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SPECULAR SUFFERING (Staging) the Bleeding Body

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(Editor's note: This essay is part of the ongoing PAJ series, "Art, Spirituality, and Religion," in which artists and critics explore artworks and art practices shaped by religious imagery, liturgical forms, and theological concepts.)

Gaze with the blessed Apostle St. Thomas, not merely on the print of the nails in Christ's hands; be not satisfied with putting your fingers in the holes made by the nails in his hands; neither let it be sufficient to put your hand into the wound in his side; but enter entirely by the door in his side and go straight up to the very heart of Jesus.
Brother Leo, *The Little Flowers of St. Francis*

I use blood as more than a physiological exercise . . . my concern is to make the unbearable bearable, to provoke viewers to reconsider their own understanding of beauty and suffering.
Franko B, *Live: Art and Performance*

The symbolism of religious stigmata is at the core of the staging of the bleeding body in contemporary performance art. While the performance context of the last fifteen years is worlds apart from the religious devotional practices of late medieval believers, artists such as Franko B and Bálint Szombathy encourage spectators to imaginatively engage with the materiality of their bleeding bodies in order to elicit an intense connection with, or awareness of, the "sorrows" they suffer. In this respect their choice to present themselves as marked and bloodied draws upon the most iconic image of Western civilization—the crucifixion. In late-capitalist, post-industrial Western society, words are inadequate, imprecise, and potentially deceptive. Images too, in their excessive presence, have lost their punctum. Instead, these artists embody communication, transforming the incommunicable "word" of their own concerns into bleeding flesh. Whether consciously or not, these artists' bodies resonate the iconography of religious suffering, and provide an intense, spiritual site of connection for today's largely secular audiences of performance art.

The provocative staging of the bleeding body as corporeal reality—at a time when the medico-scientific management of bodies and tele-filmic distancing of real bodies

works to contain or mask the bloody reality of our interiors—may be understood as a contemporary exploration of the role of the sacrificial body, both as an extension of the limits of representation and as a signaling of desire for the intense and personal connection conventionally associated with the contemplation of religious images of suffering. Although the performance actions of artists Franko B and Szombathy do not necessarily make conscious or deliberate reference to crucifixion imagery, the choice to use bleeding wounds in performance draws upon the tradition of the traumatized body of Christ “on show” that is central to the devotional experience and spiritual testimony of Christianity, particularly Roman Catholicism. The bleeding body in contemporary Western performance references two thousand years of citation of the crucifixion and its reception. Alluded to, perhaps obliquely, is both the moment of the crucifixion itself, and its repetition through a history of stigmatism and bleeding icons.

The fact that these performances are produced live for immediate audiences who share the same space lifts the spectators’ experience beyond the quotidian visual diet constructed by mediatized bodies in pain visible on television, the Internet, and in newspapers. The value of this live performance and its immediacy lies in an energy and connection born of this intimate sharing; the artists’ openness and generosity is reciprocated by the audience’s energies. These performances, through their real violence, generate a social critique that is at root deeply ethical. The bloody wounds, while often eliciting feelings of disgust and anxiety, also generate compassion and empathy; as Emma Safe suggests in her 2002 *Guardian* review of Franko B’s *Aktion 398*: “I wasn’t sure which of us was more vulnerable . . . I was struck dumb . . . Others responded differently: some were too scared to approach him at all, some wanted to touch the wound, shake his hand or talk about their day.”¹

Within the context of religious contemplation of images, medievalist Jill Bennett presents a strong argument for the value of the “emotional shock” or Barthesian punctum that is affected by the religious imagery of suffering. Bennett argues that the visual/visceral punch/puncture of bodies in pain plays an important memorial function in encouraging the medieval devotee to engage sensually with the wounds and bleeding body of Christ.² These contemporary performance actions and the spectatorial response evoke parallels to the sense of wonder and awe created by the contemplation of iconic images of the abject and bleeding Christ. The spectator becomes Thomas to the artist’s Christ, one who serves as live witness to the punctures and wounds in order to vouch for their reality. Yet the spectator also becomes devotee, who, rather than turning away from these violated bodies, may choose, like the medieval contemplators of Christ’s suffering, to respond to the message inscribed in the blood that comes from the wounds. The presence of these witnesses serves perhaps to disrupt the Christian necessity of the crucifixion and its violence; the performer’s message is a product of a personal script or agenda and designed to promote change and/or to challenge preconceptions.

