

Loss is the past, future is the future.



In the future. It's an ongoing cycle.

Corners mountains Lydia shadows echoes whispers memoirs wedges hollows casts
replicas cradle weight stone artifact stories babies ancestor impressions invitation
transition transmission future loss...

FutureLoss, I haven't really thought about it.

But I think, the two words mean changing. There's something in the past that seem precious, probably something you leave behind. And something new is coming up. It's almost a bit sad.

*The sedimentary line where
the land covered the wall,
became a canoe.*



Of many windows and gaze
From mannequins dog leash
Dreams at the corner
Candy hand waving for your mother

This is
A ghost forest road
Open ashtray catching the light
Underneath paved skin connecting
The flow pulling in
Shadows coffee

Back of the line
Going up not as the same
Grinding back down
With slow cable wobble hellos
Reminder of unhealed symbols
Clothed naked enough smiling
Paraded commerce of morning

Goodnights and evening crows screaming

Been the top of this crested moment

In hours years and centuries

Made from and by

Deer paths and bench stares

Side walked thru rat rain

This centre of the city escape

Aware of silhouetted love

Graffiti removing and all the other

Senses felt drawn

In the memory of this

This is Main Street...

We are a divide between east and west.



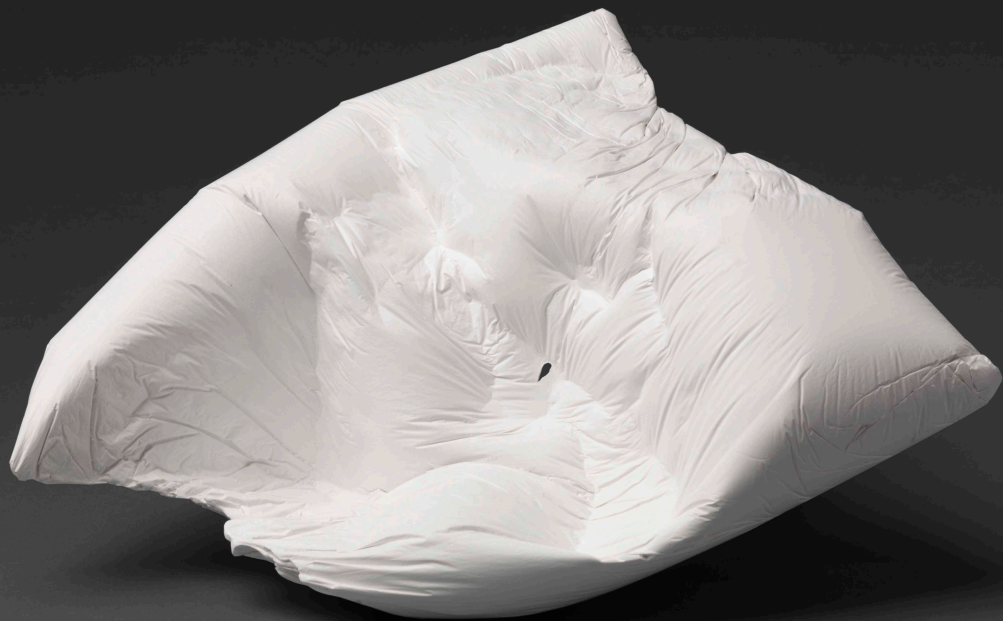


Is there a corner where you can feel the change?

(I have a real bad pain in my foot)

It was the oldest house in Mt. Pleasant, derelict from a hoarder. A guy bought it for \$1 and moved it elsewhere to become a lane house. It used to be all wooden houses like the one they tore down for the parking lot. It's shadow is still on the brick wall outside. They dug out all the fill, moved it out, even cut down the trees - with much alarm for the neighbours. The big stones you see here were uncovered then. They were originally brought in too, to cover up the stream that is no longer there.

One time I put my purse in the free box with \$1500 dollars cash. Like, I was saving all of these cash sales, put it in my purse, and then I put my own purse in the free box. I did it twice. I know exactly who got it, a street woman, I was so happy it was her. She came into the store and she was looking goooood. Even the dog had a new sweater.



Obviously when the rent goes high, people can't experiment. We could experiment, our space was 4,000-5,000 square feet and it was \$2,000 a month. At the time I was 22 years old and I was scared shitless. But looking back now, it's like WHAT THE— I wish we locked in on a lease and we knew what that was. When I think of past losses, I think, Whoopsie, I should have bought the building. But who knew and nobody had any money.

No master plan.

Could we just get stuck for a moment.

Or maybe allow time to freeze without any movement, in order to process the change.

Medieval cities grew organically based on need.
What would it look like to develop in accordance
with human systems and cycles?





They are both standing together in his shop. This is necessary. How can you sew someone a good suit when you cannot stand together? You need to know their body. He acts out the different possible postures: slumped shoulders, tough and square, soft belly out. Like a dancer he watches how people move and hold themselves. He observes and carries all those postures within him - one body.

I've witnessed bodies age. And sense how a body changes over time.

I'm working really hard to keep us as one body.
The space is the cell wall of our one body.

All membranes are porous.

He had already been researching his family's medical records when his mom got cancer. She died 4 weeks later. He wanted to ask her for all the stories but saw that it would highlight her own imminent mortality.

*Losing language, losing song. Cast the mouth
and curve down to catch the tongue - that is
where the voice originates. (Many songs were
passed to me from my mother as I was the
youngest.)*





*If I didn't have
a mouth, we
wouldn't be here.*

Where do we preserve memory, of the people who are gone?

