

Still there
are seeds
to be
gathered

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Still there are seeds to be gathered

An Introduction

When a seed is exposed to the proper conditions for growth, germination begins. Roots start to stretch and plant themselves in the soil. Later, the sprout pushes through as well, reaching for the sun. As the plant grows, it becomes a reflection of its environment while looking towards new ground.

Still there are seeds to be gathered features 18 individuals across disciplines as artists, writers, and researchers, to culminate their efforts and practices within the Daniels Faculty Visual Studies program. While this show exhibits the accumulation of thesis research and processes across the Visual Studies program, it also marks the completion of our undergraduate degrees. Taking our proximity to what feels like the end, Still there are seeds to be gathered cherishes the great depth of knowledge we have embodied over the years. The show title stems from Ursula K. Le Guin’s “The Carrier Bag Theory of Fiction”—a point of reference for the thematics of generating and holding on to knowledge while entertaining the potential of future relations to arrive. In the early weeks of our thesis course, our class held a discussion of Le Guin’s text. The concluding statement, “Still there are seeds to be gathered, and room in the bag of stars,” sparked an unknown feeling that borders the poetics of our completed time in school as well as a rethinking of our projects as ever-changing. As a ‘non’-ending phrase, Le Guin uses it to mark this text as ‘unfinished,’ citing the space for transformation and growth. In the context of this exhibition, the research each student has taken upon themselves has not reached a ‘conclusion.’ Each thesis project poses a question vital to its artist, one that will continue to be explored beyond the scope of this exhibition.

Le Guin highlights the universal act of gathering, something inherent to the human condition which remains unchanging despite rapid shifts in our relationship with the Earth. As artists and researchers, the concept of gathering extends beyond physical objects; writers, artists, poets, scientists, and personal relationships all stand as references gathered throughout our studies and beyond. In this sense, the work of art is the carrier bag of the artist; it is where one’s collection of sources is stored and transformed through their reimagination. Similar to Le Guin’s writing, a thesis is a speculation upon what may unfold as our carrier bags increase in weight and size. Rather than weighing us down, they can provide a sense of buoyancy as we now have the tools to navigate independent—as well as interdependent—research. Despite ups and downs, critique and praise, the learning which has been conducted over the years is a testament to what can be achieved through supportive efforts.

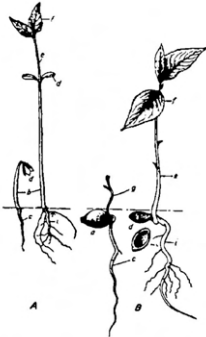
These last few months of accumulative work have manifested individually for each project; however, it is through togetherness we begin to thrive and build upon one another's thinking. As we hike through this grand forest and look up from between the trees, their branches, twisting and turning, cloud the sky; a symbol of limbs choreographed to reach for each other. We flourish within this web created through various points of connection between our projects. As we worked amongst each other for the past year, we came to see our plurality as a strength to build upon.

This publication not only works as an archival tool but also a bridge between artistic research and writing. While this year has always felt like a lead up to the final display of the visual and the experiential, our publication tries to complicate that belief. The following pages hold a year's worth of finalized research as well as reflections of thinking from years prior. The accumulation of knowledge is a never ending story. We present to you the portraits of 18 artists and everything in their carrier bags.

In the words of Le Guin, "Full of beginnings without ends, of initiations, of losses, of transformation and translations, and far more tricks than conflicts, far fewer triumphs than snares and delusions; full of spaceships that get stuck, missions that fail and people who don't understand. I said it was hard to make a gripping tale about how we wrested the wild oats from their husk, I didn't say it was impossible. Who ever said writing a novel was easy?"

From us to you,
Ella Spitzer-Stephan, Satyam Mistry, Nusha Naziri, Auden Tura, and Olive Wei

FIGURE 4.10 Seed germination. (A)



دعای سارہ آجین رو
سراہ درآہ باہام خوشتر

آحمدن بیلڈ سکلز فریم وڈ

Familiar Stranger:

Between the Lines of Language

Nusha Naziri

نوشا نازی
میں روڑا رسیدم حتی زبان باہر
نخبہ لکھن و پائلڈ ہار جیم س

آسدم فدا ار د زینا بر رخ و سر سدا
پر دایم ہم آئیم ز دایم از دولت

و

My grandmother once gifted me with a gold necklace,
a pendant of my name written in Farsi.

Such a precious token of love that
I often wear backwards.

We often use terms such as Translate, Interpret, and Read when communicating through a work of art. Many artists are likely familiar with the anxious yet curious feeling that comes from any read of their own work. Determining if what you have shown was understood to your intent or if you had become so wrapped up in your own thoughts that most of the context that was needed is either still sitting in your brain, or rather written in an artist statement that can easily be concluded with the words: trust me. These types of supplementary texts are what both the artist and viewer often rely on. Regardless of course, if some reads of the work are different from our own, we do not then deem the work to be unsuccessful.

There are certain moments however, when another's read of the work differs from your own and in turn something equally if not more compelling is born out of it. These are moments in which we create things that are much more beautiful than we had imagined, simply because it has touched someone else in a different way. I must admit, as flattering as this can feel, it can also be simultaneously embarrassing. Yet we try our best to focus on the flattery and not feel the need to steer away from our original ideas to appeal to everyone. After all, we do things like make art and write poetry for the purpose of sharing it with others.

In school we are taught to bounce ideas off of one another, to get the image of the lonely artist locked away in a studio out of our heads. We expect differing opinions as well as interpretations, and try our best to embrace them while still holding respect for an original idea even when certain aspects are lost in translation. The way we encounter and perceive a work will always differ regardless of similarities or differences between background, education, and language. If these engagements of self-knowledge have no singular system for their cause, are we allowed to question how and why this happens?



توله‌ای بنام ر کس دفت کمی گردش کند.

Ways of “Reading”

Dearest reader, I am not a poet, though I would consider myself to be well trained in the art of getting the gist. To anyone raised around those whose first language is not English, you quickly gain a knack for deciphering certain phrases from what was truly meant versus what was actually said. That can be the case of either broken English, mispronunciation, or the plain misuse of words. Whatever the case may be, we learn how to fill in the gaps. For those who learn foreign languages in a more immersive way through their upbringing, degrees of fluency can still vary between the ability to hold a solid conversation and complete proficiency. Whether brought up in such conditions or not, I am sure we have all found ourselves in situations where we attempt to use any ounce of context we have that allows us to gain somewhat of an understanding when hearing a foreign language being spoken.

Interpreting language in such ways may cause us to naturally rely on other senses such as visuals and sound. Tones of voice, gestures, and facial expressions all help in decoding anything from a heated argument to utterances of love. When watching a piece of film or television that has been dubbed over in another language, we may see variations of these gaps within text through the incontinuity of timing by cause of differing sentence lengths. We can observe these moments where the actors mouth does not align with the audio provided by voice actor speaking above them. When given the option to then keep the original audio and turn to subtitles, a line being delivered may run for longer than it would take one to read the accompanied text, or vice versa. These moments of pause are inevitable, yet interesting. If emotion is conveyed through speech in one language, to then be read in parallel with a simple, more literal translation, we might subconsciously come up with our own interpretations of the situation through the blending of both devices being offered.

Focusing exclusively on written work now, the list of devices we rely on for understanding becomes much longer and sometimes seemingly unattainable. Visuals can still be used to a certain extent toward comprehension, however in this case, a clearly written sentence in one language can also appear as a repetitive pattern of angular lines to another. Think back to the picture books we read as children. Aside from the illustrations that accompanied the text functioning for purposes of visual pleasure, they also provided additional context that filled in the empty spaces that existed due to our imperfect literary skills. Imagery and form here act as a “partner” to the text, both reenacting words and guiding our eye as we make connections between the two. When reading such books in our youth, we may have also been told to not rely too much on the pictures. I recall the many Iranian picture books I had been given throughout my childhood. In my many failed attempts to accurately read these books, I would often turn to the images that accompanied the text in order to fill in the gaps and understand the plot of the story for myself. In the mind of a child who took a liking to visual forms of learning, I believed and would still argue that I was reading the book at least to some capacity.

Even though the versions of these stories that I created in my head were likely different, or simply wrong, I never complained nor did I see a problem with any of it. Reading between (or beside) the lines is done here through the use of a skill in which I had much more ability. This may have been the cause for my life-long procrastination from learning how to read the language. That being said, I have always stood by the fact that I consumed a satisfactory amount Iranian media throughout my life even if sometimes in the “wrong” way. One of my life-long favourite Iranian songs is titled *Gharibe Ashena*, by the artist Googoosh. With the most common translation of song title in English being *Familiar Stranger*, I would say that my relationship to the Farsi language can also be given that same name.

حسنی و اشی مشی



بارون می بارید ریز و ریز
برف می اومد آروم آروم
گنجشکک اشی مشی
نشسته بود رو پشت بوم

پایین پاش، په جوش گرد
بالا سرش، ایر کیود
اشی مشی چه بی خیال
رو پشت بوم نشسته بود

گوش نمی داد اشی مشی
جیک جیک و جیک آواز می خورد
برقا رو از بالی و پرش
یواش و آروم می تگوند

حسنی توی دلمش می گشت:
«صد آفرین اشی مشی
تازه اگر بیفتی تو
پرده ای رنگی می شی.»

حسنی رسید و داد گفت:
«اونجا نشین اشی مشی
سز می خوری از اون بالا
می افش تو جوش نقاشی

پریدت قشبه می شه
قشبه پر قشبه می شه
تو سوز و سرما، آدما
یادت می افن همیشه.»

قوربانغی ای خال خالی
بیرون می آد از تو چاه
می افته روی تنش
روشتری نور ماه

ظلم اون می شکده
بزرگ می شه، بزرگتر
از توی چلد سیزش
بیرون می آد په دختر

حسنی می گه پا شادنی
«ظلمتو شکستام
چهل شیه گه ایلیجا
منگارت نشستم.»

دختر قوربانغی ای
می خنده و دور می شه
می تابه نور مهتاب
مخرا پر از نور می شه

حسنی و ظلم چاه

حسنی نشسته امشب
کنار یک چاه آب
روی دهانه چاه
افزاده نور مهتاب

تو دشت و تو بیابون
می پیچه موهوی باد
یک دفعه از توی چاه
صدای قورقور می آد



حسنی و کدوی قلقلزن

حسنی نگاه کرد و چی دید؟
یک کدوی قلقلزن!
از تو کدو بیرون اومد
سرخ و سفید، یک پیوزن

حسنی سنا می کرد و گفت:
«تالام پیوزن، کجا می ری؟
تو جنگل سبز و شادنگ
با این کدو چرا می ری؟»

خاله پیوزن گفت: «دخه جون،
گرگ سیا دنیالمه
تو این کدو قایم شدی
راه اومدم یک عالمه

صدای پای گرگ اومد
خاله پیوزن رفت تو کدو
حسنی قلش داد که بره
گرگه رسید از زوربزو.

آه ای پسر، اووهی پسر!
تو دوستی پا که دشمنی؟
جواب بده زود، ندیخی
تو یک کدو، پیوزنی؟

حسنی جواب داد: «دخه بابا
جان تو امسا ندیخم
هیچ کدوسی ایجا نبود
وقتی من از راه رسخدم.»

گرگ سیا زوزه گلهید:
«کولم زده این پیوزن
نقسه خاشکی می کنی
اگر بیاید به چنگ من....»

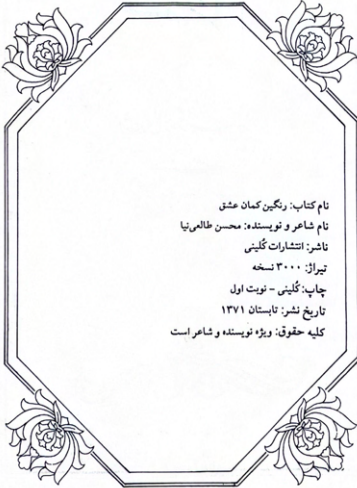
حسنی توی دلمش می گشت:
«گرگ سیا چه دانونه
خبر نداری، پیوزن
رسیده سالم به فونه.»

گوشنی نمونده به تنم
من دیگه پیرم پیرم
باید که زود فرار کنم
قلم بده که تا که برم.»



۲۳ - رزم عشق

اگر آن پیار مرا یار شود روزی چند
 پا گذارم به سرو اعظم مرموزی چند
 غم دل پاکه بگویم که مرا یار شود
 من به تنگ آمدم از بیهوده دلوزی چند
 هیچ دانی که دلم گشته ز بس سامانی
 غرق اندوه و غم از زحمت نوروزی چند
 اگر مر و عده دهد بهر شب عید وصال
 نکشم سنت هر آفت جانسوزی چند
 در میان من و چنانچه حکایتها می است
 نشود حلّ معصاً به شب و روزی چند
 معنی عشق ز صاحب نظران جو، ورنه
 فهم هرگز نکند عقل نو آموزی چند
 دوش دینی که چه خوش از سر بیهوشی خوش
 طالعی خواند همی نعمه جانسوزی چند؟



نام کتاب: رنگین کمان عشق
 نام شاعر و نویسنده: محسن طالعی نیا
 ناشر: انتشارات گلپوش
 تیراژ: ۳۰۰۰ نسخه
 چاپ: گلپوش - نوبت اول
 تاریخ نشر: تابستان ۱۳۷۱
 کلبه حقوق: ویژه نویسنده و شاعر است

PERSIAN COOKING

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Beat the butter and confectioners sugar together until creamy. Add the vanilla extract or other flavoring. Add the flour and blend well. Refrigerate for a couple of hours. Roll out the dough between waxed paper to the desired thickness. With floured cookie cutters, cut the dough into the shapes desired. Place on greased cookie sheets and bake at 350° F. for 10 to 12 minutes, depending upon the thickness of the cookies. If desired, the tops may be brushed with beaten egg yolk or egg white before baking, and/or sprinkled with slivered almonds, ground walnuts, or ground pistachios.

Blossom Cookies

(Nan-e Shokoofeh)

(MAKES ABOUT 30)

1 1/4 cups butter	2 egg whites, beaten (optional)
1 1/2 cups confectioners sugar	several tablespoons poppy seeds (optional)
4 cups flour	
1/2 teaspoon almond extract	

Beat the butter and confectioners sugar together until creamy. Work the flour in gradually, blending until smooth. Stir in the almond extract. Place this dough in a plastic bag and refrigerate for 24 hours. Shape the dough into small balls. If desired, these may be flattened down somewhat with the back of a fork; the tops may be brushed with beaten egg whites and sprinkled with poppy seeds. Bake on a greased cookie sheet in a 350° F. oven for 15 minutes; then lower the heat to 300° F. and bake 15 minutes longer, or until the cookies are golden brown.

Flourless Walnut Cookies

(Nan-e Gerdooi)

(MAKES ABOUT 20)

5 egg yolks	1 cup ground walnuts
3 tablespoons sugar	several tablespoons slivered or chopped pistachios (optional)
1/4 teaspoon vanilla extract	
1/2 cup walnuts, chopped	

Bread
(NAN)



It is known that these types of scripts do in fact take pride in their visual appeal, as calligraphy has historically been a central feature of Islamic art. As part of this practice, text itself is often configured into shapes and decorative motifs that may also mirror the content of the writing. If not legible by one who is unfamiliar with the language, the work is still able to be appreciated on an aesthetic level. In cases where one is able to read the script, to view the artwork is still to read it. These practices are historically found to be executed with this exact paradox in mind, adorning facades of buildings and monuments with ideological writings masked in a visually appealing configuration of shapes and lines. Elements of calligraphy are also often implemented into Iranian works of poetry. With poetic writings taking form now to adorn the pages of a book, we are able to further examine the symbiotic relationship between visual and literary artworks. Here, the words themselves are also the images. The two exist simultaneously and in turn fill the space of a page. Perhaps in a different vein, but equally as interesting in terms of inviting two different perspectives onto one piece of writing, is the use of phonetic spelling. Rewriting Farsi text phonetically using the English alphabet is often done for purposes of communication between those who have at least somewhat of a fluency between both languages. In my case, I use this form of phonetic writing quite often when sending messages to family members. It acts as the perfect middle ground for communication, a hybrid between two languages. This system of writing however is not limited to those who can only speak two languages, as it can also be used in an educational sense allowing those unfamiliar with the alternative language at least attempt to speak the words out loud.

Contrary to popular belief, translation does not need to have a strict set of rules. As mentioned before, the word itself can mean many different things. It is a word that can be used to describe various forms of communication as well as movement. The simple turning of a page.

Translation vs Interpretation

Farsi, like many other languages, uses systems of communication that are often specific to the culture and history of the region in which it originates from. The cases in which I personally experience this disconnect most often is through age-old expressions and idioms that simply do not have an exact English equivalent. Many times while being lectured by my parents, they began tangents with the classic phrase,

“There’s a saying in Farsi, though I don’t know if it would make much sense in English.”

What I find amusing though, is even through their explanations of such that they deem to be unsuccessful, I am usually able to get a sense of the meaning behind these classic, sentence-long life lessons. For me, these sorts of translations are not ones that can be put into words, but rather exist more as a feeling, a seemingly telepathic comprehension born from what I could have only assumed to be my relationship to Iranian culture. When venturing to produce a translation of my own, I was drawn by a desire to decode works of writing that I have had an interest in exploring for quite some time. I have gone most of my life being aware of my mother’s love for poetry, although her work existed to me always as a small journal wedged within in our communal family bookshelves. As all of her work is in Farsi, therefor written in Perso-Arabic script, I have never been able to read it. I have asked my mother on many occasions if she would translate them for me, and in response I am usually met once again with the statement in which I am told that the words in English would not provide me with an honest read of the work. There was never an issue of privacy here, as my mother was never concerned with sharing her work with others and I could always pick up said journal to flip through it as I pleased. To put it simply, the only thing holding me back from properly reading these works was myself and my inabilities.

