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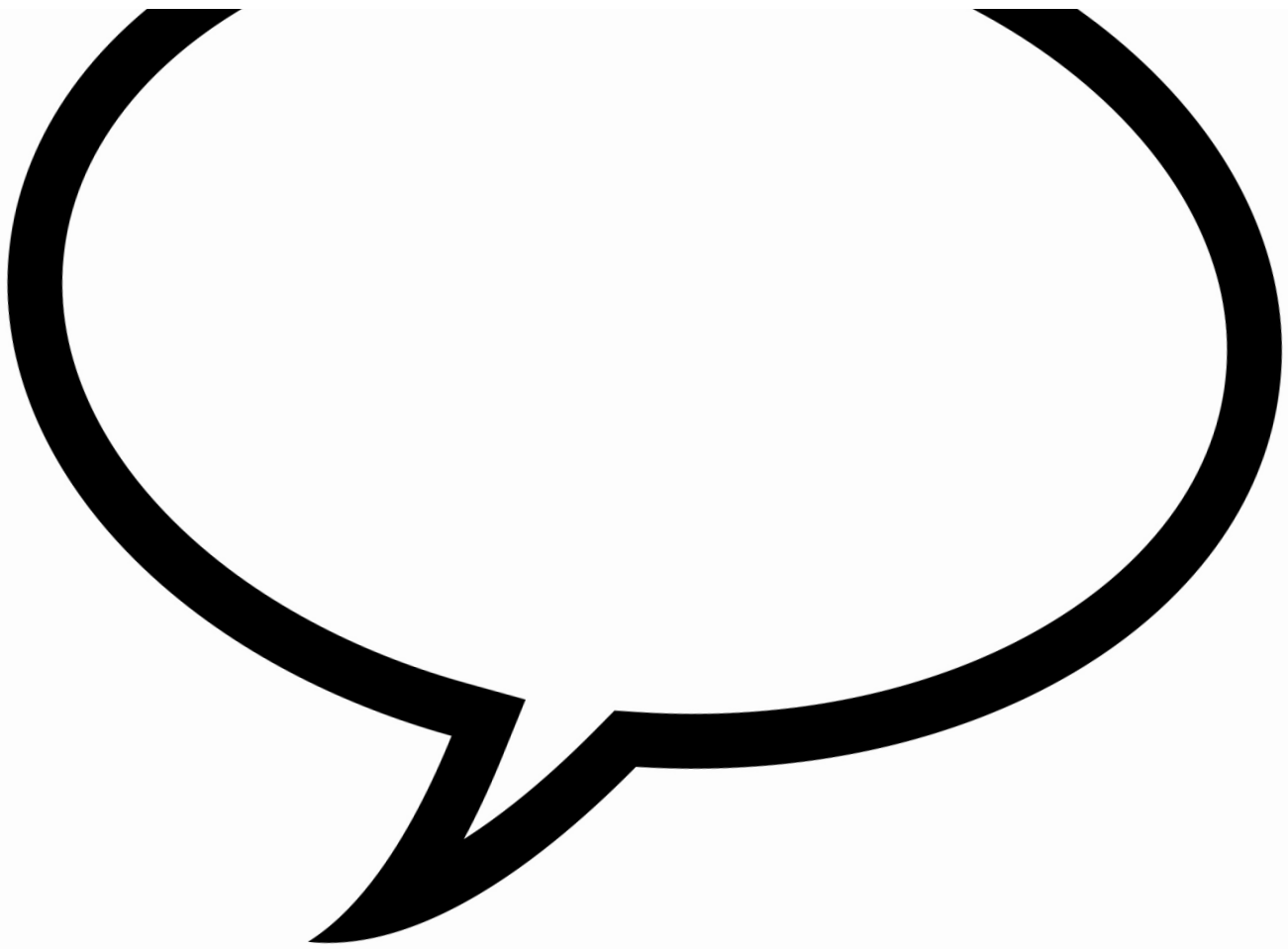
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hello, parka



# RED

an introduction by  
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marie-hélène tessier

(A text dedicated to Tania Bruguera)

Sophia sent me an invitation to contribute to her relational piece titled *The First Winter*, a series of art shows and performances exhibited inside the many pockets of her red Resolute Parka, during a Banff residency, where we met, in 2013. The following spring, she sent me episodes of the next season; *The Thaw*, informing me that her red Resolute Parka was going to travel to the Havana Biennale in early June, as part of a symposium and exhibition series that looked at new configurations for exhibition sites. *New con-fi-gu-ra-tions*. The program she was participating in was titled "*art present: mapping space that could return to earth again*", a research residency about unregulated exhibition spaces, also known as "Zona Autónoma Temporal". Return to the earth again. The earth. Temporary autonomous zones. T.A.Z. some twenty-five years after the fact. What happen to Hakim Bey? "*Art as crime. Crime as art*". She said that my text did not have to speak about the Cuban episode. The biennale was happening around the time of the thaw between American-Cuban relations, after Obama officially announced a *détente* between the two administrations (hahaha "*détente*"...Relax Max ! Tranquille Émile ! A l'aise Blaise ! Cool Raúl ! Calm Down Everyone !) *The Thaw*. The whole earth is thawing! The new spa-*détente* inspired Cuban artist Tania Bruguera, to test the terrain with semi-current trends of activism, folding art into specific socio-political agendas through performative gestures, exposing black and white subjects in capital letters such as FREEDOM OF SPEECH, DEMOCRACY and other basic urgent bla-bla-blas in the name of past and upcoming insurrections; news items, such as Anti-Terrorist Laws, touching both unrelenting Capitalism and Totalitarianism at once, in equal-non-inversed proportions. As we saw protest aesthetics, with the resurgence of Marxist texts dominating the art world in the past decade, (that romantic-Marxists paying lip service to a possible revolution (still yet to happen), (I honestly met someone at that Banff residency who actually introduced herself as a Poet of the Revolution, a Revolutionary poet) (poet extraordinaire), anyways, when it comes to good old- fashioned dictatorships in olive-green-bearded uniforms, the *résistance*, through art, is a nosh more intense than the usual slow motion marches / cardboard signs / teargas / mosh pit dialectical vibe of the North. When an open mic is a provocation to "friends of the revolution", (Pffff! friends of the revolution, comrades, pals, street gang, la mafia de la revolution) artists, prisoners of one 'revolution' (because the more we revolve, the dizzier it gets) tend to look beyond traditional street confrontations, for other tools such as



poetry and absurdism found in the Russian soc-art with the pop conceptualists, in ironic demonstrations consisting in replaying fascism by mixing all the codes, Komar and Melamid with their Stalinist Kitsch Dictator Kamp. They understood then, as early as the 1970's, that if artists were going to fight a political tragedy, it had to be funny. Drawing from Dada (because art never really surpassed Dada) (because Dada emerged during a war that had reached new levels of absurdity), Soviet Realism had reached a new hilarity, so funny that Komar and Melamid were arrested in their Moscow apartment in 1974 (just as Tania Bruguera was arrested in her own apartment this year for coordinating a reading about anti-totalitarianism), during a performance called Art Belongs to the People. Komar and Melamid's *Double Self-Portrait* (similar to dual portraits of Lenin and Stalin) was destroyed by the Soviet government, along with works by other nonconformist artists, at what became known as the *Bulldozer Exhibition*; an exhibition bringing art to the street where government bulldozers were used to destroy the artwork, which had been displayed in an open-air setting. Bulldozers destroying menacing little paintings hahaha...ха-ха-ха...хи-хи-хи...How spectacular ! Dictators produce breathtaking art....With unlimited means and good collaborative partnerships with the military, they surpass themselves. Ultra-right wing Peruvian president Alberto Fujimori, in line with new Anti-Terrorism Laws in the early 90's, publicly exhibited rebel-militant Abimael Guzmán, inside a lion cage, dressed in cartoon prisoner stripes..."why a striped suit?" Fujimori says....*"prisoners in Peru do not wear that kind of uniform! But since we see it so often in movies"* he explains....*"I thought that showing him like that behind bars would illustrate well that the Shining Path is finally defeated"*. Illustrate. Here, the dictator speaks the same allegorical language as artists, while the shouting revolutionary, wearing dark sunglasses inside his cage, is announcing a third world war or a coming insurrection. (How did the dictator-artist accept that his prisoner-actor wear cool dark sunglasses with his striped attire remains a mystery). Fujimori, sitting in the audience at the top of the warehouse auditorium, (I think the scene is staged in the port, yes, of course, before he is dispatched to a remote prison on the island of San Lorenzo, off the coast of Lima) (with his orange life-jacket over his striped uniform, sunglasses, sitting on a rattan chair before boarding the boat, surrounded by the military, Guzmán has a wealthy eccentric vacationer air, while hundreds of automatics are pointed towards him as the most dangerous man in the country) (most photographs of Abimael are close-ups in front of a very potent bookshelf) (a life-jacket for a life sentence)...anyways, Fujimori, sitting in the audience at the top of the warehouse auditorium, smiling, dressed in a Peruvian version of a Japanese kimono, calmly states in a small megaphone, *"we are taking a crucial step in our struggle against terrorism. With this arrest we have beheaded, we have removed the brains from the organisation's body"*....But Guzmán says that even if they kill him, the brain will still live in spirit, with others. He looks Japanese himself. Kind of Hungarian-Japanese. At that point, he was more pro-China than pro-Soviet, in favour of a peasant led revolution. Later on, in the video document, he is shown shirtless, for governmental headshots. His gaze has kept all its lucid dignity. Without new so called Anti-Terrorism Laws, he could have been released after a

few years. Anti-Terrorism Laws. To be fair, Guzmán, a passionate revolutionary, did use the language of terror as a main material. The rebel was married to Augusta La Torre who is known for bringing women into the foreground of the rebellion. She died in 1989 (same year as USSR) under unclear circumstances. It has been rumoured that she was murdered by Elena Iparraguirre, Guzmán's lover, with his complicity. Both have refused to talk about La Torre's fate since their imprisonment. While in prison, Guzmán proposed to Iparraguirre, one of his long time lieutenant who is also serving a life time sentence in a different prison. After fighting for the permission to marry with a hunger strike, the couple was wed four years later, imprisoned forever. Marriage, prison, revolution, as institutions.

