

shores

MAY 3 - JUNE 9

**UBC MASTER OF FINE ARTS
GRADUATE EXHIBITION 2019**

Angela Glanzmann · Cameron Kerr
Mandana Mansouri · Ramey Newell
Weronika Stepien

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Introduction

From Here to There

Althea Thauberger

Cameron, Weronika, Mandana, Ramey, Angela, it is an honour to write a reflection on your work on the occasion of your MFA graduating exhibition. It was wonderful to learn with you during my first (and your last) year at UBC, here on unceded Musqueam Territory, and along the surrounding shores of the Salish Sea. This is a contested and privileged geography at the edge of the water and the land—a place where your stories, like waves, have mixed, collided and grown, and built out a shifting sea that separates and connects your respective shores. This sea is also bordered by the institutional walls—white cliffs to climb, jump off and crash up against. Also, to stain and to move through and beyond. With very best wishes, I offer to each of you a quotation, and then, a scene in which I imagine your crossing.

*This is what writing is: I one language, I another language,
and between the two, the line that makes them vibrate;
writing forms a passageway between two shores.¹*

- Hélène Cixous

You retrace marks along some notation, and every step is a word or a line or a cut, and every next step is almost the same. In sum, they trace shores. This is somewhere near a hallucination of a salmon hatchery and a branching off into a thought about map shapes—blue concentric ones, and a series of nautical rough-hew, and finally, a series: driftwood language.

*The word is where the sea/mother (mer/mère) sings.
The word between the real and the imagined, between
ascendancy and idealization: the word larger than the
object of reference, or larger than the first object of desire?²*

- Julia Kristeva

You might descend from the cliff along a particular cascade, its milky sound a guide. The shore is all slippery proliferating stones. Cells, which by this moon's involuntary light appear as fitful worms, fungus, jewels or breads. The dark tide slips over all. Wordy, waveless night.

* * *

The cave is the sea transposed beneath the earth, bereft of its sparkling glamour; enclosure instead of open sea, men in chains instead of rows of oarsmen, the dullness of shadows on the wall instead of light reflected on the waves. The procedure whereby the prisoner is released and offered conversion is preceded by another, by that first metaphoric act which consists in burying the sea, drying it up, stripping it of its reflections and changing their very nature. In response to these assaults, we know, however, that the sea will take its revenge. For the paradox of the undertaking is that hauling politics onto the solid ground of knowledge and courage entails a return to the isles of refoundation; it means crossing the sea once more and surrendering the shepherd's resurrected city to the whims of tides and mariners.³

- Jacques Rancière

Offshore, upended and in camera, through a porthole in a boat hull: a dusky image of this shorey place. You attempt to see it un-turned, or to make it so? Did you fall and try again, or vice versa? As the light arrives, like you, it crosses and lands, on you. That strident light, this dim. After the next crossing, vice versa: your image on the shorey place.

* * *

Yet quicksand is swallowing the duelists; the river is threatening the fighter: earth, waters, and climate, the mute world, the voiceless things once placed as a decor surrounding the usual spectacles,

*all those things that never interested anyone, from now on thrust themselves brutally and without warning into our schemes and maneuvers. They burst in on our culture, which had never formed anything but a local, vague, and cosmetic idea of them: nature.*⁴

- Michel Serres

At the edge of a salt marsh disfigured by waves, you approach, observant, too quickly. The soil melts underfoot. You grab handfuls of the bulrush and grass to leverage back. Not back, across. You are covered with living muck. Boots full of sludge, you take one off and stuff in the grass handful, scraping the slime on your palm. (Samples, at a time of extinction.) This is your work. Holobiont, one boot on foot, and one in hand, you fold past a quarry to the next studio.

