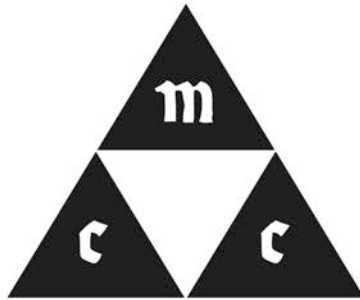


THE  
H A P T I C O N  
*of the*  
CRAFT MYSTERY CULT

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IN THE RESONANCE OF FOREVER  
IN THE RADIANCE OF THE EVERY DAY

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# 1.

## CALL OF THE INITIATES

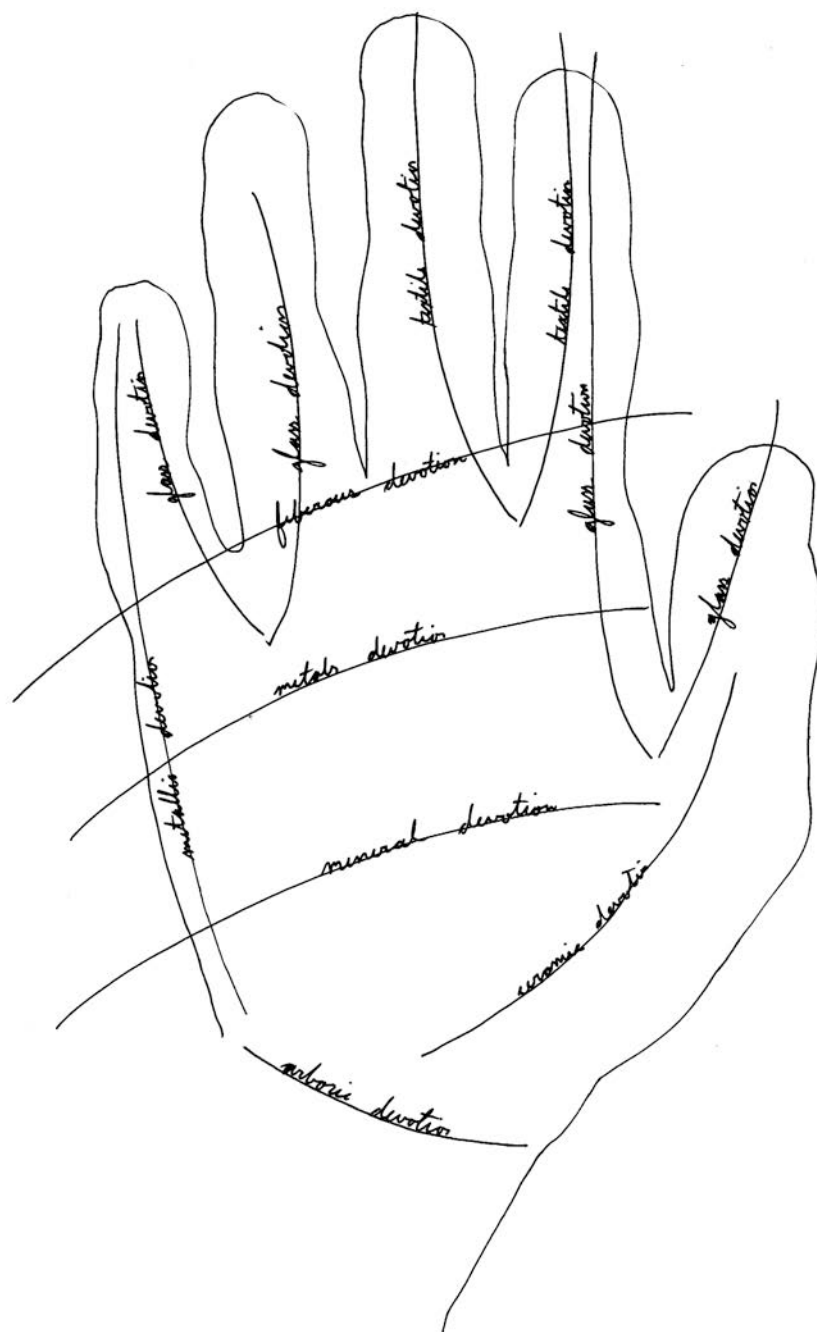
Stewards of these mysteries, protectors of the hand-made, recognize the gravity of what falls under your jurisdiction. Revel in the company of this ancient lot, the stewards of old, stalwart though nameless in history. We celebrate the forebears of our lineage; we the beneficiaries of skill unbroken since the dawn of our species. You who call the office of the hand homeland, you who sit by clay and cloth, by glass and metal and wood, remember your teachers and your teacher's teachers, their hands unwavering, monuments of the body, guardians of ingenuity. Be kind to those who will trail after you, the students yet unborn. Welcome them into the grand arc of craft's narrative and share these mysteries. Be generous with what has been passed to you, nothing withheld. Speak eagerly of kilns and cones, of warp and weft. Speak daily of slag or steel, grain and old growth and shimmer by the furnace of hot glass. What was whispered, generation upon generation by the mothers and fathers and prophets of these fields, rings out over all points of the compass: transient, borderless and ecstatic. Be messengers of this wisdom, in the resonance of forever, in the radiance of the everyday.

