WELCOME TO SHAKO CUP

Thank you for sharing this with us; here’s to our many possible futures.

ARTIST STATEMENT Cindy Mochizuki

This vessel—and all that surrounds it—is the result of a year-long collaborative process between Cindy Mochizuki and the members of Tonari Gumi (TG), the Japanese Community Volunteers Association, an organization with the mandate to support the health and well-being of largely Japanese-speaking elders in the Vancouver community.

Cindy Mochizuki and I initiated the collaboration with TG in the summer of 2015 as part of extended programming for grunt gallery’s 30th anniversary year. Inspired by the idea of the kitchen as a place of creative connection (owing greatly to grunt’s own ‘hearth’ – the now defunct kitchen space that housed many an unruly party over the years), Cindy’s suggestion to work within the context of TG’s commercial kitchen space was a brilliant expansion of our initial thoughts – and one that fully inhabited the idea of the social as central to both artistic vision and holistic wellness. And so Shako Club (or, “Social Club”) began. Through a two-month long residency, Mochizuki had weekly workshop sessions with the members of TG, expanding on ideas of food, wellness, composition and flavour. As an observer and participant, I was honoured to share in this exchange, where discussions of recipes, ingredients and aesthetics fed directly into a larger sense of political and social commitment; the members of TG constitute a community of care, brought together through an organization formed in direct response to the traumatic effects of the internment of Japanese Canadians post WWII.

Shako Club concluded with a series of public sessions, where members of the public brought gifts to exchange for finely assembled obento boxes crafted by the artist and the participants. Kanten jellies, grilled salmon, onigiri and gyoza went out into the world suffused, one imagines, with the communal energy of their creation. And the project itself has evolved, as flavours do, into this unconventional ‘publication’; we hope this cup and its contents bring you joy and contemplation.

Thank you for sharing this with us; here’s to our many possible futures.
Hiromi Goto

community praxis

Yama, riku, umi no nami, shio kaze
understanding The exact point where two stories meet
reach across the table A gesture toward brings shape We assign symbols and meaning In our nature

The sharing of meals, with ties both cultural and familial, articulates a of resistance.

legacy, the fact that Japanese Canadians, into the third, fourth and fifth generations, they were finally given the right to vote. 1949. Not such a distant past. In light of this were uprooted from their homes, lives, and livelihoods during WWII. Labelled Japanese Canadians and people of Japanese ancestry in British Columbia activated.

art we shape with the intention of sharing it. The moment when two individuals

our bodies require food. Leaning over the sink to bite into a piece of watermelon,

watermelon, bright slices of orange, brilliant green fresh sansho leaves, cookies in

ohashi, ingredients, an array of textures and colours a wild palette. Red wedges of

Yama mountains

Gather in the kitchen. Sugi ame ga futtemasu ne! Yet in the heart of the building it was warm. The warmest place. Where food is prepared so is love. The women draw close; paper, pencils, crayons on long tables.Voices rise and fall, a slow movement, like the umi, laughter breaking out, a bird alights. The women draw close, from memory and childhood, obento boxes with tamago, umeboshi, sake and okutsukemono. Sandwiches in paper bags, fruit juice, celery stick. Images from the past. All the lunches prepared, all the lunches consumed, and time an infant grown to adulthood.

Images for the future.

We imagine ourselves, again and again. In resistance to narratives that seek to frame us. Against ourselves. We forces that would silence us if they

We cannot be silenced. We are creatures full of dreams and longing. And food always brings us back. Grounding. Connects us to land and ocean, the blood of our very lives. Salt.

In the kitchen the heat takes on a glow. Hands knuckled with age, experience holds a knife, a steady tak-tak-tak-tak. Purple shiso leaves’ slight prickle. The earthiness of gobo. The slightly scorched goodness of shoyu, sugar, savours and sweets of the torridly out of place, so that the bowl opened, a generous offering. Some of the women folded the lip inward, so that the when drinking they would feel like they were

Taste: She raised the cup to her lips and tipped the tea into her mouth. A fulsome

She had weathered far worse.