* * *

*Walking along the dock, you would feel the boards of the dock moving up and down with the incoming waves... At point A (the point on the dock directly opposite the midpoint of the breaks in the wall), for example, the intensity of the overall waveform is large, and if you stood on the boards there, you'd feel the large oscillations... At points such as B1, and B2, where the crests of the waves spreading out from one of the breaks in the wall are meeting the troughs from the other, there would be relative calm, and you wouldn't feel the boards move much at all.*⁵

- Karen Barad

As we watch from the shore, you thrust a fist to the water below. As it breaks, the ice screams, the musical crash of a thousand glass tissues. Again, with a hammer kick, a foot breaks through (as if the ice were drywall), and another crystal clammer. Between them, calm body. Your laughter begins and ours is soon to follow, waves of ha ha blending. Seen from another point: a storm on the shoreside, LASHING OUT with the destructive pleasure of a child popping crusted puddles. The good life.

- 1 Hélène Cixous, *Three Steps on the Ladder of Writing*, trans. Sarah Cornell and Susan Sellers (New York: Columbia University Press, 1994), 4.
- 2 Julia Kristeva, "The Impudence of Uttering: The Mother Tongue," trans. Anne Marcella (Kristeva.fr, 2005) accessed March 15, 2019, <http://www.kristeva.fr/impudence.html>.
- 3 Jacques Rancière, *On the Shores of Politics*, trans. Liz Heron (London: Verso, 2007), 2.
- 4 Michel Serres, *The Natural Contract*, trans. Elizabeth MacArthur and William Paulson (Ann Arbor: University of Michigan Press, 1995), 3.
- 5 Karen Barad, *Meeting the Universe Halfway: Quantum Physics and the Entanglement of Matter and Meaning* (Durham: Duke University Press, 2007), 77-78.

Angela Glanzmann

Half full is still half empty

Erin Silver

It is at once therapeutic and aggravating to encounter a room of cats and dogs proverbially laughing at you. *But Seriously Fuck You* (2019) covers the length and height of the gallery wall, comprising mass-produced stickers with the phrase “I was brave!”—the kind that dentists and doctors award, deservedly or not, to children to distract them from the pain they have just endured. As the stickers are configured on the gallery wall, however, they simultaneously convey a different emotion, making up the letters “H” and “A,” resulting in a cacophony that betrays the assuring nature of the original declarative statement. The wall of laughter is like an analogue breakdown of meme culture, where a joke always hinges on or incites an antagonism. It is as though Glanzmann is working against a sinister reality that permits her own relentless optimism to shine through—or is it the other way around?

What is the word for feeling simultaneously calmed and aggravated by everyday life? What are the strategies for survival in a hostile world? Optimism attempts to reconcile discordance. It is an internally harnessed state, an emotional muscle trained to flex in the face of adverse exterior conditions. There is something sinister about optimism, however. Glanzmann’s practice reflects the tipping point when the optimist’s glass can no longer hold all of its contents without spilling out. Resilience may be more apt for thinking through the state whereby a glass that is half full is still half empty; a failure can sit uncomfortably as a failure; a bad thing can happen without the promise of offering a silver lining in return.

Glanzmann’s objects at once materialize this uneasy situation and ask their audiences to sit with the discomfort. In *Cruel Summer* (2018), a series of text works on paper, Glanzmann describes various activities undertaken while reading Lauren Berlant’s 2011 book *Cruel Optimism*. The activities carry various levels of difficulty, advancing from the quotidian and easily attainable, such as “SITTING ON A BEACH IN THE SUNSHINE,” to the slightly more arduous, such as “STARTING UP A QUEER LDR,” to the universally pursued yet rarely attained “TRYING TO LIVE THE GOOD LIFE.” While the described actions range



Angela Glanzmann, *But Seriously Fuck You*, 2019, stickers

from pleasant to laudable, Glanzmann's reference to cruelty belies their ability to ever be enough. Berlant's articulation of "cruel optimism" is built on the premise that attachments to various institutions, structures, objects and individuals perceived to aid in the pursuit of the good life may actually be the very things that hinder one's ability to arrive at said goal. As Berlant argues:

Optimism is cruel when the object/scene that ignites a sense of possibility actually makes it impossible to attain the expansive transformation for which a person or a people risks striving; and, doubly, it is cruel insofar as the very pleasures of being inside a relation have become sustaining regardless of the content of the relation, such that a person or a world finds itself bound to a situation of profound threat that is, at the same time, profoundly confirming.¹

Cruel Summer offers an example of this phenomenon, whereby Glanzmann's pursuit and enjoyment of the activities described are in effect hindered by the discomfiting realities conjured by reading the book. We might think of these contradictions as reflective of a culture of self-improvement for these times, a constant striving despite knowledge of unattainability; perhaps *Cruel Optimism* is the self-help manual for resisting the relentless insistence on performing happiness.