## 2.

### FELICITY OF THE HAND

Stewards of these mysteries, protectors of the hand-made, behold what brings form to the formless, what sovereign and far reaching organ of touch covers the earth in the proclamation of human warmth, undeniable, revelatory, living. From finger-tips and opposable parts spring the embodiments of each of our craft mysteries, the channel through which mind and heart seek structure in the realm of things, quivering in the novice, ecstatic in the master. Electric and dynamic in the symmetry of right and left, the hand and its digits purveys the wordless truth of frank humanness, perfected in fallibility. Trace after trace of the hand lingers always about the fruits of our labor: the ancient's palm print still fresh in first potter's clay, the metered stitch, the hammered foils of gold, copper, silver and steel. By the pure will of finger-tips we have planted the seeds of civilization, polished the machine of industry, known the heart-beat of another. Accreted, amalgamated, the combined clicking of those finger-tips have strung together the binary units of our virtuality, the whispered code of the digital, its vast networks and its secret gates. Seek out the homeland of your practice in the geography of the hand, where needle touches thumb and index finger, where knuckle wraps around hammer, where palm-cupped is the

shape of a vessel, where knife rests in hand and wood.  
These things that have shaped cities, mapped conquest,  
made record of enlightenment. These organs that have  
mined the deepest earth and envisioned highest heavens,  
they rest beside us always, bedside, tableside, along our wild  
meanders. Be linked together in the memory of hands. Be  
committed to benevolence. Be awakened in the dawn of  
generosity. What the hand gives is the promise of its pure  
potential, the promise of history smiling upon what we  
have the will to manifest, the desire to alter what grows in  
the field, what moves in the earth, what comes to our  
bodies. May your hands guide all things to their right  
places, in the resonance of forever, in the radiance of the  
everyday.

