

Creative Access Audio Tour

Kay Slater responds to the exhibition *Aporia (Notes to a Medium)* (12 January-14 April 2024)

This audio tour, written by Kay Slater and narrated by Chris Slater, is designed to prioritize a non-visual experience for people with blindness or low vision.

It includes wayfinding information so you can navigate the space safely, narrations of the printed didactics, a visual description of each work, insights from Slater and biographical information on each artist taken from the exhibition brochure.

Welcome to the Morris and Helen Belkin Art Gallery's creative access audio tour of the exhibition *Aporia (Notes to a Medium)*, featuring works by Colleen Brown, Azza El Siddique, Dani Gal, Katie Kozak and Lucien Durey, Mark Lewis, Jenine Marsh, Jalal Toufic, and Elizabeth Zvonar. The show runs from January 12th to April 14th, 2024.

This audio tour is written by Kay Slater and narrated by their partner Chris Slater. Kay is an artist and arts worker and is a queer and hard-of-hearing white settler working on occupied Coast Salish territory. They are practicing silence in February, and while they wrote the tour and have given me direction, I'll be narrating this audio tour today. Kay acknowledges that their perspective may not match those of the artists or curators, and that they may point out and describe things differently than someone else. They remind you that if you have questions about the content beyond the creative access tour, ask questions of the docents and support staff at the gallery! This is part of the fun of creative access narrated tours. If you are sighted or can see, you can see through someone else's eyes. For non-sighted, low-vision and Blind visitors, I will do my best to paint a picture of the exhibition as Kay sees it, and they are always open to any feedback on how they can improve. I also welcome feedback on my narration.

Please share your thoughts and opinions with the gallery staff, who will then share it with Kay for future creative access audio tours.

This audio tour allows you to walk with us as I navigate and describe what Kay sees when they walk the show. This will include didactic panels as well as text from the exhibition publication. As we transition to new works or topics in this audio tour, you will hear the following sound: [Water Sound]

Let's start with some information about the show.

If you entered from the front door (from the northeast), you should now be standing in front of the information desk. Let's start here.

The show's title is on the wall behind the information desk: *Aporia (Notes to a Medium)*. The desk is engraved with a land acknowledgement naming that the Morris and Helen Belkin Art Gallery is situated on the traditional, ancestral and unceded territory of the Musqueam people. The exhibition publication is also available here. We'll read from this text as we move through the exhibition.

The ceilings in this building are very tall, and most of the architecture is stone and metal. In front of the desk are the rotating doors and front entrance, where light from the outside courtyard streams in. We will move south or right if you are facing those rotating doors or left if you are facing the information desk. As you walk down this corridor, we will pass a substantial open doorway that leads into a vast gallery room, but we will bypass that for now and start with the introduction text installed on the wall to the right of this doorway, in black matte vinyl. This text is also the opening text in the exhibition publication.

In large title text, it reads:

Aporia (Notes to a Medium)

In medium-sized text, it reads:

Aporia (Notes to a Medium) considers how history, mythology and wishful thinking entwine across media and through-mediums. In this moment where faith in media, government and institutions is further collapsing, where binarization is on the rise, where expressions of doubt are tactical, this exhibition includes artists' works that contend with systems of belief and perception to trouble truth's material (and immaterial) forms.

Holding space for doubt—a space of critical reflection that contains multiple truths or exposes the limits of truth—is a self-articulated strength of contemporary art. Doubt is part of nuanced thinking and ambiguity may be fertile ground for possibility and otherwise thinking. But Janus-faced doubt is also a tactic. The exhibition's title engages the paradoxical or impassable from the Greek word aporos. This impasse functions as an expression of real or pretend uncertainty that the works in the exhibition collectively query and channel.

Indexical proof has always been a double-edged sword and art has tangled with our less-than-seamless belief in the image and the dubiousness of the image's power to witness. Social media and AI have led to a renewed power and doubt in what we see, hear and read. How images and texts are created and in what context they are seen are determinants in reception, requiring that we ask what is at stake when media and mediums construct realities through images and words that are inconvenient to power.

The works in the exhibition confront perception and examine power structures to variously query art histories, the patriarchy, capitalism and the acquisition of knowledge.

At the bottom, in a slightly smaller font, it reads:

Aporia (Notes to a Medium) is curated by Melanie O'Brian and made possible with the generous support of the Canada Council for the Arts, the

Province of British Columbia through the BC Arts Council and our Belkin Curator's Forum members. Aporia (Notes to a Medium) is part of the 2024 Capture Photography Festival Selected Exhibition Program.

Behind the vinyl and running the east side of this hall are neutral-coloured wall panels between regularly spaced architectural columns. Concrete anchors hold metal posts that ascend up and outward to form inverse triangles that eventually reach the tall ceilings and second floor. The stone and metal fixtures stick out from the wall into the corridor, about a foot at the base and two to three feet at eye level. If you follow this left or east wall with the stone anchors, be advised that the steel supports jut out at a 15-degree angle from the base, and the walls suspended between them are not flush with the ground. If you are using a cane or the wall to detect your path, we advise you to follow the right or west wall, which has metal shutters that go right to the ground.

However, these anchors and their steel support beams create a natural series of little alcoves along this hallway. This exhibition features a series of hanging textiles installed perpendicular to these architectural features. With that in mind, let's continue right from the vinyl and down this corridor. Be mindful that you will come up to the first fabric wall about 3 metres from the vinyl. This exhibit can be touched, so feel free to feel ahead as you orient yourself in front of this fabric wall.

[Water Sound]

The didactic or information panel is installed to the left of the hanging fabric wall and introduces the objects in this hallway. It reads:

*Katie Kozak and Lucien Durey
Cover, 2023
bedsheets, dye, beeswax and sea salt
Courtesy of the artists*

It also reads:

Please enter

The fabric wall is dyed in soft greens and lavenders, with several sheets of rectangular fabric sewn together. Kay spotted the occasional rivet and noticed quite a few panels of fabric sewn together, but rather than a quilted feeling, they noted that it felt very cohesive. Dotted across the entire surface are dark green, pink and white spots, giving the fabric the sense of motion and action, like seeds or motes of light drifting through space or a lush glacial meadow dotted with flowers. The hangings are over 10 feet high and tower like spring-themed theatre curtains.

Feel your way along the fabric and you will come to a split which invites you to travel through and into the next section. Another wall of fabric hangs about a metre or two along the corridor. When Kay originally walked through, one of the Belkin staff, Naomi, described the sound to them as being more muted and contained. Do you notice a change to the sound?

Within the exhibition publication, the following text is available:

Katie Kozak and Lucien Durey's hanging installation Covers (2023), a series of hand-dyed and marked bedsheets reminiscent of a rainbowed celestial sky, are compositions of kinship as well as invitations to be held in a space between, a space of indeterminacy, as well as of potential.

From this side, both curtain walls have a second layer of fabric that drapes down from the top like a skirt. The layer you just passed has more cream colours, but the one you are facing and about to move through introduces a rich magenta or deep purple that feels very sensual. Kay is reminded of a glass of grape juice or dark berry candy. This fabric also has more sunny yellows and oranges, although the season still feels like spring. Move forward and feel with your hand again for another opening in the curtain wall. Pass through.