From this was born a sense of selfishness on my part. Why do I demand such impractical solutions to my desires instead of making an effort to consume the work the way it is intended? Is that how translators must feel? Doing all the hard work so we as the lazy bunch can enjoy the best of both worlds?

In reading a short interview with translator Charlotte Mandell, she spoke about the divide between author and translator in regard to authorship and recognition. In a profession where recognizing the success of a work only occurs when the work itself being done goes unnoticed, it is possible for the practice to be perceived as ungratifying and only rewarded with “backhanded compliments.” Mandell also expresses that strong translations usually require the translator to truly enjoy the original text on their own, otherwise you run the risk of being urged to over-edit. The desire to translate works that you already enjoy is not shocking, however it is worth noting that most translators are also independent writers, and therefore may experience added frustration in regard to not “fix” an original text while still technically using their writing skills to the best of their ability. This appears to be a lot to juggle. The lines that one must not cross during these processes are both blurred and crystal clear at the same time. The work cannot be an exact duplicate, but more of a mirror image. You must play the role of editor, but only for yourself.

In other cases, translators like Lydia Davis slightly challenge this narrative. In Davis' *Essays Two*, she writes that translation begins with a question in which we are often never able to receive an answer that we are completely satisfied with. No amount of linguistic expertise can overcome the fact that there are often no perfect translations for certain words or phrases. In her essay, *Twenty-One Pleasures of Translating (and a Silver Lining)*, she highlights the notion that due to this reality, the work may never feel fully solved, and therefore can be better described as an eternal compromise.

Although this sentiment may initially appear unsatisfying, Davis is able to vividly run through her list of found pleasures to translation practices that only seem to grow with time and experience. She follows her statement about compromise with a reminder to the reader that any constraints that we may experience through translating another's work can always later be expressed through your own writing later on. The energy that Davis brings to these practices is refreshing, especially as I quickly grew to be overwhelmed with the idea of taking another's precious work into my own hands. When translating works by highly regarded writers like Marcel Proust, Davis' determination still boils down to the simple desire to solve and answer her own questions. Particularly in her essay titled, *An alphabet (in Progress) of Proust Translation Observations, from Aurore to Zut*, Davis highlights what she describes as a "translation diary," a log kept of various words and phrases with which she had particular difficulties during the process of translating Proust's *Swann's Way*. In most cases, words recorded in the diary were those that had very specific connotations in the French language, with more literal, less meaningful translations in English. Issues arise as often there are many different possible translations for one singular word or phrase. This is a problem that I would face through this process, as the Farsi language too is packed with nuances and phrases that have no true English equivalent. Because these phrases have so many possible forms, translators have the difficult job of choosing the "right" one even if there is no definitive answer.

My frustration had stemmed from this same issue as not only was I afraid others might not agree with my choice of words, but I also worried the translation would be a disservice to the original. In Lily Robert-Foley's *Experimental Translation: The work of translation in the age of algorithmic production*, she writes about a similar phenomenon in relation to computer generated translations, where this issue often results in the "wrong" or "overly literal" equivalent of the original word to be used in its place.

Here, I would like to provide my own version of a translation diary comprised of common phrases in Farsi that possess a very literal, dramatic, and often unsettling meaning when directly converted to English:

Phrase	“Translation”	Meaning
“Delam tang shodeh az to”	“My heart feels tight because of you”	I miss you.
“Ghorbonet beram”	“I sacrifice myself for you”	An expression of love.
“Jat khali”	“Your space is empty”	I wish you were here.
“Zameen khordam”	“I ate the ground”	I fell down.
“Moosh bokhoradet”	“A mouse should eat you”	You are cute.
“Jeegareto bokhoram”	“I will eat your liver”	A term of endearment used to express your love for someone.

<p>“Damet garm”</p>	<p>“May your breath be warm”</p>	<p>An expression of thanks. The warmth of their breath alluding to life, conveying hope for the other person to live forever.</p>
<p>“Zahreh mar”</p>	<p>“Snake venom”</p>	<p>A form of insult toward another person or thing. A way of telling off or to tell someone to “shut up”</p>
<p>“Khak bar saram”</p>	<p>“Dirt on my head”</p>	<p>An idiom used to express feelings of regret and frustration. Dirt on one’s head alluding to death and being buried in the ground.</p>

What Exists Between the Lines?

It would seem that no translator is hired to work on a piece of writing if they have zero prior knowledge of both of the languages being used. Where I get frustrated is due to the fact that I can speak a language that I cannot read. As an artist, I am often drawn to themes of transformation as a way to render new or added meaning using specific imagery and iconography. When placing certain objects or images into new contexts, the work does not function if I do not acknowledge the significance of the original before it had been displaced. It is a transformation, but never a correction. If I was going to challenge myself to extend my interests in such themes through works of literary translation, I wanted to stay true to these same principles. I want to highlight the voids that exist through translation, as these empty spaces are where I believe these intrinsic comprehensions lie. I want to explore the relationship between form and text, indicating no hierarchy between the two, but rather the abilities of both to mutually benefit one another. By highlighting multiple interpretations of a single work, this in turn embraces the limitless qualities of translation. In a publication in accompaniment to the exhibition of the same name, *How to maneuver: Shapeshifting texts and other publishing tactics*, focuses on processes of publishing and the boundaries between mainstream and independent forms of such, with a larger focus on the entanglement of language through Arabic and English text. Including work from various authors, this publication is printed in both languages, showing no visible hierarchy between the two. This allows both versions of the same text to exist as originals in themselves. The work is neither considered English or Arabic, but rather represents the space that exists between the two mirrored texts. In response to this, I want to treat my work here as one that does not treat the original texts as test subjects to be picked apart, but rather a guide for re-interpretation. As I've explored thus far, sometimes very immense passion can hide behind a simple phrase.

Finally, I must acknowledge the reality behind the privilege I had here. I am not translating work by a well-known, long deceased poet. I am translating work by someone with whom I have a close relationship to, as well as someone that I can actually speak with. I could not begin this process without having conversations with my mother. Lydia Davis writes about the benefit of translation in the sense that you are usually able to conduct them even when tired or frustrated due to its largely methodical nature; one can never experience explicit writer's block when an entire finished work is already in front of you. Though this may be true, I would experience my own type of frustration through this process. Translating poetry through a phonecall with my mother would prove to take form as a very literal game of broken telephone. During moments in which we were able to work face to face, these disconnects often persisted with the addition of visible frustration. Nonetheless, I was unable to accurately navigate these blurry areas without the guidance of the author. Before jumping straight from the text in Farsi script to English, I felt I needed to use what I *did* know in order to allow this process to be more collaborative. Listening to a poem spoken aloud while transcribing it phonetically in English script essentially allowed me to "read" the work as the Farsi original, without having to trust in a translation from only one perspective. Through conducting an initial rough translation to English, emphasis was kept to not pay attention to specific phrases that may come off as unnatural or confusing. Listening to one another first, and questioning later. Spending too much time to ensure it made perfect sense straight away would defeat the purpose of investigating what gets initially removed and what can later be replaced or added. It is also important to note that all "original" documents in this case were hand written, and a subsequent form of translation occurs when it is transcribed to type, allowing for a clear read. The combination of these two writing styles both mirror and move between one another, eventually forming both a mechanical and organic system of communication and thought.

The notion of authorship within works of literary translation is one that offers up more questions along with unsatisfying answers. Allowing this work to exist in print with my name on it despite most translated works still bearing the name of the original author is worth recognizing. This work lives as an ongoing investigation of the ability for these texts to come together in ways that two sides can understand in parallel, never viewing one as more true than the other. My rewriting of the work is not done without the input of the author, yet persists as a continuous reinterpretation of the original. If the ways for me to translate these texts to the extent of my own understanding is to continuously alter them, I am in turn erasing and rearranging words in order to highlight those that otherwise get lost on their journey of being carried over. When words are removed or replaced, and grammatical structure changes through translation, a deal is being made behind the scenes that I no longer want to conceal. Here, my methods of interpreting another's work is different from the artist. I may claim to have gained an accurate understanding of the original through these translations, but that can never truly be verified.

What I am left with is a string of notes, conversations, interpretations, and visual overlap that can be read simultaneously as a map and transcript of these thought processes. This is not one singular process, but the culmination of many, all working toward the same conclusions. Highlighting, underlining, and alternating structures breaks up the text and fills the surrounding and inner space with discussion, form, colour, and emotion. The "final" version the translation here is not to be fixed in place, and can forever continue to change. In a way, I am "reading" those Farsi children's books again. Although this time the words themselves are acting as the pictures, the freedom is all the same. By embracing the finicky traits of translation, the work in turn is comparable as well to the imperfect nature of the following: a string of dialogue between a mother and daughter.

شب
و در صبح ستاره ها شب به هم جبهه زدند

در صبح ستاره ها جن روز و بهم زدند
در صبح سر راه در آید با هم خوشتر

آحمدن بیدار شد که از فرغ غم و در شکن
تدبیر بج محل کم سرور عاقلان

مثل روزگار قدیم حتی زمان باستان
مدرس رنجبه کن و پارتی را جیمین

تا قدم فدای در زین بر رخ و در شکن
سرکنار برداشتم تا منم ز دایم از دولت

سعد کرم ای پارس کرم ، هرگز ندیم در فصل

وقتی که ستاره های شب بهم چشمک زدند
وقتی که ستاره ها جشن روزو بهم زدند

وقتیکه ماه درآمد با تمام خوشکلی
آسمان شب گذشت از هر غم و هر مشکلی

تو بیای به محفل گرم و سروره عاشقان
مثل روزهای قدیم حتی زمان باستان

قدمی رنجه کن و پای گذار بر چشم من
تا شوم فدای تو زیبا رخ و موی شکن

سر گذار بر دامنم تا غم زدایم از دلت
شعر گویم پای کویم نوش نوشم محفلت

Vakhti-ke setareh-ha-ye shab beham
cheshmak zadand

Vakhti-ke setareh-ha jashneh rooz-o beham
zadand

Vakhti-ke moh dar-amad ba tamvaneh
khoshkeli

Aseman-eh shab gozasht as har gham-o
har moskeli

Toh bia beh mafeleh garm va
soruveh ashogham

Mesleh roozhaye ghavidim brata yamaneh
bastan

Gadami ranjeh kon-o paay gozar
bar cheshmeh man

Tah shavan fadayeh to ziba
rokh-o moyeh shekan

Sar gozar bar damnaman tah
ghan yodayan az delat

She-er gouyan coubran moosh
nooshan mahfelat

Vakhti-ke setareh-ha-ye shab beham cheshmak zadand

Vakhti-ke setareh-ha jashneh rooz-o beham zadand

Vakhti-ke moh dar-amad ba tamameh khoskeli

Aseman-eh shab gozasht as har gham-o har moshkeli

Toh bia beh mahfeleh garm va souroureh asheghan

Mesleh roozhayeh ghadim hata zamaneh bastan

Ghadami ranjeh kon-o paay gozar bar cheshmeh man

Tah shavam fadayeh toh ziba rokh-o moyeh shekan

Sar gozar bar damanam tah gham zodayam az delat

She-er gouyam paay coubam noosh noosham mahfelat

When the stars of the night blink
at each other

When the stars end the party of the
day

When the moon comes up with its
beauty

When the night sky solves the pain
and sorrow

You come to the gala of hearts

Like you used to in the ancient
times

Step into me and step into my
eyes

Let me lose myself in your beauty
and curly tresses

Rest your head on my lap
so I can heal your pain

I'll write poems for you,
dance for you and drink your
wine

When the stars of night blink at each other

When the stars end the party of the day

When the moon comes up with its beauty

When the night sky solves the pain and sorrow

You come to the gala of hearts

Like you used to in the ancient times

Step into me and step on my eyes

Let me lose myself in your beauty and curly tresses

Rest your head on my lap so I can heal your pain

I'll write poems for you, dance for you and drink your wine

When the stars of night **blink** at each other

When the stars end the **party of the day**

When the moon comes up with its beauty

When the night sky solves the pain and sorrow

You come to the **gala of hearts**

Like you used to in the ancient times

Step into me and step on my eyes

Let me lose myself in your beauty and curly tresses

Rest your head on my lap so I can heal your pain

I'll write poems for you, dance for you and **drink your wine**

When the stars of night **blink** at each other

"adds emphasis in a casual, playful way"

When the stars end the **party of the day**

Rooz means day

Beham zadand = hit me? everyone?

end → "stir, mess up" → **NO** switch?

"not the status quo"

"night can't happen until the light/sun leaves"

When the night sky solves the pain and sorrow

Bid the day farewell

Warm gathering of lovers

"Joy of lovers"

joyous love ← **what??** - love or lovers?

You come to the **gala of hearts**

garm means warm ← "gala"

mahfelat = gathering?

"speaking to **all**" → event

those who **love** someone"

"you" again??

Like you used to in the ancient times

shata = also, even, too, **always**

even in ancient times?

→ custom → religious meaning? **NO**

"The night has always been a time

→ for those in love to gather"

↳ tradition

Step into me and step on my eyes

An ancient tradition

↳ bar = onto

Let me lose myself in your beauty and curly tresses

"figure of speech" → I am serving you

"form of **Tarof**" → etiquette, gestures,

refusals, respect, hospitality

"you are my guest"

↳ **what?**

where does that

come from?

Grace me with your presence

"you honour me

with your **existence**"

↳ **intense**...

Rest your head on my lap so I can heal your pain

noosh noosham = I enjoy, delight

I'll write poems for you, dance for you and **drink your wine**

"I live for you"

come together with delight

↳ "you hypnotize me"

not exactly..

↳ lose yourself (again) → **bewitched**

→ "make every ~~which~~ of theirs happen

whim

Blink

- “Cheshmak”
- “Chesh” alone meaning “eye”
- Not a metaphor
- “Mak” used as a form of verb suffix
- Usually added at the end of words, it creates a sort of action
- Also accentuates a form of attitude, way of being
- A performance of some kind
- “Adds emphases in a casual, playful way”
- Wink

Party of the day

- “Rooz-o beham zadand”
- “Rooz” means day
- “Beham zadand,” hit me? everyone?
- To end something
- “Stir something up” or “Mess something up”
- Switch from day to night
- “Not the status quo”
- “Night can’t happen until the sun leaves and the light is gone”
- Not violent, telling the sun to leave
- Taking over a shift
- Bid the day farewell

Gala of hearts

- “Garm” meaning warm
- “Mahfelat” meaning gathering, event, “gala”
- “Joy of lovers” or “Joyous love”
- “Speaking to all those who love someone”
- Warm gathering of lovers

Like you used to in the ancient times

- “hata” meaning also, even, too, always
- Ancient times? religious meaning? custom?
- “The night has always been a time for those in love to gather”
- Tradition
- An ancient tradition

Step into me and step on my eyes

- “Bar” meaning onto, on, burden, load
- “You are my guest”
- Figure of speech “I am serving you”
- Form of “Tarof”
- Tarof being a form of etiquette
- Gestures, refusals, respect, hospitality
- Privilege to serve, help, take care
- Honour me with your existence
- Grace me with your presence

Drink your wine

- “Noosh noosham” meaning I enjoy, delight
- Attached to food, people, things
- “Come together with delight”
- “I live for you”
- “You delight me”
- Consumed by someone
- Hypnotized
- To engross yourself, lose yourself
- Bewitched
- Becoming one with someone
- Make every whim of theirs happen

When the stars of night **blink with attitude**

When the stars **break the status quo of the day**

When the moon comes up with its beauty

When the night sky solves the pain and sorrow

You come to the **warm gathering of lovers**

Night, forever been the hours for love

Let me serve you as my honourable guest

Let me lose myself in your beauty and curly tresses

Rest your head on my lap so I can heal your pain

I'll write poems for you, dance for you, **bewitched**

When the stars of night **wink** at each other

When the stars **bid the day farewell**

When the moon comes up with its beauty

When the night sky solves the pain and sorrow

You come to the **nightly gathering of lovers**

An ancient tradition

Grace me with your presence

Let me lose myself in your beauty and curly tresses

Rest your head on my lap so I can heal your pain

I'll **make every whim of yours happen**

When the stars of night **wink** at each other

And bid the day farewell

When the moon comes up with its beauty

When the night sky solves the pain and sorrow

You come to the **gathering of lovers**

An ancient tradition

Honour me with your presence

Let me lose myself in your beauty and curly tresses

Rest your head on my lap so I can heal your pain

I'll become one with you

When the stars of night **wink** at each other

To bid the day farewell

When the moon comes up with its beauty

When the night sky solves the pain and sorrow

You come to the **joyous lovers' gathering**

Tradition of the night

Burden me with your troubles

Let me lose myself in your beauty and curly tresses

Rest your head on my lap so I can heal your pain

Bewitched, I'll write you poems and dance for you

When the stars of night **sparkle and wink** at each other

As they bid the day farewell

When the moon comes up with its beauty

When the night sky solves the pain and sorrow

You **will join me in the ancient customs of love**

A nightly tradition of gathering

Put all your weight onto mine

Let me lose myself in your beauty and curly tresses

Rest your head on my lap so I can heal your pain

I'll **make every whim of yours a reality**

When the stars emerge, sharing a wink as they sparkle,

the revelry of the day must come to a close

When the moon comes up with all its beauty,

and the evening sky solves all pain and sorrow

The ancient tradition will then begin

as all lovers begin to gather, protected by the night

Let me live at your service,

losing myself in your beauty and curly tresses

Rest your head upon my lap as I heal you,

drinking your wine, I will grant your every wish

March, 2024

When the stars emerge, sharing a wink
as they sparkle

the revelry of the day must
come to a close

When the moon comes up with all
its beauty,

and the evening sky solves
all pain and sorrow

The ancient tradition will then begin
as all lovers begin to gather,
protected by the night

