

5

CHARCUTERIE

THE OTHER PLANTS ARE ALSO
HAVING A HARD TIME





"DEATH TOO IS A CELEBRATORY THEME IN MEXICO BUT THE STAR-MARIGOLDS INTENDED TO ILLUSTRATE IT ARE INVISIBLE." P. 24

THE

BUS

AS

HOSTILE

ARCHITECTURE

CHAPTER 1: POCKET WATCH



Harold Lloyd knows how to terrify me just right. He's accompanying me through some kind of a barren plateau, possibly a desert, hands held and everything. He wants to walk faster and faster. I tell him I can't go that fast. Dust keeps getting on my face, and my legs feel heavy from the excess amount of sand in my shoes. I can only describe Harold Lloyd as an optimist, a driven person who doesn't truly care about anything other than what happens right in front of him. Harold Lloyd just does things and you accept him or you don't. He gives me a real big toothy smile. This irks me. His ghostly white face, and the round black-rim glasses he always wears makes for an unsettling contrast to his entire face. It's almost like he's stuck in that black & white Hollywood era self, running at less-than-average frames-per-second, giving me that slight doubt in my mind whether he's actually real or not.

I can't really tell where I am, but looking at Harold Lloyd you'd think otherwise. He's just trudging along like he does this every other day. Maybe he can carry me? I fail to make this request after looking at his ghostly face. I really want to ask him about his pale complexion, and hope that this sandstorm will somehow powder his face to a more fleshy tone, which it does not. He's doing that weird toothy smile again and again. Harold Lloyd is walking faster than I can jog. He's not even breaking a sweat.

There is a lot of wind. Howling, in fact, and it's becoming a full-fledged sandstorm. This might explain the smile he always does instead of verbal communication. This sandstorm engulfs Harold. All I can see is his glistening smile through the storm, and a set of hands that sticks out firmly gripping onto mine.

The storm clears a bit and we walk slightly faster. He takes out a watch to check the time. I find this strange as it seems like days since we've been walking and this is the first time he's taken a look at his watch that I didn't even know he had. Maybe we are close to our destination.

Where did he get all this energy? We haven't eaten anything in ages. He must know where he's going. He must.

CHAPTER 2: FPS

Seats right behind me are occupied by two film students. They make parallel observations between the early days of silent film and the early days of youtube. In this comparison both mediums rely on physical bodies in physical situations consisting of narratives which cannot be spoken verbally due to a combination of technological and narrative constraints. Verbal dialogue is secondary (if not non-existent) and thus takes on the form of pantomime. Videos that gain an audience consist of people getting physically hurt which present the screen under the premise of bodily gestures, movements – rapid movements, vivid facial expressions, fear, blood, eye contact. The audience demands presence, and not a moment to be wasted in some kind of subversion of absence as a poetic gesture where your only communication with the viewer is through physical movement. Subtlety has not been explored as a viable narrative through a lens which knows nothing of the spoken word. People falling vertical distances, men getting kicked in the crotch, car chases, romance, lust, acrobatics, betrayal, fisticuffs and many other spectacles become the flagships of emotion. Everything is as you see it on the two dimensional screen, everything is deliberate, and all actors are frozen in time off-screen. Existence only occupies itself within the screen, anything beyond is only a barren wasteland.



CHAPTER 3: SOFT RELEASE

I witness a twelve year-old boy get hit by a dark gray Honda going about 55 kph. He gets clipped from the right side of the car and flies five feet vertical towards the sky not even three seconds after he gets off the very bus that I am currently on.

There is an online video of a middle-aged man releasing a baby

rabbit into the wild after it had been nursed back to health. The rabbit runs off, only to be snatched by a hawk seconds after. The video ends abruptly moments after children are heard screaming off-screen, presumably at the fate of the rabbit.

Everyone gasps in unison after seeing flight.

I can distinctly remember two very separate hits; one by the car, and the second by his ragdoll body hitting asphalt. The bus driver really got the brunt of the scene, witnessing it happen right in front of her.

Everyone gets off the bus including myself, and runs to the scene. His eyes open with such force that it startles everyone surrounding him. Someone stops him from moving just in case of a possible spinal injury. We ask him if he has a family to contact. His mother comes to mind, and makes sure to let us know she does not speak fluent english. I end up making a call on my phone to give this person the bad news that her son had just been hit by a car. I tell her the location and hang up. The paramedic says other than a fractured leg everything else seems fine. I give the boy's mother a call again to update her with the news. I can tell she is running when she answers the phone. She must live nearby.

CHAPTER 4: VALLEY OF PLATEAUS

Every time I watch the ghostly face of Harold Lloyd – moving carelessly through his environment in that sped-up way that silent films do, I experience a full dose of the uncanny valley. This term refers to the uneasy feeling of observing a humanoid figure interact with its environment that can't quite pass off successfully as a human being, whether it be due to its imperfect facial expression, limb movement, or any kind of visual cue that fails to hit home the ontological ideal of a fluid, human being.

THE
ON
BY
FEE SASHA J. LANGFORD

A few years ago while flipping through an old psychology journal, I came upon an intriguing case study. The case described a client who, following each of his sessions, would immediately proceed to the washroom to defecate. It wasn't made clear exactly how the curious details of this were known (could the therapist hear him shitting at the office washroom? smell it? encounter some other kind of excremental trace?), but the dynamic of the case was taken under discussion. How could this gesture be interpreted? In what ways could it be understood in relation to the client's therapeutic progress? Should the analyst have included this action, a consistent post-session behaviour, within the context of the information he was conveyed by the client verbally? Or should the analyst consider it outside the context of the client's therapy, since it was happening beyond his closed door?

I think of this case on a Wednesday in October while I'm running late for my first appointment with a psychoanalyst. While locking my bike outside of a new coffee shop near her address, I realize I need to go to the washroom. The coffee shop is one of several that have appeared in recent years around this intersection on the periphery of Chinatown and the Downtown Eastside, targeted at a demographic closer to my own – students or self-employed types who spend large amounts of time drinking espresso drinks and working on laptops – than that of the neighbourhood's residents living in poverty. As I try to remember what used to be in this building, I pay for a tea I don't

ON THE FEE

particularly want and ask for the washroom key. The barista explains that along with a key, and a five-digit code, a deposit left at the till is also required to use their washroom. "Like a wallet, or a phone," she says. I hand her my wallet and pass through a hallway and a series of locked doors. Afterwards I proceed around the corner to the analyst's address. I go up an elevator, knock, and she closes the door behind me. We follow up from the conversation we started on the phone about my financial situation, and agree on a rate I can afford. The session takes place, and I don't have the impulse to shit afterwards. Rather, I'm feeling empty. I'm starving.

As the case study seems to suggest, there are some obvious ways in which excretion and psychoanalytic therapy have a lot in common: both involve a particular release of undesirable material from the body, with psychic as well as physiological effects. And what could possibly exemplify the concept of "verbal diarrhea" better than the practice of free association, whereby the analysand is encouraged to say whatever comes to mind without hesitation or filter? Yet on that particular Wednesday I noticed another connection between the two: the matter of a fee. At both the cafe and my appointment, it was a payment that gave me the permission to relieve myself in a safe and contained way. Because of money, I didn't have to pee outside, or carry the entirety of my trauma with me into the remains of the day. The confidentiality of a locked door enabled me to confront "my own shit" in a way that could be dignified, supported, and well-resourced.

The fee paid to release at the coffee shop washroom and at the psychoanalyst's office have some differences. Besides being understood as an economic necessity, the fee paid to the analyst for the session is generally seen in psychoanalytic literature to play a particular symbolic role of loss and sacrifice. Given the reality of operating within a capitalist system of value, the fee is said to considerably increase the client's investment in their therapeutic sessions, even if the analyst has a wide sliding-scale range for payment according to the client's financial situation.^[1] Payment can serve to maintain the professional boundaries of the therapeutic frame, with Lacan suggesting that the fee "[has] the function of neutralising something infinitely more dangerous than

paying in money, namely, owing somebody something". [2] The loss of money facilitated by paying the fee, some say, encourages the analysand to get comfortable with losing something else much more precious and incalculable: their attachment to an irretrievable fantasy object, the pain of whose absence has long been managed with various symptomatic behaviours, and whose supported loss is a necessary prerequisite for healing. [3]

Despite its arguable therapeutic uses in the dynamic between analyst and analysand, there is no doubt that a fee of any kind in psychoanalytic treatment, much more so than the required purchase at the coffee shop, is a considerable barrier that results in keeping in some bodies closer to a certain kind of relief than others. However, unlike the analytic setting, my purchase at a cafe in the Downtown Eastside in this instance seems to operate under a more specifically contextual logic of exclusion. While required purchase for washroom use is a common policy of privatized space more generally – and is often justified in relation to the labour of cleaning performed by employees – in the context of rapidly gentrifying neighbourhoods, such a policy collaborates with other factors working to maintain the narrative that it is in the best interest of the neighbourhood for its long-standing residents to be excluded from it. In recent history, the Woodward's building – only a couple blocks away from my analyst's office – has been a significant force of gentrification and displacement in the Downtown Eastside, and it is likely no accident that its washrooms on the second and third levels can only be accessed by walking past security guards on the first floor. [4] It is difficult to feel at home in a place where one's body is subject to indebted regulation. In the midst of a greater lack of public washrooms in the Downtown Eastside, the cafe's required purchase and deposit operates alongside greater forces working to expel a demographic of people from the body of the city, who have been classified as undesirable. [5]

Withholding access to a comfortable shit produces the effect of turning a bodily function and corporeal necessity into a commodity. This marks a strange inversion of the relation between excrement and value theorized in early psychoanalytic literature. Freud, in "Character and Anal Erotism" (1908) famously equated shit with

money, noting the way that an infant is able to exchange their faeces (like a kind of currency) for attention from a caretaker. [6] Following this logic, Freud correlated the anal retentive personality, who seeks control over defecation as well as other aspects of life, to the miserly hoarder figure, who delights in keeping all his riches close to him. Yet while Freud posited a relation between the rich miser's wealth and his inability to defecate, in the instance of the gentrification of the Downtown Eastside, the accumulation of wealth seems to collaborate with the inability of others to shit, that is, to shit without possible social, psychic, physiological, or legal consequences. In the context of late capitalism, the metaphor between constipation and wealth needs to be further revised to account for the way that capital accumulation is dependent upon its loss, upon its unhindered and continuous circulation. The constipated miser may count his finite, singular, and self-contained gold coins, but the capitalist who opens businesses in places like the Downtown Eastside – businesses that themselves cater to a class who can spend with a certain level of incontinence – turns his shit into liquid assets at every opportunity, simultaneously voiding and consuming at a rate that threatens the very limits of the body. [7]

No matter how long one manages to retain one's insides – whether that be the literal waste content of the body or other remnants of experience that one seeks to discharge – they will eventually find expulsion in one way or another. But it is only some who can afford to squander in full support. My own success in the act of emptying my neuroses, in the action of losing what stands in the way of my healing, remains to be seen. Yet upon noting another new cafe near my analyst's office, I wonder about a different sense of an unquantifiable loss, one that is inevitably at the highest cost to those who cannot afford the fee. I wonder about a loss that has none of the value of a sacrifice: that of human life beyond commodification.

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NOTES

[1] See Fink, 2011; Kovel, 1976; Herron & Sitkowski, 1976.

[2] Lacan, 1955, 204.

[3] Fink, 2011.

[4] Carnegie Community Action Project, 2016.

[5] City of Vancouver, 2018; Harris, 2011.

[6] Freud, 1908; see also Fenichel, 1938.

[7] In this light, the well-known scat-fetish video *2 Girls 1 Cup*, where two women are shown passionately defecating and then immediately ingesting the excretions, is quite possibly the ideal fecal metaphor for the financial capitalist (especially given the coincidence that said video went viral only one year before the 2008 financial crisis).

ON THE FEE



SASHA J. LANGFORD

is an independent scholar, composer, and musician based in Vancouver, unceded Sl̓ilwta?, Xʷməθkʷyəm, & Skwxwú7mesh territories. Her practice makes use of writing and experimental electronics to explore intersections between psychoanalysis, aesthetics, and power. Her recent research has considered Lacanian topology, the visual discourse of the Anthropocene, and the placenta as a site of Marxist critique. She is currently working on a research project that thinks problems of (un)knowing in ecological and psychoanalytic theory alongside one another. Sasha holds an MA in Media Studies from Concordia University.

AN IMAGINED CONVERSATION BETWEEN TWO GREENHOUSE GASES ATTEMPTS TO CONVEY COMPLEXITIES OF FEELING, INSECURITY, AND SCALE IN RELATION TO INTENSIFYING ATMOSPHERIC CONDITIONS



is an artist living in the Windsor-Toronto-Montreal corridor, an area that undergoes frequent temperature inversions, causing increased concentrations of air pollution. The text AEROSOL SMALL TALK tangentially plays off her thoughts on standardized air from her recent exhibition, IS EVAPORATION EMOTION? at SPARE ROOM, and her work while in residence at TOKYO ARTS AND SPACE in June to July 2018.

AEROSOL SMALL TALK

TEGAN MOORE

Thisss hazy peach glow is coming from you right?

It's elastic scattering, and we're pluming right now. I was impelled into this thermal zone and now we're all just waiting for the wind.

I emitted from a subsurface peat fire, but there are hundreds of fires down there. We don't all come from the same place.

What are the chances that you and I meet at this very moment. Despite our different trajectories.

How many particles are you? Out of ten quintillion air molecules per cubic centimeter, about 200 particles per million.

I only drift vertically.

At 100mm an hour at that! It will take you 77840 hours to reach the limit of the lower atmosphere. Are you going to make a window with the others?

Now you're showing off! But you must be thinking of cfc, chlorofluorocarbon. I haven't encountered one in a long time actually, but it's likely they're still diffussing into the upper. They sssplit up and their chlorine makes a window. It could be an aperture, a hole or a even a void depending on what side you're on.

I will likely dissipate before approaching that layer.

You've been in the air for a long time then! How did you get here?

Due to a ruptured air conditioner. We once occupied the sspace between the inside and the outside of a building. Some of us had begun to wheeze a little but we were synthesizing just fine! Out of nowhere we felt a jolt! and a snap! and we jostled around in the darkness uncontrollably. I experienced a vertigo - zooming forward, feeling light and then dizzy. We eventually sssettled at an impasse and the feeling sssubsided briefly before I realized we were being dumped. The carrier hit a hard ssurface and it formed an opening so we all rushed out.

I am
not only defined
by my temperature but
designed to synthesize it and
externalize it. We were a chill
mechanism. But our chill disss-
appeared when we became gas-
eous. Now I feel as if I'm ab-
sorbing and changing the di-
rection of every ray that I
come in contact with.

Even more bounce
off the earth's surface
and when those rays hit us
they permeate us. I was created
to release cool but now I'm stor-
ing the sun. If I
wasn't here, the heat would
escape from the lower atmos-
phere. I miss the frisson of
coolness. Here I feel sss-
wollen and baleful.

It
may look pretty
but this opaque peach
is just misplaced energy.
We are forcing the cloud
vapours to act erratically,
acting righteous over the
CO₂ and disregarding
the O₂ entirely. Eventually I'll
lighten up, at least opti-
cally! And maybe these vi-
brations will stop and the
incessent radiant photons
will ease off.

