WRITE:
THE BOOK, THE CODEX, THE CORPUS

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# TABLE OF CONTENTS

List of Figures .............................................................................. iv  
Preface ......................................................................................... v  
Part I: Book: The House, The Body ............................................. 1  
  i ............................................................................................. 1  
  ii ........................................................................................... 3  
  iii ........................................................................................... 6  
Part II: Codex: The Word, The Spirit ......................................... 10  
  i ........................................................................................... 10  
  ii ........................................................................................... 11  
  I ........................................................................................... 14  
  II .......................................................................................... 16  
  III-VII .................................................................................. 17  
  VIII ...................................................................................... 18  
  IX .......................................................................................... 20  
  X ........................................................................................... 20  
Appendix: Figures ...................................................................... 22  
Footnotes ..................................................................................... 44  
Bibliography ............................................................................... 45
# LIST OF FIGURES

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Figure</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>2. The Rosetta Stone, 196 BCE</td>
<td>23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3. The Book of Kells, c. 800</td>
<td>24</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4. Rabanus Maurus, <em>De Laudibus Sancte Crucis</em>, manuscript page, 1503</td>
<td>25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11. Dead Sea Scroll: Songs of the Sabbath Sacrifice, mid-first century BCE</td>
<td>32</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>21., 22. Britt Commons Gallery installation, Department of Art, University of Hawaii, March 2005</td>
<td>42, 43</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
And I saw a new heaven and a new earth: for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away; and there was no more sea.

And I heard a great voice out of heaven saying, Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them, and be their God.

And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying; neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away.

And he that sat upon the throne said, Behold, I make all things new. And he said unto me, Write: for these words are true and faithful.
Book: The House, The Body

I read constantly as a child...the whole world looked like a book to me – black against white.

Lesley Dill (1)

...yet the body is his book.

John Donne (2)

And I know it has to find a place -  Into the book of my life

Britt - Corpus “IX”

i.

Held in the hands, reverenced, nestled within the ribcage of a Parent-God, the world measured in the space of an opened book. My earliest memories are paper-lined, thick, white, and covered by scribble and mark. When learning to write my name, at two and three I notoriously covered pages of my brothers’ and my mother’s books with my handwriting and galvanic drawings whenever I could, claiming ownership and announcing my mark to the world. Surrounded by books and words, read to and image-saturated, I was satisfyingly well fed when I could complete the printed pictures and stories by adding my own information on top. I was thrilled drawing that permanent line, feeling the soft pencil or crayon roll over and dig into the thick, pulpy white paper. Of course
part of the thrill was that it was wrong, so wrong, but I also loved the pure physical sensations and the wonderful magic of my own line appearing: all those serious printed pages, now bravely layered with my secret messages. How I admired the effect!

When I was a little older, my mother told me stories of her childhood games as she and her friends made houses for their dolls out of opened-up, standing magazines and books. I was so struck by the pleasure of that image, and its aptness, for it seemed to me that there was a rightness to the practice of living sheltered inside the pages of an upright book. Starting in the 1890s my mother’s grandmother, Leona Mabbott, created an enormous scrapbook over many years, pasting into it all the printed ephemera of daily life: postcards, tailors’ sample cards and advertising cards, multi-colored labels and so on - any materials that were pretty and cheering. This scrapbook I only saw when older, but it is a book on a monolithic scale. No longer intimate, hand-held, or fragile, it is instead a book that stands in for a person, a book that could be capable of breathing in all the oxygen from a room.

I made books starting very young, I did art based on books, I patterned my beliefs based on books, I had dreams about books. The dreams I had then I collected and made into a book, that I elaborately illustrated and covered, fashioning a lock complete with chain to keep them secret. If they were still too vulnerable I wrote their narratives in French, encoding the accompanying
images, already impenetrable and layered in dream symbolism. And when in
college, finding that there were days when interior words haunted me from the
moment of waking through all the day long, I began filling small journals,
emptying myself out when the level got too high, in order to silence the soliloquy
and find some peace. Each book was a safe house for my conscious thoughts,
transfer paper to carry the imprint from my hands and skin.

ii.