The tea was poured. Dark leaves, unstrained, flowed into the cup along

Sipping secrets.

When the guests arrive, the exchanging of stories, of histories tied to food

scent slowly seeped into the air. Moist. The rains had been falling almost daily for a

You have brought home this gift. You will drink from it, or give it to another.

"Hajimete, konnano ne." Scattering of brown leaves against white

Clay:

Gather in the kitchen. Sugoi ame ga futtemasu ne! Yet in the heart of the building it was warm. The warmest place. Where food is prepared so is love. The women draw close; paper, pencils, crayons on long tables.Voices rise and fall, a slow movement, like the umi, laughter breaking out, a bird alights. The women draw close, from memory and childhood, obento boxes with tamago, umeboshi, sake and okutsukemono. Sandwiches in paper bags, fruit juice, celery stick. Images from the past. All the lunches prepared, all the lunches consumed, and time an infant grown to adulthood.

Images for the future.

We imagine ourselves, again and again. In resistance to narratives that seek to frame us. Against ourselves. We forces that would silence us if they

We cannot be silenced. We are creatures full of dreams and longing. And food always brings us back. Grounding. Connects us to land and ocean, the blood of our very lives. Salt.

In the kitchen the heat takes on a glow. Hands knuckled with age, experience holds a knife, a steady tak-tak-tak-tak. Purple shiso leaves’ slight prickle. The earthiness of gobo. The slightly scorched goodness of shoyu, sugar, savours and sweets of the torridly out of place, so that the bowl opened, a generous offering. Some of the women folded the lip inward, so that the when drinking they would feel like they were

Taste: She raised the cup to her lips and tipped the tea into her mouth. A fulsome

She had weathered far worse.

The tea was poured. Dark leaves, unstrained, flowed into the cup along

Sipping secrets.

When the guests arrive, the exchanging of stories, of histories tied to food

scent slowly seeped into the air. Moist. The rains had been falling almost daily for a

You have brought home this gift. You will drink from it, or give it to another.

"Hajimete, konnano ne." Scattering of brown leaves against white

Clay:

Gather in the kitchen. Sugoi ame ga futtemasu ne! Yet in the heart of the building it was warm. The warmest place. Where food is prepared so is love. The women draw close; paper, pencils, crayons on long tables.Voices rise and fall, a slow movement, like the umi, laughter breaking out, a bird alights. The women draw close, from memory and childhood, obento boxes with tamago, umeboshi, sake and okutsukemono. Sandwiches in paper bags, fruit juice, celery stick. Images from the past. All the lunches prepared, all the lunches consumed, and time an infant grown to adulthood.

Images for the future.

We imagine ourselves, again and again. In resistance to narratives that seek to frame us. Against ourselves. We forces that would silence us if they

We cannot be silenced. We are creatures full of dreams and longing. And food always brings us back. Grounding. Connects us to land and ocean, the blood of our very lives. Salt.

In the kitchen the heat takes on a glow. Hands knuckled with age, experience holds a knife, a steady tak-tak-tak-tak. Purple shiso leaves’ slight prickle. The earthiness of gobo. The slightly scorched goodness of shoyu, sugar, savours and sweets of the torridly out of place, so that the bowl opened, a generous offering. Some of the women folded the lip inward, so that the when drinking they would feel like they were

Taste: She raised the cup to her lips and tipped the tea into her mouth. A fulsome

She had weathered far worse.

The tea was poured. Dark leaves, unstrained, flowed into the cup along

Sipping secrets.

When the guests arrive, the exchanging of stories, of histories tied to food

scent slowly seeped into the air. Moist. The rains had been falling almost daily for a

You have brought home this gift. You will drink from it, or give it to another.

"Hajimete, konnano ne." Scattering of brown leaves against white

Clay: