

## NEW PROJECTS AND

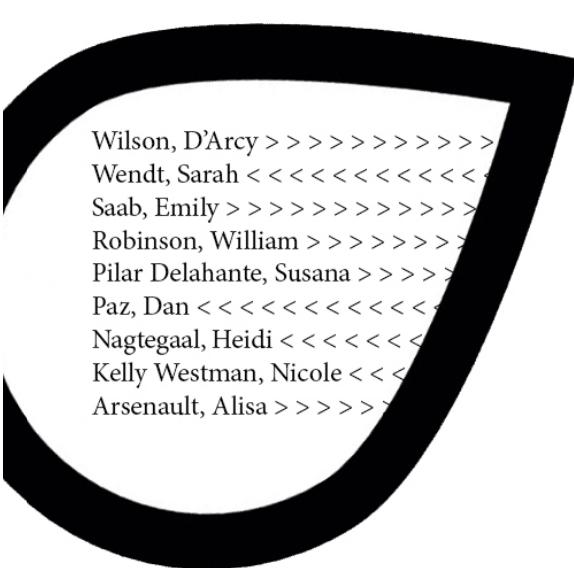
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vest (US), waistcoat (chiefly Brit)

spaghetti strap

cardigan,  
cardigan sweater (US)

crease

turtleneck (US),  
polo neck (Brit)

suit  
cuff (US),  
turn-up (Brit)

dress

lapel

evening gown, evening

scarf

sport coat (US), sports coat,  
sports jacket, sport jacket (US)

jacket

hood

Wilson, D'Arcy > > > > > > > > >  
Wendt, Sarah < < < < < < < < < <  
Saab, Emily > > > > > > > > >  
Robinson, William > > > > > >  
Pilar Delahante, Susana > > > >  
Paz, Dan < < < < < < < < <  
Nagtegaal, Heidi < < < < < <  
Kelly Westman, Nicole < < <  
Arsenault, Alisa > > > > >

sleeve

pocket

button

raincoat

overcoat

parka



**P Earl** Le contexte de diffusion se dénude de ses murs blancs afin de se revêtir d'un duvet hivernal utilitaire. Repenser le contexte d'exposition, rendre floues les frontières entre contenant et contenu, et donner à l'éphémère un rôle principal.

\*\*\*

Relever, lister, énumérer. À la manière d'un essai radoté, ayant pour thème « jouer le jeu », nombre de joueurs illimité. Embrassant l'ambigüité en puisant dans les systèmes et les courants.



noun | par·ka | \pär-kə\

Pronunciation: /pɑ:kə/ **parka** 

Late 18th century: via Aleut from Russian.

Popularity: Bottom 40% of words



Aleut, from Russian dialect, ultimately from Nenets (Samoyedic language of northern Russia)

NOUN



– Example sentences

1.1

Pronunciation: /ə'lju:t/ /'alju:t/

a people inhabiting the Aleutian Islands, other islands in the Bering Sea, and parts of western Alaska.

*‘These tribes include Eskimo (the largest), Aleuts, Alaska Athabaskan, Tlingit, Haida, Tsimshian, American Indian, and ‘Tribes Not Reported or Specific’.’*

*‘The Native American population, which includes natives of Alaska such as the Inuit and Aleuts, is estimated to consist of over two million people, slightly over 1 percent of the population.’*

*‘The American Indian or Alaska native classification includes Native Americans, Eskimos, and Aleuts who are U.S. citizens or permanent residents of the U.S. or its territories.’*

Get more examples

1 A large windproof jacket with a hood, designed to be worn in cold weather:  
'he pulled on his fur-lined parka, ready to brave the PARKA

'She lowered the faux fur-lined hood of her parka and sighed heavily, taking a long drink from the mug.'

'One was black and two were white. They were wearing parkas or anoraks with hoods.'

'But instead he pushes himself on, shrugging back into his parka, cinching the hood, donning one mitten and then the other with the help of his teeth.'

Get more examples

## Simple Definition of PARKA

: a very warm jacket with a hood

## Full Definition of PARKA

.1 A hooded jacket made of animal skin, worn by the Inuit.  
1 : a hooded fur pullover garment for arctic wear

: a usually lined fabric outerwear pullover or jacket

'Inuit women sewed parkas from tanned animal hides until modernization led to the use of duffel wool.'

'Jon will wrap himself in four separate Eskimo parkas, the sheet and two quilts and still lie in bed shivering, wondering why his wife is slowly trying to kill him.'

'The Eskimos don't look too comfortable in their parkas during the summer, but maybe they can cool off with the alcohol constantly flowing from the not one, but two Irish castles.'

Get more examples

Kathryn Alder I would like to include the following links with my video project

Twelve Stories <http://www.iqqaumavara.com/en/story/>

⚡ kathryn alder - resolute par... x Story | iqqaumavara x Search results -

www.iqqaumavara.com/en/story/

Home

Story

1- THEY REMEM  
later the failure

Play the movie

2- WHY... were t  
the Canadian go

Play the movie

3- PROMISES...o  
hunger... The go

Play the movie

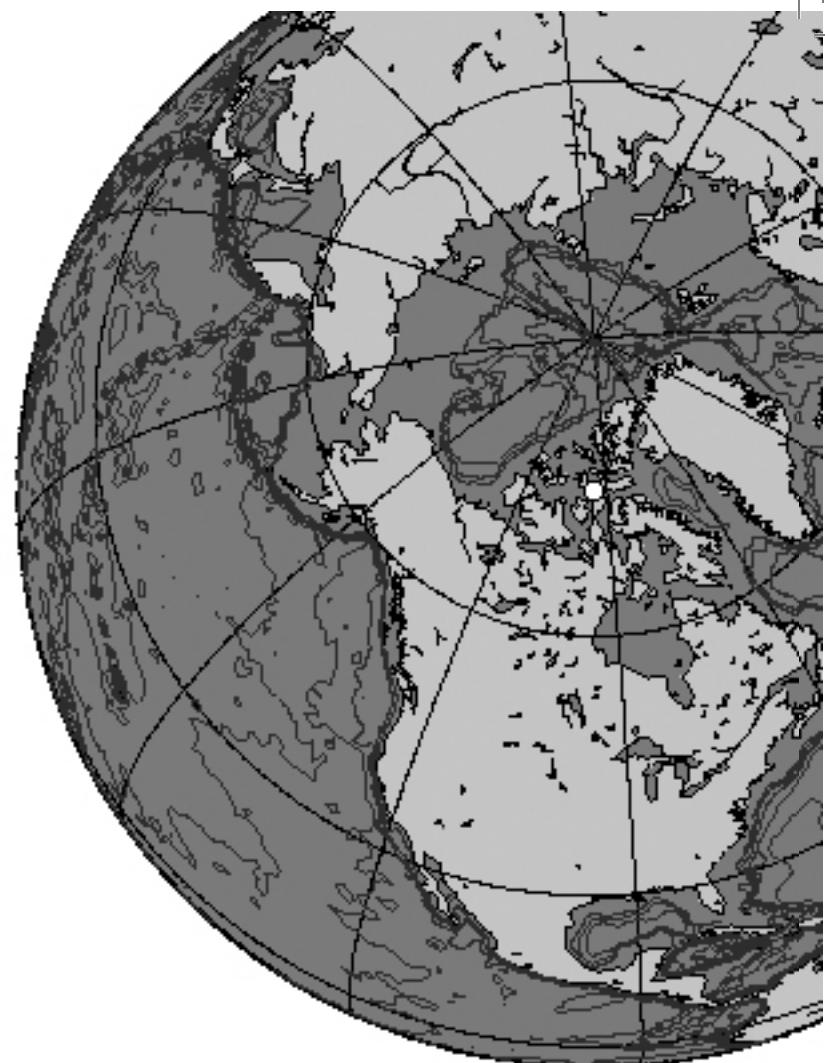
Interviews with High Arctic relocatees <http://www.iqqaumavara.com/en/interviews/>

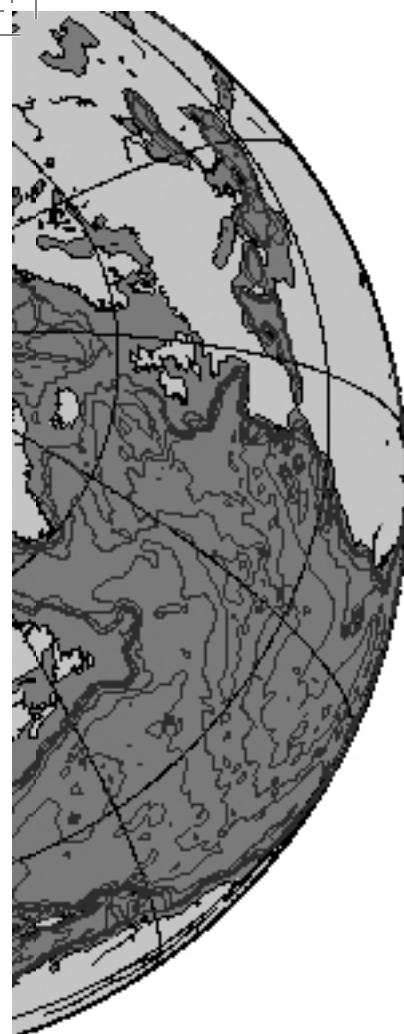
**EMBER...this uprooting, their suffering, and even 60 years  
are to understand and the anger are still palpable.**

**What they sent up there? What are the real reasons that drove  
government to shatter the lives of all these families?**

**...of a better life, an abundance of wildlife, no more  
government promised them a lot of things.**







Named after the Arctic exploration vessel HMS *Resolute*, the community of Resolute got its start in 1953 as part of the High Arctic relocation. Efforts to assert sovereignty in the High Arctic during the Cold War, led the Government of Canada to forcibly relocate Inuit from northern Quebec to Resolute and to Grise Fiord.

