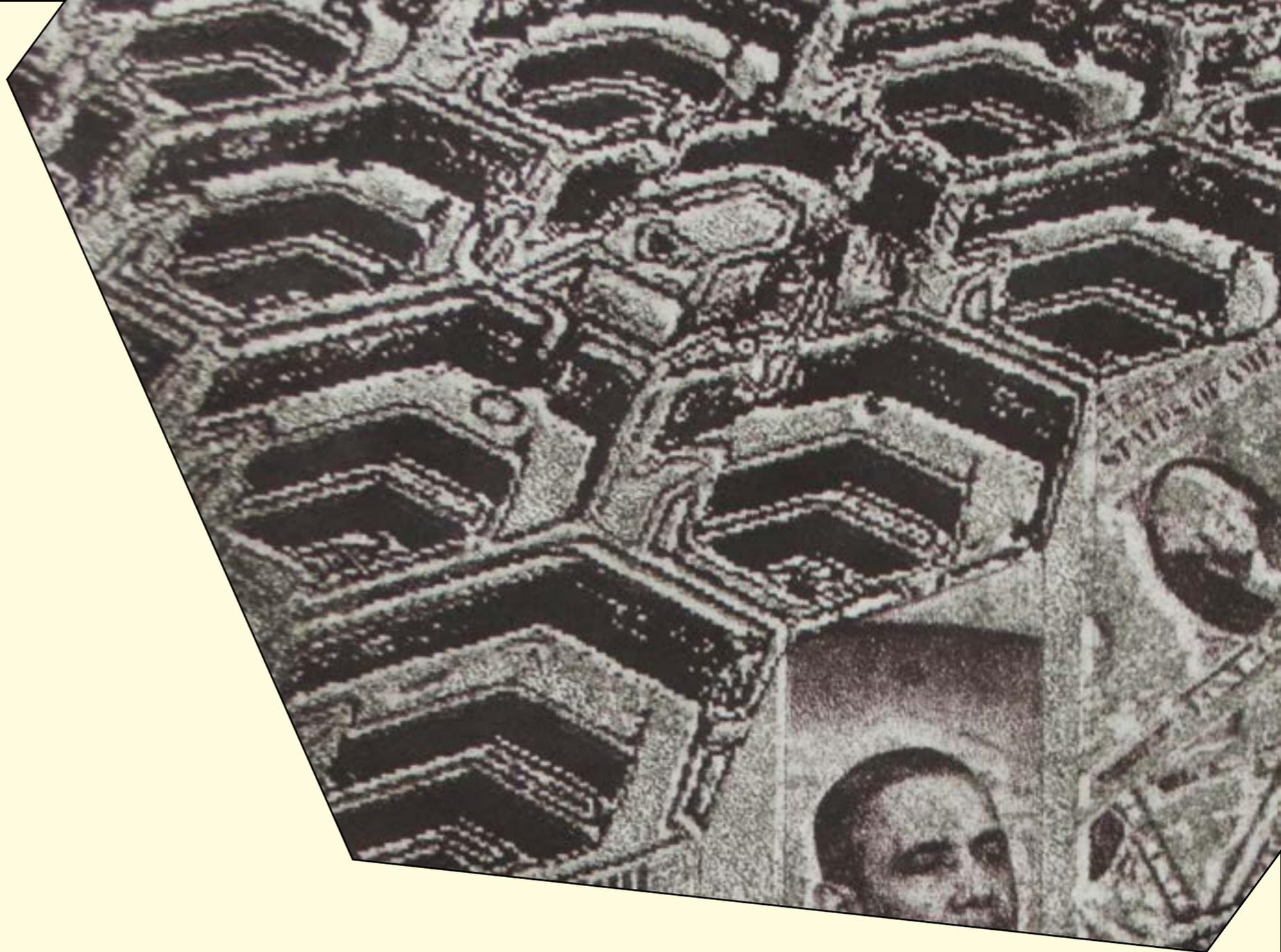


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WITH CONSULTING ARTISTS
MIREILLE PERRON & CHRISTOPHER FREY +

THE UNIVERSE (WHICH OTHERS CALL THE LIBRARY)



DESIGN TEAM

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FOREWORD

The Luke Lindoe Library is very pleased to host The Universe (which others call the Library) ; a Borgesmord of art, literature and the library, an intervention into the futile/never-ending/starting points of the desire to collect, to be complete and comprehensive, (but do the pathways lead to answers or to more questions ?) Or, do they just make imperfect librarians of us all? Borges' Library of Babel, or is it the Hitchhikers Guide to the Library?, with washrooms, and standing room only sleep stations. Borges thought about washrooms, but where are the comfortable chairs?

