<mark>Island[s]</mark> July 25 - Aug. 18, 2018



# Works by

Jefferson Campbell-Cooper, Stacey Ho, Michael Snow, and Soft Turns

Curated by Julie René de Cotret

This exhibition is produced as part of the requirements for the MVS degree in Curatorial Studies at the John H. Daniels Faculty of Architecture, Landscape and Design, University of Toronto.

#### 2018 MVS Curatorial Exhibitions

"and I am the curator of this show!" March 23 – April 14, 2018 Curated by Christophe Barbeau

Weight of Light
May 2 – 26, 2018
Curated by Darryn Doull

Learning from the Lake June 13 - July 7, 2018 Curated by Katie Lawson

Justina M. Barnicke Gallery





# Island[s]



I would like to acknowledge this sacred land on which the University of Toronto operates. It has been a site of human activity for 15,000 years. This land is the territory of the Huron-Wendat and Petun First Nations, the Seneca, and most recently, the Mississaugas of the Credit River. The territory was the subject of the Dish with One Spoon Wampum Belt Covenant, an agreement between the Iroquois Confederacy and Confederacy of the Ojibwe and allied nations to peaceably share and care for the resources around the Great Lakes. Today, the meeting place of Toronto is still the home to many Indigenous people from across Turtle Island and I am grateful to have the opportunity to work in the community, to live, research and develop projects, such as this exhibition on this territory.

This statement is personally adapted from the University of Toronto's land acknowledgement, which was revised by the Elders Circle (Council of Aboriginal Initiatives) on November 6, 2014. L'idéal ... serait d'étaler toute chose sur un tel plan d'extériorité, sur une seule page, sur une même plage : événements vécus, déterminations historiques, concepts pensés, individus, groupes et formations sociales.¹

—Deleuze & Guattari, Milles Plateaux, p.4.

#### The Grass & The Gull

The Gull and I had been in cahoots for ages. We were a part of the same system. A system, this island, was formed by wind and ancient aggregates. The gull would feed on the seed of my flower and by shitting it out; expand my reach and my consciousness. The Gull was also a spy. I could only see the lake and its horizon, doomed to wonder what the new uprights were up to on the shore behind our system. This is what the Gull told me:

The world behind us is incomprehensible. After the light of the day passes, the uprights' structures seem to create their own from within. The image of this place is then projected vertically plummeting down into the depths, uninterrupted by the horizontality of the water. I hover in the air as still as I can, in order to observe it and understand its rationality. When I enter into its maze, it engulfs me, and I can no longer see it. I am of a system that is bound to the lives it contains, intertwined as one. We, those who cannot afford to pretend we are other to our environment, are other to the other. We make up that which they imagine as escape.1

They aim to control shifting sands. We had only known the freedom to perform our shifts, together and alone, for the wind to blow sand in a dance that stimulates your growth, for the water to push your boundaries, and break you up, only to create more of you. You who are first in line, always holding on, anchoring a shifting stability. Your root, your weave is fabric long along the lakeshore.

It takes ten of their upright footsteps to crush you. They breed little uprights who yield tiny shovels in clumsy gestures. Thankfully you, unlike me, can withstand considerable destruction. I envy you, for if only a piece of you remains, like that of one of my eyeballs, you somehow heal and grow back.<sup>3</sup>

My sense of time varies, my consciousness vast. Flowering grasses came to exist with mammals and birds. The ground I root in is formed by sediments of clay, silt, and sand, containing pollen, seeds and fossilization of the megafauna.4 This piece of land, of which I only know one shore, has come to be isolated by the action of uprights and storms. We are here and they are there, some of them are here but only because they chose the idea of us over the idea they have of their own.5 As the Insular, we are formed by circumstances and susceptible to that which is circumferential.6 All this is possible because I am rhizome, because the land that grows me is rhizome, and the narratives that traverse me unfold by this model.

- <sup>1</sup> Gilles Deleuze, *Desert Islands and Other texts,* 1953-1974 (Paris: Les Éditions de Minuit, 2002), 10-14.
- <sup>2</sup> Michael Pollan, "The Intelligent Plant: Scientists debate a new way of understanding flora," *The New Yorker*, December 2013.
- <sup>3</sup> Gilles Deleuze and Félix Guattari, *Milles Plateaux* (Paris: Les Éditions de Minuit, 1980), 1-15.
- <sup>4</sup> Nick Eyles, *Ontario Rocks: Three Billion Years of Environmental Change* (Markham, ON: Fitzhenry & Whiteside. 2002). 206-216.
- <sup>5</sup> Gilles Deleuze, *Desert Islands and Other texts,* 1953-1974 (Paris: Les Éditions de Minuit, 2002), 10-14.
- <sup>6</sup> Peter Sloterdijk, Foams. Spheres Volume III: Plural Spherology (Los Angeles: Semiotext(e), 2016), 290-291.

Image credits: Julie René de Cotret

# **Opening Reception**

Wednesday, July 25, 6-8pm Justina M. Barnicke Gallery

#### **Public Programs**

Curatorial Tour: Julie René de Cotret Saturday, July 28, 2018, 2pm Justina M. Barnicke Gallery

#### Readings

Wednesdays between 5-8 pm Saturdays between Noon-5 pm These readings will happen randomly once per hour, for approximately 10 minutes.

For more information visit artmuseum.utoronto.ca

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### Curator's Acknowledgements

I would like to express my gratitude to the artists, the team of the Art Museum at the University of Toronto, the MVS Faculty, Eli Abraham, Jessica Abraham and Elinor Whidden, my peers at MVS (graduating classes of 2017, 2018, and 2019), Emily Hogg, Jenny Bull, the team and residents at Artscape Gibraltar Point, the advisors whom so generously participated in review panels, my lover and his family, the art community for their support, passion and critical feedback.

# Visiting the Art Museum

Justina M. Barnicke Gallery 7 Hart House Circle Toronto, Ontario M5S 3H3 416.978.8398

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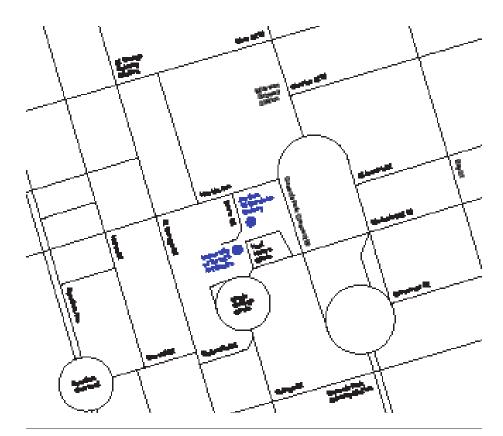
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Tuesday	Noon-5:00 PM
Wednesday	Noon-8:00 PM
Thursday	Noon-5:00 PM
Friday	Noon-5:00 PM
Saturday	Noon-5:00 PM
Sunday	Closed
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Closed on statutory holidays. Class tours and group bookings by appointment.

Admission is FREE.

**3** The Art Museum is wheelchair accessible.





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