I have always reverenced old books, old paper. Over the years, I've searched out
many variations on the combination of word and image on page. I was drawn to
the rich history of Chinese painting and calligraphy while still in grade school.
Looking back, I see now that the completely different use of space, and the
inclusion of written characters, fascinated me as much as the otherworldly
subjects depicted. I explored my favorite examples of the richest periods' scroll
works in books, and later in museums - from the Tang, and Song, dynasties -
absorbing the skillful portrayal of parallel realities depicted in each passage of a
work. I loved, too, the beauty of the red seals and calligraphy included in the
pictures; I saw that there was an inextricable connection with the pictorial origin
of the letterforms. (Figure 1.)

In June 2004 I stood with other tourists crowded three-rows-deep around the
Rosetta Stone at the British Museum. (Figure 2.) In spite of the awkwardly laid
out room, with its terrible lighting and noisy visitors, this massive object from
196 BCE is still magnificent, transforming. I was amazed again at its sheer
beauty: the dull black on black on black of the tri-part inscriptions, the hewn shape just asymmetrical enough, and the perfect flaw of the outlined, lower left corner. There is an odd disconnect seeing this rough rectangle of text; it is, fundamentally, a thick, upright page of igneous rock. The inscriptions - Egyptian formal or court hieroglyphics at the top, followed by a layer of Egyptian demotic, or local usage glyphs, and finally Greek characters at the bottom – the three versions a necessity for its contemporary audiences - commemorate Ptolemy V. This object not only derives its power from an impressive physical presence, and the importance of its documented moment in time, it draws crowds due to its place in the history of the printed word. After the initial discovery in 1799, it took individual efforts of Danish, French, Swedish, and English scholars twenty-five years to decipher the stone; that solution established the authoritative translation link, finally, from modern languages back to hieroglyphics.

What was key for me was the amazing existence of this page-like object, with the thickness and shape of a book, that was still standing after centuries, and both proclaiming its words and glowing with visually texted mysteries, all in the same living moment. I saw that the perfect completeness of this object, with its many overlapping and even conflicting reasons for being, and especially its perfect balance of the purely physical and the densely conceptual – its ability to be both an amazing thing and to convey a story, transcribe meanings, all at the same time – was something to aspire to, something that might be achieved.
Of course I love the complex history of this object, with all of its many definitions of history so physically evidenced. I also believe that challenging the right- and left-brained thinking processes simultaneously, in order to achieve different levels and means of communication, is part of my holy grail as an artist and writer. Various image/word conveyors from over the centuries have served as inspiration for alternative approaches to the printed page. The Book of Kells (c. 800), from Ireland's artistic renaissance, is a premier example of an early Middle Ages illuminated manuscript, housed at Trinity College in Dublin. The Book features the use of Celtic knotwork, that strikingly unique feature of Irish arts referring in part to the symbolic interconnection of all forms of life, the soul's journey, and the doorways to death and the spirit world. (Figure 3.)

The highly crafted, intensely intimate worlds within both European and Persian manuscript pages speak to the power of a hand-inscribed, hand-held object. For artists and writers, illustrated manuscripts provide rich windows into unusual typographical solutions. I have been inspired by the grid-like perfect balance achieved between picture and letterform in a Carolingian poem from 1503. (Figure 4.) The charming combination of woodcut illustrations with text results in a finished design that is both childlike and sophisticated, enlivening this "figural poem." This example offers another proof that there are multiple solutions for evocative, complex communication systems.

Researching the early printed books known as chapbooks, in circulation in England from the 16th to the 19th centuries, provides a particularly strong
departure point for the book-like elements in my Corpus pieces. (Figure 5.) I strive for a similarly honest, handmade approach; these small, humble objects encourage a heightened and intimate connection between author and reader.

Over time many artists have made their own books. Emily Dickinson stored many of her poems in booklets, now called “fascicles,” which she bound loosely with string tied through punched holes. Marcel Duchamp created his “Boîte verte” in 1934, in which the texted elements were on loose, unbound pages and resting in a box, allowing the user to read the “book” in any order. (Figure 6.) Anselm Kiefer has had a metaphorical love affair with the form of the book throughout his oeuvre, making both actual books as well as works that turn nonfunctional books into sculptural objects. (Figure 7.) These and many other works expand the lexicon of the book, and open my imagination to new possibilities as variable as each individual’s personal relationship to the printed word.

iii.

