

2003

## I Moved House : an inscape

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## I Moved House<sup>1</sup>: an inscape

I moved house<sup>2</sup>  
And tore up the boxes  
That held all the bits  
Carried away  
From my parents place<sup>3</sup>  
From my old house  
Where I used to live

I painted them in black  
In a dark room  
Thinking about

Grief  
And loss  
And memory

And then

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<sup>1</sup> Keller, H (1902) *The Story of My Life*, Signet Classic New York

That living word awakened my soul, gave it light....I left the well-house eager to learn. Everything had a name, and each name gave birth to a new thought. As we returned to the house every object which I touched seemed to quiver with life. That was because I saw everything with the strange new sight that had come to me.

<sup>2</sup> Martin, E 1987 *The Woman in The Body: a cultural analysis of reproduction*, Open University Press, Milton Keynes

Pg 201 If there is anything at all to the relationships between *housekeeping of the "body" of the family* - of its effluvia, dirt, waste - and a different and more practical, grounded consciousness prone to question the shape of society as a whole, then there should be a more acute consciousness of the working class. For they, especially women, and most especially black women, in large part do the housekeeping for the whole social body in addition to the housekeeping for their own bodies and their families. It is they who clean rich peoples homes, clean offices and factories, take away waste and garbage of cities and towns, serve people at restaurants and clean up after them, care for the daily needs of patients and clean up after them in hospitals.

<sup>3</sup> Kierr, S (1995) *Treating Anxiety: four case examples* in Levy, F (eds) *Dance and Other Expressive Arts Therapies: when words are not enough*, Routledge:London

pg121.....a child sometimes becomes attached to an object associated with the safety and comfort of the parents, perhaps a blanket or a teddy bear.....these objects help to maintain the feeling of safety even when the child is away from the parent.....

On the third day<sup>4</sup>

I opened the curtains  
To the window of my new home<sup>5</sup>  
And light came in  
And I liked what I saw

I made all the  
Bits n' pieces  
Into a 3 metre  
Totem  
And hung  
Her/him  
On the wall  
Above my spiral stairs<sup>6</sup>  
And noticed as I walked

Up  
And  
Down

That he/she  
Acted as the skeleton  
To my psychic world  
Based around the body of me

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<sup>4</sup> Whitford, M (1995) *Luce Irigaray - Philosophy in the Feminine* London:Routledge

pg 48 Bringing the god to life through us, between us, as a resurrection and transfiguration of blood and flesh through their language and their ethic

<sup>5</sup> Whitford, M (1995) *Luce Irigaray - Philosophy in the Feminine* London:Routledge

Pg 47 What links God, language and woman here is the idea of becoming; God or language is defined in terms of becoming; woman or being in the feminine is also defined in terms of becoming. And God and language are both defined in terms of a house or habitation. What is needed for women then is a habitation that does not contain or imprison them; instead of an invisible prison which keeps them captive, a habitation in which they can grow is the condition of becoming, and of becoming divine.

<sup>6</sup> Hobson, R (1985) *Forms of Feeling: the heart of psychotherapy*, Routledge London

Pg 57 A psychotherapist is not a third-rate metaphysical poet. His job is not to think up fanciful analogies with which to ice the cake but, together with his client, to seek for 'moving metaphors'. In a language of feeling are brought together and they disclose a new meaning which resonates with deep levels of pre-conceptual experiencing. Then as a new, and larger synthesis emerges from our middle, there is a carrying forward with a step on to new ground.

A clunky shoulder  
A funny neck  
A head with bits wiggling out  
On stalks

Anyway I hung it in my final show  
At the prison<sup>7</sup>

And when it was finished  
I asked my dad  
And my mum  
To help me get  
Her/him down  
And so we swung it  
And held it and  
Paced about  
And down he/she came

I walked along  
With him/her  
Held awkwardly  
In my arms  
So that  
The big long bits  
Wouldn't waggle  
Too much  
In the wind  
Coming through The windows  
And come unstuck<sup>8</sup>

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<sup>7</sup> Rich, A (1976) *Of Woman Born*, WW Norton New York

Pg 164 These thinkers tend to assume that awareness of my body in its weight, massiveness, and balance is always an alienated objectification of my body, in which I am of my body and my body imprisons me. They also tend to assume that such awareness of my body must cut me off from the enactment of my projects. I cannot be attending to the physicality of my body and using it as a means to the accomplishment of my aims.

<sup>8</sup> Con Davis, R (1997) *Aristotle, Gynecology, and the Body Sick with Desire* in Lefkowitz, L (eds) *Textual Bodies: changing boundaries of literary representation*, UNY Press:New York

pp 50-51 The world, in other words, can come unstuck precisely in the way that womans uterus comes unstuck in the female body. This similarity exists because the Kosmos itself...was conceived by the Greeks as a female otherness..in relation to Zeus's position as the super-male agency. Zeus and the gynecologist, in other words, have the same approximate relation to the Hupokeimenon (subject in process) and the discourse that makes the world knowable. The fixed position of the father/doctor, as doctor, orients the female body, and Zeus as super father/doctor orients the female world....Gynecology as cultural reference and technology of power and the fixity of "Mount Olympus", in effect, are the references of Greek critical authority, and in relation to the "womb" and "world" wander without purpose until a male can reposition them. Male technology cures "female problems", that is, female constitutional inadequacy and disorder.