Let me live at your service,

losing myself in your
beauty and curly tresses

Rest your head upon my lap as
I heal you,

drinking your wine, I will grant
your every wish

March, 2006

شب
دعوت سارہ ہمارے شب ہم جہد زدند

دعوت سارہ ہمارے شب ہم جہد زدند
دعوت سارہ ہمارے شب ہم جہد زدند

آئندہ بے لکڑی سکول فرہنگ و ہر شے کی
تدبیر سے عمل کرے سرور عارفان

نیل روزگار قدم ہمیں ہستی زبان باستان
مدرسہ رجبہ کن و پائیز لڑا جہنم

تاسو ہم فدائے دنیا بر رخ و سوسن
رنگار پردا ہمیں تا ہمیں زدایم از دل

سکول ہم، پائیز لڑا ہم، ہمارے سکول

March, 2006

in a wink, sharing a wink

of the day must
come to a close
mes up with all

evening sky solves
and sorrow
tion will then begin

- begin to gather,
by the night
our service,

myself in your
and curly tresses
upon my lap as

our wine, I will grant
our every wish

March, 2024

When the stars emerge
as they sparkle

the revelry

When the moon comes
its beauty,

and the

all pain

The ancient tradition

as all lovers

protected

Let me live at your

losing my

beauty or

Rest your head

I heal you,

drinking you

your

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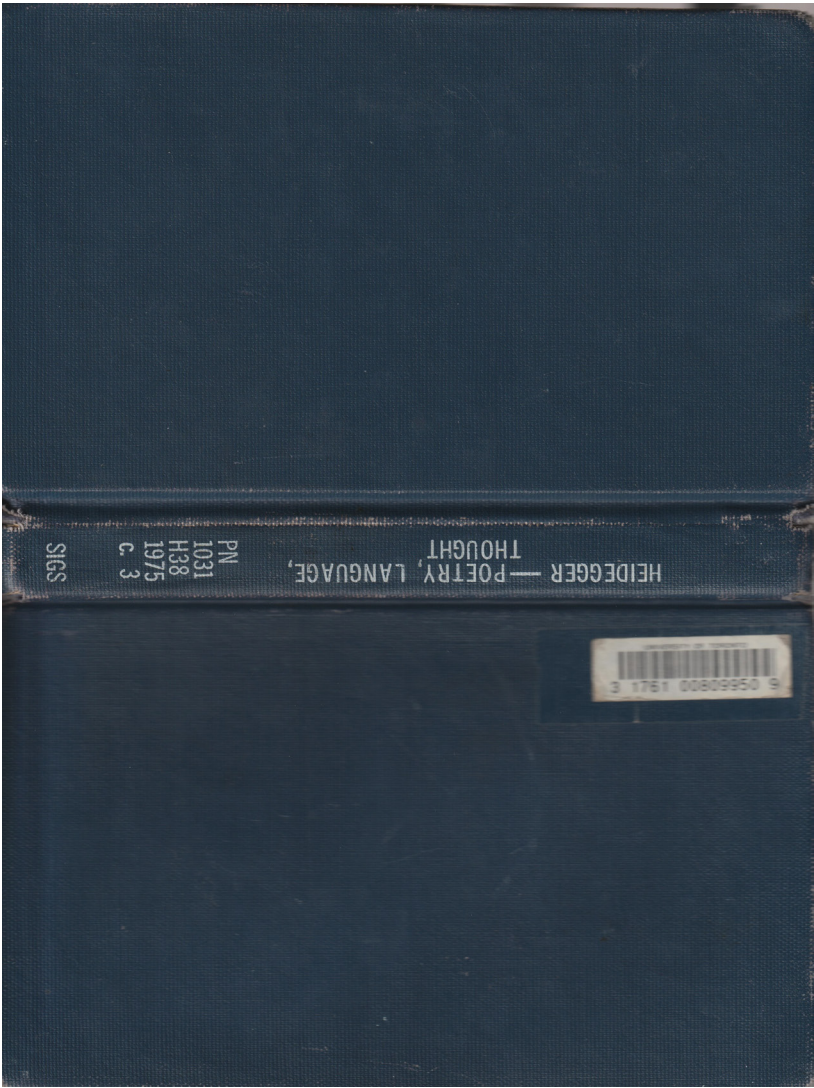
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Ella Spitzer-Stephan,
Opera Aperta: A Marginal Archive
(2024 - _____)



Reproductions of Martin Heideggers “Poetry, Language ,Thought”
(left hand, Robarts Library
right hand, E.J Pratt Library)

PHILOSOPHY

"In order to discover the nature of the art that really prevails in the work, let us go to the actual work and ask the work what and how it is." —Martin Heidegger, *Poetry, Language, Thought*

Essential reading for students and anyone interested in the great philosophers, this book opened up appreciation of Martin Heidegger beyond the confines of philosophy to the reaches of poetry. In Heidegger's thinking, poetry is not a mere amusement or form of culture but a force that opens up the realm of truth and brings man to the measure of his being and his world.

"A first-rate introduction . . . [a] very valuable collection." —*Review of Menphysics*

"This collection of essays . . . offers the English-speaking reader a well-organized and characteristic encounter with Heidegger's thought which takes place this side of the so-called 'reversal.' Heidegger's effort . . . succeeds admirably in the way of all good translations—by disappearing from view in our reading." —*Dialogue: Canadian Philosophical Review*

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Martin Heidegger (1889–1976), once a professor of philosophy at Marburg and Freiburg, is one of the twentieth century's most important, controversial, and influential philosophers. He is the author of the monumental *Being and Time*—published in German in 1927 and a crucial influence on existential philosophy—as well as other works translated and published in English, such as *Basic Writings*, *Discourse on Thinking*, and *On the Way to Language*.

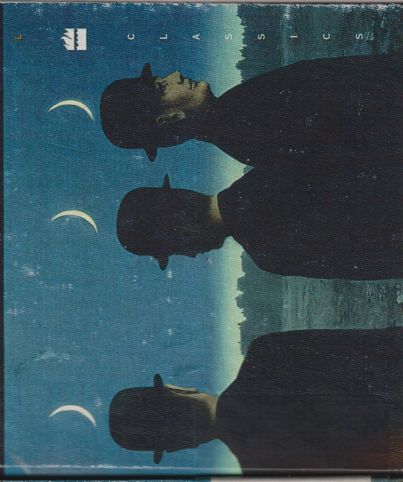
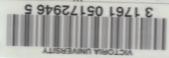
POETRY, LANGUAGE, THOUGHT



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POETRY, LANGUAGE, THOUGHT



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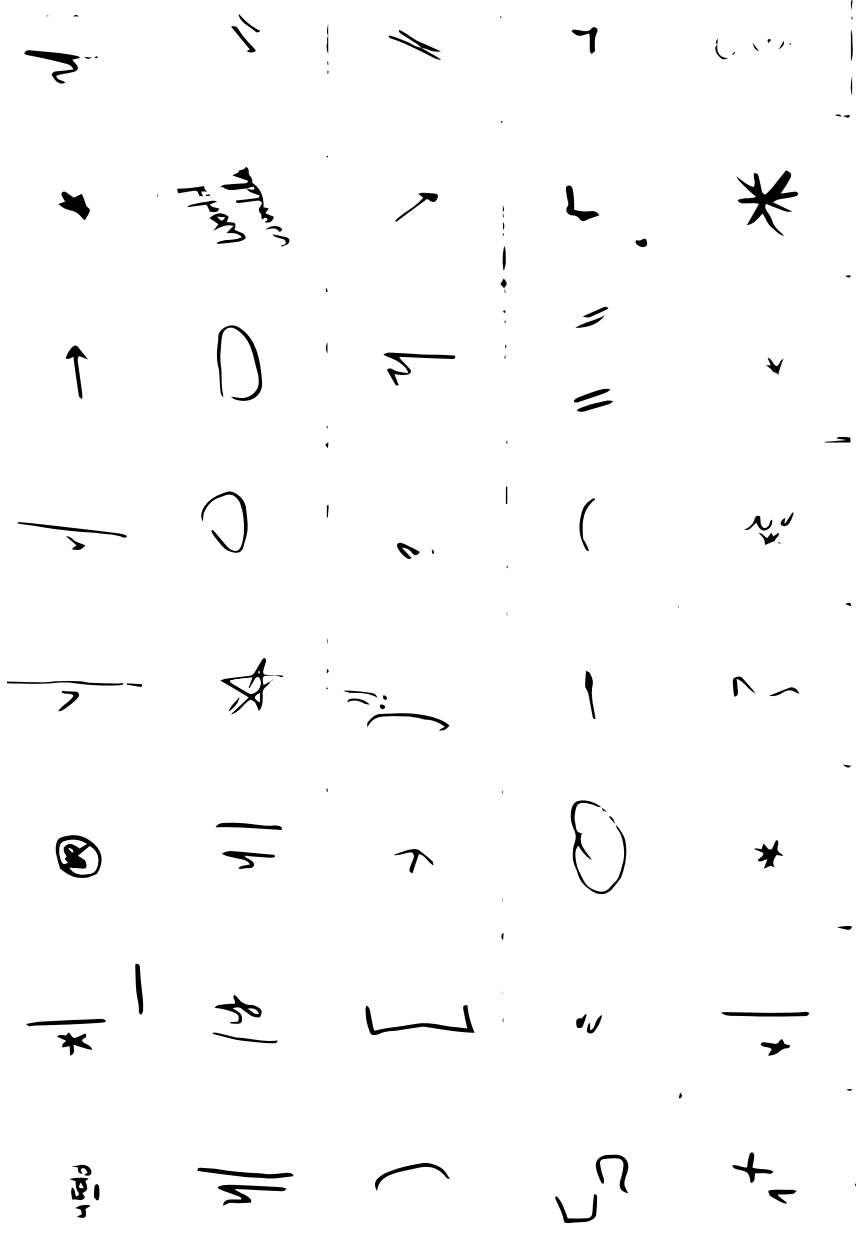
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O $\frac{1}{2}$ \times S sp. \parallel O (over)

\uparrow O \times O S O = = freedom?

\downarrow S S S \checkmark S K L=K



Index of selected Marginalia from various copies of
Martin Heidegger *Poetry - Language - Thought*



* | Introduction

“(…) Marginalia is deliberately penciled, because the mind of the reader wishes to unburden itself of a thought; — however flippant — however silly — however trivial — still a thought indeed, not merely a thing that might have been a thought in time, and under more favorable circumstances. In the marginalia, too, we talk only to ourselves; we therefore talk freshly — boldly — originally — with abandonment — without conceit…” - Edgar Allen Poe. *Marginalia* 1844-49.

* *Essay*, born from the French word *essayer*,“ meaning “to attempt”, makes writing an essay an act of plurality, a continuous venture to grasp or articulate an idea. Michel de Montaigne, the “inventor” of the essay, began using this format after the loss of his friend. The essay becomes a method of writing to oneself, similar to the act of keeping a diary. ¹

1 Michel de Montaigne, *On Friendship*. 1580 Penguin Books UK.

2 Edgar Allen Poe, *Marginalia* 1844-49 1844. Democratic Review.

Or, paradoxically, if understood as an open letter, the reader takes the place of the dead, becoming a spectre in place of another. An essay is always awaiting a response, someone to pick up the other end of the phone line. Often, the notes which surround a pre-existing text, creates a unique form of "deconstructed essay".

Montaigne himself had a habit of leaving marginalia in his own writing, adding bits of poems, single words, and sentence fragments, later republishing a newer version of his writings including those annotations. The beauty of marginalia is how it is not bound to the written form. Illustrations, symbols, and other forms of mark making take place as effective communication without words. What's added in the margins reflects the state of mind of the individual as they read. Like when working on a work of art, the process of annotating revolves around reworking, something generative with no solid beginning or end. Through the analysis of others marginalia, there is a lot to learn around one's own editing habits.

Edgar Allen Poe argues that within marginalia we "talk only to ourselves" and this allows for an unfiltered expression of thought. This becomes falsified in the context of library books, yet only in the manner that often people do not reflect on what happens to their notes once left behind. What occurs is the taking on of another person's voice bringing each thought to an equal place of recognition, confusing one's own ideas and one's own references, with each of the unidentifiable voices within the library copies.

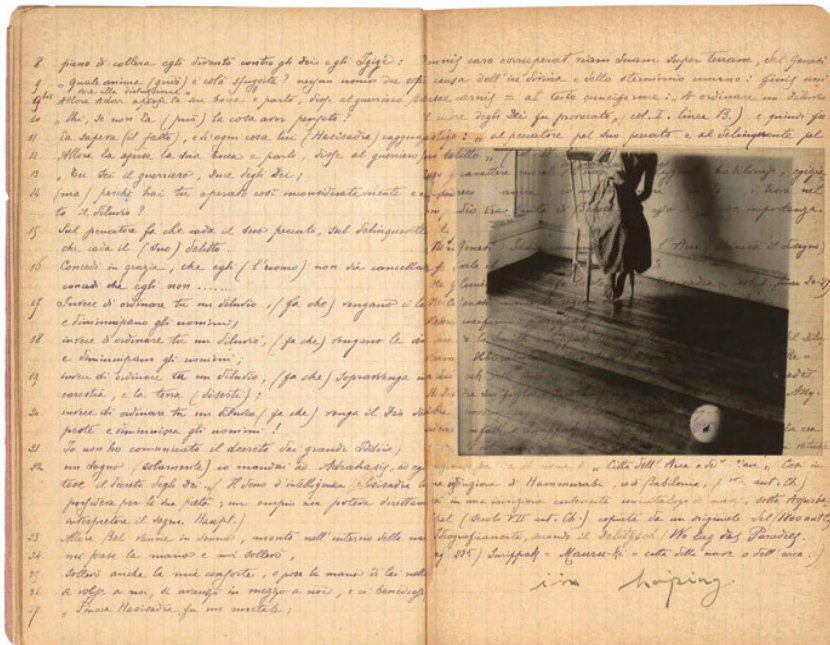
“In the midst of being as a whole an open place occurs. There is a clearing, a lighting. Thought of in reference to what is, to beings, this clearing is in a greater degree than are beings. This open center is therefore not surrounded by what is; rather the lighting center itself encircles all that is, like the Nothing which we scarcely know. That which is can only be, as a being, if it stands within and stands out with in what is lighted in this clearing. Only this clearing grants and guarantees to us humans a passage to those beings that we ourselves are not, and access to the being that we ourselves are.” (Martin Heidegger, *Poetry, Language, Thought*, pp.53)¹

Marginalia acts as a form of para-text which webs around a pre-existing text, this format is sustained as my own, and those before myself's thoughts. Marginalia is the "Open" Heidegger describes, a place of un-concealment where one can easily access and connect to the other.

Heidegger argues that the "Fourfold" (*das Geviert*) of earth, sky, mortals, and divinities gathers our "world" on earth. This act of material and "immaterial" coming together to create being grounds all in a place of equilibrium, where all entities pull their weight in sustaining existence. A stone, a word, a sound, a gap, a sign, a bird, a work of art, a human are all intrinsically linked by being. This destabilized their object-hood vs. subject-hood, or as Heidegger puts it, their "thingly" quality, and the intimate connection between poetry, art, thought, and earthly dwelling.

¹ Martin Heidegger, Albert, Hofstadter, *Poetry, Language, Thought*, 1971 Harper Perennial Modern Thought. pp.53.

During her time studying abroad in Rome, Francesca Woodman bought three used Quaderno's, (notepads) from an Italian used bookstore; she then filled the book with her own writing and self-portrait photographs, which she printed onto translucent paper and superimposed over its worn pages. These books included tight Italian script studying various subjects from poetry to numerical measurements pertaining to architecture. The imposition of her own exploration of how the body interacts with architectural space now enters the context of a broader conversation that bridges temporal gaps. She creates a form of *ginnastica* which can leave demarcations in a book not bound by the written language, universal to those with sight.



Francesca Woodman
Some Distorted Interior Geometries 1981.

Why is it that the words which are “favoured” by others register differently in the mind of the reader? How do Heidegger’s words and sentences become lost and muddled due to this favouritism unique to each of the many reproductions of this canonical piece of writing? By collecting many copies of the same text, I noted how the annotations differed and often echoed each other. Something that quickly became apparent is that people often underline similar sentences, leaving certain pages with heavier markings than others. Is this a testament to how certain sentences resonate heavily for many, or is it a form of complicity, a trusting in what those who came before deem worthy of increased study?

In an interview with Kate Wolf and Medaya Ocher for the "Los Angeles Review of Books", writer and artist Renee Gladman discusses the moments in the gaps of attempting to communicate something to someone else where one “Forgets who they are”, describing it as “Meeting in the places we don’t know”. Writing about a failing to write, and having an inability to define something as “finished”, Gladman describes drawing as an act not being “beholden to the sense making we have in building paragraphs”. Existing in a state of not knowing - but simultaneously in a place of wanting to understand it all. A place where many things simply do not cohere - their coherence exists simply in their being and their relevance to a self.

In this case, writing an essay, whether it be in a traditional format or other, is an attempt to piece together this “feeling of incoherence”, for the writer as well as readers sake. With in the margins of a text, this feeling of incoherence and *being within the gaps* is most clear. One relinquishes their confusion and their unknowing through both words, as well as other forms of mark making. What happens to the gathering of thoughts which are not immediately used, however still exist in the background space? They break a temporality on which all knowledge which is gained is executed, relinquished and exploited, but rather linger in ones peripheral vision.

