

# Discovering a Subject

## An Intimate Affair

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**Artists create in part, of course, to be understood, but even more they create to understand the thing that haunts and even pursues them.**

Artists have known for a long time what matters most is discovering a subject that you want, indeed almost need, to write about, to dance, to chisel, to paint. It is the beginning of it all. It often feels as if the subject finds you, it is that guttural, but in truth, we find it.

The writer gets ideas by spending part of his time in a state of open susceptibility. One person has said that a writer is a man with his skin off. He is particularly aware, uniquely receptive to impressions and ideas. He reads, he listens, he looks, he tastes, he touches. He is in contact with life in an uncritical way, accepting life (Murray 1968, 2).

Writers have told us of the importance of discovering a subject over and over again. And they have told us that what matters most, is "what matters most."

"Telling these truths is your job. You have nothing else to tell us" (Lamott 1995, 103). A subject comes from a place of deep interest, and a deep needing to know. We write in part to be understood, of course, but even more, we write to understand, understand that thing which haunts us. "You have to listen to what's gnawing away at your gut" (Murphy 1997, 35).

As Apps (2007, 13) observes, discovery requires that the subject to be approached by the artist

with an openness that is neither presumptive nor prescriptive; approached with a willingness to not know. For discovery to take place, the artist must be open to possibility, without expectations. It is not a definitive or declarative process, but fluid mindfulness, embodied in "a state of open susceptibility" (Burnett 1983, 10). "The effective writer courts and appreciates the unex-



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pected, the unplanned, the contradictory, the surprise" (Murray 1995, 46).

It is essential to remember that the creative end is never in full sight at the beginning and that it is brought wholly into view only when the process of creation is completed. It is not found by scrutiny of the conscious scene, because it is never there (Gheslin 1952, 21).

Most writers have one main story to tell. I write about childhood. Relationships between adults and children. Over and over again, trying to unravel mysteries of my past that still haunt me. Sometimes I actually fear the possibility of fully understanding, if such a thing is possible, or of understanding enough to satisfy myself. Will I then stop writing? Or will the writing fail?

One of my favorite authors, Sam Shepard, writes of his relationship with his father. *Buried Child* won him the Pulitzer Prize on that topic. Over and over again the topic emerges. In 2007, I traveled to Trinity in Dublin to see the opening of Sam Shepard's play, *Kicking a Dead Horse*. Though raw and funny, with his usual dark comedic brilliance and outrageous daring, it did not break my heart. He had finished writing about his big subject. I was a bit disappointed, but my loyalty to Shepard would not permit my saying so. *Ages of the Moon* premiered in Dublin's Abbey Theatre the next year. I did not travel there to see it, but I hope that his old subject has reawakened. As noted by a Abbey Theatre spokesperson, this play involves the struggle of two friends who bicker over love, friendship, and rivalry (Doyle 2009, para. 2). Perhaps his father figure has morphed. I am thrilled the play is coming to New York next year. I know I'll be there.

Discovering a subject is a complex and powerful issue for artists. This article will present the experiences of three different artists as they discovered their subjects in the visual arts, in choreography and dance and in musical narrative. Linda, the visual artist's re-occurring theme is her troubling questions around boundaries. Karen, the choreographer, dancer's theme is motherhood and responsibility. Stephen, the songwriter, musician's theme is curiosity and empathy. Stephen's main theme is more of an attitude than an actual issue. All of these big ideas were the spines behind each of the artist's specific story. Boundaries became an artistic photographic

collage about touch. Motherhood and responsibility became a dance representing the sorrow of mother earth. Curiosity and empathy became two sound narratives of the lives of two marginalized musicians. My students had the courage to come to terms with themselves and to rely on who they are in their struggle for authenticity.

The specifics of their works grew out of a larger theme that is universal in nature. All creative work that reaches an audience must be both universal and specific; universal so that it can appeal to others, be understood by others, have significance for others; and specific, so that it belongs to the world of the artist. "Whether a writer writes 'grapefruit,' or 'God,' or 'freedom,' his indispensable subject matter is the world beyond the page" (Dillard 1982, 71).

In conversation with John Tusa (2005), "the artist Anish Kapoor explains how any phenomenon being explored can only be recognized and understood if it already relates to a universal concept" (Apps 2007, 11).