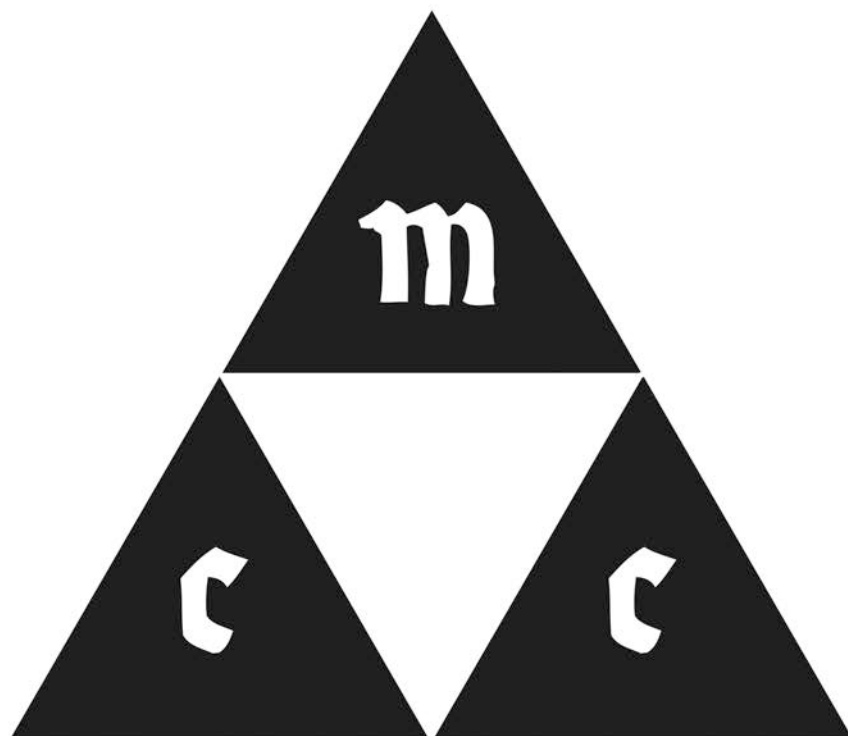


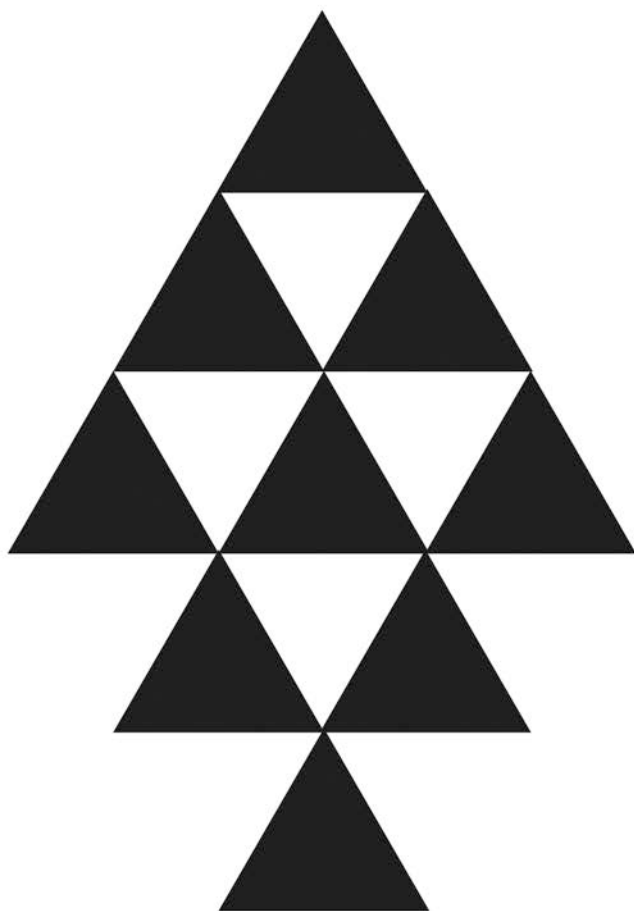
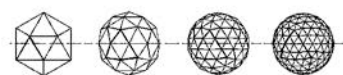
### 3. INSIGNIA

Stewards of these mysteries, protectors of the hand-made, be called to your respective fields and look upon the signs of your craft. Four triangles, equal in sides and angles, bear the name of this cult. Three black surround one white on all sides, the black inscribed with letters, the white: empty. For if the square and its grid reveals the rationality of one Modernity, then the triangle reveals the mysticism of another. Projected into the Third Dimension, the square reveals its cube: symbol of institution, of edifice. Projected into the Third Dimension, the triangle yields the tetrahedron, the icosahedron, the geodesic dome, the Pyramids. The pyramid then, a temple of the beyond, of kingly remains and ancient mysteries. Look upon these signs as signs of a secret Modernity, fertile in its beginnings, its practices ripe with celestial energy. Let the crystalline structure of this triangular sign expand in its own, corollary grid, alternative, gentle in the curvature of the dome of its exhale into real space. Know that this sign marks the sacrosanct in craft, its sacred lineage, its sacred knowledge, its sacred spaces: from metal shop to wood shop, from glass studio to weaving studio, from all the workshops of clay. Let this sign mark imagined and forgotten places, also: the lands of closed industry, the reliquaries in the grass, lost knowledge

and wisdom to be regained. Let it mark the echo of the labor song, let it be seen on the edges of kiln, loom, furnace and saw. Let it gleam on books, on manuals, on text set free in midair. Let it be a sign of those who act as gates between what was, what is, and what will be, the loyalty of the hand and the glow of the digital, in the resonance of forever, in the radiance of the every day. Let it be a sign of those who act as gates between what was, what is, and what will be, the loyalty of the hand and the glow of the digital, in the resonance of forever, in the radiance of the every day.







#### 4.

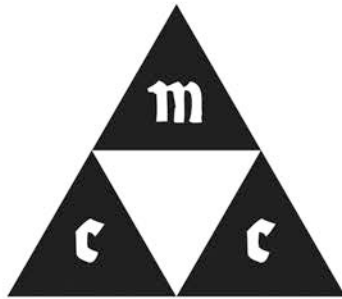
### SIGNIFICATION

Stewards of these mysteries, protectors of the hand-made, be called to your respective fields and look upon the signs of your skills, the signs of their material origins. Behold the earth, from which we derive the stuff of our making. Older than creation, set in the highest vault and traversing all existence, beyond what is named existence: the ineffable, the energy which courses through star-light and blackest space, through waves of sound and cresting waves, in primordial waters and ancient fires, in the heart of the atom and in the heart beating electric, in the first and in the last, benevolent and malevolent, bearing no claim or witness to the measure of our words. The energy of production, the march of industry, the frenzy of economy, the flow of time itself: in radiating circles of seven, the Energy of Creation and Destruction used in all our fields: in the fire of kiln, forge and furnace, in living fiber and breathing wood. In the energy of thought, of imagination: spiraling and perpetual. From that true expanse we draw out a line. Like the surface of the earth, the perceptible ground: solid, the realm of men and human thought. We draw this line for thinkers, for dreamers of theory, for their archives and their aching for words to give place to thought. And upon that line, we draw an arc, a northern hemisphere for the mud and the clay on the