So many of us have grown up seeing the world papered with the grid of rowed text on page, curious about the ways in which systematizing language influences our visual perceptions. Roland Barthes wrote in his landmark *Elements of Semiology* that

> at the theoretical origin of meaning, ideas and sounds form two floating, labile, continuous and parallel masses of substances: meaning intervenes when one cuts at the same time and at a single stroke into these two masses....Language is an intermediate object between sound and thought: it consists in uniting both while simultaneously decomposing them. (3)
Languages are syntactic; visual works, too, are composed using organizing decisions. The written and the drawn share some kind of logic; and they share common roots. How is the system to be built? What are its component parts, the aspects of its vocabulary? What is the structure, the grid, the web, the ladder, the mesh, the weave, the container, the vessel? And how does a language system evolve and metamorphose?

The mid-20th century American painter Adolph Gottlieb used the term pictographs to describe the structured elements of his symbol-laden, rebus canvases. (Figure 8.) He likened his paintings to houses, with room-like compartments in which his images - his "children" - lived. Interestingly, he composed his pictographs intuitively on the canvas, messaging without using preparatory sketches. Gottlieb's chosen way of speaking was symptomatic of a modern artist's search for a new type of language in order to express inner truths. As an artist-writer, I have intensified the search for precise, mutual language forms. Working as a printmaker provides an advantage, for prints, from their earliest beginnings, have perhaps more of a natural, even genetic, link to words than to their fellow visual media. I envision, have tried to make, a bridge conjoining print and word - a kind of printspeak. Carl Zigrosser, in his introduction to "Prints and Their Creators," romanticizes this connection.

Prints and poems are alike in their power to kindle the imagination. Prints - without employing the same esthetic conventions as poetry - can have the same quality of concise and polished utterance, the same haunting singing magic by which we can look at them again and again with unabated interest. (4)
Germane to these issues of connected, printed picture and poetic word is the implied concept of time. An organizing system on a page has a built-in time identification: referring simultaneously to the original period of composition, then to the time taken to step through the production of those elements within the grid, and finally to the subsequent time required to read the result.

Contemporary American artist Squeak Carnwath was asked about the use of words in her paintings, and how she has related this usage to time. (Figure 9.)

> It forces the viewer to slow down and be in real time, whatever that is. That would be like breathing in, breathing out, blinking. It would be like being in the body. And so the use of words, or even just the letters...it means that someone can't just scan the paint surface, slide across it like they were skating. They have to slow down. They have to pick up stones. It slows them down. (5)

The New York-based Japanese artist On Kawara centers much of his ephemeral text works on the issue of time. His *I Am Still Alive* telegrams, sent to friends since 1970, are perfect time-sensitive conundrums. (Figure 10.) There is the implication for the recipient that the sender *was* still alive as of the time of writing; however, the statute of limitations for the accuracy of this statement could have run out the moment after the missive was dictated, or any time since. The many, mind-teasing assumptions about timing can be applied to any writing process; the amazing order specificity of a line of text means that we know exactly as we are writing that the word just penciled = past, the word still in process = present, and the word not yet appearing = future. When, additionally, the content itself is time-referential, as with the memory narratives within my Corpus works, these multiple locator points overlapping on the timeline strengthen those abstract qualities already characteristic of text-oriented works.
Words and pictures each wield power; their selection and use requires care from the maker. Combinations increase their joint potential. What the artist's purpose is, when exercising this power, becomes an essential question to answer. In my own case, my identification with certain central beliefs determines my choices for artmaking.
In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God.

John 1:1

Q: You have always seen the spiritual content of materials. How would you describe the importance of the metaphysical, the transcendental content of art?

A: I don't think you can separate them. The object of art is to not separate those things.... I went to Tibet a few years ago. I have been picking up rags and abused and unused equipment for paintings since the Fifties. I like the experience. This is what I have in common with the Tibetans: I like the experience of the material. Somehow a bone, or a piece of rag that has been run over by several trucks has another soul.