Unlike the bleeding body of accidental or unpremeditated violence, the bleeding body of the performer *chooses* to present itself, evincing the tripartite god who has

Franko B, *Oh Lover Boy*. Photo: Courtesy Manuel Vason.



(temporarily) forsaken his divinity to live and die on earth as a fragile, sentient, and mortal being. In the moment of the crucifixion, there is no choice—“My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?”—and yet theologically it derives from a series of choices made by God for mankind in order to reopen the channels of divine communication. These performers actively inflict or have wounds inflicted upon themselves in order to open up a potent and intense channel of communication for themselves and their audiences, tapping into a bilateral desire for sublime experience. The performers may have a message or personal agenda that frames the work as designed to promote change, confront preconceptions, and/or challenge received authority through the irruption of the real into the contemporary sanitized reception of the bleeding body.

The presence of pictures of Christ’s suffering in medieval times largely served to support and uphold the status quo. Indeed, the physical engagement in consuming the bloodied flesh of Christ and/or actively empathizing with his pain through touching representations was as much a personal as a political or religious performance. An outward demonstration of allegiance at a time when the danger of religious schisms posed a threat to the hegemonic powers of Rome, it also promoted a profoundly intimate and sensual mode of individual worship and a very material connection with Christ. It is something of the quality of this material connection that is developed by the artists mentioned in this article. Bleeding bodies create intimacy and immediacy through the psychic shocks offered by the presence of flowing blood, and in a contemporary performance context this can be a powerful means of generating connection with a public jaded by exposure to mainstream mediated violence. This is not to claim that these performances are necessarily productive or generative; if these performances could be said to have a shared point of departure then it is surely a desire to create doubt, which contrasts with religion’s desire to reinforce certainty and truth. The “sacrifice” these performers offer up to their audiences is the willing submission of a very human kind. There is no promise of re-birth but the “terrible beauty” of the performance is nonetheless a hopeful action rather than one of nihilistic despair.³

The work of Gina Pane, the pioneering Franco-Italian body artist, provides a useful example of the desire of artists to explore the body in pain as a means of conveying the pain of others. Pane became known in the 1970s as a body artist when body art was itself first being defined and critiqued. Disenchanted with the limitations of paint, she began working more directly physically with sculpture. However, Pane soon wanted to include motion in her work, developing her “actions,” a term she preferred to performances, as a result. By naming her works “actions” she may also have intended to emphasize process, paralleling other contemporary performance artists’ preoccupation with foregrounding the process over the product, thus circumventing the pressure for speed and delivery of product so characteristic of late-twentieth-century consumer society.

Pane’s work can be understood as a direct attempt to make a connection between her own body and the spilt blood associated with redemption. She wrote: “If I open

my body so that you can see your blood, it is out of love for you, the other.”⁴ Pane’s words are biblical in tone, and seem to allude to an almost Christ-like wounding in performances where she cut her lips, eyelids, stomach, arms, tongue, scalp, and feet. The generation of some sort of empathy is surely a key component of performances like Pane’s, just as the images of Christ’s and other saints’ suffering aroused compassion and became etched on the memory through ocular and visceral intensities. Pane’s work has also been read as being concerned with underscoring the everyday occurrence of violence, analogous to a physical projection of the conscience. In “suffering” itself, the material of the body becomes a moral conduit through which other’s suffering may be memorialized and remembered.

During *Escalade Non Anesthésiée* (1971), Pane climbed up and down a specially made metal frame with strategically placed rungs lined with sharp metal pieces. Designed to draw attention to and remember the escalation of violence in Vietnam, the performance makes physically manifest the mental anguish and struggle Pane felt to be the experience of the Vietnamese, who were still at war with the United States. Pane, through her slicing and cutting, used her body to directly communicate her socio-political agenda to the audience. Her acts of self-violation were not intended to reduce the body to the status of impotent silent object, but were intended to scream out a message via the body in pain regarding public complacency, inertia, and injustice in order to arouse audience empathy and action. In scaling the specially made metal frame in *Escalade*, Pane actively abuses her feet and hands, producing a bleeding body so that spectators will be shocked out of their collective inertia. Pane makes her pain evident to foreground a much greater agony. Both experiences of pain must be understood to be real, but clearly Pane has the privilege of choice. Her close-up, real pain has willingly been brought into the gallery space so that suffering is witnessed in the flesh by spectators.

