CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

Into the Next Room

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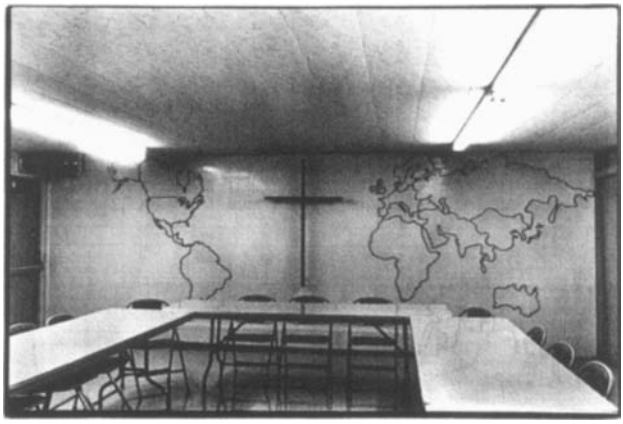
with photographs by Dianne Hagaman

RECENTLY, I REALIZED THAT MY HUSBAND AND I TAKE A LOT OF SNAPSHOTS of our backyard. The last time we had a roll of film developed, more than half of it was devoted to different views of what is admittedly an old fashioned, overgrown, and idiosyncratic space more or less defined by a hundred year old house at the far end, a tumbledown toolshed at the other, and tucked midway at an L-bend in the property, the original outhouse. Of course the truly defining element is the Hudson river doing its tidal thing less than a block away, but within the confines of our little yard, much else happens. Fictions and memoirs, dinners and mosquitoes, tender shoots and the logic of blooms. It is not surprising, even predictable I suppose, that the current trendy popularity of gardening has produced the term "outdoor room" to describe any little troweled up space with something vertical plopped in it. A trellis, a statue, a chair. We do indeed know rooms in this way, as settings where things happen. We furnish our yards and gardens and all our rooms with an impulse to narrative. For a room, as embodiment of time and space, is the fret of human story. We need rooms in order to understand things, to make story. A room is a frame, a focus, it is the specificity of context—that which coheres and is not something else. As such, a room can stand for any context, a garden, a book, a photograph.

While sifting through this last batch of backyard snapshots, I noticed that none of the prints had people in them. There was nothing of me arduously digging the rocky, nearly impenetrable clay soil along the fence, mixing it with sand and gypsum and fertilizer, and then carefully planting the seeds of an array of sunflower varieties. Nothing of patiently watering during a long dry stretch. None of the anxious decisions about staking the eight foot stalks. Only tender views of the sunflowers nodding over the fence, ruddy old toolshed behind them mid-distance to the shimmered river with sailboat sweetly sauntering by just in time to prove the perfection of everything.

Everything in an empty backyard. I knew the story already, the one in the photographs. And so did the people I could hear from my open study window who sometimes stopped in front of the heavy, genial blooms to admire them. I could tell these people knew the story of the digging and watering because occasionally they spoke of wanting to confiscate a flower to plant the seeds in

Figure 1
World Mission Room, Gethsemane Lutheran Church.



their own yards. Yet even had I not indulged in such delicious eavesdropping, I would be certain that people passing by our backyard could read the fictions there. Of course, I realize that not every empty room is as engaging as this languorous old yard. There are rooms inside certain kinds of sad buildings, rooms offering only the harsh severity of reflective surfaces and hard lines, of too-bright lights, sharp corners and edges, empty rooms that broadcast notices of insistent, willful affairs. But these, too, help me to understand how the furnishings in our lives suggest events, and how boundaries operate. The phrase "empty room" is an odd one, an oxymoron of sorts. To say a room is empty might mean it is unfurnished and has no objects in it, though it usually means a room that has no people in it. Yet there can't really be such a thing as a room without people in it. A room may be completely bare of objects and humans and still it would have people in it. No matter what state of emptiness, a room has always been put together by someone and is a collection of features to be interpreted, the primary one being boundary. A room is an enclosure. Even without rigid walls of wood or plaster, a room by definition has definition.

