

FUSE

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FUSE MAGAZINE

SURVIVORS AND SURVIVALISTS

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EDITORIAL

SURVIVORS AND SURVIVALISTS

Pop cultures of fear mingle with the influence of monotheism's unremitting redemption fantasies to deliver surprisingly potent visions of apocalypse. Our media landscape is inhabited by the grotesque undead and threatened by a perpetual barrage of meteors and superstorms. [1] Plans are being made to send people on what can only be described as a suicide mission to establish a colony on Mars. [2] Amongst this frenetic cacophony, in this issue of *FUSE*, we queer the notion of apocalypse and examine the kinds of practices either engendered or obscured by apocalyptic mindsets. While apocalypticism is ostensibly about the impending future, what concerns us here is the type of present it fosters. While we are busy predicting and preparing for a variety of elaborately imagined disasters, what are we are building in the present?

In March of this year, *FUSE* sponsored *Fallout: Visions of Apocalypse*, the annual symposium of York University's Art History Graduate Student Association (AHGSA). Select content from the symposium has been adapted for this issue of our magazine, and

appears here in combination with commissioned pieces. In the mix we've got zombies, black metal, queer survivalism, Cree language resurgence and atomic bombs. In other words, this is a grab bag of carnivalesque realness, the rowdy party in the middle of the apocalypse that is always to come. After all, in the face of so much doom, what is there to do but get wild and wily?

Apocalyptic thinking has an origin point, and hopefully, an ending. Kathryn Denning provides a brief but somewhat sweeping history of Judeo-Christian apocalypticism, while Natalie Kouri-Towe shows how imagining the queer apocalypse can be a tool for social justice in the present. Atom Cianfarani presents *Queer Survival 101*, (2012) in the form of a kit and a zine. Starting with the queer skill of building ways of life from the scraps of dominant culture, Cianfarani's kit provides tips and tools for surviving the first 48 hours after a major disaster. On a conceptual level, the idea of queer survivalism exposes the heteronormative bias of the typical apocalyptic scenario and points towards futures in which we "strategize collectively, share skills and foster collaboration." [3]

These pages are populated with many different types of survivor. Moving away from abstract fantasies of apocalypse, this issue of *FUSE* foregrounds complex processes of responding to trauma on collective and individual levels. In the process of reporting on the Toronto Zombie Walk, Richard Moszka casts zombies as "dysfunctional survivors," [4] and muses on the potential for the grotesque performance of walking undead to push on societal anxieties around illness and death. Jumping back a century and across continents to Soviet Russia, Kathleen Tahk tells the story

[1] Viz., *The Walking Dead* and zombie everything, including art school recruitment ads; recent films such as *Melancholia* (Lars von Trier, 2011) or *Take Shelter* (Jeff Nichols, 2011); not to mention the influence of news media, which emphasizes disaster

and doesn't shy off of the superstorm prediction game.

[2] Applications for Mars One, a private space project with the goal of sending humans to live on Mars in 2023, opened on 22 April 2013.

[3] Kouri-Towe, this issue of *FUSE*, 5.

[4] Moszka, this issue of *FUSE*, 8.

of a photograph depicting a beleaguered group of survivors of the Soviet Famine of 1920–22. Switching scales and perspectives, Sarah Mangle reviews Jessica MacCormack's book *The See* (2013). Both Mangle and MacCormack's texts bring emotionally saturated, dreamy stylings to the subject of surviving childhood sexual abuse, evoking the layering of memory within bodies, across trauma and recovery.

With "The reports of our cultural deaths have always been greatly exaggerated," Chelsea Vowel evokes language as a key tool of self-determination for Indigenous survivors of genocide, and calls for an end to the colonial era. Her essay is accompanied by an image folio of Raymond Boisjoly's ongoing project *The Writing Lesson* (2011–ongoing), which writes Indigenous languages and histories into the practice of text-based post-conceptual art. Each image is a black-metal-styled graphic presentation of a place name with an Indigenous origin. Reinforcing Indigenous histories and knowledge of the land through both language and pop culture, Boisjoly's project offers an example of the resurgence Vowel describes.

On a parallel track, we provide here a translated and edited transcript of a talk by Denise Jourdain, delivered in Montreal in September 2012, in which she describes Innu resistance to the Quebec government's Plan Nord and the Hydro-Québec development projects that it enables. Jourdain underscores the importance of land-based knowledge for the survival of Indigenous ways of life—"in order to defend the land, you must be connected to it" [5]

[5] Jourdain, this issue of *FUSE*, 7.

Lucas Freeman reviews Brian Jungen and Duane Linklater's film *A Modest Livelihood*, in which the two artists engage in the land-based practice of hunting.

In a special supplement to this issue, Andrea Pinheiro presents a revision of her project *Bomb Book* (2012). In its original form, it is a twelve-volume book cataloguing every nuclear detonation since tests began in 1945 up until the time of publication. The name of each detonation gets its own page, and where the name is not known, the page is left blank. For *FUSE*, Pinheiro presents *Bomb Book* as a poster, accompanied by a pair of archival images from the US National Nuclear Security Administration's Nuclear Testing Archives in Nevada, transformed into photogravures. The sheer volume of these tests suggests that perhaps the nuclear apocalypse is ongoing, and we're all already its survivors.

The apocalypse may never arrive as a single catastrophic event. Rather, human life is always at the edge, always vulnerable and precarious and simultaneously robust. Short of full-scale extinction, catastrophic loss does not affect us all evenly, with impoverished communities worldwide suffering the brunt of the havoc wreaked by today's (un)natural disasters. We dedicate this issue to those who grapple with catastrophe as a key element of the present—the survivors and survivalists.

Gina Badger,
with the *FUSE* Editorial Committee and AHGSA

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ERRATA
Alison Cooley and Sarah Mangle were accidentally omitted from the Editorial Committee list in issue 36-2.



QUEER APOCALYPSE

Survivalism and Queer Life at the End

Natalie Kouri-Towe

Queer

adjective

• Strange, odd, peculiar, eccentric. Also: of questionable character; suspicious, dubious.

noun *informal*

• *colloq.* (freq. *derogatory*). A homosexual; *esp.* a male homosexual.

verb *informal*

• To put out of order; to spoil. Also: to spoil the reputation or chances of (a person); to put (a person) out of favour (with another).
• To cause (a person) to feel queer; to disconcert, perturb, unsettle. Now rare. [1]

The apocalypse is coming and queers are going to spoil it. As narratives of impending apocalypse and postapocalyptic survival permeate our cultural and political landscapes, it becomes increasingly easy to imagine our end. Whether the end of a sustainable environment, the end of culture, or the end of global capitalist economies, the end of life as we know it is both a terrifying possibility and a promising fantasy of a radically different form of life beyond the present.

Mainstream depictions of postapocalyptic survival largely centre on the archetypical figure of the male saviour or hero, and advance a familiar patriarchal instrumentalization of women’s bodies as vessels for the survival of the human species. But what alternate stories might we tell about the end, and how might a queer framework reshape our apocalyptic narratives?

The proposal to think queerly about the apocalypse is not an attempt to rescue apocalypse stories from the insidious reproduction of hegemonic relations; rather it is an opportunity to playfully consider what queer approaches to survival at the end might offer to our rethinking of the present. Apocalyptic narratives are appealing because we find it hard to imagine a radically different social and political world without the complete destruction of the institutions and economies that were built and sustained through colonial and imperial violence and exploitation. If we are already thinking and talking about the apocalypse, then queer thinking about the apocalypse serves as an opportunity for rethinking narratives of politics in both the future and the present.

As global, structural, economic and political asymmetries accelerate, more people live in conditions lacking basic resources like food and water, and increasingly suffer from criminalization and incarceration. It is clear that postapocalyptic survival is also not simply a fiction but a daily reality for many people. From refugee camps to welfare reforms, survival is more than an exercise in imagining a different world. But, even for those who are not living through conditions of catastrophic loss, thinking about apocalypse is enticing. We take pleasure in imagining how we might prepare or attempt survival in a shifted environment because to imagine how we might live differently is to introduce new realms of possibility for living differently in our present. So how can we reconcile both the demand for attending to the crisis of survival in the present and the fantasy of postapocalypse? Here queerness might offer us some considerations for rethinking the apocalypse and narratives of survival.

Queer Survivalism

Survivalism
noun

• A policy of trying to ensure one’s own survival or that of one’s social or national group.
• The practicing of outdoor survival skills. [2]

If survivalism is wrapped up in the preservation of the nation state, of race, of gender or of our social order in general, then the first contribution of queerness to the apocalypse is its disruption to the framing of who and what survives, and how. There can be no nation in queer postapocalyptic survival, because the nation presents a foundational problem to queer survival. The nation, which regulates gender and reproduction, requires normalized organizations of sexual and family life in order to reproduce or preserve the national population. If we are already at the end, then why not consider survival without the obligation of reproduction and the heteronormative family?

Masculinist narratives of postapocalyptic survival deploy the male protagonist as the extension of the nation. Here, the male hero stands in the place of the military, the police or the law by providing safety and security to his family and “weak” survivors like children and animals. Queer survivalism, on the other hand, disrupts the normative embodiments of survivalism by redirecting our desires to queer bodies, opening up survival to those outside of the prototypes of fitness and health.

Because postapocalyptic narratives replicate racist and ableist eugenic tropes of “survival of the fittest,” a queering of survivalism opens up space for thinking about, talking about and planning for more varied and accessible frameworks for doing

survival. Conversely, a queering of survival might also open up the option of choosing not to survive, through the refusal of reproduction or the refusal of life itself.

The Queer Apocalypse

Apocalypse
noun

• More generally: a disaster resulting in drastic, irreversible damage to human society or the environment, *esp.* on a global scale; a cataclysm. [3]

If we are going to imagine the destruction of the world as we know it, then why not make these fictions meaningful to the present? Lee Edelman has argued that queerness is “the place of the social order’s death drive.” [4] If queerness is a kind of end to the norms and structures of our world, then it makes sense that queerness might say something meaningful about imagining the end. Narratives of postapocalyptic survival function primarily as stories of individual survival against a hostile world, and often a hostile other – in the form of dangerous strangers or zombies. These narratives privilege the individual as the basic unit for survival, replicating the neoliberal values of individualism. At best, these narratives expand beyond the individual survivor when he is joined by his immediate family or builds a new family.

Queer models of kinship offer alternate frameworks for imagining survival beyond the individual, through collectivity and alternative kinships. If we are going to imagine surviving either our present or our impending futures, we need collectives to survive. This is old news to people who have long survived through collective struggle and collective support. This is not to simply produce a romantic fantasy of a utopian community, but rather to acknowledge and recognize that strength comes from organizing together. If capitalist, nationalist, patriarchal, heteronormative and neoliberal logics tell us that we’re each responsible for our own lives, then what better queering can we offer than to reimagine stories of how we think about survival, or even to refuse to survive?

So what tools do we need for queer survival? First, we need alternative models for building survival strategies. For instance, learning how to repurpose everyday objects, everyday networks and everyday resources. [5] Second, we need to consider models of communalism, and to develop better ways of communicating and working through conflict. Third, we need to strategize collectively, share skills, build skills and foster collaboration. And lastly, we need to mobilize what queers do best – spoiling, twisting and perverting the normative narratives that dominate survivalism and stories of apocalypse.

Natalie Kouri-Towe is a Toronto-based academic and activist who works collaboratively in art-based social and political practices. Her work centres on queerness, social movements and transnational solidarity, with a focus on queer Palestine-solidarity movements. She is currently a doctoral candidate at the University of Toronto.

[3] Ibid.

[4] Lee Edelman, *No Future: Queer Theory and the Death Drive* (Durham & London: Duke University Press, 2004), 3.

[5] See Atom Cianfarani’s survival kits, documented in this issue of *FUSE*.

APOCALYPSE ANYTIME

Kathryn Denning

It’s 2013, but what time is it? Does apocalypse lie before us, or behind us?

Apocalypse is most often used to mean “the end of the world.” But if we go back to its original meaning, *apocalypse* technically means “revelation,” and *eschaton* is the “end of days.” [1] So, for example, the Book of Revelation is an apocalypse – the vision which St. John saw from his none-too-cosy prison cell on Patmos, and relayed in a letter to his loyal followers, a vision which describes eschatological scenes with the Horsemen (envoys of pestilence, war, famine and death), fire in the sky, seas turning to blood, a highly imaginative menu of plagues, a war in the skies between monsters and angels, and generally epic heavy-metal mayhem, ending with, of course, the happily-ever-after survival of the righteous in the eternal Kingdom of God, and the exceptionally stylish obliteration of everything and everyone else.

There are some intriguing elements in the classic Judaeo-Christian apocalypse, of which Revelation is the best known. First, there is the revelation from another dimension (the Divine). Crucially, there is a statement of the future that places us in time and tells us where we are in the path of History. Narratives can then include features like a breach of impermeable boundaries (e.g., the dead rising), the appearance of beings with strange powers, a war (or a change in order) in which the righteous emerge triumphantly despite having been persecuted.

[1] I expand on this in Kathryn Denning, “Apocalypse past/future: Archaeology and folklore, writ large” in *Archaeology and Folklore*, eds. A. Gazin-Schwartz and C. Holtorf (London: Routledge,

1999). For key sources on apocalypses, see Christopher Rowland, *The Open Heaven: A Study of Apocalyptic in Judaism and Early Christianity* (New York: Crossroad, 1982).

[1] OED Online, Oxford University Press, 2 May 2013.

[2] Ibid.

Apocalyptic literature made sense as a genre of political speech and prophecy 2,000 years ago in the context of its origination. The early Christians were indeed a persecuted minority, and it may have been a tremendous consolation to the oppressed to think that their God was promising a better future through prophets. Of course, apocalyptic prophecy would have also encouraged maintaining community cohesion and religious observances, since doing so would bring happy everlasting life, whereas not doing so would result in, well, the nastiest things imaginable.

But here’s the amazing thing. This story of how the world will end—and the very notion that it will—has endured for millennia, migrating around the world, and becoming a dominant ideology within a modern superpower with a massive nuclear arsenal. It has survived into an era when the human imagination is expressed in recorded music, films, video games and virtual reality, an era when humans have actually left our home planet and looked down upon it from the heavens, and an era in which the Bible is by no means the only a source of revelation. It has been 2,000 years of “the big one is coming soon.”

The recent Maya 2012 prophecies [2] followed this classic form, with only minor variations. The revelation was purported to have come not from God, but from a wise ancient society who had predicted exactly when time would run out. (Actually, the Maya never said that, but this didn’t seem to matter much.) The prophesied disasters involved galactic alignments, near-Earth objects and magnetic pole reversals instead of plagues. But the overall shape of the expectations was remarkably consistent with the ancient Judaeo-Christian apocalyptic tradition, even though it was coming from modern New Age authors and purveyors of Hollywood films.

The ingredients of the Maya 2012 phenomenon ultimately consisted of the following: an enduring substrate of Judaeo-Christian apocalypticism; the fabulous power of prediction and prophecy in the human imagination; a decline in formal, traditional religion correlating with an interest in exoticized "ancient wisdom" from other cultures; a notion that archaeologists can recover supposedly long-lost knowledge, coupled with confusion about how exactly we should understand ancient myths; our developing historical knowledge that societies really do collapse and that nothing lasts forever; anxiety about very real threats from our own technology, like WMD and global warming; the dawning realization that outer space is dangerous; a lack of trust in governments; a lack of trust in scientists and experts, including a lack of ability to distinguish reliable information from the unreliable; and the fact that disaster sells in the form of books, films and TV specials, and bunkers for preppers. Notably, these ingredients aren’t going to disappear any time soon.

The 21 December 2012 date of the Maya 2012 predictions was only the latest in a long line of attempts to pinpoint when and how the world will end. It was a date that suited, for a while. For the apocalyptically-minded there will be more, derived from calculations based upon traditional religious texts, or based upon purported revelations from other otherworldly sources, like aliens or ancient societies. [3] And more generally, the ingredients for apocalypticism will continue to move and meld. Every society has had to create a

way of structuring time. [4] That will forever be evolving. And every culture has a way of reckoning big-picture history: Where are we in relation to the beginning and the end? That, too, will continually develop, as global politics unfold and new ways of writing history emerge. And everyone has to reckon with death—our own, and that of others.

But despite all this continuity... is there a change in the air? I wonder whether some of us are finally entering a postapocalyptic era— not by having survived an actual world-ending cataclysm or eschaton but rather, by getting over our obsession with apocalyptic prophecies. We have worked through The End so many times in art and the imagination, that some of our worst nightmares have been attenuated, or neutralized. For example, the dead rise all the time– in photos, virtual reality, museum exhibitions and zombie walks. But perhaps this domestication of darkness comes at a cost: Does it blind us to the pain of those who actually have survived the unimaginable? Do zombies fascinate us because we have not seen, and have not been, the walking dead?

Perhaps we can only now begin to ask: if the end is both always and never here, and if there is no judgement day but only a string of moments in which we must do the best we can, then how shall we live in time?

Kathryn Denning

WAIT FORTY YEARS

Innu Women’s Resistance to Plan Nord

Denise Jourdain

in order to defend the land, you must be connected to it. My father’s family’s territory is difficult to access; under normal conditions, you have to take a hydroplane or a helicopter, or in the winter you can travel by skidoo. One day, when they flooded the Sainte-Marguerite River, [1] my father asked us to come with him out onto his territory. We went up the river in a canoe, and he spoke to us about the places he had spent time during his childhood.