The
process changed us.

We aren't liquid anymore.
We ssstarted ssinging these ss-
ounds. It was a wonderful feel-
ing at the time, so free, so light,
so much mingling. But I'm
wondering about my
I've purpose here.

been floating that
thought too. We are
molecules defined by our
temperature and the tem-
perature around us decides
our trajectory. We encom-
pass it and it bounds us to
its motion. So what is
this e-motion?!

I
thought I was nat-
ural, but what is natural
anymore!? I was nestled in a
carbonaceous sink for thou-
sands of years. Sometimes bogs
like to burn, but they don't usually
smolder this deep. We used to be
wet year-round and fed by the
clouds, but we started feeling
drained. We never fully
recovered.

When we feel
moved in this way,
what can we do? We can't
will ourselves out of this ther-
mal zone. They say we are part
of a new normal but this is
a dangerous ssentiment. We
may be optically light but
we are physsologically
and exissstentially
heavy.

What
is the meaning of
this? What do I (or
we) effect?

AEROSOL SMALL TALK

Oh no! I'm
sorry but we're
drifting now. It
was really nice to
meet you. I think you
and I are struggling
with the same ques-
tions. It's comfort-
ing to know I'm
not alone.

Good
bye.

Goodbye
peachy.

Is
it accurate
to say I think
we formed a
bond?

Biographic Notes :

Hydrofluorocarbon is an anthropogenic molecule acceptable for use as a refrigerant for industrial and residential cooling systems. It is a nonreactive and chemically stable molecule thousands of times more potent at trapping heat in the atmosphere than carbon dioxide. Its atmospheric lifetime is 14 years but the effects of its potency has resulted in a significant contribution to the greenhouse effect between the earth's surface and the limit of the troposphere. HFC's replaced the ozone depleting Chlorofluorocarbons, (common names: Freon-12 or R-12). Though these compounds have been widely phased out by the Montreal Protocol of 1987, CFC's remain in the upper atmosphere for approximately 100 years.

Brown Carbon Aerosol is a smoke particle formed out of smoldering biomass. Its light absorbing spherical morphology has no internal microstructure or void spaces. It is part of a collective of potent carbonaceous matter released by dried peatlands affected by mining. It is unclear how long it remains in the atmosphere but it will continue to participate in future radiative forcing events and reducing cloud droplet size.

TEGAN MOORE

FIG 1. JACOB VAN RUISDAEL, DUNE LANDSCAPE, 1646.



HOLIDAYS AND HOLLES IN THE UNIVERSE

The Hoge Veluwe is the largest national park and nature reserve in the Netherlands, containing rare expanses of heathland meadow, forest and sand dune drifts. Surrounded by fences edging upon farmland villages, its natural value is complemented by culture. The Kröller-Müller art museum and sculpture garden is located close to the centre of the park, with the Jachthuis St. Hubertus hunting lodge situated to its north. Formerly the hunting grounds of the largest Dutch private estate, the nature reserve distinguishes itself as a framing device for the museum's premises—its gilded gate entrances are open to tourists for a fee. Within the confines of the national park, the nature reserve is extensively managed. The wildlife population is maintained with precision—targets are settled at whole numbers: 200, 150, 50, and 200, for its deer, roe, wild boar and Corsican sheep, respectively. The introduction of the pine shoot beetle, aided by the grazing of Danish cattle keeps the forest from

KALLI NIEDOBA

HOLIDAYS AND HOLES IN THE UNIVERSE

TEXT BY
KALLI NIEDOBAPAINTINGS BY
STEPHAN WRIGHTON
PIERRE HUYGHE AT
THE KRÖLLER-MÜLLER MUSEUM

encroaching upon the meadows and heath [1], thus maintaining the park's picturesque qualities. The conservation practices of the nature reserve are not unlike the preservation of a historical painting. The park is a living artefact.

The establishment of The Hoge Veluwe and the Kröller-Müller Museum as two separate organizations are a result of enforced philanthropy. Formerly an estate purchased by Dutch trader Anton Kröller, his defaulted finances and “cooking of the books” [2] lead to an agreement with the Dutch government in 1923 to hand over his esteemed hunting grounds and his wife’s extensive art collection for which the construction of a museum to house it all had already been underway.

While the state completed the construction of the art museum, the holiday hunting lodge designed by H.P. Berlage became the Kröller-Müllers’ full-time residence until their passing. Situated four kilometres away from the museum grounds, the watchtower of the St. Hubertus Hunting Lodge oversees the expansive landscape. Named after the patron saint of hunters, architect H.P. Berlage designed the lodge to reflect Kröller’s entrepreneurial spirit by expressing the wings of the floorplan in the shape of deer antlers, an homage to the trophy kill (FIG. 2). The site design surrounding its envelope, and everything within the lodge down to the details of cutlery, were coordinated by Berlage. Composed primarily of brick, glazed tile, and stonework, the notion of ‘integrity’ is a theme of its design. According to an interpretation of his approach, Berlage used a “‘business-like’, Dutch landscape style” [3], employing meticulous organization and mathematical precision. Furthermore, he required creative control, for he felt “every interruption and concession would take away from the whole” [4]. Classified as a gesamtkunstwerk (“total” or “universal”), the lodge outside of the museum’s purview can also be read as a distant anchor for the heritage of patronage.

It's February and the cold is keeping everyone's hands in their pockets. Very few pictures are taken because everyone's hands are focused on just being comfortable. People are jumping up and down here and there, offsetting the loss of heat they incur while looking at the sculptures before quickly walking over to look at the next. It's a sunny Sunday in February at the Kröller-Müller sculpture park in The Hoge Veluwe of the Netherlands.

Those who are wandering outside the museum into the sculpture park seem out of their minds, but are most likely from out of town. In this weather, most locals prefer ice-skating to looking at sculptures. A handful of people persist, milling about the designated path, standing in front of artefacts sprinkled throughout the premises. Iridescent beech leaves flood the woodland floor between the less distinguished sculptures. Other sculptures are set back out of reach from the path, on a lawn. Signage interrupts sightlines; pictures of black shoes with red lines through them. Smoking is okay, though. EVERGREEN RHODODENDRONS (FIG. 3) frame the pathways, promoting a year-round lush appearance of the museum grounds. A real stairway that is an artwork by Krijn Giezen juts up uncannily, out and over the treetops. It desperately wants someone's feet on it, but instead is closed until further notice due to inclement weather.

Nearing the end of the looping path, most expectations have been met, the main canonical items have all been accounted for. The promise of pea soup in a small institution-white bowl from the cafeteria becomes more interesting than all the cultural artefacts combined.

Heading towards the museum cafeteria, a new sign emerges from the Rhododendron leaves and mentions a new work by Pierre Huyghe, just a little further in the other direction. The landscape shifts at Huyghe's LA SAISON DES FÊTES (2016-2020). The rhododendrons clear away from the path and caricatures of sand drifts emerge within the frame. Mimicking the real drift sands that occur throughout the nature reserve, they are planted with an idiosyncratic grid of bunch grass (FIG. 4 - CAREX ARENARIA) as a guard against premature erosion, though the sand still spills all over the place. Beyond the immature dunes, a wonderful plastic garbage bag. Draped upside down and hung high above, it hugs and hides the fronds atop a stocky palm tree, as if preventing it from seeing the truth of its surroundings.* The other plants are also having a hard time. A cast-in-place concrete curb hugs them, though loosely,

HUYGHE'S GARDEN ILLUSTRATES COLLECTIVE DISSONANCE.

in a circular frame. The curb appears to be the only comfortable thing here. It bears an indifference one could share if it were a bit warmer out.