In a gesture as quirky as the book itself, Roland Barthes places as the frontispiece of *Camera Lucida* a Daniel Boudinet polaroid that seems to offer the very essence of a room: chiaroscuro blue-green space furnished with objects and a wall of loose-woven, light-pierced curtain. The photograph shows a bare snippet of space and boundary, but it is very nearly the definition of a room, of context or story itself. I see an enclosed space with features of various possible functions, a space that indicates its own limits, its boundary, which is permeable and makes clear (*chiaro* or *claire*) that there is something other than itself.

Several good questions about this photo, plaintively put by Elsa Dorfman in her review of *Camera Lucida* are: "Why did Barthes . . . choose that untitled

image as the frontispiece of his book? Was it playfulness? Was it to suggest that no theory is the whole story? Was it to accentuate the effectiveness of portraits? Was it to provide a counterpoint to his insights?" Let's just say yes, all of the above. It is perhaps a good bit of credit to give to Barthes (and why not? didn't he let crankiness run over into grace by refusing to provide the central image of the book, the Winter Garden Photograph, but then place another, so similar—a little girl holding her own finger and boy with arm outstretched, and only the most oblique hint of what he intended? (104-105), but Dorfman's litany does clearly point to how many questions can be located even in the implication of an empty room. Questions which are drawn in the space like the light in the weave of the curtain-wall. That is where the most important thing happens to human beings, I believe. For all its flaws and testiness, *Camera Lucida* offers the great gift of emotional insight, profound grief trying to accommodate itself, plus the second gift of an articulation of the process of perception. To be sure, Barthes intended his *studium* and *punctum* to articulate a process of perceiving photographs, and specifically *not* paintings, or rooms, or gardens. But for me, the idea of the *studium* (passing interest in an image that does not "take" me) and the *punctum* (that which "pierces" or takes my consciousness making the image unforgettable) translate readily enough to the ways humans perceive any narrative context, which is to say any context. Those light-filled questions passing through seem to me the very image of *punctum* and the creative moment.

To speak of a room being story is to immediately invite questions about human interpretive means, image and word. At first it might seem that limning the elements of a room would rely almost solely on the visual aspects there. Light streaming through tall windows into a kitchen, softening the edges of a wooden table, patching the floor in glowing panes. And then (*and then*) the telling ourselves or others becomes apparent. The reality seems to be that in a room (or a garden, or a book) our image and language perceptions will always find a changing, tensional mix. Time and narrative. Space and image. Story. This is what we cannot escape or evade because it is what we mean by time and space. So many of these questions surrounding image and word want to be about primacy and dominance. Which is more important? Which—image or word—is the most central to human thinking, learning, and creating? I understand all too well why we ask this question. As if primacy is always given to the primordial. As if primacy did not always dissemble. My profound wish is that we might recognize the real intention of the question.

Images are never unmediated. Just as with language, a brain must be involved. For instance, though we know that a photograph of an empty room is not the same as the room itself, we can also understand that looking at the photograph and looking at the room are similar actions, if not the same results. To stand in a room that is dominated by a galactic mural, taking in the bare tables and folding chairs, is to form something of a narrative about what happens there. As Barthes' *studium* or *punctum* (which one for you?) has us

Figure 2
San Francisco Kitchen

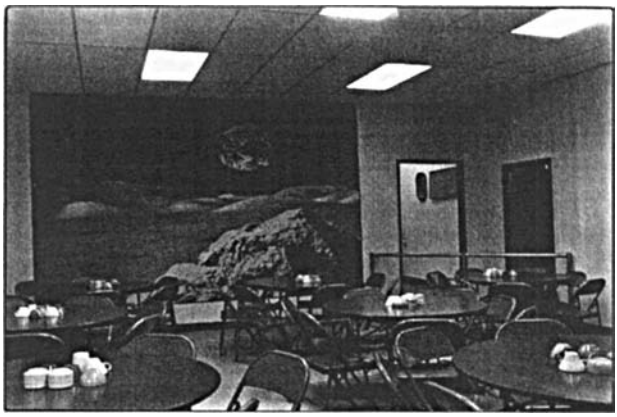
noticing the details of overturned, mismatched cups clustered in the center of each table, and reading a sign in the hall that indicates the missionary nature of this place, we could as well, by this same process, be looking at a descriptive photograph. The way in which a photograph of a room is different from the room itself is already an instance of why an individual perceiving a room is different from any other individual perceiving the same room. We each make our story, and rooms or photographs are always occasions of it.