Darkness is a fact that we all know about, an idea about the absence of light. Very simple. What interests me, however, is the sense of the darkness that we carry within us, the darkness that's akin to one of the principal subjects of the sublime — terror. A work will only have deep resonance if the kind of darkness that I can generate, let's say a block of stone with a cavity in [it] can have a darkness, is resident in you already; you know it already. (Tusa 2005, 155)

Artist after artist speak to the universal nature of subject, of the steep climb to discovering truth, whether in writing, drawing, or dancing.

Though "what the artist chooses as subject is important, how he chooses" (Apps 2007, 12) is equally important, especially to educators. Discovering a subject

is an activity that must be impassioned and energized with emotion ... a personal truth that has captured and suspended the artist in epiphany, recognition, curiosity that triggers an emotionally-driven response. Lari Pittman [relays to] interviewer David Pagel (1997, 174), "I'm fascinated with the pulse of birth and decay, birth and decay. But at the same time it's horrifying."

Discovering a subject involves focusing, framing, observing, accepting. It demands the artist chooses topics that she consciously and subconsciously knows and cares about. But how does one do that? How do we really discover those things that drive us? Those things that whisper to us in dreams and nightmares?

Kogawa (1986, 147) observes:

Well, I had been asked many years before to write about the internment experience and had not been able to.... I did not want to address my Japanese-Canadianness or the people or any of it. It was horrific for me just to even think about all that stuff; it still is. I had spent my childhood convinced that the way to live was to be as non-Japanese as possible. I felt a kind of revulsion at the whole experience of ethnicity. I was prompted to write by some sense of "obedience" to the pen. The pen or the hand seems to have its own language, logic, wisdom, direction. So with *Obasan* there was that kind of "nonknowing" direction that I simply followed.

Graham (1991, 9-10) also felt our past experiences have a deep influence on our choices for art making. She agrees that our subject may come from outer inspiration or from deep within us, but she goes even farther than this by positing:

For all of us, but particularly for a dancer with his intensification of life and his body, there is a blood memory that can speak to us. Each of us from our mother and father has received their blood and through their parents and their parents' parents and backward into time. We carry thousands of years of that blood and its memory. How else to explain those instinctive gestures and thoughts that come to us, with little preparation or expectation?

Dancer and choreographer Tharp (2003, 62), adds to this notion of memory as an aid to discovering your subject by observing:

There are as many forms of memory as there are ways of perceiving, and every one of them is worth mining for inspiration. Memory, as we most frequently think of it, encompasses every

fact and experience that we can call up at will from our cranial hard drives.

Toni Morrison ([1987] 1998, 198-199) describes this memory as a "flooding":

You know, they straightened out the Mississippi River in places, to make room for houses and livable acreage. Occasionally, the river floods these places. "Floods" is the word they use, but in fact it is not flooding; it is remembering. Remembering where it used to be. All water has a perfect memory and is forever trying to get back to where it was. Writers are like that: remembering where we were, what valley we ran through, what the banks were like, the light that was there and the route back to our original place. It is emotional memory — what the nerves and the skin remember as well as how it appeared. And a rush of imagination is our "flooding."

The artist Murphy (1997, 35) describes how she comes to discover her subject. "My experience has been that I keep discovering my obsessions little by little. Something keeps cropping up in my work again and again — and suddenly I'll realize what it's about."

### Implication for Educators

If artists have known the complexity, the deep dark work of finding one's own truth, the creative path of gathering, sorting, accepting, rediscovering, trusting, then why is it that teachers have not? Is it that teachers have too seldom actually experienced the excitement, the fear, the hope, the thrill of discovering their own subjects and producing their own creative works?

Perhaps the first thing we can learn from what artists have been saying and doing, and what these three students have said and done is to give teachers the opportunity to create art, and teach them to do it well. Not essays or ideas assigned by professors, but work that is theirs. The opportunity to paint and dance and write music that insists upon truth and relevancy for the writer, the painter, the dancer, the recording artist. The gestalt of creation is, perhaps, the only real way teachers can be convinced to give students the space and time and opportunity to explore subjects in the manner which results in real cre-

ative process and products that please artist and audience. In becoming involved in projects that help students and teachers create meaning in their lives by exploring ideas about themselves and the world in which they live in, we are helping them connect “with the many ways there are or might be of being alive” (Greene 2001, 50).

This is especially relevant to the teaching of composition which is taught in every school in the country.

The second important lesson is that it is meaningless for teachers to assign irrelevant topics for students. Students need to be encouraged to discover and write about their own truths. The tragic reality is that too often students write to prove they have read a short story or the chapter on the French Revolution. Too often students act out dramas selected by teachers, play music dictated by the arrangement of the band.