When we read, we always need a witness. In this way reading has a presence, it is not an act which exists in a chamber of the self, but rather relies on relationality to be deciphered. A relationality between writer and reader, reader and reader, this relationship is built through the margins of a text. What results is Marginalia, a geography of displaced ideas.



emphasis on relationship between mortals and the outside world
Building Dwelling Thinking 155

ing of man. To say that mortals are is to say that in dwelling they persist through spaces by virtue of their stay among things and locations. And only because mortals pervade, persist through, spaces by their very nature are they able to go through spaces. But in going through spaces we do not give up our standing in them. Rather, we always go through spaces in such a way that we already experience them by staying constantly with near and remote locations and things. When I go toward the door of the lecture hall, I am already there, and I could not go to it at all if I were not such that I am there. I am never here only, as this encapsulated body; rather, I am there, that is, I already pervade the room, and only thus can I go through it. * will be

Even when mortals turn "inward," taking stock of themselves, they do not leave behind their belonging to the fourfold. When, as we say, we come to our senses and reflect on ourselves, we come back to ourselves from things *without ever abandoning* our stay among things. Indeed, the loss of rapport with things that occurs in states of depression would be wholly impossible if even such a state were not still what it is as a human state: that is, a staying *with* things. Only if this stay already characterizes human being can the things among which we are also *fail* to speak to us, fail to concern us any longer. I do not need to know you

Man's relation to locations, and through locations to spaces, inheres in his dwelling. The relationship between man and space is none other than dwelling, strictly thought and spoken. bill look

When we think, in the manner just attempted, about the relation between location and space, but also about the relation of man and space, a light falls on the nature of the things that are locations and that we call buildings. at all 27.11.13, it there

The bridge is a thing of this sort. The location allows the simple onefold of earth and sky, of divinities and mortals, to enter into a site by arranging the site into spaces. The location makes room for the fourfold in a double sense. The location admits the fourfold and it installs the fourfold. The two-making room in the sense of I can infer

that is sense called "you" in the world
And I can collect all the influence of existing

"We used to know how to love our neighbor sometimes, and often the land; we have learned with difficulty to love humanity, which was once so abstract, but which we are starting to encounter more frequently; now we must learn and teach around us the love of the world, or of our Earth, which we can henceforth contemplate as a whole. Love our two fathers, natural and human, the land and the neighbor: love humanity, our human mother, and our natural mother, the Earth." - Michel Serres *The Natural Contract*

(Marginalia)

"Emphasis on relationship between mortals and the outside world

I do not need to know you by looking at you. I can look at all others, if there are all kinds of influence by you and the others, I can infer that.

Existing, there is someone called "you" in the world"

And it can collect all influence or (...)



Andy Goldsworthy
Slate Arche, made over two days, forth attempt.

We speak between, our "mbms" and "bumms" fill the void for conversation to continue. Marginalia likewise is born from a need to fill or bridge the gaps, whether it be a small diagram, drawing, a note to remember something of importance, an explanation point or other.



(Marginalia)

"(..) roles you play in all the others,
I will know you perfectly and at the
same time I know you all.


Houses provide a space for mor-
tals to dwell, at the same time,
the houses is the install one which
installs, the dwelling of mortals.

Houses allows mortals to dwell,
mean while it installs the dwelling
of the mortals.

Dwelling, then building, Heideg-
ger provided a way to think about
building in relation to dwelling.
But even he didn't know how
buildings should (provide) install
perfectly dwelling - how should
buildings be designed?"



*In accordance with the fourfold, a
"thing" is also a gathering, or an assem-
blage.*

*Heidegger discusses  how the
bridge gathers, the earth, sky, mortals,
and divinities with in it, this act of
indexing and collecting references brings
the "thing quality" to the work.*

Houses provide a space for mortals
to dwell, at the same time, the house
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is the mortal one which installs the
that process of making consists in by which building is accom-
plished. Usually we take production to be an activity whose per-
formance has a result, the finished structure, as its consequence. It
is possible to conceive of making in that way; we thereby grasp
something that is correct, and yet never touch its nature, which is
a producing that brings something forth. For building brings the
fourfold *hither* into a thing, the bridge, and brings *forth* the thing
as a location, out into what is already there, room for which is only
now made by this location.

The Greek for "to bring forth or to produce" is *tikto*. The
word *techné*, technique, belongs to the verb's root *tec*. To the
Greeks *techné* means neither art nor handicraft but rather: to make
something appear, within what is present, as this or that, in this
way or that way. The Greeks conceive of *techné*, producing, in
terms of letting appear. *Techné* thus conceived has been concealed
in the tectonics of architecture since ancient times. Of late it still
remains concealed, and more resolutely, in the technology of
power machinery. But the nature of the erecting of buildings can-
not be understood adequately in terms either of architecture or of
engineering construction, nor in terms of a mere combination of
the two. The erecting of buildings would not be suitably defined
even if we were to think of it in the sense of the original Greek
techné as *solely* a letting-appear, which brings something made, as
something present, among the things that are already present.

The nature of building is letting dwell. Building accomplishes
its nature in the raising of locations by the joining of their spaces.
Only if we are capable of dwelling, only then can we build. Let us
think for a while of a farmhouse in the Black Forest, which was
built some two hundred years ago by the dwelling of peasants.
Here the self-sufficiency of the power to let earth and heaven,
divinities and mortals enter *in simple oneness* into things, ordered
the house. It placed the farm on the wind-sheltered mountain
slope looking south, among the meadows close to the spring. It
gave it the wide overhanging shingle roof whose proper slope bears
up under the burden of snow, and which, reaching deep down,

like peasants



Ana Mendieta Silueta Series

"My art is grounded in the belief of one universal energy which runs through everything: from insect to man, from man to spectre, from spectre to plant from plant to galaxy. My works are the irrigation veins of this universal fluid. Through them ascend the ancestral sap, the original beliefs, the primordial accumulations, the unconscious thoughts that animate the world" - Ana Mendieta

There lies synchronies between leaving a trace with in the earth, as seen by artists such as Ana Mendieta, or Andy Goldsworthy, and the imbedding of oneself through writing and thought surrounding others pre-existing writing.
(Worlds containing worlds)

"I build my language with
rocks"

- Edouard Glissant *Poetics
of Relation*

But in the work, createdness is expressly created into the created being, so that it stands out from it, from the being thus brought forth, in an expressly particular way. If this is how matters stand, then we must also be able to discover and experience the createdness explicitly in the work.

The emergence of createdness from the work does not mean that the work is to give the impression of having been made by a great artist. The point is not that the created being be certified as the performance of a capable person, so that the producer is thereby brought to public notice. It is not the "N. N. fecit" that is to be made known. Rather, the simple "factum est" is to be held forth into the Open by the work; namely this, that unconcealedness of what is has happened here, and that as this happening it happens here for the first time; or, that such a work *is* at all rather than is not. The thrust that the work as this work is, and the uninterruptedness of this plain thrust, constitute the steadfastness of the work's self-subsistence. Precisely where the artist and the process and the circumstances of the genesis of the work remain unknown, this thrust, this "that it is" of createdness, emerges into view most purely from the work.

A work of art and a human sail the same ship - the ship of concern regarding what makes them more than mere "things". Both are also the *origin* of each other. Inevitably, like all things, these two will become disconnected, and they continue to grapple with these issues.

Will these mere "things" simply returned to their thinghood? The human, become ashes, the work of art becomes... *other*.

The human trace emphasizes our inevitable return, a wholeness provided by the Fourfold.

*O
W
O*



Ursprung -

(original jump) (Uhr- "clock", *sounds like clock jump when spoken*)

“Embalming” is the act of preserving a body after death usually to make it suitable for viewing in the context of either a funeral or for anatomical reference within a laboratory.



-Writing as embalment, an act of thought preservation.

A recognition of our unity at birth - and our continuity at death - (as we embalm our thoughts in the ever-changing form of words)

A wrapping up into a cocoon and awaiting a metamorphosis.

“When treating the Earth, bear in mind the living world in its entirety and its innumerable manifestations. Of this Earth, humans, together with animal, plant, and mineral species, as well as microbes bacteria, and viruses, seas and oceans, skies, climates, technological devices, and other artificial and external apparatuses, are an inseparable part.” Achille Mbembe *The Earthy Community*

"All living creatures in a certain sense, are the same body, the same life and the same self. Continuously passing from form to form, from subject to subject, from existence to existence. It is the same life that animates the planet, which itself was also born, escaping from a pre-existing body — the sun — generated by the metamorphoses of its matter 4.5 billion years ago." Emanuele Coccia *Metamorphoses*

Our bodies which we hold so intimately to ourselves all belong to one another.

no

There is no such thing as the sovereign individual within the fourfold.

original jump

out of the source of its nature in a founding leap—this is what the word origin (German Ursprung, literally, primal leap) means.

The origin of the work of art—that is, the origin of both the creators and the preservers, which is to say of a people's historical existence, is art. This is so because art is by nature an origin: a distinctive way in which truth comes into being, that is, becomes historical.

We inquire into the nature of art. Why do we inquire in this way? We inquire in this way in order to be able to ask more truly whether art is or is not an origin in our historical existence, whether and under what conditions it can and must be an origin.

Such reflection cannot force art and its coming-to-be. But this reflective knowledge is the preliminary and therefore indispensable preparation for the becoming of art. Only such knowledge prepares its space for art, their way for the creators, their location for the preservers.



-inevitably we exist in a web of relations, each reliant on another, each a container for separate energies creating the *stimmung* (mood) of the space.

Stimme "voice" - what does the space have to say?




A *thesis*, is a setting up in the unconcealed - to set something forth is bringing it to a stand. A *letting down of a veil and an expenditure of secrets*.

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everything withholds itself that shows itself and withdraws itself as a being. Whenever and however this conflict breaks out and happens, the opponents, lighting or clearing and concealing, move apart because of it. Thus the Open of the place of conflict is won. The openness of this Open, that is, truth, can be what it is, namely, *this* openness, only if and as long as it establishes itself within its Open. Hence there must always be some being in this Open, something that is, in which the openness takes its stand and attains its constancy. In taking possession thus of the Open, the openness holds open the Open and sustains it. Setting and taking possession are here everywhere drawn from the Greek sense of *thesis*, which means a setting up in the unconcealed.




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"Houses are really  bodies. We connect ourselves with  walls, roofs, and objects just as  we hang onto our livers, skeletons, flesh and blood stream." - Leonora Carrington *The Hearing Trumpet*.

Open -

refers to *Open* as a noun rather than a verb, capitalized no matter the context; it names a location. The *Open*, is a place where things become easily revealed, the *Open* is both spatial as far as it is internal. It is where the setting up of the work takes place.



"It is this internal force - this intimate interrupter - whose tracks I would follow. The world sheds, in the energetic way of an open and communal place,  its many greetings, as a world should.  What quarrel can there be with  that? But that the self can interrupt the self - and does - is a darker and more curious matter." Mary Oliver *Upstream*

Is to stop oneself, in the tracks of reading to note a diverging thought - this "intimate interrupter"? Is marginalia really just an interrupter, a being which diverts our "pure" interpretation of a text? Does our tendency to be attracted to what another, or ourselves has underlined confuse the meaning of a text - or is this simply the Open place required for "active reading".

The act of reading a library book with penciled in annotations (pencil is used with increased respect for the book due to its lack of permanence) becomes disorientating, dizzying, as one's own markings become confused with others, one is forced to reorientate themselves. A cannibalistic cycle of redigesting one's own reading takes place when attempting to understand ones past annotations. As if revising one's own work leads to a loss of linearity, the line between one's own thoughts and the past holder's dissolves.

Suddenly, one feels they have already read what lies ahead.

If all art is in essence poetry, then the arts of architecture, painting, sculpture, and music must be traced back to poetry. That is pure arbitrariness. It certainly is, as long as we mean that those arts are varieties of the art of language, if it is permissible to characterize poetry by that easily misinterpretable title. But poetry is only one mode of the lighting projection of truth, i.e., of poetic composition in this wider sense. Nevertheless, the linguistic work, the poem in the narrower sense, has a privileged position in the domain of the arts.

To see this, only the right concept of language is needed. In the current view, language is held to be a kind of communication. It serves for verbal exchange and agreement, and in general for communicating. But language is not only and not primarily an audible and written expression of what is to be communicated. It not only puts forth in words and statements what is overtly or covertly intended to be communicated; language alone brings what is, as something that is, into the Open for the first time. Where there is no language, as in the being of stone, plant, and animal, there is also no openness of what is, and consequently no openness either of that which is not and of the empty.

"Poetry -thus, nonetheless, totality gathering strength-is driven by another poetic dimension that we all divine or babble within ourselves. It could well be that poetry is basically and mainly defined in this relationship of itself to nothing other than itself, of density to volatility, or the whole to the individual. "

- Edouard Glissant *Poetics of Relation*

4 | *Poesy* - (is this equivocal to *dichten* (meaning both to seal as well as to compose?) - architecture, painting and sculpture - are all forms of "composing poetry." ✓

How does the act of composing come in conflict with the conception that poetry is the only form of writing which takes the word, and only the word into complete "unconcealment"?



A squiggly line is desperate from a straight underline. Typically denotes something is of "greater" importance to that reader, something needed to be highlighted in a more obvious manner.

"where there is no language, as in the being of stone plant and animal, there is also no openness of what is."



THE THING

All distances in time and space are shrinking. Man now reaches overnight, by plane, places which formerly took weeks and months of travel. He now receives instant information, by radio, of events which he formerly learned about only years later, if at all. The germination and growth of plants, which remained hidden throughout the seasons, is now exhibited publicly in a minute, on film. Distant sites of the most ancient cultures are shown on film as if they stood this very moment amidst today's street traffic. Moreover, the film attests to what it shows by presenting also the camera and its operators at work. The peak of this abolition of every possibility of remoteness is reached by television, which will soon pervade and dominate the whole machinery of communication.

Man puts the longest distances behind him in the shortest time. He puts the greatest distances behind himself and thus puts everything before himself at the shortest range.

Yet the frantic abolition of all distances brings no nearness; for nearness does not consist in shortness of distance. What is least remote from us in point of distance, by virtue of its picture on film or its sound on the radio, can remain far from us. What is incalculably far from us in point of distance can be near to us. Short distance is not in itself nearness. Nor is great distance remoteness.

What is nearness if it fails to come about despite the reduction of the longest distances to the shortest intervals? What is

"What he does not know is stupefying distance, distance transformed into a radical gulf that can only be bridged by an expert. Distance is not an evil to be abolished, but the normal condition of any communication. Human animal are distant animal who communicate through the forest of signs." Jacques Rancière *The Emancipated Spectator*

"A long cry, once was distant,
far near –
Here to stay,
Go away.



The wind carries the particles
of all matter,
Covering earth.

The stone too bears weight,
Rain will settle [illegible]
The droplets wash the load off
the stone.

Mud pies the children make.
The sun will shine,
The child will play.
A new creation."



Eva Hesse *Diaries*



"There, going back
mud, mounted on a
hopes to reach the
will submerge what
merged, Eyes fixed on
thinks he sees the first
signs of the vast enlargement
to liberate him, the way
the dark can liberate."

World
would

up the river of
solid horse, he
sea of mud that
must be sub-
merged, Eyes fixed on
the estuary where he
thinks he sees the first
buoys floating,
signs of the vast enlargement
thats going
to liberate him, the way
the dark can lib-
erate."

- Henri Michaux *Life In the Folds*

"To write is to take a retest every-day (even if its brooding, ~~willy~~ stuck, anguished, you are not ~~is~~ empirically writing) to prepare ~~say~~ a body, adjust your drive (check in) out of respect with super ego, put ego on sedation."

- Avital Ronell *Stupidity*

Because of this default, there fails to appear for the world the ground that grounds it. The word for abyss—*Abgrund*—originally means the soil and ground toward which, because it is undermost, a thing tends downward. But in what follows we shall think of the (*Ab*) as the complete absence of the ground. The ground is the soil in which to strike root and to stand. The age for which the ground fails to come, hangs in the abyss. Assuming that a turn still remains open for this destitute time at all, it can come some day only if the world turns about fundamentally—and that now means, unequivocally: if it turns away from the abyss. In the age of the world's night, the abyss of the world must be experienced and endured. But for this it is necessary that there be those who reach into the abyss.

The turning of the age does not take place by some new god, or the old one renewed, bursting into the world from ambush at some time or other. Where would he turn on his return if men had not first prepared an abode for him? How could there ever be for the god an abode fit for a god, if a divine radiance did not first begin to shine in everything that is?

The gods who "were once there," "return" only at the "right time"—that is, when there has been a turn among men in the right place, in the right way. For this reason Hölderlin, in the unfinished hymn "Mnemosyne," written soon after the elegy "Bread and Wine," writes (IV, 225):

Abgrund (Ab)(grund) - a paradox in its own sense, *grund* meaning ground and *ab* meaning a complete departure from it. The opposite of grounding, *Abgrund* is similar to the abyss, as it is the "unhumanly" and the "dangerous depth". A lack of ground denotes something to be feared, its lack of place makes it undefinable and therefore existential. *It is what grounds being specifically by deterring it.*

What one notes with in the margins, often also lacks a definable ground or place of origin, it exists in a place of unknowing and therefore makes it "abyssal". A deep, and un-ending chasm, working against any definition.

(1991)

A body of text is never fixed, like a body of water, or the body on an animal - it will continue to transform through its consumption, at times swallowed only to be spat back out, at times digested, and altered through the incorporation of "new" elements.