It is with genuine pleasure the we continue to host the FINA 450 exhibitions, where comfortable chairs encourage us to sit and participate, to celebrate the incompleteness and incomprehensiveness of choice and serendipity (which others call the library).

On behalf of the staff of the Luke Lindoe Library,
Bill Austin

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The Library of Babel - by Jorge Luis Borges

By this art you may contemplate the variations of the 23 letters...

The Anatomy of Melancholy, part 2, sect. II, mem. IV

The universe (which others call the Library) is composed of an indefinite and perhaps infinite number of hexagonal galleries, with vast air shafts between, surrounded by very low railings. From any of the hexagons one can see, interminably, the upper and lower floors. The distribution of the galleries is invariable. Twenty shelves, five long shelves per side, cover all the sides except two; their height, which is the distance from floor to ceiling, scarcely exceeds that of a normal bookcase. One of the free sides leads to a narrow hallway which opens onto another gallery, identical to the first and to all the rest. To the left and right of the hallway there are two very small closets. In the first, one may sleep standing up; in the other, satisfy one's fecal necessities. Also through here passes a spiral stairway, which sinks abysmally and soars upwards to remote distances. In the hallway there is a mirror which faithfully duplicates all appearances. Men usually infer from this mirror that the Library is not infinite (if it were, why this illusory duplication?); I prefer to dream that its polished surfaces represent and promise the infinite ... Light is provided by some spherical fruit which bear the name of lamps. There are two, transversally placed, in each hexagon. The light they emit is insufficient, incessant.

Like all men of the Library, I have traveled in my youth; I have wandered in search of a book, perhaps the catalogue of catalogues; now that my eyes can hardly decipher what I write, I am preparing to die just a few leagues from the hexagon in which I was born. Once I am dead, there will be no lack of pious hands to throw me over the railing; my grave will be the fathomless air; my body will sink endlessly and decay and dissolve in the wind generated by the fall, which is infinite. I say that the Library is unending. The idealists argue that the hexagonal rooms are a necessary form of absolute space or, at least, of our intuition of space. They reason that a triangular or pentagonal room is inconceivable. (The mystics claim that their ecstasy reveals to them a circular chamber containing a great circular book, whose spine is continuous and which follows the complete circle of the walls; but their testimony is suspect; their words, obscure. This cyclical book is God.) Let it suffice now for me to repeat the classic dictum: The Library is a sphere whose exact center is any one of its hexagons and whose circumference is inaccessible.

There are five shelves for each of the hexagon's walls; each shelf contains thirty-five books of uniform format; each book is of four hundred and ten pages; each page, of forty lines, each line, of some eighty letters which are black in color. There are also letters on the spine of each book; these letters do not indicate or prefigure what the pages will say. I know that this incoherence at one time seemed mysterious. Before summarizing the solution (whose discovery, in spite of its tragic projections, is perhaps the capital fact in history) I wish to recall a few axioms.

First: The Library exists ab aeterno. This truth, whose immediate corollary is the future eternity of the world, cannot be placed in doubt by any reasonable mind. Man, the imperfect librarian, may be the product of chance or of malevolent demiurgi; the universe, with its elegant endowment of shelves, of enigmatical volumes, of inexhaustible stairways for the traveler and latrines for the seated librarian, can only be the work of a god. To perceive the distance between the divine and the human, it is enough to compare these crude wavering symbols which my fallible hand scrawls on the cover of a book, with the organic letters inside: punctual, delicate, perfectly black, inimitably symmetrical.

Second: The orthographical symbols are twenty-five in number. (1) This finding made it possible, three hundred years ago, to formulate a general theory of the Library and solve satisfactorily the problem which no conjecture had deciphered: the formless and chaotic nature of almost all the

books. One which my father saw in a hexagon on circuit fifteen ninety-four was made up of the letters MCV, perversely repeated from the first line to the last. Another (very much consulted in this area) is a mere labyrinth of letters, but the next-to-last page says Oh time thy pyramids. This much is already known: for every sensible line of straightforward statement, there are leagues of senseless cacophonies, verbal jumbles and incoherences. (I know of an uncouth region whose librarians repudiate the vain and superstitious custom of finding a meaning in books and equate it with that of finding a meaning in dreams or in the chaotic lines of one's palm ... They admit that the inventors of this writing imitated the twenty-five natural symbols, but maintain that this application is accidental and that the books signify nothing in themselves. This dictum, we shall see, is not entirely fallacious.)