Choice gives power to the student, power to the artist, power to the work. Choice becomes the second most important lesson related to art-making.

Third, it became apparent from the three very different experiences that it would be almost impossible to predict and prescribe how the student will actually come to discover the subject that is hers. The teacher’s role becomes one of creating opportunity, of encouraging engagement, of accepting the student’s ideas, of being willing to live in that nebulous world where intuition reigns, and discovery happens.

The discovery happens to the student. It cannot be given to the student. It cannot be forced upon the student. It cannot be lectured or drilled or tested. It belongs to the realm of “perceptual acuity, attunement, wonderment, novelty, and emergence” (Irwin 2003, 63).

In order for students to be able to enter this world, the teacher is responsible for creating an atmosphere of trust and risk, one in which students may enter what Tharp (2003, 6) calls the empty space of entering a “white room.” “Filling this empty space constitutes my identity.” How does one do this? I believe it lives in the realm of relationship, that important and powerful relationship between teacher and student and the ability of the teacher and student to dialogue in a way that Buber described as I and Thou (Buber [1958] 2000), which is made possible “if the people who are genuinely trying to converse, listen not only to what is said but also to what is felt without having been expressed in words” (Hodes 1971, 11). Such a dialogue

pays attention to everything, to learning that takes place in the subconscious regions as well as on the surface of the fingertips and the tip of the tongue. “If writing is thinking and discovery and selection and order and meaning, it is also awe and reverence and mystery and magic” (Morrison 2008, 71).

Such a receptive listening and sharing can only happen when a genuineness, an authenticity is there. The teacher cannot pretend to listen, pretend to care, pretend to believe in the student and his work. The teacher can let go of many of the more routine and control-centered ideas of management and the super responsibility of making all the decisions and having all the ideas to one of paying attention and being real. To one of deep caring and trusting. To one of joy.

This is the fourth lesson one can garner. Joy.

### **Appendix 1: A Visual Artist Discovers Her Subject by Linda Apps**

An artist may use any number of methods at any stage throughout her career in order to find her subject. The primary factor is that she is drawn to it because it relates to her personally and passionately.

I came to the topic *The Laying on of Hands* through curiosity. The laying on of hands was a phrase that I had heard many times before, a phrase that always held a touch of the mystical, ephemeral, and magical for me. Now, for some reason, it did more than that — it intrigued me, caused me to pause and question its meaning.

As I spent time thinking about the laying on of hands, I began to consider the possible anomalies in the phrase that for so long had been associated with miracles, healing, and love. I began to consider the physical implications of hands laid upon the body: welcoming hands or unwelcoming hands, hands of healing or hands of abuse. I recognized an inherent presumptiveness of caring and healing in the phrase that warranted investigation. What does the imprint, the mark of touch look like? What residue is left behind? And of course, how did other people perceive this phrase? What images or thoughts did it hold for them? Perhaps the effect of touch on our bodies had been underestimated. Perhaps touch had been taken for granted.



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It is this type of questioning that often causes artists to take notice of and confront an issue they wish to explore. The writing process suggests avoiding any pre-judgment of a subject in order to be open to what the subject may offer. If I were to learn more about this topic I would need to move from the general to the specific, as suggested by Murray (1968, 1985) and Mamchur (2001).

I began to pay attention to anything that related to touch. I became more acutely aware of anyone touching me and anyone I touched and the discomfort or intimacy this created. As a follow-up to a presentation on touch, I asked educators to rethink how they did or did not use touch in their classrooms and what thoughts came to mind when viewing their own painted handprints. I explored the Internet for images of hands, handprints, working hands, idle hands, for bodies bruised from hands gone astray. I took note of how the filmmakers in the movie *Crash* presented their concept of touch and listened intently to the opening lines.



It's the sense of touch.... Any real city you walk, you know, you brush past people, people bump into you. In L.A. nobody touches you. We're always behind this metal and glass. I think we miss that touch so much that we just crash into each other just so that we can feel something. (2005)

This was not only a search to understand how touch played out in the world, but a search for materials and ideas that I could use to compose a work of art that reflected this subject. I thumbed through art books in search of how other artists had depicted figures touching each other. Interestingly, I came across few paintings before the Romantic Era of figures touching each other unless it involved small children, acts of violence, damnation, or dying.