The truth I instinctively sense in what I am trying to draw here has me wary of being distracted by discussions of refinements among layers of mediation and variations of representation. Neither do I wish to examine differences as such between image and language in human processes. Many have done this admirably before me, if to no generally agreed resolution. But I do not mean to imply that the difference between the two should be blurred or erased. The contrast between them is essential. W.J.T. Mitchell, in *Iconology*, puts the importance of difference between word and image at the heart of his own study.

The point, then, is not to heal the split between words and images, but to see what interests and powers it serves. This view can only be had, of course, from a standpoint which begins with skepticism about the adequacy of any particular theory of the relation of words and images, but which also preserves an intuitive conviction that there is some difference that is fundamental (44 [1]).

And so, as with Mitchell, it seems to me a more suitable occupation to attempt to understand the differences between image and language as both fundamental and permeable. That is, using these very elements to describe themselves (what choice do I have?), I imagine boundaries of difference as the

Figure 3
Dining Room, Bread of LifeMission



locus or situation of paradox, being at once both noun: wall, divide, fence, and verb: pass, shift, transfer.

This isn't just another way of looking at an old problem. In exploring boundary-crossing more than the boundaries themselves, it is clear I am choosing a philosophical and political direction. While it may seem that the wrangling over differences between image and word is reserved to an intellectual sphere, it is easy enough to recognize how the values we place on those differences flow into social organization. The most dreadfully inappropriate stereotypes emerge according to value perspectives: poets are a rarefied, inaccessible, and elitist lot, and painters are a lunkish, inarticulate breed when they do not have a brush in hand. And then there are the far more urgent biases that withhold justice, reversing guilt and innocence, and the ones that take homelands from whole societies, hatreds that justify torture, religions that diminish the soul. Oh, there are real reasons to brave the label of "being P.C." in order to consider what diversity means, and how it actually operates. Always, when differences of any kind are not perceived in their paradoxical nature as both necessary and permeable, values concerning them become judgments about people, infecting culture with the prevailing principle of dominance. That is, when society uses difference among individuals and groups as the measure of worth on a scale of power, it heads down a path of oppression and, ironically, towards the loss of the very individuality that we certainly in the U.S. constantly hear invoked as the requisite of existence.

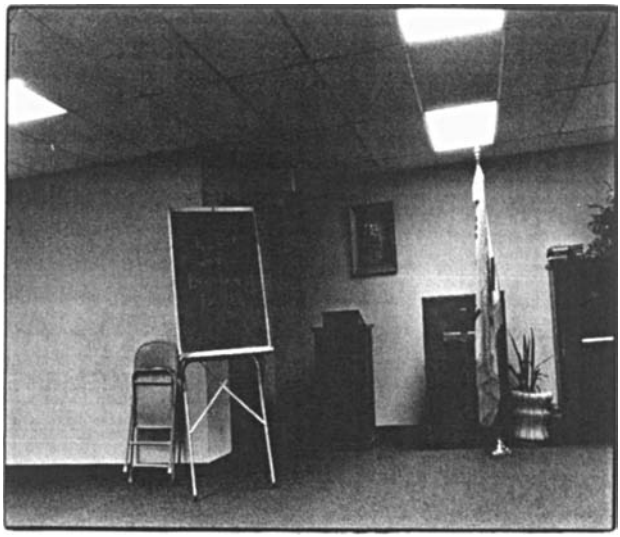
I believe individuals *are* requisite to existence. I can hardly say enough that there must be genuine differences among people, and among cultures, in order for them ever to get along. It may be that the most useful and beneficial way of

Figure 4
Memorial service for Mary Witt, Lutheran Compass Center

really knowing what the differences are is to pass through them. Not take them down, imagine they don't exist, but to experience them, which is to say, to be committed to change even as I commit change. "How do we cross borders?." asks Hélène Cixous. "The person who doesn't tremble while crossing a border doesn't know there is a border and doesn't cast doubt on [her] own definition." Elsewhere I have tried to describe the creative moment as a buzz-daze mix of change, and so I also understand Barthes' *punctum* as the moment of meaning, of passage, passing through the curtain, or the door. It is the inevitable impossible of making something from nothing or everything. I mean: the past (what we already know), mixed with the future (what we know only as desire), that particular flux of doing and accepting, is architecture and plot. It is the meaning we create. Barthes himself says, "It is what I add . . . and what is nonetheless already there" (55). One can see the verb in this, and that it is almost like what Deena Metzger avers, that "A story is not what happens to us. It is what we do" (93). But "adding to" and "doing" do not alone make story, and are not enough to form *punctum* or creative moment. "What is already there" and "what happens" is also necessary. These, after all, are the other rooms, the ones I haven't been to yet.