Less romantic-idealistic, Komar and Melamid, whether they created their own Republic or their own Corporation Inc., refused clichés of all tones, insulting history Left and Right, without expecting much. This not-expecting-much-attitude reminds me of a recent piece I saw titled "They Can Take the Chairs", by collective KSSS KSSS based in Vancouver and Estonia, where the two artists are sitting in a gallery on invisible chairs, crossed legs, still pondering, conversing, thinking, smoking, panning, joking. Take everything you want, you will not take our souls! Sarah Seburn, from KSSS KSSS says *"we are completely invested in the absurd; how inverting and almost humiliating your situation somehow makes things clearer. As well, the act of acting and myth-making your real lived life, not giving any straight answers"*. The difference between Soviet poetry, Cuban poetry (the Chinese version will follow)...The difference between Russian red, Cuban red, Chinese red... In Cuba, the street is the site of suspicion and Tania Bruguera understood that. In Havana, anything critical happening in the street is liable, and automatically attracts Halloween-like events such as cops under cover, military police in moustaches, Fidel-dictator-chic clones, wannabe transgender interrogators, zombies who sold their soul for a cool vintage military jeep, all converging towards the same costume party, the same play, every time an artist is arrested as the enemy of the revolution. Tania Bruguera was arrested for an open mic, because anything to do with free speech, occurring in the street, is considered dissident. When arrested for the second time during the Havana Biennale, the artist had in one hand, a white dove, and in the other, a copy of the "The Origins of Totalitarianism" by Hannah Arendt...(which was originally titled Anti-Semitism, The Origin of Totalitarianism, Part One) (The best cover is the 1966 version - black, burgundy and baby blue) (and the 1979 version; black, with a double vertical stripe of pink and red) (pink and red) (Russia, Cuba, China, the End of History). (The End of Art). (Aesthetics of Politics Faculties in University Departments...lots of half-baked Oktober PhDs over-imposing monochrome analysis on power point lecture halls for nothing else than their own canned-retirement benefit plan) (which colour fits that plan? In which font?) Where were we. Tania Bruguera's second arrest...when told to "get in the car"...she let the dove fly away...but the dove flew into an adjacent façade and dropped to the ground, more confused than ever. Upon the sight of this

unexpected development, the artist violently threw the anti-fascism book, which also landed on another near by building, making a very loud resonating sound against the general silence surrounding the scene, before she got in. In and out of repression. In and out of revolution. For Tania, who mostly lives in America and Europe, in and out of regimes is not a life threat, but a life style. She can afford the risks. She is doing it for international awareness. Fair enough. While she was aware that her interventions were only completed, like good performances often are, by the audience itself, here, part of the participating audience was in deed the cops, pushing her head into the car...but more interesting was the 'audience' hired by the state: a staged choir that shows up after any altercations between the cops and the enemies of the revolution. As the car disappears into the street, here comes a bunch of third-rate citizens, starting to chant songs of the revolution all in perfect tune....this is not part of the artist's plan at all...it is a staged choir hired by Raoúl's administration, to sing in favour of the "revolution". JAJAJA. Spectacular dictator art. This is beyond surrealist absurdism, it is simply diabolical! Tania should have known better. Since, as part of her performance, she basically staged her own arrest, to fully bring her point across, she missed the opportunity to stage her own last word...Theatre is all about the last word, honey! I think the Bella Ciao song would have been a good fit here, if she had staged her own choir singing over the government's choir. Bella Ciao is a resistance song used by Italians during the civil war leading to Mussolini's death. Originally a folk song about harsh working conditions of a young girl in an Italian rice plantation, who later commits to the Resistance. The song has a definite klezmer twist, perhaps of Tzigan origin. Surviving WW1 and WW2, the song was then turned around again and again and became the song of all historical resistances, including the hymn for recent funeral for the free speech carnage of Charlie Hebdo journal. She said I did not have to speak about the Cuban episode. The Cuban Missile Crisis, October 1962; USA and USSR at odds about nuclear missiles pointed towards the USA via Cuba (after USA had their own missiles in Turkey pointing towards USSR). Both powers seemed determined to push the other across the fatal line of launching a nuclear strike. The fate of the world hung on Cuba, a troubled island state in the Caribbean, dancing rumba under a threatened sky. A little stressed out situationism which almost brought the eruption of WW3. WW3 is part of our collective unconscious. This confrontation tested the limits of pacific coexistence ending up with USSR retreating in exchange for removal of American rockets stationed in the Baltic. The Red Phone, a direct line linking the two superpowers, White House to Kremlin, in the aim of avoiding the apocalypse. (hahaha linked to xaxaxa over jajaja). A red phone! Moscow-Washington hotline. The threat to self-propelled apocalypse is probably the most cartoony moment in the history of humanity. The earth exploding POUF! Again, the idiots always win in the spectacle à *grand deployment*. In 2008, China and America decided to install a red phone as well (as I said, the Chinese version will follow). Famous hotlines were also created between USA and UK, Russia-China, Russia-France, Russia-UK, India-Pakistan, USA-China, China-India, China-Japan, North and South Korea, and the most recent, operating this year, USA-India. During Cuban Missile Crisis, there is a

rumour that the line was equipped with one-time-touch-pads carried by diplomatic suitcases. *La valise diplomatique* is a very good temporary autonomous zone; an alternate exhibition space, more discrete than the red Resolute Parka, but barely, as the red suitcase is also part of our collective unconscious. Humanity has internalized the neurosis of the red phone and the red suitcase. In *Topaz*, a 1968 Hitchcock film about the Cuban Missile Crisis (also known as Hitchcock's dog film, because the plot is a bit flat and without real turns of events, no Hitchcockian twists, for the simple reason that the plot is based on real events, an espionage fact called the Sapphire Affair...an enormous, deeply embedded network of Soviet spies at the heart of the NATO alliance. A senior KGB defector had revealed that his agency had penetrated the highest levels of the French government, military and intelligence services – but when the French agent tried to act, he found himself blocked at every turn by his own superiors. In the film *Topaz*, the suitcase containing the Russian plans in regards to Cuba were found in a red suitcase, as well as anything related to secrets, murders and desire; the red dress of the Cuban lover, a fictive character in the film inspired by Fidel's sister, Juanita Castro, who, disillusioned with her family government becoming a puppet of the Soviet, accepted to collaborate with the CIA to eventually defect to America in 1964. Red in Chinese culture symbolizes happiness and good luck. No wonder communism was welcome. For diplomatic reasons, because the film script was a direct transcription of reality, Hitchcock had three different endings for the film; a French one where the double-agent commits suicide in his Paris apartment; a British one where the French double-agent escapes without a trial to USSR; and an American one (never shown) where the two secret agents and childhood friends, in love with the same woman, came into a duel in a football stadium. Fifty years later, Tania Bruguera cannot leave the country until her art case is settled. Raúl has a new arrest policy; rather than arresting fewer people and putting them in jail for longer periods, he opted for more arrests and shorter sentences, as to avoid international lobbying. A succinct style without the sex appeal of his brother. Who knew Fidel would play such a major role in neo-settler dash revolutionary dash neo-neo Marxists poets fashion. Fascism. Modes. Expressions. Shoes tell everything.

For a lot of Cuban artists at the Havana Biennale, Tania's work, by taking central stage in the media, prevented others to enjoy the possibility of selling their work to American collectors, because the fact is, visibility, in the arena of expression, is the same in all regimes. Visibility. If the red Parka was about alternate showing spaces, about unregulated spaces of exchange, it certainly would not go unnoticed and secretive about its activities; an Inuit on the beach. In the Cuban context, the red Resolute Parka becomes a noticeable sculpture, playing on the absurdity of everything: climate change, tourism, foreign body, hipster art, Kenny McCormick, Marxism, revolutions, red flag, mascot of the North, a wanderer, an impostor, a beating heart, a lost child? Sometimes things are best described by their contrary. When I see a red parka on the beach, I see a red bikini in the snow. In 1946 two French men invented the two-piece swimming suit, competing with each other about each being the smallest bathing suit in the world. One

called it the Atome and the other one called it the Bikini. Same year, America invited a press conference to watch their nuclear tests on Bikini Atoll. All shores have the shape of an amphitheatre and it is hard to know who the audience is; the people on the shore, or the people on the boats? The first bomb was called The Able bomb, stencilled with the name Gilda and decorated with an Esquire magazine photograph of Rita Hayworth, star of the 1946 movie, Gilda. The second bomb was called Helen of Bikini. Helen, "the face that launched a thousand ships", Homer wrote during a brief stop-over in the small island of Kranai. The fiction of the real of fiction. *"Art is what makes life more interesting than art"* (Filiou). One of the inventors of the bikini was fashion designer Jacques Heim (who ran his parent's fur boutique and was part of the Resistance). He hired skywriters to fly above the French Riviera advertising the Atome as "The smallest swimming suit in the world". The other bikini inventor was Louis Réard, a car engineer whose mother owned a lingerie store. Réard, to quickly undo his rival, designed a string bikini with newsprint fabric and skywrote over a Parisian pool: "Smaller than the smallest bathing suit in the world", because his version of the two-piece was revealing the navel and was supposed to fit through a wedding ring (even though it was Jacques who had truly introduced the idea of exposing the midriff ten years before, in 1936, when no model dared to wear it). Diana Vreeland, fashion columnist at Harper's Bazaar at the time, said *"the bikini is the most important thing since the atomic bomb"*. While two men were fighting in a race to uncover the woman's body, the very same year, others were focused on fabricating means of atomic mass destruction on the Bikini islands. The Fiction of the Real never stops generating itself in all directions. The history of the atomic atoll starts with several cameras, exposing the King of Bikini Atoll, Juda, to the nuclear idea as *"the American scientists wanting to transform a great destructive force (king of USSR) into something beneficial for humanity in order to end all possibility of the end of the world"*. (Avoiding details of nuclear race, each trying to build bigger bombs). A camera immortalized the scene, asking King Juda if he was ready to sacrifice his islands for the good of humankind. The king answered that *"all is good in the hands of god"*. The governor reiterated that *"since everything is in the hands of god, it's all good in deed"*. The American army filmed more mise-en-scenes, redone several times, to prove that the American government does everything in its power to offer good conditions to the inhabitants of Bikini Atoll, while they are evacuating and relocating the population a few times with the promise of an eventual return after the nuclear tests were conducted. However, by 1958, the high level of radioactivity had killed all life forms in the area, including three islands completely deleted from the map. Plouk ! Splash ! Plouf ! In 2010, Bikini Atoll is registered as a UNESCO World Heritage site; as the symbol of the human entry into the nuclear age. Today, the tourist season runs from May to October with weekly diving sessions for the modest sum of 5000 dollars, including an air conditioned room with a veranda overlooking the radioactive lagoon. There is a dining facility that serves American-style meals with a head chef, who also prepares Bikinian dishes featuring fresh seafood imported from other islands because of the toxicity of the nearby shore. A theatre about a theatre about a theatre of the real. Guests are

asked to sign a disclaimer renouncing to any lawsuits if they contract cancer, promising not to eat any products growing on the island. Same thing happened to the red Forest, the territory declared forbidden since Chernobyl's radioactive disaster in 1986, exactly 40 years after Bikini Atoll. Because of forest fires, the radioactivity keeps increasing and scientists say that it would take fifty years to recover. Islands, forests, cancer, tourism, abstract expressionism. The Chinese version will follow.