round breast of earth. But as above, so below, and there we draw a second hemisphere, a southern domain of the planet. We draw this for the metals that stir in the full belly of the deep, elusive in their secret places, precious in their first gleaming of daylight. But bathed in that daylight are the fingerlings of growth on the earth, and we draw for them the stems of their growth upon the line. The cotton of the field, the roaming fleece of the beast, the spindly thread of silk. We draw a bar for the growth that covers that sky, the pillars of the forest giving shade to the soil, trunks of ancestral woods, proud as sentinels on the mountainside. But those mountains crumble, brought down by rain and wind, droplets as gentle as breath, pressing with infinite patience until the mountain is washed again to the sea from whence it came, to be dust on the shore, sand and silica, the seeds of glass. For those seeds we draw four circles of sand, resting on the level coast, the line of the horizon's beginning. We mark these things to rejoice in their connectivity, their provisions and their cycles, in and out of each other, together married. We stand in their ranks as we choose our crafts. We stand marked by clay, fiber, metal, glass wood and thought, all illuminated by the secret energy of the universe, in the resonance of forever, in the radiance of the every day.







THE HAPTICON  
OF THE CRAFT MYSTERY CULT



IN THE RESONANCE OF FOREVER  
to the spheres of devotion and the warm office of Craft's Mysteries  
IN THE RADIANCE OF THE EVERY DAY

I.  
*Celestial Hand*

E V O C A T I O N

1    *Of dust and vapor, all things tremble in your black dawn*  
     *By the circles traced by your numbered spheres,*  
     *We evoke the creation and the destruction you spread,*  
     *from the Heavens, through the Earth,*  
5    *across your gift of our life-long brevity.*  
     *With the shimmering eyes of recent dreamers,*  
     *we gaze on the tideless seas of your void.*  
     *Send us the many radiant crests of your frenetic shores:*  
     *the thermodynamic, the biologic,*  
10   *the tectonic, the ecologic.*  
     *By your high office we bare open palms*  
     *to the multitudinous spheres of your dominion.*  
     *In metallic devotion, in mineral devotion, in silicate devotion,*  
     *in arboric devotion, in fiberous devotion.*  
15   *In the light of no distant star we acquiesce to your foot-fall.*  
     *As your cold hand on our warm creation is forgiven,*  
     *so too shall our transience over this earth be perfected*



*Celestial Hand.*

DEVOTION

- 1    *If I sit, tempted by the things you have set  
in their right places: the wicker and the chair,  
the framed wall and inches delineated  
by pine, iron, glass, clay, thread and sawdust,*  
5    *then know the bliss of a happy steward.  
If I set my lips on the dew gathered from ancient teas  
given shape by clay rims, do not think my attention will drift  
to Ceylon or to Borneo. No.  
It will go from philtrum to maker's finger first.*  
10    *Know that when it is my cheek against the linen  
of a lover's shirt,  
that our own digits intuition to be laced together lingers always  
by way of woven things, taught by your celestial hand  
and brighter for it.*  
15    *If I, by my own blood, find the Iron veins of the Earth,  
stedfast and magnetic, then let it flow as freely  
as the compass does  
to its True North, and let the edge of poleless East and West  
shimmer metallic in the cool shade of no history.*  
20    *But if I seek out those secret trails,  
Let my horizon's clarity be glass clear,  
the fragile light like memory's light,  
heart-breaking and turbulent as childhood.*

*Let breath give form to that clarity,*  
25 *and may my lips be the passage of your greatest delight.*  
*Guide us through your forests, through old growth, and cedar*  
*time, through eons of pine and unto the edge of our own forests*  
*of chair and table leg, beyond the carved box of the grave,*  
*to rise again, carried by the branches of new-born trees,*  
30 *unto the breathlessness of new air.*