Unlike the curb, the contents it retains are highly sensitive to the season. Titled 'LA SAISON DES FÊTES' (SEASON OF FESTIVITIES), Huyghe's work is about holidays. He has transplanted 'natural' symbols as their representatives—each plant species linked to a festive day on the calendar. This is its second showing, as the first was installed "site specifically" under the glass architecture of the Palacio de Cristal, Madrid in 2010. Over half a decade later, over 1,500 kilometers away, and now outdoors, this second iteration of Huyghe's project is an alien landed on site. Much of its original content has been lost since Madrid, with the exception as plantings have been substituted with alternatives under the direction of Dutch planting designer and landscape architect Sanne Horn. The museum acquisition curiously clings to its original title and site specific label. In February, the "Christmas" trees are healthy enough, but many of the other plants, either dead or dormant under the pressure of sub-zero temperatures and wind chill, become tangled in the differentiating perceptions of their onlookers. Symbolic accuracy becomes debatable, giving rise to deeper discrepancies within the intended universality of the artist's gesture. Regarding the project's debut in Madrid, "Huyghe [hoped] that in this utopian cosmos they might all come into flower at the same moment (sometime during the course of the exhibition); as they amalgamate disparate dates strewn intermittently across the annual calendar into one composite festival - 'a bouquet of anniversaries' - people from all parts of the world might gather together to make common cause." [5] Within his aspiration, a sinkhole gains ground. Horn's notes for the execution of this work within the Dutch context immediately dismiss Huyghe's wishes as impossible.[6] However, "Huyghe is interested in producing what he terms 'connective images', by which he means...images that do not attempt to represent the world but to place us at once within and outside the processes by which we visualize and construct our realities".[7] Unlike the "wholeness" achieved by Berlanger's "gesamtkunstwerk" of the hunting lodge, Huyghe's garden illustrates collective dissonance.

This garden, within the sculpture garden, within the garden of the nature reserve, a tourist attraction within the Dutch landscape, is constructed through the pursuit of claiming it and draining it from the

mutable seas to establish a place for human settlement. The enterprise suggests that a new site specificity has pronounced itself through the echoes of cultivation.

This is achieved by sacrificing the original tropical content to better fit the Dutch climate. In lieu of Huyghe's wish for a long slender palm tree with a smooth stem.[8] Horn opts for a less romantic, more robust cultivar from the United States, *WASHINGTONIA ROBUSTA* (FIG. 5). It is planted to mark Palm Sunday that falls before Easter in April. Its alienation to the site remains on display in February with the plastic garbage bag seen coddling and embarrassing it. Its unlikely appearance in the Netherlands affords it to become the artwork's icon on the museum's pamphlet map.

For Valentine's Day, Horn's selection of *ROSES* (FIG. 6) were on the basis of their adaptability, in conjunction with their bloom due in February. As the soil is still frosted over, a loss of sync with the holiday is felt, for the shrub bears no blooms. Though this may accurately reflect the Valentine's circumstance of one lone visitor.

“ NEW SITE SPECIFICITY HAS PRONOUNCED ITSELF THROUGH THE ECHOES OF CULTIVATION. ”

Incidental transcendence brings her to the fluorescent-lit drug mart aisle stocked in shiny red wrappers shaped unlike hearts. The remnants formerly known as *PUMPKINS* (FIG. 7) trace a residue of face paint from a Halloween that is celebrated on a different day in Europe than in North America. The pumpkins did not grow here but were placed here in November presuming no one would know the difference. No one knows the difference.

Alongside the pumpkin casings in an unlikely ecosystem, bamboo-like shoots of *PSEUDOSASA JAPONICA* (FIG. 8) survive February, marking August's Ghost Festival celebrated in China. Death too is a celebratory theme in Mexico but the *STAR-MARIGOLDS* intended to illustrate it are invisible. Other representatives lay dormant in confusion: a red poppy (FIG. 9 – *PAPAVER RHOEAS*) for Anzac Day observed in Australia and New Zealand, is scheduled for bloom in April. Those identifying as part of the “Anglo-saxon world” will wait to purchase plastic-felt poppies in November in an effort to remember, though Horn and Huyghe try to express it instead with cornflowers.

Moving through the absent and present holiday figures, Christmas becomes recognizable again. A non-uniform mix of spruce trees (FIG

9 – *PICEA ABIES* AND *PICEA PUNGENS ‘HOOPSII’*) trigger recall of family dysfunction, overeating and giving great gifts. The mixture of spruce varieties offer no clues as to how the spruce tree came to represent Christmas, despite its insistent inscription within our collective cultural memory. Other plants and other holidays fill the circle in a bland pie-chart configuration, each endemic to their month of the calendar year. In year two of what aims to be a five year artwork, it is uncertain how things will go for this underwhelming garden. The actors of *LA SAISON DES FÊTES* are stressed out, aloof to the theme of celebrating. Horn acknowledges this issue by applying an overlay of ‘mood zones’ to the work, and an array of unrelated ground covers to help prevent the encroachment of weeds. Horn admits she is wary of the thin line between “feeling and filling”[9] when it comes to her impact on the work's intent, but is justified as she attempts to interpret what Huyghe meant when he said, “La Saison des Fêtes should be as natural as its surrounding”.[10] Her interpretation has lead to the necessary development of erroneous subregions in the artwork: the Soil zone, Garden zone, Hill Prairie zone, Stream Border zone, Jungle zone, Autumn Tillage zone, and the Forest Mountain zone.[11] Horn's

performance as a professional to execute the work muddles distinctions between authorship and expertise. It is in this act of interpretation that the work's site specificity is underscored.

The recent Dutch development of DIAL (Digital Index of an Artworks Life) for Complex Artworks, has been implemented for the case of *LA SAISON DES FÊTES* to counter against human traits of oversight, neglect and misinterpretation. The case study report suggests, “this has a direct impact on sustaining appropriate ways of presentation of complex artworks in the most transparent way, and thus maintaining our cultural heritage” which “ensures that visitors can continue to be amazed each time they see *LA SAISON DES FÊTES*. “[12] It's unclear whether or not DIAL was used in February.

Like most precious and valued artworks, Huyghe's installation is quite fragile set against the economical backdrop of the Dutch landscape. Its maintenance schedule requires several of its symbols to be replanted year after year. The garbage bag atop the palm is indicative of a short turnover. Each conservation effort preserves the image - but unlike gardens that mature into themselves over time, the act of replacing ill-survived trees and ground covers with replicas remarks on a stubborn

subscription to the idealized state. This becomes a performed image illustrating principles of maintenance enslaved, without question, by the calendar year.

In continued efforts of interpretation and execution, the gardeners will return in the spring and perform routine maintenance on Huyghe's holiday regime, just as the gatekeepers of the park will count the newborn animals to determine new targets for the coming fall, the farmers outside of the park will hire more seasonal hands, and the Dutch will keep the water out of their land. In the universe there are holidays and holes to keep us occupied.



* Draped upside down and hung high above, it hugs and hides the fronds atop a stocky palm tree, as if preventing it from seeing the truth of its surroundings.

NOTES

[1] De Hoge Veluwe. Nature Management. (Stichting Het Nationale Park de Hoge Veluwe: 2018).

[2] Dekker, Ariëtte. Revealing biography about ruined entrepreneur Anton Kröller: Living on credit (University of Groningen: 27 May 2015).

[3] De Hoge Veluwe. Jachthuis Sint Hubertus. (Stichting Het Nationale Park de Hoge Veluwe: 2018).

[4] H+N+S+ Landscape Architects. Projects: Saint Hubertus Hunting Lodge.

