

Unordinary Days

Celebration as
Resistance

April 11, 2026 - March 6, 2027

Artwork
Transcriptions

all the nations 1955 shall come

HAIL UNFAILING
TREASURE HOUSE
OF LIFE

HAIL

HAIL
HEAVENWARD
LADDER
BY
WHICH
GOD
CAME DOWN



HAIL
FORTH
BRINGER

HAIL
O STAR
THAT
BORE
THE SUN

6th century Akathist Hymn to
the Theotokos (Mother of God)

the time is always out of joint....

If we are provided with a sign that declares "Del Monte tomatoes are juiciest [sic]" it is not desecration to add: "Mary Mother is the juiciest [sic] tomato of them all."

Perhaps this is what is meant when the slang term puts it, "She's a peach," or "What a tomato!"

A cigarette commercial states: "so round, so firm, so fully packed" and we are strangely stirred, even ashamed as we are to be so taken in. We are not taken in. We yearn for the fully packed, the circle

that is so juicy and perfect that not an ounce can be added. We long for the "groaning board," the table overburdened with good things, so much we can never taste, let alone eat, all there is.

We long for the heart that overflows for the all-accepting of the bounteous, of the real and not synthetic, for the armful of flowers that continues the breast, for the

juiciest tomato of all 1964



fingers that make a perfect blessing.

There is no irreligiousness in joy, even if joy is pump-primed at first. Someone must enter the circle first, especially since the circle appears menacing. The fire must be lit, a lonely task, then it dances. The spark of flame teaches one person to dance and that person teaches others, and then everyone can be a flame. Everyone can communicate. But someone must be burned. Perhaps everyone who would participate entirely in the dance must have some part of himself burned and may shrink back.

They look for some familiar action to relate to. There is too yawning a gulf between oneself and the spirit, so we turn to our supermarkets, allegories; a one-to-one relationship. You pay your money, you get your food,

you eat it, it's gone. But intangibly, during the awkward part of the dance, with the whole heart not in it, with the eye furtively looking out for one's own ridiculousness, allegory becomes symbol, wine becomes blood, wafer flesh and the spark flames like bright balloons released,

and the "heart leaps up to behold," and somehow we have been taken from the greedy signs of barter and buying, from supermarket to supermundane. We have proceeded from the awkward to the whole. The rose of all the world becomes, for awhile, and in our own terms, the "pause that refreshes," and possibly what was a pause becomes the life.
S Eisenstein.

Samuel Eisenstein was an English professor and writer who visited Immaculate Heart College for the 1964 Mary's Day celebration. The text included on this print is taken from a letter Eisenstein wrote to Corita about his experience at Mary's Day.



Quote from Marraia Petty
(Immaculate Heart College
student) featured in The
Comment, May 22, 1964—
the college's newsletter.

**mary
does
laugh** 1964

TENDER

So yes, I think Mary laughed out loud — she laughed wholeheartedly, without rancor, and with great compassion, and with real reverence. If she were here today in her physical nature, she would surely laugh. She would laugh at our wreaths; she would laugh at our pop art; she would laugh — compassionately — at the consternation of some of us at this rit

of sound and color, at our uncertainty about its suitability for a day of religious celebration. Frankly, I think Mary would want this day, that she would like to think that it was well explained by calling it her day. She is the cause of our joy — and I hope that we bring her joy by praising her with our hearts on high.

If we were only loud and bright, perhaps we could hope only for the indulgent smile of the mother of very small children. Our colors, however, are the colors of the market place, the colors of life-giving food,

and our sounds are the sounds of the here and now, and they are meant to say: Mother, I am concerned for my brother, who is your son. My brother starves, he weeps, he dies. He is myself. Today is a loud call to our mother asking her to teach us what she knows of filling the emptiness, drying the tears, and easing the death of our brother.

We ask to be taken out of ourselves (this is the whole burden of “Pacem in Terris”).

Words from Sr. William on Mary's Day
1964

Sister Mary
William (later
known as Helen
Kelley) was
president of
Immaculate Heart
College from
1962-1976.

1964

**tender
be - part
one - sr.
william**



MAR
BAS

mary does laugh; and she sings and runs
and wears bright orange

today she'd probably do her shopping at
the Market Basket. marcia petty

Rest at pale evening...
A slim tree...
Night coming tenderly
Black like me. L. Hughes

I am the man, I suffered, I was there.
I am the hounded slave, I wince
at the bite of dogs
I do not ask the wounded person
how he feels, I myself become
the wounded person.
All these I feel or am. w. whitman

tender be - part two - night comes tenderly

1964

From "Dream Variations" in *The Weary Blues* (1926) by Langston Hughes
From "Song of Myself" in *Leaves of Grass* (1855) by Walt Whitman



within you without you

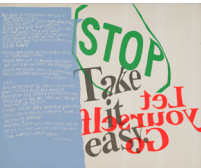
1967

We were talking about the space
between us all
and the people - who hide themselves
behind a wall of illusion
Never glimpse the truth - then its far
Too late - when they pass away.
We were talking about the love we all
could share - when we find it
to try our best to hold it there - with
OUR LOVE.
With our love - we could save the world
- if they only knew.
Try to realize its within yourself
No-one else can make you change
And to see you're really only very small,
and life flows on within you
and without you.
We were talking - about the love that's
gone so cold and the people
who gain the world and lose their soul
They don't know - they can't see - are you
one of them?
When you've seen beyond yourself -
then you may find, peace of mind, is
waiting there
And the time will come when you see
we're all one, and life flows on within
you and without you.

George Harrison

STOP
Take it easy
Let yourself Go

"Within You Without You" lyrics by
George Harrison. From The Beatles 1967
album, Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club
Band



Lord Buckley was an American stand-up
comedian and recording artist.

bell brand

1967

HAPPINESS IS A THING CALLED

fiestas

Would it embarrass you very much if I
were to tell you that I love you.

LORD BUCKLEY

BELL Bra[nd]

Why not put a little snap your life?



wet and wild



When he used this word “cup” he was
talking about his cross... when he invited
us to partake of his cup, he is not inviting
us to take a little sip of grape juice, he is
inviting us
to participate in wall-breaking, in living
and dying
as a representative of god’s shalom -
reconciliation

From God's Revolution
and Man's Responsibility
(1965) by Harvey Cox.

WET & WILD

1967

the world was given to us

1967

Sister Mary William (later known as Helen Kelley) was president of Immaculate Heart College from 1962-1976.

The world was given to us in motion, and
the forces

of natural evolution keep it in motion, and
the love and hope

of men who keep an eye on that motion,

who call our attention to that motion

and who give it shape with joy and
celebration

are revolutionaries and creators

in a true sense of those words. Sister
William

GOOD YEAR

GOD

I am the people—the mob—
the crowd—the mass.
Do you know
that all the great work
of the world is done
through me? Sandburg



! am the people

1967

From "I Am the People, the
Mob" in Chicago Poems (1916)
by Carl Sandburg.