## II.

### *Fibrous Devotion*

- 1    *Rise, tender fingerlings of life, rise in cotton,  
in hemp, in abaca, jute and flax.  
Be the harbinger of lilly-white thrones  
as soft as midnight words whispered onto the ear.*
- 5    *Still the shifting sands under the rigid lie of edifice  
and edge the splitting roads of our specie's long meander.  
Touch the lips of each tender fingerling that wanders  
open-mouthed and noble over pastures, over mulberry leaves.  
Be to them hunger stilled, rise for them over the earth,*
- 10   *and through their given threads  
show a way to silk, wool and spider web.  
Rise fateless, rise in the splendid humility  
of wind-blown hair and skin.  
Meet us across spinning wheel and loom*
- 15   *taught as minstrel strings,  
tickle the tips of every finger drawn over you  
in memory of twist, of summer braids and daisy-chains  
and the table-cloth outside on the windy day,  
oh, meet us ghostly, free and shimmering on the clothe's line.*
- 20   *Be the cornerstone of the bed, and frame each dear one asleep:  
the one that was, the one that is, and the one yet to be.  
You, who makes the corners of a loved one sacred,  
You, who deals the stab of an oft caressed shirt, abandoned,*

*carry us through nakedness unto renewed nakedness.*

*Folded in quiet, rise now, long-lasting and fleeting,*

20 *rise from drawers and chests, from trade-routes  
and the backs of high-desert priests.*

*Rise from sails of conquest, of veils and sacrosanct spaces,  
as clothes dream as we dream,*

*from industry's whir to ancestor's bones,*

25 *drape the spine's arch of sky,  
and deliver us, reified in the glory of woven things,  
to the frayed edge of history.*

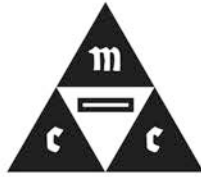


### III.

#### *Mineral Devotion*

- 1    *From molten dawn of earth you amble viscous,  
tide of future clay, remind us of the frenetic ground,  
of your ashen plume, thunderous once, without applause,  
to rain down on fresh creation.*
- 5    *Set aside to ocean's time,  
your varied body stirred, silt unto silt, until later  
you would with tectonic upheaval,  
find your cool face adjacent to ours, pure as white mountain.  
Rise beyond the meter of those mountains,*
- 10   *to grant an audience with our first fathers, our first mothers.  
Set in their hands what we will later ponder.  
Give rest to their cupped, water-ward hands,  
and let us join them in their thirst,  
older than thirst, let them freeze your liquid earth*
- 15   *in what later will traverse the sea  
as amphora, as porcelain, as first morning's brew.  
Let us bathe you in the humble light of the kiln, of wood-fire,  
salt, soda, air and pit, let us baffle  
at the celestial birth of your elements, of the astral forge*
- 20   *in the heart of passing stars, which in their flash of death  
ring out in Cobalt, Iron, Nickel and Copper  
to echo across the gem-stone setting of the planets in their orbits,  
to color your thirsty bisque*

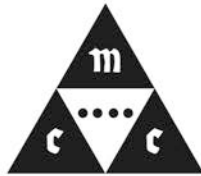
and pronounce there luminous blue,  
25 red, green and blinding clear.  
You hold wine, as you hold blood,  
hold the rambling of our brief, ancient narrative,  
hold it as shadow in the vessel,  
hold it as steam over on the rim, as ash of our dear ones,  
30 as sacred oil, as scarce as breath and light.  
Let us leave you behind at the end of our measured days,  
after the dusk of civilization,  
to later sing the memory of our tables set in joy or in grief,  
our rituals, our rites, perfect in their mortal's reach,  
35 secrets scratched in your skin  
by the wistful longings of dreamers.  
Be there always in the abandon of that longing  
and tell the story of your own dust, back to dust,  
to be held later by the secrets of hands yet unwritten.



IV.

*Arboric Devotion*

- 1     *Sunlight falls straight afield to rouse your lidless eyes*  
      *at the tips of branch, leaf and budding needle.*  
      *Proud in restless watch, proud in seeming stillness,*  
      *we hold our breath in your woods*
- 5     *as though to hear music so beautiful*  
      *that to whisper even in exhale might rustle its long melody.*  
      *Begun in knotted root and soil, begun in hidden waters*  
      *and gentle creatures of the underground,*  
      *to make scale and chord*
- 10    *in the deepest canopy at the root of the sky, to make song*  
      *of wind across green fingerlings strung harp thin*  
      *in the passing day.*  
      *You breathe there with us, always.*  
      *In your body's rings you measure the destiny of air,*
- 15    *the fate of rain and sun*  
      *in immeasurable, unthinkable longevity,*  
      *by you our tables and chairs resound in the hope of carpenters,*  
      *by you the hope of the house to be built,*  
      *the frame at the doorway,*
- 20    *the passage between trees leading to the passage of bedrooms,*  
      *and the gift of your sacrifice*  
      *comes to us in moments of airless awakening.*



