

Thanks to everybody for taking the time to look over the photos and read through my blog. I am grateful for the feedback and questions.

First off, Ekagric is an analog (which I made up) to ekagra which is a sanskrit spiritual word meaning: *eka*=one, *agra*=foremost. It is single pointed focus where all mental facilities are concentrated upon a single object. (B. K. S. Iyengar)

It is too bad that the crit happened before my performance. As Laurel intuited, performing has given me valuable first hand information. I will start with the question of the relationship of the audience to the project and me as performer. Here is my attempt to provide some insight into that phenomena, given my experiences and observations over the weekend.

For many people, placing oneself on a high wire is an almost magical act. As Laurel hints, it defies an evolutionary programming and a consensus of human capacity and logic. But humans are faced with two sides of the mind when it comes to such things. On the one side, everyone is frightened by heights and of falling. On the other side, everyone dreams of flying and overcoming terrestrial limitations. I don't think this is a desire solely of modern man, but has been with us through the ages. However, our advancements in technology have substantially advanced our ability to enact this desire. But beyond the physical side, beyond the mechanics of gymnastics or aeronautics is a dream which drives these tangible manifestations. I believe it comes from an eternal desire to be free, free of pain, doubt, limits, and worry. Somehow humanity sees the air, the realm above land, holding promise for the fulfillment of such a dream. A total freedom seems beyond possibility, yet we intuit the existence of such a state and construct myths and stories which tell of various ways to bliss. I hope that for moments we all have felt bliss, whether it was through love, drug, or endeavor. In a concert it comes about as a stadium of people collectively feel a freedom and wonder which transcends normal experience.

The people who thanked me for sharing my endeavor had a collective experience which brought them happiness. In this way I see my relationship with the audience as a catalyst for an experience which I do not directly design or control. I do not provide a text panel which describes the metaphorical implications of the endeavor and I did not charge an admission fee, so the performance is an offering rather than a product. I let the audience members, individually and collectively, experience my endeavor. More than a finished work or a carefully produced theatrical production with narrative, this is one human's endeavor. There is no separation from the audience, there is no back stage. I greeted and conversed with people as I walked to the tower to begin my ascent and performance. I did not use ear plugs because the attempt to insulate myself from the distractions of another ultimately insulates me from myself. Distraction comes from within not without, no barrier will provide a solution. The pianist Glen Gould could practice quiet passages completely undisturbed by a vacuum cleaner.

Most exciting to me was to see that this journey and project, which at times I fear to be quite insular and self indulgent, has by being shared, transformed into something which is neither. It

has opened and showed potential, turning into a shared experience of passion and a demonstration in the freedom and joy contained in initiative. My building of the structure and performance upon it seemed to act synergistically upon participants at the event. The passion and love of the act is felt by the understanding of the tremendous labor which goes into the making. The labor involved in the weaving of the net is, as I can tell, almost universally understood. The labor in welding, fabrication, and other elements of construction seems less tangible to the average person, unless they themselves are directly involved in such types of building. The net perhaps is something more intimate and more mystical than tube steels. In human history we have a very long and important relationship with ropes, threads, nets, and textiles.

It is challenging performing in front of the audience. My heart was pounding and my limbs were shaking from nervous excitement. It was windy. But it is amazing how silent 100 people can be. Apparently everyone was terrified of distracting me and only when I would go into a one arm balance or my hat, in a vicious gust was blown from my head was there an applause. I now understand what Francis Brunn, master juggler of the 20th century, meant when he said the ultimate performance would have no applause. Everyone would be so memorized that they have forgotten everything.

Christian, I am interested in what you say about the wire as a threshold and a bridge. You mentioned the first step as a barrier which most dare not pass. It is like the flick of a switch and you enter into uncertainty and vulnerability. I would imagine in life we all have felt this one way or another. You take your fear and make it a dancing partner. It is from this that slowly over years I will be able to construct what Beauty might call a gait, although to me a gait is something enacted on the ground. I have never thought of an aerialist's gait before. It's an interesting idea. I am very intrigued by the idea of taking a wire and making it a bridge between spaces. Werner Herzog says, "*It [wire walking] shows the art to fill and illuminate the Void, a void between two towers, two edges of a ravine, or two planets, or the space between heart and mind. A wire connects what would have been separated in loneliness forever.*" Perhaps I can find some situation to experiment with this concept through architecture. I have been invited to perform a high wire act in Circus Luminous next fall. Circus Luminous is a local performance troupe which performs yearly in a theater and other venues. It would be interesting to rig a wire from a theater balcony and transform from an audience member to an aerial artist, leaving the balcony and entering the space between audience and stage, performer and witness. This is a place which fascinates me. A space with permeable definitions, and ultimately the space in which I believe Art dwells.

Thanks so much for all of the feedback and questions, which I am sorry it did not answer, but to do justice to them all would have made this writing terribly long. Hopefully this has answered some of the questions and shed light on others.

Best luck in the projects and I look forward to discovering them anew in the weeks to come.

best jamie