In 1946, Cuba was then free, corrupted, beautiful. It is also the year of The Havana Conference, a historic meeting of the American mafia Cosa Nostra, held to discuss important mob policies, rules and business interests and took place at Hotel Nacional, a plush casino hotel owned by Meyer Lansky and his silent partner, Cuban president Fulgencio Batista. The convention was attended by delegations representing crime families throughout the United States. It is considered to have been the most important mob summit since the Atlantic City Conference of 1929. Decisions made in Havana resonated throughout US crime families for the ensuing decades. HAHAAAAHA an influential mob summit. The official cover story for the Havana Conference was that the mobsters were attending a gala party with Frank Sinatra as the main entertainment. Sinatra flew to Havana with Al Capone and his cousins, Charlie, Rocco and Joseph Fischetti from Chicago. The real problem with dictators and mobsters is that they have a definite sense of style. The Hotel Nacional was basically a Hollywood satellite, hosting movie stars and their attaché show biz with daily entertainment. The hotel, designed by a New York firm, offered an eclectic backdrop of art deco with Hispano-Moorish references and distinct neo-classical and neo-colonial elements to drive it all home. Home of the powerful and fun, it opened in 1930 and became the Cuban château, receiving the usual suspects; famous actors, heads of state, princes and princesses, dukes and duchesses, mobsters, monsters, jazz musicians, illustrious physicians, signers, sinners, spies, gamblers, lovers, Olympic swimmers, Tarzans, earls and fashion designers, poets, art collectors, diamond dealers, steel magnates and high-end gangsters. An unabated waterfall of beautiful sounding names; Errol Flynn, Maria Felix, Shintaro Katsu, Bola de Nieve, Ava Gardner, Nat King Cole, Libertad Lamarque, Leopold and Beaudoin of Belgium, Esther Borjas, René Cabel, Lola Flores, Las D'Aida, Tito Guizart, Hugo Del Carril, Sara Montiel, César Romero, Ali-Khan, Eartha Kitt, Yma Sumac; halcyon days, before the hotel became the base camp for M-26-7, the revolutionary cell led by Fidel Castro. On the triumph of the Cuban Revolution in January 1959, the representatives of the American company that operated the hotel sadly departed, and the hotel staff happily took over the new management. The new Cuban revolutionary state reorganized the hotel and there was a drastic change in the profile of the list of guests, ranging from small farmer associations, traditional countrywomen weaving schools and similar exciting initiatives as well as becoming the site for revolutionary militias and national defense. Traditional worker songs mixed with military training sounds was now filling empty staircases and ghostly ball rooms, with the occasional cabaret for revolutionary respite.

Regular visitors included school supervisors and commandants, Che and Fidel and their poseur dignitaries, Simone and Sartre, smoking cigars behind closed blinds. During the Cuban Missile Crisis, Fidel Castro and Che Guevara set up their headquarters in the hotel to prepare the defense of Havana from aerial attacks and antiaircraft emplacements were installed on the hotel's hillock, with walled trenches excavated below the gardens. Hotels, chateaux, fortresses, presidential suites. Recently, the hotel hosted the charming and benevolent personalities of Mahmoud Ahmadinejad, President of Iran, and Bashar Al Assad, President of the Syrian Arab Republic. Maybe the next Resolute Parka season should be taking place in Saudi Arabia. Is the red Resolute Parka an eternal resolute wanderer, a forever art biennale jetsetter, or does it belong somewhere to be buried? We all have to die somewhere. The Resolute Parka is named after Resolute Bay which is named after the British ship called Resolute, trapped in ice and abandoned there in 1850 while searching for the Northwest Passage. Resolute Bay is named after a shipwreck. Resolute Bay is an Arctic waterway in Quiktaalik Region in Nunavut. The area showed evidence of human activities sporadically by the Dorset culture (Tunit) and later the Thule people from as early as 1500 BC until 100 BC. However, modern Inuit did not occupy the area until The 1953 High Arctic Relocation, a population transfer with extra benefits. While Canada has had a weather station in Resolute Bay since the 40's, with a population made mainly of military personnel from the Royal Canadian Air Force base, and state appointed meteorologists brought there on scientific missions, with grid and graph paper of all sizes, provided with a beige-grey-olive-steel blue life style on an infinite bluish white backdrop, the cold war tensions brought the government to force relocation of Inuit population from Northern Quebec, to be displaced to Resolute Bay so as to ensure a Canadian presence, asserting geopolitical sovereignty near by the Northern Passage, which is a source of territorial dispute and paranoid gesticulations between Europe, USA and Canada since colonial times. The displaced Inuit families were promised homes, supply and hunting resources, but discovered no buildings and very unfamiliar wildlife with the added sudden shock of "nightlife" for six months of the year. They were told that they would be returned home after two years if they wished, but this offer was later withdrawn as it would have damaged Canada's claims to sovereignty in the area and the displaced Inuit families were forced to stay. Eventually, they learned the local beluga migration routes and were able to survive in the area, whale hunting. Forty years later, pressured, the Canadian government held hearings to investigate the relocation program, and the following year the Royal Commission on Aboriginal Peoples issued a report which obliged the government to pay ten million dollars to the survivors, and eventually forced an official apology another fifteen years later. Governments can do whatever they want, as long as they apologize for it, half a century later. Currently, the Canadian government, under right wing sensibilities, is creating a deep water port and reinforcing its military presence in order to reaffirm Canada's legitimacy in the Arctic. Since the Arctic is melting due to the general thawing of the earth, the whole interest in the Northern passage is increased, because easier to navigate, intensifying issues of international traffic laws. The soldiers in

Resolute Bay wear white uniforms over their usual camo. At this rate, they will soon wear bikinis. The village is made of colourful archetypal and rudimentary houses; Home Depot orange, Slurpee lime green, communist red, baby blue, some teal, burgundy, sage, electric blue, storage unit looking, all settled in open air on the empty and vast seashore, in polar bear country, sea to sky, nowhere to hide, with six months of daylight. The Tudjaat Co-op, part of the Arctic Co-operatives, runs a grocery-retail store and a hotel. There is also an airport with a gift shop called Polar Bear Hut. Polar bear key chains. Polar bear coasters. Polar bear mittens and original local arts and crafts. The town has three hotels – Qausuittuq Inns North, South Camp Inn, and the Airport Hotel. Other facilities include a RCMP detachment, a school, which provides education from kindergarten to Grade 12, and a gym. The current mayor is Aziz Kheraj, in a town of 250 people. Kheraj is a business baron and the epitome of the Russian proverb, “who doesn’t risk, doesn’t drink champagne”. Following in the far north’s tradition of people who’ve braved the extreme conditions to find fortune, from Indian origins, Aziz Kheraj came to Canada from Tanzania in 1974 and worked his way northwards to Resolute Bay which he now practically owns; a hotel, all the fuel distribution in the municipality, water and sewer systems, construction outlets, airport shipping facilities and more...For diplomatic reasons, if I were to imagine three different endings for Sophia's red Resolute Parka; the French ending would be forgetting the parka somewhere, on purpose, without saying goodbye, in the Lost and Found of History. The English version would turn the parka into a museum relic of colonization, bought by an enlightened collector, soon to become a UNESCO heritage tourist attraction, accompanied by a NFB animation film titled Winterludes, with an original Native soundtrack referencing the Little Red Riding Hood story. The First Nations ending would be sending the red parka back to Resolute Bay; turn it inside out, wearing red on the inside, looking for someone in the community who needs it. Reversible art that could return to earth, again. The earth. The Chinese version to follow...



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kathryn alder

**Putting words to things can be fun and easy!!**



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b o g d a n c h e t a



\* image: "1702" is a pedestrian underground path in Calgary. Referred to by generations of local youth as the tunnel, 1702 emerges like an invisible gateway to other worlds – where passersby momentarily find themselves in the midst of private moments of rest, solitude and intimacy. Inside the "tunnel" some visitors will share kisses, others will start impromptu conversations with each other (or with themselves) and then some, will even stop and take the pulse of the outside life unfolding above by pressing their ears against 1702's memory-stained walls. During the cold prairie winters, birds will also gather in their choirs to insulate 1702 with songs, confessions and other fleeting gestures. Quietly seductive, 1702 metamorphoses from a mundane urban element into the background for countless individual memories, histories and

experiences, as it appears and disappears from the psyche of those who encounter it.

*Writing unfolds like a game that 'inevitably' moves beyond its own rules and finally leaves them behind. [1] Foucault*

1.

Scene:

DAY'S END: TUESDAY NIGHT // 9PM. *The dinner rush is over. Four hundred and fifty plates washed. Now I can relax. I look down at my feet — I see a pair of well-worn, Hugo Boss boots (I found them last winter, resting on top of a garbage can in a back alley). Half asleep, I squint my eyes as I continue to stare at my boots. They look like a pair of dark eyes staring back at me from no where specific. Yes, they're talking to me: I listen, and then we talk.*

Characters:

BOGDAN (also the narrator)

HUGO BOSS (Bogdan's pair of well-worn leather boots)

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**HUGO BOSS:** *[in a resigned tone]* I never knew you were such a realist — I thought you were more poetic. Where's your imagination? There are many sides to reality. Choose the one that's best for you. Escape into the world of imagination!

*— Pretending not to hear HUGO BOSS, BOGDAN continues to stare vacantly at the wall in front of him, wishing that time could evaporate faster, so that he can leave this place. To his advantage, everyone else around him is too preoccupied to notice his moment of rest. The irony of course, is that the more he thinks about the speed of time, the slower it passes... he has to think of something else, anything — and fast. Then he looks down at his boots again.*

**BOGDAN:***[whispering]* Sorry friend, it's not always easy talking to you. Sometimes imagining things makes me feel even more lonely. I wonder what would it be like to not have any thoughts



at all... no feelings, no emotion, no sense of time; to be nothing and no one. *[pause]* You know, if you didn't visit me, I would probably be a no-one. (...)

*[a prolonged silence]*

**H B:** Your clothes are all crumpled, they're a disgrace! Your shirt is downright filthy, and your boots... *[BOGDAN tries to hide his feet under the table.]* Your boots haven't been touched. What a mess you're in! And look at your shoulders...