[5] Museo Nacional Centro de Arte Reina Sofía. Pierre Huyghe: La estación de las fiestas/ La saison des fêtes (Madrid: 2010).

[6] Horn, Sanne. La Saison des Fêtes - Pierre Huyghe het

HOLIDAYS AND HOLES IN THE UNIVERSE

KALLI NIEDOBA

Kröller-Müller Museum 2016:
Translation to Dutch
Circumstances (2016).

[7] Museo Nacional Centro de Arte Reina Sofía. Pierre Huyghe: La estación de las fiestas/ La saison des fêtes (Madrid: 2010).

[8] Lamoree, Jim. A Palm tree on the Veluwe. June 10 2016: Vrij Nederland

[9] Stigter, S. (2018). Aan de knoppen van een kunstwerk: Hoe restaureren je een tuin van Pierre Huyghe? KM:vakinformatie voor beeldende kunstenaars en restauratoren, 105, 10-11.

[10] Horn, Sanne. La Saison des Fêtes - Pierre Huyghe het Kröller-Müller Museum 2016: Translation to Dutch Circumstances.

[11] Kröller-Müller. La Saison des Fêtes: Pierre Huyghe. Exhibition pamphlet.

[12] Stigter, Sanneke. Pierre Huyghe, La Saison des Fêtes as case study for DIAL. Kröller-Müller Museum and the University of Amsterdam. 2018.

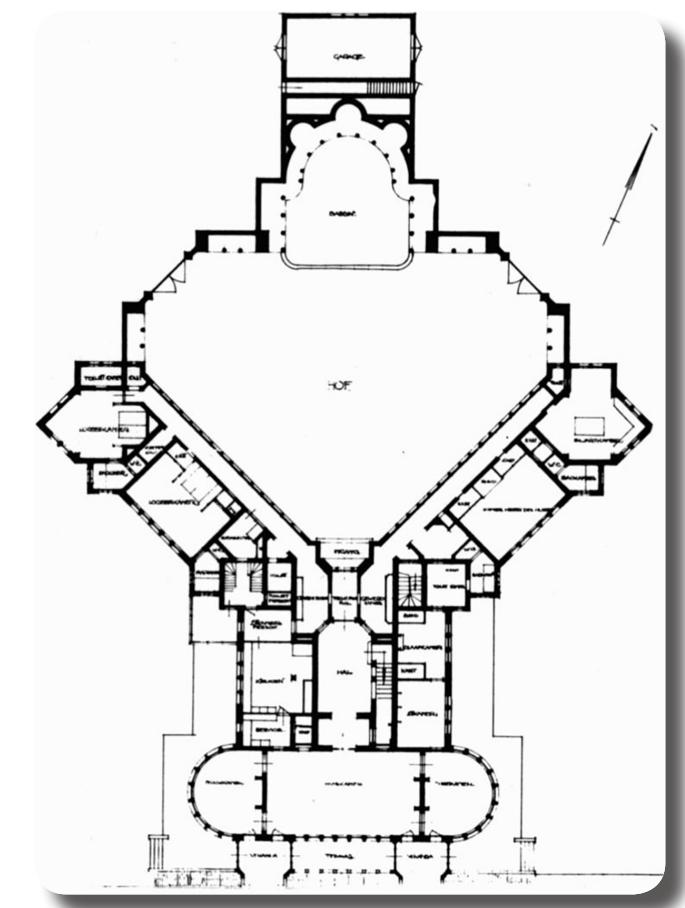


FIG. 2 – HP BERLAGE. JACHTHUIS ST. HUBERTUS, OTTERLO, GROUND FLOOR PLAN [FIRST, NON-EXECUTED DESIGN]. 1915.

is an artist studying landscape architecture on the traditional, ancestral, and unceded territory of the xʷməθkwəy̓əm people at the University of British Columbia.



FIG. 3 – EVERGREEN RHODODENDRONS frame the pathways, promoting a year-round lush appearance of the museum grounds.

FLOWER PAINTINGS



FIG. 4 – CAREX ARENARIA Mimicking the real drift sands that occur throughout the nature reserve, they are planted with an idiosyncratic grid of bunch grass.



FIG. 5 – Horn opts for a less romantic,
more robust cultivar from the United
States, *WASHINGTONIA ROBUSTA*

STEPHAN WRIGHT

FLOWER PAINTINGS



FIG. 6 – For Valentine's Day, Horn's
selection of ROSES were on the basis of
their adaptability,



FIG. 7 – The PUMPKINS did not grow here but were placed here in November presuming no one would know the difference. No one knows the difference.

FLOWER PAINTINGS



FIG. 8 – Bamboo-like shoots of PSEUDOSASA JAPONICA survive February, marking August's Ghost Festival celebrated in China.



FIG. 9 – Other representatives lay dormant in confusion: a red poppy (*PAPAVER RHOEAS*) for Anzac Day observed in Australia and New Zealand, is scheduled for bloom in April.

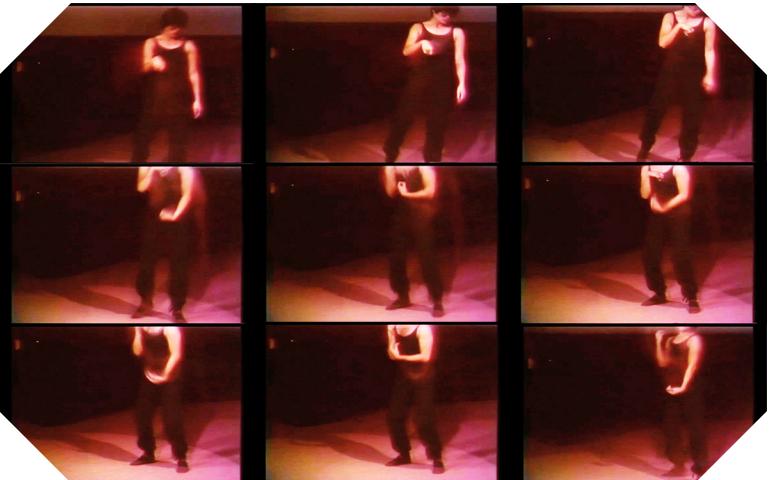
FLOWER PAINTINGS



FIG. 10 – A non-uniform mix of spruce trees (*PICEA ABIES* AND *PICEA PUNGENS* 'HOOPSII') trigger recall of family dysfunction, overeating and giving great gifts.

is an interdisciplinary artist living in Vancouver on unceded Coast Salish territories. He holds a BFA from Emily Carr University. Working primarily with animation, paint, trees and other objects, he has an interest in natural systems and lately a curiosity about where people can rest (sit/lie down) within a non-linear theory of time.

ACTS OF TRANSFER: REFLECTIONS ON “GHOSTING” IN THE ARCHIVE



FILM STILLS FROM
“UNTITLED PERFORMANCE AT WESTERN FRONT”
BY LILY ENG
OCTOBER 23, 1980
COURTESY OF WESTERN FRONT ARCHIVE

ACTS OF TRANSFER: REFLECTIONS ON “GHOSTING” IN THE ARCHIVE

Between October 2017 to April 2018 I worked in the Western Front archive, watching and researching a selection of newly digitized women’s performance art that occurred between 1975-2006.[1] The result of this time culminated into an online project on the Front’s website titled ACTS OF TRANSFER. ACTS OF TRANSFER compiled all of the digitized documents from this grouping into a timeline format, where selected works were curated thematically into three parts: VARIETY SHOW, MOVEMENT ARTS, AND READINGS + MONOLOGUES. These performances were further contextualized by initiating correspondence with the artists and creating new annotations about the performance. The following text is an extended reflection about a work I watched by experimental choreographer Lily Eng, from the collaborative performance art and dance partnership Missing Associates who visited Western Front in 1980. This excerpt does not attempt to be a conclusive work. Instead, it intends to point towards possible implications but also possible methodologies for interpreting a “future” archive.