As with any subject, it is only theory until you begin, until something is externalized, something exists on the paper or canvas before you. I began in the common, awkward way that new artistic ventures often begin. I drew and painted bad images of hands and incoherent religious motifs. I applied areas of color that I hoped would replicate the energy I envisioned flowing from healing hands. None of this work was good or satisfying so I revisited the subject and returned to something simpler.

Reworking, reinventing, rediscovering is standard in the artistic process. At times it is nothing more than a reconnection with your original intention and commitment; the reason you were first impassioned by the subject. The artist John Willenbecher (2002) comments on the continual re-visioning of his paintings:

Perhaps if I change the painting this way, and look at it this way, I'll be able to see something, see a way to progress. And then I will begin to work on it some more. And then I'll get myself to a point where I don't know what to do, so perhaps I will turn it again.

So I started again, and again. I wanted to see what the laying on of hands looked like and the physical impact of that action. Although I felt that I was unable to replicate the imperceptible emotion and energy that may accompany touch, I could reify the handprint. I began by making black and white photographic images of handprints on my body. I kept the image compositionally simple, clean, unencumbered and raw. At this point, photography became my primary medium of choice.

If I accepted the notion that one's real subject is discovered through process, then I needed only to begin, keeping in mind that one dominant subject with a consistent premise would eventually emerge. As I proceeded, questions continually arose about my dominant subject and whether it was present in both the individual pieces and the series. And more importantly, did the images still embody the concepts that made the topic personally relevant to me? Chuck Close commented on how he believes the personal enters into the artistic equation: "If you ask yourself an interesting question, your answer will be personal. It will be interesting just because you put yourself in the position to think differently" (Storr 1998, 90).

Once I had the black and white images in front of me, I felt I had successfully begun to work with the subject. I also realized that there were many different roads I could take. This brought back memories of crossroads that, as an artist, I have reached many times before. Not the memory of pleasant crossroads of opportunity, but crossroads where I felt confused and uncertain, unsure of which direction to take.

I can provide many reasons as to why I felt I had arrived at this juncture, but I knew that there was no going back. The only options were to stand still or move forward. Keeping in mind that subject is something worked and re-worked and does not just appear, offered me the luxury of moving forward while moving towards a dominant theme. Eventually I knew that I would have a larger understanding of where I was or wanted to go.

### Appendix 2: A Musician Discovers His Subject by Stephen Nikleva

I think every work of art expresses, more or less purely, more or less subtly, not feelings and emotions the artist has, but feelings which the artist knows; his insight into the nature of sentience, his picture of vital experience, physical, and emotive and fantastic. (Langer as cited in Eisner 2008, 7)

Langer is describing the interrelationship that exists between who we are and what we do, to show how a work of art is capable of being a representation of all we know and feel. In his book *The Art Spirit*, Robert Henri (1984, 71) spoke about the relationship of the artist to his work as being manifest in the power and complexity of a brush stroke.

Strokes carry a message whether you will it or not. The stroke is just like the artist at the time he makes it. All the certainties, all the uncertainties, all the bigness of his spirit and all the littlenesses are in it.

A subject is something you already know from your lived experience. Just as Walker (2001, xii) has said that, "there's no such thing as a good painting about nothing," we could say the same about music. "Discovering your subject," can be understood as the forming of a relationship or understanding between you and your material.

My *curiosity* about different kinds of music like Eastern European folk styles led me to perform with the Roma swing player Lache Cercel, and it was through this that I was introduced to Tamara. Her passionate Russian singing captivated many of my fellow songwriters like Linda McRae and Ana BonBon who heard her sit in with Lache's group at the Kino café. While curiosity can lead us to different experiences, it takes the ability to be *attentive* to notice the details that give birth and animate art.

I invited Tamara to record at my home studio. When she first arrived to audition the songs that we would later record, I set up a mic to capture this run through. Tamara

burst into the room exuding an excitement and energy that was palpable. This was an opportunity for her to tell her story, and she was ready. Tamara sat in the center of the room playing acoustic guitar and singing, while a few feet away, I was at my desk managing the recording and playing mandolin.

It was mid-day, as I remember the light coming in from the windows that look into the walkway beside my apartment. Tamara had brought her 20-year-old daughter, who sat on the couch behind us. I think she thought her daughter could play some hand drums, which she attempted to do during the recording; or maybe she was there for support. Tamara began with a spoken introduction.

Just like a village, right? My father grew up in a village. It's a beautiful morning, 4 o'clock in the morning, they sleeping peacefully before the war, the Second World War started, he was 13 years old and that is how the morning comes, and then comes the war.