Dad followed behind  
To hold the string  
And check the bits  
As we went through the door

We were talking about  
Something or other  
I can't remember now  
And just as we got  
To the threshold<sup>9</sup>  
With the metal plinth  
Running under the door  
That you have to  
Remember  
To step over  
Or trip  
And fall

And just as we stood  
Near the door  
To the death chamber  
Where the threshold is  
that we had to cross  
A gust blew up  
And the body  
Wibble-Wobbled  
Its last  
Wibble wobble<sup>10</sup>

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<sup>9</sup> Grosz E (1994) *Volatile Bodies: toward a corporeal feminism*, Allen & Unwin St Leonards

Pg 52 (Freud) claims that, ininterceding between the mnemonic systems and consciousness, are the two psychical systems of the unconscious and the preconscious, divided by the barrier of censorship. The transformation of quantitative to qualitative excitations (of neurones) thus occurs well before the conscious registration of the perception. The movement occurs in the translation of terms between the mnemonic (memory) systems, which involve quantitative transformations of the neurone, and the unconscious, which is composed of nothing but perceptions which strive for conscious expression, i.e., wishes. This is thus the threshold point between neurological and psychological processes, the point at which the outer material impingements deflect into an internal, psychical order.

<sup>10</sup> Riley, D (1999) *Foucault Nietzsche, Genealogy and History* in Price, J and Shildrick, M (eds) *Feminist Theory and the Body: a reader*, Edinburgh University Press:Edinburgh

Pg 224 If the body is an unsteady mark, scarred in its long decay, then the sexed body too undergoes a similar radical temporality, and more transitory states. Then what is the attraction of the category of the body at all?.....for the concept 'womens bodies' is opaque, and like 'women' it is always in some juxtaposition to 'human' and to 'men'. If this is envisaged as a triangle of identifications, then it is rarely an equilateral triangle in which both sexes are perched at matching distances from the apex of the human.

And came unstuck  
Falling into pieces  
On the ground  
At my feet  
Lying half  
Across the lintel  
Half in  
And half  
out

he/she  
Literally  
Came unstuck

My dad and I  
Looked down and laughed  
And said  
Well that was a freudian slip  
And I wondered  
Does this mean its over?

I picked up the bits  
And put them in my car  
And drove to my aunts house

Her name is Eve<sup>11</sup>  
She has an old train carriage  
In her garden  
Lifted in there on a crane  
By a friend of hers

And I put the pieces in there  
With some stands and a light box  
And I leave them there  
In the mostly dark  
Across from the door  
Where the dog and cats come in  
And out

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<sup>11</sup> Scott Peck, M (1987) *The Different Drum: the creation of true community*  
the first step to world peace, Arrow Books London

Pg 172 Take the wonderful story of Adam and Eve, the garden, the apple, and the snake..Is it a story of our fall from grace and alienation from our environment? Or is it a story of our evolution into self-consciousness (and hence the shyness that is so essentially human)? Or both? It is also a story of human greed and fear and arrogance and laziness and disobedience in response to the call to be the best we can be. And it tells us that we can no longer go back to that unself-conscious state of oneness with the world (the way is blocked by a flaming sword) but can find our salvation only by going forward through the rigors of the desert into ever deeper levels of consciousness.

Sometimes

Then  
Just recently  
My aunt emailed me  
Asking me to  
Take my stuff when  
I am ready

She has left  
My uncle  
And was wanting  
To clean things out  
A bit

So I went on a Saturday  
And opened the gate  
And the blind dog  
Came out to meet me  
And snuffled her  
Way down to the  
Green door  
At the side of the carriage

And I slid it open  
And it clunked  
And made my hand  
Smell of iron  
Because it  
Was rusty

And inside  
I had forgotten  
It was there  
And had just expected  
To see  
My stands  
And other things

But there it was  
All the  
Bits n' pieces<sup>12</sup>  
And I smiled and thought  
I'm glad I kept that  
Something about  
The images  
And crayon  
And black paint  
And delicious edged  
Ripped up  
Cardboard  
Makes me feel  
Good

So I pulled it out  
And decided  
I would put it  
In the gallery show  
Because really  
It has travelled  
All this way  
Across the Inner geographies  
of my life

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<sup>12</sup> Minh-Ha, T (1991) *When the Moon Waxes Red: representation, gender and cultural politics*,  
Routledge:New York

Pg 143 ... a form provides an armature for the amorphous substance - the vision of a piece of meat that would have no end is a mad vision but if I cut that meat in pieces and distribute it according to the progress of time and appetite, then it will no longer be perdition and madness; it will be humanised again...since I will inevitably have to divide that monstrous meat...let me at least have the courage to allow that form to shape itself by itself just as a crust grows hard by itself...allowing a meaning, whatever it may be, to come to the surface (pg 23 *The Passion According to GH Paris, Des Femmes Cixous*)