He paused while he told his stories, and admired the beauty of the mountain, the pines, the trees, the riverbank. Listening to him and observing what he was describing, I could feel how much he loved the land. While traveling upriver, he suddenly stopped the motor and began to paddle instead. I thought to myself: “This is going to be something important; he’s going to tell a story that belongs to his family.” I waited and watched him paddle and finally he said, “Look over the side of the canoe.” When I looked, I saw the top of a tree. All the pines had been flooded, covered up in water. He said, “I can’t use the motor because the tree tops could break the propeller.” The flooded river must have been a half kilometre wide, and we were right in the middle of it, where it was very deep. I was shocked to see the treetop—it was as if she was speaking to me, saying, “I am alive, even if I’ve drowned, I am alive.” This is how I started to really understand the link that connects us to the land. I connect this to all of the other questions about territory that are quite commonly asked these days in our community when we speak about the Plan Nord.

Some of the Innu of the Lower North Shore had signed an agreement with Hydro-Québec. [2] I wondered, “Why develop facilities up north on the river, all the way at the edge of the province, when the people who need the electricity are all in the south?” I decided to learn more about the Plan Nord, and when I saw all the potential mine sites, I quickly understood that the Romaine River would be used to enrich the mining companies, who would establish themselves on our territory. Hydro-Québec showed up in our community with an offer of \$80 million, plus \$45 million in construction contracts and jobs. [3] When money has never been part of your culture, you don’t know much about the value of the money, and you think \$80 million sounds like a lot.

It’s important to understand that the payment wasn’t just for the transmission lines that would run through our territory, [4] but also for reparations based on past use of our land, and it also required us to agree that we wouldn’t obstruct any of Hydro-Québec’s future development plans. To raise awareness in my community about the value of this agreement, I did the math. \$80 million over fifty years is \$1.6 million per year, and for a big community with 3,500 members, that works out to \$457.00 per person per year. \$457.00 per year divided by 365 days means that \$1.25 per member per day is the price that Hydro-Québec would pay us for the right to operate mines that will destroy our territory. I asked myself, “Is that really the value that Hydro-Québec places on the water I will drink, the air I will breathe? \$1.25 per day?” I opposed the offer.

The result of the first referendum was 59% “no.” From there, Hydro-Québec held a second referendum, proposing a new offer, what they called a new nation-to-nation relation. My worry was that if the people of my community accepted Hydro-Québec’s

^[1] Archaeologist Anthony Aveni provided helpful overviews and discussions in “Apocalypse Soon?” Archaeology 62:6 (November/December 2009); and Aveni, The End of Time: The Maya Mystery of 2012 (Boulder: University Press of Colorado, 2009).

^[2] Personally, I’m expecting fuss in 2027, which is apparently when the Aztec said the sky monsters would descend, to end the Fifth Sun (i.e., the fifth cycle of creation). But I’m not exactly cancelling my plans for 2028.

^[3] If we go back to first principles, there’s “real time” (days and years correlate to actual physical phenomena) and “culturally constructed time” (the work week, decades, centuries).

offer, with the signature of the Quebec government, it would be as if we had completely signed over our title, our rights, our identity—everything we are as Innus. The result of the second referendum was 54% “no.” [5] But Hydro-Québec continued their work anyway, against the will of my community.

As a nation, if we try to defend our territory using Quebecois laws, we find that we cannot apply them, because these laws were founded on Quebec’s own values and customs and are not compatible with our own. At the federal level, there have been rulings that favored Indigenous land rights, but there is always some other ruling that renders them ineffective. Through the justice system, it is always going to be a merry-go-round. For my community, the negotiations started in the 1990s, and the situation is still the same. Quebec does not recognize our rights, and neither does the country.

We live with social problems, and then there is the Plan Nord. When you live in a community that has social problems, you want to stand up and help your community, you want to blockade. It’s been many years now that I’ve been contributing to strikes, demonstrations and blockades. It’s been almost fifty years that I’ve been living these struggles, participating in these actions.

When we hiked this morning, when we got in the canoe, we told ourselves, “We are mothers, grandmothers,” and the canoe represented our ancestors, their ancestral lives. Tonight we are presented as women who have been in prison. [6] And we, the generation to which the Plan Nord has been presented, we must take our position towards the Plan Nord. It is as if we are holding at arm’s length the future of an entire community. I’d like to address the people of my community, to ask them to build a better world for their children, our children, and the generations to come. Help them to be real Innus, connect to the territory and possess ancestral knowledge. We will not be able to raise our children on the Plan Nord.

Whenever anyone speaks about the Plan Nord, territory, ancestral rights, the eyes of children haunt me. Are we going to leave fifty more years of struggle for the next generation? If we do not act now to preserve the future for our children and refuse the Plan Nord, it will destroy our territory. The cost to the livelihood of our planet will be too high. If I were to make one special request to the Quebecois people, it would be this: “Our people have been patient for forty years. Can I ask you to wait another forty years? Wait forty years before you go ahead with Plan Nord, and maybe between now and then, you will change your mind, and decide to become guardians of the earth.”

Denise Jourdain is a member of the Innu community of Uashat mak Mani-utenam. She is an Innu-aimun language teacher at Johnny Pilot elementary school. She is a direct descendant of the Vachon and Jourdain families, who fought to maintain their land rights in the 1950s, defying both governmental and religious authorities.

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[6] In late March 2012, Denise Jourdain and thirteen other women from Uashat mak Mani-Utenam left their home community to make the 900-km march to Montreal to protest the Plan Nord. Jourdain and two others were arrested at a blockade in March 2012. See Lakoff 2013.

This Short FUSE was adapted from a talk given at Concordia University in Montreal on 28 September 2013. Transcribed and translated by Gina Badger. Thanks to Laura Martinez (translation support) and Aaron Lakoff (fact checking).

PLAYING DEAD

The Toronto Zombie Walk

A group of zombie walkers at the Toronto Zombie Walk. The zombie walkers are dressed in costumes that represent the undead. The zombie walkers are dressed in costumes that represent the undead. The zombie walkers are dressed in costumes that represent the undead.

Richard Moszka

A group of zombie walkers at the Toronto Zombie Walk. The zombie walkers are dressed in costumes that represent the undead. The zombie walkers are dressed in costumes that represent the undead. The zombie walkers are dressed in costumes that represent the undead.

A figure often seen wandering through the imaginary postapocalyptic landscape, the zombie, could be described as a defective or dysfunctional survivor, hopeless, devolved — a body in a chronic state of decay, deprived of its consciousness, senselessly perambulating the city, the countryside or even the suburban mall.

In Toronto, this figure appears every year at the zombie walk, where participants stumble through the streets spilling blood and guts. The first walk was staged in 2003 as a public performance spontaneously organized by film editor Thea Munster and six of her friends. Since then, Munster has continued to run the annual event with a group of volunteers, ultimately drawing a crowd of close to 10,000 in 2012. [1]

Zombie walk participants met for the first three years at the Necropolis Cemetery, until the graveyard banned visitors from entering the grounds in costume. From 2006 to 2011, zombies met at Trinity Bellwoods Park and followed slightly different routes each year. After the 2011 walk, the zombies were contacted by an altogether different kind of monster, the City of Toronto, who wanted to impose regulations on the event under the pretext of ensuring

[1] Number of participants for the years in between: 12 in 2004, 150 in 2005, 600 in 2006, 1,100 in 2007, 2,500 in 2008, 4,000 in 2009, 6,000 in 2010, 7,500 in 2011. Munster states the Toronto walk did not attract a large following before walks staged in US cities were widely publicized. Internationally, walks have now taken place in Singapore, Buenos Aires and Prague, and even in smaller, more isolated cities, such as Merida in Mexico. Thea Munster, in discussion with the author, January 2013.

the safety of walk participants as well as bystanders. The organizers were told they could no longer meet at Trinity Bellwoods because the walk was too big. [2] According to the City of Toronto website, anyone organizing an event in a public space such as a park must be a registered nonprofit organization and apply for a permit. In response, the zombie walk had no choice but to create a board of directors and register as a nonprofit.

The City of Toronto thus approached Munster and the board of directors with a mix of economic coercion and incentives. On the one hand, it intimidated them with threats of personal liability and lawsuits should any private or public property be damaged, or anyone be injured during the event. On the other, the city enticed them with grants, initially telling them they could apply under several categories. One of these, “Community Festivals and Special Events,” is designed to help small festivals start up and become self-sustainable, but the zombie walk was deemed already too big for that. Another category, “Access, Equity & Human Rights,” is geared toward community-based projects that act against discrimination, but the city decided that zombies could be viewed neither as a community nor as a project encouraging diversity. In contrast with this official opinion, Forest Lightbody, the Toronto zombie walk’s secretary, argues that the action of dressing up in zombie drag blurs distinctions of class, race, gender and sexual orientation, while remaining deliberately apolitical. [3]

For the 2012 walk, the board of directors went along with the city’s plan to have participants meet at Nathan Phillips Square and follow an itinerary that circled one large block: walking westward from the square on Queen St. toward University, then north to Dundas, east to Yonge, and south back to Queen and Nathan Phillips Square. The city first said it would provide road closures, and then stated that not enough people were in attendance to warrant them. Thus, on one leg of the walk, participants were herded into the eastbound lanes of Dundas Street (one of which was partially blocked by parked cars), while bystanders crowded the south sidewalk, and westbound lanes were filled with cars and streetcars. The amount of space was totally inadequate for the huge number of walkers, packed so closely together it was difficult for bystanders to see their costumes.

Overall, the city’s way of dealing with the zombie walk is contradictory: it offered grants under the condition that the walk be moved to the location of the city’s choosing, only to renege on the funding it offered. It promised road closures and then stated they were unnecessary. It said the walk has no purpose since it is neither a festival nor a parade. Lightbody says, “They try to help us but they don’t know how to categorize us.” [4]

The collective seems indeed to be defined by its lacks: the lack of a rallying cause, the absence of a political agenda and the lack of demands or goals beyond its continued existence. This brings the zombie walk close to the medieval carnival, which, though apparently only concerned with revelry for revelry’s sake, was a highly symbolic enactment that overturned the social order— if only fleetingly and on the level of metaphor. Both the zombie walk and the medieval carnival could be termed grotesque pageants. In his analysis of the carnivalesque and the grotesque in the writings of

[2] And also because dog owners in the park’s off-leash area had allegedly complained about zombies being a nuisance to their pets.

 [4] Ibid. [5] Mikhail Bakhtin, *Rabelais and His World* (Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1984), 317. [6] Another quip of city officials was that cars and shop-fronts had been

[7] The Heart and Stroke Foundation asked the zombie walk board of directors to distribute flyers

Rabelais, Soviet philosopher Mikhail Bakhtin states that the grotesque body “never presents an individual body” but rather a collective body or a body in transition, “a body in the act of becoming... never finished, never completed,” that represents the cycle of birth, death and rebirth, and that depicts both sickness and fecundity. [5]

This seems to transpose itself easily to the figure of the walking corpse, whose incontinence further upsets the municipality’s “clean streets” policy. [6] Though some social theorists state the obvious— that zombie walks are symptomatic of growing social malaise, and symbolize feelings of disempowerment— could they not be taken more literally, as the most recent embodiment of a visibly rotten body politic? Physical decay is often seen as a manifestation of underlying moral decay. This popular perception, this confusion between literal and metaphorical disease, relates zombies to marginalized communities such as drug addicts today, or to people with HIV during the early years of the AIDS crisis. In essence, zombie drag exhibits a confusing semiotic excess; it celebrates a symbolically messy, ugly, leaking, undifferentiated body.

The walk is an example of an expressive social movement, where the act of taking part in the collective acquires its own finality. It is precisely this expressivity that may soon be overwhelmed by the interests of outside agencies— not only the city, which considers these creatures a nuisance that needs to be contained or at least groomed for broader appeal, but also sponsors who attempt to harness the walk’s energy, to instrumentalize zombies to promote products and services. [7] But if, as Sylvère Lotringer would have it, “our society desperately needs monsters to reclaim its own moral virginity,” [8] then oughtn’t the zombies be left to roam free?

Richard Moszka is a member of the Innu community of Uashat mak Mani-utenam.

Richard Moszka left Montreal in 1993 to do an MFA in Mexico City. He ended up staying there for twenty years, making his living as a translator and visual artist. His work has been exhibited in America and Europe, most notably at the Havana and Porto Alegre Biennales, the Barcelona Contemporary Art Triennale, the Museo de Arte Moderno and Colección Jumex in Mexico City, the Stedelijk Museum voor Actuele Kunst in Ghent, and the Montreal Museum of Fine Arts. He moved to Toronto in the summer of 2012.

Richard Moszka is a member of the Innu community of Uashat mak Mani-utenam. She is an Innu-aimun language teacher at Johnny Pilot elementary school. She is a direct descendant of the Vachon and Jourdain families, who fought to maintain their land rights in the 1950s, defying both governmental and religious authorities.

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 [8] Sylvère Lotringer quoted in David Wojnarowicz, *Close to the Knives: A Memoir of Disintegration* (New York: Vintage Books, 1991), 87.





The reports
of our cultural deaths
have always been
greatly exaggerated.

Chelsea Vowel

To hear non-Indigenous people tell it, we've been teetering on the edge of extinction since not too long after Contact. That narrative hasn't changed much over the years, though the cause of our cultural and perhaps even physical demise has varied somewhat in the details. There have been moments of colonial guilt over *past* policies, but in every age the contemporary opinion is focused on the inherent inability of Indigenous peoples to survive in the supposedly modern world.

Whether this belief is held by those who mourn our slow disappearance or by those who wish we'd hurry up and vanish already, our continued presence must indeed be puzzling. Ours is the slowest apocalypse in human history it seems, because over 500 years later, millions of Indigenous peoples continue to exist all throughout the Americas.

That's not to say the situation isn't grim. British Columbia is home to over *half* of the sixty distinct Indigenous languages spoken in Canada, and in BC every one of those languages is considered at extreme risk. In some cases, the number of fluent speakers can be counted on one hand.

Now, why would I bring up language first, when twenty percent of First Nations in Canada lack safe drinking water? Why discuss language before the five to seven percent higher suicide rate among Indigenous youth than non-Indigenous youth? Why not talk about how Indigenous people make up twenty-three percent of the prison inmates in Canada, despite only being four percent of the total population?

The answer I must give you is that I believe our languages to be so central to *who we are* as Indigenous peoples, that I cannot discuss our present or our future without reference to languages. The oppression we have faced, and continue to face, does not define us in the way our languages do. Our resilience, and the fact that we have not disappeared all the times it was predicted that our end was just around the corner, is very much rooted in our languages.

The ability to transmit our languages to our children has been actively interfered with for generations, and remains greatly threatened. The fact that anyone remains *at all* to speak our languages is a cause for celebration, and such tenacity in the face of unimaginable adversity warrants admiration. Regardless of the fervent wishes of the architects of policies intended to eliminate our languages and cultures, there is no sudden transformation from Indigenous to non-Indigenous when a single person is denied the opportunity to learn her own language. I would argue, however, that if our languages were lost completely, our collective identities would be at risk of being lost. Such loss would not be immediate, but in my opinion, the extinction of our languages would make it impossible to grow as peoples. We would become stagnant and rootless. How many generations beyond complete language loss would render us non-Indigenous, I hesitate to even guess. Next to losing the land, I cannot think of a factor that more threatens our collective existence as Indigenous peoples than no longer being able to talk our talk.

To explain why I believe this to be so, it is important to understand what our languages do for us besides allowing us to

This article is accompanied by an image folio of Raymond Boisjoly's *The Writing Lesson* (2012). See page 41 for project statement.

←
Previous page
Raymond Boisjoly,
The Writing Lesson: Clayoquot (2012).
Sunlight, construction paper, acrylic glass.
20 x 24 inches (61 x 51 cm).

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Raymond Boisjoly,
The Writing Lesson: Nanaimo (2012).
Sunlight, construction paper, acrylic glass.
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communicate with one another. It makes sense to use examples from my own language, but before I do that, I would like to provide a bit of context. I am from a historic Métis community on the shore of Lac Ste. Anne, Alberta. The founders of that community were Iroquois (Mohawk) traders and Métis with roots in the Red River. There are Cree and Nakoda Sioux communities in close proximity to my own, and intermarriage remains common. Speakers of various other Cree dialects as well as Dene peoples had been making annual journeys to this lake for many generations, and continue to do so. Linguistic diversity in that area is the norm. Over the years, the Mohawk language fell out of use and was replaced by Michif and Plains Cree (nêhiyawêwin). It has been easier for me to learn Cree than Michif, simply because of the availability of speakers and materials in Cree versus Michif. When I say “my language,” I refer to Cree, but perhaps I should be saying, “one of my languages.”

In any case, in order to begin demonstrating what language can do besides allowing us to communicate, let me use the example of the nêhiyawêwin word, wîtaskîwin. Most easily translated as “peace,” wîtaskîwin actually has a much more complex meaning. It can be better translated as “truce or alliance” or best yet, “living together on the land,” and it is a foundational principle of Cree law.

There are a number of Indigenous scholars who are working to reclaim and restore Indigenous law. Let me diverge yet again for a moment to explain the difference between Aboriginal and Indigenous law. Aboriginal law is the name given to the body of law that defines the relationship between the colonial state and Indigenous peoples. Indigenous law is the traditional law of our many nations, and only rarely is it ever acknowledged within Aboriginal law. Indigenous law is the body of law that defines the reciprocal obligations between human beings, animal beings, spirit beings and the land.