In that same review of *Camera Lucida*, Elsa Dorfman, notes that for Barthes, "The Winter Garden image becomes a magic relic, as though it is part of his mother." Even more, I think. A magic relic, yes, and as that powerful, significant object, the Winter Garden photograph held for Barthes an actual biography. When we gaze at a photograph, whether in *studium* or *punctum*, we are making story from a story, just as we do when occupying a room, or reading a novel, or staring into someone's backyard. A photograph is not only a story in

Figure 5
Meeting Room, Highland Park Church of the Nazarene



At higher resolution, the blackboard says, "Kevin loves Brenda + it = true love"

itself—made by a photographer taking a certain perspective, organizing the elements in this way rather than another—but, as an object, as furnishing, a photograph is often a chapter or subplot or even the main theme in another story, say a book, or a room. When the photograph of a loved one who has died is centered at the memorial service. Or when the image of a sacred face is turned as if about to explain a particular message of love. Carolyn Heilbrun knowingly explains the telescoping manner of tales:

> What matters is that lives do not serve as models; only stories do that. And it is a hard thing to make up stories to live by. We can only retell and live by the stories we have read or heard. . . They may be read, or chanted, or experienced electronically, or come to us like the murmurings of our mothers. . . . Whatever their form or medium, these stories have formed us all; they are what we must use to make new fictions, new narratives. (37)

When, in the 1970s, Margaret Mead named and discussed the prefigurative society, she tried to avoid alarmist rhetoric and put a hopeful spin on her vision of a radical cultural shift. She saw that changes, induced largely by a range of

technologies, were becoming so rapid that parents and teachers would no longer be able to use their own life experience and knowledge to prepare children for a future that cannot be anticipated. Mead recognized that this is not only a new situation in human history, but one that is "disconcerting, if not downright frightening," and she recommended at every turn in *Culture and Commitment* that we choose "and" solutions rather than simplistic and short-term "linear" ones. She balanced warning with hope, power with responsibility, unknown future with worthy past. She urged us to cross a cultural boundary so ingrained that it often goes unrecognized as such. Mead told us that we should take our guidance as parents and educators from children themselves, for they would be the ones most freshly experienced with the breaking edges of the future while also being least constrained by a personal history. She was describing what many educators now term cooperative or collaborative learning, though few are yet willing to permit equal status between student and teacher, and instead demote the process to something that happens only among the students themselves (who are all of equally low status, so no problem). The generosity and wisdom of the last stanza of Margaret Mead's poem to her young daughter in 1947 is still a rare thing in familial power hierarchies, to say nothing of educational ones:

> So you can go without regret
> Away from this familiar land,
> Leaving your kiss upon my hair
> And all the future in your hands.

How many of us can be heard to lament the short attention span that is coming more and more to characterize young people (and for that matter the populace at large)? There is blame enough to be passed around to the appropriate technologies, with television and computers at the top of the list. But it may be that this perceived failure to meet an admittedly unmeasurable intellectual standard could be taken as a clue to the radical cultural shift Mead predicted. Michael Joyce has suggested that "in an age like ours which privileges polyvocality, multiplicity, and constellated knowledge a sustained attention span may be less useful than successive attendings." (1) In an age like ours. . . . when channel zapping and web surfing are common enough activities that the cumulative effect of moving through odd gatherings of context should be well recognized. In an age like ours. . . when what has always before remained an invisible process becomes a prominent characteristic. In the particular pace and rhythm of each era, humans have continuously made context from the unlikeliest components. "A day in the life" of any of us is not usually themed so consistently as a coffee-table picture book. Shards of conversation heard in a doorway, a new sign going up in a store window, a friend's interrupted tale of woe, a cup falling to the floor, these accumulated make a day. We have always passed through the frame of many contexts, channel zapping if you will, toward threaded meanings, toward a worldview. Slipping into the next room is the only life journey any of us ever takes.