Our concern, as an audience, is, at least initially, focused on the close-at-hand body in front of us. We may choose to transfer our concern to the many thousands of people who suffered in Vietnam, but perhaps instead, the spectacle of Pane’s repetitious ascending and descending, and the proximity of this suffering body will all but obliterate a desire to act beyond the walls of the gallery. The temporary sacrifice of her own physical integrity as a means to promote a bigger cause places Pane’s work amongst the many artists of this time in the late sixties and early seventies who were convinced that revolutionary change was necessary in a world blighted by social, economic, and political inequalities, and that violent expression was necessary to initiate this change. Pane’s bleeding body, like the motionless image of religious faith, emphasised a shared humanity, promoted a sense of awe and provided an opening through which onlookers could focus on the fragility of human life. But unlike the bloodshed of Christ, Pane’s blood could not provide affirmation and succour for spectators, instead it demanded action. There is a shared notion of personal pain to expunge “Man’s” sins, but a different means by which to achieve this. In this respect, Pane’s approach was distinctly different from more recent body artists whose work is just as deeply imbricated in the iconography of Christian suffering and violence, but isn’t explicitly concerned with representing the pain of others.

In contemplating Franko B's stigmatic performance work, we are exposed to the sorts of physical and visual intensities usually associated with medieval and pre-modern worshippers' relationship with devotional representations of Christ's suffering. Franko B creates a palimpsest effect reinscribing traditional Christian iconography upon his own. The London-based Italian artist came to prominence in the 1990s with a number of bleeding performances that left audiences shocked and (temporarily) silent. When they started talking, some spoke of the extraordinary image making, while others voiced concern about his mental health. Today, he is an established London artist who mentors upcoming artists, gives guest lectures to students and tours his work internationally. In the last year, he has decided to discontinue bleeding performances, opting instead to work with light.⁵

However, in the 2001 performance of *Oh Lover Boy*, Franko B lay, naked and painted head-to-toe in Butoh white, arms outstretched and bleeding, on a large tilted square canvas frame. The audience watched from positions on a floor that echoed the tilted incline of Franko B's frame. Spectators were forced to crane necks and reposition themselves as devotees in this reversal of the usual tiered seating convention of a more traditional theatre performance space. This design seemed to emphasize the potential flow of blood from the performer's space into that of the spectators as numerous lines of blood mapped their way across the white body and canvas. His body and heart rate determined the pace of the performance, his blood reasserting the material body's presence, its rhythm and physical reality. Toward the end of the performance, Franko B sat up and returned the audience's gaze. A shocking and moving action; the room stopped. For a haunting and intense minute or so, he simply stared back in a time that seemed to stretch—"This is my body." He then stood up and left the space, rather clumsily. Sweat left a pale outline of Franko B's form on the canvas and the lines of blood emanated from this damp trace; a clear evocation of the Turin Shroud. In her 2001 review of the piece, Lyn Gardner quotes an audience member who opines, "I imagine watching the crucifixion was something like that."⁶

Franko B is not necessarily a religious man who sees himself making a religious statement. But he does understand his work to be a manifestation of his sense of freedom from the limitations of the self and society. The audience, on the other hand, are left to contemplate the simplicity and clarity of this imagery in deeply personal acts. Christ is undeniably evoked; in the context of western audiences this reads as an appropriation that complicates interpretations. Like Christ's human/divine duality, Franko B's naked, exposed, and bleeding body is at once male (his penis is visible), feminine (he bleeds/he has been penetrated) and aestheticized (he is enclosed in white paint). Like many religious images of Christ, there is a sensual eroticism to his woundedness that is emphasized by the body paint, which was originally adopted in order to neutralize his otherwise densely illustrated and tattooed form. The whitening has the effect not only of enhancing the sculptural quality of his body, but the completeness of his enclosure within this whiteness actually emphasises the juts, ridges and recesses of numerous small cuts and incisions that cover his body. It also suggests a virginal purity to underscore the brilliant redness of his blood; drawing the audience's focus to the flow as in religious depictions of

the crucifixion where hovering angels catch the flow in golden chalices as a sign of the future sacrament of communion.