"I merely believe I know that the novel cannot live in peace with the spirit of our time: it is to go on discovering the undiscovered, to go on "progressing" as novel, it can do so only against the progress of the world."- Milan Kundera *The Art of the Novel*

"The living organism, in a situation determined by the play of energy on the surface of the globe, ordinarily receives more energy than is necessary for maintaining life; the excess energy (wealth) can be used for the growth of a system (e.g., an organism); if the system can no longer grow, or if the excess cannot be completely absorbed in its growth, it must necessarily be lost without profit; it must be spent, willingly or not, gloriously or catastrophically."

- Georges Bataille, *Visions of Excess: Selected Writings, 1927-1939*

* FRAMING as the LOGOS of
POIESIS and THESIS

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resolved in a being brought forth for the purpose, nor is it to be merely housed there; the conflict, on the contrary, is started by it. This being must therefore contain within itself the essential traits of the conflict. In the strife the unity of world and earth is won. As a world opens itself, it submits to the decision of an historical humanity the question of victory and defeat, blessing and curse, mastery and slavery. The dawning world brings out what is as yet undecided and measureless, and thus discloses the hidden necessity of measure and decisiveness.

But as a world opens itself the earth comes to rise up. It stands forth as that which bears all, as that which is sheltered in its own law and always wrapped up in itself. World demands its decisiveness and its measure and lets beings attain to the Open of their paths. Earth, bearing and jutting, strives to keep itself closed and to entrust everything to its law. The conflict is not a rift (Riss) as a mere cleft is ripped open; rather, it is the intimacy with which opponents belong to each other. This rift carries the opponents into the source of their unity by virtue of their common ground. It is a basic design, an outline sketch, that draws the basic features of the rise of the lighting of beings. This rift does not let the opponents break apart; it brings the opposition of measure and boundary into their common outline.

like a
KNOT
Semper...

descriptive

FRAMED - DRAWN - OUTLINED

"The shameful notice or notation or excess of notation that marks the material irruption of our presence to ourselves is given in/as sound. It is given in the disruption, relation: a scar, a rivet, or the rivet or being riveted which in its turn, of something call an irreducible "dehiscence at the very heart of the organism," an interanimation of bridge and chasm." - Fred Moten *The Universal Machine*

A rift denotes the opening of a gap, possibly due to an excess *such as the boiling over of emotion*, however this "conflict" is what paradoxically leads to common ground, or in Moten's words, "an interanimation of bridge and chasm".



thing, which is simply a thing and nothing more; but then, at the same time, it means that which is only a thing, in an almost pejorative sense. It is mere things, excluding even use-objects, that count as things in the strict sense. What does the thingly character of these things, then, consist in? It is in reference to these that the thingness of things must be determinable. This determination enables us to characterize what it is that is thingly as such. Thus prepared, we are able to characterize the almost palpable reality of works, in which something else inheres.

Now it passes for a known fact that as far back as antiquity, no sooner was the question raised as to what entities are in general, than things in their thingness thrust themselves into prominence again and again as the standard type of beings. Consequently we are bound to meet with the definition of the thingness of things already in the traditional interpretations of beings. We thus need only to ascertain explicitly this traditional knowledge of the thing, to be relieved of the tedious labor of making our own search for the thingly character of the thing.

The answers to the question "What is the thing?" are so familiar that we no longer sense anything questionable behind them. !!

An analogy for attempting to devise between a thing and a work of art -

It's in the same vein as waking up, and saying *what is that thing on my bed?* Usually uttered with a sense of discomfort due to a lack of knowing. Maybe the thing sits in relational proximity to something we do know, something with a similar genealogy. Something which looks in some manner similar to say, a spider. The word "thing" usually being used for something unidentifiable, both living and not.

Art is this unidentifiable “bug” something we have only a vague understanding of. Some form of reproduction, some form of “life giving”. In this sense, a work of art is the epitome of *the thing*. It only holds its label of “thing” until we can categorize it in some systematized taxonomy of comprehension. Ironic, that once we think we have collected enough knowledge of something, the bug goes from thing to living being, worthy of names and pronouns.

The human brain is prone to pattern recognition (a systematization of what we don’t understand for a sense of control) -

It is also what leads to the projection of oneself onto another’s thoughts in the form of annotations. A need for self-clarification, a tool for self-reminding and a placing of oneself within a greater conversation.

“But the monster does manage to weave a cocoon. A cocoon which slowly becomes a text. The text is *The Metamorphosis*, and this metamorphosis is completed by us, the readers. The circle of plastic possibilities in some close senses closes here again. The Narrative voice is not entirely that of an insect. This invisible butterfly has a non-bestial voice, the voice of a man, the voice of a writer.”

-Catherine Malabou

The Ontology of the Accident


LANGUAGE

Man speaks. We speak when we are awake and we speak in our dreams. We are always speaking, even when we do not utter a single word aloud, but merely listen or read, and even when we are not particularly listening or speaking but are attending to some work or taking a rest. We are continually speaking in one way or another. We speak because speaking is natural to us. It does not first arise out of some special volition. Man is said to have language by nature. It is held that man, in distinction from plant and animal, is the living being capable of speech. This statement does not mean only that, along with other faculties, man also possesses the faculty of speech. It means to say that only speech enables man to be the living being he is as man. It is as one who speaks that man is—man. These are Wilhelm von Humboldt's words. Yet it remains to consider what it is to be called—man.

↑ + "Dreams come before contemplation. Before becoming a conscious sight, every landscape is an experience."
↑ - Gaston Bachelard *Water and Dreams An Essay on the Imagination of Matter*

- Dream to sleep, taste to eat, a symbol puts meaning to language. - we use symbols to make sense of the words which run faster than us, *how do we catch up in a race we designed to lose?*

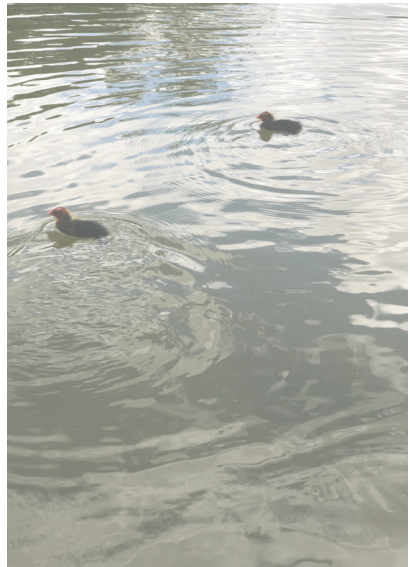
- . What happens when language is no longer nature to man?

"Singing as you teach it, is not
desire,
not  the courting of some end
to be attained.
Singing is Being. Easy for a god.
But for us, when are we? And when
does he

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cast all the earth and stars upon
our lives?
Its not, youth, when you're in
love, even if
then your voice forces open your
mouth,-

learn to forget those songs. They
elapse.
True singing is a different breath.
A breath serving nothing. A gust
in the god. A wind."
-Rainer Maria Rilke *Sonnets to Or-
pheus*



"I am obscure to myself. I let myself happen. I unfold only in the now. I m rudely alive."

- Clarice Lispector, *Agua Viva*

A fold - is a line of contingencies. - an allowance of the simple understanding - that all existence connects through various planes.

A hole pierces through, creating one modality of existence: picture a pencil poking through a stack of napkins, each folding towards a center.

The *fourfold* cannot exist as the explanation for all things in life - however, can serve as the skeleton yet to be filled with the organs of experience.

"The infinite fold separates or moves between matter and soul, the façade and the closed room, the outside and the inside. Because it is a virtuality that never stops dividing itself, the line of inflection is actualized in the soul but realized in matter, each on its own side"

- Gilles Deleuze *The Fold: Leibniz and the Baroque.*

Is each being at the disposal of creating their own fourfold in maintaining dwelling? What meanings do we apply to life that offers one the buoyancy required to maintain afloat?

there are of course many spots along the stream that can be occupied by something. One of them proves to be a location, and does so *because of the bridge*. Thus the bridge does not first come to a location to stand in it; rather, a location comes into existence only by virtue of the bridge. The bridge is a thing; it gathers the fourfold, but in such a way that it allows a site for the fourfold. By this site are determined the localities and ways by which a space is provided for.

Only things that are locations in this manner allow for spaces. What the word for space, *Raum*, *Rum*, designates is said by its ancient meaning. *Raum* means a place cleared or freed for settlement and lodging. A space is something that has been made room for, something that is cleared and free, namely within a boundary, Greek *peras*. A boundary is not that at which something stops but, as the Greeks recognized, the boundary is that from which something *begins its presencing*. That is why the concept is that of *horismos*, that is, the horizon, the boundary. Space is in essence that for which room has been made, that which is let into its bounds. That for which room is made is always granted and hence is joined, that is, gathered, by virtue of a location, that is, by such a thing as the bridge. Accordingly, spaces receive their being from locations and not from "space."

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to grow and continue to grow

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(...)

(As a living document, all comments, ideas, beliefs, references, photographs, words, and collected marginalia are subject to change and will, therefore, never arrive at a place of completeness.)

bliss of the collector

Evan Bulloch



Evan Bulloch is a multidisciplinary artist who works primarily in video installation, sound art, and painting. In his work, he uses found objects, home video, family archives, everyday images, and field recordings as a starting point to develop fragmented artifacts of a personal history. Evan's artistic practice consists of breaking apart and rearranging these materials both physically and digitally to reflect their shifting roles over time. Through these processes, he explores the emergence of new meanings that result from and inform natural deterioration and how understandings are developed through constantly shifting relationalities and contexts of objects.

bliss of the collector revolves around how understandings of the world and the self are produced through the development of personal collections over time, drawing from the sociological theory of symbolic interactionism and the philosophical musings of Walter Benjamin. *bliss of the collector* takes the form of two pieces: a two-channel video installation and a series of paintings, both of which use experiences and items relevant to the artists own life as a way of exploring the role of collections.

The video installation traces a journey through personal attachments to items and the connections that can be drawn between them. Objects presented in the video work alongside text to stand in for experiences that are placed in relation to each-other, developing a complex web of stories that detail how a perspective is created. The two channels show two streams of consciousness that both stem from grappling with the destruction of a personal landmark.

They then flow into different trajectories that contend with other items and related moments with personal significance, and how they influence understandings of self, time, meaning, and change before looping back to the beginning. These projected videos correspond to two channels of audio wherein soundscapes develop over time, filtered through the resonant frequencies of the objects in the video to create an increasingly rich, textural drone. This calls to attention the notion that a detailed, full experience is reliant on a web of interconnected understandings and meanings.

The conceptual underpinnings of the piece are also reflected in the interaction with it. Uncertainty about how to encounter the piece is manufactured through the arrangement of components in space, with the videos projected on parallel walls and two channels of sound corresponding to the placement of the projections. Each viewer's reading of the piece is then based on their intuitive methods of navigation.

They may be compelled to shift their attention between the channels of audio and video, focus one on at a time, try to read both, or any number of variations on these approaches. This allows everyone to create their own subjective texts through their intuitive experience and invites a reflection on how other methods of approach could cause for differing understandings of narratives being presented.

The painting series similarly approaches how moments in time are embedded into one's life but may be recontextualized over time through new connections. The images depicted are drawn from family photo albums and stills from home movies and are painted directly onto bricks from Evan's childhood home. The bricks were then broken, and their pieces were rearranged, demonstrating how fragments from one's life may be stripped from their original context and made to serve a new purpose, and that experiences and understandings are built through a variety of these recontextualized pieces.

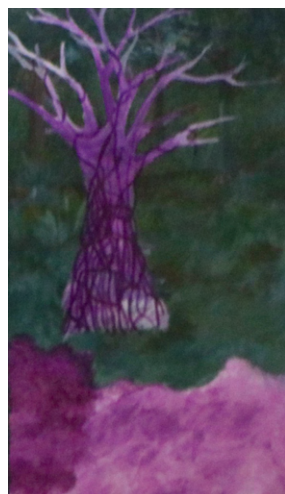
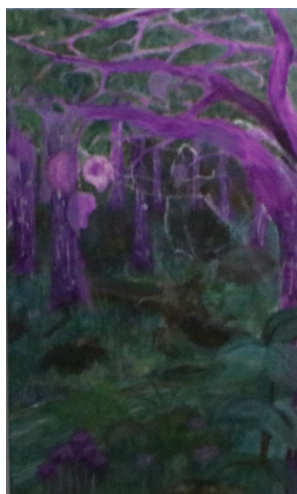
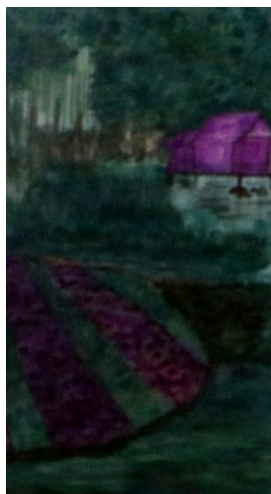


Navigating Reality Through Myth and Belief: Filipino Lower Mythological Creatures' Influence on Nature's Preservation

Noemi Cabalbag

Despite the common belief that Spanish and American colonization led to the destruction of Filipino culture, intrinsic traditions such as oral literature endured the attempts of assimilation. Even today, pre-colonial beliefs found in Filipino mythology and folklore remain significant to Filipinos' daily lives. While the Spanish invasion severely damaged Filipino culture, the forced imposition of Christian beliefs was still endured by Filipino animistic beliefs as presented by historical and socio-psychological factors: the spread of Christianity was extremely uneven, religious practices were introduced gradually over time and Shamans persisted despite the existence of Catholic priesthood. These primitive beliefs even influenced this foreign religion, giving rise to "Folk Christianity." This refers to the simultaneous belief in Christian icons and saints while fearing creatures of Philippine lower mythology such as Aswang. These chthonic figures are associated with damage and distress and are ranked lower than deities and spirits, yet they are more renowned since Christian icons have replaced mythological gods and goddesses. Therefore, this work focuses on the stories of creatures in Philippine lower mythology as they are the utmost reflection of Filipinos enduring pre-colonial animistic beliefs in contemporary times.

Tabi-tabi po ("excuse me"), an expression deeply rooted in pre-colonial beliefs, is used when traversing unfamiliar spaces, walking at night, or moving through a forest, acting as a polite custom showcasing respect for non-tangible entities. Although these expressions may be used to address entities from higher and lower mythology, they are mainly associated with lower mythological creatures as Filipinos fear great misfortunes believed to come from these chthonic figures. Despite this fear, there is an emphasis on showing respect to these appalling figures and their homes, which are often the natural environment, such as the deep forest and trees. Filipinos' relationship with the existing natural environments mentioned in these mythological stories is intriguing as these spaces are more respected. For instance, the Balete tree, commonly believed to be a dwelling for chthonic creatures, remains one of the least cut-down native trees in the Philippines. Filipinos believe that cutting it down will disturb non-tangible entities and may bring misfortune, thus preserving this tree. The stories about these horrific creatures in relation to the existing world shape Filipinos' behaviour in a way that benefits the natural



By exploring Filipinos' relationship with the natural environments mentioned in the story of lower mythological creatures through painting and installation art, this work delves into how Filipinos perceive the coexistence of multiple realities—the tangible and the realm of mythological creatures, which is similar to indigenous views, acknowledging how conventional senses in only one of many ways of understanding the world. Filipinos' belief in these intangible chthonic figures transcends conventional senses, prompting reflection on what constitutes reality. These paintings serve as windows into contemplation about how these folklores interact with reality, nature, and the habitats of these creatures, ultimately influencing how Filipino's experience and treat their surroundings. For instance, its ability to keep Filipinos at bay from a certain natural environment that allows, in the case of the Balete tree, to be preserved. Despite the fear these tales evoke, visits to such lush environments often evoke a primal sense of awe, blurring the boundaries between the mystical and the real, fostering a deeper discourse on interconnectedness and one's place in the world and beyond.

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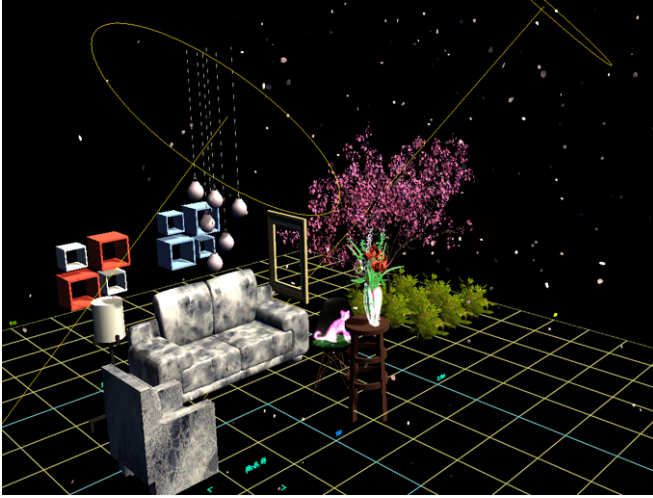
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Colliding Canvases

Paris Chen



The era of digital media has ushered in a whole new phase, allowing artists to integrate advanced technology and present more vibrant visual spectacles. As advancements in science and technology persist, I am intrigued by the transformations individuals undergo within the digital and physical realms. Presently, technologies such as Augmented Reality (AR) and Virtual Reality (VR) are progressively erasing the boundaries between the digital and reality. This prompts consideration of whether it is feasible to enhance an individual's perceptual experience through overlaying digital elements onto real-life scenes or immersing them in entirely fictional environments.

Technology has always been a new and captivating field, with the emergence of new advancements often capturing the attention of curious individuals to like the latest and forget the old. As someone who came of age in the 21st century, surrounded by electronics and information, I am no exception to this trend. My focus lies in researching the latest developments in digital technology, particularly augmented reality, virtual reality, and other digital media tools. These innovations continue to revolutionize art creation by offering unprecedented possibilities and enabling artworks to engage more dynamically with audiences, thereby playing a pivotal role in pushing the boundaries of traditional art forms.