As you pass between another set of fabric walls, do you notice the sound change again? You are further from the entrance and even more contained. Does the air feel warmer here?

Here's a bit about the artists from the exhibition publication:

Katie Kozak (Canadian, b. 1985) and Lucien Durey (Canadian, b. 1984) have been collaborating together since 2012.

Katie Kozak is a queer artist of Métis and Ukrainian settler descent. She grew up in Denare Beach, SK, and her ancestral roots are in the Métis communities of St. François Xavier and Boggy Creek, MB. Kozak's visual art practice is centered around connectivity to land, relationship, ritual and traces.

Lucien Durey is an artist, writer and singer based in Vancouver. His mixed media and performance-based practice engages with found objects, photographs, sounds and place.

The last fabric wall is the most chaotic in its layers and colours, with more sections of cloth stitched together. Can you feel the seams running horizontally and vertically? Gently run your hands along it to feel the labour from the artists as they stitched together the sheets. Can you feel where the dye droplets have been added? Kay couldn't feel the differences and could only tell by looking. Passing through this last curtain will take you away from *Covers*, the work by Katie Kozak and Lucien Durey. Once you pass through, pause to notice the change in temperature, sound and pressure. You are still within the corridor but no longer contained inside the fabric works. What changes for you?

[Water Sound]

As we move down the hall and past the last two stone anchors on the left, or about five to six metres if you follow the metal wall on your right, you'll reach the end of the hallway. Within this alcove is the sculpture *Semi-extendable*, by Colleen Brown.

While the sculpture is cane detectable, the didactic reads, "*Please do not touch.*"

If you follow the wall on the right, you'll reach a doorway parallel to where the sculpture starts. The informational didactic, installed to the left of the work, lists the creation date as 2015, the materials as stainless steel and dishtowel, and the loan information as courtesy of the artist.

Imagine a square outlined by a round metal tube like a handlebar in a staircase. Now make a cut in the bottom left corner, and twist the bottom section towards you 45 degrees, with the lower right corner bending like a knee. This is the primary shape of the metal sculpture; however, the top horizontal piece has one more kink, as if when the metal was still being formed, someone grabbed the section near the left upper corner, pulled it towards them and made a permanent rounded detour. A blue and white plaid dishtowel is suspended on the unknicked horizontal section to the right. It works perfectly well as a dishtowel rack, but would certainly be a tripping hazard in any kitchen!

In the exhibition publication, it reads:

Memory's materiality and texture is examined in Colleen Brown's sculptural works Chenille (2022) and Semi-extendable (2016), balancing narrative and the tactile, images and the gestural, craft and contemporary art.

Colleen Brown (Canadian, b. 1965) is an artist, writer, educator and cultural worker who lives and works in Vancouver. Known primarily as a sculptor, Brown explores the relationships of objects and materials as a means of thinking through abstraction and social encounters.

Turning left 90 degrees, you'll stand in front of a sizeable open doorway that leads into the vast gallery room beyond. You might hear some sounds within this echoey room, but they will be from visitors and staff rather than any recordings from the work. The shadows in this room are deep enough to seep into the hallway where we stand. Let's head in.

[Water Sound]

The vast room spans the entire length of the hallway with the hanging fabric works, and the bent towel rack, and is three times as wide as that hallway. Two walls partition the big room into three sections running north to south. This shadowy section is the southernmost end of the gallery, where there is a floor installation and two projections facing each other on the permanent south and north partition walls. While you can walk through this installation, it is tough to see, and there are both tripping hazards and delicate pottery installed on the ground. Let's describe the work and continue following the northwest wall behind us when we're ready to move on. Kay doesn't even recommend that sighted visitors walk through unless they are extremely mindful and careful...

The stone floor of the gallery has been covered in a layer of dried clay slip the colour of dusty sand with a visual texture like fingers dragged through a clay-covered surface. Overhead lights shine down enough to make the contrasting colour glow, but it isn't very bright, and the objects placed on top are challenging to see. Piles of same-coloured broken clay pots are placed seemingly at random near the edges and along the sides, and in the centre of the ground covering is an outlined, maze-like structure made from raised 6" x 6" rectangular slats also clay-covered and in deep shadow. Piles of broken pots are also placed within this structure. You can imagine how complicated it would be to navigate as a sighted person, and Kay notes they felt a knot in their stomach as they documented the work, twice almost stepping on the delicate piles of clay.

On the two walls to the north and south, a mirrored projection of text runs in a marquee the length of the wall and travelling in from right to left. As it nears the edge of the wall, it bends down and then again, running upside-down and left to right towards the other wall's edge before bending up and away in the upper right-hand corner. The rectangular wall texts are spells or prayers from the Egyptian *Book of Two Ways* and run about a minute or two in length before they finish their path and a new text begins.

The exhibition publication states:

Azza El Siddique's installation Solar Evocation (2022) considers architectures of transformation and the instability of form to construct a narrative experience of a journey between this life and the next. The work engages a map and texts from the Book of Two Ways—a series of ancient Egyptian maps and spells related to the underworld to posit an experience that history cannot hold over the course of circular time.

Azza El Siddique (Sudanese, b. 1984) lives and works in New Haven, CT. Known for her large-scale sculptural environments, El Siddique combines steel and ceramic sculptures with ephemeral matter to explore ritual, mortality and memorialization.

Moving back to the northwest wall, the didactic panel for *Solar Evocation* is to the immediate right of the large doorway (there is also a temperature and moisture control box just before it). It reads,

*Azza El Siddique
Solar Evocation, 2022
installation and video
Courtesy of the artist and the Bradley Ertaskiran, Montreal*

Follow this wall about three metres to the centre of the large room.

[Water Sound]

Now, midway through the large gallery room, we are sandwiched between two floating walls which contain three separate works by two artists. Moving west to east or across the room, about a metre away from the west wall, are a pair of round mirrors facing each other, about one to two metres apart. This work is called *Timing is Everything*.

The didactic reads:

Elizabeth Zvonar

Timing is Everything, 2006

mirror with reverse sandblasted image of the astrological birth charts of Voyager 1 and 2, text panels and wood mirror frame

Courtesy of the artist and Daniel Faria Gallery, Toronto

PLEASE DO NOT TOUCH

The round mirrors are installed on a rich, polished wooden frame, similar to that of a loom or dressing room mirror, and it would be cane detectable if they weren't also delicate mirrors. The backside of the mirror is opaque and grey, but there is an etching made from overlapping lines that bend and fold back on each other to make triangular and tent-like shapes similar to dunes or mountain peaks. The same shapes are etched into the mirror's front face, which appear over your reflection when you perceive yourself in the glass. The other mirror is positioned directly across, so staring into the surface causes an infinity effect as one glass reflects the other, reflecting the other and so on. However, the second mirror, while still suspended in an equally attractive frame, does not contain an etching, so perceiving oneself in this glass does not have the etching placed on top of one's reflection, but the etching can be seen in the background and the infinite reflections.

Kay also noted that the back crossbar of the mirrors has two heavy-duty D-rings and that they have probably been installed against the wall in the

past. They chuckled and told me the creative access listeners would get a little piece of a preparator's insight that other visitors, artists or curators might not notice.