As a wounded man, Franko B may express himself differently from one who is intact. The wound allows spectators freedom to interact with his body in ways that exceed the conventionally prescribed limits, by acting as an invitation to contemplate the fragility of the otherwise typically closed male body. Presenting himself as someone to be gazed at, our presence as spectators reaffirms his subjectivity, even if this process of self-presentation in many ways objectifies him and emphasises his otherness. This act parallels the dichotomy experienced when contemplating pictures of Christ who, while represented as a suffering mortal who bleeds like us, remains forever an Other because of his divine nature. Franko B's bleeding performances forge an uncomfortable, but undoubtedly powerful, connection with his audience. Part of the discomfort arises from our empathy as spectators for *this* suffering body, but part of the discomfort, at least for this secular viewer, comes from a reluctant acknowledgement of a desire for some sort of transcendent, perhaps even spiritual intensity that is aroused by and surrounds Franko B's work. For in essence, while suffering in the modern world is understood as something antithetical to contemporary Western existence, we still look towards the suffering body of the martyr as a body undergoing excruciating physical intensity, a body that has reached towards an altogether transfixing state of sublime unbearable ecstasy.

While these shared intensities within Franko B's work produce an almost devotional community as one can see both in attendance and through his Website, there remain important instances where stigmatic bleeding in performance relies on the same sense of community to elicit political, rather than spiritual engagement. Spectators, through their collective recognition of the symbolism evident in the performance, their physical sharing of the space, and their proximity to the bleeding body of the performer, are encouraged to identify themselves and others around them as being directly linked to that which is represented. This, perhaps, marks a shift in emphasis since the time of Gina Pane's work.

Bálint Szombathy's *Flags II* (1995) draws upon the Christian iconography of violent suffering in order to creatively distill recent historical events for audience members, who are likely to have had first hand experience of the events that resulted in the break up of Yugoslavia as a socialist amalgamation of many religions, ethnic groups, and cultural traditions. For *Flags II*, the artist Szombathy—an ethnic Hungarian who works and lives in both the Serbian city of Novi Sad and the Hungarian capital Budapest—lies dressed in a white shirt and trousers on a white-sheeted hospital gurney, in a completely white room. His head is covered by a fencing helmet and propped upright with a pillow. His right arm holds a piece of metal in a pair of tongs, which in turn are rested on an anvil mounted on a white box beside the gurney. A punctured vein in his left arm drips blood onto the loosely piled pages of the Yugoslav constitution. He continues to bleed until he loses consciousness. By his side, a man dressed in black boots, a heavy black jumper and black combat trousers stands to attention, his eyes the only part of his face visible through a black balaclava.

Szombathy comments on the veracity of his action; “In performance everything is as in life, one to one . . . knife is a knife, and if I cut myself, I really cut myself, and if blood is in question, it is real blood . . . There are no tricks. I cannot lie.”⁷

The title of the piece, *Flags II*, refers to the new flag of Serbia adopted in 1992 when each former republic of the federation reasserted their independent national identity after the united socialist Yugoslavia fell apart in 1991. The new flag retains the three-colored horizontal stripes of the Socialist Federal Republic of Yugoslavia flag, but the large centrally placed communist star has been removed. A small version of this flag is hung on a wall behind the audience, whilst a much larger flag retaining the star dominates the wall to the right of Szombathy’s gurney, and his black-clad collaborator. The larger flag with its giant red star forms a backdrop. Attached to this flag is a framed portrait of Josip Broz Tito, the president who succeeded through repressively enforced socialism, in unifying the region and suppressing the aspirations for dominance then expressed by Serbia, Croatia, and Slovenia. By doing this, Tito ensured that the smaller republics of Bosnia, Montenegro, and Macedonia, as well as minority ethnic Albanians and Hungarians were not overshadowed. In this way Yugoslavia maintained a powerful centralized state—particularly important during the Cold War years. However, after Tito died in 1980, there was considerable uncertainty about how power was actually devolved to the federal states—for the most part Tito and the Slovenian Edvard Kardelj had been responsible for policy without consultation. The lack of clarity, and the absence of a functioning constitution resulted in widespread corruption.⁸ Moreover, the mounting economic crisis coupled with bids for equality staged by repressed minorities like the Albanians in Kosovo in 1981, contributed to the increasing sense of fracture. With the fall of communism in the Soviet States and the growing demands of Serbian and other nationalist groups, ethno-nationalism was allowed to resume with redoubled force. The end result was another brutal Balkans war and the fragmentation of the former Yugoslavia.