For a long time it was believed that these impenetrable books corresponded to past or remote languages. It is true that the most ancient men, the first librarians, used a language quite different from the one we now speak; it is true that a few miles to the right the tongue is dialectical and that ninety floors farther up, it is incomprehensible. All this, I repeat, is true, but four hundred and ten pages of inalterable MCV's cannot correspond to any language, no matter how dialectical or rudimentary it may be. Some insinuated that each letter could influence the following one and that the value of MCV in the third line of page 71 was not the one the same series may have in another position on another page, but this vague thesis did not prevail. Others thought of cryptographs; generally, this conjecture has been accepted, though not in the sense in which it was formulated by its originators.

Five hundred years ago, the chief of an upper hexagon (2) came upon a book as confusing as the others, but which had nearly two pages of homogeneous lines. He showed his find to a wandering decoder who told him the lines were written in Portuguese; others said they were Yiddish. Within a century, the language was established: a Samoyedic Lithuanian dialect of Guarani, with classical Arabian inflections. The content was also deciphered: some notions of combinative analysis, illustrated with examples of variations with unlimited repetition. These examples made it possible for a librarian of genius to discover the fundamental law of the Library. This thinker observed that all the books, no matter how diverse they might be, are made up of the same elements: the space, the period, the comma, the twenty-two letters of the alphabet. He also alleged a fact which travelers have confirmed: In the vast Library there are no two identical books. From these two incontrovertible premises he deduced that the Library is total and that its shelves register all the possible combinations of the twenty-odd orthographical symbols (a number which, though extremely vast, is not infinite): Everything: the minutely detailed history of the future, the archangels' autobiographies, the faithful catalogues of the Library, thousands and thousands of false catalogues, the demonstration of the fallacy of those catalogues, the demonstration of the fallacy of the true catalogue, the Gnostic gospel of Basilides, the commentary on that gospel, the commentary on the commentary on that gospel, the true story of your death, the translation of every book in all languages, the interpolations of every book in all books.

When it was proclaimed that the Library contained all books, the first impression was one of extravagant happiness. All men felt themselves to be the masters of an intact and secret treasure. There was no personal or world problem whose eloquent solution did not exist in some hexagon. The universe was justified, the universe suddenly usurped the unlimited dimensions of hope. At that time a great deal was said about the Vindications: books of apology and prophecy which vindicated for all time the acts of every man in the universe and retained prodigious arcane for his future. Thousands of the greedy abandoned their sweet native hexagons and rushed up the stairways, urged on by the vain intention of finding their Vindication. These pilgrims disputed in the narrow corridors, proffered dark curses, strangled each other on the divine stairways, flung the deceptive books into the air shafts, met their death cast down in a similar fashion by the inhabitants of remote regions. Others went mad ... The Vindications exist (I have seen two which refer

to persons of the future, to persons who are perhaps not imaginary) but the searchers did not remember that the possibility of a man's finding his Vindication, or some treacherous variation thereof, can be computed as zero.

At that time it was also hoped that a clarification of humanity's basic mysteries -- the origin of the Library and of time -- might be found. It is verisimilar that these grave mysteries could be explained in words: if the language of philosophers is not sufficient, the multiform Library will have produced the unprecedented language required, with its vocabularies and grammars. For four centuries now men have exhausted the hexagons ... There are official searchers, inquisitors. I have seen them in the performance of their function: they always arrive extremely tired from their journeys; they speak of a broken stairway which almost killed them; they talk with the librarian of galleries and stairs; sometimes they pick up the nearest volume and leaf through it, looking for infamous words. Obviously, no one expects to discover anything.

As was natural, this inordinate hope was followed by an excessive depression. The certitude that some shelf in some hexagon held precious books and that these precious books were inaccessible, seemed almost intolerable. A blasphemous sect suggested that the searches should cease and that all men should juggle letters and symbols until they constructed, by an improbable gift of chance, these canonical books. The authorities were obliged to issue severe orders. The sect disappeared, but in my childhood I have seen old men who, for long periods of time, would hide in the latrines with some metal disks in a forbidden dice cup and feebly mimic the divine disorder.

Others, inversely, believed that it was fundamental to eliminate useless works. They invaded the hexagons, showed credentials which were not always false, leafed through a volume with displeasure and condemned whole shelves: their hygienic, ascetic furor caused the senseless perdition of millions of books. Their name is execrated, but those who deplore the ``treasures'' destroyed by this frenzy neglect two notable facts. One: the Library is so enormous that any reduction of human origin is infinitesimal. The other: every copy is unique, irreplaceable, but (since the Library is total) there are always several hundred thousand imperfect facsimiles: works which differ only in a letter or a comma. Counter to general opinion, I venture to suppose that the consequences of the Purifiers' depredations have been exaggerated by the horror these fanatics produced. They were urged on by the delirium of trying to reach the books in the Crimson Hexagon: books whose format is smaller than usual, all-powerful, illustrated and magical.

