

Catalogue of the exhibition *#callresponse* by Christi Belcourt, IV Castellanos, Marcia Crosby, Maria Hupfield, Ursula Johnson, Cheryl L'Hirondelle, Isaac Murdoch, Esther Neff, Tanya Tagaq, Tania Willard, and Laakkuluk Williamson-Bathory

grunt gallery
116 - 350 E 2nd Ave
Vancouver, BC
V5T 4R8
grunt.ca
October 29 – December 10, 2016

Galerie SAW Gallery
2 Daly Ave
Ottawa, ON
K1N 6E2
galleriesawgallery.com
June 18 – July 29, 2017

Blackwood Gallery
3359 Mississauga Rd
Mississauga, ON
L5L 1C6
blackwoodgallery.ca
January 8 – 27, 2018

EFA Project Space
323 W 39th St
New York, NY
10018, USA
projectspace-efanyc.org
March 23 – May 4, 2018

AKA Artist Run Centre	and Wanuskewin Heritage Park
424 20 St W	Penner Rd
Saskatoon, SK	Saskatoon, SK
S7M 0X4	S7K 3J7
akaartistrun.com	wanuskewin.com
June 1 – July 13, 2018	

Saint Mary's University Art Gallery
5865 Gorsebrook Ave
Halifax NS
B3H 3C3
smuartgallery.ca
September 8 – November 11, 2018

Stride Gallery	and TRUCK Contemporary Art in Calgary
1006 Macleod Trail SE	2009 10 Ave SW
Calgary, AB	Calgary, AB
T2G 2M7	T3C 0K4
stride.ab.ca	truck.ca
January 18 – March 15, 2019	

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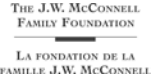


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Glossary: for readers *from elsewhere*, who don’t deal very well with unknown words or who want to understand everything. But, perhaps to establish for ourselves, ourselves as well, the long list of words within us whose sense escapes or, taking this farther, to fix the syntax of this language we are babbling. The readers of here are future.
—Edouard Glissant, *Malemort*, 231

This is not a project of merely telling history differently, but one of returning to the past its gaps, uncertainties, impasses, and elisions; it is tracing those moments of eclipse when obscure, unknown, or unperceived elements are lost, those significant moments in which transformations have begun to take place, but have not yet been inserted into historical time.
—Lisa Lowe, *Intimacies of Four Continents*, 175

Visitations reinforce connections, create new ones, disrupt expectations. Visitations are not settling, they are not colonial exploration. Visitation rites. Visitation rights. Visitation writes.
—Morrill, Tuck & The Super Futures Haunt Collective, *Beyond Dispossession or Surviving It*, 17

Aching uncanny
I expect that you have been expecting me. I don’t care to do all the bending to announce myself, to make you remember me and in some ways I don’t have to, because you are better at unforgetting. We keep each other haunted in the spots between our messages. I speak as two sisters now, sisters who keep language for each other in bundles—here, these are the words you may want to use next time, my love. I am able to build things into the everyday parts of our encounters that make your hairs rise on your shoulders, the parts that dip down to stretch to your ribs. “How did she know to say that?” So many times I have been listening while looking in another direction. How many times I have arrived at the end of something that carried the power of what just happened, enough for me to know it all. I find ways to bring these back to you. Offerings to let you know I have been paying attention.

Attention
You cannot grab it, you cannot take it, you cannot keep it. You need my consent for my attention. It takes more than just putting yourself into my sightline. Attention is something that I offer, that I design myself to do. I give my attention, you hold it, turn it around your fingers and knees, we pass it back and forth, we can give a few seconds of it but they are fully yours and mine. We

can give hours of it, because it is like giving attention to ourselves.

My attention and intention are for land and water. And sky. And stars. And underground territories. And even deeper pathways.

Call :: response
When you come to call, when you call to me, when you called into that tunnel and nothing came back. When you carefully rearranged your schedule so that you could keep me on the other line, keep me from being uncalled. When you call and I pick up too soon, before it has even rung, and we laugh about whether the other one is really there. “Oh, it didn’t even ring.” “Oh, it did on my side.” “Oh.” When you call across a room and realize that my name doesn’t carry well with volume, but with the intensity that air gives to sound—a whisper-shout that betrays another register of affect. One unintended, but still true, somehow.

When you respond to a touch that you have been longing for, when you respond to a touch that you have been avoiding, when you respond to a touch that hovers just above the skin but close enough to detect the warmth of what was going to happen, but not anymore.

Survival toolkit :: survivance toolkit
really sharp knife
bones
rock
mars bar
salmon skin subway map
Tara Williamson playlist
piece of felt
fish scales
cedar leaves
her first lost tooth
cell phone
trail mix
deep red lipstick
clay and deer hide for maps to tomorrow
that picture of us at the beach
pepper spray
fishing net
seaweed snacks for our little ones
ipad
your visa card
dried salmon berries
lemon juice
beaded condoms
oversized headphones to avoid eye contact
Leanne’s *Accident of Being Lost* book
small copper vessel

☹ I assemble these objects so that I can return. A cedar bow here, a rock, her first lost tooth...