Szombathy plays out his distress at both the ethnically motivated violence and the loss of the unity that the former socialist state of Yugoslavia had instituted. The hammer and sickle, familiar symbols of communism’s contrasting repressive and productive forces, are evoked and critiqued in the repetitive, destructive strikes made by the balaclavaed man to the twisted lump of metal held in tongs on the anvil at Szombathy’s side. Szombathy directly politicizes his actions, allowing his wounded arm to express his sense of impotence, loss, and futility. His reclining passivity is a symptom of his grief. The art historian and critic Miško Šuvaković observes “The artist exposes his body as an object in a space that is full of traces of socialism and of the state of Yugoslavia. The former state exists now only as an erased trace, as a reconstructed and simulated visual and scenic order of codes.”⁹

In an unconscious emulation of the figure of Christ, Franko B and Szombathy both retain a calm solemnity, not grimacing visibly or fighting the sensations of the flesh as Franko B stands largely motionless and Szombathy lies helplessly, blood flowing from the openings in their arms. However, while Franko B does this because he wishes his audience to witness the beautiful images he creates via this opening in

the flesh, Szombathy uses the same motif of physical crisis to point towards other ruptures. The suffering body becomes emblematic of the larger suffering around him, his passivity a demonstration of a sense of inadequacy, and the inadequacy of national and international responses to the events of the Balkan conflicts. In effect his blood is sacrificed and his body given in order to make an ethical demand on those who witness him; Szombathy, motivated by the ethnic conflict on his doorstep, speaks as one of the people to others like himself. He incapacitates himself in order to try to unlock the productive potential of his audience, who, in receiving the sacrifice offered, are implicitly expected to do more than just stare. The blood is a provocation to engage directly and intensely just as the distraught but mute icons of Christ ask spectators to imaginatively connect with the physical suffering undertaken on their behalf. This is my body . . . given for you. In this real presentation of suffering, Szombathy is likely to break through the layers of protective apathy and indifference that have come to surround our response to suffering bodies; whether this is because of the plethora of media presentations of the pointless suffering of disaster, war, and terrorism or whether it is through a deep-seated fear of being confronted with something we perceive to be unchangeable, the close-up impact of a bleeding body in the same room as us, while difficult to look at, is much harder to ignore or turn away from.

Moreover, the image of the bleeding body of Christ may be depicted returning the gaze, thus heightening the medieval contemplator's sense of being "touched" by the image; something that is echoed by Franko B and Szombathy, who both return a spectatorial gaze. But rather than generating a sorrow for the sufferings of a martyr whose violent sacrifice is the site of the religious devotee's "rebirth," these performance artists' actions explore their own sense of inequity and martyrdom by placing themselves at the center of others sorrowful contemplation. By deliberately rupturing the body's border, the skin of the self, they compel our attention. In breaking the boundary they shatter their own, as well as our sense of wholeness. For although the skin's ability to contain and alter according to internal and external circumstances makes it a transitory zone that is continually changing and adapting, it becomes a site of ambiguity and potential danger when it is broken. This vulnerability and sense of exposure is vital to the communicative function of bleeding bodies on display, both for the individuals wounded and the audience that witness the disruption. In allowing the normally internalized materials of the body to exude into the external space, we as spectators experience a raw bodily reaction. A visceral connection is made between the wounded body on display and those who watch. The nature and intensity of this connection will naturally vary, but spectator engagement, at least initially, is likely to occur at a very basic physiological rather than intellectual or rational level. The rawness of Franko B's bleeding has elicited tears from some spectators while others have impulsively sought to touch his wounds, as Louise Gray notes in her perceptive review of his work.¹⁰ Pane sometimes exploited her awareness of the initial stun value of what she was doing by using video to record spectators' spontaneous reactions, thus preserving their disbelief and trauma but also revealing their complicity in her actions as they sat and watched, apparently powerless to intervene; a lesson worthy of Brecht.



Bálint Szombathy, *Flags II*. Photo: Courtesy Branislav Lučić.