Robert Rauschenberg (6)

In May 2004 in Jerusalem I entered again the Dome of the Book at the Israel Museum, to see the Dead Sea Scrolls. These fragmented parchment and papyrus manuscripts date from the third century BCE to the first century CE, and in 1947 were discovered by accident within caves in the Judean Desert, near the Dead Sea. The Dome of the Book that houses the scrolls, erected in 1965, was designed to resemble the original earthenware storage jars. Crossing the threshold of the Dome, I entered through large, black, undecorated doors that resemble the facing pages of an oversized book. The floor slanted downward as I made my way; inside it was cave-like and dim, hushed, and never were there more than a few souls present. As my eyes adjusted I could see the softly illumined, old, old papers and script; they glowed as if alive. The preservation of these miraculous testaments requires a strict schedule of rotation, and each piece from the...
collection of approximately 850 works is only displayed for six months – in this way each visit has been a new discovery. (Figure 11.)

The Israel Museum sits on top of a hill in Jerusalem, the city itself built on high, raised up from the plains of the desert. Outside the Dome of the Book, which is set apart from the buildings of the main museum and sits in its own courtyard, there was a cool breeze blowing. As I came out, the gentle pink light of twilight was making its way down houses built into the surrounding hillsides, each house, as is every structure in the city, made entirely from golden Jerusalem stone. Walking the streets of old Jerusalem, visiting the Western Wall to place a hand against its vibrating stones and see the myriad prayers folded into tiny crevices, it is abundantly evident that there is a direct, pulsating spine connecting earth and Spirit - there can be no question.

ii.

I understand, I know, that there are parallel realities. In my work I desire to convey that sense of Other I know exists. As an artist I admit to finding helpmeets along the way, other seekers and seers who can prop me up if I waver. One such guide is the Northern Irish poet, Seamus Heaney. In his Nobel Prize lecture from 1995, he speaks eloquently about the dichotomies of life that an artist must reconcile, and “credits poetry”:

Poetry can make an order as true to the impact of external reality and as sensitive to the inner laws of the poet’s being as the ripples that rippled in and out across the water....An order where we can at last grow up to that which we stored up as we grew. (7)
In one of his poems from “Seeing Things” he writes,

Where does spirit live? Inside or outside  
Things remembered, made things, things unmade? (8)

Arriving at my own sense of order, finally, I’ve pieced together those “Things remembered, made things” that have accumulated in the reliquary housing my most essential memories. With this body of work I hope I can “at last grow up to that which I stored up as I grew.”
Corpus: The Chapters, The Works

Corpus (pl. corpora) 15 c. 1. the body of a man or animal esp. when dead 2. a. the main part or body of a bodily structure or organ b. the main body of the corporeal substance of a thing 3. a. all the writings or works of a particular kind or on a particular subject; esp: the complete works of an author b. a collection or body of knowledge or evidence; esp: a collection of recorded utterances used as a basis for the descriptive analysis of a language.

I can see why many visual artists dislike words in artworks. They feel that words dirty the clear water that has reflected the sky. It disturbs the pleasure of the silent image, the freedom from history, the beauty of the nameless form.
I want to name our pains.
I want to keep our names.
I know that neither images nor words can escape the drunkenness and longing caused by the turning world.
Words and images drink the same wine.
There is no purity to protect.

Marlene Dumas (9)

For me a work of art is directly linked to the secret. Art is like a secret, an epigraph. It is literally cut out of life. We must not try to show too much, to divulge everything, to unveil too much. We must give some small clues, even unnecessary clues. Art is a secret shared between the individual and the collective.

Annette Messager (10)

Prints are this other world – they’re a secret entrance into using myself as a subject....

Kiki Smith (11)

The corpus that forms the basis for my thesis show extends back in time 27 years. During those years, I entered completely new kinds of information into the book that is my life. Creating the ten works for thesis, I reread and rewrote a kind of emotional handbook featuring key or characteristic episodes that I would share publicly.
Working through the materials used to form these pieces was my devotion, my penance, my absolution. There was particular satisfaction writing through the waxy grounded plates, exposing silver words for etching, my backwards script becoming more natural over the weeks. Aptly, writing the plates mirrored memories of school-age learning, for I started with block capitals, progressed to upper and lower case print, and finally achieved mature, personalized, backwards-scribed cursive. The large confessional plates were all written using a stream-of-consciousness method, not scripted out ahead of time or done from notes. It was obvious to me that these passages drew from inner reservoirs, collected over years of contemplation and searching. The elements of hand stitching were also deeply satisfying, pulling in memories of learning to sew with my grandmother, and my mother. Somehow the plainness of the book bindings helped my longing for honesty, for humility: of expression, of process. All these multiple, layered ways of writing or scribing, threading and binding, imprinting and piecing together, made for my own pilgrim’s progress through the work.

I.

We had, a gift
and I know,
we (didn’t
don’t
haven’t)
squandered it.
Everyday, we rewrapped it for ourselves
then again, undid the wrap
w/ undimmed delight

Hang On
Hang On
There’s More to Come
The first piece was truly my book of Genesis: stepping over a threshold that formerly I held sacred. *To speak of the thing that must not be spoken.* Opening up this story to light meant that necessarily I must break apart the paralysis of fear holding me back from talking.

The only possible answer to fear is to confront the question squarely. I wrote out my answers on the large etching plate that established my first tablet-like confessional statement. This narrative told of my husband’s illness, and once hung, was in all ways “the beginning of the end,” as I state in the piece. This finished print served as the formal basis for nine other works, and as both the starting and ending point of our displayed story.

Critically, this piece was the first to contain a book-like element, complete with a movable page, embodied within the larger printed piece. I felt as I was making it, using not only my own, but a friend’s, handmade paper for luck and for their treasured qualities, devoting my poor hand-stitching to the binding, featuring my print imagery and my own additional writing, that these smaller, hand-sized pages – orphans as if from some forgotten book no longer existing – were in fact odd growths emerging from the larger skins of the prints. It was only right that these large pieces function as fibrous layers, pulled out from the emotional history of my past, pristine and protected in some ways, but still carrying some of the debris left over from repeated mental review.
The smaller book elements, with their open or sometimes partly open pages, contain the whispered secrets; they hold the clues that are too precious to be writ large or splayed in the scale of the print statements. I wanted to tell the truth, to be faithful as a storyteller. But being "true and faithful," as a beloved wife, has an entirely different meaning. I've held my oath to be discreet, to hold the secrets closely, to approach our subjects with care. It didn't matter if I were the only one of us still here; in fact, if anything, I've felt more fully the sacred trust. The keeper of the secrets, I've schooled myself in different kinds of encoded messaging.

II.

*When the Questions ARE ALL WRONG*

*Losing and There You Are*

The second piece on the entrance wall of the gallery addresses the subject of memory. It also contains as its confessional statement a fragment rewritten from the year of my husband's death. In that year I wrote a narrative in allegory form, describing the phenomenon of a fall from grace, and the subsequent long climb back from darkness.

One of the most pernicious side effects of losing someone is the parallel loss of certain memories, especially of those smaller, day-to-day moments and exchanges that are recorded no place except in that day's memory. The slippery slope that is remembered or fading minutiae echoes the original death with
repeated minor deaths over time, as precious details are confused, or mistaken, or substituted, or abandoned to loss. In making this piece I participated in my own small memory experiment, as I tried to remember exactly our shared addresses over the years. Not having a paper record I relied on memory alone, and came up with only three, and part of a fourth - only a fragment of the places we lived. These I included in the piece; appropriately, they are almost invisible. This was only one of many experiences when I’ve wished I could put a question to the one person who remembers, but isn’t around to answer. And it’s another irony added to the mix: is it kinder for the person that survives to have an amazing memory recall, or to be as I am, and struggle always to clear the fog?

III. – VII.

To wear the rings that later meant so much

The five pieces on the main wall summarize some major story lines of our life together. All of the stories in this thesis series, however, even the most pointed or descriptive ones, the most specific as to event, are only partially told. Necessarily, I drew a veil over fullest disclosure; every confession has had its own reticent omissions. This is true even of the more prosaic chapters; V. and VII. particularly, treat the staples of coupledom: going out on dates, and sharing homes.

Another unifying characteristic of these five pieces is that their individual stories all contain aspects of other losses, housed within the larger story of the thesis.
The five also speak to some of the pedestrian joys of the home life. Put together, the five story fragments testify to the multi-layered and episodic days and years that make up the epic of shared lives.