ANNE'S WORK ROOM

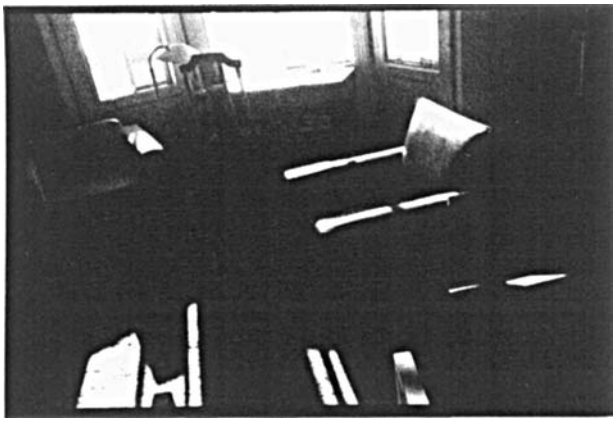
You see a large sun-lit room looking out over a rambling English garden. The windows are open and the smell of honeysuckle wafts in on the warm spring air. There are three large wooden desks. Two are covered with half-finished bits of code, books, papers, jottings of stories and poems, pictures. One is kept clear and here, neatly stacked, is the current work-in-progress. This desk has a green leather top and several deep wooden drawers. It magically keeps track of anything written on it.

> Obvious exits: out => Hi Pitched Voices
> You see scribbles here.
> Anne is here.

In a MOO room the view is created through words, it is all textual. And yet the sense of being in an actual enclosed space is so much like walking into a sitting room, say, of sun-painted chairs, that the story of doing it is just as profound or trivial. The memory of conversations there, of objects used, is of real experience, not something absent and false. When Anne Johnstone wrote the above description of one of her rooms in the Hypertext Hotel[1] she was creating a fiction and a reality to share with others in the collaborative, multivalent work done there by women in the HiPitched Voices collective. But before she was able to share this room, Anne was suddenly and without warning taken by cancer. Those of us who had worked with her in a swoop of exhilarating discovery and ambitious vision in the HiPitched Voices wing of the Hotel, were left after her death with our shock and sorrow, and then also with the task of gathering her personal work from her private rooms on the MOO. The discussion on our group's email list of what to do after finding the above room revealed the dual nature of so-called virtual life. Should we remove Anne's partially completed work out of respect for her, or was there a greater respect in leaving it intact and standing as long as the environment itself? The last line of the room description, "Anne is here," means that there was a character in the room named Anne, which stayed there waiting for Anne herself to return and inhabit it. We understood that technical fact of course, but the sense of the sentence itself—"Anne is here"—the impact it had of being literally true, had us catching our collective breath. The best memorial to Anne Johnstone's hypertextual work in the Hotel was, we knew, to leave it be. For us, Anne is indeed there.

It feels so obvious and "natural" that Pavel Curtis would choose the metaphor of rooms to create LambdaMOO (the prototype of MOOs located at the famed Xerox PARC), that it almost seems it couldn't have been done another way. In 1993, electronic performance artist and writer Judy Malloy was invited to work in LambdaMOO as an artist-in-residence at PARC. Malloy huddled with Curtis about possible projects for narrative, her particular interest. When he suggested that she should think of the space itself as literature, and that objects in MOO space could disclose text, Malloy conceived *Brown*

Figure 6
Sun Chairs



House Kitchen, a virtual narrative space in which visitors can discover the story by examining and engaging the objects there. Among the *Kitchen's* devices are an electronic book, a diary, a video device called Barbie-Q, a Ralph Will Clean Up After You robot, and a food-dispensing table called GoodFood. *Brown House Kitchen* was expressly designed to suit the likely interest of the inhabitants of LambdaMOO at that time. As such, it operates similarly to the old adventure computer games, with a literary hue washed in. There is no denying it makes for an odd mixture. For instance, if a visitor engages the Ralph robot, these words might come up on the screen:

> Ralph turns his head, and speaks these words softly: "I brought enough beer for everybody," Jack said. How different his face looks when he smiles. "Are you going back to work?" George asked. "Shit yes," Jack said and grinned. "Jack can do what he wants," Becky said. I was surprised that she said that.