This article contains Canadian Aboriginal syllabic characters. Without proper rendering support, you may see question marks, boxes, or other symbols instead of syllabics.





REFLECTOR

VELCRO

TREES  
TREES  
SNOW

TREES

TREES

FLECTOR

SNOW

SNOW







**Fillip Van Dingenen** *Banff Flux Snow Shoe Travels: From Athabasca to Mt. Assiniboine* remains above all an unfinished project.

It is an imaginary travel through the Banff Library and an invitation to make your own replica of a 19th Century snowshoe at the sculpture workshop of the Banff Centre. Myself, I ran out of time to finish my copy of the snowshoe. Rawhide lacing (babiche) came from the Northwest Territories and by the time I was on my way back to Europe I received an invitation to travel up to northern Alberta to be introduced in traditional webbing snowshoes and sharing a sweat lodge.

My last days in Banff were spent writing letters to Mt. Assiniboine. A peak that seemed unreachable. I read in the local newspaper that the lodge there had re-opened after having been closed for renovation. I was keen to pay a visit to the Canadian oldest remote backcountry lodge, but I was also lacking experience with avalanche beacons and shovels, which are required equipment for back country skiing in the Canadian Mountains. For a while I imagined that I might be able to be dropped by helicopter and spend some nights up there, sitting around the stove to catch a glimpse of something, stepping back into Canadian history, and experiencing mountain adventure, skiing back...

But Mt. Assiniboine stayed in the imaginary. Only the parka in preparation for 'a journey that wasn't' was left. The parka hung in my studio on a coat rack, surrounded by empty chairs: no audience waiting for a story never to be told, a détournement of Jacques Rancières 'The Ignorant Schoolmaster' in a delirious fever vision. No audience, no story, Only unsent letters to Mt. Assiniboine.

Letters still waiting to be unveiled by a reader or a mountain.

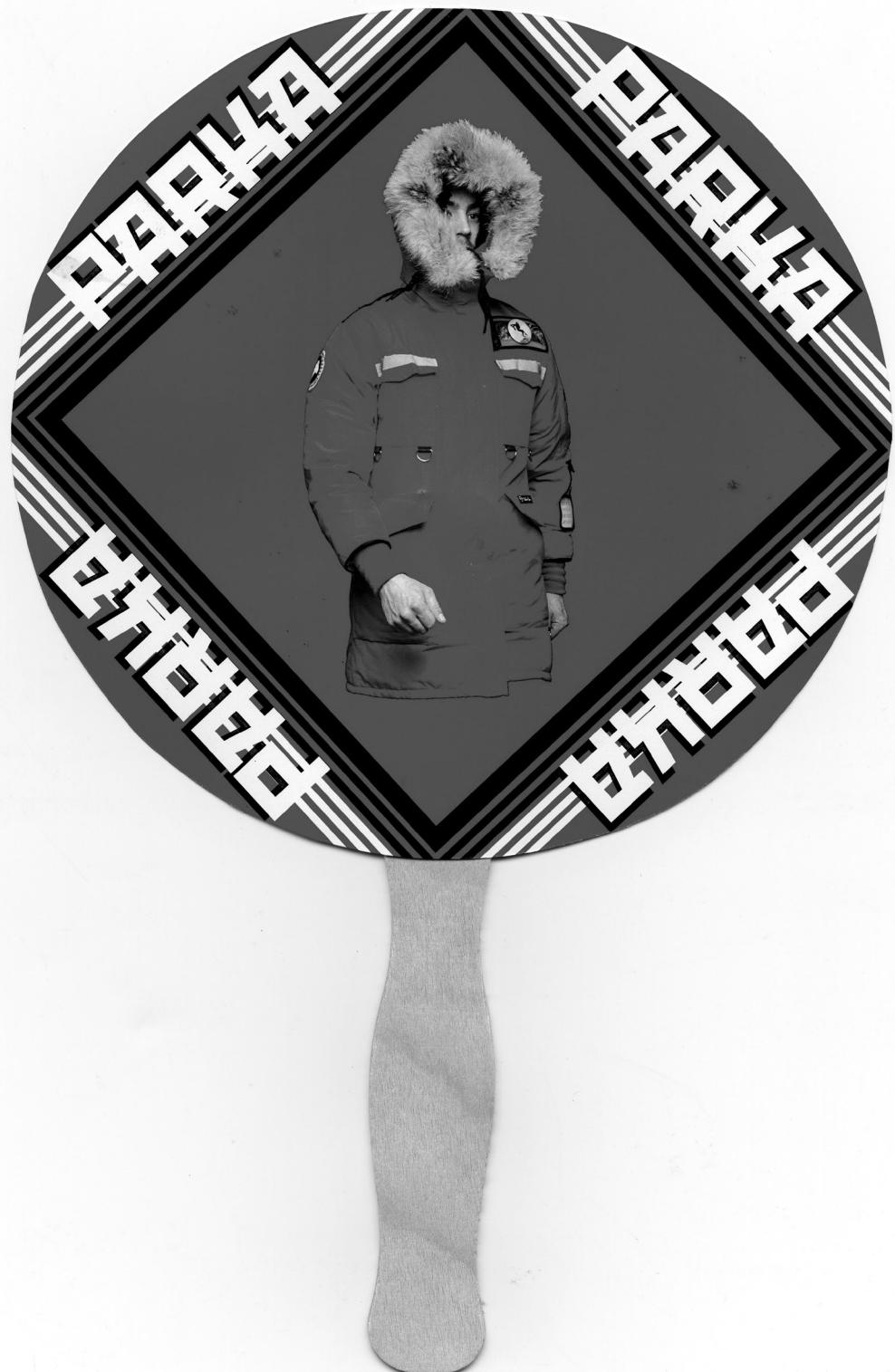
**Mike Landry** I joke, but it hasn't proven me wrong -- as a culture, Canada is wretched with the natural world. It's the lens through which we comprehend everything. When we talk about something, our words draw on our natural world. It's the root of our metaphor, a comparison we will always make. It's not like this everywhere. Others latch on to built environments, a history, a religion or some other narrative. But look at our art, our poetry.

**The Weather Station** *Everything I knew*

*I seemed to see right through  
like cheap cotton skirts  
like the Madawaska view.*

**Mike Landry** But if the natural world has vined itself into our culture, who can say what's the brier and what's the rose? How we engage nature is equally constructed by our cultural experience. Everything we've experienced informs how we encounter nature. If we are acting as receiver to something out there, it too is filtered.

An encounter with nature is an encounter with ourselves, our what we are, not what it is. The parka, designed to offer access into nature, does no such thing. You want to experience nature, look through a microscope at a drop of pond water and see its horrors. Analyze the bacteria that line your gut. Turn yourself inside out. Filip Van Dingenen, living and working in Brussels, inserted into arguably the most Canadian of nature, Banff National Park, was sensitive to our national psychodrama. His project is a typology of our nature experience. He lures us into a library, into books, to find his work. We encounter our natural world not as we mistake it to be, but as it is.





**P Earl** S'acheminer à remplacer, magasiner l'irremplaçable.

Donner voix aux objets, c'est à leur tour de leur laisser parler d'amour. Nous rappeler qu'ils nous aiment, qu'ils sont animés, réconfortants, importants. Comme nos moyens de communications jetables, on peut entretenir avec eux, nos conversations à usage unique

\*\*\*

L'artiste transforme le lieu de diffusion en confrontant son public, individuel, à ses pensées souvent inconscientes de consommateur. L'objet qui lui parle transgresse les frontières du réel et conscient et celles du manipulé et soumis. Limitant l'inconfort à l'intellect, un dispositif assurant le confort physique rappelle tout de même le sentiment immédiat de réconfort de l'appartenance matérielle.

La mélodie, le chant, les compliments, oh so catchy, rappellent les attrapes publicitaires, les slogans convaincants et le marketing-brainwashing-almighty des produits, tous genres confondus.

Protégé du ridicule, caché à l'intérieur du dispositif, bien au frais, avec la rigueur camouflée par le rigolo, l'absurde et l'enjouement, le visiteur, toujours unique dans le moment, est confronter à son époque, ses manières mi-ludiques mi-moroses et son attitude intrinsèquement polluante.