V.  
*Silicate Devotion*

- 1    *Along the roaring tides of all our coasts*  
     *where sea and land hold each other's borders*  
     *in their ageless turbulent embrace,*  
     *you are born as the dust of tides, the grains of sand*  
5    *which roll across the bed of that embrace*  
     *and sing a white noise song of their churning.*  
     *Quick moving in high desert winds,*  
     *flurries and whip-sting on the face,*  
     *you change the dry stillness of boulders,*  
10    *mold their sharp corners into round cheeks of rock,*  
     *ancient newborn soft.*  
     *Sand in the furnace, how you shape shift,*  
     *changed by stellar heat,*  
     *in those warm chambers of the furnace's heart,*  
15    *you reveal your perfect clarity.*  
     *Glowing in liquid, honey thick and volcanic,*  
     *dripping at the tips of rods and breath,*  
     *to take the shape of that breath and prove the vessel shape*  
     *of what our lungs express, silent and invisible in exhale.*  
20    *In your violent beginnings of glass, you are cup and window,*  
     *bead and lens. In slick fingers you are airborne again,*  
     *ready for gravity's arms open in the sure threat*  
     *of loosening your angles and showing there the crashing*



*multifaceted edges of your hidden formlessness.*

25 *In cool shards you ring out again  
in the limitless lines of your return to dust  
as you might in mysterious reflection  
reveal the horizon's frail dome of light.*



VI.  
*Metallic Devotion*

1    *We turn to your core of cores, magnetic.*  
     *Drawn inexplicably to the heart of nickel, iron and gold*  
     *we touch the neck of earth with hammer and hand*  
     *to press ourselves against the throbbing arteries of earth swelling*  
5    *in riches of the deep: molten, moving,*  
     *seeking to shine in mid-day light.*  
     *In obsession's frenzy we think of gold held first to the dawn,*  
     *the one who thought, now I hold the dawn.*  
     *Now your shivering light sits about the bones of the chest,*  
10    *made luminous in the gathered rise*  
     *of the starlight buried under our footsteps.*  
     *Follow such light to the days that will pass beyond our days,*  
     *never to tarnish, never to grow old as we evaporate*  
     *into our lives here-after.*  
15    *Now your shivering, cool body in the night*  
     *makes mysterious symmetry of the moon,*  
     *The silver starlight, the ore in the land, the celestial adrift*  
     *in the ocean of land.*  
     *Draped around hero's neck, draped over rivers in bridge's span,*  
20    *The chain and the anvil's luster*  
     *alert by the hot breath of the forge,*  
     *Black and slag that drip from that body's openings,*  
     *ash of the living body,*

*still warm, poured into eager cavities, searing,*  
25 *sighing in the hiss of molten core meeting the sea.*  
*Bend back, be given to engineer's test and jeweler's caress,*  
*Be still and fluid, be the backbone and the skin.*

5.

THE MYSTERY OF THERE

Stewards of these mysteries, protectors of the hand-made, be drawn to cities and studios, nations abroad: the far off places where restless hands are drawn. In the cool of distant trees, by the shores of other's homelands, seek out makers with unfamiliar names. In varied tongues exchange new skill, new routes of practice, new formations of once familiar trades. Learn from the stewards of other land's crafts, share with them the secrets of your own. Shut the doors of your native studio, the workshops of your homelands, and traverse air, land and sea, each new destination with its own turbulence: turbulent economies, turbulent industries, turbulent histories of making. Pack with you what you can, the tools that will go with you, the knowledge embedded in your hands. You will stitch yourself, in time and in place, to the waters of distant shores. You will stand waist deep in the tides of strange places and sew the fate of place into the fate of your work. Ever in reverence of makers that wandered the globe before you, you will clear a path in history for yourself. You will brush away the mists of time that gather over dawn's still waters, and stand in perfect potential of mysterious fluids. Take each new place into you, through the whole body, which is an organ for memory. Have no fear of your impermanence or the oft

loss place we hold in time. Your name will one day be relinquished, and you will be landscape, only. You will be the trail and the leaf, the angle of the mountain's odalisque nape. You will be felt there as light on water, as moon-cast shadow, as the drowsy stretch of those shadows before the dawning of the new day. Feel no need to ask if you will be remembered in this or that place, wandering maker. But let place likewise be felt in you. Make new things in the vulnerability of travel, and return once again to the door of your home, the studio which is your home, and be touched life-long by the mysterious clarity of new places, in the resonance of forever, in the radiance of the every day.