We also know of another superstition of that time: that of the Man of the Book. On some shelf in some hexagon (men reasoned) there must exist a book which is the formula and perfect compendium of all the rest: some librarian has gone through it and he is analogous to a god. In the language of this zone vestiges of this remote functionary's cult still persist. Many wandered in search of Him. For a century they have exhausted in vain the most varied areas. How could one locate the venerated and secret hexagon which housed Him? Someone proposed a regressive method: To locate book A, consult first book B which indicates A's position; to locate book B, consult first a book C, and so on to infinity ... In adventures such as these, I have squandered and wasted my years. It does not seem unlikely to me that there is a total book on some shelf of the universe; (3) I pray to the unknown gods that a man -- just one, even though it were thousands of years ago! -- may have examined and read it. If honor and wisdom and happiness are not for me, let them be for others. Let heaven exist, though my place be in hell. Let me be outraged and annihilated, but for one instant, in one being, let Your enormous Library be justified. The impious maintain that nonsense is normal in the Library and that the reasonable (and even humble and pure coherence) is an almost miraculous exception. They speak (I know) of the ``feverish Library whose chance volumes are constantly in danger of changing into others and affirm, negate and confuse everything like a delirious divinity.'' These words, which not only denounce the disorder but exemplify it as well, notoriously prove their authors' abominable taste and desperate ignorance. In truth, the Library includes all verbal structures, all variations permitted by the twenty-five orthographical symbols,

but not a single example of absolute nonsense. It is useless

to observe that the best volume of the many hexagons under my administration is entitled The Combed Thunderclap and another The Plaster Cramp and another Axaxaxas mlö. These phrases, at first glance incoherent, can no doubt be justified in a cryptographical or allegorical manner; such a justification is verbal and, *ex hypothesi*, already figures in the Library. I cannot combine some characters

dhcmrlchtdj

which the divine Library has not foreseen and which in one of its secret tongues do not contain a terrible meaning. No one can articulate a syllable which is not filled with tenderness and fear, which is not, in one of these languages, the powerful name of a god. To speak is to fall into tautology. This wordy and useless epistle already exists in one of the thirty volumes of the five shelves of one of the innumerable hexagons -- and its refutation as well. (An n number of possible languages use the same vocabulary; in some of them, the symbol library allows the correct definition a ubiquitous and lasting system of hexagonal galleries, but library is bread or pyramid or anything else, and these seven words which define it have another value. You who read me, are You sure of understanding my language?)

The methodical task of writing distracts me from the present state of men. The certitude that everything has been written negates us or turns us into phantoms. I know of districts in which the young men prostrate themselves before books and kiss their pages in a barbarous manner, but they do not know how to decipher a single letter. Epidemics, heretical conflicts, peregrinations which inevitably degenerate into banditry, have decimated the population. I believe I have mentioned suicides, more and more frequent with the years. Perhaps my old age and fearfulness deceive me, but I suspect that the human species -- the unique species -- is about to be extinguished, but the Library will endure: illuminated, solitary, infinite, perfectly motionless, equipped with precious volumes, useless, incorruptible, secret.

I have just written the word ``infinite.'' I have not interpolated this adjective out of rhetorical habit; I say that it is not illogical to think that the world is infinite. Those who judge it to be limited postulate that in remote places the corridors and stairways and hexagons can conceivably come to an end -- which is absurd. Those who imagine it to be without limit forget that the possible number of books does have such a limit. I venture to suggest this solution to the ancient problem: The Library is unlimited and cyclical. If an eternal traveler were to cross it in any direction, after centuries he would see that the same volumes were repeated in the same disorder (which, thus repeated, would be an order: the Order). My solitude is gladdened by this elegant hope. (4)

Translated by J. E. I.