Also associated with this work are three framed text pieces, either carved into a dark glass or printed onto glossy dark paper. One can also see themselves reflected as they read the following text, with each part representing a new panel:

PART I

The future is coming everyday and depending on who you talk to, the future is something that has already happened.

Time and space are a human construct. It's kind of difficult for us to imagine this but if the reality that we exist in can be considered a node on a linear bandwidth, the next station over may not have need for a physical body let alone the concept of time and space.

MIRRORS ARE A PORTAL TO THE FUTURE

Have you ever had a dream that was so astonishingly real that as you were dreaming it you understood that you were cognizant but then forced yourself out of that state to enter waking life? Lucid dreaming is another level of consciousness that we use regularly without fully understanding or even remembering. It comes back in vague stills that are difficult to articulate, often leaving things left unsaid.

PART II

Voyager 1 & 2 were sent up into outer space during the US initiated space program of the 1970'S. NASA recognized a rare planetary alignment at the turn of the 70's that would happen by the end of the decade. Plans were quickly made to commission a time capsule of the planet earth to send into deep space. Colloquially known as The Golden Record, Carl Sagan and a crew of scientists and cultural thinkers were given the task of representing all of humanity for future posterity in the wilds of the new frontier. This happened at a time when the US government would publicly denounce the

possibility of extra-terrestrial life. This possibility was largely funded by the same body politic that denied it, leaving transparent contradictions that rely on a state of collective forgetting and enthusiasm for progress.

What we have been told is that it is estimated that it will take at least 140,000 light years for Voyager 1 or 2 to come into contact with another life form. Unexpectedly, NASA still has contact with the ships in the night sky - a happy surprise resulting in continued communication until the year 2020. We also know that the twin Voyagers are in the Milky Way and that the first one is nearing Pluto at a distance of 9 billion miles from the sun - currently the most distant human-made object in the universe. And Voyager 2, currently at a distance of 7 billion miles from the sun, remains the only spacecraft ever to have visited the worlds of Neptune and Uranus.

BILLIONS AND BILLIONS

Using the astrological birth charts of these two space probes, I have been asking practitioners of alternative modulations who have particular skills to aid my quest to see how things are moving along for the Voyagers and to see what the future may hold for our own footprint on the future.

PART III

I visited with a Clairvoyant, a tarot reader, some friends who do lucid dreaming, a local nutritionist healer who is preparing to leave the matrix in 2017 and a retired Hindu priest who spends a lot of time looking at the stars. Under the auspices of a single question; Can you tell me what is happening or going to happen to Voyager 1 & 2?, we got down to some essential ponderings about human existence.

The most concrete prediction came from the tarot reader who was able to calculate the launch time, date and location to come up with a possible response to my question. Based on this information she predicts that Voyager 1 will only be remembered when we have completely forgotten about it on earth - when the event becomes myth. Voyager 2; however, has a very different fate that may happen within this lifetime. She likened the

event to a very bright star in the night sky that will be of questionable origin. Here on earth, we may be confused by what we see in the sky and it will be received with speculation. Something will illuminate the Voyager 2 to learn about it. This backlit casting of the object will brighten the sky and become noticeable from our viewpoint but will remain under discussion for lengthy periods with no definitive explanation.

The nutritionist healer refuted the tarot reader's findings based on the charts she followed to calculate her predictions claiming that the only accurate way to really do this would be a method he currently won't practice due to it's time consuming nature. He did however use the metaphor of a finished painting to describe our existence. The entire canvas is complete and we as humans are limited because we are only ever able to focus on one part of the painting at any given time; however our entire existence, according to him, is happening simultaneously.

SO, A TRANCE PSYCHIC, A FORTUNE TELLER AND A PSYCHOMETRIST WALK INTO A BAR...

The Clairvoyant revealed a reading of my past lives with one that currently relates to my present research and practice. In 17th century Spain I was a Scientist with a focus on Astrology and had spent a lifetime doing countless experiments. At the end of my life, I had come to the conclusion that there was no difference between God and Science - they were one in the same. This has an interesting relationship to this idea of the spirit realm that she had referred to and I had asked her about. She went on to describe it as a realm that doesn't recognize time and space and that spirits want to inhabit human bodies in order to continue their lessons toward enlightenment. Like spirits make contracts with each other to fulfill on the earth realm - we have lessons to learn and teach each other and we make alliances with spirits from past lives in order to continue through this process.

I spoke with some friends who have done lucid dreaming and we talked about some of our experiences in the dream world. The key is to revoke waking life logic in order to fully control actions done in a state of slumber.

Once successful, you can rapidly proceed to higher stages that are entirely triggered by your ability to think. The clearer your body is of substances that slow it down, the better the opportunity you have to direct your dreaming. To reach the higher levels is likened to a video game - the higher you go, the purer the essence of your soul - this is where things get super cool. This is the stage where any signifiers that we understand in our waking life are entirely dematerialized leaving our spirit self as a glowing orb in a vast universe of stars.

And the star gazing priest replied, timing is everything.

On the south wall, opposite the three text works, is an unframed collage work by Elizabeth Zvonar. The didactic reads:

Elizabeth Zvonar

Face, 2013

inkjet print on dibond

Collection of Amy Kazymierchyk

PLEASE DO NOT TOUCH

The work is black and white except for a single spot of colour. The work is a photo portrait, where a feminine figure with shiny dark chin-length hair and a delicate shoulder and neck is framed by a V-shaped black collar, but the face is covered by a fingerprint-shaped cut-out in dark, deep black. Either the image has been cut away or covered in a velvet blackness, and from this oblong form, a thin line of paper runs down like the stick of a Carnivale mask. The line reinforces that the black shape is a collaged, layered mask because it shows an exposed spine of ragged white, which happens when a coloured print is printed and then ripped, which exposes the layers of fibre within an otherwise flat and uniform print. Where the eyes would be is a spot of colour, a circular glowing, organic globe like an orange, fish egg or embryo. The murky form within the bright orb is vaguely X-shaped or like a winged bug caught in amber.

Inside the exhibition publication, it reads:

Elizabeth Zvonar's sculptural installation Timing is Everything (2006) positions two mirrors across from one another, etched with the astrological birth charts of the space mission Voyager I and 2, accompanied by texts exploring time and notions of the future, while her collages Face (2013) and Gattamelata (2020) reflect a re-examination of female representation, shifted consciousness and space for projection to open up a rewriting of accepted histories.

Elizabeth Zvonar (Canadian, b. 1972) is an artist based in Vancouver. She makes objects and pictures that think through metaphor and the metaphysical, often using humour and referencing art history.

[Water Sound]

In the large gallery's centre space, we move to the east wall where a projection video plays. The didactic for this work reads:

Jalal Toufic

Saving Face, 2003

video, 7 m 20 s

Courtesy of the artist

In this video, adults scrape layers of pasted political posters and expose the faces of previous candidates below. The adult labourers use a plaster spatula to dig and scrape under the accumulated paper, revealing the faces underneath. The effect is powerful as if they are unearthing bodies from layers of political and visual midden. The colours are gem-like, and Kay didn't know if this was through the use of filters or if the posters themselves favoured these colours, but they add to that feeling of unearthing something important or add value to the labour undertaken to reveal that which was covered.