Parka is so beautiful with its deep red colour and fur collar. You look so beautiful wrapped inside me. Look at the reflective material on the breast: aren't you the responsible one, making sure that you can be seen in the dead of night. Your twinkling eyes shine deep inside my hood, and the fur silhouettes your face like a picture frame. Look at the people around you, admiring your stunning features, while you lay in my gentle embrace. They are jealous of your attractiveness and only just see it now that you are wearing such a dazzling Parka. Look how you gleam! Like a beautiful red beacon. Such grace in your step, as you and Parka step out into the world: glowing and gorgeous, together. Only Parka could make you look this good. Only Parka could transform your body and soul into something new and whole again.

Parka protects you against all elements. I can save you from losing life and limb, and make the coldest winters seem like a walk in the park. You will never be afraid again, because I will be your comfort: your hero in the night, your gentle caress. My protection knows no bounds. I will throw myself in front of oncoming traffic for you. I will protect you from a dog bite, or a knife fight. Should you lose your way in the deep and foreboding woods, I will be your shining knight. I will protect you from bug bites and thorn pricks and large animals that threaten your life. If a tree should fall on you, you can feed off of my materials until help arrives. I will make sure you are protected from all harmful things, because my love for you is endless and unchanging. Hold on to me and never let me go and we will travel the world as an invincible force.

Dear Sophia,

Finally! Here is your copy of the book. I have to admit, it wasn't until the New Year that I mailed it. Thanks for your patience and please lets keep in touch. I am curious to see how things progress.

All my best,

Sophia E.

ps I submitted the work for a group show at an artist run gallery here in Berlin -- LAGEEGAL --. The opening was packed shoulder to shoulder with people, and all surfaces were covered with publications. It was a great event!





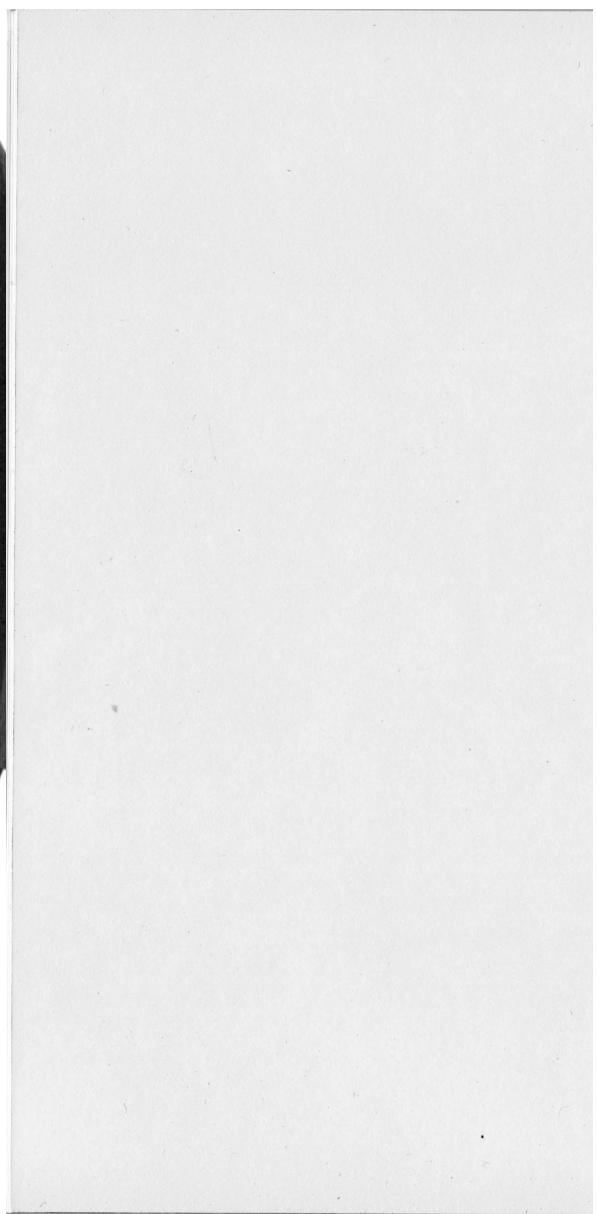
**P Earl** L'accumulation de matériel, banque de données personnelle, archives individualistes. Se définir par l'objet, comme artiste, n'est pas insensé. La trace laissée, traditionnellement comme matérielle et de façon avant-garde comme conceptuelle, chez les artistes, est inversement perçue dans le commun des mortels. Surconsommation, besoins exponentiels, l'identité superficielle, branding personnel. Produit d'art ou sculpture?

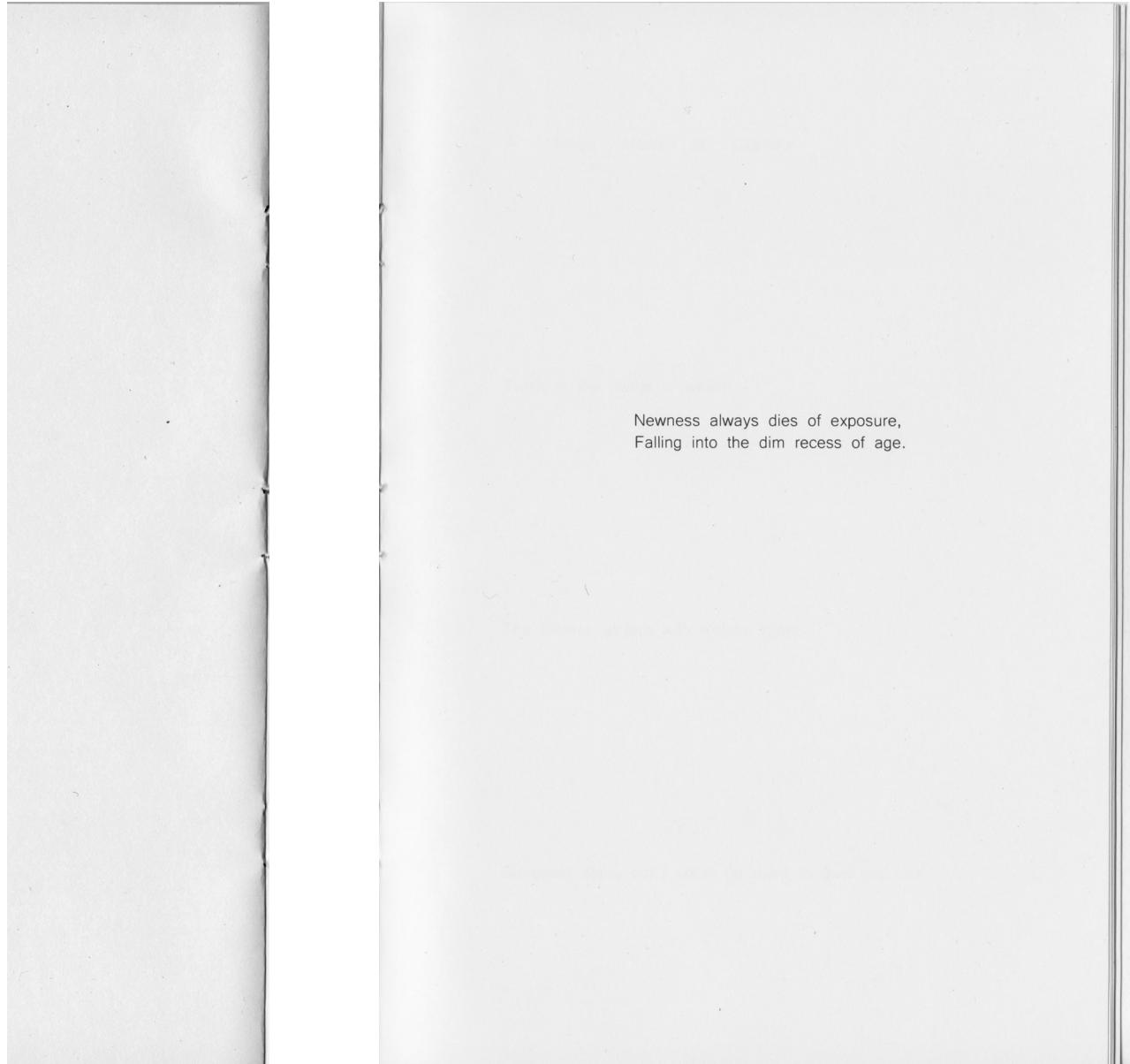
La construction d'identité, pour mettre l'emphase sur sa nature construite, se voit par l'accumulation d'objets, de matériaux, de marques, de contenants vides, de produits, de déchets, de multiples. Le « appartenir » transgresse le « devenir ». Construire son identité rime avec accumuler et acheter. Rassembler ses acquis pour valider son identité achevée. Sculpture ou exposition?

Rendre l'âme à l'immatériel, revendiquer ses droits et libertés matériels, baptiser, communier, marier, et pleurer ses consommables. Tangible, appartenu et fier. Exposition ou objet artistique consommable?

