning. These objects create an opportunity for the viewer to pause and realize the enormity of the unknown. To ask the question; how do we deal with the unknown? In turn, the process of creating this work becomes my own ritual, my attempt to stay in contact with the sense of wonder and appreciation, both for what I can see and taste and smell and touch and hear, and also to access the sense of wonder for the things that exist that cannot be explained.

By definition, the unknown is a difficult thing to describe. Scientific understanding often explains phenomenon in ways that sound as if answers are known, using terms like “instinct” or “consciousness.” Yet science cannot explain how these concepts actually work. Giving a name to a phenomenon may help to categorize it, but naming is not understanding. Names are given to terms like “dreams,” “love,” or “death,” and so we believe we understand them, until we attempt to explain them. In truth, they are part of the unknown.

At some point in many people’s life, there comes a moment when the enormity of our experience here on earth is truly realized. There marks a moment, in the past, yesterday, when we were just living, and then today, suddenly, we are amazed, frightened
or even angry about the magnitude and variety of what we cannot know or depend on. At this moment, we are doing something real. Realizing the unknown is difficult. Actualizing and understanding fully the enormity of what we do not understand requires thought: a new way of dealing with life, introspection and acknowledgement.

Realizing the unknown happens through a process of yielding, letting go, and accepting what is. The reality is that there are many things in this world that cannot be fully understood, no matter how much we poke, prod, experiment, study, and discuss. In an interesting twist in the universe, these efforts generally only produce more questions. In the effort to accept the unknown, I try to stop looking for absolute truths, acknowledging the possibility that—in these matters—“truth” may be a human construction to begin with; another mystery. Perhaps it is enough to appreciate existence and cease the attempt to define or control life’s experience and accept that I’m a part of the unknowable. To do this, I look at the world and simply try to maintain a sense of wonder.
CHAPTER ONE: REALIZING THE UNKNOWN

In my work, there are references to objects and ideas that both the people of our time and those in past civilizations have asked questions about. What are the stars? What is the purpose of the moon? We can only witness the balance, the cycles, feel an awareness of equilibrium. We know when things are out of balance, we can sense this intuitively. We have discovered what the moon is made of, but how does it help us to understand our existence? Understanding how our body works may help keep us healthy, but doesn't answer the bigger questions about life or its purpose. Ceremonial objects are created to seek answers to, and question these mysteries. Who am I? Why am I here? How can I atone? What milestones have I reached?

The fonts, urns and raised vessels in this exhibition are an amalgamation of ritual instruments meant to create a sense of a familiar but undefined ritual. They evoke ideas about the fonts and pyres and altars we all recognize. They are monuments to the many ways our species has made peace with the mysteries of our world. They are evidence of our emotions, our fears, remorse, anger, appreciation and love. These objects are a reference to the ways our species have given thanks, asked for intervention, and expressed remorse. They involve elements of sacrifice, ritual cleansing, and offerings.

The animal form in my work represents the creatures in our world that are mysterious. Animals can sense and know things we cannot. They behave in ways that are governed by impulses we don’t possess, impulses we either lost through evolution or perhaps never had. Ancient peoples looked to animals for signals of danger and watched them to discover what was safe to eat, how to negotiate natural obstacles, and where to
travel and take shelter safely. They possess ways of knowing that are not fully understood. In my work, I chose horses in particular because to me, they are a species that not only evokes a sense of freedom and instinct, but paradoxically are also a symbol of domestication and embody the idea of partnership with man. They have facilitated the building of temples and waged wars, they helped to relocate ousted communities and rebuild new towns and cities. Horses are an icon of the yin and yang of strength and sensitivity, and of wildness and domesticity.

Ritual and ceremony are the only way we, as humans, can emotionally manage mystery; there are simply things which cannot be known, and trying to make sense of what can’t be known through logic or reasoning is impossible. Rituals create an opportunity for individuals to bond as we gather together to grapple with the unknown as a community. Whether it is to celebrate a rite of passage, or to console one another, ceremonies are meant to bring people together who are wrangling with the unknown.

In the act of making these objects, I have joined in one of the oldest rituals; making objects meant to reflect, consider and reconcile ourselves with mystery. Making art is ritual in itself. It is a way to realize the unknowable and create objects to express the emotions that we experience as we are confronted with unanswerable questions. It is a way to make a statement about our interests and what we believe, and leaves clues about what we most fear.