The exhibition publication reads:

The certainty of images to deliver news or political messages is under transformation in Jalal Toufic's video Saving Face (2003), which documents political posters from a 2000 Lebanese parliamentary campaign being removed from city streets, revealing the layers of candidates as recombinant faces. The layered faces are sites where, in Toufic's words, "Lebanese culture in specific, and Arabic culture in general, mired in an organic view of the body, in an organic body, exposes itself to inorganic bodies."

Jalal Toufic (Lebanese, b. 1962) is a thinker, writer and artist. He was born in 1962 in Beirut or Baghdad and died before dying in 1989 in Evanston, Illinois. He is a professor of film studies at the American University in Cairo.

[Water Sound]

Move back to the west wall, then northwards, and you will make your way into the final section of the gallery near the entrance, back into the hallway, and to the front desk. Near the entrance to the left is the didactic detailing the five works, four of which are located in this gallery room. The three large installations use the same materials and will not be repeated for your listening comfort!

Jenine Marsh

How to Fulfill a Wish (Gold), 2023

How to Fulfill a Wish (Silver), 2023

How to Fulfill a Wish (Bronze), 2023

cast bronze, coins, newspaper clippings, epoxy clay, powdered pigment, nails, acrylic varnish, polyethylene tarp, polymer-based mortar and rigid foam

Untitled (Coins and Nails), 2023

coins, powdered pigment, acrylic varnish and nails

Optimism, 2023

lighting, gels, saliva and pressed flowers

In main gallery and gallery windows

Courtesy of the artist and Cooper Cole, Toronto

PLEASE DO NOT TOUCH

The lighting in the room is pink. As you move in from the hallway or the centre gallery partition, it is unexpected and ominous. However, your eyes adjust over time, and it can appear like you are standing in a white room. It is quite jarring as you move back out into the white lighting. Even more interesting is that until your eyes adjust, you cannot know which sculpture is which, as the colour of the coins and central forms, a pair of feet, all appear the same under the pink light. The didactics do not indicate which sculpture is which, and all the metal tones look... uniformly metallic.

The exhibition publication reads:

Jenine Marsh's installation, including the three sculptures How to Fulfill a Wish (Bronze, Silver, Gold) (2023), considers social practices converging around the form of a public fountain that at once delivers water to a public and is also a site of symbolic wish-making. The works, in the form of wrapped fountains, include coins, preserved flowers, casts of feet and texts from the socialist newspaper People's Voice to investigate forms of belief and value.

Each installation is built on a round basin-like form covered in thick polyethylene or clear plastic. The covering is nailed around the perimeter, with each nail piercing a round piece of metal. Also nailed into the structure, over and under the plastic covering, are more round pieces of metal (or money), secured and scattered around the round basin like wishing coins. Looking closely at the scattered coins, one might catch the

occasionally added collaged word cut from a newspaper and pasted onto the money's surface.

With your back to the room's entrance in the west, the first piece (silver) is to your left, about two metres in and leans against the north wall, angled from the ground. Moving away from the wall and angling towards the east wall is the second work (bronze), which lies flat on the ground, similar to a fountain basin. The third work (gold) is mounted on the south partition wall, about 50 cm off the ground.

At the centre of each basin is a raised, circular platform upon which are a sculpted pair of feet. In *How to Fulfill a Wish (Silver)*, a pair of feet are positioned closely together, their bottoms out and facing the viewer, with small coins scattered and embedded into the flesh as if they had been stepped on and then partially absorbed into the fleshy soles. A small, round-petaled flower made of moulded coins is cradled between the arches of both feet.

In *How to Fulfill a Wish (Bronze)*, the soles touch the platform, and the feet are formed to the ankle, filled with newspaper, cradling another pair of round-petaled flowers. The feet are very detailed, with toenails and joints made visible by deep shadows caused by the rose-coloured light.

The wall-suspended basin of *How to Fulfill a Wish (Gold)* displays feet similar to that of *Silver*, soles out with a brassy flower cradled within the two arches, but these feet feature a second flower in the base of the big toe on the left foot (right side). If you stand there long enough, you might be able to tell that the gold colour of the feet is different from the brassy metal of the flower... maybe...

Untitled (coins and nails) might be missed by the unobservant as the coins are placed subtly within the cracks of the cement floor. Kay describes these sculptures as if winged bugs had been caught against a plastic pool cover and dried to a delicate stillness in the summer sun.

From the exhibition publication, Jenine's bio reads:

Jenine Marsh (Canadian, b. 1984) is an artist based in Toronto who uses sculpture and installation to explore themes of agency, mortality and value. She uses coins as well as other paraphernalia of exchange through serialized processes of destruction and transformation to cultivate illicit and intimate responses to the shared conditions of end-stage capitalism.

We've made it through the large gallery, and by passing through the west doorway, we return to the corridor, now right of the show's introduction didactic vinyl text, a dozen steps away from the front entrance and info desk. Walk out and right, past the information desk, and you arrive at an open area where the corridor continues, but no walls are suspended between these metal and stone pillars that continue north and to the end of the building. The whole room's perimeter walls form a right trapezoid, with the east wall angled at 45 degrees towards the north wall.

Once you are past the stone and metal pillars and facing the east, turn 90 degrees south to a small section of wall.

[Water Sound]

On a small wall section, a metre and a half in width is the first of three pieces by Colleen Brown, the artist whose metal sculpture work we previously saw at the end of the long hall. This work looks very much like its title: *Dish Towel Rumpled*. A patterned image made from wool yarn pulled through a cotton mat, dark diagonal lines form visual crinkles and folds. In contrast, softer silver and grey lines run perpendicular to create more texture and density for the otherwise flat, rectangular object, the background a brackish colour like a used wet cloth or kitchen sponge. It looks both touchable and functional from a distance and strangely out of place as you get up close to it – why oh why is this dish towel here and not in a sink, you might ask?

Moving left and turning 90 degrees, you face the east wall and come to a framed work named *Swamp*. The image is done in coloured oils and is a scene of a small grassy hill at the foot of which is a murky pool. Beyond, thick lines of green and brown grow up from the edge of the wet earth and form a growing wall of reeds and leaves. The marks are fast and active, as if the tall growth is filled with hidden critters, in contrast to the still and heavy pond of swampy muck.

Still moving left, the final work on this wall is another textile work, *Chenille*. On a tall, mossy green rectangle, bulbous light mint-coloured tufts puff out from the mat. The forms are varied and organic, but there is harmony in the colour and placement of the shapes. The texture looks soft and pettable as if each tuft contained a little fluffy creature waiting to be picked up. Below the forms on the mossy base, a slightly darker green line runs up from the bottom and slightly left of the middle, and when reaching the centre, it angles diagonally to the right and runs off the side of the rectangle. If the line represented a clock face, the time would be 2:30.

The three didactics describing Colleen's work read:

Colleen Brown

Chenille, 2022

wool yarn and embroidery floss on cotton/acrylic carpet backing

Swamp, 2023

oil on paper

Dish Towel Rumpled, 2023

wool yarn on cotton/acrylic carpet backing

All three works are lent to the show courtesy of the artist.

[Water Sound]

Follow the east wall and listen for the sound of a projector. In the northeast corner, a pair of slide carousels project a two-channel series of images against the northern most wall of the gallery. The projectors are installed on two-metre-tall plinths, with a jumble of technology between them on the ground. The installation is about a metre away from the east wall and two metres from the north wall projections.