\*\*\*

Rebondir entre lieu d'exposition, sculpture comme lieu de présentation et objet d'art achevé mais fugitif pour se retrouver à l'intersection des définitions, se demandant la pertinence de précisément se déterminer. Échapper au consommable, être volatile, absent, présent par remplaçant ou éphémère, dénaturer la définition identitaire du futur qui frôle le présent. Une fixation sur le concret témoigne d'un besoin urgent de confrontation, de remise en question et de lâcher-prise.





Newness always dies of exposure,  
Falling into the dim recess of age.

**DE - FROM**

nom - name

*Sophie Erdahl*

compagnie - company

adresse - address

ville - city

*Halifax*

code postal - postal code

tél - tel

*(902) 458-9267***À - TO**

nom - name

*Rebecca Blanket*

compagnie - company

adresse - address

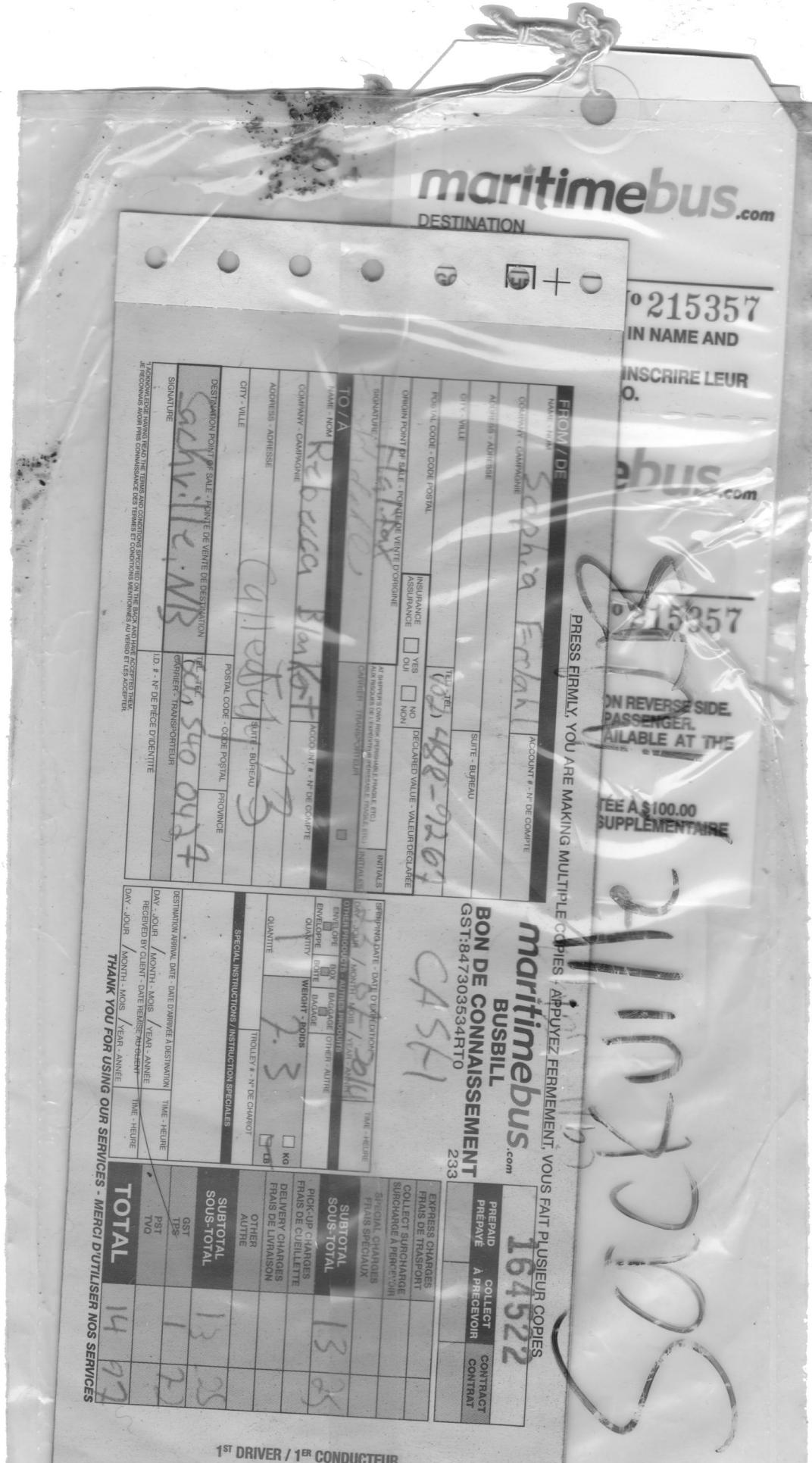
ville - city

*Sackville, NB*

code postal - postal code

tél - tel

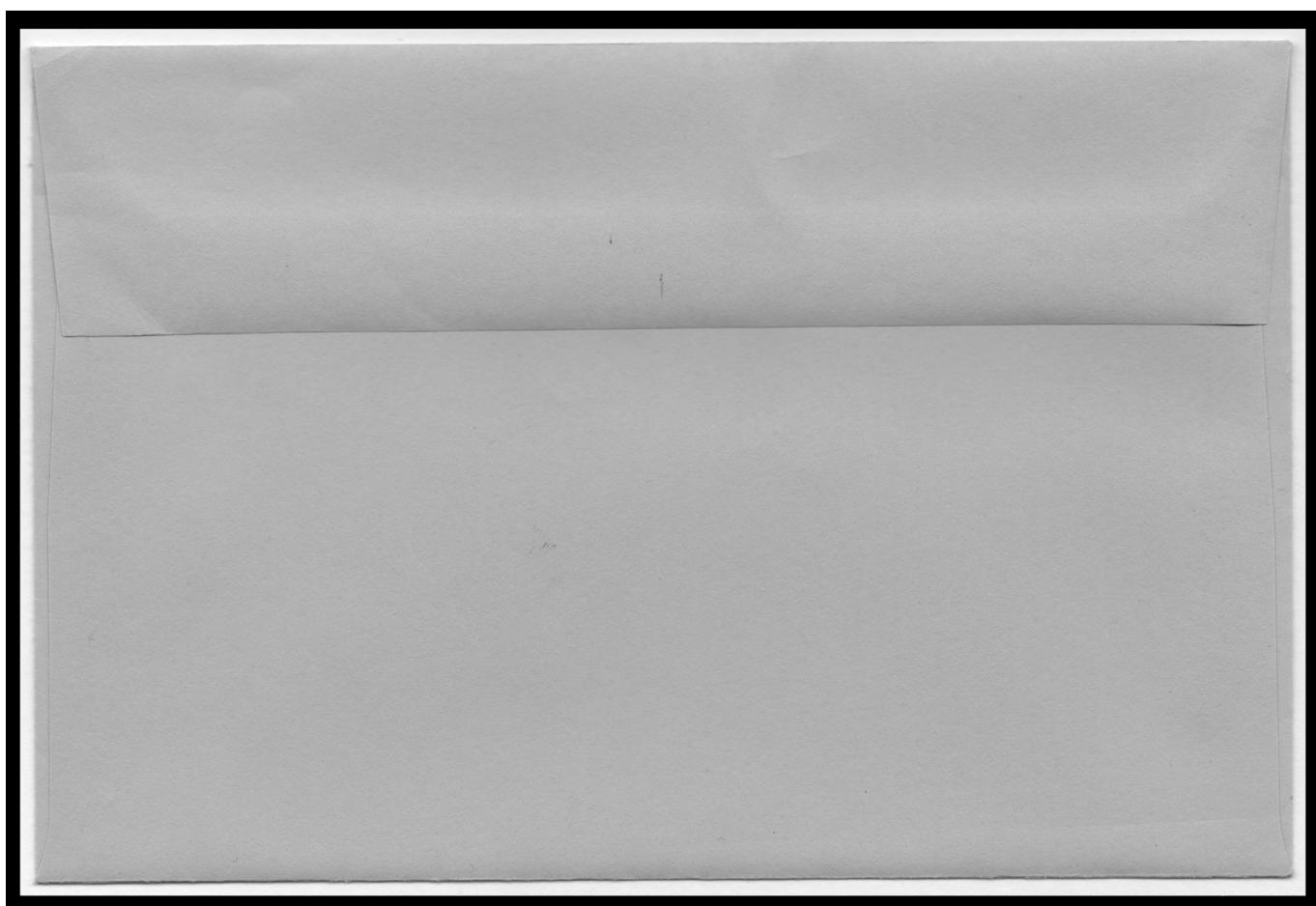
*(506) 540-6427*



DODGE'S BUILDING SERVICES

**1<sup>ST</sup> DRIVER / 1<sup>ER</sup> CONDUCTEUR**

i don't know what its going to be .



Sat, Mar 22, 2014 at 9:35 PM Hmmm...please re-send this "creepy fan mail"....  
Im sure that I did not get it...and, yes, I'd be happy to write...