**B:** What's the matter with my shoulders?

**H B:** Turn around! Come on, turn around! You've been leaning against some wall. *[BOGDAN bends down as he holds his hand out docilely to HUGO]* No, I haven't got a brush with me; it would make my pockets bulge. *[Still docile, Bogdan flicks his shoulders to get rid of the white dust; HUGO averts his head]* Heavens! Where did you get all that from?

**B:** I don't remember.

**H B:** It's a positive disgrace! I feel ashamed to be your friend.

**B:** You're very hard on me...

**H B:** I have every reason to be.

**B:** *[rapidly]* Listen, Hugo. There are a few distractions in this town — I get so bored. I'm not made for the work I'm doing... everyday in this kitchen, seven hours a day — and only three weeks' holiday a year! When Saturday night comes around I feel exhausted and so — you know how it is — just to relax...

**H B:** Bogdan, everybody has to work. I spend nine hours a day walking and talking with you. This is my job. It's more demanding than you might think. And I don't even get days off... Will-power, my friend!

**B:** But everybody hasn't got as much will-power as you have. I can't get used to it. I just can't get used to life.

**H B:** Everybody has to get used to it. Or do you consider yourself some superior being?

**B:** I don't pretend to be...

**H B:** *[interrupting him]:* I'm just as good as you are; I think with all due modesty I may say I'm better. The superior man is the man who fulfils his duty.

**B:** What duty?

**H B:** His duty... His duty as an employee, for example.

**B:** Oh yes, his duty as an employee (...)



## 2.

On the prairies, it gets dark fast. This is a sudden darkness, with no fuzzy in between; only closed curtains. On a regular day, I begin my shift at work at five pm — a point from a cold December day that will begin to twist itself into this impatient dark blanket. There, for seven hours I face the same wall as I scrub and wash and re-wash, and stack and then re-stack the same dishes, cutlery, glasses, pots and pans. But in the middle of this, (in this chaos) my mind leaves and wonders to

faraway places, even if my body continues to remain arrested by the labour of its hands. What may at first seem like a depressing situation leading to absolutely nowhere, becomes an adventure — an imaginary rehearsal space; a dream factory for improvisation and silent conversations. Yes, sometimes there are unavoidable slip-ups, but what matters is to continue to think about, and to remix these daydreams on their invisible pages — and indirectly to get paid for it, as I

carry on with my day-job; simultaneously learning ways for how to inhabit and adapt to the circumstances of my present-day reality. Paradoxically, and in my experience, doing more with less is not an aesthetic regime, but rather a proposal that needs to be written and acted out daily, like a lived reminder that art can, and will take care of us in the most unexpected and sometimes, subtle ways.

With this sense of optimism in sight; that one *can* find constructive actions in their misfortunes, anxieties and failures, my working process begins with the uncertainty of the encounter between my own interests, hopes and expectations and those of others — and then continues with a never-ending search to find my place in the world. In his

critical essay "*The Radicant*" /2009, Nicolas Bourriaud places a working context for today's contemporary aesthetics in relation to the precarious moment; and precariousness in relation to a grammar of wandering, where doubt and imprecision merge together as positive gestures towards the kind of optimism needed to want to make sense of the world, however fractured and disconnected it reveals itself from one moment to the next [2]. Almost two decades earlier, Judith Butler, in *Bodies that Matter* (1993) imagined the idea of queer identity with a similar sense of precarity, where to identify with anything that was at the margin of the main culture (I'm also thinking about the relationship between craft and fine art) also meant that one had to simultaneously disidentify from it.





### 3.

DECEMBER 10, 2014, CALGARY

— *midnight*

I had to leave the house. With nowhere to go, I found myself walking. It was warm, and the snow melted to mud. As I walked hand in hand with the night, I noticed how most of the houses had their doors open - perhaps so they can breathe in this unusual warm air. Walking along, and staring at the partially exposed interiors, I thought to myself that I would like to live in these houses, to be permeated by their intimacy, and to let all my reveries, all my bitterness dissolve in that not-so-faraway interior atmosphere. As I slowed down in my pace, I imagined what it would be like to enter such and such room — treading through it familiarly and flopping down exhausted on an old couch, surrounded by its floral chintz pillows; to acquire another intimacy there, to breathe another air and myself to become another person entirely... Stretched out on the couch to contemplate this street where I was now walking, from inside the house, from behind the curtains (and I tried to imagine as precisely as possible the view of the street through the open door as seen from the couch), to suddenly be able to find in myself memories of experiences I never had, unknown memories of life, a life carried with me forever and ever, memories belonging to the intimacy of these indifferent surroundings that knew nothing of me...

And then, an inexpressible bitterness descended into my soul as when someone sees before him that there is absolutely nothing left to do, and nothing left to accomplish.

I started to run through the streets in the dark, jumping over pools of melted snow and stepping into some up to my knees. I walked in all directions. As I made my way through the deserted back alleys, my feet sunk into the mud up to my ankles. Suddenly I bent down and put my hands in the mud. Why not? / Why not? [I felt like screaming]. The mud batter was lukewarm and mild: my hands went through it easily. When I clenched my fist, the mud came out between my fingers in beautiful globs, black and shiny. But immediately all my sadness shrank back in the face of a calm and gentle thought. I knew now what I had to do: since it couldn't continue, the only real possibility for me was to put an end to it all. What was I leaving behind? A wet ugly world where snow left mud behind, as its shadow...

Half an hour later, I wiped my face with my shirt and licked the tears from the corner of my mouth savouring their salty taste. As I sat down on the ground, I continued to enjoy feeling miserable. There, in the mud, and with the night beside me, I pulled my macbook out of the backpack, and began to type a proposal - I wrote as if my life depended on it.

#### 4. *THERE IS NO PLACE LIKE THIS, NEAR THIS PLACE, SO THIS HAS TO BE THE PLACE* // a proposal

#### P R O P O S A L & A C T I O N

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I can't write while standing still. Restless, I have to leave the house and wander, to the point of distress: I can drift for hours before I arrive to an understanding of what words I already have as company and what words I don't have - and then, what words I wish to have by my side. While walking, if I persist, and continue with this search, to the point where it stops to make sense, (especially when it stopped making sense) like a restless desire that doesn't want to quit, and in equal measure, that I, myself, don't know how to quit, the words I need along with their comfort (or discomfort), do find me - eventually, like an invisible double; someone that I can share thoughts with, aloud or silently, as I travel. In his 1972 essay, *The Screwball Asses*, Guy Hocquenghem also searches for an internal vocabulary to enact (through both speech and body) the possibility for desire-as-labour and its effect on everyday-life. When read in relation to *A lover's discourse* (Roland Barthes, 1977) and while considering the broader scope of queer literature, the unmediated intimacy and at the same time, experimental format that takes stage in *The Screwball Asses*, has become a crucial historical reference point for discussions on ideas of contemporary desire because of how it concretizes found quotes, anecdotes, notes and rants - in other words, the everyday, in relation to Hocquenghem's insistence for imagining/reimagining desire as *desire* [and in the process, as a social relation] from the ground up.

Almost like a sign of sorts, as I am writing this proposal, my thoughts zoom in and out of focus while scanning through the many Twitter and Facebook feeds sparked by the latest Charlie Hebdo edition, that on the surface, seem to merge the relationship between realism and reality [3] – and in their escalated demand for propositions, I can't help but to recognize Hocquengem's own search for "implicated" proposals to make sense of the world, as it appeared, in crisis, or at rest – even if the questions were not (and perhaps never will arrive) in sight. I wonder if today, more than ever, the act of taking a step forward in space and time, to generate a proposal by, and from itself – and with no expectation for a return, is the most relevant form of action in a world where the possibility for true hope continues to relentlessly slide from an illusive understanding, to what now appears to be an insufficient memory. In other words, is the act of writing a proposal also an enabling gesture towards a state of hope? And through it's absence, how can one describe hope?

Borrowing from a 2014 interview with John Berger [4] where he rejects the idea that translation is a binary affair between two languages, in favour of a triangular relationship – with the third point of the triangle being what lay behind the words of the original text before it was written, and also in response to how art writing was positioned in relation to the *Critical Art Writing Ensemble* – as an aspect of literature that is simultaneously poetic and analytical, I propose to research the development of a new narrative essay that continues to connect possibilities for imagining what prompted Guy Hocquenghem to write, and propose *The Screwball Asses*. To be exact, I'm not aiming for a decoded analysis of the original text, but an opportunity to visualize an environment that through language, could reveal the potentiality for encountering what John Berger refers to – a living creature "whose physiognomy is verbal and whose visceral functions are linguistic" [5]. And while thinking about what can happen if I indeed, make contact with this creature through writing, I envision the structure for this new essay to double into an improvised site for dialogue. Questions could include the following: How similar/ different will our hopes be from our desires? Will we share the same doubts, and is progress a forward action – or are we, as a society, merely posturing habits?

Earlier this year, I completed a preliminary stage to *There is no place* via an essay commissioned by The Calgary Biennial for inclusion in the *Atlas Sighed* catalogue, where through the lines of Eugene Ionesco's 1952 play "The Chairs" I attempted to describe an entry point to my interpretation of *The Screwball Asses*, as told through the lens of a personal childhood memory. Fittingly, *Atlas Sighed* was an exhibition (organized and curated by Steven Cottingham for the Calgary Biennial) that also grabbed hold of the imaginary as it traded gallery architecture for billboard signs, bus shelters and newspaper ads. Together with this preparatory essay, I designed a poster that was inserted inside every C/B catalogue – a physical souvenir, that originated from, and with a story; as evidence for it's own potential to affect and mix into/ & with reality. In addition to participating in and responding to the schedule of events and readings included in the residency program, I plan to explore the surrounding hiking trails and continue to probe my search for how to write, think and reflect, as I go – in motion.



## Notes:

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1. Michael Foucault, "What is an Author?" in *The Art of Art History*, ed. Donald Preziosi, New York: Oxford University Press, 1998, 300.
2. Nicolas Bourriaud, "The Radicant" Sternberg Press, July 23, 2010.
3. Both *The Screwball Asses* and *Charlie Hebdo* were publications that originated in Paris, through an avenue of similar circumstances at the beginning of the 1970's
4. John Berger. "Writing is an off-shoot of something deeper". *The Guardian*, December 12th, 2014. <http://www.theguardian.com>
5. direct link to the John Berger interview: <http://www.theguardian.com/books/2014/dec/12/john-berger-writing-is-an-off-shoot-of-something-deepe>

# NEW MEMBRANES

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NEW MEMBRANES

s o p h i a b a r t h o l o m e w



bartholomew sophia &lt;bartholomew.sophia@gmail.com&gt;

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**the resolute parka: the first winter**

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bartholomew sophia &lt;bartholomew.sophia@gmail.com&gt;

Wed, Mar 4, 2015 at 1:23 AM

To: Bogdan Cheta &lt;chetabogdan@gmail.com&gt;

Dear Bodgan,

Today I was uptown at Target. I had begun my journey heading to Walmart, and as I altered course, walking, I wondered which was the more evil of the two corporations. I couldn't remember whether or not they are owned by the same people after all, but I was quickly bored by this line of thinking.