Language is central to the reclamation of Indigenous law because translation fails us – not only because so much is lost in translation, but also because so much is *added*. It is nearly impossible for me to use the English term law and not have you immediately form images in your head of what law is. Your understanding of this term is rooted in a specific anglo-cultural history. Whether you form pictures in your mind of lawyers in powdered wigs, or monarchs passing judgement, or of weary Crown prosecutors desperately trying to make it through a stack of files three feet high, the term is inextricably linked to an Anglo-common law tradition which stretches back for centuries. Millennia, if we want to really get to the roots of it.

Because of this, when I talk about Cree law I cannot avoid evoking a system and a history that is quite antithetical to what Cree law actually is. This distortion is a problem no matter what Cree term I would try to translate. That is not to say I cannot eventually help you to understand what a term means, without you first having to learn Cree. Going back to the word wîtaskîwin, we could drink many cups of tea and discuss what “living on the land together” means. There would be many misunderstandings to overcome, many cultural assumptions to address, but eventually we could come to an understanding using the English language.

If you *were* to learn Cree, you would not just be learning new words, you would also be learning a worldview. It would still be possible for you to misunderstand this worldview, and to apply your own cultural understandings to the terms you learn, but this is less likely to happen than when we use translation.

Aside from allowing us to communicate with one another, our languages express our laws and sociopolitical principles. When we lose our language, we can no longer tap into those things that make us a whole culture. We must rely on translations that are inescapably influenced by foreign cultural understandings. We

cannot help but experience an erosion of our cultural foundations when we cannot access these principles in their pure form, in our languages and in our territories. On the flip side, even when our traditions and cultures have been eroded, we can use the language to reclaim foundational principles that may have been forgotten or erased on purpose by the overlay of colonially imposed governance in our communities.

Our languages also contain the history of our peoples, which is the history of all those who live in what is now called Canada. I chose the Cree word wîtaskîwin because it is the name of a town in Alberta, anglicised to Wetaskiwin. If all that remains of the language is that word, with no understanding of its meaning, the place becomes disconnected from its history. The town’s name originates from a legendary peace made between the Cree and the Blackfoot. Understanding from this, first of all, that the history of Canada did not begin with Europeans, is an important step in reclaiming our collective histories, whether we are Indigenous or not. Understanding that Indigenous peoples have been making treaties with one another for thousands of years is an important step in recognising that we have always exercised self-determination. Acknowledging these two truths in a real way would be breaking new ground in a country that has worked for centuries to overwrite us with colonial narratives.

Canada is literally bursting with such history, marked by Indigenous words for physical features and historic events. Unfortunately, much of this history has been ignored. The stories continue to exist in oral form, but because orality is not respected in the way that written literacy is, these stories are in danger of being lost completely. Though some would say that the solution is to write down the stories or in other ways record them for future generations, I argue the complete opposite. I want us to maintain our orality.

Orality is not simply the lack of writing. A number of Indigenous nations had a system of writing, but remained oral cultures. Orality is a way of accessing knowledge in a way that is fundamentally different from the way we access written knowledge. Transmission of knowledge requires great discipline: repetition, patience, attention to nuance and an expansive understanding of cultural and historic context, among many other skills. (I use the term historic here, despite the fact that it is often limited to refer to written history.) Many European cultures were once oral cultures as well, and it doesn’t take much scratching to reveal those roots. Imagine if you will, the skill it took to master some of the epic poems (*Beowulf* or *The Lusians*) that reside now only between the pages of bound books. While still stirring tales, something vital is lost when the storyteller is taken out of the picture.

When we lose our languages, we lose our orality as well, because the dominant culture is very much based on written literacy. This loss entails a fundamental shift in how we see the world and understand our relationship to it. That shift takes us away from our Indigeneity and furthers our colonialism. Rather than building on the strengths within our oral cultures, we are forced to operate within a system of knowledge transmission that is fundamentally at odds with our own.

Orality is also a language-learning tool. As babies, none of us were given paper and a writing implement and taught to write words before we learned them. Children are often likened to sponges, soaking up knowledge without having to endure the kind of nineteenth-century banking-style education that somehow remains the norm in Canada. Some sort of intellectual calcification of our sponge-like abilities seems to render us incapable of learning languages that way as we age, or so the experts claim.

Yet Indigenous language resurgence has been most



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The Writing Lesson: Kanesatake (2012).
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successful when done in settings that favour traditional language transmission. By traditional, I refer to Indigenous pedagogy as well as the kind of teaching we receive as infants. As little sponge-babies, we receive our grammar from context rather than from texts designed by linguists. Indigenous language resurgence has focused on providing that context, without worrying too much about the linguists. After all, as Khelsilem Rivers of the Skwxwú7mesh nation likes to put it, “if linguists were going to save, reclaim and restore our languages, they’d have done it by now!” (at Concordia’s Study in Action panel on “Culture and Race: Languages of Resistance,” 17 March 2013).

Language resurgence has been a central focus for a number of Indigenous nations worldwide for some time now. In the seventies and early eighties, the Maori launched what they call the Kōhanga Reo, translated as “the language nest.” These language nests are rooted in traditional Maori pedagogy and culture, putting fluent elders and child learners together in immersion settings. These programs became wildly successful, and reversed the drastic decline of the Maori language as well as revitalizing Maori traditions. This model has been adopted in communities all over the world, including First Nations here. While most successful when begun as early as possible, the language nest model also gives adults the opportunity to become fluent in their languages. Increasing the number of fluent speakers requires immersion settings, and it is more and more likely that the language nest model will become the standard in Indigenous communities.

In some cases, languages that have gone extinct through the loss of all fluent speakers have nonetheless been brought back. A notable example is the Chochenyo language, spoken by the Muwekma Ohlone in California. The last fluent speakers died in the 1920s, and the Chochenyo language was not spoken again for seventy years. With great community-wide effort, fluent speakers were created in a few short years, bringing the language out of extinction and back into spoken life. While I previously stated that linguists are not the ones who will save languages and bring them back, the work linguists do in recording and understanding language does have a place, particularly in a situation like that faced by the Ohlone Chochenyo.

Indigenous languages also need official recognition and serious financial commitment to flourish. Recently, Nunavut’s Official Languages Act of 2008 came into force, making Inuktitut an official language along with French and English. Some people have misunderstood the importance of this, as the Official Languages Act of the Northwest Territories (which up to this point had applied to Nunavut as well) already lists nine Indigenous languages. Legislation without investment and guidelines is merely lip service. In practical terms, not all government services are available in every Indigenous language listed in that Act in the NWT, while in Nunavut a significant amount of time and money has been spent to ensure access and compliance. Also passed in 2008 was the Inuit Language Protection Act, which has not yet come into force. It protects the right of parents to have their children educated in Inuktitut. Currently, Inuktitut-language instruction exists until grade three, but should be available in all grade levels within the next decade.

What would it take to bring all of our Indigenous languages back to good health? I believe it would take an apocalypse—an end to colonialism as we know it! Our languages and cultures would have to be valued in truth, by all peoples living in Canada. I believe that such a shift in perception is possible. Perhaps Indigenous language resurgence can help bring this end about. We can start small, and word by word begin dismantling the colonial narratives that obscure the true potential of all peoples living here.

We live in turbulent times, and the current sociopolitical

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Raymond Boisjoly,
The Writing Lesson: Massett (2012).
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model that dominates the landscape has not always been up to the challenge. There is a willingness to believe that while we do not have the perfect system, we have the best system possible, despite the fact that so many groups are deeply unhappy with things as they are.

Indigenous peoples remember that things have not always been this way for all peoples, and that they need not always be this way. Many of the social advances Canada has experienced in the past few generations, such as working towards equality, acceptance of fluid sexualities and genders, and a greater awareness and respect for the environment, are principles that have existed for thousands of years among our nations. Overturning the colonial narrative would allow more people to become aware of how these principles need not be new floors we add to our existing home, but are instead the foundation upon which all else can be built.

Indigenous peoples are not generally seen as a fountain of resilience and adaptation, despite a history that shows these traits are precisely what have kept us alive for so long. Despite the way we have been portrayed, as primitive and incapable of living in the modern world, the foundational principles of our peoples are absolutely suited to whatever gets thrown at us. Unfortunately, few people understand that we even have such foundational principles, much less know what they are.

Language resurgence gives us access to those principles. The beginning lies with the principles as expressed in our languages—principles such as wītaskēwin, miyo-wīcēhtowin (how to manage our relationships with others to achieve mutually beneficial living), and askīwipimācihowascikēwina (the way in which we must create arrangements to live well together, to be self-sufficient and interconnected at the same time). The more important work is in applying these principles to current circumstances, in a way that acknowledges the world we live in today. This of course requires that we come together as peoples, to make decisions together as equals rather than as superiors to inferiors.

An example of how these principles are applied to contemporary situations can be found in the adaptation of Inuit Qaujimagatuqangit (IQ, the Inuit way of doing things) to all aspects



of governance in Nunavut, from education and health to environment and economic development. You can find these principles stated and explained on the Nunavut government website, but also woven through every curricular document and every piece of legislation passed in the territory. For example, a synthesis of IQ and Western science is being used in Nunavut to better understand, and help find solutions to, the extreme climatic changes being experienced by Inuit peoples. Consensus-based decision making and learning-through-doing are two of the principles that inform the application of IQ to contemporary issues.

Understanding these principles as expressed first in our own languages, contradicts the status quo of assuming our beliefs function only in a pre-Contact utopia populated by noble savages. When only lip service is paid to understanding Indigenous principles, and we accept token references to Turtle Island, Mother Earth, the Four Directions and other such pan-Indian terms and phrases, we perpetuate a two-dimensional view of our Indigeneity. This becomes particularly dangerous given that seventy percent of Indigenous peoples in Canada are living in urban centres now. If we three-dimensional beings fail to conform to two-dimensional standards by living in cities and wearing jeans and using smartphones, then it is often assumed we have abandoned our Indigenous principles. This view can only exist when those principles are understood so poorly and so superficially. Using our own languages first, and providing translations only when necessary, forces us and others to interact with these concepts in a deeper way—hopefully a more meaningful way.

I see language as the hook that will draw people in to the good relationships described by our foundational principles. I would like to see every person in Canada learn at least some of the language of the people within whose territory they reside. It is my hope that this would allow them to grasp the importance of some of the place names that escaped notice before. It is my hope that this would allow all people living here to better locate themselves within a wider history that has been ignored and downplayed for too long. It is my hope that in this way, we can collectively reclaim

our humanity.

Indigenous peoples essentially face two futures: one which continues to be dominated by colonialism and paternalism, where we are unable to make fundamental decisions about our own lives; and another where we exercise self-determination based on the foundational principles of our sociopolitical orders, in cooperation with all those who share these lands with us.

The first scenario is comfortable for non-Indigenous peoples, and maintains the status quo. Eventually, as we are underfunded and mismanaged into deeper ill health in the physical, social and spiritual senses, we may indeed finally experience the apocalypse that has been so repeatedly predicted for us. I can assure you, however, that the end is not so close as certain non-Indigenous peoples believe it to be.

The second scenario is inherently uncomfortable, requiring great effort on the part of all peoples living here to decolonize themselves and the familiar institutions that have existed here for generations. It is understandable that there is a reluctance to do this work, particularly when the outcome is not something we can truly see until the process is further along. A colonized mind cannot escape its mental limits in order to peek into a decolonised future; not for longer than a few uncertain heartbeats.

The discomfort to which I refer is so great, that perhaps not even the appeal to our continued existence as Indigenous peoples is enough persuasion to do the work needed. We are already facing death from many fronts, at rates so much higher than the general population. If these facts do not sway the majority into re-examining the relationship that exists between Canada and Indigenous peoples, then what else can be said?

As for us, we will continue to do what we can to revitalise and restore our languages. We will continue to fight for our lands, with our words and our bodies. We will continue to hold on to our foundational principles. We will not ask for permission to exist. We will face obstacles put in our path the way we have faced them for thousands of years: with humour, humility, courage and strength. I can only hope that our continued efforts to reach out to our neighbours will be met with honesty, integrity and compassion so that we can all experience what wītaskēwin truly means.

êkosi.

Chelsea Vowel is Métis from the Plains Cree speaking community of Lac Ste. Anne, Alberta. She and her partner have four girls who keep them extremely busy. Chelsea has a BEd and an LLB and moved to Montreal in 2009. She has taught in the Northwest Territories, Alberta and now Quebec where she currently teaches Inuit youth under Child Protection. With all that spare time kicking around, she also blogs as āpihtawikosisān. Passionate about law, culture and language, she tries to deconstruct harmful myths with the hope that there can be a restructuring and renewal of the relationship between Canadians and Indigenous peoples.

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1. Duct Tape (How you can use it?)
 1. Repairing a cracked water bottle, sleeping bag, glasses, shoes, clothing, bags, tents, cars, boats, zippers, or whatever
 2. bandage or blister care. You can even tape up a huge wound
 3. Make cordage
 4. Fashion a belt... (you will start to lose weight with limited food)
 5. First aid sling
 6. Leave a note. Write on it with a Sharpie/Crayon
 7. Handcuff alternative
 8. Attach shelter elements. Just a few trash bags and some duct tape for a survival shelter, or a sleeping bag cover, or a wind break
 9. Make a hat
 10. Make a drinking cup
 11. Make a spear. Tape knife or nail to a pole for hunting/protection
 12. Mark a Trail
 13. Splint a broken limb

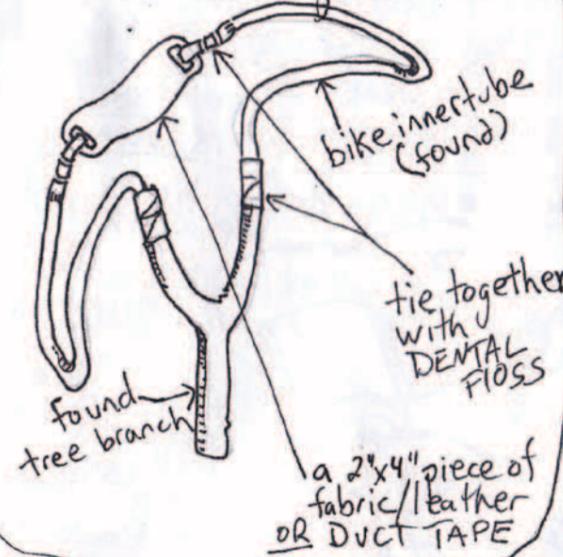
4. Matches
5. Candle + Aluminum Foil
6. Fishing Kit
7. Blade
8. Garbage Bag
9. Fire starter
10. Sewing Kit (needle, thread, button, safety pins)
11. Dental Floss - fishing, sewing, dental, cordage

WATER
- old bottle
- bag
- condom
+ SOCK

10. First Aid Kit
11. Nourishment
12. Maps
13. Paper + Pencil
14. Nail

Print your own if you have a specific destination

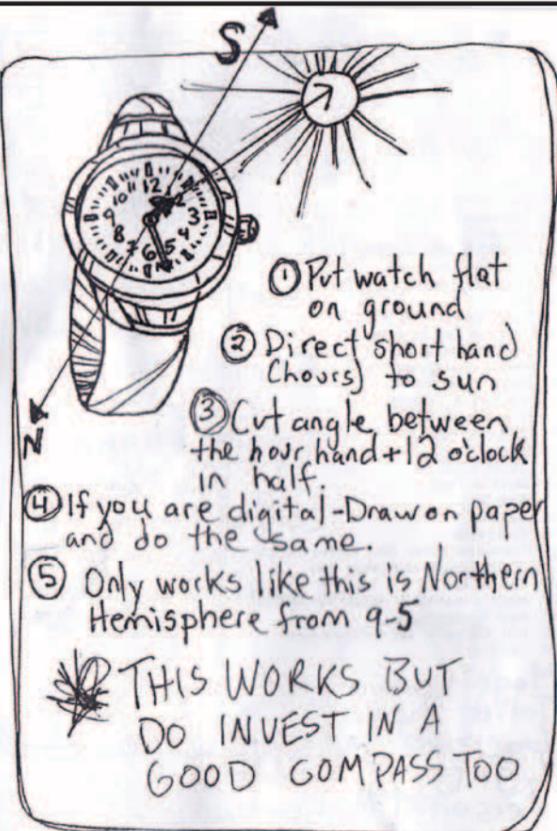
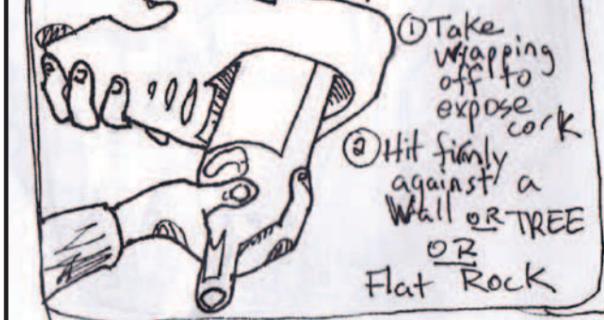
How To Make a sling shot out of garbage!!!