“Considering this selection then an amorphous entity—a collected “body of work”—that can both act out on stage and put an idea into practice, we hope to suggest new lives for these documents. How might this collective body express itself?”

[. . .]

“In re-visiting these works, we look to the specificity of movement to grasp any transcendent qualities of these bodies from the past, and the patterns they might reveal.”

— ACTS OF TRANSFER: WOMEN’S PERFORMANCE ART IN THE WESTERN FRONT ARCHIVE.
ACT II: MOVEMENT ARTS.[2]

“I am a future ghost. I am getting ready for my haunting.”

— Eve Tuck and C. Ree, A GLOSSARY OF HAUNTING

Choreographer Lily Eng's untitled solo performance at Western Front from October 23, 1980 is an interpretive work that favours embodied movement and playful improvisation over traditional forms of dance. Throughout her performance in the Luxe Hall, Eng experiments with her own body and its eclectic bodily and aural manifestations in a way that tests the limits of her own physical and psychological control. As a dancer with varied training that spans from ballet to modern dance and gymnastics to Kung Fu, Eng is unequivocally attuned to the expressive tensions at play between the body and the mind while creating and performing a work for a live audience to experience. Re-interpreted and transformed as an archival tape and digital document, the artist's performance becomes more complex to interpret and take artistic control over.

Over the course of watching Eng's approximately 12-minute performance, two guiding-yet somewhat antagonistic-forces emerge: intuitive movement and durational strain. The expressive abilities of Eng's physicality manifest through extensive exaggeration and rigorous commitment which she almost ironically subjects herself to by jumping up and down continuously or self-initiating a coughing fit ("This is really hard work"). The objective force behind such self-sabotaging efforts appear to stage a return to fundamental bodily acts and movements in hopes of accessing a form of unrestrained expression of corporeal existence. The results of which left me feeling receptive to my own parallel existence as a single audience of one experiencing the work at a mediated distance on a flat and pixelated computer screen. When considering the original conditions and motivations behind Eng's performance, this type of viewership creates a new set of imposed limits and affective restraints that raise an important question around the relationship between the performer, the audience, and the digital document: How do I as a "future" audience experiencing only the documentation of the performance, understand, feel, and participate in the expression of the original performance?

In the same way that Eng seeks to pry at the boundaries of control over her own body, I too attempt the same with the digital document by turning to what transcends it: "ghosting." Unlike the current social sense of the term, "ghosting" is also a term used to describe a visible

ACTS OF TRANSFER: REFLECTIONS ON "GHOSTING" IN THE ARCHIVE

EMMA METCALFE HURST

trace in a digitized document that emerges as an echoing on the tape. In more technical terms: "[the] delay of an image that occurs due to a lag in the primary signal...the result of the transmission condition where secondary signals are created and received earlier or later than the primary signal which causes a shadowy or weak image."^[3] The result being the primary visual subject in the image appearing undefined and soft around the edges. In the field of archives and media conservation, the appearance of "ghosting" on a digitized tape is understood as a "digital artefact": not only is it the remaining trace of the tape's translation process, but it is also a signifier of the original document, referring to its physical-and subsequently declining-material state.

Eng's emphasis on her own physicality in her performance is simultaneously mirrored by the material presence that emerged through the tape's digitization process, appearing as a doubling or "ghosting" of her figure on the digitized file. Albeit at risk of fetishizing the materiality of the tape or suggesting this relation is formally intentional, the ghosting effect undeniably animates Eng's body in such a way that challenges the limitations of the medium of film and the form of a recorded "live performance." The ghosting effect, which disrupts the flatness of the screen and adds an improvised element, speaks directly to the affective expression of Eng's performance and more extensively, her practice.^[4] Interpreting this work as such may not be as serendipitous for all digitized works. In fact, contextualizing Eng's performance as part of a larger exploration of the "archival body" via it's placement in ACTS OF TRANSFER: MOVEMENT ARTS and furthermore, within Western Front's expansive archive, this particular circumstance is unique. Instead, what I hope to bring to light is the complex process of transformation taking place between the physical and the digital; to acknowledge the document in limbo and subsequently seek out what is inherently folded into it that we just might not immediately recognize?

Media theorist Johanna Drucker offers us the consolatory term "performative materiality" to "[suggest] that what something is has to be understood in terms of what it does, how it works within machinic, systemic, and cultural domains."^[5] Otherwise, "the production of a work [is] an interpretive event" that is predicated on "individual

experience.”^[6] For me, analyzing the “ghosting” mark on Eng’s archival document is not only a recognition of the physical and textural elements present in her work, but also a sign of the implicit state of entanglement the archival document is subject to; bound in multiple, unfolding forms of action, expression, and interpretation. What is embedded in the document inevitably becomes embedded into the archive. Just as every contact leaves a trace, every act has a consequence. Even if you don’t show up IRL.

NOTES

[1] Under the varied and generous guidance of Media Curator Allison Collins, Archivist Kristy Waller, and Editor Jacquelyn Ross, without whom this project would not have come into fruition.

[2] Metcalfe Hurst, Emma. “Movement Arts.” Performance Art in the Western Front Archive. Accessed September 2018. <https://front.bc.ca/acts-of-transfer/>

[3] Bachman, Rebecca, Pip Laurenson, Sculpture Conservator, Tate UK, Heather Weaver, Online Editor, BAVC, John Van Bogart, Ph.D, and Snader & Associates Inc. “AV Preservation Glossary.” AV Preservation Glossary | AVAA. Accessed September 2018. https://bavc.github.io/avaa/preservation_glossary.html#ghos.

ACTS OF TRANSFER: REFLECTIONS ON “GHOSTING” IN THE ARCHIVE

[4] In the essay “Porous Sounds: frequencies of refusal in diasporic family photographs” from Jacqueline Hoàng Nguyễn’s book *The Making of an Archive*, author Gabrielle Moser proposes a move away from the visual, in favour of the aural and textural qualities found in the photographic archive for their interpretive “radical potential” as deployed by many Black diasporic thinkers and communities. An additional reference to the artist Michèle Pearson Clarke proposes analogue photography’s ability “to touch us as viewers, where the digital image – interrupted in its translation into binary code before being outputted as an image on screen – offers a seamlessness we cannot access” (84–85). For both Clarke and Moser, this particular material quality of film also becomes an embodied mark of Black experience.

[5] Drucker, Johanna. “Performative Materiality and Theoretical Approaches to Interface.” Edited by Lisa Swanstrom and Jessica Pressman. DHQ: Digital Humanities Quarterly, 2013. Accessed September 2018. <http://www.digitalhumanities.org/dhq/vol/7/1/000143/000143.html>.

[6] Ibid.

[7] Kirschenbaum, Matt G. “‘Every Contact Leaves a Trace’ : Computers Forensics and Electronic Textuality.” Lecture, History of Material Texts Workshop, University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia. April 4, 2005. Accessed September 2018. <http://lte-projects.umd.edu/mgk/blog/LeavesATrace.pdf>. Quoted in Drucker, Johanna. “Performative Materiality and Theoretical Approaches to Interface.”

is an administrator, recorder, cataloguer, writer, and artist with a sundry practice. In 2018, she published LIMINAL ZIPLOCK, a small chapbook produced through Artspeak’s Studio for Emerging Writer’s Workshop and established SPIT (formerly LIT LIT LIT LIT with Steffanie Ling), an experimental bi-monthly reading, workshop, event, and podcast series with Christian Vistan. As a collective member of Artspeak’s radio project ARTSPEAK RADIO DIGEST, she intends to continue researching and bringing visibility to local archives.