I scoured thrift stores on Monday afternoon, searching for a certain white sheet I need for a project, but left empty-handed. The thrift stores are near bare this time of year: tired and shrunken like so much else in the cold of the winter. Target emulated this weary aesthetic, but kept it sterile, clean, clinical. And proportionally more of the store was empty, and everything was for sale: all of the racks and the mannequins, the shelving and other fixtures. *Everything must go.*

Saturday I had invited people over to open Rémi Belliveau's project for the resolute parka. At first we are only three, my friend John and Rémi and I, but soon the apartment flooded with people. People crowding the kitchen, and setting up folding lawn chairs in my bedroom; people curled up on the bed and sprawling on the floor. I am not responsible for these people, their pain or their pleasure. In fact, I speak to most of them only briefly.

A friend reminds me that a host is merely vessel: providing conceits or boundaries for others to move within. You're not inviting these people to come and visit with you, you are inviting them to come and visit with each other, to share in each other.

Now my apartment is empty and I'm angry that I have to go to work tomorrow. I dread the thought of all of these people wanting things from me: coffee and attention and for me to cover their shift next week. I lose myself in other people. *So many of you, crowding me out of myself.* But these are my own loosely drawn boundaries, and this is my own porous skin. I choose this for myself, even though it's difficult.

I'm thinking about a conversation I had with my friend Kathryn about being illegible; about how pushing close to illegibility is about protecting yourself. We also talked about how being vulnerable is stronger than faking strength. There is a certain power in vulnerability, because it can make other people uncomfortable. People are scared by the thought of making themselves vulnerable, or they feel worried for you, and are scared by a request they think that you are making.

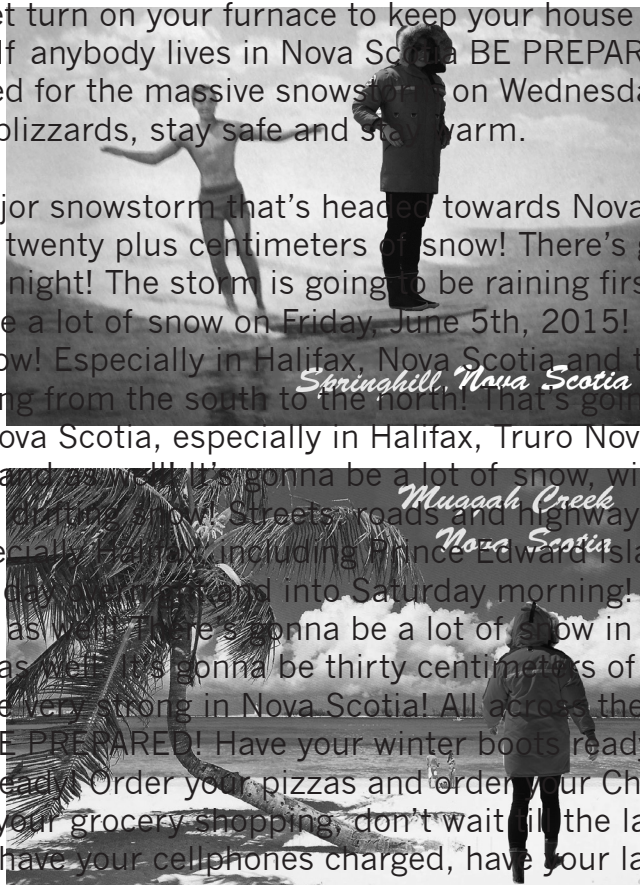
I'm thinking about building walls for myself, building new membranes, wrapping myself in a new skin, and I wonder if the parka is about this kind of protection.

I wanted to respond to the things that you said in your last message more directly Bogdan, but only half-formed fragments pushed their way out. This causes me to think about how you can't always look straight at things, and then I remember how as a child I was fascinated by the thought of going blind, staring too long into the sun. *How long, I wanted to know. How long, exactly, before your vision would invert itself and go black?*

Yours, always, sophia

**Frankie MacDonald** Another massive blizzard is headed towards Nova Scotia on Wednesday, June 3, 2015. It's gonna bring up to 30 plus centimeters of snow, especially in Halifax, Nova Scotia! It's gonna be a lot of snow, very strong winds, there's gonna be big huge waves crashing on the shores, it's gonna bring snow, blowing snow, and widespread blowing snow and reduced visibilities in Nova Scotia especially in Halifax, Shelbourne and Yarmouth as well. The storm is gonna bring blizzard conditions in Halifax Nova Scotia and surrounding areas. There's gonna be a ton of snow, winds are gonna be very strong, it's gonna bring whiteout conditions, widespread blowing snow, winds will be howling, big waves will be crashing on the shores. The storm is going to intensify, then it's gonna move towards Nova Scotia on Wednesday, June 3, 2015. It's gonna bring a lot of snow, very strong winds, it's gonna be powerful winds, it's gonna be howling winds, it's gonna bring another thirty centimeters of snow in Nova Scotia, especially in Halifax on Wednesday. It's gonna bring very strong winds with heavy snow, blowing and drifting snow, there's gonna be some reduced visibilities, the streets, roads, trains, trans Canada highway roads will be covered in Halifax especially and in Nova Scotia as well. People of Nova Scotia, BE PREPARED! Have your winter boots ready, winter jackets ready, hats, gloves, scarves, ski pants' ready! Order your pizzas and order your Chinese food! Buy cases of Pepsi, buy cases of Coke! Do all your grocery shopping, don't wait till the last minute, DO IT RIGHT NOW! Have your I pads charged, have your cellphones charged, have your laptops charged, have your tablets charged, have your 3G 4G ready, because it's gonna be a lot of snow. When you're driving the car, TAKE YOUR TIME DRIVING THE CAR! If you don't like the blizzard, DON'T GO OUTSIDE! Make sure to have your shovels ready, snow scoops ready, snow blowers ready, snow plows ready and salt trucks ready. Drink lots of green tea, white tea, red tea, drink lots of green tea to keep you warm! And if your furnace isn't ready yet turn on your furnace to keep your house warm! It's going to be a massive blizzard on Wednesday. If anybody lives in Nova Scotia BE PREPARED! Best of luck to ya. People of Nova Scotia, be prepared for the massive snowstorm on Wednesday, take care stay safe and don't get caught in massive blizzards, stay safe and stay warm.

**Frankie MacDonald** There's a major snowstorm that's headed towards Nova Scotia on Friday, June 5th, 2015! It's gonna bring up to twenty plus centimeters of snow! There's gonna be a lot of snow in Nova Scotia! Especially on Friday night! The storm is going to be raining first, then it's going to change over to snow. It's gonna be a lot of snow on Friday, June 5th, 2015! During like evening it's going to bring like a lot of snow! Especially in Halifax, Nova Scotia and the surrounding areas, it's gonna be! Winds will be shifting from the south to the north! That's going to cause rain to change over to snow in the province of Nova Scotia, especially in Halifax, Truro Nova Scotia, and Sydney Nova Scotia, and Cape Breton Island as well! It's gonna be a lot of snow, winds are going to be pretty strong, it's gonna be blowing and drifting snow! Streets, roads and highways will be snow covered in the province of Nova Scotia, especially in Halifax including Prince Edward Island as well! There's gonna be a lot of snow, especially Friday night and into Saturday morning! Once the storm moves away, it's gonna be blowing snow as well. There's gonna be a lot of snow in Yarmouth, Shelbourne, Halifax, and Sydney Nova Scotia as well. It's gonna be thirty centimeters of snow, it's going to bring a lot of snow! Winds are gonna be very strong in Nova Scotia! All across the province of Nova Scotia as well. People of Nova Scotia, BE PREPARED! Have your winter boots ready, winter jackets ready, hats, gloves, scarves, ski pants' ready! Order your pizzas and order your Chinese food! Buy cases of Pepsi, buy cases of Coke! Do all your grocery shopping, don't wait till the last minute, DO IT RIGHT NOW! Have your I pads charged, have your cellphones charged, have your laptops charged, have your tablets charged, have your 3G 4G ready, because it's gonna be a lot of snow. When you're driving the car, TAKE YOUR TIME DRIVING THE CAR! Slow down, so you don't get in car accidents! Make sure to have your shovels ready, snow scoops ready, snow blowers ready, snow plows ready and salt trucks ready. Drink lots of green tea, white tea, red tea, drink lots of green tea to keep you warm! There's gonna be a lot of snow in Nova Scotia, especially in Halifax and Sydney Nova Scotia as well! It's gonna be a lot of snow! Blowing snow. The storm is gonna be rain first, then it's gonna change over to snow. On Saturday you have a lot of shovelling





then it's gonna change over to snow. On Saturday you have a lot of shovelling to do and snow plows to do. Then the temperature is gonna turn colder. Have your furnaces ready and turn on your furnaces to keep the house warm. Best of luck to ya, people of nova scotia be prepared for a major snowstorm on Friday. Take care and stay safe. Don't get caught in a major snowstorm, stay warm and be safe.

**Frankie MacDonald** A major blizzard heading for Nova Scotia on Sunday, June 7th, 2015! Its supposed to be real high winds and heavy snow and drifting snow and blowing snow in nova scotia. Lots of snow and strong winds to hit nova scotia and a lot of snow in nova scotia and freezing rain that will mix to ice pellets that makes it even worse. Supposed to be a lot of strong winds, blowing and drifting snow and all that stuff in nova scotia. There's a lot of reduced visibility and all that stuff. People of nova scotia you be very careful out there in a major snowstorm. The best bet is have your flashlights, candles, crank up radio, extra batteries ready, have your ipods charged, have your ipods charged, and have your cell phones charged as well and have your extra batteries ready. Order your pizzas and order your chinese food for nova scotia because its gonna be a bad snowstorm out there in nova scotia. And if you live along the coast there's a freezing rain and ice pellets will be reported on the coast of nova scotia. The inland nova scotia is going up around 50 centimeters of snow or more. A lot of snow plows will be on the streets in nova scotia. All kinds of snow plows will be plowing around the streets during a major snowstorm and a blizzard in nova scotia. People of nova scotia be prepared. Have your winter boots ready, have your winter jackets ready, have your hats and gloves and scarves and ski pants's ready. Order your pizzas and order your chinese food, don't wait til the last minute, do it right now. When you go for a grocery shopping, get your grocery shopping done, don't wait til the last minute, just do it right now because it's going to be very bad and everything will be shut down in nova scotia tomorrow. Blizzard conditions in nova scotia as well. Major storm is gonna hit nova scotia. A lot of strong winds, heavy snow, ice pellets, and freezing rain will be along the coast of nova scotia. Up around louisbourg and canso and those places and Sydney nova scotia is getting lots of snow as well. Best of luck to ya. People of nova scotia be prepared for major snowstorm, good luck and stay safe. Be very careful out there tomorrow, the best bet is, take caution, and be very careful and take care of yourself in a major snowstorm. Good luck.