The song had been interrupted by Tamara's talking and was never used on her CD, yet I was drawn back to work on it, to see what I could do with the material. A memo I wrote while reflecting on my process of creating this sound document captures my reaction at that time: "Her first sung melodic phrase had a haunting quality that lodged in my brain. Its rich mixture of pathos, of pain, and beauty, had spoke to me in some way."

Was Tamara's singing somehow bringing back memories or associations for me? I am of Eastern European ancestry on one side of my family, including some Russian, and although I don't recall hearing any of this music while growing up, I do recall that after the age of six we would visit these grandparents and listen as they sometimes conversed with each other in Ukrainian. I don't know the answer to that, but I do know that I felt that Tamara's singing embodied an aspect of "authenticity," of lived experience I responded to.

The creative process of developing this material into what became the composition "Tamara's Dad" was messy. Paths were taken that didn't work out, ideas were tried that proved difficult to execute; but there were also moments of excitement when something worked out or led to fresh insights. I didn't know what the finished product was going to be like but I knew when I was happy with the direction it was taking. My curiosity was sparked and I was engaged.

I returned to the song once more after studying electronic music at Vancouver City College, this time bringing in new ways of thinking and conceptualizing, which led to new ways of working with sound. Rather than eliminating the talking that occurred during the recording, I would try to incorporate it into the piece. This conceptual shift allowed me to move ahead. I introduced a new layer to the song in the form of electro acoustic or-

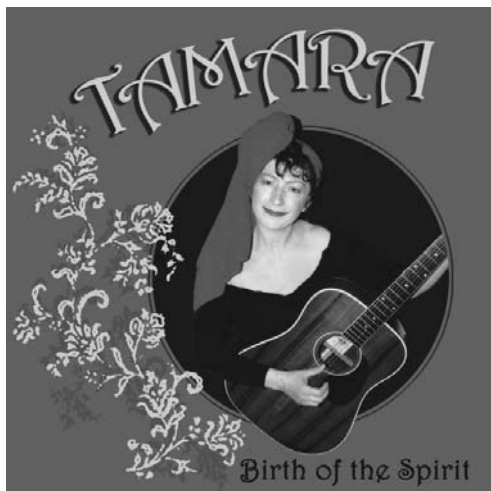


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chestration; feeling that the sense of lived experience I responded to in her voice was now being conveyed by these additions. I felt like I was amplifying the emotion I heard in the song, while also showcasing a more personal relationship to the material. Layering, in creating a denser or thicker texture allows for a fuller richer soundscape that, like Geertz's (1973) use of the term "thick description," aims at offering a fuller evocation of Tamara's story.

Powerful themes of family, war, and death were established in Tamara's short but powerfully evocative introduction. These themes, combined with her sense of drama, offered hints, or foreshadowing, that I built on to provide a sense of narrative development to the piece. For example, the war gave me the idea of creating sounds to resemble the crackling of a radio, or of explosions, which gives the feeling of being swallowed up as the tonality of the song is gradually overtaken by the sounds of war.

By having her daughter present, Tamara was already introducing the element of family into the equation. Al-



though on the original recording her daughter is barely audible, I focused in on her comments feeling that they added an important ingredient by providing another perspective. It was difficult work because to be useful her comments needed to be distinct from other sounds, as well, since in the background, the audio signal was weak and rather noisy. It was only later, after the piece was "finished," that I began to appreciate the role her daughter might play in Tamara's life. Her daughter saying, "It's OK Mama," "Don't be that way," and "That's alright," may reflect their real life relationship in which her daughter helps "contain" the moods of Tamara. In a sense, then, her daughter helps "frame" or "ground" both Tamara and this sound document. Her comments, which I initially viewed as distracting to the recording, now took on a central importance, acting like a recurring musical phrase to tie the composition together.

These things did not become clear in any one moment, but rather unfolded as I played with sounds and tried things out. There were times when I felt like I was painting with sound, and I was reminded of Apps's (2007, 53) description of a visual artist at work.

Leo watches closely for the shapes that emerge from the drying pools of colour, the scrapings and the splatters of paint. It is from these emerging shapes that Leo discovers his subject.

Apps found that his work grew out of the painting itself. Like Leo interacting both physically and aesthetically with his paint, I feel I am interacting with sound and with layers of sound. As I do this I am making choices, I am engaging in the creation of meaning in the absence of rules. As Eisner (2004, 6) says, "...the work yields clues that one pursues."