SURVIVAL is being able to:

- * NEED CAFFINE and all prescribed drugs.
- * STAY HEATHY - Vitamins
- * 3's - 3 min w/o AIR, 3 days w/o H₂O, 3 weeks without food
- * Wool is best. Hat. Socks. Sweater

How To Open a Bottle of Wine w/o a Corkscrew



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MORE STUFF - To add to your kit

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2. Neck wrap
3. Tourniquet
4. Pot Holder
5. Collecting Wild Edibles
6. Sun block for neck
7. Sling (first-aid)
8. Hat
9. Sling (for a staff)
10. Cordage (strips or as is)
11. Washcloth/Towel
13. Waist pack/pouch
14. Hobo Pack
15. Padding a hotspot
16. Flaggng bottom
17. Flaggng top
18. Gag
19. Toilet Paper
20. Mark a Trail
21. Dish Rag
22. Napkin
23. Eye patch
24. Pre-water Filter (like Coffee Filters)
25. Clean Glasses and other lens
26. Ear Muffs
27. Make a makeshift water purifier (2x)
28. Dust Mask
29. Wet and wear for Hot Weather
30. Sneezing

- * Magnifying Glass
- * Toilet Paper
- * Garbage Bags
- * Lighter + More Matches
- * Personal Medication
- * Can of Food - Pre-cooked

QUEER MARKINGS

Queer Culture has a history of Secret Codes and Concealed languages. Part of survival is finding a community and helping one another to stay alive. Use your markings like breadcrumbs to communicate direction, location, warnings etc. Devise your own.

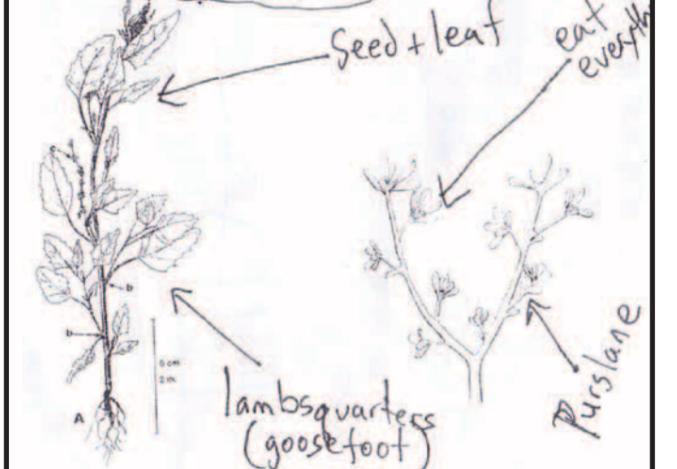
- * Small Bottle of Bleach (8 drops per gallon)
- * Flashlight
- * Make Mylar Blanket - or Buy One
- * Knife/Leatherman - WAVE
- * Saw - Portable and/or Hatchet
- * Potassium Iodide Pills + Detector
- * Water Filter Straw + Pills
- * Neosporin
- * Vitamins + Pain killers
- * Leather Gloves
- * Cordage + Rope
- * Compass x2
- * Change of Clothes
- * Sharpie/Pen
- * Some Cash - Small Bills
- * small tarp

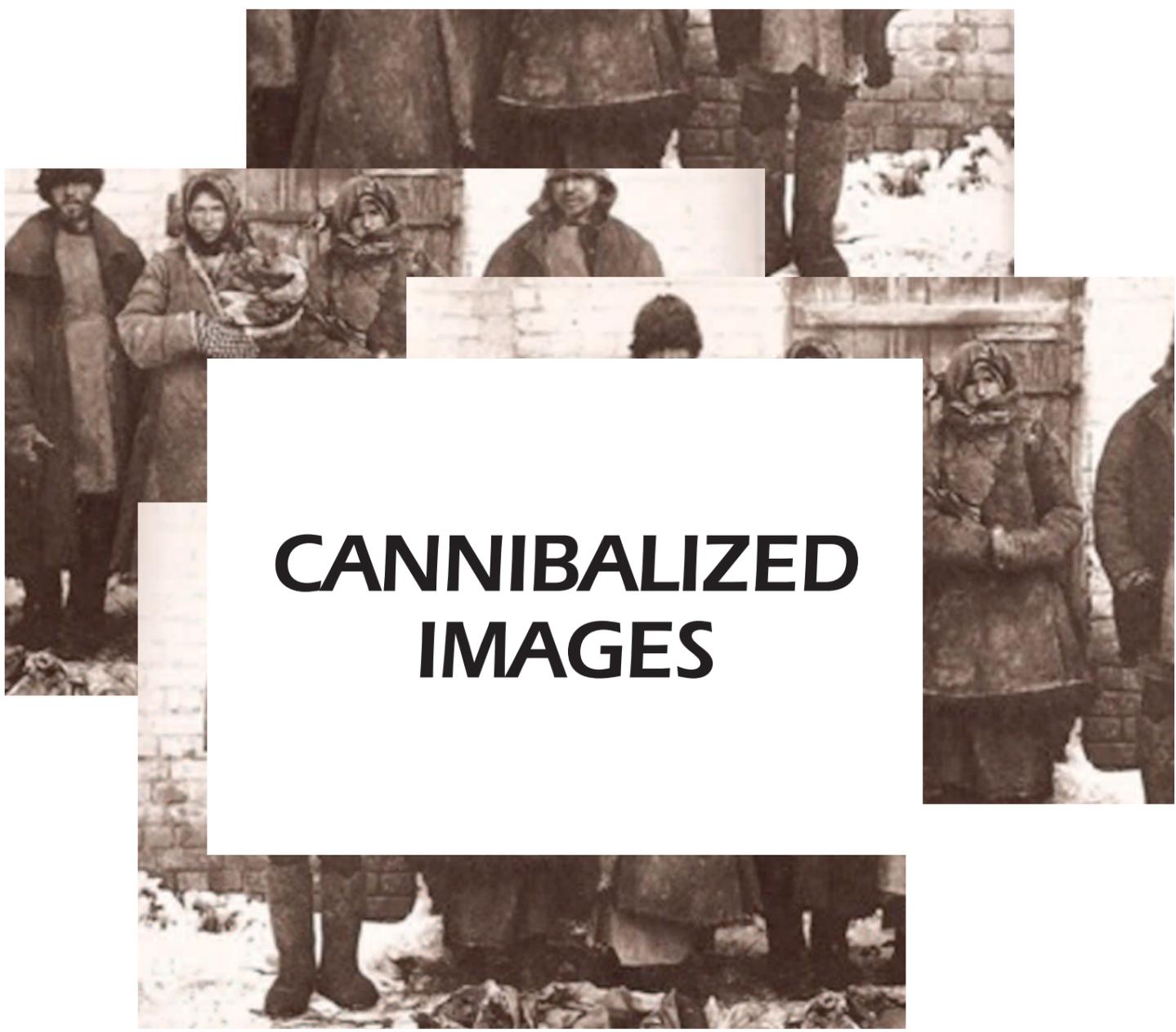
PUT IT ALL IN ONE BAG. BE READY TO GO



FORAGING FOR FOOD!

1. Learn + Read www.eattheweeds.com
2. Peterson Field Guides "Edible Wild Plants" (Eastern/Central North America)
3. Dandelions! Rock!





CANNIBALIZED IMAGES

The Biopolitics of Photography in the Soviet Famine, 1920–22

Kathleen Tahk

←
Image reproduced from
Éric Baschet,
Russie 1904–1924
(Paris: Éric Baschet
Editions, 1978).
Original photograph from
1922 is in the public
domain.

This is, in essence, the story of a single photograph. The image, a group portrait of six individuals accused of cannibalism during the brutal Soviet famine of 1920–22, has been used by historians as a mute testament to the horrors of the Russian Civil War and the period of War Communism. [1] A closer look at the photograph, however, reveals that it is hardly a transparent document. The photograph takes on radically different meanings when considered in three different moments within its history of production and circulation: the photographing of the scene in the winter of 1921–22; the publication of the photograph in the French newspaper *L'Illustration* in July 1922; and the exhibition of famine photographs in the Kremlin in May 1922. Instead of a direct testimony to the horrors of the 1920–22 famine, the additive structure and adaptability of the photograph's signification made it a potent instrument of biopolitical power, facilitating the control and manipulation of subject bodies. Despite the seeming visibility of these six survivors, they have never been allowed to give their own testimony.

Within the historical archive, only traces of these three moments remain. When the photograph appeared in *L'Illustration*, for instance, all but the most rudimentary facts about the identities of its subjects and its photographer had disappeared. While meticulous archival work might reveal a more complete history of the image, that is not the objective of the present essay. In a sense, the appearance of this article in *FUSE* adds a fourth moment to the history of the image, yet it is a moment radically unlike the previous three. While the three earlier presentations sought to assign identities to the photographed peasants and in essence to speak for them, this return to the photograph ninety years later insists on the opacity of the six survivors' identities within the photographic frame.

[1] Orlando Figes, *Peasant Russia, Civil War* (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1989), plate 12; T.J. Clark, *Farewell to an Idea: Episodes from a History of Modernism* (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1999), 240.



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Six persons unknown from the famine zone and unidentified bodily remains taken as evidence of reported cannibalistic acts, Buzuluk, Russia.

I. Buzuluk, Winter 1921–1922

It is winter in Buzuluk, a town at the very edge of Soviet Russia’s southeastern frontier. Like the rest of the Samara and Orenburg provinces, Buzuluk is, by this point, in a sustained state of emergency. The failure of the 1921 harvest in the heavily agricultural Volga region has left most of its residents without sufficient food stores to survive the winter. Though resources were already dangerously short in 1920, the famine crisis reaches its devastating climax in January and February 1922. [2]

During this brutal winter, agents of the new Soviet police, the Cheka, have been dispatched to the famine zone to investigate reports of cannibalism brought on by the conditions of mass starvation. One of the more vivid documents produced in their investigations is a photograph, a group portrait of six unidentified peasants arrested in Buzuluk under suspicion of cannibalistic acts. In the photograph, the mounds of snow and the hard, barren ground

hint at the severity of the famine at this moment. Other contemporary images of the cracked surface of the earth testify even more dramatically to the impoverished soil. The Buzuluk photograph, however, shows not the fields, but rather a town. [3] Here the frozen ground stands as a metaphor for the infertility of the countryside, which drove large numbers of desperate farmers to seek relief in the urban centres. Across the Volga region, railway stations in the cities have transformed into impromptu refugee camps, in which desperate peasants wait in the hope of escaping the famine zone. [4] Given the massive scale of migration during the famine, these six individuals, too, may be newcomers to the streets in which they stand.

The famine represented in the photograph is only one part of the chaos of the early twenties. Though Lenin and the Bolshevik Party had seized power in the Communist revolution of 1917, their consolidation of power remained a work in progress. Between 1917 and 1921, the new Red Army clashed with counterrevolutionary White forces still loyal to the old imperial order in a protracted civil war. [5]

[2] For further readings on the histories of the 1920–22 famine, see Figes, *Peasant Russia*; E.H. Carr, *A History of Soviet Russia*, vol. 1–2 (New York: Macmillan, 1950); Cormac Ó Grada, *Famine: A Short History* (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 2009)

[3] The setting can be recognized as relatively urban based on the brick building behind them. Peasant residences in small villages or on farm plots were generally small, wooden structures.

[4] An eyewitness account by a Russian observer in Simbirsk paints a vivid picture of the squalor in the railway stations: “Imagine a compact mass of sordid rags, among which are visible here and there, lean, naked arms, faces already stamped with the seal of death. Above all one is conscious of a poisonous odor. It is impossible to pass. The waiting room, the corridor, every foot thickly covered with people, sprawling, seated, crouched in every imaginable position. If one

looks closely he sees that these filthy rags are swarming with vermin. The typhus stricken grovel and shiver in their fever, their babies with them. Nursing babies have lost their voices and are no longer able to cry. Every day more than twenty dead are carried away, but it is not possible to remove all of them. Sometimes corpses remain among the living for more than five days... It is impossible to close the railway station. There is no way to stop this great wave of starving

peasants who come to the city to die.” Cited in H. H. Fisher, *The Famine in Soviet Russia* (New York: Macmillan, 1927), 90.

[5] For general historical accounts of these years, see Carr, 1950 and Alec Nove, *An Economic History of the USSR: 1917–1991* (London: Penguin, 1992). For specific studies of the rural experience of this period, which is of special concern for this paper, see Figes, 1989 and Aaron B. Retish, *Russia’s Peasants in*

Revolution and Civil War (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2008).

At the same time, the growth of rebellious peasant armies inhibited efforts by the Bolshevik government to secure the countryside. In the midst of the chaos of war, rebellion and counterrevolution, the great famine of 1920–22 had by far the largest death toll. In the short span of three years, this catastrophic event claimed the lives of nine million Soviet citizens. [6] The mass starvation, banditry and violence engendered by the famine posed a difficult challenge to a state still struggling to maintain its stability.

The group has not assembled here voluntarily. The photographer, a Cheka official, has arranged them in a line before his lens not simply to document the conditions of the famine, but rather to generate evidence for a criminal investigation of cannibalistic acts in Samara. [7] In this encounter on the streets of Buzuluk, the camera functions as a technology of power, which contains and controls bodies through their representation. With the force and the authority of his position, the officer has physically arrested these individuals and ordered them to stand before the camera lens. The composition of the resulting image follows an additive logic: one body after another is joined together with the indeterminate conjunction “and.” Thus, the picture itself becomes the sole bond between these six persons; they are a group because they are here, in the print, together. In the photograph, the awkward and detached relationships between the figures testify to this additive character. Though their bodies press up against one another, the six peasants do not quite cohere into a group. Instead, they stare forward blankly, as though unaware of one another’s presence. Their rigid frontal poses reveal no legible gestures of intimacy between them; their hands do not extend to one another but turn in towards themselves. Any connections between these men and women outside of the picture frame remain indecipherable within it. If the relationship between the figures rests on their occupation of the shared space of the photograph, then their relationship to the pile of cannibalized body parts in front of them relies on it even more. No criminal act is taking place here; indeed, the figures are drained of any markers of activity. It is important to note that this is not a photograph of the act of cannibalism, though it may (or may not) be a photograph of cannibals.

In binding the individuals together, the photograph holds and confines their bodies within the delimited space of its borders. Here the medium of photography acts as more than a means of representation. In this encounter between state authority and peasant, photography becomes specifically an instrument of biopolitical power. Though photographic theorists have rightly interrogated claims of the medium’s objective reproduction of the real, the perception that a photograph is a direct imprint of the physical world retains a significant power. In the case of these famine images, the state not only observes and documents the bodies of its citizens, but also inscribes itself on them. As soon as they enter the photographic frame, the Buzuluk peasant bodies become purported cannibal bodies, and the permanency of the image ensures that they will remain so. The bodies of the peasants in the Buzuluk photo

[6] An exact death toll of the famine is extremely challenging to calculate due to incomplete documentation of all death. Additionally, the effects of the Civil War and those of the failed harvest both fed into the famine, making it difficult to distinguish those who died in the conflict from those who died in the famine. Drawing on the calculations of different historians, Ó Grada gives nine million deaths as a moderate estimate. Ó Grada, 2009, 23.

[7] Harry L. Gilchriese, an American relief worker in Russia, stated in *L’Illustration* that he received the Buzuluk photograph and other similar images from a Cheka official, who also informed him that the Soviet police had taken the pictures in their investigations of incidents of cannibalism. According to Gilchriese, the photographs came from the archives of the Cheka. *L’Illustration* (22 July 1922), 82.

[8] *L’Illustration*, 81–82.

[9] The original reads “désorganisation administrative” and “dissolution économique.” *L’Illustration*, 81.

[10] *L’Illustration*, 82. The journal justified its inclusion of the images despite their disturbing content, writing: “Si nous reproduisons ici deux de ces terribles images, c’est parce que l’histoire doit retrouver ces témoignages, à leur date, dans notre collection. Si terrifiant que sort le groupe qu’on voit ci-dessous, il est encore dépassé en horreur par d’autres

documents, montrant des véritables états de boucherie humaine, que nous avons dû renoncer à mettre sous les yeux des lecteurs.”

[11] Nearly every element, but not all. A muted suggestion of the disconnection between the aid worker and the crowd is visible in the children’s uncomfortable gazes. Though all reach out their hands to him, many shift their eyes away, looking off to the right. The boy almost immediately to

his right is particularly arresting, as he seems to stare directly into the photographer’s lens. The slight turn of the ARA man’s head towards the viewer suggests that he, too, cannot meet the gaze of the crowd.

become cannibal bodies—that is to say, bodies excluded from the social and political order, within the image. The photograph, which has constructed their cannibal identity, becomes subsequently a document proving this very identity. This paradoxical loop, rooted in the truth claims of photography, collapses representation and presentation.

II. Paris, July 1922

In its 22 July 1922 issue, the French popular newspaper *L’Illustration* publishes a heavily illustrated feature on the Russian famine. [8] Over the last year and a half, the journal has regularly reported on the course of this catastrophe as well as the events of the Civil War and the policies of the new socialist government. According to the article, the inability of the Bolshevik government to address the crisis on its own testifies to its “administrative disorganization” and “economic dissolution.” [9] The incomplete sovereignty, ascribed in these pages to the beleaguered Soviet state, is contrasted with the heroic portrayal of the efforts of the American Relief Association (ARA) in combating the famine. At the conclusion of the main report, a brief but striking addition is appended: two photographs of cannibals, the Buzuluk image and one of a mother and child in Samara. The pictures, which the author admits will likely shock his readers, reached the newspaper through the intermediary of ARA member Harry L. Gilchriese, who claimed to have received them directly from Soviet officials. [10] Tales of cannibalism had peppered previous reports in the journal about the famine, but this is the first appearance of photographs claiming to directly record its occurrence.