We may have become overly accustomed to the real world. However, new media can potentially facilitate the creation of an alternative space within our daily lives. It may involve utilizing VR to transform a tangible object into a virtual representation, such as a mushroom, flying dragon, or blooming flower. Alternatively, it could entail reimagining one's ordinary bedroom as a miniature space station where one can freely roam, stargaze, and even engage in scientific experimentation.

The new medium transforms the ordinary and mundane into extraordinary manifestations by infusing imagination and creativity. For instance, within the virtual realm, a diary can be reimagined as a magic book, while the average street can metamorphose into some natural world that we cannot step into for the time being. Thus, this future of digital serves not only as a technical instrument but also as a gateway to unlocking imaginative and creative expression. It introduces novel experiences and perspectives to individuals, injecting interest and enjoyment into their daily lives.



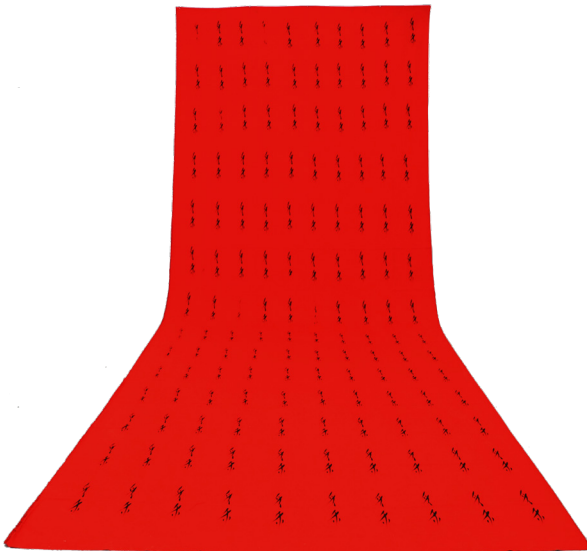
The artwork *Colliding Canvases* integrates virtual reality with immersive environments, enabling viewers to engage in a novel audiovisual experience and explore boundless possibilities within a digital realm. Through the use of virtual reality equipment and technology, people are now experiencing previously inconceivable scenes and scenarios within the digital domain. By incorporating interactive elements, viewers can actively participate in the artwork, freely navigate and engage with the content, transition from passive observation to active engagement, and break down the traditional barriers between art and the audience.

The Unseen Red

Ashley Gu

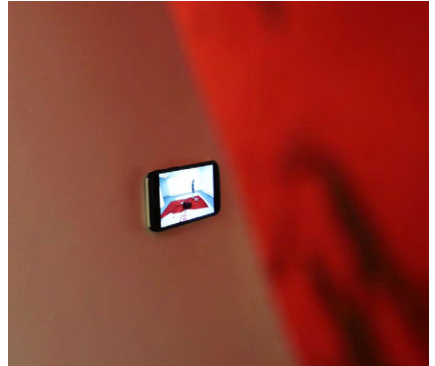
In the installation, *The Unseen Red*, I delve into the harrowing cycle of sexual violence, juxtaposing its recurrence with the resilience symbolized through the use of Nüshu, a unique script developed by women for women in the shadows of a patriarchal society. I aim to spotlight the relentless recurrence of sexual violence through art, deeply rooted in the use of repetitive patterns, which serves as a poignant reminder of the persistent thread of violence that weaves through our collective past and present. The installation's design is centred around the hidden video behind a curtain, serving as metaphor for the elusive and often overlooked nature of sexual violence, highlighting the challenges in recognizing and confronting these acts.

Central to this narrative is the colour red, a motif that recurs throughout the installation, chosen for its deep associations with warning and danger. It serves as an unspoken cry, a visceral reminder of the violence and pain endured by victims. This colour, pervasive and striking, sets the backdrop for the exploration of Nüshu, representing not just a form of communication, but a testament to the strength and solidarity among women. This ancient script becomes a powerful emblem of resistance, a reclaimed voice against the silencing forces of oppression.



The installation employs repetitive patterns of women's scripts to highlight the relentless nature of sexual violence, each stroke acting as a confrontation, a visual scream against the violence often rendered invisible. The words, “凝视” (to watch or to stare) etched in Nüshu's sharp, blade-like script, serve as an invitation not just to observe but to engage deeply, to bear witness to the stories that must not be forgotten. These repeated scripts, set against the sea of red, create a haunting visual narrative, reflecting the ubiquity of sexual violence and the continuous trauma inflicted upon its victims.

By placing the video projection behind a curtain, I draw attention to the hidden aspect of sexual violence, paralleling its elusive nature with societal tendencies to overlook and ignore such atrocities. This deliberate concealment challenges viewers to look beyond the surface, to uncover the disturbing truths that lie hidden in plain sight. It's a call to acknowledge the complexity of sexual violence, to recognize its signs, and to confront its presence among us.



Ultimately, *The Unseen Red* seeks to bridge the gap between the static and the dynamic, the visible and the invisible, engaging viewers from an unfamiliar perspective and prompting a reflection on our collective role in perpetuating silence and inaction. Through revisiting this topic, I aim to convey a powerful message: no voice should be disregarded, no story is unworthy of being told.

A Failure to Understand

Rania Haider

A Failure to Understand is a series of paintings centered around language and text, particularly the Urdu script. These paintings utilize script, unreadable, indecipherable text as a medium to explore the loss and erasure of language and multi-cultural histories. Engaging with a text based practice, this series explores the erasure and loss of language in reading and writing. This series of paintings highlights an inability to communicate using Urdu script that is broken apart, scattered into pieces, and unable to perform its central function of communication and understanding. The indecipherable aspect of the text is a key element of the series, emphasizing larger issues in a post colonial context where language, specifically the English language is valued over any other, particularly amongst Urdu speakers.

The paintings are a physical representation of form that represents this miscommunication. The text, the words, the letters, they become the image. A visual form that is meant to be seen and interpreted, not read or even understood. Using language and text in relation to image production, this body of work is referencing a history of loss and the subtle erasure of a language. As words become muddled, gaps grow larger and understandings become misunderstandings. The compositions are densely packed with these visual forms, the landscape filled with letters in calligraphic script that are a signifier of the Urdu language. The calligraphic forms are letters from the language, however they do not function as linguistic forms, but more appropriately these letters become a visual symbol of the language, far removed from their original meaning. These forms are then open to different means of interpretation and understanding, or even misunderstanding. The words break away into separate individual letters, using the form of the letter and turning it into an indexical sign of language, tradition, and cultural heritage.

The text, much like language, can be misunderstood, misread, unable to communicate. The paintings are a physical representation of form that represents this miscommunication. The text, the words, the letters, become the image. A visual form that is meant to be seen and interpreted, not read or even understood. The subtle ambiguity in the inability to identify distinct words and phrases within the canvas creates an image to be interpreted rather than a text that is read. The text is merely referential, no longer existing distinctly as the language, but taking on a new visual form.

These paintings offer a reduction of the Urdu language into its simplest form, the letters. The calligraphic strokes are simple and elongated in nature, creating large visual forms of the Urdu letter. The letters stand alone, disconnected, mimicking the loss of language that is so intrinsic. The letters are blurred, separated, scattered across the canvas to illustrate this misunderstanding.

Though this series is a very non-traditional exploration of the practice of Arabic calligraphy, elements of the script are informed by very traditional calligraphic practices. Traditionally calligraphy is read left to right, these compositions create different readings of the image. The letters and words are scattered across the composition, indecipherable to a point where an attempt to form any sort of textual meaning results in a failure to understand. Even though the texts resemble particular kinds of calligraphic Urdu and Arabic scripts, there lies an inability to read and understand the forms. These compositions are indicative of the loss of language, culture, and identity, from an individual that once knew a language, which is now slowly fading away.



Reflecting on Alex

Joy Li

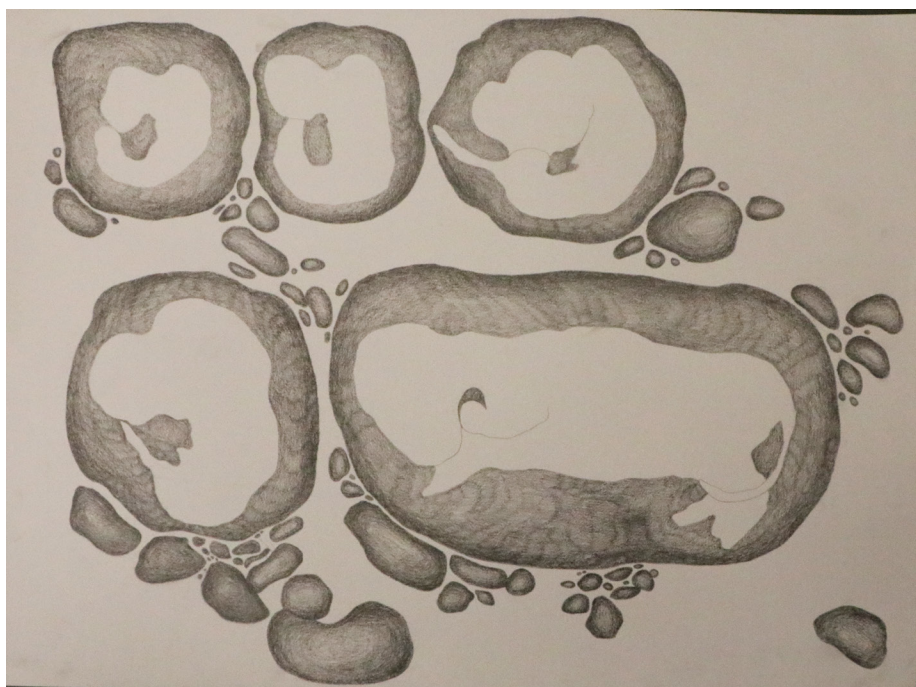
Multidisciplinary artist Joy Li works with memories and imagination to create pencil drawings that tell and record the story of her deceased childhood cat, Alex. The first experience of loss is typically shocking and unforeseen. It is understood that an animal will only accompany the owner for a fraction of their life, still, this fact does not alter the bitter finale. As if the soft cat were sleeping, his final and peaceful resting place was on the beige tiles of the house's basement. Slowly, disbelief flooded the brain while the reality was harshly admonished. Still, there was no response. Piercing, yellow eyes remained shut while he was placed in a wilted shoebox. The artist silently started digging behind the wooden shed. Finally, Alex met the soil and slowly entangled within it.

While the sorrowful ending is included within the mellow, textured drawings, Li decides to explore other parts of the pet's life, even if they are completely hypothetical. Reflecting and reimagining the lost cat allows healing to blossom and produce a new outlook on his life. Humans



creating complicated but delicate webs of relations. But does a cat produce the same connections? Perhaps only the artist will continue to remember him and maintain his image. However, the care and time imbued within the graphite scenes show that this loss and perspective are significant, even if it is just a childhood pet. The series of drawings acts as a memorial to the departed cat, questioning pre-established hierarchies and personal ones regarding memory and life.

The work follows the history of the gray, curious cat starting from his embryonic formation to the abstracted afterlife. Though the drawings strive to complete an untold narrative of the pet's life, it is still fractured and sequential. The lost truth can never be recovered, but the illustrated, speculative tale can comfort and soften the loss. Memories are blurry and uncertain, but there are just



certain moments that stand vigilant against time. The first few drawings explore the cat's life before the fateful meeting. Based on a few known details about his past, Li meticulously draws specific parts based on their certainty. The overgrown trees, vines, and ferns in the forest are carefully shaded because it was known that Alex was previously feral. Other imaginative elements are left blank with only a thin outline, suggesting what could have happened. These negative spaces contrast against the established narrative, acting as questions and variability. Did he stay with his mother? Did he travel within a group? While there is no true answer, the outline points towards the artist's imagination filling in the emptiness.

There is a shift within the depiction of Alex when he meets Li at the local shelter. His eyes become sharp and detailed; this meeting of gazes is emphasized throughout the rest of the series. There is a lack of differentiation between memory and imagination within the work in order to establish a homogenous interpretation of his history. All sequences are drawn with care and thoughtfulness, even if they appear unfinished and sketch-like. The sketch is not always seen as a final work, but rather something that is changing and additive, just like the database of memories.

Flow & Cover

Alex Lyu

Flow & Cover is an installation art piece made by Alex Lyu, exploring the impact of authority on individuals through sculpture and installation. Through this artwork, Lyu aims to peel back the layers of superficiality and inefficiency that are deeply embedded in the formalistic and authoritarian structures prevalent in modern Chinese meetings. *Flow & Cover* visualizes the intricate dynamics of meetings within Chinese workplace culture, employing a transformative approach that reconceptualizes the traditional meeting table into a sloping structure. This conceptual alteration provides a metaphorical critique of the perfect appearance of formalism carefully maintained through seating arrangements in such meetings and the deep-rooted hierarchy of identities beneath the surface. By focusing on the form of meetings, Lyu examines and contemplates a widespread phenomenon within contemporary Chinese workplace settings: crafting hierarchical relationships between superiors and subordinates by formalism and authoritarianism.

Meetings, ideally vehicles for facilitating communication, garnering diverse perspectives, and enhancing organizational efficiency, often morph into platforms where leadership's authority is not only highlighted but also exerted with undeniable force. This is particularly accentuated in China's meeting culture, where extreme collectivism and unwavering obedience to authority figures transform these spaces into echo chambers of formalism and hierarchical dominance. Even if people are treated as independent and equal individuals in society, at the conference table, they are reordered under the impetus of subterfuge and authority. This

sorting manifests both in the physical space and psychological space. It profoundly affects the individual's self-perception and behavioural patterns, thus forging temporary and artificial power structures under formalism.

Under the influence of authority, the will of superiors dominates everyone in a team, just like the covering red pulp flowing from top to bottom on the slope's surface.





Within the area it covers, the document fragments are organized into a whole, and as it flows, its weight drives a large number of repetitive meeting documents downward and results in the files piling up. These unquestionable top-down words and the collective coordination of individual consciousness reflect the superior-subordinate relationship in the Chinese workplace. With the overarching power of upper echelons, an abundance of redundant documents is shunted and accumulated at the grassroots level, resulting in meaningless yet burdensome workloads. By collecting and shredding actual conference documents, Lyu aims to emphasize formalism's cumbersome and inefficient nature.

On either side of the slope, Lyu deconstructed the classic-style meeting chairs widely used within the Chinese political system, using mahogany and leather to form the support structure of a "meeting table," thus exploring the physical and symbolic expressions of authority and formalism. However, there's a significant difference: Lyu made a seamless and comfortable structure with professional precision on the one side. In contrast, on the other side, the "mahogany" made of wallpaper and the heavily handmade cushions showed a false and fragile appearance. The contrast between the idealized facade on one side and the evident handcrafted traces on the other, along with the juxtaposition of the idealized meeting culture and the actual imbalance of power structures, reveals the fragility and superficiality of this monolithic power structure confined to the conference room and the hypocrisy of authoritarian structure reliant on suppressing individual voices and homogenizing thought.

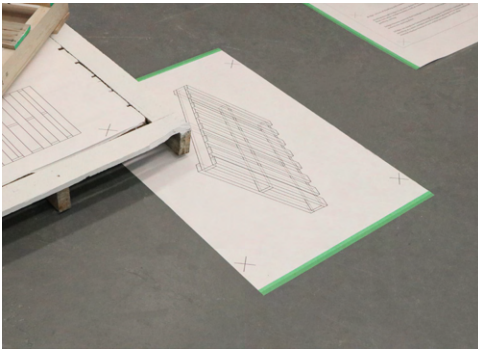
how can I ask you to think with me?

Satyam Mistry

how can I ask you to think with me? presents itself both in the form of publication and spatial apparatus that stems from the ambition to produce relation building devices which become defined within the project as “sites of collectivity”. In aims to document and physicalize objects that encourage one to work, live, and simply be with another, the presented research attempts to build networks and objects that enable transformations of space to place. Both the dissemination of ideas and objects within this work are designed to contain and incite relations between individuals that activate and develop the collective being and further encourage a dialogue and exchange of knowledge.



The site writing within the publication is defined through the filtering categories of *border*, *bridge* and *island*. These terms present themselves both as a framework of thinking and a material form, enabling the circumstances of collectivity. Borders are the instruments of inclusion and exclusion, defining boundaries of those within and outside the designated site. Through this project I present the border as a contested term holding potential to become a celebrated condition of a site—they dictate the act of othering and inclusion but can simultaneously formulate a common-place, commonalities, dialect and code. Borders define where we stop and where we begin and borders may be built on top of, around, or destroyed to create *bridges*. Bridge holds a role within this research as a verb and a synonym to mending, healing, patching and uniting as it becomes a tool to desire



the joining of forces that stand separate from another—a device to bandage two existing material planes to form one existing place. Bridges can form simply through an acknowledgement of disparate elements or invitation of people into the borders. Using

methods of island-ness as a framework of thought becomes a lens for thinking who is on/from and off/away from the island. Prompting the reader to question how collectivity sites are formed. Beyond the aquatic bordered condition, they often render its occupants as interdependent, a condition activated through its remoteness.

This research is ongoing and lives as a culmination of a period of time but not the conclusion in a method of thinking. The presented objects are potential guides for understanding ways publics establish space for themselves and others. Drawn to placing the amateur into roles typically forged and established by professionalism, I hope to question the formalities of how the orientated spaces around us come to be. How can we shape an environment that discovers itself to be a place only when the placeless shape it themselves? The prompts within these pages may fall into a place of extreme function and at another end within a spectrum—an object of complete abstraction. However, opposing you may find them; they are not allergic to each other but rather meant to form a palette to choose from and hopefully award a reader with a spark to write one's own recipe. It is through this range of palatability I hope to award many readers and invite alternative forms of authorship.



the constructed fabric, the consciously-induced collapse into classicality, the chaos of cosmic censorship

Salma Ragheb

For her thesis, Salma is generating a contemporary visual response to the disconnect between principles of modern physics. In addressing this disconnect, there is an inevitable discursion to the role of the observer-participant in materializing the universe and contributing to its discontinuities.