*Texts transcribed from YouTube video broadcasts by amateur meteorologist, **Frankie MacDonald**, translated to Spanish using Bing translator, converted to audio using text-to-speech technology.*



Pattern, a project by  
Kelly Hill, in Frederic-  
ton [ 2 0 1 5 ]

Winter Coat, a project  
by Jacqueline Collomb,  
in Saint John [ 2 0 1 5  
]

L'artiste livrant le paquet à S. Bartholomew,  
a project by Rémi Bel-  
liveau, in the distance  
between Moncton and  
Fredericton [ 2 0 1 4 ]





# Rúneta! Prototype, a project by John Edward Cushnie, in rural New Brunswick [ 2 0 1 4 ]

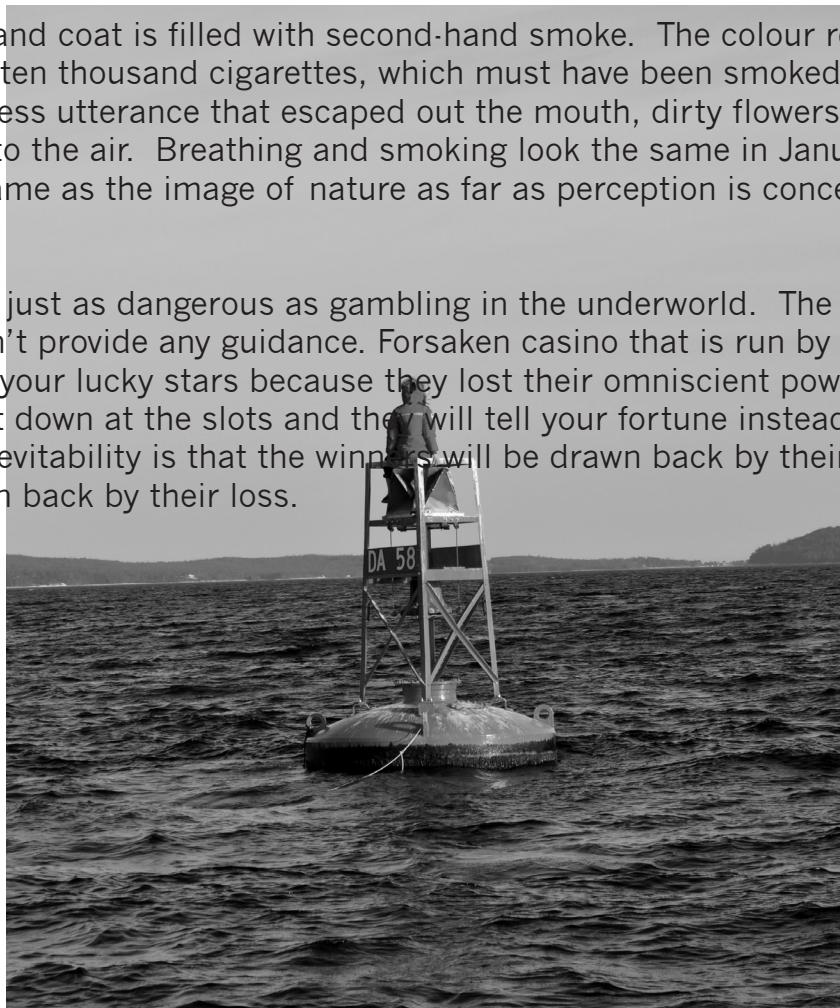


# Midas, a project by Sophia Erdahl, outside of Halifax [ 2 0 1 4 ]

**Sophia Erdahl** This coat was bought for cheap; someone else filled it with wear and emptied its potential. One more item for the discard piles and trash bins of our excesses. Material for raising out of used-clothing store obscurity, which is a deed that requires not only luck but also skill. To live by the gift of Midas's touch is to make old new and turn around time. And thrift will always be counterculture even if it makes a trend of vintage, or anything else for that matter.

But what a pity that the second-hand coat is filled with second-hand smoke. The colour red doesn't tell you that it smells like ten thousand cigarettes, which must have been smoked outside in the cold, each exhale a speechless utterance that escaped out the mouth, dirty flowers that lasted for a moment before wilting into the air. Breathing and smoking look the same in January. Just like the image of a parka is the same as the image of nature as far as perception is concerned.

Taking your chances in the wild is just as dangerous as gambling in the underworld. The electric lights are surrogate stars that don't provide any guidance. Forsaken casino that is run by automatic chance machines, don't count on your lucky stars because they lost their omniscient powers when uncertainty became universal. Sit down at the slots and they will tell your fortune instead. In the city of the last hurrah, the only inevitability is that the winners will be drawn back by their winnings, and the losers will be drawn back by their loss.



# Snow Pants Dance, a project by Amanda Dawn Christie, outside of Sackville [ 2 0 1 4 ]





# Self Preservation, a project by Rebecca Blankert, at OK Quoi ?! in Sackville [ 2 0 1 4 ]



# Banff Flux Snow Shoe Travels: From Athabasca to Mt. Assiniboine, a project by Filip Van Dingenen, at The Banff Centre [ 2 0 1 3 ]



**Casey Smallwood** New Years Eve. That party felt like everything – they often do. I spent days on Pinterest locating DIY decorations I could make from things gathered from dollar stores, my basement, and the stack of magazines I had in the corner. Money was tight. I filled the living room with giant gold and white tissue poofs hung by strings from the ceiling. They looked great.

We throw a lot of parties. I make the food and he makes the fancy punch. When our guests arrive, I say a quick hello – and then something pulls me away. Usually I end up hiding out on the back steps with a close friend or two. Navigating other people's desires – the need to please everyone – it ends up too much for me. I think that's why I spend so much time on the set: tweaking the lighting, the volume of the music, the smell of something baking, the right candles – these small transformations that make this space feel like something new for people who have been here so many times before, those things that hold their attention if I misstep somewhere, socially. A space where you might forget about the existence of your host.

## \* Centre [ 2 0 1 3 ]

Six days later I was attending an orientation at The Banff Centre, getting my ID, touring the grounds, and receiving a key to my studio. My studio. Well not mine. My studio is at home with all of my home things, my entertaining things, the things I use to host people. I came with my camera, some lights, my new etiquette book, a 90s cotillion dress.

I came to Banff intending to create how to videos on etiquette in the art world. We had meetings with advisors assigned to us, based on the medium we were working with. I got the sculpture guy, Shawn. I never work with sculpture. Shawn asked me what I needed, and I asked where the party store was. He made a strange face before telling me that my group was weird and pointing me in the direction of the Dollar Store.

A close friend from Chicago, Marilyn Volkman, and I were at Banff together. THANK GOD. Someone I know. Someone I can hide outside with over the next seven weeks. When The Banff Centre organized a social hour for residents, we came a few minutes late, thought it might be uncool of us to arrive on time. We were the last to show and ended up without a seat at the table, or at any table for that matter. That's when we met sophia. She reached out to us, pulled us into a conversation and made us not feel like the outsiders we so deeply felt we were.

I hung on every word she said, as I tend to do when I meet new people. I don't remember if she said the phrase "Looking for relation" or if I ascribed that to her personality.

A week later, I was still in an empty studio. I was sitting there for eight hours a day rearranging a table and another table and the desk lamp that came with the studio - hoping it might do something, anything - when sophia asked me if I wanted to show some work inside her new gallery, The Resolute Parka. What the hell was I going to show?

I work with people I know, and I ask them to perform for me and my camera, looking for something about them that only that moment of acting can tell me. It's a new form of small talk that gives me power. It's something I feel I can do – and do well – socially. I didn't really know how to show work in the parka, let alone make something in this new space stripped of comfort and dripping with vulnerability. But, I had index cards and an etiquette book. So I wrote "Looking for Relation" on one card and a quote from Emily Post "An invitation reveals the style and purpose of an occasion," on the other, and I asked sophia to wear them in the galleries of her garment. I giggled a little bit. Somehow I thought I had made an inside joke that even I wasn't a part of. It was a dangerous and refreshing moment on those mountains.



EXHALE.

While sophia took my exhibition ice skating at an outdoor rink, I went back to that Dollar Store, which was not a party store at all, and I bought tissue paper and string. I huffed and puffed my way up the mountain and found my way back to my studio, where I made two giant tissue poofs and hung them above my table.

HEEL TAPPING, SMILE.

The arrangement of (my) studio looked like what I think an audition or casting call room might look. I scrapped the how to videos and began making work more specifically about acting as one's self in everyday life. I used the etiquette book and things my grandma had taught me about etiquette to sort of court people, picking out people that reminded me of myself and my own interpersonal insecurities.

At Banff, nothing was a secret. Even if you thought it was a secret, it wasn't – people were just nice enough to not tell you they knew the worst of you. We all got so close. We didn't want to hurt each other, but I think we found comfort in discovering that each of us were equally fucked up, as Shawn could see early on.

\*

A blank page. I found myself stuck, but this time at home with all of my home things and all of my hosting things. sophia sent me what Adam wrote. I remembered how I had constantly asked Adam if he wanted to borrow my etiquette book. I remembered the faces of everyone on that mountain for those weeks which seemed like a lifetime, and I realized how powerful that red parka (sophia) was for all of us. She brought us together in a soft, quiet, clunky kind of way. Like her coat which takes on the burden of weather for its wearer, in this project I see sophia's generosity and place (or burden) of being our ultimate host.

\*

About a year ago, I interviewed Peggy Post, Emily Post's great-granddaughter-in-law about etiquette. I was doing interviews for a book about acting in everyday life, through the lenses of professionals in the social world, including defense attorneys, psychologists, these guys that created a new counter-terrorism lie detector test, and Peggy - she was at the top of the list. I learned something in that interview that I had all wrong about etiquette, Peggy told me the most important thing to etiquette is not about knowing rules or how to place silverware, but to make someone feel welcome and comfortable.