In the collection of photographs accompanying the main article, scenes of starving peasants welcoming the arrival of American aid workers provide the French readership with an image of a grateful Soviet population. In the main illustration, a solitary ARA member at the left edge of the frame surveys a crowd of peasants, who crowd together in the middle ground of the composition. While the more impassive faces of older members of the community are partially obscured and blurred by the limited depth of focus, the pained expressions and supplicating gestures of the children at the front of the group immediately attract the viewer’s attention. In the foreground, the parched ground refers to the barren fields and the failed harvest. Nearly every pictorial element contributes to a conventional narrative of humanitarian compassion. [11]

Photographs like this one, which appeared across the Western press during the years of the famine, justify the intervention of humanitarian groups through the representation of peasant existence as a form of bare life. With their outstretched hands, the individuals captured here communicate only the animal experience of hunger. Photographs of peasants in the British journalist C.E. Bechhofer’s account of his travel through the famine zone [12] similarly appeal to humanitarian sentiments with scenes of bare



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"Six Russian peasants from the district of Buzuluk, lined up in front of the remains of those they killed and dismembered in order to feed themselves."
L'Illustration (22 July 1922).

life. [13] The titles accompanying two of Bechhofer's photographs dramatically position their subjects at the very boundary between life and death: "Samara – the market where the refugees sell their last possessions for food" and "Refugees on the banks of the Volga with their last emaciated cow." In both cases, the word "last" acts as a trigger for empathy; these are bodies at the very brink of death, separated from it only by a final, dwindling reserve.

Though they claim to reveal the bare life of refugees to the viewer's eye, Bechhofer's photographs rely heavily on captions for much of their poignancy. In the photograph of the market, the caption alerts readers to the desperation of the moment. With this textual supplement removed, however, the image of the market becomes ambiguous. The bustling throng filling the streets might indicate a vital rural economy and a complex system of exchange, which is a far cry from the deprivations of bare life. Indeed, the ambiguity of this image without the anchor of the caption suggests a fundamental problem with the visual representation of bare life. On the one hand, the photographic representation exceeds the barrenness of bare life. Minor details of dress or of gesture recorded in a photograph point to a mode of life that is always more than pure biological existence. In the Buzuluk photograph, the decorative patterns on the hand-knit mittens worn by the woman at centre speak to a specific, developed peasant culture. On the other hand, the condition of bare life exceeds what can be represented visually.

How can a viewer distinguish the body that has passed out of the zone of political life and into that of bare life from any other? The intense hunger and lethargy of the famine victim, her desperation to survive and her acceptance of imminent death remain invisible to the eye. Only when embedded within framing devices and captions does the photograph become an image of bare life.

If the captions ensure the humanitarian reading of these images, could the same framing devices also serve to transform the horror of the cannibal photographs into empathy? The article in *L'Illustration* attempts to reframe these images within the terms of humanitarian discourse by equating the cannibal with her victim. Carefully framed by the accompanying text, the two photographs present their subjects as helpless victims of the famine. The smaller image, cropped to reveal only the faces of a woman and a small boy, contains no visual indicators of their status as cannibals. Only the caption below, stating that the family had consumed the father's corpse after his death by starvation, identifies them as such. At the same time, a sympathetic narrative is created; the subjects' visibly gaunt faces suggest that they too could have perished, offering their bodies in the same way for the sustenance of their kin. Ascribing responsibility for the famine to the Bolshevik policy of food requisitioning, the article suggests that these cannibals themselves have been fodder for an even more cannibalistic state. [14]

[12] C. E. Bechhofer, *Through Starving Russia* (London: Methuen, 1921).

[13] According to philosopher Giorgio Agamben, bare life is a state of pure bodily existence beyond the limit of political life.

Agamben developed his theory of bare life in his writings over the last fifteen years, offering his most sustained discussion of the concept in the book *Homo Sacer: Sovereign Power and Bare Life*, trans. Daniel Heller-Roazen (Stanford: Stanford University

Press, 1998). This essay draws primarily on this text, but is also informed by two of his other works: *Remnants of Auschwitz: The Witness and the Archive*, trans. Daniel Heller-Roazen (New York: Zone Books, 1999); and *State of Exception*, trans. Kevin Attell

(Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 2005).

III. Moscow, May 1922

It is May 1922 in the Kremlin, the home of the still young Bolshevik government. Only a few doors away from Lenin's personal apartments, an exhibition on the famine in the Volga region has been installed. Throughout several rooms, photographs from the famine zone hang together, producing a collective portrait of the catastrophe. [15] Alongside these representations, visitors also encounter the material culture of starvation: samples of bread consumed in the winter of 1921–22. The poverty of the ingredients – oak leaves, ground bone, tree bark, clay, sawdust and straw – used to make this bread testifies to the extremity of the conditions. [16] And yet, the most prominent component of the exhibition remains the collection of photographs displayed as evidence of cannibalism in Samara and Orenburg. In the preceding months, the Soviet press had regularly reported on these atrocities; however, the central Bolshevik journal *Pravda* published no photographic illustrations of them. [17] For much of the viewing public in Moscow, then, this exhibition offers a first encounter with the visual face of cannibalism.

The exhibit seems obsessed with assuring the viewer that these photographs of cannibals are, in fact, real. After passing through the installation of various documents from the famine, the viewer reaches a room dedicated to a single subject – cannibalism. Gathered together in one space, these images form a gruesome series of vignettes: women cooking the remains of bodies, half-eaten limbs on a plate, jars of dismembered parts. One of the police documents displayed alongside the visual evidence offers visitors an explanatory narrative, which is both bureaucratic in its style and sensational in its content:

At the Station of Otachiva, a man, one Chaperoff, killed his nephew, a boy of 10 years, cutting his throat. Later, he killed his own father. He cooked the two corpses and ate them. The bones found in his house were sent to the Cheka, and medical experts proved that they belonged to the corpse of a man who had been cooked. Later, Chaperoff confessed. [18]

With the linear progression of simple declarative sentences, the text links together separate acts into a causal chain of events, which might testify to the reality of the purported act of cannibalism. Even after stating that medical evidence had proven the facts of the case, the account stresses that the accused man also confessed, doubling its assertion of truth. Each piece of evidence reconfirms the same claim of cannibalism, as though the truth will emerge from a simple accumulation of data.

The cumulative effect of the documents and images in this room prepares the viewer to seek out the traces of cannibalism in each photograph. Within this context, one anticipates the horrific content of each scene before actually encountering it. In the Buzuluk image, one discerns the markers of cannibalism only after extended observation. The oval form at the very centre front of the picture plane resolves slowly into a human skull, recognizable by its silhouette and the dark cavity of an eye socket. Moving from the skull, one might extrapolate the structure of an arm terminating in a clenched fist from the L-shaped form behind it. Perhaps the wrinkled bits of fabric scattered throughout are scraps of clothing. Based on these observations, the viewer may see fragments of human anatomy

[14] *L'Illustration*, 81.

[15] A description of the exhibition given by French journalist Paul Erio, who viewed it in Moscow, was published as the article "Cannibalism Still Prevails," *New York Times* (29 May, 1922).

Details of my reconstruction of the display are taken from there.

[16] *Ibid.*

[17] Between November 1921 and February 1922, reports on the famine appeared in *Pravda*

on a weekly basis.

[18] Erio reproduces the Cheka document's text in "Cannibalism Still Prevails."

[19] Bechhofer 1921, 21–23.

[20] Fisher recounts some graphic tales of cannibalism he heard in several towns and cities during the relief work. He notes that in response to these stories, Russian listeners merely "shrugged their shoulders and looked at their feet." Fisher, 1927, 98.

[21] The role of surplus production in the development from capitalism to socialism is most clearly articulated in Marx, *Capital*, vol. 1.

in the mostly amorphous forms, yet all of these identifications remain speculative enough to leave one doubting their accuracy.

Transforming these masses into the remains of the human body becomes an elaborate imaginative exercise, guided by the surrounding images. Another Cheka photograph of a man and a woman accused of cannibalism visually parallels the Buzuluk one. In both images, the peasants stand in the same rigid frontal posture. The remains of a child's torso and a severed head occupy the table in front of the couple, providing an explicit image of the butchery of the human body. The viewer could not have helped but transfer their experience of this graphic image to the more obscure Buzuluk scene, securing the identification of its contents as human remains.

In its insistence on the authenticity of the cannibal photographs, the Kremlin exhibition did not intend to shock its viewers or sensationalize its subject. In the depths of the famine, most of the Soviet population was in some respect starving. Even here in the capital, both private citizens and soldiers of the Red Army spent these months poorly fed and undernourished, at times selling their possessions in exchange for food. [19] Tales of cannibalism circulated by word of mouth as well as in the press, such that by the end of the winter listeners appeared to be unperturbed by their most gruesome details. [20] When the exhibit opened in May, no one in Moscow failed to grasp the brutal reality of the winter of 1921–22.

Instead of shocking the audience, the Kremlin exhibition responded to an ideological problem spawned by the famine. The dearth of famine offers a disturbing inversion of the economic surplus necessary for Communism. Though Marx maintains the impossibility of imagining more than a hazy outline of the Communist utopia of the future from a standpoint within capitalism, he clearly describes it as a society of superabundance. [21] The progress of human history through the stage of industrial capitalism, he acknowledges, is painful and alienating, yet the rapid development of the means of production to the point of generating a surplus will enable the formation of a Communist society, in which private property ceases to exist. Contrasting with these utopian dreams, the famine revealed the inability of the Bolshevik government to meet the basic needs of its citizenry. This fact inevitably raised the question of whether the famine was a growing pain in the process of the transformation of pre-revolutionary Russian society into a communist society or whether it was evidence of the illegitimacy of the Communist revolution due to the insufficient historical development of a still largely unindustrialized country, a major point of contention between the Bolsheviks and their opponents from other socialist factions. Thus, a seemingly insurmountable lack marks the foundational moment of the Soviet state, threatening to turn the revolutionary origin of a new society into an apocalyptic end.

The truth claims of photography and its malleable additive structure supplied an elegant answer to this problem. As argued above, the Buzuluk image reveals how the photograph connects its contents through the neutral conjunction "and." Because "and" does not define a specific relationship between two objects, multiple relationships can be imposed on them. A number of relationships can be projected onto the six peasants and the remains of the bodies before them in the photograph – murderers with their victims, survivors with their dead. The flexibility of the photographic structure



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 "These people are not cannibals
 who eat their dead because they are hungry;
 but those are cannibals who do
 not give of their surplus to the hungry."
 Kremlin exhibition, Moscow, May 1922.

did not undermine the force of the medium as an instrument of biopolitical power, but rather enhanced its effect. Within early Soviet visual culture, the instability of the photographic image was a major point of concern. The manipulation and alteration of photographic images in order to make them ideologically appropriate was widespread in the 1920s and 1930s. [22] Exiled former party officials, for example, were regularly erased from group portraits, leaving characteristic ghostly shadows on the doctored prints. The fact that problematic images were altered, rather than suppressed, testifies to a paradoxical faith in the authenticity of photography as objective evidence and a simultaneous anxiety about its political limitations. The Kremlin exhibition, too, hoped to alter the cannibal photographs to suit state ideology, but it managed to do so using framing devices rather than direct physical manipulation.

In 1922, Soviet ideology needed to make the bodies it had been accused of abandoning into revolutionary, socialist subjects. By May 1922, the foreign relief workers and journalists had been sending reports home on the dire conditions in Russia for months. Many of these reports, like those published in *L'Illustration*, were highly critical of Bolshevik power, and most portrayed Soviet citizens as objects for humanitarian intervention. [23] While journalists like Bechhofer used captions to transform photographs of the famine zone into representations of bare life, the Kremlin exhibition transformed cannibals into revolutionaries.

A prominent sign displayed with the photographs of cannibalism proclaimed, "These people are not cannibals who eat their dead because they are hungry; but those are cannibals who do not give of their surplus to the hungry." [24] Framed with these words, the Soviet famine's cannibal (who does in fact eat the dead to survive) is presented as an argument for the requisitioning of food for collective distribution. The anti-socialist citizens who withhold grain from the hungry—forcing the revolutionary action of food requisitioning to ascend to the level of cannibalism (requisitioning the dead as food)—are reframed as the truly cannibalistic.

[22] Leah Dickerman, "Camera Obscura: Socialist Realism in the Shadow of Photography," *October* 93 (2000), 143–144.

suspected that they might be using their humanitarian guise to foment counterrevolution. See the statement distributed to workers by the Central Committee in 1921, questioning the motives of the ARA and other relief groups, cited in Fisher 1927, 133.

[23] Though the Bolshevik government allowed relief workers into the famine zone, it also

[24] Text of the sign as reported in Erio 1922.

Conclusion

At each of the three moments in the life of the Buzuluk photograph, its signification was rewritten to suit its ideological context. When it was taken in the winter of 1921–22, it served the Cheka as an instrument of control over unruly peasant bodies. In its publication in Paris, the scene of cannibalism became a humanitarian plea for intervention, which equated cannibals with their victims. At almost the same time in Moscow, the Kremlin exhibition attempted to transform that cannibal into a revolutionary subject (and in doing so, declared her paradoxically not a cannibal). Though it is difficult to gauge how effective this exhibition was in convincing both local and foreign viewers with this claim, the simple fact that the Bolshevik government felt it could enact such a radical reversal of conventional conceptions of cannibalism reveals the extent to which it considered the photographic evidence to be malleable to its political objectives. In each of the three instances, the idea of direct representation associated with photography contributed to the authority of each reading of the image. Nonetheless, it was the indeterminacy of the photograph which made it a powerful means of representing the past in a way that suited the ideological problems of the moment. The interest and the power in this image lies not in what it shows, but in everything that it does not show. It is the openness of the additive structure of the photograph and the corresponding openness of the identity of the cannibal that allows the image to signify more than it represents. Within early Soviet visual culture, photography was about more than documenting the past, it was about creating revolutionary futures.

Kathleen Tahk, currently a Ph.D. candidate in Art History at the Northwestern University, also holds an MA in Design History from the Bard Graduate Center. Her work focuses on art in the Soviet Union and the Eastern Bloc and its conflicted role within broader histories of modernity and modernism. Her dissertation project, *A Revolution Beyond Borders: The Soviet Art of the Latvian Riflemen, 1917–1937*, examines the collective project of five Soviet artists and their imagining of a mode of dislocated, mobile socialist experience as a counter to capitalist globalization.



CLOSE READINGS

Richard William Hill

→
Marie Watt, *Dwelling* (2006).
Reclaimed and new wool blankets,
satin binding, thread, manila tags,
safety pins, 96 x 66 x 84 inches.
Installation shot at the Tacoma Art Museum.
Image courtesy of the artist
and the Tacoma Art Museum.

Marie Watt
Lodge

Tacoma Art Museum
30 June – 07 October 2012

A column of frank reviews of recent exhibitions of Indigenous art.



Marie Watt has located her career in the middle of a deceptively perilous intersection. Not a simple four-way stop, but one of those multispoke Parisian intersections with lanes of traffic wide and narrow converging from all directions. This fact isn't immediately evident. The work does not beat you over the head with audacity; her signature materials – reclaimed blankets – are comfortably familiar and the hand that manipulates them is clearly guided by a sensibility that is gentle, thoughtful and refined.

Which arteries feed into this intersection to make it so tricky, then? We have the legacy of modernist aesthetics and the notion of high art in general, converging upon marginalized traditions of craft, including both women's and Indigenous traditions of abstraction (Watt's mother is Seneca, but she also draws on other Indigenous traditions in her work). We have the formal, disembodied rigour of minimalism on an apparent collision course with the kitsch of folk portraiture. We have a subtle tension between narration and poetic evocation through attentiveness to the subtleties of materiality. And we have the relationship between Indigenous visual and narrative traditions and the devices and conventions

of museum display. Does the traffic get through despite this complexity? Mostly, yes. There are a few little crashes here and there and, in the case of the ambitious installation *Engine* (2009), what looks to be a bit of a pileup. But overall the results are impressive, with Watt's thoughtful and sensitive engagement with her materials guiding her through.

Watt is best known for her sculptures composed of stacked piles of wool blankets. Here we have two examples: *Dwelling* (2006), a comparatively squat eight foot tall near-cube that takes its shape from blankets spread out and laid flat atop one another, and *Three Sisters: Cousin Rose, Sky Woman, Four Pelts and All My Relations* (2007), which, with its constituent blankets folded, makes for a taller, narrower and more precarious pile. Both works trade effectively on the aesthetic heritage of minimalism. In what one might now think of as the tradition of artists like Mary Kelly and Mona Hatoum, Watt is able to fill minimalism's formalist cubes and rectangles with poetic and narrative content. Indeed, the expulsion of references espoused by the minimalists seems to create a vacuum that draws content into their signature forms with special vigour.

Watt balances this effect deftly in *Dwelling*, putting the sober weight and monumentality of her blanket cube to use in creating a democratic memorial with a wide range of associations. These include historical Indigenous relationships to the blanket as garment and trade item, but also go well beyond.