Ralph always turns his head and speaks his words softly, but will say different things on different days. Whether time-based like Ralph, or random, or sequential like some of the others, all the devices in the Brown House Kitchen are more or less fitted together to gradually disclose a consistent narrative. When Malloy first created this work, she imagined individuals visiting the Kitchen and exploring it to discover the story. But, as she herself discovered during a class visit by a group of Carnegie Mellon students, what makes the *Brown House Kitchen* most interesting is the collaborative or group aspect. Because the narrative structure is in a MOO, any number of people can meet there and work together to create a story. This is the discovery of how we can be in more than one place at a time, and in a sense, it is the instantiation of how culture forms. Malloy writes that on

the morning of the students' visit to *Brown House Kitchen,* "It was 9:00 a.m. their time and 6:00 a.m. our time. They were in a computer room with enough terminals for each of them. I was in bed with a laptop and a cup of coffee." She goes on to describe some of the activity that morning. "Tim came on . . . and began smearing butter all over the table 'to check its textual qualities.'" There was simultaneous discussion about the feel of different interiors of different MOOs. Some students activated Barbie's TV. Others tried to eat the cat. Following breakfast (that days' menu was French toast with strawberries and English breakfast tea), Malloy took the students to the garden just off the Kitchen to discuss public art, the role of the audience, and other subjects. "Some of the students climbed the lemon tree. Others activated the fugal text disclosing structures that I am writing in the garden." Back in the computer room at Carnegie Mellon the students were very vocal, and other people in the computer room gathered around the terminals to see what was going on. A loosely woven curtain, its fibers backlit, moved slightly with a passing breath.

At the dawning of World Wide Web awareness, those of us who had been occupied with (and occupying) MOO environments, pushing their functions more and more in order to learn about collaboration, performance, and creativity, unexpectedly found ourselves in a vacuum. The rush to the Web left our ears ringing and our questions unanswered, while the ensuing clamor and adolescent flapping of web growth rose to the place where things stick in the craw. But it can't be denied that the Web allows something which might be useful in a MOO. It has images. There is no reason to believe that we must rely on an environment where either word or image dominates. MOOs are insufficient as text only. And the Web is insufficient as an image-based advertising medium. Enter new—if still minimal—possibilities of traversal like Web-MOO clients, software which can be invoked to display web images within a MOO.[2] In a place where people from anywhere in the world can meet and use words and images to create story, to recognize and cross boundaries of every sort, we might begin to imagine and tell ourselves anew. We might, for instance, find ourselves gathered at *Springside,* a young MOO at Vassar College, chatting, gesticulating, and flying about the old lobby. The students who have created *Springside* have chosen to use this new technology to inhabit an antique version of their school.

The Vestibule

> This room is the original entrance to Main Building. The thirteen feet high ceilings are supported by thick columns, giving the space a feeling of vastness. To the west are the stairs leading down to the main road to the College. Eastward is the primary corridor and the central double stairway, beyond which lies the great Dining Hall. . . . On the west wall, there is a small ladybug. The large door leading out of the building to the carriage is closed.

These are the same sort of young people who, according to Mead's perceptive reflections in the 70s, should in some ways be our examples. But while this is certainly a new model of learning, it does not mean that the young can learn

nothing from those who have gone before. Indeed, given that they, like everyone, continue to exist in time and space, the stories and meaning the students make must form in a familiar way, even in the MOO. Interactions, conversations with each other, through whatever means, are the most immediate and frequent boundaries we cross. Even the partitions of our own personalities are of this order. I have sometimes called these individual and interior traversals intracultural to remind that we are each a complex of contradictory notions, beliefs, and acculturations similar to the differences among larger cultures. By the time I am ready to read this essay in the final perusal before sending it off to the editors, I will be a different person than the one who began writing it. I am its first reader, and in reading this text, I adjust the story according to changes caused in me by the writing of it, which is to say, caused in me by conversations with Barthes, Mead, Cixous. . .

Some argue that an entirely new kind of consciousness is being induced by electronic technology. Gregory Ulmer, for instance, uses the term "electracy" to indicate a kind of practice or acumen in electronic media equivalent to print literacy. "In the history of human culture there are but three apparatuses: orality, literacy, and now electracy. We live in the moment of the emergence of electracy, comparable to the two principal moments of literacy." For myself, while I feel less able to describe the parameters of human consciousness in the future, I do believe with Ulmer, Mead, and many others, that something not only needs to happen here, but something is happening here. The cumulative form that we make out of so-called postmodern events, ranging from fragmented print layouts and narratives to web surfing, may represent in a core sense a resurgence of human creativity. But this is a matter of emphasis, since a resurgence must come from what has existed before. If a new mind is arriving then, it is one in which perspective is everything. All we can do is keep moving, because when there is no such thing as a point in time and space, there are only infinite points of view. Under this condition, I must make my own view.