Contemplating the big questions in life elicits a multitude of feelings. Amazement, fear and awe; a sense of our own mortality. Regret and remorse. These are feelings that sit on the borders of both love and hate. Ritual objects and ceremonies help
restore us to a sense of calm. Perhaps they give us the illusion of having some control
over our circumstances. In my work, the use of font-like objects and ceremonial vessels
that might be imagined to contain fire or water bring to mind rituals meant to appease,
cajole or entice the gods to act in our favor.

These forms are all made from the same impulse that all spiritual objects are
made. The essence of art creation is emotion. Fear, wonder, love, pride, jealousy, guilt,
gratitude; these have all moved me to my studio. But in terms of specifically the spiritual
object, the desire is not just to make something, but to make something that bears in mind
the questions of our existence, our person-ness. To make something that reflects the
knowledge that there may be otherworldly consequences to our actions. To create
something that reminds the viewer of their capacity to make peace with themselves and
the world. My work grapples with remorse and fear, but it is also about love, celebration
and healing.

An example of this type of ceremonial object are the *Danzantes*. In 2006, I visited
Oaxaca, Mexico for a semester, studying Pre-Columbian art and artifacts with printmaker
Charles Barth. As part of this experience, I visited the Zapotec ruins on Monte Albán. As
I stood in front of a row of nine, life-sized figures carved into stone, I was overcome with
the reality of the lives of these ancient people. The stone icons are called *Danzantes*,
because their 19th century discoverers initially thought they depicted people dancing.
After closer scrutiny, they were determined to be images of people experiencing serious
physical trauma, ranging from chest pains to trouble with childbirth. Historians now
believe that the *Danzantes* were used as shrines for worship when an individual, a friend, or a family member fell ill or became injured.

I sat down on the steps of a temple in front of them for a long while in order try to absorb their vigor, animation and intent. The immense size of the *Danzantes*, each carved into an individual stone slab, adds to the intensity of the iconography. These were large-scale problems and demanded a large-scale totem. A handheld effigy would not do. I felt the essence of the creators, and of those who turned to them hundreds of years ago. Here were their stories, large scale, impossible to ignore. The physical evidence of what was important to them, of their fears; proof of human lives long over, to which these objects still bear witness. This was their way of wrangling with the unknown.

Although my figurative work does not address physical disease, they are made with the attempt to offer solace and hope. *Shakti* (figure 9) is looking at her hands, a gesture which represents all the possibilities of creation. She represents vibrant forces that move through the entire universe. She is the embodiments of female creative energy. *Puja* (figure 7) is named for a goddess to special guests or travelers, with hopes of easing their fears and discomfort. *Latria*, (figure 8) is named for a form of worship that does not use any image or effigy. *Latria’s* emphasis is on an inner form of worship, rather than using external ceremonies and she embraces herself in private ceremony.
CHAPTER TWO: GRAPPLING WITH THE UNKNOWN

TOWERS. In this body of work, the towers (figures 2, 3, 11, 12) are forms that might facilitate sacrifice, cleansing and release. Their purpose is to remove something that has been weighing down our hearts. Through the act of burning an offering, symbolic washing, we can both release ourselves from and celebrate our actions. The form indicates a process, a note is slipped into the decorative slot on the font, hands are washed or a forehead is anointed. Here a cup might be dipped and drunk from, or something is burned into ceremonial ash. The details of the formal procedure are left to the imagination, but the purpose is universal.

The images on the towers give clues to their function. The surface of Summum (figure 12) is cinched with a belt of interlocking circles, a reassurance to the fear that we are alone in our trouble, and that our secrets are safe within its links. Symbols like mandalas, the ichthys (Christian fish), or the Islamic moon are some of the inscriptions that reference the numerous religious traditions and make this an inclusive concept. The shape of the base is feminine in curve, it has a hip and arms and a suggestion of a skirt. This is an expression of a mother, who received your confessions in childhood, wiped your tears of remorse, and reminded you that in spite of your mistakes you are good. There are arrows on this piece, pointing in every direction, indicative of the myriad choices that can be made going forward.

Each tower is simultaneously an altar, a font, and a figural form. There is a suggestion—through scale and silhouette—that the purpose of these forms is related to human concerns. They have raised arms that hold a large vessel (figure 6). These arms
create an open space in the form, allowing the viewer to see through the opening and giving a spot for the viewer’s gaze to travel during contemplation. Both the idea that the vessel is tirelessly raised up and that it is therefore, as a form, less solid, less heavy and in some ways more vulnerable, adds to the message of sacrifice. The purpose of sacrifice is vulnerability: It is about admitting our wrongs and seeking a release from self-torture through a redemptive act.