Glanzmann is embarking on a series of conceptual exercises where the significance of the situations she sets up are such that they witness and affirm her own embodied existence within these contradictions without any attempt to resolve them. They become both measurements of and a way to trace, for better or worse, one's having occupied, and been preoccupied by, a discrete condition of embodiment. Like graffiti scrawls, the works offer testaments to one's having witnessed and been witnessed. In the gallery a drywall structure stands unassumingly, balanced by a fold in its centre, adorned with liquid latex and glitter stickers, and another witnessing occurs. As a stand-in for the body, the structure betrays a violence in the knowledge that its dilapidated state results from being kicked by a human foot. The structure bears the imprint of another body's cruelty even as it persists in its own bodily presence. It's not an optimistic state: the drywall leans precariously, at once steadfast and on the brink of collapse.

1 Lauren Berlant, *Cruel Optimism* (Durham: Duke University Press, 2011), 2.

Cameron Kerr

Voyageur

Patrik Andersson

Growing up in Campbell River and starting his career on fishing boats, Kerr not only learned how to tie nets and catch fish but also how to navigate the complex cultural and environmental context of the West Coast of British Columbia. For Kerr, this required a certain degree of pattern recognition which in the early 2000s he began to translate into a variety of artistic forms including landscape design and sculpture. In the late 1990s, Kerr moved to Carrara, Italy where he spent three years in the Accademia di Belle Arti di Carrara studying marble with Manuel Neri, an early participant in San Francisco's Bay Area Figurative Movement. Here he learned to read material densities and patterns such as the veins of marble in order to liberate imagined or actual internal forms, a skill which he has since expanded to other material explorations such as metal, which he learned about under the guidance of Antony Gormley in London, England. With these skills, Kerr set out to explore the historical and contemporary implications of his material practice by pursuing a Bachelor of Fine Arts from Emily Carr Institute of Art and Design (2006) and now a Master of Fine Arts from the University of British Columbia. What UBC has afforded Kerr is the time, space and equipment to both deepen and broaden his artistic practice and contextualize it in relation to both historical and contemporary tropes and theories.

The photographic tableau *Voyageur* (2018) provides insight into this complex territory that Kerr is navigating. Resting on a roughly cut piece of yellow cedar serving as a plinth, we see a weathered whale vertebrae with a square cut out of its centre.¹ Serving as backdrop to this meeting of archaisms drawn from the natural world, more quotidian petrifications of time can be seen including wood veneer associated with mid-century design and found within the pages of magazines such as *Homes & Living Travel Guide* he has included. The overall composition is, of course, a photograph, rather than a sculptural composition. Like Walter Benjamin, the great chronicler of early photography, Kerr is interested in how images strike us and the effects of technology on aesthetic perception.



Cameron Kerr, *Voyageur*, 2018, inkjet print on paper

Whether in photographs, paintings, prints or sculptures, what appears more than anything in Kerr's practice are repetitive structures and patterns. According to Kerr, this attention to form derives from his attempt to reconcile images that recur in his dreams with images he finds repeated in the built and natural environment around him (nature, art, architecture, design). What fascinates Kerr about abstraction (organic or geometric) is that it can function as a node for the disparate experiences around him. This, he has realized, is because his thought-forms are connected to the very architecture of the visual cortex. Here then, science and imagination find an anchor of sorts. Looking at a work such as *Geometric Abstraction in the Landscape* (2018) we see the dialectical potential of this. Not only does this image present an allegorical conflict between realism and abstraction or nature and industry, but the extensive view of the external landscape is juxtaposed with a quasi-crystal shape associated with the retinal cortex's ability to capture and measure the environment around us. It may be noteworthy to point out that this photographic document exists alongside the sculpture we see being carved. A highly evocative aspect that not only provides us with visual scale, but the texture and smell of yellow cedar.