Standing back from this wall, these pieces are visually loaded. Heavier or bolder in composition, they present more developed pictorial information than most of the other pieces in the series. As the writing elements, whether larger, open confessional statements or the smaller, more secretive book pages, have driven the formation of each piece, it is appropriate for these multi-themed, middle-years stories that their surfaces are so noisy: more than one tale is talking at once. While this phenomenon occurs to some extent in all the works, it is most emphatic in these. Portions of information are obliterated or compromised – their tattered edges and dark corners are only sometimes readable, overrun by louder, more strident facts. When attempting, faithfully, to record reality, I know that ugliness, the dismemberment of memories, will live alongside passages of tenderness, loveliness, and as artists and people we know that it is the contrast of the two that makes the truest record. This is one way to talk about the messiness of living.

VIII.

_frozen in time_

Those pure, simple, happy times of great clarity - we can witness the moments and hold them, hopefully, as long as our living memory survives. This piece was
an attempt to commemorate one of those memories, to hold it out and high as if it were a light to walk by. This one day, significant for the miracle of its happening, now, in hindsight, only functions so well because it was so completely and purely ordinary.

This was our trip down into Waipio Valley, hidden away on the Kohala Coast of the Big Island, the site of many raised up and razed civilizations of the island’s peoples over time, and before time. Being down there, on that pristine, primordial black sand, I knew a feeling I’ve only known one other place: in Jericho, above the mouth of the Jordan where it intersects with the Dead Sea, in Israel. There I remember the whispering of ages lost in the odd wind of that barren place, when I shivered in the hot sun, wondering what bit of earth, and what grave, I was treading on – it is a place of multiple settlements, over millennia. Waipio is different, and yet there are similar echoes, but Waipio offers its own dark, deep, moist and mysterious reach backward into a completely unknowable identity. When standing in its midst, you may be transported back to that unknown destination. Waipio is transforming, and its gift is something I take with me always, one that I can never repay.

This piece was consciously, willfully subverted. I designed it from the beginning to hold its secrets completely, tightly, for these are all secrets of the highest order. Only I may know, now, the many, many happy and joy-filled reasons to celebrate during those 15 years. Not for other eyes, these must be held, closely, completely, and a guard set on them to keep them from profane exposure, from
curiosity, from idle boredom, from uncaring or misinterpreting thoughts. So the pieces are glued individually, they are sewn together with minute, careful, binding stitches, and finally they are glued as a family. The level of protection extends so far that even I will no longer be able to see the messages I chose for those under layers.

IX.

...and I saw too the veil without this cheap fanfare, no, none of it, but all of it simple, true and fine. While yet taking place - before your name came out of my mouth

"All the right, and proper chances" – this is what we had, and there are no arguments to make. What conclusions, what understandings, occur at the moment death confronts us? I do know that there was a mutual kind of comprehension that passed between us, and some will say, it exists still.

It's a curious experience when the very fact of the cessation of life is present, tangible, brightly lit and recorded for posterity in precise time. All signifiers and sense-recorders are working, sometimes at odds with each other and sometimes with moments of perfect, unified clarity. Anyway, it's an imperfect task, for artist and writer, to treat this too-final day, to place it properly in the history.

X.

Take all those sunlit times and put them away someplace safe.
The tenth work is the postscript of all the postscripts, the message to leave by, the summing up I want to make. I can choose, can’t I, the way this long story ends: I am the author of it and I can write my ending. After the horrors of the other walls, after the bittersweet and the angry, the memories lost or compromised along the way, this I choose as the final word.

The piece had to be small in scale, deceptively light, an uncorrupted, pure thing, safe, as much as is possible to make after this story. Here is a final, tiny, precious book, one that’s even a little silly. We did not take ourselves quite so seriously then. In many ways this piece is very different; so it’s suited to breaking off the narrative, connecting back to the present-time quality of the first piece, and completing the circle of the story.

Words, finally, are the understructure, the bones and ribs of our communication and interaction with one another. They are also the voicing of our own thoughts, and the means to signposting our memories.