*Lingam Yoni* (figure 2) features the imagery of two figures walking beneath the moon and stars, their heads lean toward one another; they are deep in discussion. Meanwhile, all the unknown forces in the world twirl around them, biological mystery, celestial mystery, the graves of historical events they are walking over as they move across the earth. This tower is a totem to love and connectedness; the form suggests two figures, the imagery, also a pair. A door is being opened to them; they are welcome. This is a snapshot of a family moment and the connecting handprints call to mind the innate desire of all: to be connected, to belong, to have a purpose.

*Ma’at*, a font with an offset bowl appears out of balance, yet it is in perfect balance (figure 11). This is a reference to the cycles of the seasons, the spinning of the electron, the actualization that what we are is mostly *space*. This calls for a sense of wonder and awe and appreciation for the earth and our bodies and the miracle they are self-righting in their capacity to heal, both physically and emotionally. This is also a testament to our own resilience, our ability to forgive and accept forgiveness for the shortcomings that make us human. This form stops short of asking why, and appreciates what just is.
The animals in my work not only reference the historical place they hold as gods, as cousins to humanity, as spirit holders and as objects of sacrifice, but also refer to their unexplainable and enigmatic instincts. The mysteries of our mammalian cousins are many. We are alike and yet disparate. For instance, while rather obviously exhibiting signs of fear, affection, anger and even jealousy, animals do not actually seem to experience guilt or shame. This fact constitutes a major dissimilarity in terms of animal emotions and human. Animals seem to kill, bite, steal and love with impunity. They are emotionally free to feel exactly how they feel in any given situation; not so with humans. We experience the gift of remorse, and because of this, believe we are morally bound by the unknown, and this is the well-spring of ritual.

In observing the interactions between mammals, we see evidence of irritation, affection and humor, discern a social hierarchy, and can identify the leaders and followers. But more interesting for the purpose of my work is our differences; the things we can’t relate to or understand. While they lack the ability to experience remorse, they have other, stranger abilities. How does a hummingbird know how to make a nest, and not just a nest, but a specific kind of nest, not a starling’s nest or a seagull’s? How do frogs know when to hibernate or bees know how to make honey? These are mysteries that will never be known, no matter how much we look at their behavior or dissect their tiny brains. It is a miracle we ignore. But watching it is a spiritual experience. It leads us away from fear and toward wonder and amazement. The world has provided them with everything they need to survive, why should that not also be true for us?

The images on the horses (figures 4, 5) reflect ceremonial customs, such as cave painting, the laying of hands and tracing of constellations. There are images of elk
migration referencing all we do not know about instinct and its origins and properties. The presence of aliens and tarot cards, perhaps unexpected, are just another way human beings have attempted to explain the mysteries they witness, things which have no explanation in the realm of logic or reasoning (figure 4).

*Human Forms.* *Shakti,* (figure 9) painted in bright colors, is a figure caught in a moment of looking at her own hands. What better way to express wonder, thankfulness or remorse than this simple act? The questions, what am I capable of? What have I done? This figure is not an idol or monument to anything, she is a human being in the process of self-examination, looking at the things she has done in her life, good or bad. The metallic gold of her hair makes her a figure reminiscent of angels, but her downcast eyes reveal her concern. How else but ritual as a device to move forward? There is no other course of action.

At odds to this, *Latria* (figure 8) hugs herself with acceptance. She has the galaxies of the cosmos covering her body and is decorated with celebratory markings. Her gloves are a lighthearted stripe, and her belly is circled with gold leaf. She is the expression of regeneration, a celebration of resilience and self-love. She encourages the ritual nature of self-care, a reminder to love yourself in order to truly be able to love another.

On the surface of my sculptures, I have painted and incised circles, rings, and spheres to speak of many things: the sun, stars, cells, atoms, or links in a chain. They reference the age of a tree by cross-section, or bring to mind a face, an eye, or a clock. They represent all manner of cycles, atomic clusters, planets and moons, our own biology
and its visual similarity to constellations that speak of celestial navigation and the origins of life. (fig 2)

The mystery of the starlight that is now reaching us, has travelled 100 million light years and is emanating from a sun that may no longer exist. These are the stars that my ancestors saw, stars that have sparked the imaginations of travelers, writers, musicians, scientists, and fortunetellers. Stars are one of the ultimate mysteries and where many people see their God. When we look up at the stars we know we are a part of something much larger. Some people feel that looking at the universe makes them small and insignificant; but for me, the stars make my problems seem small. They are a reminder that there is order and reason to our natural world, and that my daily concerns are minor compared to the vastness of the universe. I ponder how anything could be accidental or insignificant in the face of such order and organization. Some people see chaos in the stars, but what is happening all around us is more measured than clockwork.