I mention your art to people pretty often...

the trees look gray on the distant hills but are black above me,  
Cv is here. against the sky. the snow is gone suddenly, and the river is

high and higher: swallowing trees and basements and park  
benches. time moves differently here - this place most people

And fake my signature to the agreement and we're good to go...  
don't know exists. off of the visible surface of the world.

i So what am I agreeing to do? I wonder? Where are you? What are you doing?  
i have to remind myself not to expect anything different  
from you, and for what it is. all of its particularities  
and Matthewliarities. it is an unusual context. and i like the  
challenge of that. though sometimes, i worry that it might  
eat me alive. those are the fears that come late at  
just trying to wrap up a couple of grants now over the weekend!  
night! but, know that i will not stay here forever.

"the resolute parka" is an experimental exhibition space I have been program-  
ming since 2013. It is also my winter coat. I'm interested in how being a "gal-  
lery" can just be a loose organizing principle, or perhaps a kind of "base camp"  
for artistic work.

the quiet and the wild animals and the time spent alone.  
I like that the context of the coat is highly malleable: it can take on contextual  
information depending on where it, sits, stands, lies; whose body or no body it  
clothes; what happens or doesn't happen around it; I like that you don't need  
space to make a space. You only need what's in your head, and perhaps what  
you carry on your person. Art is a mode of attention.

So it's wide open. But what does freedom actually mean, anyway? Besides  
sounding glamorous, its hard. Sometimes its really uncomfortable for people,  
it's confusing or awkward. But its like you have to believe in that confusion.  
Perhaps I should ask how it can be more uncomfortable?

**P Earl** Sensible et réceptif. Se limitant au survêtement comme espace. Sans résolution. Trop grande sensibilité ou inconsciente susceptibilité. C'est une subversion arbitraire.

Se limitant au survêtement comme espace, reformulant l'oublié. Mettre en lumière l'intolérable aberration au sein de son propre trou noir. Est-ce une subvention artificielle.

Dénoncer l'inaperçue, trahir l'accepté, ramener à la surface le délire intérieurisé. Le pris pour acquis vandalisé, gueulant, proclamant et détrônant l'inacceptable en se limitant au survêtement comme espace.

\*\*\*

Le lieu de diffusion est lui-même remis en question. Dans l'esprit de la critique institutionnelle, l'artiste s'approprie un lieu afin de le contester, l'examiner, le réfléchir.



**Mike Landry** In Kathryn Alder's hands, the parka becomes a package for pain. What began as a simple idea of temperature forced her into the chilly depths of the human heart. Her conclusion -- "Something happened here, but something's not right" -- can describe any particular point of our collective political history. For her project, it's the government-forced relocation of 87 Inuit to found/colonize the inhospitable, high arctic towns Resolute and Grise Fiord in the 1950s. But her conclusion can also describe any moment from personal history -- such as her mother who was shipped off, as a girl, to boarding school after the death of her father. What's not right, says Alder, is that our historical horrors demand us to ask, "What's wrong with us?!" It's a difficult question, not only to answer, but more to ask in the first place.

It has to do with forgiveness. To move on, we must forgive or opt not to forgive. Either choice engages in an inaccessible secret, even to our own understanding. What we're doing is something beyond rational thought. It exists inarticulably. The act is profoundly transformative. It's not only that we forget the victim, we can't hear what they have to say. In the stories from the high arctic survivors and Alder's mother, there are portions muted by silence. This is the "not right" of Alder's conclusion. That silence is the sound of all our sins, one which begs the question, "What's wrong with us?!"

**Wikipedia** (/kwɪˈpɛdɪə/; French: cuirasse, Latin: coriaceus) is a piece of armour, formed of a single or multiple pieces of metal or other rigid material which covers the front of the torso. In a suit of armour, the cuirass was generally connected to a back piece. Cuirass could also refer to the complete torso-protecting armour.

This article needs additional citations for verification. Please help improve this article by adding citations to reliable sources. Unsourced material may be challenged and removed.

**Katie Belcher** All activities undertaken:

feeding chickens

collecting eggs

grant writing

computer work

running

gathering pussy willows

walking in the woods

situps

pushups

reading

watching a British mystery series

yoga

napping

cooking

drinking wine

cleaning

showering







**Mike Landry** This is the profound disappointment of postmodernism -- we've managed to break the heavy chains of grand narratives such as religion, but for what? It's not as though we've replaced that model with a sensibility informed by the complexity of the universe and our myriad interactions with it. Creativity remains naive. We're like barnacles, fixed to one spot, spermcasting seed blindly into the ocean, or acting as fertile home for whatever happenstance sperm floats by.

In plucking a pheasant for the first time, Katie Belcher did so without instruction or knowledge of the animal or plucking. It was an act of the imagination, one that supposed there was a 'correct' way to pluck. She then sorted the feathers, creating symbolic notions, order, to represent the act. With that knowledge she engaged in an ongoing series of drawings that attempt to engage the plucking as mark-making gesture, with the question being if she can ever communicate the act by the drawing. Is there something communicably profound about a naive gesture? This is where Belcher pushes us into new territory. We don't just create -- in this case pluck -- and move on. We must probe that arbitrary act, exaggerate its failures, and by doing so expose the failures of what we might consider the 'correct' act of plucking. In chipping free that barnacle, we begin to knock loose the hulking boulder of 'correctness' on which it had been frozen.



— singor strong sticke in  
pines all along edge  
fir trees with no needles no  
greening on them. Upper middle  
part all in snow for 4 inches on  
ground up to 3000 ft. edge  
fir trees in snow about 1000 ft.  
of trees lost entire world over except  
that in snow piled strong all  
snowed in for 21 years all  
around up hill and down it  
dotted with in the snow  
, last spring the snow  
settled back at the ten thousand  
feet line, spruce still  
greening with little needles  
and dead on ground for 8

— singor

hi resolute parka / sophia -

please accept the following  
submission to your ongoing  
exhibition space [parka]. I am proposing  
to exhibit my work in the main  
space. the work is in keeping  
with your mandate and is relevant  
for exhibition within the context of  
the parka being worn in Banff.

The image is of me balancing on  
the mountain which you can see  
from my suite in Lloyd Hall.

please also forgive that i  
was not able to hand-deliver  
this message, and instead  
consider this letter as proof  
of my interest to exhibit.

best,

suzanne

A WOMAN

HER MO

AND THIS

THAT SHE

FOR Y

U HAVING  
DON TIME  
BANNOCK  
MADE  
you









**Mike Landry** The thing about the directional charm, is it's supposed to take you to new places, via untravelled routes. Humanity is inclined to follow a path already forged, to live day-to-day like we're tracing our existence along a map, sticking to the most familiar, comfortable routes. Becky Walter-Nolan wants something more. The parka, she says, was designed for waiting at bus stops. Its promise of adventure is a lie. She talks to me about car culture, the car, too, like the parka, is a prison.

She doesn't know it, but my brain drops its needle on Gary Numan's 1979 hit *Cars*:

**Gary Numan** *Here in my car*  
*I feel safest of all*  
*I can lock all my doors*  
*It's the only way to live*  
*In cars*

**Mike Landry** But there's a danger in disorientation. Are you feeling alive or lost? The directional charm acts as your anchor, a talisman. But sophia sets out with her charm at night. She throws and follows, but what do we see? Shot after shot, it's the parka and charm in a sea of black. It becomes a dance of sorts, and the intimacy of Walter-Nolan's conceptual work is revealed. The directional charm hipchecks our habits akimbo, freeing us to engage the world with an intimacy she longs for. We can pause and take notice. It's an invitation to reflect.

**Becky Welter Nolan** Directional Charms help guide your path when it's unclear and/or when you want a new route. Please allow adequate time for your path to take shape before you begin.

1. Start in a place that is comfortable for you. Cast the charm in the air, walk as far as possible in the direction indicated by the charm's point. Continue using the charm in this way until you feel uncomfortable.
2. Start in a place that is uncomfortable for you. Cast the charm in the air, walk as far as possible in the direction indicated by the charm's point. Continue using the charm in this way until you feel comfortable.



**P Earl** La kinesthésie de l'artiste offerte en expérience intouchable, invisible, éveillant la sensorialité auditive du visiteur. Imaginant un horizon entre chaque sens, tous aussi réceptif et dénonciateur. Crée, imaginé, conçu uniquement pour être entendu, explorant la notion de documentation, repoussant les limites du visiblement pertinent.

Renouveler l'expérience, dépasser les conditions d'expérience habituelle, transmettre par une voie moins coutumière. Percevable que par intermédiaire sonore, transformant la matérialité de la documentation en longueurs d'onde. Traduction à multiples niveaux ou transmission à multiples étages de raisonnements.

En mouvance entre l'humour, la simplicité et la complexité, l'expérience est propre à son territoire et spécifique à son lieu. Autoréflexion, autoreférence, autosuffisance.

Danser sa musique ou jouer sa danse. Rendre compte du froid, de l'humidité, de l'éclat aveuglant par l'ouïe. Une conversation sans queue ni tête entre l'orchestre de son corps, dirigé par le territoire, et reçu, interprété et entretenu par les mouvements de son contexte.