Cameron Kerr's work invites us to contemplate his various physical and mental trips (what can be read as the creative process itself) whether it is by bringing attention to our physical or virtual environment. Most recently, Kerr's research has led him to approach objects and places captured through Google Earth screen capture. What the images and objects generated from this armchair approach to street photography provide us with is a wider aesthetic understanding of modernity as it is affected by the techniques of the observer. Considering that Kerr began his formal studies under artists such as Neri and Gormley who are known for their relentless depictions of the human body, it is interesting to note that Kerr has gained from them a material awareness but turned it inside out to allow for a more object-oriented ontology that rejects the privileging of human existence over that of objects. This is why material is so important in his material practice.

- 1 It should be noted that the square cut out of the whale vertebrae is not a frivolous formal decision by Kerr, but a deferred action tied to a personal traumatic experience at sea, making this an exploration of time and memory within the psyche.

Mandana Mansouri

Agony of Perceivedness

Manuel Piña

A presentiment of speech clouds my brow

The word on the tip of the tongue

Documents at sight

I can connect nothing with nothing.

“neither severity nor benignity, but rather acute *intentness*”

**

The earth is an incinerated language.

The excavator,

impotent,

denounces,

The impossibility of meaning

Time drawn out like taffy, twisted

like hot metal, cooled, hardened,

and splintered

... perceived the scene and foretold the rest; rippled both shores.

He who was living is now dead

We who were living are now dying

With a little patience

Transparency is all that remains

**

Fictitious,

Flowers, trees, passersby, trams and dusty trees, steps in all directions, going no-where.



Mandana Mansouri, *October 12, 2017, 2019*, paper, pin and gallery wall

In the no-time/no-space: the no-body.

Still

Neither seen nor thought
negotiating the recurrence of a gesture, a sudden clarity, the perfect dispositions of Chance

EXIT

**

The sun is unjust: denounces
The silhouette of nothing,
the obscenity of all possibilities.

All that there is-not
Is my mirror

I see it all, my brain was forged in tongues of prophecy

I see

the mountains, the woods, the river, the ocean, the rocks, the seashells, the rocks, the ocean, the rivers, the jungle, the mountains,

I'm falling now, I'm falling.

I'm falling now, I'm falling.

The geographies of all crimes on all the lands – weight in my bones

I move forward,

My footsteps

Dissolve

Into a space which vanishes

Into thoughts I do not think.

**

The unreality looked at

Gives my look reality

**

Here one can neither stand nor lie nor sit

There is not even silence in the mountains

**

In a flash of Red. Then a damp gust

Bringing rain

The wall is an ocean in Death

Seven thousand whales

drowning

Seven oceans in poison

Seven postcards not-sent

The forms are many
in which the
unchanging mutilates
its formlessness

And I pray the fear to be gone

**

Once finished, the eye closes and the film is over

**

**

Infilero e infinauta zurrosía

Jaurinario ururayú

Montañendo oraranía

Arorasía ululacente

Semperiva

ivarisa tarirá

Campanudio lalalí

Auriciente auronida

Lalalí

lo ia

iiio

Ai a i a a i i i i o i

*This is a collaged text from a wide array of writings. With thanks to
Octavio Paz, Jose Huidobro, Karen Barad, T.S. Eliot and Samuel Beckett.*

Ramey Newell

Commingled Contingencies

Erin Espelie

Water pours from the storm clouds, meets rock and carves its way down the mountain. But the onlooker may not always know when the mountain peaks up at 14,000 feet or when it caps off at the height of a silver halide crystal. In what way does the fogged lid of a petri dish become disguised as a vast numinous firmament? Or how do glacial strata betray themselves to be bacterial walls?

Proportions may invert.

The empirical can reveal itself to be theoretical.