### Appendix 3: A Choreographer Discovers Her Subject by Karen Kurnaedy

Abbs (1989, 199-200) reflects on the complexity of all the functions of the body that contribute to and play into the creation of any work of art:

...we must not forget that art making is a wholly natural activity, an astonishing outgrowth of instinct. Its blossom may open out in consciousness but its roots are down deep in affective impulse, in muscular and nervous rhythms, the beat of the heart, the intake and release of breath, patterns of perception, unconscious coordinates of the limbs, the obscure, fluctuating, dimly sensed movements of the organism, in the pre-conceptual play of psyche.

This notion that the body and its natural rhythms are the source of artistic creation can be reflected in music, dance and the rhythm of speech, which is the basis for prose and poetry. Our subject for art making may emerge from our subconscious in the form of deep or remarkable connections or intuitions, memories, or reflections of experiences that are prompted and encouraged by everything we have witnessed, read, or viewed. As creators, we try to convey our subject in some form and then let it stand alone to be interpreted by our audience.

Creating choreography is an exciting process. As a dancer/choreographer it is a special moment when you feel intrigued by an idea, experience the spark lit by an image or story, or when your curiosity is ignited by a piece of music. For dance creation a subject may be discovered or



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stimulated by just about anything the choreographer comes in contact with, be it memories, experiences, or stimuli from the world. But the idea or subject must stir the body to move and discover what will emerge physically from the first inklings of that idea.

During a grad class on creativity, I put into practice an idea from our text by Tharp (2003) that suggested we keep a "box" of ideas as a source of inspiration. I documented my process:

*February 8, 2007:* I am putting things in a box for the "Creativity" class final project. So far I have Argentine Tango music (an idea for a passionate dance) and material on ecology and our state of crisis concerning global warming garnered from the investigation my Grade Five class is doing on the ecology of our planet. This work has intrigued me as an idea for a dance piece. I also recently listened to a piece of music by Barber which really captures the mood of what I feel would be the Earth crying in sorrow over its destruction. I had a picture in my mind of the Earth teetering on the brink; it could go one way or another depending what people will do in the future. I had an image of tightrope walking and how our future is hanging in the balance. (Note that all are movement phrases.)

Can we save our planet for future generations? I think about this a lot as I drive my car. I am often concerned with life and death and birth. I think about my children and my own mother as I think about the earth. I am not sure why.

*February 15, 2007:* I am continuing to put things in my box for the final project. While exercising the other day with a giant gym ball I began to think of the earth as a big rubber ball. I give it a hard hit and imagine the pain.

*March 5, 2007:* I am doing a lot of research on the Greek god Atlas. I have this picture of him holding up the World. I begin to picture myself holding the earth. A stream of verbs comes to me. I write them down and put them in my box of ideas. I imagine the verbs as movements: dig, kick, strip, rape, bury, pour, dumb, use, abuse, ill, cop, destroy, spew, pound, jab.

*March 6, 2007:* I add a strobe light and have been experimenting with it. I would like to do more than one dance and perhaps use rave or techno beat music, something harsh and grinding to illustrate destruction and use the Earth ball in this piece too. I begin to add verbs that would not be so destructive: recycling, reusing and reducing, replanting, bicycling instead of driving. The destructive verbs don't fit with the Barber music. But the rave music works really well. It is high energy and I have an image of humanity blindly pounding away at the planet, oblivious to all the harm it is causing.

*March 12, 2007:* I have done a lot more research about the Earth and can't believe I overlooked the obvious image

of Mother Earth. This image provides lots of new movement ideas. I see our planet protected and loved by Mother Earth, held and caressed, and dismayed at its current treatment by humans. She is a "being" that takes part in the Earth's journey around the universe and in its rotations among the other planets.

Tharp (2003) aptly calls the underlying idea of a piece its "Spine." She says if you stay true to your spine your work or piece will have consistency and hang together. The spine for this work is definitely "saving the Earth," and creating an awareness of humankind's destruction



of our planet as the main focus of the piece. The truth of my piece is the importance of motherhood, and of being responsible.

I narrowed down my ideas on how to personify Mother Earth. I could dance this solo and portray the Earth's pain and sorrow at the way humanity is treating her so badly. But the theme of Earth's lamentation and a deep worry needed to be juxtaposed with the attitudes and nonchalance of humanity. To show the sorrow without showing the destruction somehow seemed flat and too maudlin. Fast paced action in a first piece would really off set a second softer piece. I felt more complete.

### Note

The material in the appendices was drawn from the authors' theses.

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