At its core, *Dwelling* is a participatory monument to everyone who contributed to its making. The artist placed a public call for contributions and received 100 donated blankets in response. She then purchased 900 new blankets to add to the pile. Volunteers sewed satin and felt bindings on the edges of the new blankets, resulting in a rich range of colours when stacked. The donated blankets were also tagged with each donor’s name and a brief statement about the blanket’s significance, invoking the conventions of museum display. These labels are intentionally placed so as to dangle out of the pile on one side. Viewing *Dwelling* from this angle reveals the work in its full power—its solid, sculptural mass punctuated by the apparently random distribution of individual names and narratives. The work trades in tension between the mass-produced ubiquity of blankets in general and the particularity of the individual experiences attached to each one. As an object, *Dwelling* evinces a definitive unity as an idealized geometric form, without ever allowing us to forget the particularity of each constituent part. We are aware that these parts are merely stacked and could be disassembled, but also that this would take considerable effort; it would not be possible to simply slip a blanket out from the middle. And while the sculpture embodies the architectural mass and shape suggested by its title, with no interior it also resists inhabitation and is impenetrable.

The story associated with one particular blanket stands out. When Watt put out the request for blankets in 2006, Peter Kubicek, who was then 76, donated a blanket that had been issued to him in 1945, when he was a fifteen-year-old boy entering the German concentration camp of Sachsenhausen. He still had the blanket when he and his fellow prisoners were force-marched by the SS away from the advancing Soviet army. Aside from his striped prison uniform, the blanket was his only shelter. Those who couldn’t keep up were shot by the side of the road. At the end of the twelfth night, the prisoners awoke to discover

that their guards had fled. Kubicek kept the blanket with him ever since.

The curators give special status to this story, dedicating a prominent text panel to presenting Kubicek’s narrative in his own words. This is only fitting, given the significance of the story and the generosity of the gift. Singling one narrative out in this way may seem to threaten the unity of the project, to collapse its structural multiplicity into a vehicle for a single story, but instead it heightens the dialogue in the work between the general and the undeniably particular.

Watt also plays with the relationship between fine art and craft by adapting her blanket works to other media. The sculpture *Staff: Custodian* (2007) depicts a tall and very narrow pile of folded blankets in cast bronze. It resonates with both the elongated modernist sculptures of Alberto Giacometti and the long tradition of bronze sculpture in general. The change of medium deliberately disrupts the indexical aspect of the original blanket works and more closely corresponds to high art’s material distance from the everyday object. This is also emphasized by the sculptural device of miniaturization; the blankets in *Staff* are significantly smaller than life-size. This, and their solid form as a single piece of bronze, allows them to be “piled” to a height that would be simply impossible if they were actual blankets. Thus they become a staff rather than a dwelling.

It’s unfortunate that the effectiveness of *Staff* was impeded somewhat by two aspects of its installation. The first is that it was installed in proximity to a tall, narrow doorway that echoed its shape and dwarfed it, diminishing its impact. The second is that the dark gallery floor, which was so flattering to the bright blankets of *Dwelling*, made for a poor backdrop to the cedar base of *Staff*. The light-coloured base jarringly interrupted the continuity between the dark floor and the dark bronze of the sculpture itself, becoming more prominent than it should.

Watt’s near-seamless joining of modernist aesthetics, domestic materials and women’s traditional craft carries into many of her wall works. Here again the artist’s unerring sense of design and gift for delicate but powerful colour combinations are evident in several series of woodcuts and lithographs, and in smaller sewn blanket works which she refers to (in the tradition of informal quilting and embroidery education) as “samplers.” Pushed by the painter James

Lavadour to work on a smaller scale in order to develop her ideas more quickly and without the planning and commitment required by her larger blanket works, Watt began to “sketch” in fabric. [1] The results are often stunning, moving fluidly across a range of compositions, from the paradoxically gestural stitched lines of *Dream Catcher (retire)* (2005), to the many target motifs that evoke with equal credibility both Jasper Johns and the folk traditions of quilt design.

My favourite of the samplers is the *Part and Whole* (2011) series of four works that Watt created from a single old plaid wool blanket. They are inspired by Piet Mondrian’s restricted palette and fondness for rectilinearity, but are not rigidly faithful to the artist’s principles. *Piet, Grove, Lucky Number* comes closest to Mondrian’s aesthetics—at least his later, looser boogie-woogie mode—but even here the grid is disrupted in various ways, disintegrating into dashes and interrupted by forbidden diagonals in the form of a tilted floating rectangle stitched into the centre of the composition. This seamless combination of genuine homage and gentle irreverence seems to characterize Watt’s relationship to modernism. The work is contextualized in the catalogue and text panels as involving multiple open-ended references that include the anniversary of 11 September, 2001 and even “the Indigenous principle of utilizing every aspect of a source material so that nothing is wasted.” [2] This sort of ethnographic explanation, which appears here and there in the text panels and catalogue, seems less convincing than the complex, multivocal conversation going on in the form and materiality of the works themselves.

When the works come to depend too heavily on narrative or, as in the case of Watt’s blanket portrait series, when they mingle narrative with signs of kitsch, they do not fare as well. Many of the blanket portraits function within the accepted and conservative terms of the traditional portrait, honouring their subjects, including artist Joseph Beuys; the early-twentieth-century celebrity athlete Jim Thorpe; and Ira Hayes, one of the soldiers photographed raising a US flag at Iwo Jima. Although one can appreciate the logic of celebrating some of these figures in a folk and even kitsch mode of representation, the effect comes up short. The Beuys and Thorpe works are overwhelmed by their kitsch trappings (Watt had already lost me by the time I saw deer antlers sticking out above the Thorpe blanket, but

this gives a sense of how far these works go down that road). Also, I don’t see the value in extending Beuys’s dubious project of self-mythologizing or even what is achieved by dabbling in this way with notions of celebrity or cults of personality.

The largest and most problematic work in Watt’s exhibition is *Engine*. From the outside, *Engine* looks like a slightly amorphous form of portable architecture on the scale of a large domed tent, with its felt covering hanging on the inside of an external framework. It is partially screened by two temporary gallery walls, and a large opening protrudes on one side into which the audience is invited to venture, after having removed their shoes. Immediately upon entering the curving tunnel, one is confronted with a large cluster of handprints. Most have the appearance of the brown silhouettes created when other colours—red, green, blue, yellow—are applied around a person’s hand. This is reminiscent of a technique common in cave painting, in which an artist spits pigment against a wall while using their hand as a stencil. In this case, these are the handprints of people who worked on the project. This is not the only evidence suggesting that the interior is meant to resemble a cave rather than a built structure. Once you have wound your way into the main space, it opens up into a simulated cavern with felt-covered ledges and benches. There are even felt stalactites and stalagmites. Hidden lights provide subtle illumination and the felt walls dampen external noise. The implied invitation is to sit and watch videos projected on the walls overhead. The videos feature small ghostly figures that appear alternatively on three different areas of the cave to tell traditional Indigenous stories from the Pacific Northwest. The storytellers are Elaine Grinnell, Roger Fernandes and Johnny Moses, who Watt says she “grew up listening to and learning from as a kid attending Title IX Indian Education Programs in the Pacific Northwest’s urban Indian community.” [3]

If the identification labels in *Dwelling* hint at histories of museum collecting, the cave space of *Engine* quite explicitly evokes the didactic environments of the natural history museum. An environment is simulated, videos projected, stories narrated. There is even a sense that one of the goals is the edification of youth, with a storyteller noting that a particular narrative was adapted for young people. (I have been disturbed lately by how often the traditional



↑
Marie Watt, *Engine* (2009).
Felted wool, wood, audio/visual presentation,
108 x 240 x 162 inches.
In collaboration with The Fabric Workshop
and Museum, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.
Image courtesy of the artist.

Indigenous stories being told in public seem to be delivered as though their natural audience is children.) That said, all of the storytellers Watt has drawn on are clearly skilled at their craft.

It is evident that Watt’s intent is not to create a specific cultural space—say, the space in which these stories would traditionally (or even currently) be told—but rather an imagined primal space of narrative in which, one presumes, we are invited to consider the titular “engine” of culture in general. As she says, “I am interested in how the teachings in the stories I’ve included similarly address the force of good and evil in the world and the role of humans and community in the web of life.” [4] The curator even invokes the primal qualities of felt itself as a nonwoven fabric. [5] I am sceptical about not only this universalizing form of primitivism, which is treacherous territory for any Indigenous artist, but also about its material execution. The translation of stone into felt is charming, but too much so. Working with a material that is literally warm and fuzzy requires careful management of the symbolic associations we have with those two concepts. Usually Watt handles this aspect of her materials adroitly; but in this case, she loses the edge required to shift her play with the tropes of museum display into a critical register.

The display of *Engine* was accompanied by a video documentary about the work, shown prominently on a large monitor on one of the nearby gallery walls. I don’t object to the use of involved didactics in art museum exhibitions, but it is distracting to have them visually competing for attention with the artwork at such a large scale and in such a prominent location.

Despite these misgivings, I left this midcareer retrospective with the sense of having encountered a serious artistic project underpinned by a mature, personal and well-refined sensibility. The one work that really failed, *Engine*, faltered by reviving modern notions of a primal, universal human experience and by losing faith with the specific cultural and aesthetic intersections so materially evident in much of the other work. Going forward, I suspect that the more Watt resists grand explanations and trusts the particularities of her fine sense of her materials, the more dexterously she will be able to navigate the intersection that she has daringly chosen to inhabit.

Richard William Hill is an independent writer and curator and Associate Professor of Art History at York University. He gratefully acknowledges the support of the Canada Council for the Arts for assistance with travel expenses related to this review.

[1] Rebecca J. Dobkins, *Marie Watt: Lodge* (Salem, Oregon, Seattle & London: Willamette University & University of Washington Press, 2012), 40.

[2] Ibid., 92.

[4] Ibid.

[3] Ibid., 79.

[5] Ibid.

MAKING IT WORK

All Ecologies Have Predators
Maiko Tanaka

Anthony Huberman
Be Maladjusted
Lecture & workshop

Co-presented by
The Power Plant and
TPW R&D, Toronto

07 & 08 March 2013

A column on the political economies of discursive events in the contemporary art world.

“What does it mean for arts institutions to be small, withdrawn, repetitive, vulnerable and maladjusted?” At first, I thought the answer might be demonstrated by the workings of any number of Toronto’s artist-run centres. The question evoked a condition common to local artist-run spaces: tongue-in-cheek submission and resistance to bureaucratic demands and financial precarity. The question was also the opening line of a press release for Anthony Huberman’s two-part presentation on the Artist’s Institute, a model for an experimental arts organization located in New York City. Founded in 2010, the Institute purposely takes on this temperamental profile both as a critique of the working conditions found in larger institutions and as a way to offer an alternative.

The first event took place at the Harbourfront’s Brigantine Room as part of the Power Plant’s International Lecture Series, the second at Gallery TPW’s R&D space. Huberman, director of the Artist’s Institute, formerly held positions at the Contemporary Art Museum St. Louis, Palais de Tokyo and MoMA PS1. He countered his position to the logic of “conveyor belt” art exhibitions, criticizing the competitive drive that underlies their production, and the efforts to draw larger crowds and grow international recognition. Huberman introduced a different prescription: slow down, take time to look and think and, most importantly, change your behaviour.

The Institute performs this maladjustment by operating according to an open and generative curatorial model,

concentrating their research time and resources on exhibiting the work of a single artist at a time, and inviting other artists and thinkers from around the world to respond to the work throughout a six-month season. Recent programming has consisted of, for instance, hanging a photograph by Rosemarie Trockel and inviting people to simply sit and look at it together. They have paid tribute to Jo Baer, Jimmie Durham, Haim Steinbach, and others, creating sensitive conditions of viewing, inviting guests to creatively respond to the works durationally and with others. By extension, the Institute’s website communicates almost nothing about the exhibitions, except, for example, that “today, we should be thinking about Thomas Bayrle” (the current exhibition at press time). Huberman’s type of curator takes on a disposition that says, “I don’t know,” thus cultivating a more vulnerable relationship to the objects being presented instead of posing as an arbiter of specialized knowledge. By writing press releases that poetically respond to the artwork and the artists as a form of tribute (as opposed to the formulaic art PR that explains the work to a general public), the Institute attempts a shift from effective communication to affective invitation.

I imagined many of the artists, writers, students and curators attending the lecture that night thinking, “Now, just what is so maladjusted about that?” Who in the field *wouldn’t* want to spend more quality time with art and its conditions of presentation? In fact, since it’s no surprise that prioritizing money, power and celebrity tends to generate

alienating conditions for viewing and engaging with art, wouldn’t any institution that doesn’t honour the values he proposes appear to be the maladjusted one? Midway through the lecture, Huberman surprisingly let those same institutions he critiques off the hook, admitting that their existence is justified in an art ecology insofar as they have the capacity, capital and scale to present certain artworks that smaller spaces could not support, making his initial critique seem to lose its charge. But if one argues for an alternative to the alienating conditions of working with art, shouldn’t that require a more sustained commitment to thinking more thoroughly through the economic implications?

There was a sense of scepticism growing amongst the audience, too. One attendee asked Huberman about his high profile – not everyone can get artists like Rosemarie Trockel to exhibit, implying that not everybody has the status, connections and resources to step off the belt and build up viable alternatives. I wondered about funding and public reach beyond the logic of the “self-selecting audiences” that Huberman identified as his core public (people who might welcome the vague suggestion to think about Thomas Bayrle for the day, or those enticed by the peculiarity of the invitation, dropping in out of curiosity). In general, the audience’s questions seemed to underline the differences between New York City and Toronto, differences that seemed productive in bringing out some of the interesting points and subtle contradictions in Huberman’s mixed position. The audience was evidently intrigued. Buzzing clusters of conversations continued after the talk. Good thing we had the following night to engage a bit further.

As I made my way to TPW the next evening, I wondered how the previous day’s spirit of maladjustment might continue to develop. The event description invited “interested curators, artists and thinkers” to “collectively consider productive misbehaviour for our present and future institutions.” This announcement demonstrated one way of drawing in Toronto’s version of a “self-selecting audience”; not just in the cheeky profile, but in naming the audience specifically as active and critical contributors to developing contemporary art. [1] The way the event was organized reflected another aspect of Huberman’s lecture: finding

alternatives to competitive relations between institutions. The Power Plant and TPW leveraged particular strengths and resources by collaborating on Huberman’s visit, which is indicative of a typical working method within Canadian artist-run culture. In her introduction, Julia Paoli of the Power Plant explained the impulse to make the visiting speakers series more productive by opening up an opportunity for extended conversation. TPW curator Kim Simon contextualized the event as a way to reflect on TPW’s own itinerant model of “off-treadmill” exhibition programming through their R&D branded project space.

Like the Artist’s Institute, TPW R&D’s ethos lies in the conviction that “thinking takes time,” making it a particularly fitting venue for this discussion. TPW’s commitment to this approach has been demonstrated through their meticulously constructed discursive programs, including the *This is Not a Blog* event, started back in 2008. In one series, Simon chose to create semi-public conditions for viewing the controversial works of Artur Zmijewski over multiple working sessions, each moderated by different local thinkers. Those self-selecting audience members who got a spot at the event had the chance to view and discuss the films in a carefully crafted discursive environment. TPW’s temporary manifestation as R&D further articulates this process as doing research in public, which might resemble the vulnerability of the Institute’s “I don’t know” approach. For example, the series *No Looking After the Internet* opens up questions surrounding the politics of viewing, a critical process that normally takes place behind the scenes. By taking on the “I don’t know,” they get to know who cares to know.

Following the “I don’t know” disposition, Huberman introduced another concept: the “I Can’t, in the key of I Care.” He borrows this from art critic Jan Verwoert’s 2007 essay “Exhaustion and Exuberance: Ways to Defy the Pressure to Perform.” [2] In it Verwoert calls on creative workers to resist the temptation to constantly perform by saying, “I Can’t,” interrupting the demand to produce for the sake of it. Avoiding the nihilism of “I Can’t” as just a version of punk rock “fuck you,” it should rather be done for the sake of what one cares for, an obligation to something that is urgent and unconditional. He illustrates this with the anecdote of an

artist who at the end of the day is exhausted, and is faced with the needs of her child – she encounters the “I Can.” In this case, it’s a question of welfare in the face of another. Huberman’s use of “I Can’t, in the key of I Care” sums up both the Institute’s curatorial attitude as well as his desire to pay critical tribute and care for the artworks and artists. But isn’t there a difference between care for a person and an artwork’s welfare? Didn’t the “I Care” for an artwork or for an institutional job lend to the exhaustion in the first place?

A local artist attending the session pointed out that artist-run centres were historically founded on an “I Care” mandate. He cited organizations like SAVAC – the South Asian Visual Arts Centre – (which doesn’t carry as much influence or visibility as the Artist’s Institute), who are in a bind attending to regimes of legitimation in both economic terms and public profile, with minimal staff who indeed care very much. When the Artist’s Institute acts maladjustedly, it is protected from becoming too vulnerable because it is already legitimized, whereas other kinds of alternative spaces may not be in a position to take such risks. Conversely, if artist-run centres care *too much* about the legitimizing regimes of the bureaucracy of publically funded art, they also risk the danger of producing for the sake of it and never getting off the treadmill.