Suddenly the microscopist un.masks herself as an artist.

In the multivalent work of Ramey Newell, indeterminacy in scale reigns. Newell imposes meticulous parameters in crafting dramatic shifts in spatiotemporal settings. Oscillations of scope and perspective—between the majestic and mundane—show the world to be one of uncertainty. Truths are rarely to be trusted, with two notable exceptions; water and light provide relief in their equanimity. They wipe the screen clean. Water and light operate across a dialectic with the power to delicately obscure as well as clarify. They take infinite forms that seem to defy gravity and physics, working at the behest of a person who controls positionality, the internal tempest and the technology for observation.

Consider the eight channels of sound flowing through *An Irreconcilable Elegy* (2019). Rhythm, pacing, texture and antipodal structures find an extended balance. In a collective keen, the various biophonic sources range from whistling wind to rain dripping on window panes and the swishing and rustling of grasses commingling with forged metal. Newell layers these materials, alternately lulling the listener into a state of natural-world, wilderness calm—the illusion of isolation—and suffusing the mix with subtle and persistent anthropic intrusions that build into a cacophonous chorus: clanging metal, crunching footsteps, radio static interference.



Ramey Newell, *An Irreconcilable Elegy* (still), 2019, video

Meanwhile, the moving-image component of the elegiac installation consists of black and white scenes sketched over with charcoal. Many of these Ansel-Adams-esque depictions bid a somber farewell to landscapes that once existed in a state of “purity,” free from the indelicacy of representation. Yet the charcoal mark, the signature of the animator, disallows any nature-worship to last for long. The human hand chases down the fleeting drops of rain and overtakes the forest, asserting itself in geometric tallies or mangled boluses of what might be trash, branches or botched erasures. Slashes, of what William Kentridge self-described as “stone-age animation,” wedge into the work and then relent in abeyance. An animated bird mutates into a flock of photographed ravens riding updrafts.

Contrasts of scale—the microscopic colliding with the macroscopic—ripple through other work by Newell, including *Insecta* (2017), a video, and *Manifest Obscura* (2018), a photographic series (on display in part here). In the case of the latter, the series of large-

scale landscape photographs gives agency to microbial life. Nanometric measurement has been put on par with the kilometric. Most any patch of the planet harbours more bacteria than any other group of organisms. Yet how rarely can the microscopic be seen in the same frame as their large-scale habitat? Newell collected soil and water samples from the places she photographed; printed nutrient-laden images; and then cultured the living samples atop the substrates, allowing any living thing to make its mark. By doing so, she calls attention to the mechanistic tools we use to see and study the world. The microscope does not allow for the spaciousness we see in landscapes and the camera lens forfeits so much of the infinitesimal life embedded in its frame.

In a further investigation of what the microscope permits and precludes, Newell has brought into the gallery space a critical component in the history of optics: muscovite. A mineral in the mica family, muscovite has the capacity to be separated into sheets that were once used for mirrors and continue to be used today in optical instrumentation. Here Newell painstakingly separated sheets upon sheets of the mica from larger “books” of muscovite mined from the southwestern United States. After gluing these sheets back together, she projected light through the faux lenses, scattering the photons on the surrounding environs. She reminds us of our role in splintering the world around us through our actions of interference, even if they are merely attempts of observation.

The theories of Werner Heisenberg run as watery reminders about the fallacies of measurement, the follies of hubristic assessments, throughout the work of Ramey Newell. Human exceptionalism has no place here, yet its historical vestiges inform every grand Western expanse. We cannot hope to know with accuracy at the same time that we care deeply and emotionally. We cannot incorporate the first person, the egocentric, in a geography of cardinal directions without consequences. And we cannot separate the spike of the conifer needle from the spark of a wildfire: growth from death, futurity from apocalyptic nihilism.