The exhibition publication states:

The stability of an image or text's meaning is called into question in Dani Gal's installation Failed to Bind (2013), which pairs two sets of slides: one of news images from the last four decades, the other of statements made by visual artists from the same time period. The images are decontextualized from their specific events and the artist statements are read in relation to images resulting in a visual experience that explores attitudes to history and truth, and how elements can be manipulated, reactivated or reinvented.

This sequence shows an image with text on the left and a black-and-white image on the right, pausing about 17.5 seconds before moving to a new pair. There are 80 image pairs, and I will attempt to read both the text and Kay's image descriptions within 17.5 seconds to keep the flow intended by the artist Dani Gal.

	Text	Image
1	I don't like to arrange things. If I stand in front of something, instead of arranging it, I arrange myself.	Two people sit on concrete; one with a smug posture and crossed legs, the other bound and blindfolded, their dark skin contrasting with the white fabric.

2	<p>BN: If you take some number of elements and multiplate them in a number of arbitrary ways, you get a bunch of boring things as well as a bunch of interesting ones. But when you take a thing like a figure, it's really hard to keep it anonymous and not...</p> <p>LS: In other words, people directly relate to it as far as personal experience.</p> <p>BN: Yeah, right, and I think that's what's interesting about it. You just make the rules which are arbitrary and follow them and get the effect of an emotional impact.</p>	<p>In a field, chaos ensues as people navigate a barbed wire fence under the watch of armoured horseback riders, with some climbing under and others pressed against the fence.</p>
3	<p>I'm an anarchist. I don't know whether the adjective is pure and simple, or philosophical. Or what, but I don't like government! And I don't like institutions! And I don't have confidence in even good institutions.</p>	<p>A paved street in which three armoured figures beat a prone human with batons.</p>
4	<p>There's this almost scientifically objective sense of a simple logic to the criteria that makes those decisions; it isn't an aesthetic choice. I can't say that loudly or strongly enough. The colour is not an aesthetic choice.</p>	<p>The corner of a room, a door slightly ajar. On the ground, smears of waste or blood splatter and smear over the door and walls, and across the floor, soaking into a rug.</p>
5	<p>Does one have something and then proceed to add another thing or does one have something; move into it;</p>	<p>Two figures stand beside a rifle and scope on a rocky ledge, with a large Israeli flag to their right,</p>

	occupy it; divide it; make the best one can I have it?	overlooking clustered buildings amid rolling hills.
6	There is a kind of complexity which comes from taking an otherwise completely normal, conventional, albeit anonymous situation and redefining it, retranslating it into overlapping and multiple readings of conditions past and present.	Two white individuals at a podium face an audience in a classroom or auditorium. A line of younger adults stands in their underwear, speaking to each other. One half-clothed figure addresses and shouts at the speakers.
7	Events were simply dissolved into the air, as all events are. And the best one could have about those events was a memory, distorted perhaps, but a memory. All these events had been, for the most part, once only things, and they were meant as changeable events, there was no fixed form in them, depending on where they were, who did them, so why not continue to change my memory of them. After all, it's a faulty memory, and I might as well take the whole thing by the horns, so to speak, and do it with great joy.	Two parallel images depict a line of soldiers with batons opposite a single crouching figure; the left shows the figure with an indistinct white object, the right shows them lighting candles among the soldiers' feet.
8	I think there's a basic fascination in technology which derives from the fact that there's always a hidden space - a control room, a projection booth, a source of light of some kind - from which the image comes.	A masculine figure in a suit stands by a hutch with a CRT TV on top and various audio equipment, adjusting a knob as if engaging with the photographer.

9	<p>I think that if you can control the situation physically, then you have a certain amount of similarity.</p> <p>People are sufficiently similar so that you can have at least a similar kind of experience a great deal in some ways, and I don't expect to be able to control that. But, on the other hand, I don't like to leave things open so that people feel they are in a situation they can play games with.</p> <p>Why not?</p> <p>Well, I think I am not really interested in game playing. Partly it has to do with control, I guess.</p>	<p>Leather-clad soldiers with riot shields stand relaxed beside casually dressed youth. One of the young adults crouches to the fist of a soldier who holds a lighter but doesn't lift their hand from the top of their shield.</p>
10	<p>I think people have to set up little battles. they have to demonize people whom they disagree with or feel threatened by. But it's the ideological framing of the debate that scares me.</p>	<p>A low-angle shot captures a crowd cheering with raised arms; one individual is holding aloft a large, burning flag, possibly an American flag.</p>
11	<p>I start from the standpoint of a consumer, not from that of an expert.</p>	<p>A man holds up paper at eye level, half his face visible, showing an ambiguous image of a missile, rocket, or telescope.</p>
12	<p>Here is what we have to offer you in its most elaborate form - confusion by clear sense of purpose.</p>	<p>A bearded youth is detained by three figures in gas masks and fatigues near a gate marked "POLICE," observed calmly by onlookers.</p>

13	I like to do something that I don't exactly know how to do. I don't like to do things that I know I can do. If I take a certain approach, when I finish the problem, I don't have to go on with it. I'm more challenged in finding what else I do that's more of a challenge for me.	A feminine figure in a tailored jacket stands assertively between two soldiers with guns, before a fence and a grassy hill, hand raised as though speaking or concentrating.
14	Part of the enjoyment I take in it is finding the most efficient way to do it, which doesn't mean the corrections aren't made. I like to have a feeling of the whole task before I start, even if it changes.	A white masculine figure in a fur cap stands in profile in the centre of a charter bus, checking the papers of the seated passengers.
15	"Rejecting" something is a way of coming into relation with it, getting involved with it, keeping it in play somehow, at least I think that's what it is for me.	Asian adults gather around a fire against an urban backdrop. One person adds a newspaper to the flames, while some others photograph the scene and the viewer.
16	It is not important what you see, but what happens between the people.	Two parallel images capture a street fight: one shows a group attacking a lone figure on the ground; the other depicts the same victim being dragged as another falls. Crowds watch the scene unfold.
17	Of course, by making a dot on a map, you are really converting perhaps twenty or forty square feet, or circular feet. And there's no proof that when you get there you're pointing your camera, or putting your marker on the	A grainy collage shows a shadowy profile overlaid on a map or grid, with missiles or planes exploding in a diagonal sequence that enhances the shadow's outline.