=Of how I fell into the black hole, leaving the land of the living, and of how I climbed out, slipping back or taking detours, the vines slippery and treacherous like human entrails and the unexpected rock ledge shelters posting my stranger helps, along the way (=and of no known ending) such as this

(Corpus III: passage excerpted from the allegory c. 1993-5)
Figure 1. Zhao Mengfu, Mounted Official, handscroll, 1296
Figure 2. The Rosetta Stone, 196 BCE
Figure 3. The Book of Kells, c. 800
Rabanus Maurus. *De Laudibus Sancte Crucis*, printed in red and black throughout, two woodcuts on Aa5 verso by G. Simler and on Aa6 verso of Rabanus kneeling before Pope Gregory IV, 28 pages of woodcut figures and symbols printed without interruption of the text, two pages blank except for head-lines, lacking final 16 leaves, title soiled and frayed, Aa1 & 6 repaired at inner margin, several small wormholes in margins at beginning and end, nineteenth-century boards covered with an early printed leaf, from the Society of the Writers to the Signet, with gilt stamp on upper cover, [Fairfax Murray 350; Adams R3], folio, Pforzheim, Thomas Anshelm, March 1503

First edition of this Carolingian poem, edited by Jacobus Wimpheling with commendatory verse by Johann Reuchlin, Sebastian Brandt and other German humanists. In essence, this is a quasi-facsimile of a Carolingian manuscript. Many pages reproduce, by virtue of red and black printing and by use of woodcut figures, the complex layout of Rabanus's "figural poems" (carmina figurata).

Figure 4. Rabanus Maurus, *De Laudibus Sanctorum Crucis*, manuscript page, 1503
A chapbook entitled The Death and Burial of Cock Robin, ca. 1787.

Chapbooks were generally printed on one sheet of paper folded into a single gathering. At the time this chapbook was printed there were generally 24 pages.

A chapbook telling the adventures of Tom Thumb, ca. 1825.

Figure 5. *The Death and Burial of Cock Robin, Tom Thumb*, chapbooks, c. 1727, 1825
Figure 7. Anselm Kiefer, Les Reines de France, 1996
Figure 8. Adolph Gottlieb, *The Enchanted Ones*, 1945
Figure 9. Squeak Carnwath, *Long Enough*, intaglio print, 1999
Figure 10. On Kawara, *I am still alive*, telegrams, 1970 -
Songs of the Sabbath Sacrifice
Mid-first century BCE; Qumran. Cave 4.

Figure 11. Dead Sea Scroll: Songs of the Sabbath Sacrifice, mid-1st century BCE
Figure 12. Britt Corpus: I, detail, mixed media print with collage, thread, 2004 - 5
Figure 13. Britt Corpus:II, detail, mixed media print with collage, thread, 2004 - 5
Figure 14. Britt Corpus:III, mixed media print with collage, thread, 2004 - 5
Figure 15. Britt Corpus:IV, detail, mixed media print with collage, thread, 2004 - 5
Figure 16. Britt Corpus:V, mixed media print with collage, thread, 2004 - 5
Figure 17. Britt Corpus: V, detail, mixed media print with collage, thread, 2004 - 5
Figure 18. Britt Corpus: VII, mixed media print with collage, thread, 2004 - 5
Figure 19. Britt Corpus:IX, mixed media print with collage, thread, 2004 - 5
Figure 20. Britt Corpus:IX, detail, mixed media print with collage, thread, 2004 - 5
Figure 21. Britt Commons Gallery installation, Department of Art, University of Hawai‘i, March 2005
Figure 22. Britt Commons Gallery installation, Department of Art, University of Hawai‘i, March 2005
FOOTNOTES

All Bible quotations taken from the Authorized King James Version, Oxford University Press

All quoted dictionary definitions taken from Webster’s Ninth New Collegiate Dictionary, Merriam-Webster Inc., Springfield, Massachusetts, 1989

1. Lesley Dill, from Susan Krane, “Read Me Like a Book, conversations with the artist, revisited,” Lesley Dill: A Ten Year Survey, p. 49

2. John Donne, from The Extasy, line 71

3. Roland Barthes, Elements of Semiology, p. 5

4. Carl Zigrosser, Prints and Their Creators, pp. 2-3


7. Seamus Heaney, “Crediting Poetry,” p. 2

8. Ibid., “Settings xxii,” from Seeing Things, p. 76

9. Marlene Dumas, from Simon Morley, Writing on the Wall – Word and Image in Modern Art, p. 9

10. Annette Messager, interviewed by Natasha Leoff in www.jca-online.com, Journal of Contemporary Art, p. 4

11. Kiki Smith, from Wendy Weitman, Kiki Smith - Prints, Books & Things, p. 84
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