Weronika Stepien

The Moon Has a Face Like the Clock in the Hall

Jenn Jackson

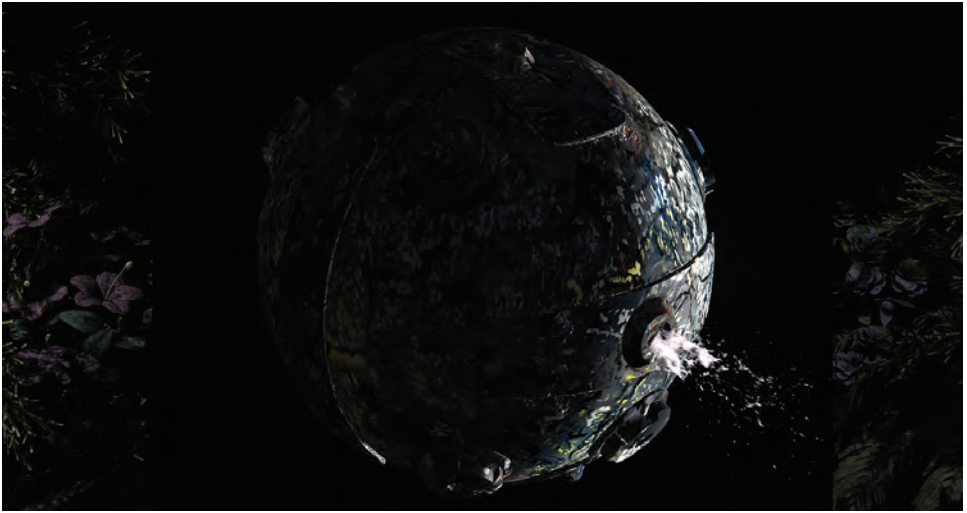
*Art thou pale for weariness
Of climbing heaven and gazing on the earth,
Wandering companionless
Among the stars that have a different birth,
And ever changing, like a joyless eye
That finds no object worth its constancy?*¹

- "To the Moon" by Percy Bysshe Shelley (1792-1822)

The moon that we have come to know and see is the natural satellite of the earth—an asphalt-coloured orb that rotates in the sky. Its astronomical body is visible at night, and at times during the day, by way of reflected light from the sun. The moon projects the light that it encounters—it enlightens. It is in synchronous rotation with the earth and thus reveals only half of its form—the near side. Regardless of its (in)visibility, the mass of its entire body remains.

This body is the second-brightest celestial object in the earth's sky. Its surface is marked by dark and light variations in geography, caused by explosive volcanic eruptions, which appear as tonal shades of grey ash among bright crustal highlands. Shapeshifting craters look out and keep a watchful eye. Intermittently, the surveilling craters erupt a milky fluid, which projects beyond the moon's craggy surface.

The craters of the moon occupy multiple states of being. As an eye, they collect. As a mammalian appendage, they distribute. Both occur simultaneously. The moon is manifold, complex and paradoxical. It nourishes whilst mining for extended resources. The breast is a brain, is an eye—see, think and drink. The all-seeing eyes of the moon are biologically and technologically equipped to enact facial recognition. In the first months of a baby's life, its eyes are able to focus on objects eight to ten inches away—an approximate distance from



Weronika Stepień, *The Mother* (still), 2019, video

breast to mother's face. Over time the infant's visual abilities evolve exponentially. The mechanics of vision, focus and movement strengthen in concert with a learned ability to translate visual information into a developed understanding of that which surrounds. The moon is 4.5 billion years old. It has looked and seen over vast orbital distances.

The face is a vital sign of identity. Facial features and eye movements are extracted by the moon's surveilling craters. The moon maps behaviours and decodes expressions. Personalized interactions yield data that is then connected and distributed. The lunar algorithms of the moon measure biometrics and result in feeding analytics. The moon is a place where technology has taken over for humanity. Its surface is geographical and psychological, intimate and expansive. The craters offer multiple viewpoints. They collapse, fold, compress and extend a biological dystopia.

The moon influences ocean tides and body tides by way of gravitational force. It is a measure of time and space—a variation of fragments which range cyclically from a sum of parts to a whole. The regular phases of its lunar cycle make it an ever-present timepiece—

its periods of waxing and waning have formed the basis of many calendars. The moon moves with time. It is in a constant relay with cognitive delinquency. Three hundred and sixty-five days count down slowly, and hypnotically lull periods of rest, retreat and recovery in sleep.