SYMBOLS. Mystery does seem to have its own geometry. The rectilinear lines in my work serve several functions: they connect one section of the surface imagery to another, they create borders to segregate ideas or to frame in or emphasize content, and they help direct the eye across the surface of the sculpture from one area to the next. In this example, they serve to tie the various parts of the story together in a linear way, leading your eye from one image to the next.

On Lingam Yoni, (figure 6) the large black area with a spiral is emphasized by the dark square, confronting the viewer with a sense of the order of the universe as evidenced by the “golden ratio,” a spiral form of predictable mathematical proportion that is often seen in nature- in the curve of a ram’s horn, the spiral of a seashell and the unfurling of a
fern’s fiddlehead. This symbol, set on a black background, references space: the dark abyss of the universe from which all life springs. Without the geometric shapes, these forms would be lost in a hopeless cacophony of colors and lines, a symphony without the organizational tool of the staff. In many ways in life, we are like a young child, unable to read, who enters a library and feels some sense of order but has no knowledge of how that order works, conscious only that it exists. All these elements become a clue to the viewer, a hint at the idea of the universes’ hidden organization, often unexplainable, yet felt. Without this geometry, the library has no shelves, the musical notes have no staff.

On the surface of *Silpa* (figure 3) there is an image of a birch forest, with entwining branches of white birch trees. Rooted among these is a larger, peculiar looking tree-like form that does not belong in terms of style or representation. The striped tree is cartoonish in contrast to the comparative realism of the birches, and its structure is odd, with branches that culminate in circles without leaves. This image is a metaphor for the mutant, which is the originator of the diversity of the species. Life on Earth depends on aberration and mutation to exist. This is one of the wonderful facts not completely understood, but never-the-less a wonderful analogy for cultivating tolerance.

*Layering*. The use of overlapping images, colors and layers suggests time passing. (fig 13) Time is yet another aspect of the unknown. Geological time; the millions of years it takes to develop glacial furrows in the landscape and separate land masses. The kind of time that sees species diverge and differentiate into sub-species. This idea generated the use of the black background as a basis for every piece. As solid as we seem, our bodies are composed of more open space than mass. We are dark matter, a black hole unto ourselves. Eras are distinct periods of history with a particular characteristic. The ice age
is an era, or the centuries marking medieval times, or the era of enlightenment, they can span mere decades or many centuries. Generational time is the connection of stories we think of as personal to us, the known stories of our ancestors, our parents and grandparents. This is time that seems “real” in connection with our own lifetime. Personal time is the time we experience daily, the memories of our childhood, the time we can measure.

The layers in my work reference time in all these categories. They compare them, not to make us feel inconsequential, but conversely to remind us that we are a part of something much larger. That our daily struggles are nothing to worry about, that our lives are a part of a much bigger cycle of events than what we can see or even imagine.

Another purpose for layering is to obscure, or partially conceal images. These hidden symbols represent ideas that have yielded to newer philosophies or concepts. Collectively or individually, new understandings develop over time, and something we once thought was true falls by the wayside; an abandoned belief system. These new ideas do not develop overnight, whether in an individual or an entire community. These are changes that take time.

Not only do layers denote a passage of geological and generational eras, but the layers in my work change as my mind changes. An idea I started into on one day may be completely obliterated by the ideas that overtake me during the next days’ work. In this way, my work is never really finished; it continues to evolve until it leaves my studio.

All of these surface properties, the layering, the geometry and the pictograph, are my attempt to slow the viewer down, to encourage careful scrutiny, and they create ambiguity to allow for the viewer’s own experience to enter into the discussion.
CHAPTER THREE: COLLABORATING WITH THE UNKNOWN

Aside from our differences in emotional range, animals are so similar to us, they live and breathe in a way we share. We can physically relate; seeing elbow, toe and ear, I can touch their bodies and believe that I feel what they feel. I see a breath go in, ribs expand. The act of touching an animal is completely an experience of empathy, and this is the same energy behind using clay to sculpt living creatures. As my fingers press the clay, I feel the parts of my body respond to this pressure. It is a sensate and spiritual experience. I am realizing the act of creation in my own small way.