WHAT ARE OUR SUPPORTS? OUTER PLEXUS

CATHEDRAL SQUARE PARK * CURATED BY JONI LOW THE RICHMOND ART GALLERY AND OR GALLERY

5

I AM SO STRONG LATELY I CAN PASS OUT
ANYWHERE. IN PUBLIC, ANYWHERE. JUST WOBBLE A TABLE
AND I'M OUT. WHAT EXTRAPOLATES YOU FASTER, NAILS OR HAIR
OR TEETH? 28 EXTENSIONS OF BONE CRAWLING
INTO THE MOUTH. THE MOUTH VALUABLE REAL ESTATE. HEART
RATE SLOW LIKE A HORSE. WHEN I COME TO IT WILL BE
AS A HORSE'S MOUTH, TONGUING THE METAL OF HIGH PROPERTY VALUE.
BY NEXT YEAR
ALL OF ME WILL BE CONDOS. BY NEXT YEAR I WILL BE SO STRONG
I CAN COME TO AS A LANDMARK DECISION. TONGUING IT. IN PUBLIC, ANYWHERE.

WHAT ARE OUR SUPPORTS?: OUTER PLEXUS

ALEXA MARDON

TEXT BY
ALEXA MARDON

ON
STACEY HO

WITH SOUND BY
ELISA FERRARI

This spring for the first time in my life, I'm experiencing vertigo. It comes like a wave, or an earthquake: what seems solid (ground, wall, chair) suddenly tilts, shifts. When it happens, my body follows the world lurching upside down. My blood follows too, rushing from my head (wave) so that everything goes dark for a minute. The minute feels like a hundred years. The floor sliding up the wall (quake) to meet my hand.

I recently read a click-bait kind of article about physics that told me that our idea of time was just an idea. That all objects are actually just events occurring at a rate so slow it remains incomprehensible. This article told me that solid structures are also just ideas we've invented to attempt to pin down this incomprehensible transformation. Are my bouts of vertigo just brief moments of clarity with solid things that quake or wave? Time rushing up to meet me, my body aligned for just a moment with the dance of what once seemed solid, immovable.

On a Saturday afternoon in late April, I stopped by Cathedral Square Park to visit Stacey Ho's installation OUTER PLEXUS, one of a series of works in WHAT ARE OUR SUPPORTS, curated by Joni Low and organized by the Richmond Art Gallery and Or Gallery. From February to June 2018, this park in downtown Vancouver became a site where artists including Emily Neufeld with Cease Wyss, Stacey Ho, DRIL Art Collective, and Khan Lee and Andrew Lee conducted various projects in response to the idea of networks of support: artistic, structural, ideological, and communal.

In OUTER PLEXUS, I was asked to listen to what is already happening under the surface, amplified by sound, enclosure, and surveillance. I was asked to place my body in relation to slow growth and temporary disruptions, under the gaze of the city's unrelenting development.

2. THE CITY PERFORMS THE CITY

POPULAR WITH THE LUNCH CROWD SMALL
SHALLOW WATER FEATURE THE
WELL KEPT AND DANGEROUS FOR
KIDS AND PETS. BARE FEET ARE
NOT RECOMMENDED HERE! THE BELLS CHIME.
DOWN SIDE? TOO MANY HOMELESS BIRDS.

The intersection of Richards and Dunsmuir in Downtown Vancouver holds the tension of a place simultaneously beginning and ending.

One block west and south of the park lie, respectively, the business and entertainment districts.

A few blocks east, the gutted container of the old Canada Post building, which is now a choice filming location for sci-fi and post-apocalyptic shows like *IZOMBIE* and *ALTERED CARBON*.

Further east, the steady pace of gentrification is sustained in Chinatown and the Downtown Eastside.

North, the port where over 895,000 cruise ship passengers dock every summer.

Cathedral Park is a false concrete oasis in the shadow of its namesake, the Holy Rosary Cathedral, which sits across the street. Ledged concrete seating, planters, and a small grassy mound frame a two-fountain water feature set in a shallow, kiddie pool blue-painted dugout. An Expo 86 style beam structure, painted in the same false blue, hangs over the pool, creating an open air cage. This place is an anywhere-place, vague and standing for something specific. At once an invitation and a withdrawal of that invitation.

WHAT ARE OUR SUPPORTS?: OUTER PLEXUS

Just off the lip of the Dunsmuir bike path, the first invitation to OUTER PLEXUS was hard to miss: an aluminium, wood and plexiglass 3-walled booth. Built by City of Vancouver's Engineering Artist-in-Residence Germain Koh as a part of her series *homemadehome*, "Boothy" was the starting point for each WHAT ARE OUR SUPPORTS? artist's response, and was reappropriated for OUTER PLEXUS as a listening station. Boothy is a convertible and expandable structure. Its visual reference to generic, North American 1950's phone booths calls to mind both functional and imaginary actions: of communication, transformation, and shelter.[1] It's large enough to hold one person standing in it shallowly, facing the mounted flat screen in the top corner. As I entered, the size of the booth and the angle of the screen asked me to organize my body half inside, half outside.

A few metres away, on a grassy mound, sat the other intervention in the park: a three foot-high clear plastic tent. Inside the tent were a few small, fruit bearing, medicinal plants: among them elderberry, blueberry, and sea buckthorn. Overlooking them from inside, a tiny surveillance camera. In this miniature greenhouse, the effects of the newly hot weather were slowly starting to appear on the inside of the plastic. Sweat, breath. The outside appearing in.

Someone told me once that in a fight you need to keep your kidneys away from the reach of your opponent. The same way that secret agents in movies always need to be aware of where the entrance and the exits of restaurants are. Are the entrance and the exits to where I stood getting choked up, blocked off? Or did that already happen a hundred years ago, when we paved over the waterways, sealing the water, the salmon, on their way out to the Pacific?

Inside Boothy, with the headphones over my ears, I faced Dunsmuir, where across the street a development for a new tech-sector office building was in full metal-crashing, earth-opening operation. Sparks flung up, just above the temporary walls erected to hide the gutting. The sense that the city was performing an ironic cover of how to be a place that displaces people was stunning. Elisa Ferrari's soundscore: an electromagnetic reading of frequencies from the nearby Cathedral Square Substation transformed to audible frequency, was layered with

what sounded like cars crossing a viaduct, the rise and fall of human voices. Cars thundered by, or they breezed by and the thunder was in my head, my throat, my kidneys. The deep, thrumming sound seemed to loop: starting low in my heels, traveling up through my organs and back down again. Car sounds and voices rose up, teasing, then fell away quickly. At one point in the recording I whipped around, sure that someone was standing and speaking right behind me, though I was enclosed by Boothy's three walls. I thought I heard water, and craned my neck up, against the glare of the sun, to the video. Closing my eyes, I understood that the video was in fact a live feed of the plants, under surveillance just a few metres away.