The moon holds a relationship to motherhood. Its lunar cycle parallels that of the human menstrual cycle—twenty-eight days perpetually falling in and out of sync. From the earth, the far side of the moon remains obscured. Its geological makeup differs greatly from the near side—owing to the moon being fused from two different bodies. It is impossible to fully experience its two sides at once. This recombinant form is expressed through a seemingly endless cycle of appearances.

The moon produces a lunar effect. Insanity and irrationality belie the tides of the mind and the blood of the body. Emotional cycles of longing, hope, despair, pessimism and optimism eclipse and eternally return.

*And like a dying lady, lean and pale,
Who totters forth, wrapp'd in a gauzy veil,
Out of her chamber, led by the insane
And feeble wanderings of her fading brain,
The moon arose up in the murky East,
A white and shapeless mass.* ²

-“The Waning Moon” by Percy Bysshe Shelley

- 1 Percy Bysshe Shelley, "To the Moon," in *The Complete Poetical Works of Percy Bysshe Shelley*, ed. Thomas Hutchinson. (London: Oxford University Press, 1921), 615.
- 2 Shelley, "The Waning Moon," 615.

List of Works

Angela Glanzmann
Cruel Summer, 2018
watercolour on paper
5 sheets, 55.9 x 76.2 cm each
Courtesy of the artist

Angela Glanzmann
But Seriously Fuck You, 2019
stickers
6.4 cm round each
Courtesy of the artist

Angela Glanzmann
To say that this time, it is actually real, 2019
drywall, house paint, liquid latex and contractor
trash bags
dimensions variable
Courtesy of the artist

Cameron Kerr
Ants Nest Cast With Ford Mustang Aluminum
Ants Nest, Barriere Wildfire, 2004
inkjet and screen print on linen
111.8 x 139.7 cm
Courtesy of the artist

Cameron Kerr
Geometric Hallucination In The Landscape,
Whistler, 2018
inkjet print
66.0 x 78.7 cm
Courtesy of the artist

Cameron Kerr
Google Earth Assemblage, Touros, 2019
inkjet print
66.0 x 78.7 cm
Courtesy of the artist

Cameron Kerr
Language Assemblage 1, UBC, 2019
acrylic on plywood and paper
152.4 x 185.4 x 132.1 cm
Courtesy of the artist

Cameron Kerr
Language Assemblage 2, UBC, 2019
plywood, cedar, Hydro-Stone, acrylic paint and inkjet
print on paper
137.2 x 81.3 x 185.4 cm
Courtesy of the artist

Cameron Kerr
Language Assemblage 3, UBC, 2019
aluminum, stainless steel and inkjet print on paper
177.8 x 71.1 x 170.2 cm
Courtesy of the artist

Mandana Mansouri
The Practice of Death in Studio number 4012, 2019
inkjet prints, videos, medical X-Ray film, graphite,
paper, pin, book, wood and glass
dimensions variable
Courtesy of the artist, Amirali Ghasemi and
Cameron Kerr

Ramey Newell
a fine sheet of water, 2018
giclée print
149.9 x 193.0 cm
Courtesy of the artist

Ramey Newell
from the deep ground, 2018
giclée print
149.9 x 193.0 cm
Courtesy of the artist

Ramey Newell
An Irreconcilable Elegy, 2019
video, 8-channel audio, charcoal animation and
muscovite mica
dimensions variable
Courtesy of the artist

Weronika Stepien
Golden Shower, 2018-19
video, 7m
Courtesy of the artist

Weronika Stepien
Fruitful Sow, 2019
Fujitran print, lightbox and table
76.2 x 101.6 cm
Courtesy of the artist

Weronika Stepien
The Mother, 2019
video, 10m
Courtesy of the artist

The UBC Vancouver campus is located on the traditional, ancestral and unceded territory of the Musqueam people. The artists are thankful to have had the opportunity to study, make art and engage with cultural production in this territory.

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