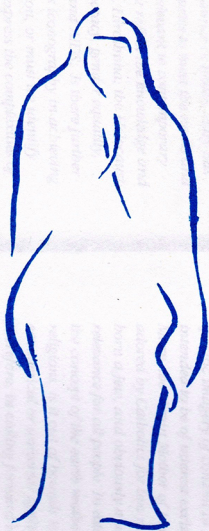


IN HONOR OF MARY:

IMAGES OF DEVOTION



IN HONOR OF MARY: IMAGES OF DEVOTION

BILL BACE GALLERY

On Exhibit: May 1 - June 2, 1990

Drop Everything

From an Annunciation by Tintoretto
By Sally Fisher

Broken lumber in the back yard. Stucco falls
away from the brick. Inside, straw hangs down

beneath the raveled chair seat, the spinning is
interrupted, laundry all over the place

and mending. A small book has dropped from her hands—
large hands, not meant for needle and thread. The book

will slip from her heavy thigh. She has been trying
to read in these surroundings. Gabriel, arms

reaching out, sails right in the door. Down through the
transom a throng of flying babies streams like

a school of dolphins led by the white dove.
She is bowled over. A silent moment.

The two almost laugh in the humming light. Then
she knows: now nothing can proceed without her.

The Life of Mary-

A dramatization of the poem-novella
Written by Charlotte Mandel
Directed by Mary Elizabeth Carlin
Performances May 18-20
Friday and Saturday at 8:00 pm
Sunday at 3 pm
584 Broadway 3rd floor

Sequence XXVI

from The Life of Mary
By Charlotte Mandel

Why was I chosen?
You were healthy and untouched.
How was he conceived?
By mind that stirs seed.
Why would mind desire seed?
To have a son formed of flesh.
Why was I not asked?
You were seed without a mind.
Did I not endure birth?
You were blessed with a son.
Why was my son killed?
Because he was blessed.
Why drive in the nails?
Because he was flesh.
Why seed a son of flesh?
So that his mind would know fear.
May I not have had a daughter?
She would be seed for another.
Did I tempt the mind's touch?
Hush Mary, you are not guilty.
Did I want him to be born?
You gave him your breast.
Did I want him to die?
Mary, he was your flesh.
Could I have saved him?
You had not the power.
Why did I not protect him?
You could not shield him.
Why do they praise me?
They offer compensation.
Why do they ask my help?
They think you intercede.
Can the husk of a seed affect mind?
Mary, it is not your fault.

DEBORAH MASTERS
Mary, 1990
77" x 24" x 36"
bustical, graphite and red oak
Courtesy of LeedsFam