I don't know if this is a piece, really, so much as a long overdue thank you – to you, sophia, and everyone at Banff, for making my life different.

**Adam Waldron-Blain** In the video we made the first time I came to the Banff Centre, the host tells us how the town takes second place in Canada for STIs and tosses condoms into the audience, but I think that having buckets of them in the bathrooms of the visual art studios is a new development since then. We take as many as we can, except for the extra-lubricated kind because they pour everywhere when you open them. By the time Casey Smallwood's studio is filled with balloons our hands are covered with it anyway. Every time I make a sarcastic comment it's an invitation for Casey to tell me not to be so rude. It's only later that this is associated directly with the Resolute Parka—I don't know that I clearly recognized that until I sat down to read the notes that sophia bartholomew passed on to me about each of the artists for this writing. Like the balloon party itself, it happens unexpectedly, a half-formed idea suddenly gifted with attendees.

What is the style and purpose of the Resolute Parka? Early 2013 seems like peak Canada Goose to my memory, making sophia's thrift-find, in excellent condition, incredible. It has to do with this impromptu feeling that the residency context is supposed to bring out. I'm sort of bad at it, all planning and careful structures, which is maybe why I'm writing about it now rather than exhibiting in it then. Smallwood's work with etiquette is tracing a delicate line there: planning, canvassing Emma Hicks to shoot video of the proceedings, sometimes quick with a comment, but happy to leave it there.

\*

Like all of us, Steven Cottingham has brought something from home to talk about. He puts on the parka to tell maybe-true stories about pseudonymous girls down the mountain in Calgary and the art he looked at with them. I've talked with a good few folk about Steven's work since, and there at the time too, trying to articulate something tricky about it's instability. There's something close—in this text you can probably hear my pauses as I carefully walk around the real juicy bits of “looking for relation” from 2013, sensitive to my editor and probable readers or scared or embarrassed—something close to what I'm writing. I wrote about it in another of his shows, a year later, on my blog, but at that hotel room dinner party I remember being very uncertain, before I knew how to say why. I always have to explain this in two steps: I know that all art is fiction, I know it doesn't matter, but I doubt it nonetheless. I still don't know if I can say it's honest or not, even after tracking down his source material on the internet. Why does this worry me?

My interactions with Cottingham's community, close as it is to Banff, are often coloured by this careful stepping. I observe a lot, talking with friends or listening on social media. Like his own cryptic subtweets, I'm newly following another mysterious Calgary art-worlder this month, two years on; I think I recognize their words. They just posted a Banff Centre blind item.





11:16 PM

27%

# New Directions in Art Writing, a project by Steven Cottingham, at The Banff Centre [ 2 0

I came home drunk  
got into bed

I haven't changed the sheets  
since the last time I had sex

which was an increasingly long time ago  
but in my defence

I've been out of town a lot

doing a residency in some isolated town

I opened my MacBook

checked for messages

there was one from a girl I used to love

who lives in Montréal

it was just a link to some art blog

so I stayed up all night

looking at a link to some art blog.

## ACROSS

1. Incapability of existing (13)

-

He told me he couldn't bear to work with me.  
That he'd trained himself to ignore it.  
He gave me a book of poems -  
I typed one up on his Remington,  
So that someone might find it  
Later.

129.

*Come, see real*

*Flowers*

*Of this painful world.*

We talk about Atoms and Supernovas.  
I wonder if I might combust.  
Burn and simmer  
Like the stars before  
Shooting toward a new beginning,  
A new everything.

I can't tell  
If it begins or ends  
When familiarity fades.  
We struggle  
Against ebb and flow,  
Swallowed by rip tides,  
Washed upon shores.

I could vanish here.  
I'm in a new place,  
With a new name  
And no story.  
He can't do half measures,  
I can't do whole.  
All that falls does,  
I am both inside and out.

He caught my breath.  
He drew it from me to him,  
Then back again.  
He takes rest beside me,  
As doors close.

Together we listened  
To a song I no longer remember -  
An intimate melody of strangers.  
Bank, then Liverpool,  
Now me.  
I nod farewell,  
And ascend.  
I wonder how many like him  
Had already passed,  
And why I still couldn't say hello.

-

I devoured the last pages.  
Gravity propelled me forward  
Rather than pulling me down.  
I ran far,  
Then farther still,  
Along the river.  
I wanted to cover myself in earth,  
To let the soil trickle through my fingers,  
Scream until all breath escaped me.

The smell of eucalypts  
Returned me to you.  
I thought of life  
Instead of death,  
And wanted  
Only to be part of the world again.  
Rain fell,  
Washing away the grit  
That my tears had not.

-

I wake to find myself  
Blanketed in his jacket.  
He wanted to keep me warm,  
'Cause he "done know'd  
You could get a chill sleepin' like that".

-

I waited in the emergency room.  
A young woman approached the nurse  
For help.  
When asked of her ailments,  
Simple words  
Tumbled surely from her lips  
To my ears  
Where they echo still.

I feel fragmented.

A counselor arrived,  
Escorting her  
To what I imagined a safer place.

Funny which moments you choose to carry.  
I did not know this woman frayed,  
Nor do I know of her,  
Years later.  
But I recognized in her plea,  
A rising within.

My visit  
For different reasons,  
Felt fragmented.  
Feels fragmented.

Still does.  
Still is.

I wish I had said something

I wanted to learn how to survive.  
We all laughed together and I felt whole again.

He said, "maybe it's not something you've become.  
Maybe it's someone you've decided to be."

-

It's the dreams.  
I wasn't the only one.  
Three mountains meet three rivers,  
A place to pass through,  
But never rest.

-

Snow falls,  
And takes my tears  
For the briefest  
Of moments.



**Adam Waldron-Blain** The mess drips into all of our work. In our bathrobes, we're all outfitted with glow sticks to echo the one in Daisy Watkins-Harvey's parka-sleeve, as a safety device. They split open too—I don't know how many lodge'd bathrobes Lloyd Hall must go through because of us artists types. It's not a surprise though. At five in the morning we sit in the lounge with Abbey Shane, one of our facilitators, gossiping. There is no outside, everyone we meet is implicated. An open invitation—no, this is wrong; the bathrobe party was later. An imitation, an echo of the first glow-stick. I was losing my sense of direction in between studio slide shows of my old life, artist talks about my ex-relationship, and navigating the turbulence of our group. There were some late night conversations, anyway.

# Baywatch Snow, a project by Daisy Watkins-Harvey, at The Banff Centre [ 2 0 1 3 ]



# My Kokum Rose, a project by Richelle Bear Hat, at The Banff Centre [ 2 0 1 3 ]



# A Mountain That Is Really My Couch, a project by Suzanne Morrisette, at The Banff Centre [ 2 0 1 3 ]





**Suzanne Morrisette** Both of my parents are teachers. When I was very young my mother worked as an early years educator for the public school district in Winnipeg. Our home was always filled with teacher's games, especially in the summer time when she would pack up shop in her classroom and relocate these things to our living room. I think that by showing our interest (or disinterest) that my sister and I were likely performing a sort-of litmus test for my mom as she worked to select effective and age-appropriate pedagogical tools for use in the classroom. I think that we gained a lot from these experiences, the way you might imagine a person would if they were living in a schoolroom with a fun teacher 24/7.

No activity was wasted – there was always some learning objective attached to our play. There was this one game my mom had installed on our family computer, one of the first Apple desktop computers with the tiny little square screen encased within a grey cube which my grandfather had bought when it was on the cutting edge of technology.

Anyways, I remember playing this game repetitively. I think that the game was intended for kids younger than me, but for whatever reason I still played it. The objective was to correctly identify the words on the screen which described what was going on in the picture. In the picture there was a dog house and a dog. Every time you clicked on the screen a dog would move its position in relation to the dog house, and you would be prompted to respond by selecting the proper description: Is the dog outside of, inside of, on top of, or around the dog house?

Empirically, what do you see?

The day that I decided to take these photos I hadn't been thinking much about this story about learning and computers, and dogs and their dog houses. After I had uploaded and edited the files it came time to title the work. What did I see? This time it was my body against the contours of mountains, ledges, and skies. It was my body out of, inside of, on top of, around nature.

“out of , inside of, on top of, around”

or

“a changing and precarious position”

I renamed the series unintentionally because I had forgotten the original title. Do other artists do this as well? I think they must, sometimes I find that it is difficult to keep track.

I do not think that this takes away from the pieces, the fact that I had forgotten the original title. After I had finished the first round of editing on these files I submitted a grant application requesting assistance to help me print these works as large-format photographs and to stage more unique images using this process: Taking a photo somewhere outdoors, bringing that photo home and uploading it onto my computer, setting up in my home and using that photo as the backdrop in Photo-Booth, and clicking the red button on my screen using the three-second window that application provides to jump onto my couch and into the picture in a way that appears as though I am interacting with the image. This grant was successful, and I was able to print four pieces and create two or three additional image files. I began to write about what it meant to go through this process and to substitute my apartment scenery for so-called wilderness settings. Why my body, and why these places?

When I was in my first year of my Masters in Fine Art I had a very nice shared office space on Richmond Street in downtown Toronto. It was a time in my life where I really did not like Toronto very much, and I felt no qualms sharing that feeling with anyone. I needed to be somewhere else such as in my car travelling on the highway, or in my hometown of Winnipeg. Toronto didn't offer me the kind

as in my car travelling on the highway, or in my hometown of Winnipeg. Toronto didn't offer me the kind of interface that I was responsive to in that moment. It was an uncomfortable feeling to be inside of the city. In retrospect this was likely attributable to the fact that I rented an apartment that was the size of a thumbtack. I could stand in the middle and pivot on one foot if I wanted to change activities. Wake up – pivot – make breakfast – pivot – use the washroom – pivot – sit on the couch – pivot – make lunch – pivot – use computer – pivot – make dinner – pivot – go to bed.

I used my office space on Richmond St. to work on assignments for my Master's degree. I also spent a lot of time on Google Maps using street view to take road trips. On these days I would most often leave Toronto travelling north towards Sudbury before heading west on to Sault Ste. Marie, taking the Trans-Canada along the north shore of Lake Superior, and finally continuing from Thunder Bay on to Winnipeg. At some point I discovered that a certain combination of keyboard commands would cause Google Maps to glitch, and I wouldn't need to click on the screen to advance it would just proceed on its own without instruction: cruise control. This is the route that I had actually driven once a year (and still do). I would day-dream about being on a two-lane split with trees on either side, watching for moose and deer. The road is very straightforward and it is an easy trip because it is incredibly difficult to get lost.