Moving your hand slowly over your chest as if
trying to draw them out or recall them with touch.

Did I lose her that day? Or has it been every passing day since?

Lost knowledge. Lost genealogy. Lost voice.





[II]

*Things-in-themselves and things-as-they-are for us. Often by chance, [...] a simple object [...] reveals itself here at the surface of the visible [...]. Quickly. Precariously. Coming as it does from an opposite direction. If you are lucky, you may experience a moment before.*¹

¹ I am reminded, once again, of a specific passage from Susan Howe's *Spontaneous Particulars: The Telepathy of Archives* (New Directions, 2014). For this small collection of rather lumpen oddities are not so much objects as they are material registers of a longing to describe and to contain. Not *things-in-themselves*, then, but (and only ever) *things-as-they-are* for us. Their matter is all surface, it exists already as vestige, pointing away from itself, to movement and loci memorized by the body (these will be *felt* like a phantom limb). Souvenirs then? In the sense of that term's Latin root (*subvenire*, "to come up from below")? Or relics (from *relinquō* "to leave behind"). I can't decide.

*The shape of the space in between
ourselves and the architecture.*

*There was some kind of hum
we were dosing for. The muscle
memory of walls and bodies.*

*Finding a way to physically
touch or hold the sensation of
the precious, the significant, the
missing.*



“A haven for immobility”.

*We hide from grief and loss, retreating to the
corners to process it alone.*

The plaster takes an impression.

Filling and solidifying the void that surrounds the place of loss

Is this shape of the future loss?

Answerable Unlearned

[III]

Q: [bag]

A: Represents the form of the question, skin of /

Q: [plaster]

A: Is everything within the whole repertoire of the answerer's language made relevant – and available – by the form of the question itself, the very medium in which /

Q: [folds]

A: Embody language as a scarification, as an accretion of social marks expressed in syntax, in dialect, in idiom, in /

Q: [plastic]

A: Describes the definite but malleable limits of context; context as a fenceless membrane –the exchange within an /

Q: [impression]

Q: [shape]

A:





Shadow spaces have a function.

FutureLoss: Constituent Parts

1. Weight

From January to April, 2015, Zoe Kreye was artist-in-residence with grunt gallery. She and I talked at length about how she wanted to approach her time here. We agreed early on that her project would address in some way the Mount Pleasant neighbourhood—where grunt has resided for 30 years—and continue her established practice of working through movement, body and shared experience. Sculpture was always an important aspect of the project, and we (mostly she) spent time considering how objects relate to the body and to space, how objects might begin to address the body moving, feeling, remembering.

Zoe worked with a number of shopkeepers and people who run spaces up and down Main Street. The tailor, the dancer, the florist, the barista, the skateboarder, the sausage maker; these bodies and more continue to hold space in this perennially shifting neighbourhood. One on one, Zoe and each participant made plaster sculptures: shapes that addressed the connection of their bodies to specific sites in their storefronts, studios and workspaces.

We speak a lot about real estate in this town, but at the centre of this project was something more intimate and hard to pin down: the hand unlocks the same door every day for 20 years. Is there a shape to this connection?

2. Texture

In vaguely chronological order, Mount Pleasant has been a swampland and creek bed, an industrial district, a working-class neighbourhood, an arts hub and an “up and coming”

place to live. This last distinction refers of course to the extent to which the area's cultural capital has been translated into a stark financial exclusivity. And so rents are high and people move, and spaces change.

There is an aspect to being here that makes you foresee your own departure (as in life, so too in gentrification, I suppose). Perhaps this is the "future" of Zoe's FutureLoss: a leaving.

3. *Shadow*

This past summer the objects spent some time in my house. Zoe and I had talked about how to store them so that people who participated in the project could see the collection as a whole. Boxing them up seemed wrong, so they sat in quiet regard in a glass display case in the living room. We invited Donato Mancini, Neil Eustache and Kimberly Phillips to view them here, and over iced drinks we talked about the project and the objects together. From these visitations, and the conversations they engendered, came some of the texts contained herein.

We often imagine growth as an accumulation and loss as a subtraction, a void. But what if loss persists as material, in a weight you can carry? I wonder if some of our urban narratives would shift; in the midst of seemingly unlimited growth, loss becomes form.

- *Vanessa Kwan, November 2015*

The shape of your future loss.

Grief is usually understood as a longing for the past, for a time, place or person who is no longer with us; we are moving backwards in time. I am interested in the experience of grief that gazes into the future, that which is preoccupied with our dreams and visions; this is a grief for a future that will not come.

This type of future dreaming has a more solid shape. When fuelled by longing and expectations it materializes and takes up lodging within us. Having lost any rituals that might have guided us, we are left to create our own systems for divining into the future loss.

Here, together, we created a pair of cast plaster bones, twins which hold onto the architecture of our built environment and our internal bodily worlds. These quiet artifacts try to manifest the intangibility of loss so that we can hold it in our hands.

These shapes are reaching for each other.

- *Zoe Kreye*

Commissioned Texts

[I] — Neil Eustache

[II] — Kimberly Phillips

[III] — Donato Mancini

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Burcu Ozdemir, Burcu's Angels, 3128 Main Street

Tondela Myles, Kranky Cafe, 216 E. 4th Avenue

Stan Rath and Kate Metten, Rath Art Supplies, 2410 Main Street

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