

1. Boundaries exist from micro to macro.¹

The most straightforward types of boundaries we face are those that exist on the human scale in the physical realm: walls, doors, rivers, even mountains. They pose the problem just how it is: don't cross me. Or, "How you gonna cross me?" like a challenging older sibling. By walking around walls, through doors, along rivers edge and over mountains we live in accordance with the spatial-physical rules they create. What happens when we decide to go *through* these boundaries too? Suppose we take a wall down instead of walking around it? What kind of new experiences, problems, and questions do we create? To move in either direction from the center, deeper internally and vaster externally, complicates an understanding of boundaries.

Internally, I constantly face the same wall. I know it when I see it because I see it time and time again. It looks almost always the same only taller, thicker, fiercer than the time before. And I know exactly how to get beyond it, but I hate to do it. The only way is through. I can't jump it; I can't go around it; I can't go under it. I have to hold my breath, cover my head, and face the damn thing like I had (or thought I had) before. Then I'll make it to the other side. This of course is mostly an internal process. I think a universal one. Also of course, only you know what this wall looks like, how much it weighs and how to get through. For the most part, it is your battle to understand, have awareness around and to live in unity with (until you are safely and securely on the other side, fully intact).

On the macro-scale exist similar dilemma. Boundaries around place, origin, race, religion, and sexual identity exist ad infinitum. These boundaries become abstracted and complicated through history and context but seem to need to be moved *through* in just the same way as the internal struggle.

2. Social Craft as an environment where the permeability is innate and boundaries will be crossed unconsciously.

Maybe this will be easier to see with some distance, but my amazement exists now, from within. I am engaged in coordinating a college art class with two other facilitators from the U.S., in Bangalore, India. Our classroom is the roof of a 4-story building that is currently completing its construction. The construction workers live on site. They work around the clock. They are from the poorest populations in the region and for the most part only speak their state language. (Meaning they most likely do not speak Hindi or English). Our students are upper-middle to upper class kids from all over India. They all speak fluent English and Hindi and some can skuttle by in the state languages. On our terrace classroom, we are constructing a home—both physically and conceptually. We are creating conversation, actions, performance, and structure of home. The groups are continuous witnesses to the other.

At the start of the course, we made little headway into the "other world," down stairs. But they came up. The workers in the building were instantly aware of us and in our space (the space we claimed as ours, though it was equally theirs for all intents and purposes). They watched us trying to tie knots on the

¹ Refers to an idea articulated by Trinh T. Minha

first day, building a temporary structure—which was meant to mimic the temporary structures built for workers, by workers, on site. Pretty quickly one or two began to interject. They showed us how to better tie the knots; they gave us space to learn. As our structures and processes on the roof began to develop over the next few days, they

3. Boundaries as tools to push one along an edge and eventually over, through, beyond.