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Changer l'angle de priorité, modifier l'approche et revoir la prescription, les codes et les règlements dictant la performance. Détacher le visuel du vécu.

**Amanda Dawn Christie** This was a dance work deliberately created for sound. Never to be seen, only to be heard.

A zoom audio recorder was placed in the pocket of the parka and contact microphones were attached to my body inside the parka. I improvised a dance in the snow, responding to the sounds made by the parka and the crunching snow beneath me.



**Mike Landry** During the Beaverbrook Art Gallery renovations in the winter of 2016, a ghost of Michael Fernandes' 1999 site-specific wall-work "I am afraid ..." was discovered. Fernandes' writing, comprised of the anonymous fears he collected from Frederictonians, had been transferred, reversed, onto the back of a wall covering. Our fears, hidden, perhaps forgotten, always haunt us. And what is fear but the manifestation of what we don't understand, can't anticipate. Yet life is uncertain. How are we not disabled by existential crisis? Because from the unknown we pull the uncanny. We make connections. Build truths.

Play a toddler's game and ask yourself Why? about any "fact," and your nesting dolls of understanding dwindle down and disappear. The perforating gaps are what shape the web of what-we-know. An artifact or document exists in the same manner -- it blooms from absences of information. These are Rémi Belliveau's objects: hermetic things, transformed by myth into hermeneutic delights. He's making in the now for sometime later. The parka, his encounters with sophia, these led to the work, but they aren't the work. The work is everything we don't know that went into it, our myths we use to compensate for these gaps, its mythology, a compendium of fears in backwards text hidden for years left to discover and decipher.



**Mike Landry** I've taken up an interest in sewing again, and it's reminded me how the activity isn't really about the stitching or the fabric -- it's all about the pressing, the meticulous pressing. I find this tedious, but Kelly Hill loves it. Without proper pressing, whatever you're making won't look or wear right. Forced to decide, Hill would rather not have a sewing machine than not have an iron. How can this one step, invisible to everyone but the maker, be so crucial? Objects can only reveal so much about themselves. Look at Hill's dissection of the parka into pattern pieces. Although she studied the physical object closely, there's crucial invisible information that can't be pulled from the parka. Hidden in the form is a history of function, the story of all parkas that came before it. Without this knowledge, any attempt to make a parka from Hill's pattern will fail. She admits this. She suggests she'd have to go to the Arctic to fully grasp the coat. The question becomes: What do you call the object created from Hill's pattern? Is it the form that makes it a parka, or is it something else? This has been a question I've been asking myself since presented a philosophical riddle in university. If you remove the fabric from an umbrella, can you still call it an umbrella?



**P Earl** Reproduire le lieu, comme un carré blanc calqué, propagé, réinvesti. Offrir le mode d'emploi, comment transgresser les frontières, comment établir la norme, standardiser. Ou plutôt comment varier, s'approprier, réinterpréter. À chacun de revoir les coupures, les coutures et les montures.

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Émettre le patron c'est aussi délaisser son autorité. Prélever la base, dépersonnaliser et photocopier. Rendre à la masse son originalité, rendre susceptible au cercle vicieux.

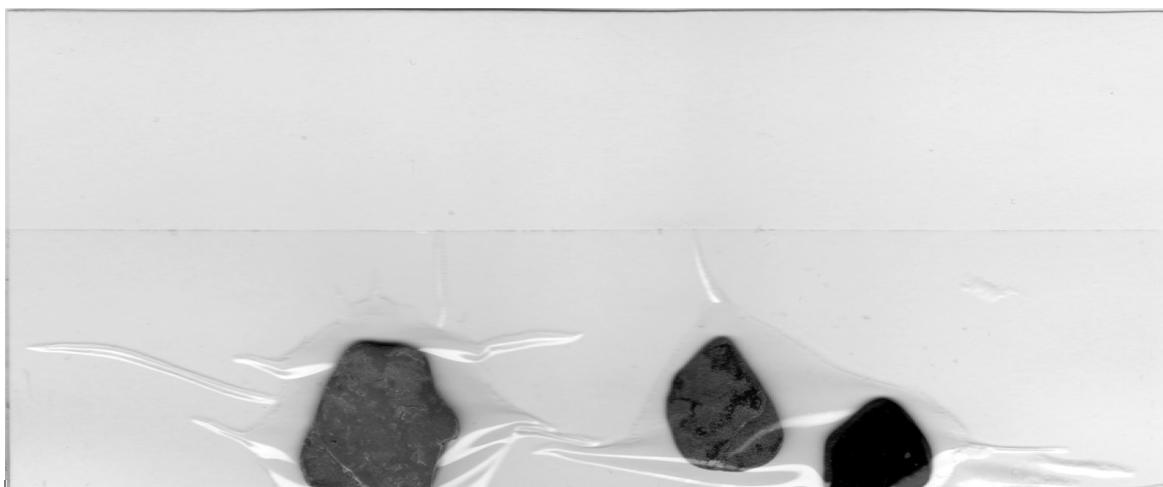
Le concept, les plans et le blueprint du costume sont amovibles, mais offerts aux nouvelles semences. À chacun reviendra d'habiter, de vêtir, d'habiller sa construction. La structure sera reconnaissable. Rappelant l'authenticité, le personnalisé, l'unique du fait-à-la-main, tout en cherchant à côtoyer la reproductibilité, le populaire, le valorisé.

À la mode, selon les tendances, l'avant-garde du commun, le pareil du faire autrement. Recycler le concept.

**Mike Landry** Michael McCormack has three of his grandfather's ham radio log books. They were standard for any enthusiast, meticulous documentation of who they talked to, when and other data, including the weather. They're records of relayed information. Their value is a funny thing, since ham radio operators are by definition amateurs. What stock can we put into this data, this possible game of broken telephone? Family legacy was the nucleus of McCormack's recent work, but *Snow Birds* offers a less serious departure. In it, he plays the ham. Or, more accurately, he had someone else play the ham in Havana, wearing sophia's parka as it transmitted translated weather broadcasts from Nova Scotia's amateur meteorologist Frankie MacDonald, also a ham.

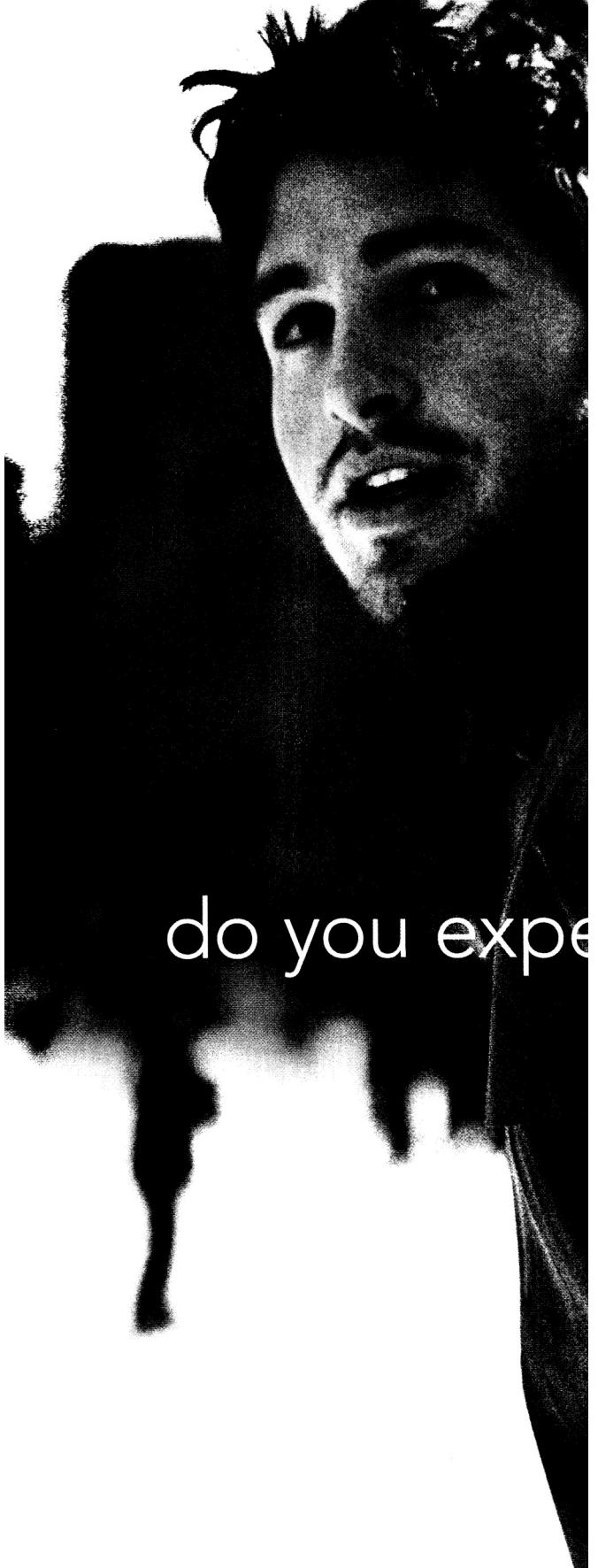
McCormack describe described the piece to me as a "situational comedy." And it is -- a foreigner, in foreign apparel broadcasting foreign weather reports of dubious fact. But in seeing and hearing this, no matter the content that's displayed, the receiver, the Cuban, in this case, still develops an understanding, perhaps shockingly true, of Canada. What is presented might not describe McCormack's Canada to see it, but it creates a feeling of Canada, something the millions of Canadian tourists never could impart. I like this.