	<p>exact spot, which of course is the point too.</p> <p>It doesn't matter, you see. It could have been three or four feet over, or you could have miscalculated just because your pencil was too thick... any number of things. So what it finally comes back to is the idea of these locations, the idea of the system.</p>	
18	<p>I have attempted to develop my thinking in such a way that the work I've done is not me - not confuse my feelings with what produced.</p>	<p>Women, at a workbench piled high with metal nose cones, assemble things using screwdrivers and hand-held tools.</p>
19	<p>Being able to have everything, being allowed to throw everything away.</p>	<p>On the ground are a large pile of assorted shoes and boots. A pair of feminine figures in wool coats and skirts pick at the pile, seeking pairs.</p>
20	<p>In a time when everybody is talking about finding oneself, how do you find yourself? I wanted to do it as literally as possible. How do I prove that I'm concentrating on myself? I prove it by doing something physical.</p>	<p>In an outdoor location, a figure stands with their hands raised, looking perplexed, with an acoustic guitar on a strap across their body, while a uniformed figure scans them with a handheld device.</p>
21	<p>I tried to turn something meaningless into a meaningful thing.</p>	<p>A group in balaclavas surrounds a person holding a burning German flag, many with arms raised, only their eyes visible through their masks.</p>

22	<p>- You said that the future of handwork is assured by technology. Would you say the reverse is true? In the sense that the future of technology is assured by handwork?</p> <p>- I think it is obvious that mass production holds the situation and what we are talking about is some kind of compensatory activity. For example, there is such a desire for such an activity that it is going to be called for the existence of so much mass production. It is related to the mind. But it is the way things are made. There is so much distance between the final product and what's done that I think there is naturally some desire to have the things make contact with people, and that is the way to satisfy them.</p>	<p>A group of youth write on the surface of standing bombs, lined in a row. Part of the words "jazrala with love from" can be seen.</p>
23	<p>I don't see anything particularly new about that particulate structure of using other people - to have them make the decisions for you. Or set up a situation where chance makes the decision for you. I see that as having gone on for a long time.</p>	<p>A huge pile of papers and documents. To the right, a pair of figures throw additional papers onto the pile from a dolly holding a stack of banker boxes.</p>
24	<p>I think what I'm trying to do is create moments of recognition. To try to detonate some kind of feeling or understanding of lived experience.</p>	<p>A figure in a sleeping bag peeks out, holding a jacket over their nose. "Christine heart Mohamed" is written on the wall in charcoal, and a large video camera is seen to their right with the lens covered.</p>

25	<p>Worst of all, it is important that I have experienced the situation in which the images were created.</p> <p>It is not that important who made them. I think it makes a difference if you have experienced a situation or if you just know it from a photograph.</p>	<p>A bulky figure with a shoulder camera and press pass-style lanyard moves away from another figure in protective gear with a large baton, who tries to restrain them.</p>
26	<p>Irritation is made possible in the first place by formal clarity and precise scale. I can almost demonstrate it scientifically.</p>	<p>A hand with dark-painted fingernails holds a large teardrop gem between their thumb and fingers, their palm cupped like a C, presenting it to the camera.</p>
27	<p>Inside and outside': every living creature is open to every possible change. Its inner space is an effective one.</p>	<p>People in varying stages of undress surround an open suitcase, with machinery suggesting a non-domestic setting like a lobby or laundromat.</p>
28	<p>What we have been concerned with is a method of indexing in which we can sort out some of the modalities associated with what we learn from each other.</p>	<p>In front of a cafe storefront, along the sidewalk, bodies lay in rows face down, their wrists strapped behind their backs. They are surveyed by a uniformed policeperson holding a baton.</p>
29	<p>I come from radical ideas. That's what's going to wake me up in the morning, is that I'm going breaking through the envelope. I mean, if one talks to me about nuance, like the way I'm talking now, then - I would have left the room. It's not about that. It's about breaking down the barriers. Let's open up the doors.</p>	<p>A prone figure lays on their side, their arms and legs starfished out with their right arm and leg held up by a pair of masked figures who drag them towards a van with Polizei written along the side.</p>

30	My intention is to build open, available, useful, common, gathering places. Gathering places which are neighbourly.	In a small chess hall, players engage in games, with some hiding their faces behind magazines or board covers while others have their faces obscured by black rectangles.
31	What I'm interested in is an object's soul not it's mechanical trappings.	On a bustling airstrip, vehicles with American Air Force logos are parked alongside a lone Volkswagen bug. An older individual with white hair films an airplane using a large video camera on their shoulder.
32	When you photograph people in colour you photograph their clothes. But when you photograph people in black & white, you photograph their souls.	Rows of dark-skinned, bare-legged bodies wearing white are crowded, face-down, along the ground. Soldiers in short-sleeved fatigues stand in a line in the background, and a coiled barbed wire lines the image's foreground.
33	I don't want to create a fully intimate space, but one that is between public and intimate.	An industrial hallway with white brick walls and handrails features a shiny linoleum floor reflecting the ceiling's square lights. Multiple side corridors branch off. At the end, a white-haired figure sits beneath a blurry, square-framed image.
34	Really, it's like a treadmill. I mean, there's no hope for logic. If you try to come up with logical reason, then you might as well forget it, because it's not dealing with any kind of nameable measurable situation. All dimensions seem to lose itself in the process.	Two adult women and four youths gather around benches against a wall, flanked by a pair of bunk beds with neatly arranged blankets and a pile of luggage on the other side.

	In other words, you're really going from someplace to no place and back to someplace. And then to locate between those two points gives you a position of elsewhere so that there's no focus.	
35	The spray can is an object that contains a whole range of chemical and physical compounds and vernacular and daily usage; it was the looked-down-upon things; It is about the not skilled.	In a city street, a uniformed figure wielding a baton and a spray can move aggressively toward the photographer. Behind them, a group looks away as if affected by the spray and stands near a streetlight as if to cross.
36	I would hope that these images would make people confront their own feelings about sex, pornography, or erotic images and their own bodies.	A thin figure with fluffy light hair sits on the ground and leafs through a magazine. A stack of publications open to their right shows white, naked figures.
37	In some of the photos I see myself as what I could be if I was going in a different direction.	A group of young adults or teenagers sit in rows on the ground. A trio of figures are observed: a toddler suckles at the central figure's right breast who simultaneously expresses their left breast into the open mouth of an older masculine figure on the other side.
38	The working premise is to think in terms of systems; the production of systems, the interference with the exposure of existing systems. Such an approach is concerned with the operational structure of organizations, in	Within a residential boulevard, ghillie-suited military personnel aim guns at figures laid out pathetically along the street and sidewalk. In the background, garden trees and parked cars imply an active and otherwise occupied neighbourhood.

	<p>which transfer of information, energy and/or material occurs. Systems can be physical, biological or social, they can be manmade, naturally existing or a combination of any of the above. In all cases, verifiable processes are referred to.</p>	
39	<p>The holy grail is to spend less time making the picture than it takes people to look at it.</p>	<p>A working figure in a mock turtleneck and ponytail leans over a drafting table within a windowed study room. To their left, a standing figure holds a professional video camera with a large y-shaped shoulder brace.</p>
40	<p>Things we were going to do are now being done by others. They were, it seems, not in our minds to do (were we or they out of our minds?) but simply ready to enter any open mind disturbed enough not to have an idea in it.</p>	<p>A police officer wielding a baton holds a moustached person by the hair, leading them along the sidewalk. The struggling captive reaches for the officer's radio attached to their chest.</p>
41	<p>Things are not static objects, they are social and institutional processes and they are subject to ongoing change, including the way they are defined.</p>	<p>A trio of images. the first shows arms with a slingshot-like device, the second a hand with a modified fork-like sculpture, and the third four glass bottles containing a dark liquid with German labels.</p>
42	<p>The idea was more to create an environment, and that the adaptive could be handled and used rather than be looked at.</p>	<p>In what seems to be a hospital, a figure in white appears to assist a smaller, frail person with their pants or back pocket. Others in white mill about in the background.</p>