Cedar elder

Consumed by light and claimed by fire I have woven tiny baskets to place in the bundles that I buried underneath your condos. Love notes revealed as though written in lemon juice-sunlight permeates thin salmon scales revealing code. I am alone in cedar, weaving these baskets to visibilize textures and forms—mined from sunlight and sweet smell to let you know I am here. When it’s time, I pack up my belongings, my little baskets, a weathered handkerchief, the bundles wrapped in salmon skin using hands creased into maps to tomorrow. I evaporate as you inhale, for this reveal is always on my terms in case you haven’t noticed by now—always on the tip of your tongue. I think I am somewhere in between this place and that, did you know that cedar is one of the first time-travelling plants?

Feasting the future

Felt moccasins and salmon skin maps, I dance on this edge, the frayed endings and beginnings of shared future time travels. All of the sounds and feelings that we try to bury, to silence—furtively leaking in between scales of the maps buried in my pocket. With

felt moccasins on pavement, I text this code in digital copper flecks, revealing to you that I am waiting for you in this glitch—you remember this coffee shop on Spadina—our ceremony. You ordered that hot pink cake pop and I, a banana loaf slice with cream cheese icing. We smudge this feast with our happiness and attention. Our ancestors love it when we feast here on Ishpadinna. Kinstillatory as we mimic patterns of stars coming together—organizing, making lists, budgeting materials, trying not leave anyone out. Love, hold space here.

Readers of elsewhere

Sure, you’re welcome to take a look. Come closer if you need to, but notice if you are blocking someone else from looking too.

Readers of elsewhere, part II

I have been hoping that you would stop by.

Readers of here

Your travels have taken you around in circles, and circles can be very, very good. I didn’t forget our plans. I wanted it to be this way, for you to be here, even if on your way to another swelling. Swellings of places so that they grow closer, to almost touching. Yes, of course on the map they are in the same spot,

but they are really closer together because of all of that swelling. I am not going to try to convince you of anything different.

Returning to the past its gaps

Returning a library book, returning a phone call, returning a borrowed dress. My stories are not a rejoinder, not a correction on the way you have been thinking all along. My stories are evidence that your thinking has gaps, and worse, acts like it doesn’t. I am not trying to convince you of anything different.

Returning to the past its gaps, part II

I like it when you tell me that you’re not quite sure what happened next, or how it will go. In our tellings to each other, we don’t need to fill it all in. Except sometimes, we learn that our relatives were in the same room a long time ago, or that we came close to meeting before but didn’t because cabs wouldn’t stop for you that night in the rain. Sometimes, we learn that we could have been loving each other for much longer, and in those cases, I want to know every detail.

Visitations

A call and response can make a visitation. When I create a visitation, it is a remembrance of an old futuristic way of relating to place, non-human persons,

and each other. I have a sense of the sovereignty of a place before we arrive, a sense that it will continue long after I have left—so my presence is meant to play a good part. Practicing visitation in a good way can be overshadowed, overburdened by the habits of touring, of settlement, of occupation. Visitation is the way that we come together to comment on our togetherness, to attend to the changes afforded by time and our own agency. When I practice visitation, I am not visiting you. I am visiting our children’s future homelands. I am *their* guest, not yours.

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Karyn Recollet is an assistant professor in the Women and Gender Studies Institute at the University of Toronto. She is a Cree cultural theorist who writes about activations of land and space making through sonic and embodied Indigenous forms of cultural expression. Her arts practice is the creation of workshops and gatherings that focus on relationships with the land spaces in urban Indigenous territories such as ‘glyphing Decolonial love’ co-hosted at the Art Gallery of Ontario with Quill Christie. Residing in Tkaranto, Karyn is also a co-founder of the collective *the futurists* which explores Indigenous and Black futurities.

Eve Tuck is a writer and professor living in Tkaranto. She is the co-author of “A Glossary of Haunting” with C. Ree, and “Before Dispossession, or Surviving It” with Angie Morrill and The Super Futures Haunt Collective, two essays which precede this third installation of the glossary of haunting. Eve grew up in Pennsylvania and lived in New York for 18 years before moving to Toronto. She is Unangax, and is an enrolled member of the Aleut Community of St. Paul Island, in Alaska. Eve is the co-founder of the Land Relationships Super Collective with her collaborator K. Wayne Yang.

Aseman Sabet is an independent curator and sessional lecturer in contemporary art. Her research examines the emergence of a theory of tactile knowledge in eighteenth-century aesthetic discourse and art criticism. She has contributed to a number of contemporary art publications and collaborates as a researcher and writer for various cultural institutions in Quebec. In 2016 she worked as a curatorial advisor for La Biennale de Montréal. Since 2014, she is a member of the board of directors of Centre d’art et de diffusion CLARK. She lives and works in Montreal.