Near the end of the session it became clear that the Institute funds its activities through the support of Hunter College of the City University of New York, and is inextricably connected to a curatorial course at the school. This was something never made explicit in the talk the night before. I learned later that the Institute had in fact been conceived of at a graduate seminar Huberman was teaching, in which he assigned his curatorial students to be “research fellows” on the specific artists of his choice. [3] Hence the semestered shows, the pride in intellectual rigor and the flexible style of teaching that is promoted on the website of Hunter College: “We’re translating the learning- and research-based nature of an educational institution into an associative and open curatorial model.” [4] Assigning students to do institutional labour as part of their studies is nothing new – it’s part and parcel of the neoliberal flexibilization of university education, and it is pervasive in many industries beyond the arts.

I myself have taken part in these

[1] According to a report commissioned by the Canada Council for the Arts 2011 on the visual arts ecology in Canada, the majority of artist-run centres include the critical advancement of con-

temporary art as part of their mandate. Marilyn Burgess and Maria de Rosa, *The Distinct Role of Artist-Run Centres in the Canadian Visual Arts Ecology*, MDR Burgess Consultants (13 October 2011; online).

[2] Originally published in *Dot Dot Dot* 15 (Winter 2007).

infrastructures, as both student and institutional supervisor, and there are many different fronts of agitation and resistance for intervening in this inherently exploitative activity (which includes practices such as the outsourcing of course credit through unpaid internships, and the precarization of low-waged, adjunct instructors). However, in his call to change our behaviours inside the institutions we work in, Huberman reveals a significant blind spot. The Institute's experimental model, meshing creative curatorial research with educational structures, echoes what art critic and historian Sven Lütticken observes is a consistent aspect of recent experimental art spaces (known in Europe as "new institutional spaces"): These are "places of great hybridity... however, ultimately they represent a cheaper, more flexible, post-Fordist way of doing things." [5] In this case, I can't help but wonder if the pressure to perform that Huberman calls out against is instead imposed on his students, who, assuming voluntary participation in the class, don't have many options but to perform. It recalled another question posed for Huberman the night before, asking if he might give an emerging artist who is fresh out of school and with no connection or visibility the same advice to be withdrawn. He paused with genuine consideration and then joked that his advice should not be taken.

Although there is something of value in what Huberman proposes with the Artist's Institute, it doesn't go far enough to include taboo topics of the contemporary art world, like labour relations and funding. He's committed to the care of creating generative conditions for artworks, artists and his self-selecting community, but he's apparently not committed to changing the alienating machinery of conveyor-belt exhibitions. Huberman also doesn't do justice to all those still running, nor does he argue well enough as to why producing alternatives should be the responsibility primarily of small, experimental arts organizations. Furthermore, when Huberman undermines his own critique by subscribing to the ambivalent ecology of big and small art institutions, the status quo remains for the most part unchallenged. We can't forget that all ecologies have predators.

Borrowing from the writing of London-based curator and artist Janna Graham, I want to think about how we could imagine other paths through the alienating

Not maladjusted enough.

experiences of the bureaucratization and commercialization of engagements with art. Beyond the valorisation of individual authorship and celebrity, Graham proposes the notion of "thinking with conditions, practices that are inseparable from action and from a commitment to living and working otherwise." [6] Here, solidarity around being maladjusted would need to be more specific to the multiple and complex relations of labour within our art institutions and ideally extend further beyond the conditions of art workers.

Near the beginning of his lecture on the first night, Huberman played a video of a frequently cited speech made by Martin Luther King to help illustrate why he encourages us to be maladjusted. Given at Western Michigan University in 1963, King announces his pride in being maladjusted, that it would be preposterous for him to consider adjusting himself to any number of systemic injustices in society such as racism, segregation and economic conditions that reproduce the extreme wealth of a few and the impoverishment of many. The example appeared as a rather awkward appropriation of a hyper-politicized speech. But if we follow King's logic, it reveals a fundamental flaw in Huberman's argument: For the Artist's Institute, the work is to *sidestep* mandates adjusted to market logic. But King was not refusing to adjust himself to mandates, he was fighting to overturn their underlying logic. In this sense, the Artist's Institute might not be maladjusted *enough*.

Perhaps the most valuable contribution Huberman makes to not-for-profit artist-run culture is offering a framework that emphasizes spending

more time on experimenting playfully and extensively with the means of engagement, rather than spending too much time working on the means of legitimization. Honouring the time and space to think is important, but to think also with material and economic conditions and relations in mind could be all the more powerful. About a month after the event, it was announced that Huberman had been appointed the director of San Francisco's CCA Wattis Institute for Contemporary Arts. If it's fair to expect a commitment to the ideas he presented to us, it will be interesting to see where he goes with his approach in a larger institution.

Maiko Tanaka collaborates on curatorial projects at the intersection of art, pedagogy, cultural politics and collective action. Since 2010 she has co-curated the ongoing research, exhibition and touring project "The Grand Domestic Revolution (GDR)," with Casco in Utrecht. Prior to that, Tanaka organized the international conference exhibition, "Extra-curricular: Between Art & Pedagogy," as part of her curatorial residency at the Justina M. Barnicke Gallery. She is an active member of the Read-in collective, participates in the Unlearning project group and serves on the Programming Committee and Board of Gendai Gallery. Tanaka is a candidate in the Masters in Visual Studies at the University of Toronto.

Brian Jungen and Duane Linklater – Necessaries

Brian Jungen and Duane Linklater,
Modest Livelihood
Curated by Monika Szewczyk,
Visual Arts Program Curator
Logan Center for the Arts,
University of Chicago
11 December 2012–03 February 2013



↑
Brian Jungen and Duane Linklater,
Modest Livelihood (2012).
Film still; Super 16mm film transferred
to Blu-ray, 50 minutes.
Courtesy the artists
and Walter Phillips Gallery,
The Banff Centre.

Review by Lucas Freeman

Artists Brian Jungen and Duane Linklater [1] recently exhibited two silent films under the title *Modest Livelihood*, at the new Logan Center for the Arts (University of Chicago). The shorter of the two, *lean* (2012, 8 min, 16 mm), making its debut, looped on a 16 mm projector in the smaller of two screening rooms. The work follows Jungen and Linklater who, with the help of Jungen's uncle, assemble a temporary shelter in a clearing using young tree trunks, ropes and tarps. *Modest Livelihood* (2012, 50 min, 16 mm) played in the adjacent, pitch-black and cavernous room as a repeating large-scale digital projection. The film, which premiered last year at the Banff Centre's Walter Phillips Gallery as part of *The Retreat* chapter of dOCUMENTA (13), offers fragments of two off-season hunts undertaken by Jungen and Linklater in late 2011 on Dane-zaa territory (Treaty 8) in

Northern British Columbia. Jungen is himself partly of Dane-zaa ancestry, while Linklater is Omaskêko Cree from Northern Ontario.

Several points of connection brought *Modest Livelihood* to Chicago's South Side. Curator Monika Szewczyk had previously collaborated with Jungen as an assistant curator at the Vancouver Art Gallery. She offered them the space to co-exhibit a film loop (ultimately *lean*) alongside *Modest Livelihood*, something the artists wanted to try out following the Banff premiere. Zach Cahill, head of the UChicago Visual Arts' Open Practice Committee, who also attended the dOCUMENTA (13) screening, organized a well-attended artist talk to coincide with the exhibition, giving Jungen and Linklater the chance to complement the show with additional works and ideas.

Before getting into the films, it's worth dwelling on the

exhibition title. *Modest Livelihood* is a twist on the infamous notion of "a moderate livelihood." The Supreme Court of Canada employed this loose idea in its 1999 *R. v. Marshall* decision, the outcome of a six-year legal battle between the Nova Scotia Provincial Courts and Donald Marshall Jr.—a fisherman of Mi'kmaq ancestry who was given a three-count conviction for fishing eels off-season, fishing without a license and using an illegal net. Marshall appealed based on treaty rights established in 1761 between the British Crown and the Mi'kmaq and Maliseet. The federal court sided with Marshall, affirming that these First Nations had the right to provide for their sustenance by hunting, fishing, gathering and trading for what were then called "necessaries." While the federal court upheld Marshall's rights as a First Nation member, it added that these rights were in place to allow

First Nations, unrestricted by industrial licensing and seasons, to pursue *no more* than a moderate livelihood, no more than necessities. And so the question: where does moderation end and excess begin? [2]

Do Jungen and Linklater's films engage with the broader context of the exhibition title? Not explicitly. The films have no polemical thrust. They are silent documents, with no audible (and few visual) exchanges between the men, no words to read, and the action is too fragmented to pursue a narrative. Then again, the films do show glimpses of generational knowledge sharing and support, a visceral connection to land and sources of sustenance, having patience, respecting life and death, needing to make do. Necessaries are meant to be the fruits of a modest livelihood.

As we follow the artists on their hunts in *Modest Livelihood*, it's unclear whether they're

[1] Jungen is well known for his sculptural work in *Prototypes for New Understanding* (1998–2005), while Linklater's work ranges from video to sculpture to performance.

[2] The meaning of *Marshall*—the level of open season hunting and fishing activity it intended—was and is a matter of bitter contention for those directly involved in fishing the waters in those regions.

As Alanis Obomsawin's 2002 film *Is the Crown at War with Us?* vividly demonstrates, non-Aboriginal fishing communities in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick were quick to cry foul and violently protest the

decision, insisting that First Nations off-season fishing undermined conservation efforts and general standards of fairness. Aided by the RCMP and the federal Department of Fisheries and Oceans, commercial

fishermen have, in instances such as the Burnt Church Crisis (1999), violently opposed First Nations off-season fishing, despite evidence that these activities have a marginal impact on fish stocks

compared to commercial yields. Kenneth Coates, *The Marshall Decision and Native Rights* (Montreal: McGill-Queens UP, 2000) 128–9.

showing us a way of life in which either feels entirely at home. They may well identify strongly with their ancestral livelihoods, but that matters little for how these films play out. As films, they are not exercises in self-portraiture; rather, they show practices (shelter building, hunting) employing modern tools on an ancient landscape.

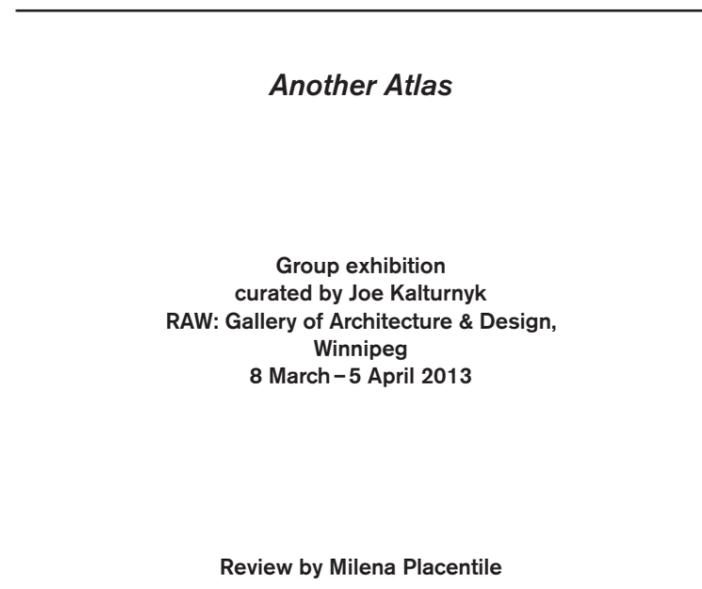
While we see a lot in *Modest Livelihood*—varied landscapes and wildlife, the hunters, their tools and campsite, mining roads, a thorough moose cleaning and carving—it’s unlikely most viewers will feel an intimate involvement in the experiences depicted. For the most part the work keeps an intriguing distance, due in large part to the decision to mute the film. We see verbal exchanges between the hunters, but these are not for audience ears. We’re not sure what language they’re speaking, let alone what’s being said. Hence, we only see a surface rendering of the experiences actually shared. At the artist talk, Jungen explained that withholding the audio was a means not only of keeping the viewer’s focus on the action but also of protecting the ancestral knowledge discussed during filming. In this sense, muting the film was a political as well as aesthetic decision.

Editing and cinematographic choices also contribute a great deal to the film’s sense of distance. From a vast pool of footage, Jungen and Linklater assembled scenes that build a sense of viewer presence, alongside the hunters; there, but observing either one or both hunters from a distance; there (at the campsite, say) and the hunters are gone; or there, and chasing after the hunters in the dark, unsure of what’s happening or, at moments, what we are seeing on the horizon. The effect is that we as viewers are there but only tenuously, as though recalling childhood memories of being brought along on these hunts. The silence, amplified by the large scale and darkness of the venue, and the warm, vague

texture of the 16 mm film certainly support this sometimes eerie, recollective effect.

The big exception to this formal distance comes when, nearing the end of the film, Jungen and Linklater clean, skin and carve a moose. The consumption of the hunt is filmed in sustained closeness; we’re at close range, and it’s a compelling experience not only because of the demonstrated craftsmanship and respect shown for the animal, but also because we’re now intimately involved in the dismemberment, in moments at the knife’s edge. It’s an affective transition and viewers leave the film having witnessed a timeless form of exchange—hunted, given over to hunter). And being witness to this is itself rewarding, a gift from the artists, albeit a modest one compared to what the hunt, this project, gave them. In a sense, this is the film’s high point; while Logan Center audiences were free to enter and exit the repeating film at random, it would be a shame if anyone missed this consummation.

Lucas Freeman is pursuing a PhD in political thought at the University of Toronto, focusing on urban citizenship. He also works as a freelance editor and is currently a *FUSE* contributing editor.



Another Atlas

Group exhibition
curated by Joe Kaltornyk
RAW: Gallery of Architecture & Design,
Winnipeg
8 March – 5 April 2013

Review by Milena Placentile

Critical analysis of the traditional functions of mapping has grown significantly in recent years, such that acknowledging maps as politically subjective cultural artefacts, and map-making as an act of imperialism, will seem quite obvious. This is in large part thanks to the valuable work of radical geographers, social historians and activist-artists who, among other thinkers, seek to dismantle systems of power. [1] *An Atlas of Radical Cartography* (2007), edited by Lize Mogel and Alexis Bhagat, played a notable role in this development by presenting a dynamic cross section of projects undertaken by progressive artists seeking to stimulate new ways of processing physical space and human relationships, and all that governs these various intersections.

Promotional text for the exhibition *Another Atlas*

indicates that it builds on Mogel and Bhagat’s project of investigating power and social justice, while also declaring (somewhat broadly) that it “presents ways information can be gathered and how forms of mapping can be challenged.” As a curator concerned with transparency, I actively seek to understand how projects are established, and for what purpose. Because of this. I found it odd that an exhibition claiming to deliberate questions of power and the capacity for maps to reveal that which cannot be easily ascertained required that I conduct considerable research to establish basic facts; for example, the director of RAW, Joe Kaltornyk, is not only the author of the exhibition pamphlet but is also the curator. Speaking in person, he explained that his appreciation for *An Atlas of Radical Cartography*, and its later manifestation as a travelling

[1] Frequent targets of these critical approaches include the *if you define it, it’s yours* mentality of colonization, as well as global capitalism’s ongoing erasure of barriers to finance while blocking the movement of people searching for better living conditions.

exhibition called *An Atlas*, motivated him to recirculate selections from the show along with additional work by Canadian artists (many with ties to Winnipeg).

The promotional text emphasizes the political value of alternative mapping. The pamphlet, however, describes a different objective, declaring that all participating artists, architects, geographers and activists share the simple aim of reorganizing space. The substantial difference between objectives is a matter unto itself, but proceeding with the latter as the framework for viewing the work—or at least, the work that was available to me at the time of viewing—I am compelled to disagree. It strikes me that the artists are not seeking to reorganize space but rather to clarify phenomena, often giving form to the invisible. Those artists concerned with social, political and economic structures are working to encourage inter-sectional understanding.

Etienne Turpin’s four-print series *Stainlessness* (2013) is one strong case in point. Depicting significant moments in labour history, the plates identify industries and uprisings in Chicago, Sudbury, Pittsburgh and Detroit through natural and constructed landmarks, resources, technologies and prominent historical figures. The images emerge through the overlaying of topographical and urban infrastructure maps and archival photos to produce digital collages chemically etched onto magnesium plates, which are later inked for use with paper. Printed manually and not digitally, the works themselves look like historical artifacts. The remarkably intricate detail, however, including fine cross-hatching, gives them away as contemporary works (though the postmodern matrix of interdisciplinary thought is evidence enough). The work is as thought-

[2] Blais’s video, by the way, is a nostalgic musing on time, space and movement of travel through digital collage, using vintage postcards and National

Geographic-like travel imagery, along with stylized representations of the natural world. The curator suggested the work be projected through the

window to be viewed at night. The gallery attendant was unaware of this.

[3] Paglen and Emerson’s work can be viewed online.

ful as it is beautiful.

Ashley Hunt’s *A World Map: in which we see...* (2005) was included in *An Atlas of Radical Cartography*. Taking the form of a large infographic, it links the activities of global capitalism to poverty and other injustices, while tracking the growth and function of prisons as sites of social and economic violence and control. Bright and colourful, from a distance the work looks like a cross-sectioned unicellular organism. Upon closer inspection, it invokes the world as a cell attacked by a virus. This work is the product of intense research, and strives to help viewers find connections all too difficult to observe (or admit) from our individual locations within the whole.

Replacing points of interest conventionally highlighted on civic maps such as schools, religious sites and museums, An Architektur’s *Geography of the Fürth Departure Center* (2004), which was also part of the original compendium, illustrates the presence of various immigrant detention centres in Germany—calling attention to their various deplorable, prisonlike conditions. The piece effectively draws out the privilege of citizenship while showing where and how “others” are hidden away against their will.