43	<p>That's the trouble, of course, for any individual.</p> <p>There is the rest of society and the rest of history.</p> <p>I think we have to take the circumstances as the means upon which we work to help us discover the nature of the next step, rather than taking it as something to lament.</p>	<p>Inside a military vehicle, one soldier sits with a gun, eyeing the camera, while another pulls someone towards the vehicle, away from a woman in a white headscarf.</p>
44	<p>The goal is to get to a place where nothing is isolated within that frame, where everything is necessary within that frame and everything inside relates to everything else.</p>	<p>Near a wooded area, atop an industrial vehicle, four figures in winter attire and helmets operate video cameras, scopes, and tech,</p>
45	<p>Taking pictures for me is a way of touching someone - a form of tenderness.</p>	<p>A group of curly-haired figures in winter coats stand on the ground, facing away from the camera. They have their hands and coats lifted to cover their faces.</p>
46	<p>There is a shot, and then there is a whole, and thus I make a connection between cause and effect, which should not necessarily be related to subjective or deep psychological interpretation.</p>	<p>A white masculine figure in a shooting range, surrounded by brick walls, aims a handgun at a paper target, wearing hearing protection incorrectly placed atop his head.</p>
47	<p>An awareness of one's own person comes from a certain level of activity and not just from thinking about oneself. You have to practice it.</p>	<p>A row of people, their hands behind their heads, walk in a line near a wall, pressed in by a figure holding a large gun, their hand on the trigger.</p>
48	<p>It is not irritating to be where one is. it is only irritating to</p>	<p>A feminine figure in a white, flowy bodysuit poses with one hand on her hip, pulling the fabric up to</p>

	think one would like to be somewhere else.	reveal her thigh. She's perched on a radio control board, with her bare feet resting lightly on its surface.
49	<p>You shouldn't be a prisoner of your own ideas. Everyone gets into their own box and enunciate principles, if only in their own mind - you have your own constraints and your own structure that you think you're following, and then you realize that what you're saying is "I can do this, but I can't do that." And then at some point, you say, "Well, why not?" And the answer is "Because I told myself I couldn't." If you keep telling yourself, "You can," than you are liberated. If you're totally constrained, all that's left for you to do is break the mold. "Every wall is a door."</p>	<p>In an alley, figures kneel with hands against both walls, flanked by standing figures holding long guns. A uniformed individual looks towards the photographer.</p>
50	<p>We are not a well formed set. We don't even know who "we" are. It depends on who makes out the list - among other things. We can't do more than understanding parts.</p>	<p>A figure with a dark mullet and light coat looks at the camera, possibly shocked or about to speak. In the background are trees and a balaclava-clad figure who seems to be either passing by or urging them forward. The photo captures an unposed yet aware moment.</p>
51	<p>When you record, you live with what you recorded for many many years, but when you play it's just an hour and a half and then once it's over it's over.</p>	<p>Three figures sit at a table against a white fabric backdrop. The outer two wear white, ghost-like masks, and the centre figure has a black hood with wide eye openings. They face the camera, with recorders on</p>

		the table and one figure referencing a book.
52	Now we are trying to visualize the space, which only exists as an electromagnetic field.	A grid of four images: The top left shows a film strip of what could be a bank scene. The top right expands the view, highlighting a long queue and a figure marked by two white squares. The bottom left zooms on the figure's face, obscured by a black rectangle. The bottom right focuses on their hands over a counter scattered with round metal objects, possibly coins.
53	In terms of political implications of what I'm doing, it's about creating the context for a certain kind of looking.	A window framed in metal overlooks urban rooftops, with binoculars, a stylus, a listening device, a walkie-talkie, and a flashlight on the sill inside, suggesting surveillance or observation activities.
54	In a way I wanted to blot out any traces of information about the person in front of the camera. I also wanted to indicate that the viewer is not face-to-face with a real person, but with a photograph of a person.	A black van covered with three posters featuring individuals with short hair and neutral expressions. A uniformed police officer is stepping down from the van onto a paved sidewalk.
55	My images are not images of reality, but show a kind of second reality, the image of the image.	A poster in Russian, reversed by the camera. It reads Kommunistische Volkszeitung, with a large KBW and sickle icon. The poster is on a brick wall, a hand

		points at it, and video cameras peek into the scene.
56	The motifs were never random; I had to make much too much of an effort for that, just to be able to find photos I could use... Perhaps it was good if it seemed as if everything had been accidental and random.	A person facing away with shoulder-length hair uses a bulky keyboard at a desk. Above them are two cube TV monitors, with one showing identification documents and a photo of a man.
57	To grasp a thought and make it visible.	In one image, an older white man in a suit displays a folded poster of a figure resembling a wooden creature with one real human eye. In the other, he presents a magazine spread of two naked couples, one posed in a library and the other on a beach, engaging with the camera or each other.
58	I use my body, I use what happens to me, and I make something.	A person with shoulder-length blonde hair in a short dress is helped into a vehicle's trunk by a man in a suit. Their face is hidden, leaving their consciousness ambiguous. There are no signs of a struggle.
59	In the system where you are, you can cause an effect.	A group of armoured soldiers stand in a line, leaning against a wall. They are taking a break, some drinking from flasks, others holding large riot shields resting against the ground.
60	My job is to create a world in which I want to live. Therefore, it suggests ideals using realistic techniques.	2 soldiers with large guns strapped around their necks look down at the camera. The photographer takes the shot from behind a barbed wire

		fence. Behind them, an empty laneway leads off towards plain buildings.
61	I think what I'm trying to do is create moments of recognition. To try to detonate some kind of feeling and understanding of lived experience.	People behind a fence jeer and gesture, their anger directed beyond the camera, captured in a moment of high emotion.
62	I can only give so much. If I go further, it would take away something, that would throw me off the track. We all go so far that we have the fear of exposing ourselves. We really want to expose the information, but, on the other hand, we are afraid to let people in.	A Black man in underwear stands before a white-uniformed officer (face obscured) who examines pants, with more clothes on the floor between them. The man stands with his hands at his waist, angled behind his back.
63	But you have to take all of those things, you have to take into consideration the paths, the roadways, how much cloud cover there is, how much foliage cover there is, whether there are streams, all of that comes into play.	A Black masculine figure in fatigues, a cap, and a large gun strapped across his neck stands in front of a map and holds a long pointer towards a dot along a thick marked line.
64	I'm not only questioning the limit of our perception. These forms certainly exist, they are controlled and exist outside the narrow arbitrary limits of our senses. I use various devices to produce the energy, detect it, measure it, and define its form.	An older white masculine figure in glasses and a suit looks into the camera, seated by a window with his hand on a device, overlooking a parking lot and a large radio tower.