Turn here. See that the other side of my own view is any view. Turn again. All views are possible only if I have my own view. As I wander about beneath the vaulted ceilings of the entrance to Springside MOO waiting for the others to join me, I might take a moment to prop open the door to a website I know, one which I think they would like to see. My best friend's dining room actually, something he calls his "home's page." When you get here, come on in. Just step through this light-filled membrane, and slide into the next room.

NOTES

1. Hypertext Hotel was originally a hypertext writing project used by students of Robert Coover at Brown University. It was later converted to a MOO devoted to hypertext writing by Tom Meyer who designed a filter to translate Storyspace

hypertext documents into the rooms of a MOO environment. At this writing, the Hotel has been down for radical remodeling for some time, but can be reached in partial form at: http://www.cs.brown.edu:7000/

2. The Surf and Turf Web-MOO client is a Java-based client which allows the attachment of viewable web pages to any MOO object. One may then view these objects privately or display them to everyone else in the room. The purpose of this client, according to its designers, is "to make collaborative web viewing as simple as possible. " By the time this book is printed, Surf and Turf will either have been superseded by some newer development of the idea, or fallen unnoticed by the wayside.

PHOTOGRAPH NOTES

Dianne Hagaman's website is http://weber.u.washington.edu/~hbecker/dianne.html

Figure 1. "World Mission Room, Gethsemane Lutheran Church." from Hagaman 1996.

Erecting a cross. . . was a metaphor for conquering something. . . . Evangelism connected the missions to the churches. It was the reason church people were in the missions and street people had to sit through the services to eat. Evangelism embodied a theory about the causes of the kinds of lives street people led; it assigned blame for their situation and defined what and who needed to be fixed and how. (71)

Figure 2. "San Francisco Kitchen." from Hagaman (forthcoming).

Figure 3. "Dining Room, Bread of Life Mission." from Hagaman 1996.

This is a photograph of the dining room at the Bread of Life Mission. The door next to the mural opens to a passageway that connects the chapel with the dining room and kitchen. The kitchen is through the door on the far right. After the service, people lined up at the front of the chapel, walked through the passageway to one door, and then entered the kitchen through the other. In the kitchen, each person filled a plate with food and passed though another door (not in the photograph, but beyond the right edge of the frame) into the dining room. The mural was dominant in my mind, but I composed the photogaph to lessen its emphasis, not putting it in the extreme foreground, but rather attempting to embed it in its surroundings. (52-53)

Figure 4. "Memorial service for Mary Witt, Lutheran Compass Center." from Hagaman 1996.

One morning I stopped at the Lutheran Compass Center to say hello. I hadn't been there for almost a month. Dianne Quast, the chaplain, told me that Mary Witt, a well-liked counselor who worked with the women residents, had been killed in an accident a few days earlier. Mary was on her way to Montana to visit relatives when the accident happened. I went to a memorial service in the chapel that afternoon. Some of her family had driven to Seattle from Montana to be there.

Dianne had put a large photograph of Mary and votive candles on a table covered with a white cloth and a red Lutheran banner. During the ceremony for Mary, she asked people to come forward, light a candle, and say something about Mary: She was a good daughter. She was a good friend. She had a wonderful sense of humor. She was committed to her work. She will be missed. The altar was a makeshift, personalized, public shrine that marked off a sacred space in

which a ceremony could be improvised. When I photographed it, I included a tapestry of *The Last Supper* pinned to one wall of the room: another table, another ceremonial cloth, another last and final offering. Diane had pushed the chairs back to clear floor space and create a second altar—the table with the candles and the photograph of Mary—ignoring the traditional altar on its raised platform, enclosed by a rail. (90-91)

Figure 5. "Meeting room, Highland Park Church of the Nazarene." from Hagaman 1996. A downstairs meeting room where refreshments were served after the Sunday service.

Figure 6. "Sun Chairs." from Hagaman, forthcoming.