The spatial configuration used in Franko B's performances, in common with Szombathy's, means that as viewers, we are constantly watching each other watching. And in our watching we are reminded that unlike the random victims of tragic events and meaningless suffering, where, as Susan Sontag has explored in her examination of images of suffering and spectatorship, looking itself may be construed as perverse and voyeuristic, those we watch are impassioned actors exercising agency—there may be an implicit request for us to engage and take action, but not action to change the individual performer's circumstances, rather action to transform ourselves and/or the circumstances of which we, the audience, are a part.¹¹

The iconography and materiality of the sacrificial body at the center of Christianity has been, and continues to be, appropriated as a site through which social, religious, and political concerns may be seen, focused, and expressed. The publicly experienced bleeding body fundamentally disrupts because its presence defies the containment usually imposed upon such wounded bodies by medical or other intervention. The body that deliberately bleeds out performs a refusal, a reversal that teeters on the edge of control and its loss, on the boundaries of vitality and mortality. But while the function of the suffering/bleeding body within medieval Christian society is well established in its exemplary and controlling usage, the actual bleeding body, until very recently, was problematic and unpopular in contemporary western culture. This is, in part, because it has come to represent a physically weakened and potentially vulnerable sick body in a society that refuses to see these bodies, instead placing great value on physical health and fitness. By contrast, the mutable condition of the bleeding body in contemporary performance, beyond its expression of authenticity, immediacy and urgency, provokes for the spectator/witness a sense of fascination tempered with reluctance—a compulsion to see married to the impulse to flee.

Whether in “real” life or in the biblical story of Christ's tortures, there is a tendency to tolerate, indeed exploit, a level of voyeurism and collusion rather than take direct action in subverting disruptive events. This is particularly so when our bodies are exposed to real situations of physical risk, with the possibility that we too may be marginalized, damaged, or contaminated in the process or by association. If we empathize with the damaged figure, the violence that appears to be suffered may be understood as an aggression against ourselves. However, such performances as *Flags II* and *Oh Lover Boy* may also have the potential to function ethically, perhaps catalyzing a generative response from spectators, even if at first the message of the performance seems sublime and unfathomable. Surely, even in our puzzled uncertainty, this must be considered the more desirable, indeed, more moral response to any bleeding body.

NOTES

1. Emma Safe, “Come into my Parlour,” *The Guardian*, 25 May 2002. <<http://arts.guardian.co.uk/features/story/0,,721684,00.html>> (accessed June 2007).

2. Jill Bennett, “Stigmata and Sense Memory: St Francis and the Affective Image,” in *Art History* 24, 1 (February 2001): 10.

3. Patrick Campbell and Helen Spackman, "Surviving the Performance: An Interview with Franko B," *The Drama Review* 42, 4 (Winter 1998): 72.
4. Inge Linder-Gaillard, "Stigmata, Icons and Reliquaries: Message from St Gina," in *Gina Pane*, edited by Bernard Blistène, Southampton/Bristol: John Hansard Gallery/Arnolfini, 2002, 47.
5. <<http://www.franko-b.com>> (accessed June 2007).
6. Lyn Gardner, "Bloody Peculiar," *The Guardian* 13, 1 (May 2001): G2.
7. Bálint Szombathy quoted by Miško Šuvaković, "Art as a Political Machine: Fragments on the Late Socialist and Postsocialist Art of Mitteleuropa and the Balkans," in *Postmodernism and the Postsocialist Condition: Politicized Art under Late Socialism*, edited by Aleš Erjavec, London: University of California Press, 2003, 120.
8. Misha Glenny, *The Balkans 1804–1999 Nationalism, War and the Great Powers*, London: Granta Books, 2000, 623–25.
9. Šuvaković, 120.
10. Louise Gray, "Visual Art: We're Close Enough to See Into His Eyes and to Watch His Chest Heave," *The Independent* April 23, 2000: 6.
11. Susan Sontag, *Regarding the Pain of Others*, London: Hamish Hamilton, 2003.

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1. "Art as Spiritual Practice," a dialogue with Meredith Monk, Alison Knowles, Eleanor Heartney, Linda Montano, and Erik Ehn, moderated by Bonnie Marranca, *PAJ* 72 (September 2002).
2. "Franciscan Performance: A Theatre Lost and Found Again," by Antonio Attisani; "Formalist Investigations of Medieval Forms: Pat Lipsky and the Spirit of Color," by Karen Wilkin; "An Internet Performance for the Third Millennium"; and *The Birth of the Christ Child: A Divine Comedy*, a digital performance text by Marlena Corcoran, all selections from *PAJ* 73 (January 2003).
3. "Being Mindful: West Coast Reflections on Buddhism and Art," by Jennie Klein, *PAJ* 79 (January 2005).
4. "Contemporary Forms of Occult Theatre," by Edmund B. Lingan, *PAJ* 84 (September 2006).