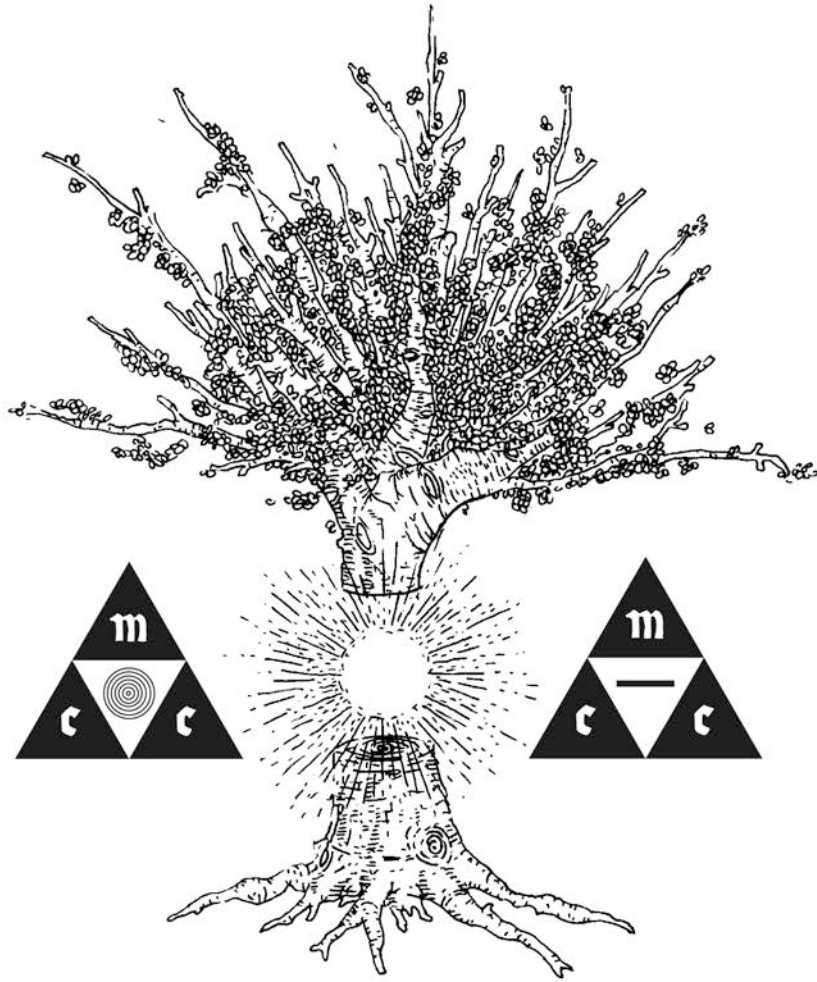
6.

CALL TO COMMEMORATION

Stewards of these mysteries, protectors of the hand-made, bring wood and oil. Bring clay to form and cloth to dye. Bring iron to strike and glass to pour. Behold what we do in remembrance of those who spread out, in innumerable parallel trajectories, the histories we make and unmake, name and rename, ponder over, argue and exhaust. They: the devoted writers of craft. They: in the dream of theory. They: in the sight of the archive. They: the purveyors of thought. If their life-long labor was fleeting language, formless but pivotal, flowing over the edges of studio and workshop, then we sacrifice our own work in equivalent of their generosity. If their words are remembered in text, in volumes sitting quiet in rows, then we keep the memory of their thought as we keep our own precious skill. Only ever happy stewards of their thought, we take upon ourselves the challenge of the revolutions they did not live to see, the society they did not live to better, the edifice that lasted too long. As they were the descendants of thinkers before them, as they were handed the torch to illuminate things by words, we are the beneficiaries of their change. We are the survivors of their change. We are handed the great gift of the responsibility they undertook: to understand what the hand does to the realm of things, to find its place in pro-

duction, in industry, in the din of the machine. We celebrate  
their task at hand, the task that was, to think of craft in the  
resonance of forever, in the radiance of the every day.





7.