When I did leave the booth and the sound to walk toward the plants and tent, I felt a sudden, darting, animal instinct to be low. The ground rushed up and I met it with my hands. In this moment of vertigo, everything felt impossibly tall, loud, towering. The frequency of the substation reverberating in me, I wondered if touching the ground would allow me to source that sound, like the only way to get rid of a static buzz is to close the gap between conductors, to touch your finger to the fabric and feel the shock. Stacey joined me, lowered herself to my level and we talked from there. I trailed my hands in the grass, looking out at the water feature. Stacey mentioned that when she was looking at the site before the work went up, there were folks living in tents in the park. The day they arrived to install, however, none of those tents, or the people inhabiting them, were anywhere to be seen

WHAT ARE OUR SUPPORTS?: OUTER PLEXUS

3. CHOREOGRAPHY

DULLED TO AN AIRPORT BLUE THE PUBLIC

WATER FEATURE REFLECTS ITSELF. THIN SHEAF

OF PAINT. I LISTEN AND KNOW THAT I AM PRACTICING FOR THE

UNDERNEATH, PRACTICING

FOR THE FUTURE WHEN LISTENING

WILL BE ONLY FOR DOGS AND WOMEN AND

PEOPLE WHO REFUSE THE NOISE OF NO

QUESTIONS. A FRIEND

TOLD ME THAT WE BECAME READY

FOR PUBLIC COFFINS

FOR MICRO APARTMENTS

FOR BEING WATCHED

FOR DIGITALIZED DEMOCRATIC SOUND

BYTES WITH THE TV SHOW

SPEAKER' S CORNER.

THEY ARE STOOD UPRIGHT

AND GIVEN A CHANCE TO VOICE LAST

WORDS BEFORE THE TRAFFIC

AND THE DRILL.

I wrote the names of the objects I've encountered in my notebook:

- Booth
- Plant
- Greenhouse
- Camera

The function of these things (or impossibly-slowly occurring events) are tucked into and entwined with one another. A medicinal plant carries time both backward and forward in its roots and seeds. A makeshift greenhouse, a specialized environment for hopeful sustained growth (under a watchful eye). A booth a place inside of a place. A camera doubling the present, maintaining traces to be used as material, evidence. As I crouched near the wet hot breath opening of the greenhouse, peering in at the plants, I understood that the act of positioning my body in relation to these intentional structures, these temporary interruptions in the smoothness of city choreography, made the rest of the park and its surrounding activities: traffic, construction, architecture - seem as absurd, as performative, as the structures that were placed there for encounter by the artist. These interventions asked me to consider how life appears, momentarily, in a place where life is closely monitored but only interstitially allowed. People and their traces disappearing at a rate so unbelievable these events are a blink. A blink a hundred years.

Ostensibly, city planning works to choreograph us through a set of highly policed or encouraged behaviours. Sit, eat lunch, look at the water feature, or across the street at the church. Do not lie down, sleep, litter, loiter, or live. As Vancouver's developments encroach, they grow the city upwards, expand outwards. More ominously, though, newness leaks into spaces where the deep frequency of history is rendered inaudible and therefore irrelevant to capitalism. The city becomes marked and broken up into brief places for refuge.

The work's written accompaniment was a single-page document. One side showed an illustrated sound map of the Holy Rosary Bells from the SFU Sonic Research Studio in 1973. On the back, Stacey's poetic writing follows a chain of associative rhymes and definitions, the language play

WHAT ARE OUR SUPPORTS?: OUTER PLEXUS

ALEXA MARDON

arriving at a translation of the Chinese lettering on the plexiglass window of Boothy, a detail I almost missed as I shielded my eyes from the sun. The writing, a Chinese idiom, literally translates to "four go through and eight arrive," but, in my later correspondence with Stacey, I found out is "used as an adjective to describe a place or point from which you can go anywhere, a place that, for better or worse, is highly connected." At the end of the page, Stacey leaves us with this phrase as an example: "Application: my new condo is located on the Skytrain line. My condo 四通八達". I think of Chinatown's anti-displacement campaigns, most recently the fight to wrestle 105 Keefer from The Beedie Group. This is a project that local artists and activists, including Ho and the editors of this magazine, have been petitioning against since it was proposed in 2014.^[2] When I visited OUTER PLEXUS, Boothy had two bright yellow stickers on its plywood side: one, a warning that all surrounding areas are being surveilled, the other demanding "STOP 105 KEEFER". These stickers marked Boothy as a temporary space that, through artistic and activist's vigilant watch, resisted permanent erosion: of people and their livelihoods, and their networks of support.

On my bike ride home, I stopped several times to sit down. The exposed bellies of endless new high-rises between Cathedral Park and Yaletown leaned in, threatening another bout of vertigo. Every passing car or machine felt unbearably loud. I sat near the water, the weekend bike traffic of the seawall whooshing behind me. I carried the trace of plants, medicine, sound, surveillance with me, my body for the rest of the day a temporary resonator for the city's uneasy making and unmaking. In this place, surrounded by the sonic, architectural and social traces of our past, present and future, for better or worse, we could go anywhere.

NOTES [1] http://www.germainekoh.com/ma/projects_detail.cfm?pg=projects&projectID=152
[2] <https://www.charcuterie.party/105-speeches.pdf>

is a dance artist living and working on the unceded territories of the Skwxwú7mesh, Musqueam and Tsleil-Waututh Nations. Alexa's practice spans movement, writing, facilitation, and community action. Alexa's writing has been published by ISSUE Magazine, Line, Room Magazine, The Dance Centre, and The Dance Current. Alexa works collaboratively to investigate expanded definitions of choreography.

P
ems

BY
INGRID OLAUSON

SECOND ROUNDABOUT (ON KING'S ROAD)

The little pieces
of circle. I cannot speak
Of that armoured globe
in the middle
or the tinted windows of the cars.

The traffic filters for
the moon and yields.
To have thought about the order
If one gazes out everyday?
One is being circled by little pieces.



is the author of the chapbook PRAGMATICS. She recently returned to BC after three months in Jeddah, Saudi Arabia where, with its proximity to the Red Sea, the occasions for these poems were conceived while riding in cars, lounging in offices, and being by the water. Her criticism has appeared in BARTLEBY REVIEW, ISSUE MAGAZINE, and POSTSCRIPT for Artspeak.

BEFORE LUNCH

Labour is the weight of the elbow propped up in a gathering position.

No one addresses me. I am sheltered if I close my mouth.

Conversations do the work. Conversing does the thinking. Each alleviates the tasks of tomorrow.

All the flocks of competing doves. Pigeons gather. The sun tends to that.

The sun kills dried bones of fish chucked outside a house being built.

But each shade surrounds its tiny pavilion.

And I needed to know why she needs to be here, why water's important. She follows in a lineage of civic culture.

The actual getting down to business takes at least an hour. No one will rush me when I am shaded.

Just wait a little longer, more will come.

The urgency, their slowness. I pace like a bird on a hot, metal window.

Groupings of trees create specks in the landscape out past the many roads that form a pattern for wild dogs to cross.

In this heat that's a considerable undertaking. She's crossed many highways to get to here. Where's here? The belly of the earth. The sun like a great, exceedingly yellow animal

POEMS

A PROPHECY

On the bath mat
a hair like a noose wraps my toe.
Each hair a reminder of
impropriety.
Of dust our den.

Spools of hair foam gathers
in the space between
the corner of the stairs
and the wall.
A cloister of hairs.

I'd like to wear the men's traditional dress.
It's modest and no one calls for their unveiling.
I wish there were plants I could water with
this hope.

I'm forgetting all the things
I forgot and it's too late now.
Now I'm here
and it's really too late.

The hairs fall into diacritic squiggles.
They spell words such as
Ass.
No.
Gold.
Less.

SHADE POEM

The street cats fought last night.

Their friends and babies
behind the wall
and under the car

are shaded

They are constantly breeding.
The males are hung like
overripe plums.

They will pace and pace and pant
but they will not leave the compound

with early morning
in session

HIND

to pound spices
to rub
the saffron message
into a rougher hue
yellow
to drape our
shapeless spleen

JEDDAH GREEN

Among the salty bread of
bride's lit hollow,
the singing blows subterranean
while teasing bent wrists
anticipate the couple and buffet.
You dance with your mother.
I mean you all of the time
I think of beside me.
Mint midnight pigment
train of women dancing
at every birth and death and ritual.
There never used to be listeners.
We made music out of our
wakefulness.



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