Making ceramic art is the most direct and personal contact I have with the unknown. In my mind, it is a true collaboration. Most of my work starts with a coil-built oval. If I have an idea in mind when I start the process of building, it soon becomes obliterated, coil by coil, as I add to the form. It is this part I like the most, the part where I start to see things. Some of my forms begin as human figures or animals and become fonts or totems, some start as totems and become figures or animals. The more I try to force the form to conform to my original ideas, the less successful it becomes. Many times a form has had to be completely discarded, recycled, because I refused to see what it was becoming and tried to force it to become what I had envisioned. This is evidenced by the fact that none of my forms are recognizable as anything until about a third of the way up. They begin as a vessel and stay amorphous for a long time before leaning toward any one form or idea.

This experience is both frustrating and fascinating to me, and it may be a life lesson. The more I push things to happen, the more exasperated I seem to become. The
more I accept the reality of what is happening and work with care on just what is in front of me, the better and more interesting life gets. The process pushes me to be in conversation with my work and my life, and helps me to let go of dictating what I want or expect. The judgement and expectations of others become irrelevant, the moment is what matters, the conversation with this one piece of work, what it wants to become, is not just the most important, but the only thing. The spark of an idea that moved me to start the form wanes and the element of surprise takes over, the feeling of suspense and discovery, and this is what engages me to continue to the finish. The frustration of almost never knowing how a piece will turn out is quickly neutralized by the excitement of what it is becoming: something I never would have considered using forethought. This is an experience that feels other-worldly. It leads me to spend long hours sitting at one piece, afraid the spell will be broken if I walk away, the spark lost, the collaboration aborted. There is a space made in this type of process for experimentation, to allow a sense of play. Sometimes listening to the form means tearing off large hunks of clay and starting over with a new vision.

Many other artists report this same feeling, the idea that their best work is made in collaboration with some unseen “thing.” Elizabeth Gilbert calls it a Daemon, and in her book *Big Magic*, writes of poets and musicians, artists and novelists who also have brushed up against this amazing, yet fickle energy, a source of inspiration that gives you answers “when it feels like it” but can disappear for long periods of time to leave you to struggle alone. J.K. Rowling laments, “Main characters; you do everything you can to raise them right and as soon as they hit the page they do any damn thing they please.” I am glad to know I am not alone in this experience.
Chapter Four: Thesis Exhibition

For my thesis exhibition, I presented my work in a double circle configuration, referencing both the symbol for infinity and mimicking ritual formations of ancient monuments. This formation encourages the viewer to circle each piece in their own personal “orbit” one by one, as they follow the patterns and lines from one side of the sculpture to the other. I chose a fairly bright, but somewhat less dramatic, lighting scheme to insure the viewers could discern the smaller inscriptions and scored lines. The sculptures were placed about four feet apart to allow for ease of movement between them.

At the head of the formation, Pachamama serves as the stand-in for the viewer. She is a seeker, looking for truth, but has reached an impasse. (figure 10) She is at the metaphorical start of the expedition through the exhibit, at the nearest end of the formation. Her face is set in an expression of acceptance. She sees the large horse’s skeleton, the tarot card, the constellations, zombies (figure 14) and alien spaceships. (figure 4) She observes the oddly balanced stone-like formations that separate the figures. She witnesses the figures as they examine their palms, hug themselves and as they appear to burn. (figure 13) In her I see where the seeking finally stops. For many, the conclusion to the process of seeking is finding, but in this case, the opposite of seeking, its culmination, is something more like wonder. The acceptance that perhaps you will never know, but isn’t it amazing?

Together the sculptures are meant to speak of problems with physical and mental equilibrium, the human dilemma of making meaning for ourselves, dealing with chaos
and signs and symbols that are unclear and open for individual interpretation. Questions of spirituality, the afterlife and observations of the cycle of regeneration are felt. Collectively, they hint at ideas surrounding genetic origins, human relationships, and interpreting the meaning of life events: specifically, the moments we see as rewards and penalties. They relate a mutual history of tradition and ritual, of human experiences and perplexing situations. These sculptures, and this exhibit are an expression of a history of using ritual and the ritual object as a means of realizing the unknown, and the allowance that, even as the unknown has changed in terms of scientific knowledge, we are not closer to understanding any of the big unknowns in life: not the questions dealing with what or how, but the bigger mysteries that lay in the whys.
Figure 1. Exhibition opening.
Figure 2. Lingam Yoni.
Figure 3. Silpa.
Figure 4. Palladium.
Figure 5. Murti.
Figure 6. Lingam Yoni (side b).
Figure 7. Puja.
Figure 8. Latria.
Figure 9. Shakti.
Figure 10. Pachamama.
Figure 11. Ma’at.
Figure 12. Summum.
Figure 13. Marzanna.
Figure 14. Zombie.
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