I wonder if McCormack's grandfather, were he to travel to all the places he logged, would feel like he was returning to a familiar place, although arriving for the first time.



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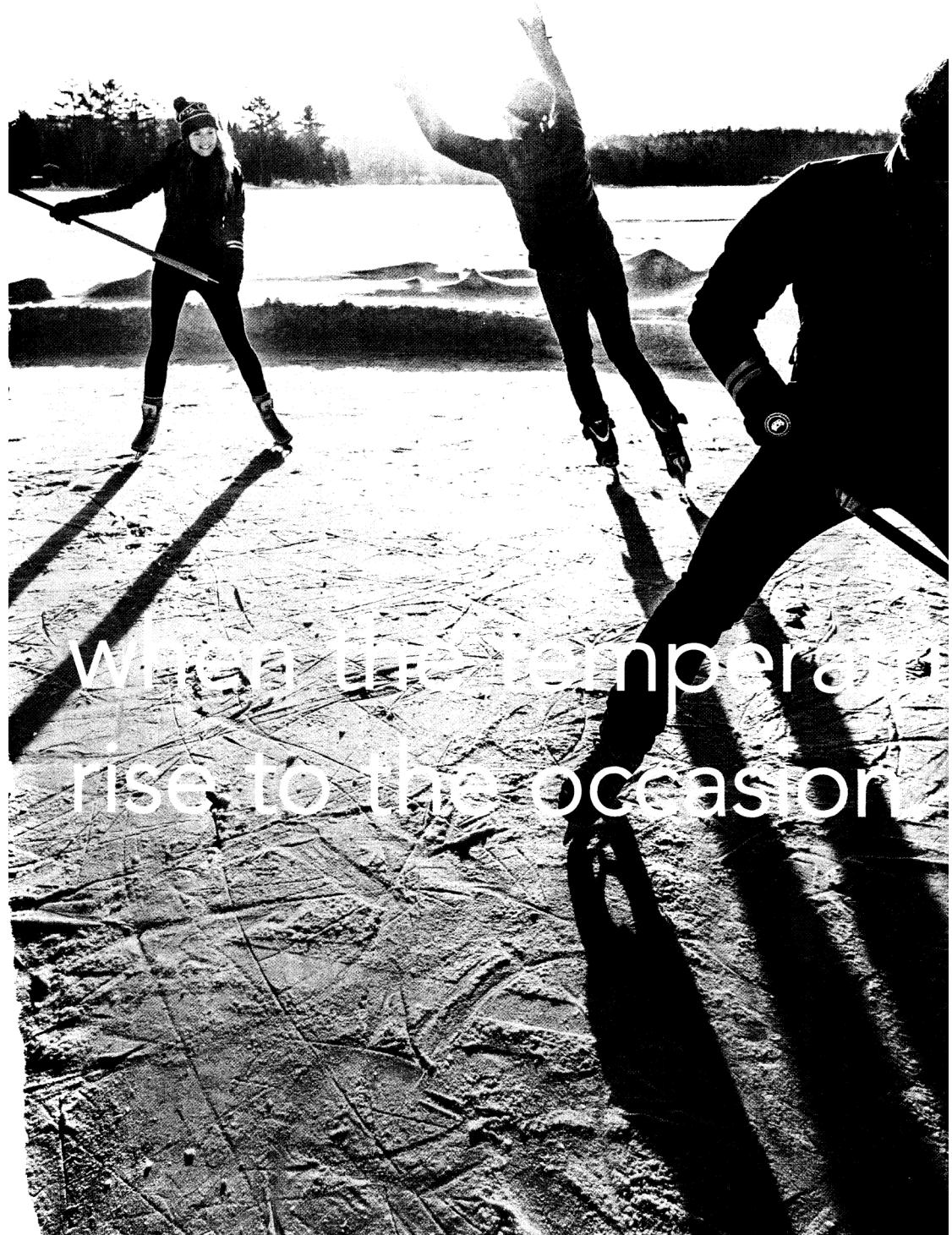
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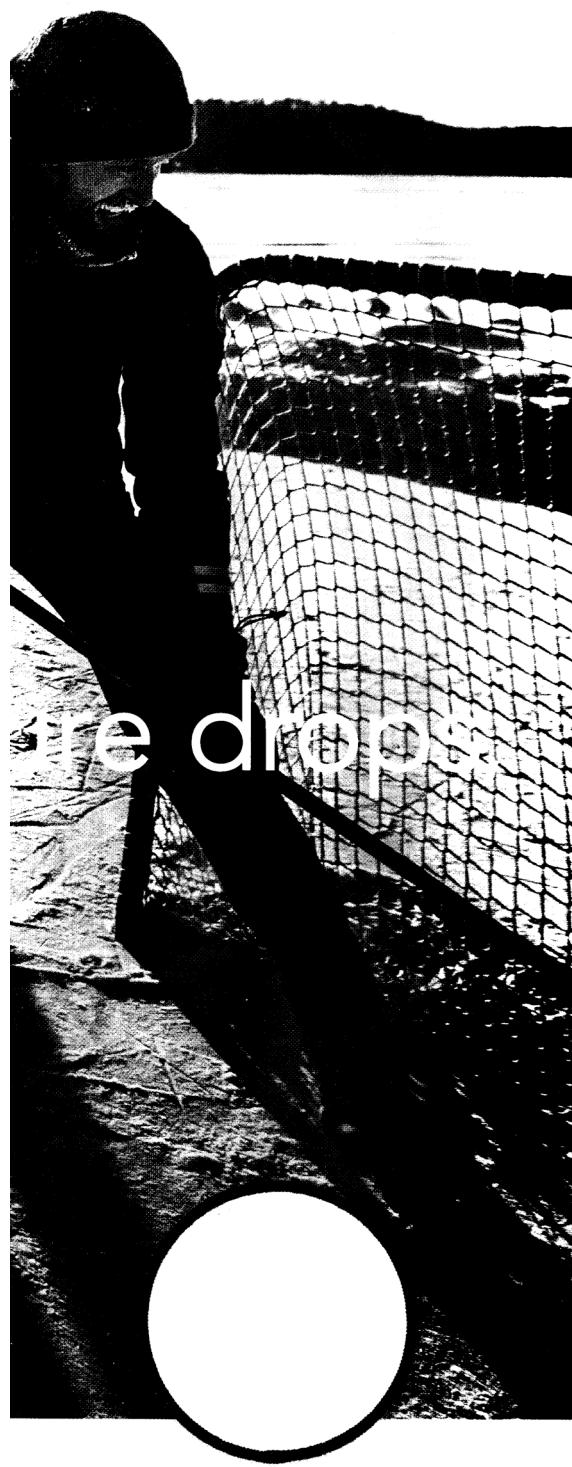
ASK ANYONE WHO KNOWS

**Alain Badiou** The contemporary world is thus doubly hostile to truth procedures. This hostility betrays itself through nominal occlusions: where the name of a truth procedure should obtain, another, which represses it, holds sway. The name "culture" comes to obliterate that of "art." The word "technology" obliterates the word "science." The word "management" obliterates the word "politics." The word "sexuality" obliterates love. The "culture-technology-management-sexuality" system, has the immense merit of being homogeneous to the market, and all of its terms designate a category of commercial presentation.

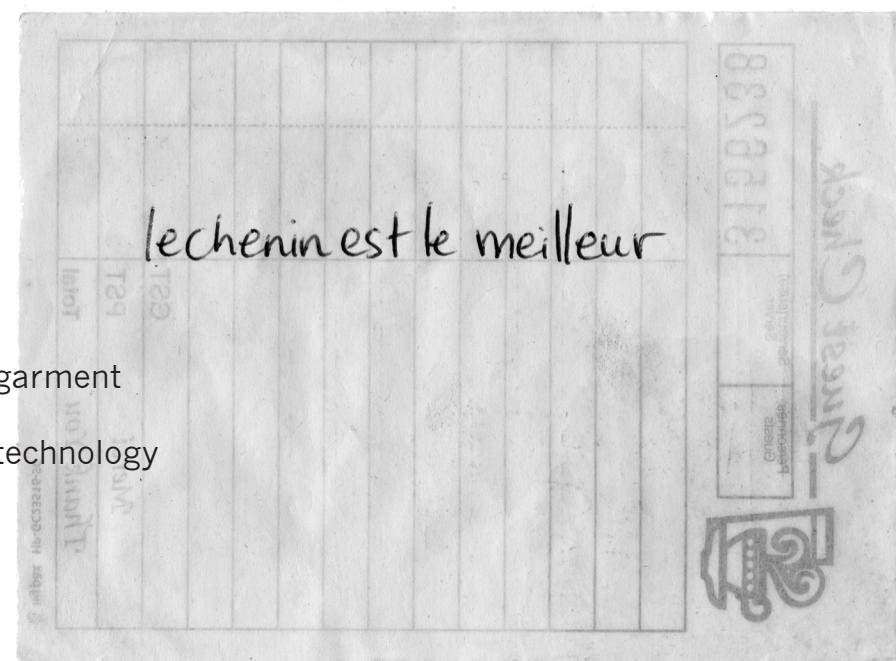
protective  
communication



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ASK ANYONE WHO KNOWS







Cassie Smallwood An invitation reveals the style and purpose of an occasion.