I didn't even need to leave the city in order to leave the city. I could take a road trip at my leisure, no car or gas needed. Just road snacks. I think about these day dreams as a kind of desire for rural spaces, wilderness spaces even mediated by the screen of my computer. A desire to be somewhere else.

In my photographs I am a more daring person than I am in actual fact. I would not tip-toe towards the edge of a building while looking down at the forest floor. I would not climb a mountain (or at least I wouldn't without a harness). I would not dance on the top of the Kinnear Centre roof (or at least I wouldn't without some hesitation). I appear confident, assured, and in control when in actuality I might fall or slide or trip at back into the reality that is my couch at any given moment: a changing and precarious position.

**sophia bartholomew** Dear Walter, Do you remember these half-formed ideas? This is from when we were in Banff: I had been thinking about unions, and about elected governments; wondering if you could ever pinpoint the moment when an organization becomes so wholly preoccupied with its own survival that it abandons the people and the needs that brought it into being. Not-for-profit societies, artist-run centres. Maybe its something inside of formalized groups of people, all of them. Groups of people, always groups of people, needing a loophole, a space for something other and more.

Not because of fierce individualism of the late capitalist sort – espresso, syrup, milk and other options – but because we are always in excess of the structures we build for ourselves.

(It all makes so much noise, sometimes screaming and beating my heart.)

This work you made created restricted movement, limited access. But it was also an open door –

# I can make it good. I can make it bad., a project by Walter Scott, at The Banff Centre [ 2 0 1 3 ]



# Great White North, a project by Sarah Fuller, at The Banff Centre [ 2 0 1 3 ]





**Adam Waldron-Blain** I wrote a bit about the show in the Walter Philips Gallery, An Ever Changing Meaning:

“Full of images of Banff—the hot springs steaming before the mountains—but it desires them more for the tiles that mark their connection to Roman ruins in France than for their local identity, whatever is left of it under the tourist-town.”

I remember the opening, I think there was a little trouble with the projectors for the work I was talking about there. Benjamin Seror did an associated performance at the MacLab, with a good informal party feeling (or maybe I was just drunk and entitled in a room full of close residency-friends and total strangers) for a visit from the Parka. So Daria Hirny, a work study intern, belonging to the neighbouring venn diagram social circle that connected through a couple of former work-studies who were directly in the program as well as presence, could feel like the social occasions Casey, Daisy, Walter, and Steven had appropriated.

Daria is from here, I saw her the other week. She XS maps: home, and you. People came to see something. For me, this whole time was a game about moving away, a year after I moved back, and I kept testing the idea for another season before I started to accidentally get cozy again.

\*

It's very easy to connect the presence of the Parka with the artist, even when that's not directly appropriate. Most of the time the artist is just there, alongside, which is what animated Cottingham's project, the act of inhabiting. But there is a lazy manner in art-writing that confuses the work and the artist's name, hiding the specific ways that their work inhabited the Resolute.

Alex Achtem's gesture starts here, connecting us with a tradition of absolute identification, one of terrifying personal vulnerability, what part of it echoes in this tiny community at the Banff Centre. sophia wears her identity documents for a few days—where? Does she even need to leave the compound, go into the town? But then again: how safe is it here?

Among other artists, this is a closed space and there is accountability in our intentions of community, protected by the bits of institution that buttress our circle. But there are still dangers, even if not ones that explicitly threaten these papers. Daisy Watkins-Harvey's call-out to safety is not made for nothing. Telling my own stories, making work publicly with my personal pieces of history felt dangerous in a way that I'd seen nowhere else. A whiff of competition underlay some late-night conversations; demonstrating something about ourselves by talking about one another. Once or twice a story about myself became ground for a desperate pull, someone else's history grabbing hold, trying to place itself, finding in my narrative a desperate salve but -

Achtem's gesture might have some real uncertainty behind it. It teeters between a piece of a grand '70s tradition of artists placing their personal vulnerabilities into anonymous others' hands, and a small gesture demonstrating trust.





# Bi Fold, a project by Alex Achtem, at The Banff Centre [ 2 0 1 3 ]



# A Woman Having Her Moontime and This Bannock She Made For You, a project by Amy Malbeuf, at The Banff Centre [ 2 0 1 3 ]



(/kɑːlɪɡɑː /tkaw-LY-jə) is a country-music song written by **Hank Williams** and **Fred Rose**.

**A Series of Openings, a project by Jeneen Frei Njootli, at The Banff Centre [2013]**

KAW-LIGA, was a wooden Indian standing by the door  
He fell in love with an Indian maid over in the antique store  
KAW-LIGA - A, just stood there and never let it show  
So she could never answer "YES" or "NO".

He always wore his Sunday feathers and held a tomahawk  
The maiden wore her beads and braids and hoped someday he'd talk  
KAW-LIGA - A, too stubborn to ever show a sign  
Because his heart was made of knotty pine.

[Chorus:]

Poor ol' KAW-LIGA, he never got a kiss  
Poor ol' KAW-LIGA, he don't know what he missed  
Is it any wonder that his face is red  
KAW-LIGA, that poor ol' wooden head.

KAW-LIGA, was a lonely Indian never went nowhere  
His heart was set on the Indian maiden with the coal black hair  
KAW-LIGA - A, just stood there and never let it show  
So she could never answer "YES" or "NO".

Then one day a wealthy customer bought the Indian maid  
And took her, oh, so far away, but ol' KAW-LIGA stayed  
KAW-LIGA - A, just stands there as lonely as can be  
And wishes he was still an old pine tree.

**Adam Waldron-Blain** sophia also talks about becoming the artist that I accidentally allow to become the work, but Jeneen Frei Njootli picks that up in her project. Take the coat onto your shoulders and reach into the gallery storage space, the large inside pocket where astonishingly a bottle full of vodka waits for you, and sing her song, Hank Williams' song, awkwardly calling out the name of a caricature Indian. She's been working on costumes, among other things, in her studio and immediately recognized the one we are sharing. It's peak Canada Goose, I see them everywhere on the streets, the strange wave of heritage fashion finding its perfect expression for the Canadian winter before the questions start to really come up about it. I've made it this far without even questioning the name: 'Resolute.'



**Emma Hicks** We had a show. I think it was at Arterial, or at least it was the same shape and size as that gallery. There were several double TV screen works on the walls: one work showed Cameron from Ferris Bueller's Day Off facing an artwork in a museum; the other screen showed a single tear streaming from his face. There was another double screen work of a man and a woman standing in front of an artwork in the African artifacts section of the museum; I think it was that scene with Eddie Murphy from Coming To America in the next screen the woman dropped an object and they both bent down to pick it up and bumped heads. There was another screen with Patrick Bateman sitting in a chair in a board room silent and daydreaming. Another two screens were showing the films Working Girl and The Secret of My Success simultaneously. There was a looping projection on the wall of one of the billboard scenes from L.A. Story with pulsating light the message was some self help or positive affirmation in text form. There was a stack of the most amazing card stock (business card size with raised, embossed text) that said YES. You were in the corner shredding reams of paper through a shredding machine and I was standing inside a giant bell that was hanging from the ceiling. Only my feet were visible. On the floor people were hitting the bell. There was a camera in the bell that was linked to a CCTV screen. In the gallery people were looking at a close up of the camera on my face. There was a sculptural object made of black. It was high sheen, high gloss, and it was rectangular.

The titles for the works in the show were: *I Love Painting and Painting Loves Me*; *Once More With Feeling*; *Tryin' to Get the Feeling Again*; and, *What's the Difference Anyway*.

**Adam Waldron-Blain** I anonymously post a video of Jack from Lost intoning desperately: "we have to go back to the island" on the group blog. I think about doing so. I don't. I am done for a while: I take a different kind of residency in Iceland later in the summer where I am only physically close to most of my colleagues, not emotionally, since I'd rather ride my bicycle along the waterfront and dance on Saturdays alone at the club downtown, to which I barely remember the directions after someone shows me the first week. I considered whether I was lonely or not and barely made any work.

Before we left, I had a conversation with Emma Hicks about whether we should have been better friends during.

In Australia, something might have happened. You were in the corner shredding reams of paper through a shredding machine.



**Willie Brisco** Early in the architectural history of the Banff residency program, bungalows were transported from the decommissioned Kananaskis Internment camp to the current location of the Banff Centre. The internment camp was one of many produced to house “enemy aliens” during WW2. Unlike the numerous other camps that relocated Japanese and Italian families and operated upon national lines, Kananaskis was specifically focused around the incarceration and containment of political dissidents.

During his time at Kananaskis, Johann “Jon” Ketterer produced a number of small carved objects which utilized the throw-away materials of the camp. Using a bartered blade, he produce a number of tightly detailed works. These include a wooden frame with a intricately patterned forget-me-knot motif and a small box with an inlaid butterfly, slivered from toothbrush plastic. For the Resolute Parka, the jacket became a plinth to display a piece which reads “Kananaskis Internment 1940”. Cut from a fragment of an apple box, two clovers bracket the words.

If this event had a thesis, it was about orchestrating and collapsing a partition between the concrete social provisions hospitality requires and more technical aesthetic questions regarding political memory, narrative and kitson.

Equal parts display structure and karaoke venue, it was an uncertain situation, institutionally and socially, where ephemera operated forward in a frame not yet formalized or constrained as art.

**Adam Waldron-Blain** And as we drink and sing at the end of a seven-week intensive the secret turn on the structure that birthed them. I think I came late to Willie Brisco’s party, unless I’m getting it confused for another (at least the second time during the duration of this writing). But I remember the objects and I remember singing here too. Willie had written out Patti Smith’s lyrics to ‘Pissing in a river’ on large flip-chart paper during a quick visit to my music practice room, what was on hand—the kind of material he uses often. We hammered it out on that piano, a good sad-drink song, and it lived until the end here, next to this block of ice. It felt like an ending to match the start of the project, put together with the stoppins found round the corner in the next room, a projector wheeled in from the soirée room with a mic and speaker.

Brisco’s work is a constant churn of the sensation of intoxicated incompleteness, from the time he stood up to sit down to show us a folder full of hundreds of images in lieu of a slideshow of his practice until this moment. It’s not safe.

Bungalow Court, a project by Willie Brisco, at The Banff Centre [2013]







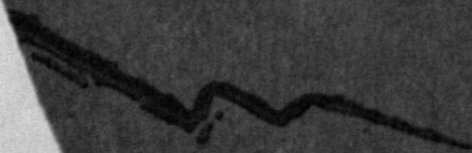
Kenai Alaska

week 5  
everything  
falls  
apart



# Three Ravens

Restaurant &  
Wine Bar



*Luster*

DINING ROOM



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title page





The Resolute Parka is  
a sculpture by sophia  
bartholomew.

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