In *Einstein trapped in the (space-time) fabric*, Einstein's portrait is warped in nine variations using grid coordinates. The overlaid film is relatively continuous, with gestural string marks misaligned with the more discrete paintings underneath. Quantum mechanics describes the interactions of subatomic objects; whereas general relativity describes gravity as a space-time fabric that distorts under the motion of massive objects. The two systems are not compatible.



Einstein trapped in the (space-time) fabric

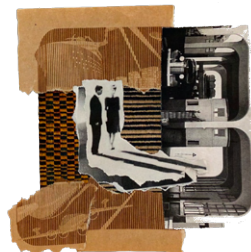
Physicists have been trying to achieve a unified theory that exhibits a coherent articulation from the physics of the tiny to that of the massive. These arguments often involve entertaining hypotheticals: working with a quantum particle construct of gravity called a graviton or describing a unified theory like string theory whose functional applications require at least ten dimensions. Because of these constructs, attempts to reconcile quantum theory with general relativity taper toward philosophical endeavours, with scarce experimental support or visual engagement. Salma's research and studio practice respond to this gap with a visual discourse that concedes the absurdity of unification pursuits: the constructive imagination they often entail, the fundamental reduction of the world to a single grand theory, the pretense at a discourse whose primacy is stable, and the selective invention of mathematically convenient figments whose very fabrication becomes the fault of the theory.



orbitals, we don't know where the electron is



two slits, an electron shower, a perturbed puddle



two slits

Besides responding to the disconnect between classical general relativity and quantum mechanics, and the endeavors at their unification, Salma questions the role of the conscious observer in reifying the universe as a participatory, self-iterative circuit. Relevant here is the principle of the collapse of the wave function, which refers to the moment at which a quantum system transforms from a superposition of multiple states into one single, definite state. At the basis of this collapse is the idea that our consciousness elicits this positional stability — that is, that our observation of the quantum system fixes it in one state, before which the quantum object undecidedly coexists in different states as a wave.

Along with painting, Salma uses collage to fray the edge between the staging of a controlled, ordered result and the recursive inevitability of physical chaos. Collage, then, acts as an agitation of a clean entropic eventuality. Salma thinks of the process as perusing through found material and imagining different solutions for their merging. This is an act of indulging hypotheticals, testing imaginative pursuits with existing material, and finding reparative uses for visually discordant sources.

A salient thread in Salma's work is the flirtation between appearance and concealment and the tuning of visual immediacy and clarity through modalities of transparency, perforations, (alternative blocking, and folding. Some of these interventions and items function to index specific concepts like quantum superposition, the collapse of the wave function, and cosmic censorship. Others visually connote representational formal qualities of the gridded space-time fabric and perforated models of a self-creating



don't look at the cat or the wave or the naked singularity

universe. These gestures of modulating visibility can also accommodate a more general reading about the inaccessibilities and discontinuities in theoretical physics.

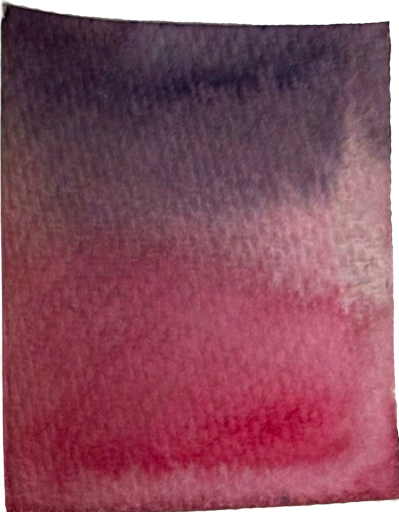
Antidote

Irene Song

Irene Song's artistic journey delves into the depths of emotional expression and the cathartic process of healing through interactive encounters with art. With a vision that sees art as a vessel for emotional revelation, Song's creations are meticulously crafted to evoke a range of responses, fostering heightened awareness of the mental health challenges present in our immediate environment. At the heart of Song's exploration lies the quest to understand how artistic engagement can serve as a therapeutic tool, particularly for individuals grappling with various mental health conditions.

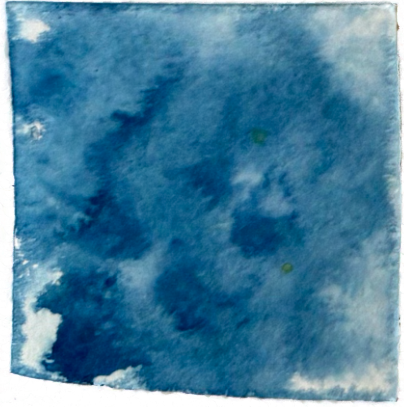


Informed by recent breakthroughs in clinical psychology and innovative approaches in art therapy, Song embarked on a compelling investigation, drawing inspiration from both psychological insights and the rich tapestry of art history. This exploration was spurred by a seminal study conducted by Dr. Askelund in 2019, which illuminated the profound link between recalling positive memories and mitigating susceptibility to depression and other mental ailments¹. Building upon this foundation, Song embarked on a journey to unravel the complexities of anxiety and the pursuit of happiness, engaging with individuals within their immediate social sphere.



Antidote, Song's project, sheds light on the escalating prevalence of anxiety within contemporary society, with a particular focus on the unique stressors faced by immigrants in multicultural urban landscapes like Toronto. Informed by research from Dr. Kim, an esteemed art therapist from Cha University in South Korea, Song embarked on a transformative journey of exploration and empathy, seeking to amplify the voices of those marginalized by chronic stress and cultural dislocation².

Through a meticulously curated series of interviews and artistic interventions, Song provided a platform for 32 South Korean immigrants residing in Toronto to articulate their lived experiences of anxiety and alienation. Empowered by the symbolic medium of Hanji paper, each participant was invited to imbue their creations with personal narratives, utilizing watercolors, color pencils, and oil pastels to articulate their emotional landscapes. The resulting artworks serve as poignant testaments to the silent struggles endured by individuals grappling with anxiety, offering viewers a visceral glimpse into the complexities of the human psyche.



By juxtaposing the vibrant hues and intricate patterns of the participants' artistic expressions with their poignant reflections on the nature of anxiety, Song catalyzes a profound dialogue surrounding mental health and societal perceptions. Through the immersive experience of Antidote, viewers are beckoned to confront preconceived notions of anxiety, thereby fostering a deeper understanding and empathy for those navigating its tumultuous terrain. With each brushstroke, Song invites participants on an introspective voyage of self-discovery, weaving together the threads of empathy and enlightenment to foster healing and reconciliation. In pushing the boundaries of artistic exploration, Song not only challenges conventional notions of art but also underscores its potent capacity to effectuate meaningful change within individuals and communities alike.

The sentiments expressed in Erich Fromm's *The Art of Loving*, asserting that "the experience of separateness arouses anxiety,"³ deeply resonate with Song's findings. Through interviews with immigrants, Song uncovered the profound impact of separation from family, language, and country, which engendered feelings of helplessness and anxiety. Fromm posits that love serves as a salve for this separateness⁴, a sentiment echoed in Song's interactions with participants who found solace and resolution in love and care. In her artwork "Nevertheless," participants are invited to recall memories of happiness and love as part of the healing process, mirroring contemporary therapeutic techniques aimed at alleviating stress and anxiety. Through this interactive artwork, participants gain insight into the varied manifestations of anxiety and experience firsthand the healing power of art therapy.

¹ Adrian Dahl Askelund et al., "Positive Memory Specificity Is Associated with Reduced Vulnerability to Depression," *Nature Human Behaviour* 3, no. 3 (January 14, 2019): 265–73.

² Soo-Yeon Kim, Jenny Seongryung Lee, and Han Choi, "The Effects of Art Therapy on Anxiety and Distress for Korean-Ukrainian Refugee: Quasi-Experimental Design Study," *Healthcare* 11, no. 4 (February 6, 2023): 466.

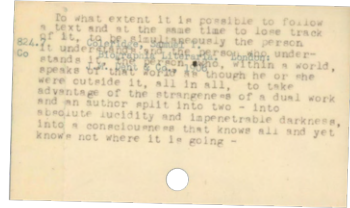
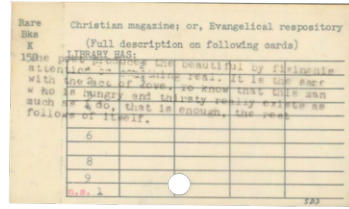
³ Erich Fromm, *The Art of Loving* (New York: HarperCollins, 1956): 8.

La littérature au second degré

Auden Tura

“[The spectator] observes, selects, compares, interprets. She links what she sees to a host of other things that she has seen on other stages, in other kinds of place. She composes her own poem with the elements of the poem before her.”

—Jacques Rancière, *The Emancipated Spectator*



La littérature au second degré takes as its starting point the poetry of Theresa Hak Kyung Cha from her seminal work *Dictée*, a text which is highly referential yet devoid of traditional academic understandings of citation. By recontextualizing quotes gleaned from theoretical, literary, and theatrical texts, *La littérature* questions whether reading and research can be considered alternative forms of writing.

Following Gérard Genette’s theory of literary palimpsests, *La littérature* acts as a hypertext to *Dictée*-as-hypotext. The work, as the secondary text “B,” is “unable to exist, as such, without A from which it originates through a process... [called] *transformation* [sic], [which] it consequently evokes more or less

perceptibly without necessarily speaking of it or citing it” (*Palimpsests* 5). Although the quotations present on the catalog cards circulate *Dictée* peripherally and referentially without “speaking of,” they are intrinsically tied to the novel’s content and cannot exist in the same order, context, or combination otherwise.



La littérature is also a testament to the highly personal and fragmentary nature of research, memory, and writing. Sources for the quotations are not explicitly “cited” in the traditional sense, but rather alluded to through the book sculpture that “holds” the table on which the work sits. Gathered from libraries both personal and public, the books quite literally support the physical framework that enables the hypertext to be read. *La littérature* invites the viewer to actively participate in the citational process, drawing their own references between the hypertextual poem, book sculpture, and their own specific position as a reader.

As its material, *La littérature* takes pre-existing library catalog cards ranging such topics as theology, literature, ecology, architecture, and art, and overlays a given quote in a palimpsestuous accumulation of “old” and “new” text. Some cards are closely or tangentially tied to the content of the overlaid tracing paper, while some bear no immediately observable relationship. Quotes are derived from a vast range of sources that resemble Cha’s poems in content (*The Waves*, *Swann’s Way*) and form (*A Throw of the Dice*, *Agua Viva*, *The Waste Land*), or self-reflexively highlight the processes of reading and citation (*Pale Fire*, *A Lover’s Discourse*). The quotes, in order, each share a word respectively with a poem in *Dictée* that then allows the new poem to be “read” through both the source text and its annotations. With a primary focus on literary and theoretical texts that either expand or deconstruct dominant notions of language, *La littérature* adopts *Dictée’s* referential framework and applies it through a specific, readerly lens, thus composing its own hypertextual, amalgamated poetry.



Tie the Knot

Janie Wang

Tie the Knot is a textile sculpture intended to embody the adolescent angst of growing up, particularly drawing from bridal imagery to mark the end of one's "coming of age." The haste for financial security in our neoliberal livelihoods culminates at the apex of taxation reprieve in the form of marriage, and thus begins our journey as young "professionals" entering the world of T4 slips and "*do we count as common-law spouses if you've been my roommate since August?*" This piece contends with the overwhelming power that this system possesses and demands of its unwitting participants as we consider our most creative solutions to the endless problem of being moneyless: "let's tie the knot."



This sculpture uses repurposed materials mended together to create a figure hunched over in its seat, crumpled and falling apart at its seams under the burden that weighs it down. The shrunken person has bones of aluminium foil and joints of polymer clay. Its skin is a liquid latex and acrylic paint mixture that coats its body but remains largely unseen under its garment. Draping over its diminutive form is primarily a cotton bedsheet stained in red tea and wine, pinched together with the straps, underwires, and clasps of disassembled bras and corsets.

This costume is a collage of different fabrics, including a sheer chiffon and a beige chiffon fabric cut from clothing in the artist's closet. Each fabric is treated as an independent textile and styled delicately to inevitably be bound to the greater suffocating garb. The dainty lace of a bra lines the veil attached to the bride's head with a bra's underwire, embedded in its head for the surety. Used band-aids layer each other, peeling off of its body as though barely clinging onto the injuries of the form. Weaving between these materials is the handiwork of the artist. The repetitive, manual labour of sewing marked in the deep red thread that pulls at the clothing of the figure is disorganised; the needlework creates folds and tension in the different materials to emphasise the uncomfortable and the body.



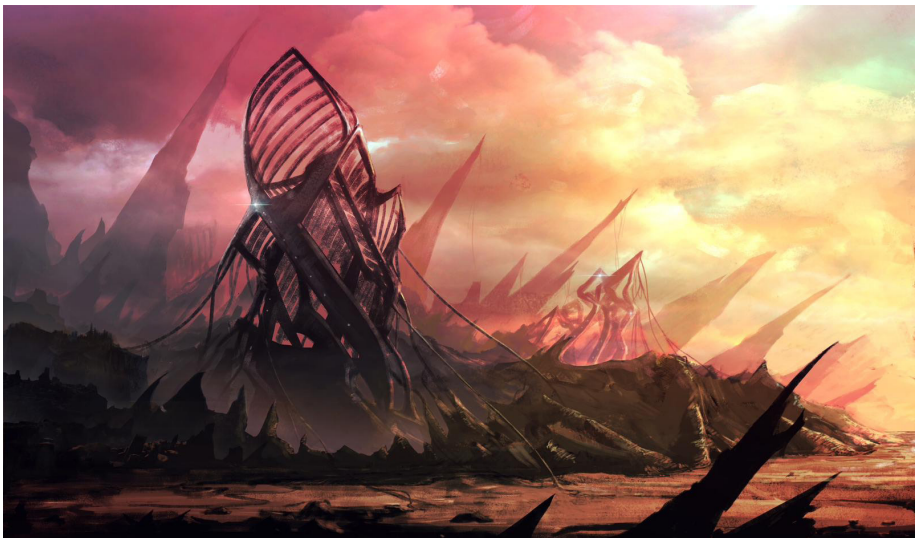
This work is propelled by the forces of grief and loneliness. Its aesthetics are informed by the abject as well as the contemporary fashion trends of online spaces such as Tiktok and Instagram. The constriction of the fabric around the figure alludes to fashion movements of fetishwear and seeks a balance between the delicate bride's wear and the voluntary powerlessness of BDSM wear, operating the tension of the two with a needle and string. The contrast between the gossamer chiffons and cruel stitching signify the violence that underpins the economic system that forces people into painful situations where sacrifice is always required to fill the stomachs of our greedy master.

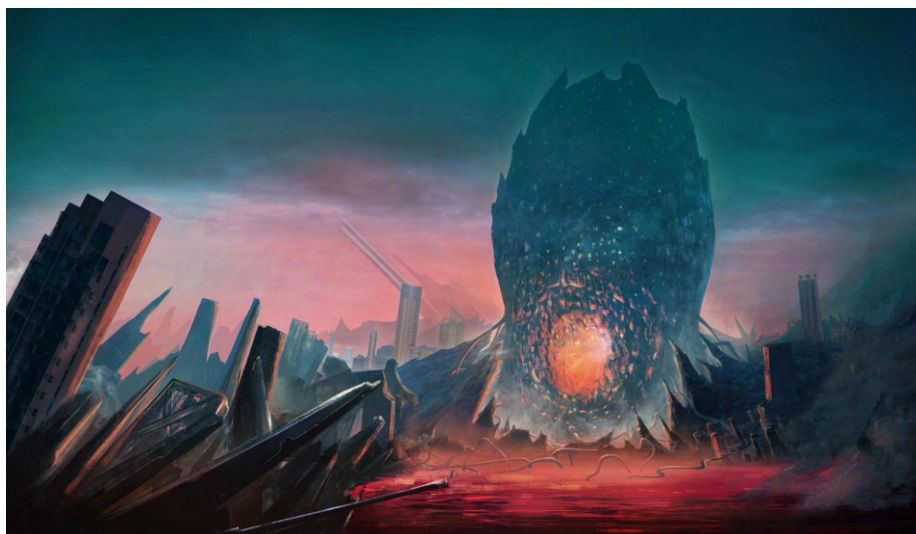
Tie the Knot ultimately focuses on the pain carried and shared by all participants in the free market world, telling the story of a generation lost to an exponentially unforgiving economy. Made to confront our increasingly grim future that forces upon us agonising decisions or offers an unbearably bleak guarantee of mindless living, the bride only acts as a part of a greater ecosystem of us detritivores looking for a way to sustain ourselves.

STRATA

Maxen Wang

In his book *Hyperobjects* (2013), Timothy Norton defines Hyperobjects as things that are “massively distributed in space and time in relation to humans”. Drawing from the concept of the Hyperobject as defined by Morton, my work explores the extremes of the Era of the Hyperobject, telling a story through visual and textual worldbuilding. It speculates on what would occur after the end of the world as we know it, in a landscape created by machines, for machines and humans, or at least human figures, to inhabit. The Anthropocene era, as a result of over-scaled human activities, manifests a transformation of the human narrative generated by a protean human species: a species that is now both producing and inhabited by mass algorithm. Mass algorithm, mass extinction, globality, global warming, terraforming, geoengineering, mass extraction, human history are hyperobjects exponentially extending, engulfing the whole human construct, turning each element into components of a machine, a simulacrum of an object, interchangeable, replaceable parts, simulacra of living and non-living things. What world would emerge if an AI digested and regurgitated all markers of living presence, creating a new human narrative, a new past, new present, and new future? These AI-powered machines would turn our present into our past and their future, altering the human collective memory in the process, annihilating what has not yet been written or built, replacing it by a simulacrum, bursting through earth’s sediments.