I noted above that not all the work was available for viewing at the time of my visit. Caroline Blais’s video was projected onto gauzy fabric in front of a window, making it impossible to see the work even on a gloomy day. I contacted her to watch the work online, but I suspect others might not have similar means, opportunity or desire. [2] Also unavailable was Trevor Paglen and John Emerson’s *CIA Rendition Flights 2001–2006* (2006). Knowing enough about Paglen’s solo work, I was confident that the



↑
Etienne Turpin, *Stainlessness* (2013).
Detroit, plate detail.
Image courtesy of the artist.

absence of a physical artwork to address politically sanctioned kidnapping was not a conceptual decision, so the gallery should have acknowledged the missing work rather than leave the confused attendant without information. [3]

Apart from practical considerations that adversely impacted my ability to experience and reflect on the exhibition, *Another Atlas* struck me as being two only marginally related shows: one about mapping as a form of activism that reveals systems of power, and one about mapping time, space and nature. Turpin’s prints, although more traditionally narrative in aesthetic and form, bridged the two camps in small ways. But the very charged analysis of contemporary social and political issues demonstrated in works from Mogel and Bhagat’s compendium, was ultimately diluted by works that emphasized conceptual representation

—in the form, for example, of datasets concerned with electromagnetics, sound from radio stations, and/or dreamy representations of oceans—rather than social justice. As such, whether it queried how mapping can challenge power or how it reorganizes space, the work did not necessarily benefit from being viewed in a single exhibition. Still, the opportunity to encounter the works described above made visiting the show time well spent.

Milena Placentile is a Winnipeg-based curator and writer interested in the work of socially and politically engaged artists. Her latest exhibition, *A Total Spectacle* (2013), investigates the form and function of corporate distraction, while other research seeks to address the neoliberal privatization of arts and culture. She is a *FUSE* contributing editor.

The See

Book by
Jessica MacCormack
(Toronto: Paper Pusher, 2013)

Review by Sarah Mangle

The word “survival” seems to imply strength and resilience, but we don’t survive by being strong. These things don’t bounce off. We don’t overcome shitty things that affect us. We move with them, we absorb them. They become a part of our bodies.

I’m swimming down or I’m in the bathtub, and everything outside is muffled and different. It’s just my breathing and the exaggerated sounds of my own body. There’s a time limit to being down here, away from everything else.

Jessica MacCormack’s *The See* delivers me back to my childhood, and to my childhood feelings. My individual illogical logic, overlapping explanations, memories and dreams. Intense isolation and longing, mixing pain in with everyday life.

The weirdness (and abuse) in everyday life is also just everyday life. As children, or really at any age, we find our own ways of explaining these difficult things, especially as they continue to happen.

There are rarely acknowledged rules dictating how we write and talk about sexual assault and rape. When sexual abuse is written about in the

newspaper, or in memoir, it is handled in a uniform way. There is a tell-all. All the gruesome details but no nuance or emotion beyond a short list of appropriate feelings felt in appropriate ways. It is a tragedy in a predictable fashion. If your story is to be told it must fit this same mould. This is seen as the way to get to the truth, the truth someone thinks is real. This script deeply affects my own conversations, and my own body: What do I think is acceptable to say? How does the hidden script change my own telling of my stories, so that I can reassure myself that they will be believed? That is the thing with these scripts; we internalize them in our bodies. They limit what we can imagine we can feel, and what we can imagine can happen to us.

And then MacCormack delivers *The See*. It tells an authentic story that has its own form and logic. It does not follow the classic script. It paints a picture of trauma and personal experience that exists as itself. It has shaken off the acceptable script and expands outward, to paint the real picture – surreal, weird, tense, in-the-body; in dreams, in surreal explanation, in feeling and in touch.

The See swallowed me up. Reading it, I couldn’t quite hear the outside world. In *The See* I found legs separate from bodies, poppies, fish heads, clouds, seeds, rain, recurring child faces and overlapping tears. But the story doesn’t go too far into abstraction. *The See* takes me on a specific trip. The images are gorgeous and carefully chosen – blood, wounds, wings, the ocean, white socks in shiny black shoes.

The images make sense. MacCormack delivers us to emotive places within ourselves through this rich, sharp and emotionally aware work. Being brought to these places is bone-chilling. It’s dizzying. Many of us never bring ourselves to the point where traumatic moments meet memory, or face how our body swallowed up those impacts, in order to stare down our traumas with enough playfulness, love and stillness to deal with them wholeheartedly in our work. What a relief to hold *The See* in my hands on the streetcar and cry.

I have a memory of being two years old, sitting in the basement of my babysitter Sandy’s house. Totally alone, I am staring down at a specific picture in a picture book, staring at it hard, until my eyes lose their focus over it. Breathing into that storybook page, I don’t want anything else to exist. I want that page to never leave me because it belongs in some part of my body, in my chest. Twenty-nine years later, I can’t draw up the specific image I was so concentrated on except in vague colours and shapes. But I can remember my legs stretched out in front of me on the warm carpet, the weight of the large book on my legs, my arm up against a speaker, the warm light of a lamp projecting slightly past me. I remember my hard work, determination and love of the images on that page. They had something to do with me.

The picture book is an invitation to a magnetic dream world, a place that especially holds the attention of children. I want to highlight here

MacCormack’s telling of a moment in their childhood through the use of an illustrated book; prioritizing, in this way, the emotional route instead of the logical route. Illustrations and words combined take us to an emotion-saturated, evocative dreamspace. They hold magic and mystery and take us to fantasy places, into our interior worlds. *The See* returns us to our childhood and invites us to enter those spaces in ourselves, holding that space for longer than we would expect to be there while awake.

The See delivers us to a difficult dream world that is entirely embodied, demonstrating a rigorous practice of self-knowledge, long-term work, messy introspection; engaging in image-making and emotional feedback loops to see if there is a relationship. Risking being-too-much, going-too-far.

I climb off the streetcar. I wait for the bus. I hold *The See* in both hands in front of me, despite having a backpack to put it in. Trauma follows a person around, but it is also asleep most of the time, dormant in the body. Sometimes it is awakened because it is shaken awake, or rudely poked. *The See* brought me to difficult places, with love and attention to feeling. It was still difficult to read, but *The See* respects the reader, and brings us somewhere where we can face ourselves, as well as sit with MacCormack’s story.

MacCormack delivers us into trauma, memory, sadness and dreamlike logic with an ease that allows us the space to recognize it for what it is: a lot of damn hard work, self-knowledge, artistry and guts.

Sarah Mangle is a writer, artist, event curator, educator and performer currently living in Toronto, Ontario.

PROJECT STATEMENTS

Andrea Pinheiro
Bomb Book
(insert)
Test Structures
(pages 3 & 30)

Bomb Book (2013) is a twelve-volume, 2,450-page publication that documents every nuclear bomb detonation in the world since 1945. This hand-made, boxed work lists the name of one bomb on each page; where no name exists, the page is left blank. The pages of the book are newsprint and will degrade and change with time.

Bomb Book comes out of a decade of historical research into nuclear bomb tests, especially in relation to the history of photography. It is a historical archive that contains no images, but is rather a register of names that gives each nuclear event equal significance.

The iteration of *Bomb Book* produced for *FUSE* similarly gives equal space to each test and reveals the scale of the word wide nuclear testing program.

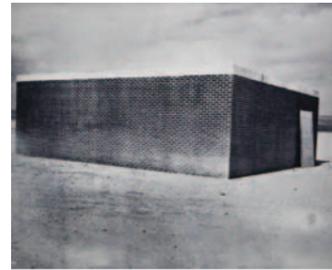
The photogravure series *Test Structures* (2009) emerges from the same body of research. The archival images were re-photographed and developed as photogravure copper plates. The prints, in their depictions and titles, highlight larger metaphors of the implications related to the testing of nuclear weapons.

Bomb Book is co-published by Presentation House Gallery in North Vancouver and Publication Studio in Vancouver.



Andrea Pinheiro is an artist and curator working in photography, print, paint, video and installation. Recent exhibitions include: *The Kitchen* at Soi Fischer, *Canadian Digital Print* at the Novosibirsk Graphic Art Triennial and *Not Photographs*, at Satellite Gallery. She completed a Diploma of Studio Art at White Mountain Academy of the Arts, and a MFA at the University of Alberta. She is currently an Assistant Professor at Algoma University in Sault Ste. Marie, where she is also the director of 180 Projects, an experimental exhibition space. Her work is represented by Cooper Cole Gallery in Toronto and Republic Gallery in Vancouver.

↓
Andrea Pinheiro,
Test structure for a future without windows,
2009, photogravure,
Courtesy of the artist.
Original photo courtesy of the
National Nuclear Security Administration/
Nevada Site Office.



Atom Cianfarani
Queer Survival 101
(pages 18 – 21)

Queer Survival 101 (2012) a starter kit for the Queer survivalist. Exploring what queerness can bring to our considerations of survival in a post-apocalyptic world, this kit and zine will help you build your survival pack and plan your strategy. Dystopic fiction strikes us because it sits next to our present, revealing a far too possible future. As queers we are especially prepared for this future, many of us bring the embodied experience of existing on the fringes of culture, creating protective community and living fabulously on very little. This kit is a blueprint and intended to spark the imagination so that each individual can assemble a pack from tools in their environment. Much of what is included can be made from household objects or garbage. Be creative with what you have. Particularly unique to this survival kit is the emphasis on queer markings. Every survivalist group will require a system of communication unique to them; this is a practice that is already well established in queer cultural history, best exemplified by the hanky code. Use this guide and prepare yourself!

Atom Cianfarani’s practice is founded in a love of garbage and an ecological preservationist ideology. Cianfarani examines urban bioremedia-

tion, using the urban waste-scape to generate renewal. Her recent work explores survivalist practices and apocalypse strategies. She has been a leader in sustainable design for the last decade ranging from creative director of the first sustainable fashion collection to walk in Bryant Park NYC, lead Designer of the cutting edge Environmental Restaurant *Habana Outpost*, Brooklyn, and designing green roofs all over North America. Cianfarani has co-authored a do-it-yourself guide to green roofing and regularly lectures on the subject.

↓
Atom Cianfarani,
Queer Survival 101, zine



↓
Atom Cianfarani,
Queer Survival 101, kit



Raymond Boisjoly
The Writing Lesson
(pages 10 – 17)

The Writing Lesson (2011 – ongoing) uses imagery derived from black metal, a sub genre of heavy metal, to visualize the complex colonial histories indexed by the persistence of place names with Indigenous origins. Early iterations of black metal music created in Norway sought to resurrect aspects of Indigenous pre-Christian spirituality that had been violently displaced in the Christianization of Scandinavia by acts such as the destruction of pagan temples. Through



a rudimentary photographic process using a hand-cut stencil, the light of the sun has burned the names of places such as Massett, Kanesatake, Chilliwack, and Clayoquot onto black paper with the hope that more will be revealed than concealed. *The Writing Lesson* foregrounds an understanding of language as a cultural practice and brings a concern for Indigenous languages to bear on text-based strategies in art.

Raymond Boisjoly is an artist of Haida and Québécois descent living and working in Vancouver. Boisjoly’s practice often concerns the proximity of art to music, film and literature. He has presented work in exhibitions at SFU Gallery (Burnaby), Catriona Jeffries Gallery (Vancouver), The Power Plant Contemporary Art Gallery (Toronto), Western Bridge (Seattle) and Vancouver Art Gallery. Boisjoly has participated in two thematic residencies at the Banff Centre: *La Commune*, *The Asylum*, *Die Buhne*, and *The Retreat: A Position on dOCUMENTA* (13). He was also awarded a Fleck Fellowship by the Banff Centre in 2010.

↓
Raymond Boisjoly,
The Writing Lesson



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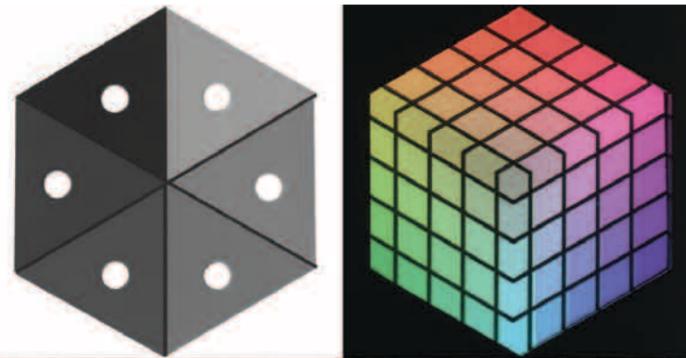
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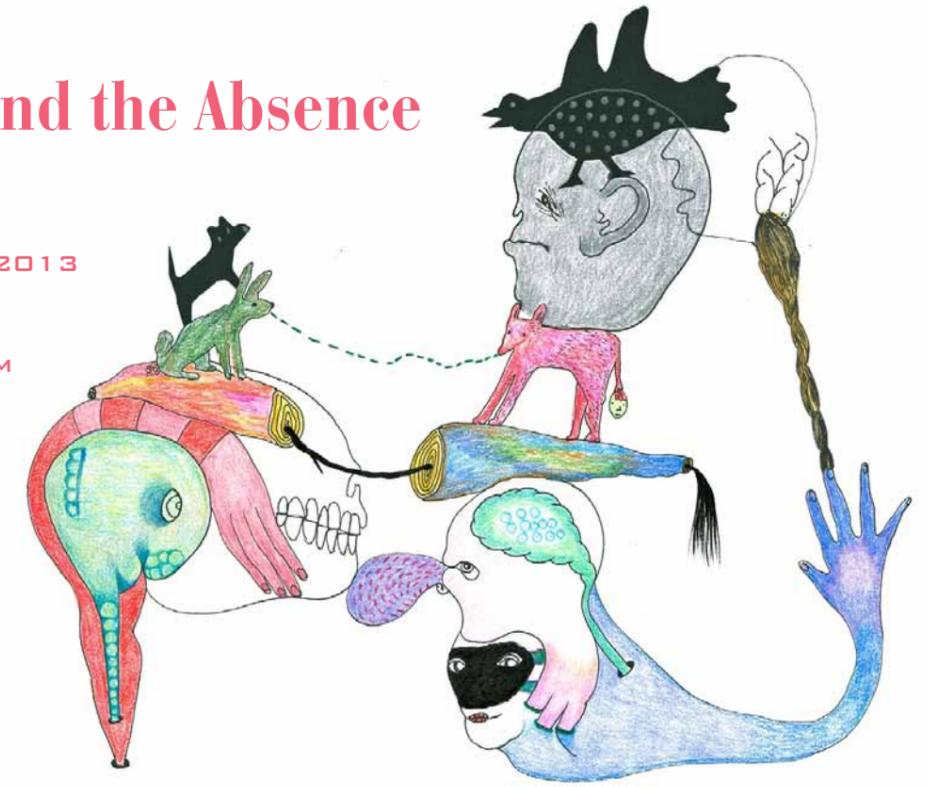
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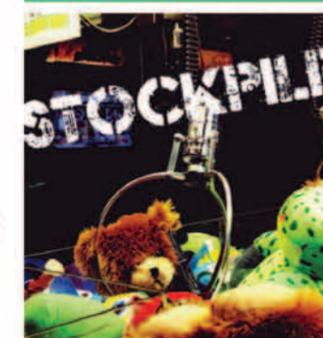
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416-368-4tix or visit
luminatofestival.com



**VARLEY ART GALLERY
OF MARKHAM**

THE PLASTICIENS AND BEYOND: MONTREAL, 1955-1970

Opening Reception
Saturday, May 25, 2013
from 3 - 5 p.m.

Public Programs

Pre-registration required – spaces are limited.

Visit www.varleygallery.ca for full details

216 Main Street Unionville, Markham, ON, L3R 2H1
905-477-7000 ext. 3261

Panel Discussions

**The Plasticiens, Montreal
and Beyond**

Sunday, May 26, 2013 | 1 - 4 p.m.
Public \$15 | Members \$10

**Painting Today, Beyond
the Canvas**

Sunday, June 23, 2013 | 2 - 4 p.m.
Public \$15 | Members \$10

Talk

**Tour with curator Roald
Nasgaard**

Sunday, July 7, 2013 | 2 p.m.
Public \$10 | Members Free

Concerts

**Counter-Rhythms, Tones
and Hues**

Sunday, July 21, 2013 | 3 p.m.
Public \$5 | Members Free

**Dave Douglas and Friends
in Partnership with the
Markham Jazz Festival**

Sunday, August 18, 2013 | 6 p.m.
Public \$54 | Members \$49
Ticket purchase required.

Lecture

**Art in the Sixties: Is the Medium
No Longer the Message?**

Wednesday, August 28, 2013 | 7 p.m.
Public \$10 | Members Free

May 25 – September 2, 2013

Co-produced by the Varley Art Gallery
of Markham and the Musée national
des beaux-arts du Québec

Tours

In French: Sunday, June 16 and
Sunday, August 11 at 1 p.m.

In English: Every Saturday and
Sunday at 2 p.m.

Gallery hours:

Mon. (July & August), Tues., Wed.,
Fri. and Sun. 11 a.m. - 4 p.m., Thurs.
11 a.m. - 8 p.m., Sat. 10 a.m. - 5 p.m.

Title sponsor:



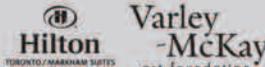
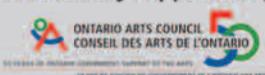
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