65	<p>I decided to do only what I meant to do and not what other people did. When I could observe what others did, I tried to remove myself from it.</p>	<p>A masculine figure lies bound on the ground in front of a metal shutter, surrounded by four uniformed figures with guns, who appear to be yelling at him, focused on his prone form.</p>
66	<p>If you get it out into the urban field it's going to be used or misused but it will also probably provide a way for people acknowledging what the aesthetic is about because people have to confront it every day.</p>	<p>Outside, a metallic fan-shaped installation is a makeshift structure where young adults navigate across various variegated levels toward a muddy field. One individual, having exited the structure, carries two large duffle bags, one obscuring their face.</p>
67	<p>I guess I'm an opportunist, really. I go out into the world with an open mind, and I rely to a degree on intuition and chance. Walking up and down a field, or carrying a stone in my pocket, it's almost nothing, isn't it? Almost.</p>	<p>The close-up of a hand carrying a fistful of stones. In the distance, black smoke billows from the street and beyond this, a blurry building can be seen.</p>
68	<p>He said he wanted to know "how to connect myself to the world around me, to the space around me. Every day I followed a person in the street until he went in. I could literally be dragged by another person."</p>	<p>An image of an image and a bugging device. The device, starting with a round metal piece, connects to a flat shape via two thin cables, highlighting its covert placement. The photo shows the listening device attached to someone in a puffy jacket, identified by an arrow.</p>
69	<p>I always have rules about what I'm doing, and the game becomes to break the rules, but on my own terms.</p>	<p>A masked person with a handgun escorts another with hands on their head away from a brick house and down stone steps. Nearby, a light-skinned individual, possibly armed,</p>

		crouches by large windows, partly hidden by a tree.
70	I have tried to present my sensations in what is the most congenial and impressive form possible to me.	Two individuals lie side by side on a white mattress, hands folded as if in prayer. The left person is naked, partially obscured by the other's fur-lined fluffy body-length jacket.
71	No amount of skillful invention can replace the essential element of imagination.	Within a metal box, perhaps the cab of a vehicle is a mechanized camera dolly on treads.
72	When you're very young you suddenly find this marvellous freedom, it's quite exciting, and you're prepared to do anything.	A person lies on the ground, obscured by their hair, with arms pinned, as two police officers, one preparing handcuffs, kneel over them.
73	I just wanted to find out where the boundaries were. I found out there aren't any. I wanted to be stopped but no one will stop me.	A man in striped attire resembling a prison uniform, with a phone number as an identifier and "Think!" on his hat, gestures to the hat while speaking into a press microphone. Behind him, a protest sign reads "Speech" with a Canadian maple leaf amid a white adult crowd.
74	We all die twice - once when we actually die and once when no one on earth recognizes our photograph.	In the aftermath of a car accident or shooting, two bodies limply lay against each other in the cab of a van, the front glass and window looking into the cab, shattered and ragged.
75	Geometry is fundamental, but one must not think about it.	Two military planes sit nose to nose on an airstrip, posed in parallel, their pilots each standing inside the cabs, the protective dome open.

76	I've always thought that problem solving is highly overrated and the problem creation is far more interesting.	A white masculine soldier in helmet and fatigues leads a bound, blindfolded, dark-skinned man by the wrists, rifle in hand. Another similarly restrained man follows, each guided by soldiers through a parking lot.
77	Sometimes a single event can be so rich in itself and its facets that it is necessary to move all around it in your search for the solution to the problem it poses - for the world is movement, and you cannot be stationary in your attitude towards something that is moving.	Amidst a flower-covered hillside, people scatter in panic. Gasmask-clad figures advance over the hill through a white smoke cloud while others in parkas flee the unsettling scene.
78	It's not always easy to stand aside and be unable to do anything except record the sufferings around one.	A white, masculine figure in a tie and white shirt holds a floppy disk or black rectangle with a crest, looking bored in front of a TV and cassette player.
79	I'm interested in the inter-subjectivity, exploring how a person, in a precise and given moment, perceives him/herself while at the same time watching other people who in turn are watching him/her.	Two stacked images depict people relaxing outdoors in an urban setting, possibly near a highway or metro, indicated by cement fences along the sidewalk. Their light attire suggests a cool but dry climate.
80	I came from radical ideas.	A white, masculine figure being carried away by a group of people.

Dani Gal's bio from the exhibition publication reads:

Dani Gal (b. 1975, Jerusalem) lives and works in Berlin. His work takes the form of films, sound-works and installations to focus on the production of ideology through the representation of specific historical narratives. Using archival documents, Gal explores the relationship between image, sound and text to illuminate the processes of shaping collective memory.

[Water Sound]

Thank you for joining us on this creative access audio tour in the gallery! We hope you have enjoyed seeing through Kay's eyes as you walked the show and had it described.

Before you leave the gallery and UBC, there are two other works to check out. Grab your jacket and step outside to pause before the outdoor screen on the east exterior of the building. Mark Lewis's film *From Third Beach 1*, (2010), plays on a 3-minute and 41-second loop and depicts a serene moment of tranquillity through calm waves and a cloud-kissed sky, as seen from Vancouver's Third Beach. The video is silent and calm. While you may not experience this video visually or audibly, what do you feel in the calm courtyard as the world moves around you? Can you hear the ocean from where you stand? Can you feel the breeze?

From here, walk up the stairs from the gallery and take a right onto Main Mall towards the Walter C. Koerner Library, 300 metres south, about four minutes. The sidewalk is paved, and the route is very straight. Enter the library's front door and go to the back, west wall near the elevator. One final piece, *Gattamelata* (2020) by Elizabeth Zvonar, is displayed in vinyl in a large and wide collage on the ground floor. The walking path inside to the mural is on the ground floor, and as you enter, you walk straight and then around a cane-detectable island of enclosed desks to the back of the library between the two elevators.

The collaged work features a central figure surrounded by repeating, horizontal patterns made from the facade of an old cathedral with tall windows. The repetition gives the background the appearance of lace, as if long pieces of delicate material surround a central figure. The figure's crossed arms are the only coloured objects in the otherwise monochrome composition. These sepia-coloured forms are easily identified as those of da Vinci's famous work, the Mona Lisa. Above these recognizable appendages, the figure's head and shoulders are implied by the outlined shape of a person on horseback cut out and away from the repeated and textured background. However, peeking in from the negative space is another slightly offset layer in the shape of the horse and rider silhouette, now cut from a black and white version of the famous smirking portrait, giving us a peek-a-boo view of Mona Lisa's subtle smile.

The didactic here reads:

Elizabeth Zvonar

Gattamelata, 2020

vinyl

Courtesy of the artist and Daniel Faria Gallery

Part of the exhibition Aporia (Notes to a Medium) at the Morris and Helen Belkin Art Gallery, Elizabeth Zvonar's digital collage Gattamelata re-examines female representation to open up a rewriting of accepted histories, offering a space for projection and shifted consciousness.

The work combines fragments of black and white representations of Leonardo da Vinci's painting Mona Lisa (1503-06), a cut-out silhouette of Donatello's Equestrian Statue of Gattamelata (c. 1453) which depicts a military captain, and abstracted architecture of the Basilica of San Antonio (1232-1310), which, like the statue, is located in the Piazza del Santo, Padua. In Zvonar's collage, the male figure on horseback is cut away so that a version of the Mona Lisa's face appears through the void, with her

arms - enlarged and coloured - serving as a grounding for all that she carries.

If you have any questions, please contact the gallery docents and workers – your questions are never silly, and they are here to engage you in conversation. If you're heading to the Walter C. Koerner Library, the librarians are located to the left as you enter the front doors, and they can help orient you to the mural if you need help. Kay is proud to do this work with the Belkin, and I am glad to support them. We hope to take another tour with you again in the future.

This audio tour is written by Kay Slater and narrated by Chris Slater.
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