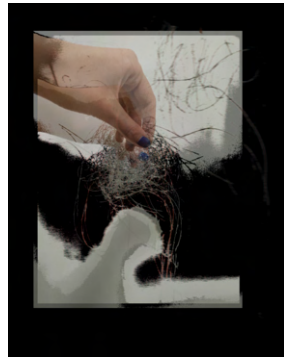




This work is part of a body of work in which I will conceptualize non-human temporalities and visualize the emergence of a human history that expands beyond humanity. I invite to contemplate a *Historia Simulacrum* or *Simulacrum Narrationis*, observing a shift in perspective and scales, proposing another way of seeing the world as an agglomeration of human visions and bodies altered by machine brain, an intelligence forged by human minds but that will outlive and surpass them. This new world initiates new possibilities to abandon imagine a memory of the present written in the future over the remnants of a planet on a massive scale. History becomes a cinematic narrative, a gaze floating through time. The projection of hyperobjects' impacts questions today's perception of historical narratives. The human beings who would adhere to the AI-deformed collective memory might not be that different from today's human beings who have accepted a certain vision of history, told through a historical narrative, that was constructed at the expense of marginalized groups, and repeated through built environment, statuary, plaques, and spaces of commemoration disseminated through urban space. To what extend is the narrative that we are presented with a faithful account or a misrepresentation of events, places, and people's deeds? To what extend is it nothing but a construct agglomerating parts of truth and lies?

Post-gif

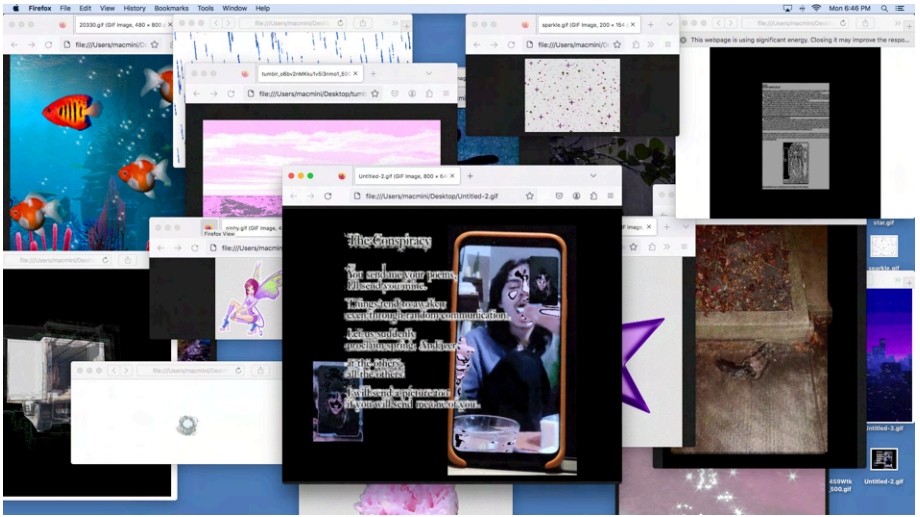
Nara Wigglesworth



Post-gif is a work which examines the contemporary digital moment, considering how aesthetic centred identity is used as a strategy to make sense of the abundance provided by the internet. The work comes from a post-“post” perspective, situated in an artistic moment that is following post-net art and post-subculture. The work considers how digital experiences mediate an exploration of archival material in the simultaneous broadcast, creation and recording of persona.

Digital collaging techniques and animated GIFs are used to reflect on the complex role of internet as a site to facilitate formation, presentation and preservation of identity. The GIF’s tendency towards the poor¹ and moving image is embraced as a method to represent a more nuanced variation on the imaging approaches already familiar to the internet space, specifically the mood board. In a culture dominated by mimetic aesthetics² the mood board becomes a primary visual architecture through which identity and its referents are communicated. A variation on collaging, mood boards organize archived information in ways which are updated to contemporary contexts. Often imagery, motifs and icons are carried forward while their root contexts and ideologies are left blurry in the wake of appropriation. *Post-gif* is interested in reflecting this ahistorical murkiness.

The work presses further on the issue of what is to be made of the ever amassing quantities of digital information, framing the internet not just as what information is circulated and seen everyday but also looping in the incredible amounts of runoff that must amass if “the internet is forever.”³ This larger scale perspective of the internet creates considerations a links to other forms of digital materiality, presenting the GIFs across an array of objects which suggest redundant technology, e-waste, and all forms of digital detritus. In it’s physical form *Post-gif* poses the question even if the internet is forever how long is it before the means of accessing that history become inaccessible? And how long will that history be relevant?



1 Hito Steyerl, “In Defense of the Poor Image,” *e-flux Journal*, Issue 10 (November 2009). The poor image is described by Steyerl as something which is a byproduct of mass sharing of visual data, and as something which is more about the data’s transformation through transference rather than about what it originally represents.

2 Alican Koc, “‘Is the Scene Still Alive?’ Memetic Aesthetics, Post-Hipster Affect and the Crisis of Subcultural Authenticity,” *Cultural Critique*, forthcoming. Koc suggests the term “mimetic aesthetics” to describe the aesthetic based micro-scenes which emerge to replace subcultures post 2010s.

3 Matilda Lin Berke, “The Internet is Forever,” *Spike Magazine*, September 8, 2023. Berke analyzes the way fear-mongering about the afterlife of digital images has led to a “Mistake culture.” A culture which privileges the image over the real, the fixed moment over the complex ever fluid narrative of history.



faded intimacy, warmth disappeared

Lilian Zeng

Lilian Zeng is a multidisciplinary artist dedicated to the handmade; with a focus on materiality speaking for the concept itself, she steers clear of all digital realms. Zeng has crafted a body of large-scale installation works with a diverse medium including painting, resin and found objects installations, textiles, artist's multiples, and creative writing. Themes of trauma and childhood nostalgia weave through her practice to create art that resonates on a deeply emotional level. Her thesis research explores the olfactory sense within imagined semi-private, stitched textile sceneries. Influenced by the realm of olfactory memory studies and how aromas shape narrative settings, Zeng's work invites viewers into a sensory experience that goes beyond the visual, tapping into the evocative power of scent to tell intricate stories.

Zeng's thesis research is inspired by the realm of olfactory memory studies and influenced by writers such as Oliver Wendell Holmes, Lewis Thomas, and Marcel Proust. Her work seeks to unravel the intricate relationship between smell and the perception of art. The essence of Zeng's olfactory exploration lies in the carefully curated scents that blend together to create a homey atmosphere that transport viewers into a realm of intimate reminiscence. In her semi-private environment installation, or "built scenes," she employs a portrait-like scenery constructed from old family apparels. This stitched tapestry serves not only as a physical representation of unity and togetherness but also as a canvas for the olfactory narrative to unfold. It gives the intangible (scented) memories a tangible environment to live in, blurring the lines between past and present.



Central to Zeng's installations are vintage family furniture items, shipped from her grandmother's house in China. A chair and stand table, steeped in familial history, add a layer of nostalgia and authenticity to the scenes Zeng constructs. The spiral structure supporting the installation serves as a skeletal framework, intertwined with aluminum coil, symbolizing the intricate and interconnected nature of memory. Her work challenges the audience to reflect on their own responses to scent and memory. The scene may not hold the same meaning for everyone, but it serves as a catalyst for a nuanced exploration of personal histories.

Viewers may find themselves drawn to the nostalgic allure, cherishing the imaginative scenes presented. The artist consciously introduces an element of desire, capturing the essence of the Greek term "nostalgia" – the longing to return to one's place of origin, even if it is an impossible endeavor. Intriguingly, Zeng nods to cinematic experiments of the past, borrowing from the concept of "Smell-O-Vision" pioneered by Mike Todd Jr., an American film producer, in the late 1950s. This innovative approach adds a layer of complexity to her installations, enhancing the immersive experience and reinforcing the idea that art is not merely visual but a multi-sensory journey.

Lilian Zeng not only challenges the conventional boundaries of art but also invites viewers to engage with their own olfactory memories. Through her meticulous curation of scents and the creation of semi-private environments, Zeng's installations weave a tapestry of narratives that resonate with the profound and universal power of memory, reminding us that art extends beyond what meets the eye.



What are art spaces without art?

Olive Wei



This research began in an attempt to understand what curating is and how it functions, outside of simply placing objects in proximity to one another. The sprawling web of contemporary art has created an abundance of multifaceted roles

where artists are also quasi-curators, directors, programmers and vice versa. Under the current conditions where contemporary art is produced, considered, and disseminated, what is the need for curators? My thesis looks into the purpose of art spaces and curation as forms of community generation and knowledge production. Using an open-source resource file, my research becomes a shared document for continuous growth and collaboration.

Brenson's account began by pronouncing that the 'era of the curator' was upon us, going on to outline what he described as the 'challenges facing the curatorial profession to think deeply about multiple audiences and to allow individual curatorial perspectives to be invigorated by radically, even shockingly, different experiences of space and time, memory and history'. Recognising the expanding responsibilities of the curator in providing a framework for art in relation to broader world politics - namely the 'meanings and possibilities of art in a post-Cold War, post-colonial, fin-de-siècle moment' - he warned that such high stakes do not reward 'curatorial business as usual'.⁽²⁾ The time had come to understand, and act upon, what it meant to work in diverse cultural and geographical contexts.

* Michael Brenson's 'The Curator's Moment' in *CAA Art Journal* (1988) quoted in Kate Fowle's 'Action Research: Generative Curatorial Practices' in *Curating Research* (2015).

Knowledge production arose within scientific research from the study of science as a social activity. Now, when we apply knowledge production within the context of contemporary art, we can look at art as a social activity. This is not to say that art has never been social; historically, it has always engaged with different publics. It is audiences that allow the art to function. The social activity that contemporary art has produced looks away from the exhibitionary complex and towards workshops, lectures,



panels, artist talks, dinners, etc. In order to engage publics under current schismatic structures, art must engage and forge collaborators.



1

The Social Turn:

* Collaboration and Its Discontents

Claire Bishop (2006).

These engagements are not generative but rather regenerative. In our current culture of brain rot, perpetually estranged politics, and tragic doomscrolling bait, knowledge production and public engagement within an art context can reinvigorate and reform what previously felt confined to our current realities.

(Refer to the Simon O'Sullivan on the next page.)

A recurrent set of theoretical reference points governs the current literature on participatory and collaborative art: Walter Benjamin, Michel de Certeau, the Situationist International, Paulo Freire, Deleuze and Guattari, and Hakim Bey, to name just a few.¹ Among these, the most frequently cited is the French film-maker and writer Guy Debord, for his indictment of the alienating and divisive effects of capitalism in *The Society of the Spectacle* (1967), and for his theorisation of collectively produced 'situations'. For many artists and curators on the left, Debord's critique strikes to the heart of why participation is important as a project: it rehumanises a society rendered numb and fragmented by the repressive instrumentality of capitalist production. Given the market's near total saturation of our image repertoire, so the argument goes, artistic practice can no longer revolve around the construction of objects to be consumed by a passive bystander. Instead, there must be an art of action, interfacing with reality, taking steps – however small – to repair the social bond. The art historian Grant Kester, for example, observes that art is uniquely placed to counter a world in which 'we are reduced to an atomised pseudocommunity of consumers, our sensibilities dulled by spectacle and repetition'.² 'One reason why artists are no longer interested in a passive process of presenter-spectator', writes the Dutch artist Jeanne van Heeswijk, is 'the fact that such communication has been entirely appropriated by the commercial world. . . . After all, nowadays one could receive an aesthetic experience on every corner.' More recently, the artist/activist Gregory Sholette and art historian Blake Stimson have argued that 'in a world all but totally subjugated by the commodity form and the spectacle it generates, the only remaining theatre of action is direct engagement with the forces of production'.³ Even the curator Nicolas Bourriaud, describing relational art of the 1990s, turns to spectacle as his central point of reference: 'Today, we are in the further stage of spectacular development: the individual has shifted from a passive and purely repetitive status to the minimum activity dictated to him by market forces. . . . Here we are summoned to turn into

11

In Walter Benjamin's 1935 essay "The Work of Art in the Age of Mechanical Reproduction," he argues that art has lost its "aura", the artistic authenticity produced under the praxis of politics. I would argue that this 'special' quality art has always been assumed to embody takes form by activating its audience through forging connections under divisive structures. What Benjamin fails to acknowledge—or had not yet come to realize—is that art, regardless of process, has always possessed an 'aura': It is one of discursivity and thought production. I propose, to consider this discourse in a contemporary context, we might use the aura as a reference point for community building. While art opens up avenues of criticality and discourse, its art spaces, curation, and programming can draw out relations and correspondence. I refer to correspondence as separate from discourse as it implies a prolonged connection, it is an act of maintenance rather than a task.

The Simon O'Sullivan in question:

however critically (or negatively), its object. Such critique, again as Lyotard once remarked, is trapped by its target, towards which it must, to some extent, adjust itself in order to engage. This kind of 'critical' art practice can operate as a kind of melancholic echo chamber in this sense (we might say that this is also the limitation of understanding art more generally as a form of ideology critique).

The so-called 'archival turn' within contemporary art would be a softer example of this logic. Here, art practice becomes an archiving gesture, a framing and presenting of a subset of the world. An archive practice is first and foremost curatorial in this sense; it gathers together hitherto separate elements under a banner (a concept, a theme, a name, and so on), but, crucially, it does not necessarily transform these elements. Indeed, ultimately it offers nothing more than a product (or a series of products) designed to meet the desire for knowledge – when the latter is understood as knowledge of the world as-it-is.

As has often been pointed out, the 'Art World' is insatiable in this respect; it requires evermore banners just as it creates ever more artist-archivist-curators (or, simply, new products and new consumers). Novelty here consists of new groupings of the what-already-is, the trumping of one set of knowledges with another, the identification of counter or dissonant knowledges (that nevertheless operate on the same register of typical 'meaning'). Indeed, knowledge becomes the currency of such practices (knowledge is power as the saying goes – at least power of a worldly kind).

On the other hand, can art ever be anything but the presentation of a subset of the world, seeing as it is a practice that takes place in that very world? Here, the definition of a world – what it includes and what it excludes – is crucial insofar as we might



Simon O'Sullivan, "Myth-Science and the Fictioning of Reality" (2016).

Regeneration can be considered not only as an act of making our realities more livable but as a means of reframing our understandings and the responsibilities of the art world. Knowledge production, as O'Sullivan suggests, might enter into the dangerous territory of eternal moreness, whereas fictioning can offer a foundation to explore issues within our living reality without being confined in it. What fictioning can offer is a viable approach to dealing with the utopian ideals of care and fostering that shroud our art spaces.

PIGEON FANCIER *Ingrid, what about you—for whom do you curate?*

INGRID SCHAFFNER Is this a trick question? Curators have to be attentive to their audiences. Artists may be responsible only to themselves—to make something as well as they can so that it clearly expresses their ideas, interests, and passions. But a curator's responsibility is triangulated between an artist, the work of art, and an audience. You represent artists by allowing their work to speak for itself, at the same time you have to give viewers some sense of context, relevance, particularity, or essence that will enable them to hear what the work has to say. It's a delicate business and sometimes space is all that's needed for this transmission to take place. That's your call to make as a curator.

I keep a pocket audience in mind. It consists of a colleague I respect (someone who thinks about art in different ways than I do), a family member I love (someone who couldn't care less about art except they care that I do), and the artist (of course). Remembering to count one's self as an audience member is a good way to stay true to your own passions, interests, and ideas.



* Ingrid Schaffner in *Pigeons on the Grass Alas: Contemporary Curators Talk About the Field* (2013).



(Previous page)



Extending these ideas within this exhibition, curator Ingrid Schaffner talks of the triangulation of a curator's responsibility to work between the artist, the work of art, and the audience. In the context of this exhibition, our triangle became circular. We worked amongst each other as peers as well as each other's audience. There was a union that had been built where we were all caring for each other's projects along with the wellbeing of the show because we were producing as a whole, not individuals. The convergence happens on these pages and in our exhibition, we have been weaving, overlapping, sharing, and rethinking amongst ourselves. Instead of points of intersection, we formed a network.

This publication serves as a vehicle for talking through the things Ella, Nusha, and I were thinking about for our projects. As Critical Practices Specialists, we have produced material that goes beyond the scope of creating artwork to be displayed. However, the publication still honours the mass of knowledge everyone has produced, using this publication as a means of reflecting our exhibit within a different context. As the pages get flipped through, the points of connection throughout the class remain, maybe even heightened, as audiences can involve themselves in our modes of thinking through making.

As I walk by the Art Gallery of Ontario one morning, art workers crowd the entrance demanding fair wages. "ART MATTERS WHAT ABOUT PEOPLE?" one sign asks. I think about our art spaces, heralded for giving voice to new ideas outside of the mainstream and our place to incite change, what happens when they betray us? The art space is not just an exhibitionary complex and it never was. As this publication comes to a close, the answer I can provide for my research question: what are art spaces without the art? Is that art spaces can survive without the art but not its people. I share this show as a framework in which the community generating, knowledge producing elements of art making can come to a head.



My open-source file features the accumulation of research that has formed my attitude towards the role of curation. I invite people to engage with my research and add to it as if it were a personal textbook. It is a perpetually changing document of joint processes.

A link to download my file can be found at:



<https://academic.daniels.utoronto.ca/visual-studies-thesis-2024/>

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