DEAR

DO / A PROJECT / SOME THING / ANY THING / AN ART WORK

satellite spaces also a possibility

installations / performances / residencies / warmth / other ideas

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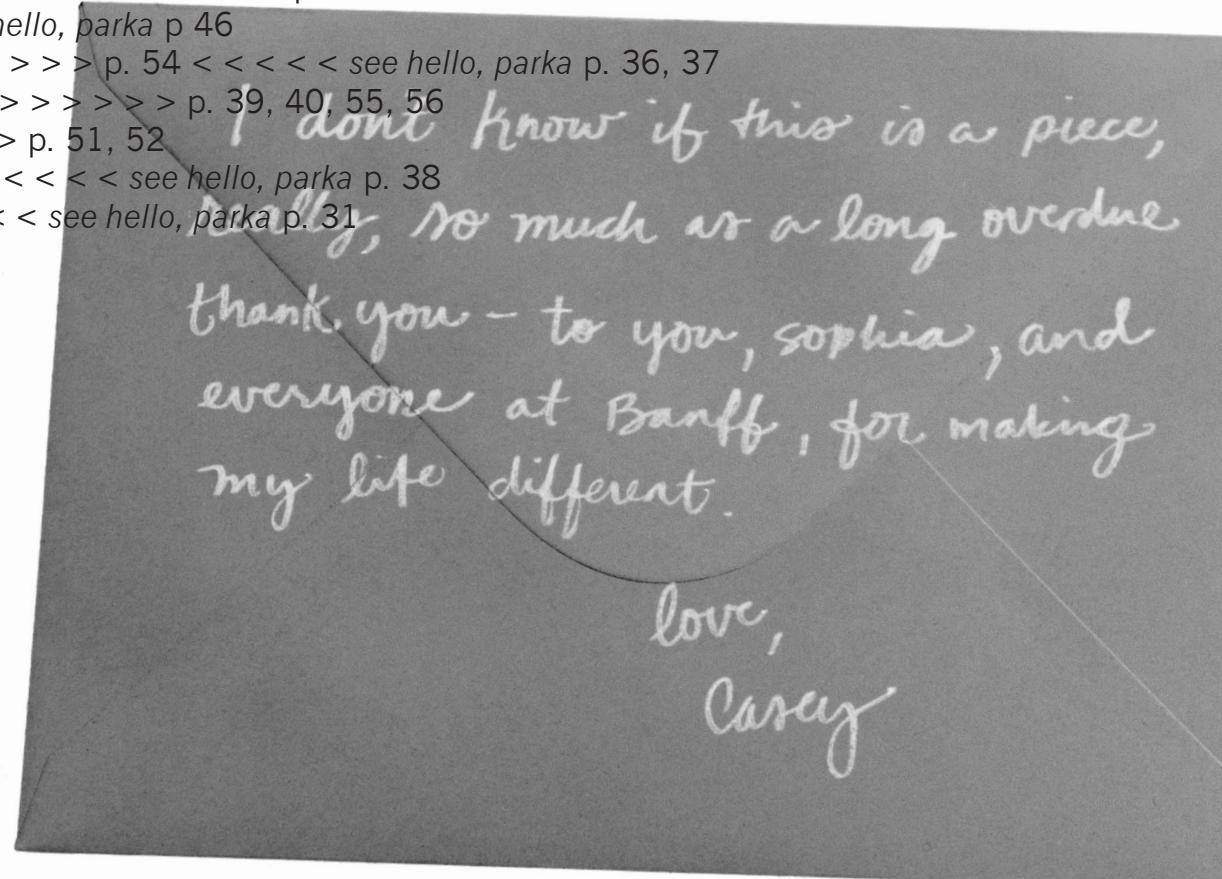
**Wikipedia** Tumblr (stylized as tumblr.) is a microblogging platform and social networking website founded by David Karp in 2007, and owned by Yahoo! since 2013. The service allows users to post multimedia and other content to a short-form blog.

As of June 1, 2016, Tumblr hosts over 292.7 million blogs. As of January 2016, the website had 555 million monthly visitors. The company's headquarters is in New York City.

dot tumblr dot com

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**P Earl** Délicatement nommer, est-ce ésotérique ou pratique? Rendre autre, diversifier l'utilité, altérer la conception d'un objet à des fins pratiques. Renommer pour mieux comprendre, pour s'approprier et définir en brisant les règles prédéterminées et souvent acceptées.

Lorsque perdu, lorsque le sens s'absente, prière de se référer aux écrits, aux vignettes et aux étiquettes. Les publicités donneront l'idéal alors que les impressions vous détailleront les platiudes restauratrices.

Il faudra une artiste pour effacer l'histoire et personnaliser son avenir. À noter que l'ésotérisme et le pratique seront précieusement conservés réintégrés et passablement subvertis. Celle-ci se tâchera de dédoubler le sens, signaler l'incompréhensible, et moderniser le dépistage.

Étiqueter, comme à l'ancienne, que le futur est arrivé. Laisser une trace ensanglantée à trouver et découvrir.

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Toutefois, il ne faudrait pas oublier que la commodité est principale. Protéger l'exposition de la froideur statique est avant tout l'intention de l'artiste en soumettant un espace aux intempéries imprévisibles. La potentialité de cette appropriation relève des limites informatiques et du nombre de données retrouvables. Attribuer un nouveau sens, sans rayer le premier, personnaliser le multiple et réinterpréter la convenance.

**Robert Filiou** Then in the streets of Paris I would walk through the streets, and I would come up to someone and a typical dialogue might be, "Are you interested in art, monsieur or madame?" If they said, "Yes, yes," I would say, "Well you know I have a gallery," and if they expressed some interest I would say, "Here it is."

There inside my hat were all of the artworks. They were perhaps a little bit bigger than this grape, and then we would look at the works.

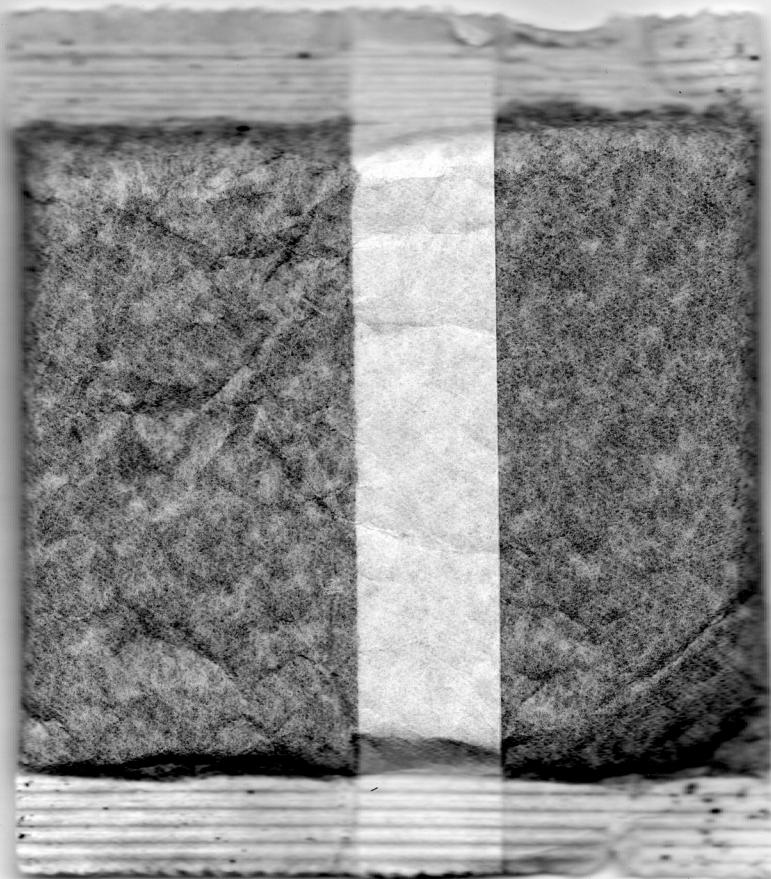
So with the *Galerie Légitime* I could go through the streets, I could go also inside houses and other buildings, and many things happened to the Galerie Légitime. For instance, when I was in Germany with another version I lost it, so I went around Frankfurt looking for my gallery. At another time my gallery was stolen.

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**Katie Belcher** It never recovered. I think I'll burn it.

Indi

Indi