THE HEART OF CRITIQUE

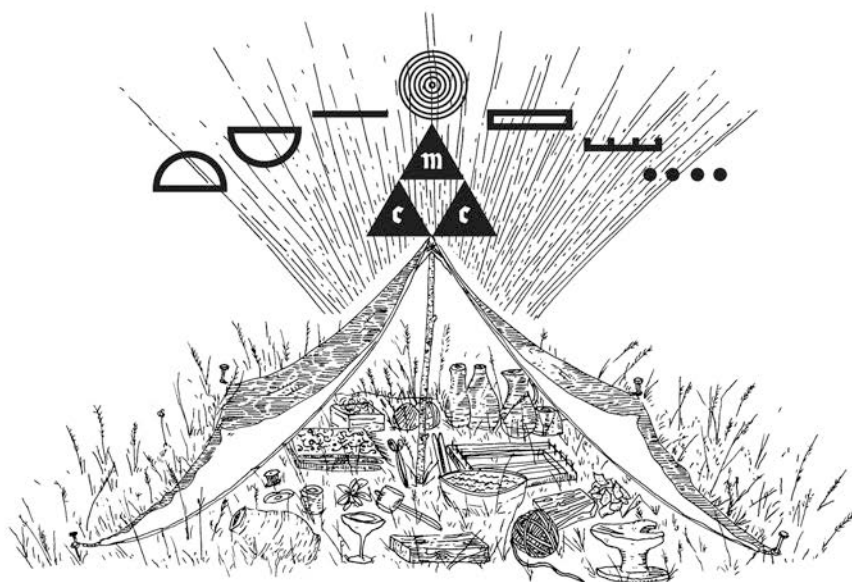
Stewards of these mysteries, protectors of the hand-made, surly you will come together in the houses of the academy, the great halls of the institution, to speak rigorously of what you have made, of what you shall make, of all things that can be made. You will place your work at the feet of the circle, and with neither master nor apprentice seat, find the intricacies of your practice, your thought and your skill. Know the great privilege of your place in this circle, and take your rank among your many peers with the intention of good. Remember your peers, and do not be accountable to unseen tyrants of old, but to each other and history only. Forget selfishness, forget antagonism. Remember that your words echo through the history of each other's practices, heard or unheard, now until the end of practice. Be weary that your tongue may be a knife-tongue. Find the truth of the moment fleeting, changing, resistant to simplicity. As your practice shall take you unto the moment of your death, so too shall the long narrative of critique. You will find your voice ringing in the stillness, you will seek each other out over the vast distance of idiosyncrasy, the labyrinth of that idiosyncrasy. You will leave the bleak and empty generalizations of your fields to find the heart of each other's studios. You will learn from the voices of others, the certainty

or uncertainty of others, and make in the crowded house of thought a place for unexpected language. You will make space for the academic and the poetic, for the silent and the loquacious. You will listen to the voices that are representatives of those languages, and you will happily pass through that which is said as well as that which is unsaid, now and always, all in the resonance of forever, in the radiance of the every day.

8.

THE SCHOOL WITHIN THE SCHOOL

Stewards of these mysteries, protectors of the hand-made, where is the house of our ancestors? Where have we placed their ageless prizes, teetering on the edge of immortality, the trophies of their kilns and their looms, their furnaces and their saws? In no shuttered rooms, in no still air, but shining in summer and winter and any season of change; in sleepless millenia sacred dust gathers around their corners, dirgeless and wide-eyed, overseeing the new acts of their maker's descendants. Where is the house of living things, of cast-offs and remnants? Find them stirring between no walls, no windows, no doorways locked nor hallways walked. Neither in museum nor academy nor storehouse of goods, neither collected, nor vied for, nor set out for sale: the remnants of the studio rest in fever fields, growing grass, drinking rain. Build for them a house of memory. In movable walls erect the corollary way, the school whose teachers haunt, shimmering in wood-shop corners, dusty and threadbare in sewing rooms, bisque-thirsty by throwing wheels. They wait in the hope of the house to be built. They wait in the swirls of studio dust, traces of ourselves, there but not there, the mystery of felt presences. Think of all that is left in the wake of your work, in the resonance of forever, in the radiance of the every day.



## NAMELESSNESS

Stewards of these mysteries, protectors of the hand-made, in glorious anonymity many of our colleagues go. There are no books or songs written for their labor, no monuments or halls that bear their names. Much toil shall go unrewarded in the moment, never thought of, left to sway in the breeze of relentless time. Theirs is the monument of the craft itself, in all its living truth, growing by way of each new maker, known or unknown, though largely nameless in history. Theirs is the certainty in our hands, that we move as echoes of their practices, re-enacting their skill and greater for it. For the unnamed makers of the past, our works join the orbits of their heavenly bodies, and we share the celestial pathways they have eked out before our time. The fate of the nameless should not be mourned, we feel the presence of their work in our work, in the mystical recipes of glazes and dyes, in the practiced heating of metals and glass, in the evolution of carving tools. We collaborate with them, the craftsmen who haunt our trades. We take part in their knowledge when we cast our own light upon the craft. We join in the production of collective memory, collective skill. We add what we have made to the language of their skill, and hope after the passing of millenia, that we will

lose our names to that stream, to add to that flow not our names but the small efficacy of what we have know by way of handwork. Our experimentation, our research, our long nights of debate: all this adds to the ceaseless betterment of the trades we devote ourselves to. We are not forgotten, but made indivisible through our knowledge as we pass it to future generations of craftspeople, in the resonance of forever, in the radiance of the every day.