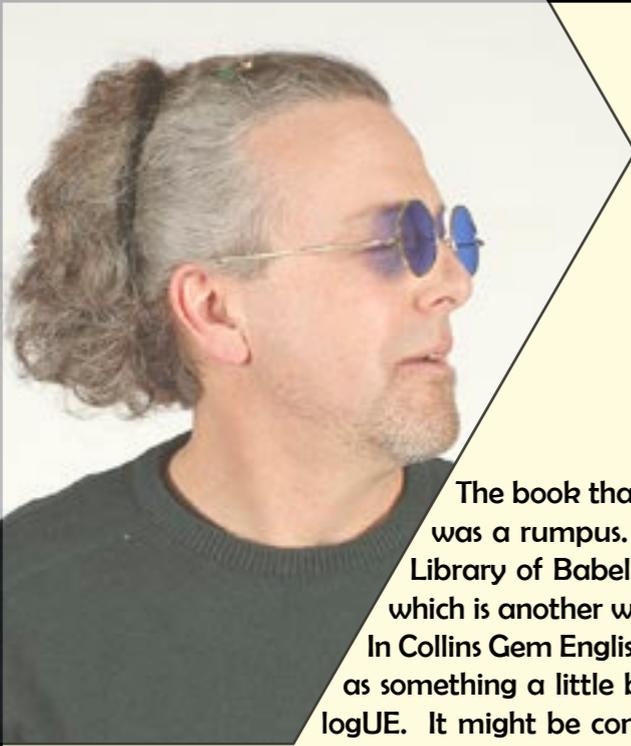
Notes

1) The original manuscript does not contain digits or capital letters. The punctuation has been limited to the comma and the period. These two signs, the space and the twenty-two letters of the alphabet are the twenty-five symbols considered sufficient by this unknown author. (Editor's note.)

2) Before, there was a man for every three hexagons. Suicide and pulmonary diseases have destroyed that proportion. A memory of unspeakable melancholy: at times I have traveled for many nights through corridors and along polished stairways without finding a single librarian.

3) I repeat: it suffices that a book be possible for it to exist. Only the impossible is excluded. For example: no book can be a ladder, although no doubt there are books which discuss and negate and demonstrate this possibility and others whose structure corresponds to that of a ladder.

4) Letizia Álvarez de Toledo has observed that this vast Library is useless: rigorously speaking, a single volume would be sufficient, a volume of ordinary format, printed in nine or ten point type, containing an infinite number of infinitely thin leaves. (In the early seventeenth century, Cavalieri said that all solid bodies are the superimposition of an infinite number of planes.) The handling of this silky *vade mecum* would not be convenient: each apparent page would unfold into other analogous ones; the inconceivable middle page would have no reverse.



in[cCrw]clusion: closing the book that can't be closed; crossing the b(r)ook that can't be crossed; leaving the Universe Which Some People Call the Library that can't be left (unless it's right) . . .

"Now stop!" Max said and sent the wild things off to bed without their supper.

The book that came before, catalog of catalogs//beyond mere words, was a rumpus. A "catalog of catalogs" according to Borges, and "The Library of Babel" turns out to be an inversible reversible double coding which is another way of saying a double helix nam infinitas.

In Collins Gem English dictionary: Pocket Edition the word "catalog" is shown as something a little bit more beastly. It has a tail and is presented as catalogUE. It might be considered a water creature, a leviathan or minnow, that

swims in a brook located between banks of catalepsy, a "condition of unconsciousness with rigidity of muscles," and catalyst, a "substance causing or assisting a chemical reaction without taking part in it." But when the big or small fish opens its mouth wide, and we look down its throat, into the deep belly of its architect, we witness the blackfish with gibbous proportion and see a ghostly shadow of essential catalogUE. It is a "descriptive list" that flickers via negativa according to Collins Gem.

"Descriptive list. Hmmm . . . and what's that, anyway? We'd better get into Library." (Tarantino 13:41)

Borges's narrator claims the Library of Babel is a container for all containers, a catalog of all catalogs, the Ur-list of all lists. ("Wake up! Listen," he seems to say and continues, "Enlist, for you know that time is short.") Hollywood teaches us that hiStory turns on desire. Borges's narrator desires to find a catalogUE and quests to search one out in an Escher-like biblioCathedral. By his tail's end he catches one and it is not just order but "the Order" (Borges) he's got and all's well that ends well, he leaves us thinking.

But we wouldn't be wrong to sense some misgiving at play in the narrator's hopeful resolution that unity will provide. A Grand Inquisitor's voice undercuts the boy-man-narrator's peaceful vision. "This is monstrous and shall not be allowed" (Lynch 6:07) disrupts the pixie dust on the bookshelf and Borges-Peter-Pen is no more – commodification freezes the boy-man's enthusiasm with intention to exploit and transform him into a "Made Man."

The Inquisitor's interruption reminds us of other wolf-like growls that can in the ears of right-minded red-caped gals give cause for pause and divorce signifiers and signifieds. A reEvolution takes place and meaning becomes arbitrary and post-structural. Rhetorical intertextual universes are conceived and "every text from its outset is born under the jurisdiction of other discourses which impose other universes on them" (Kristeva). All we can know for sure is that the field of play for this cosmic drama must be the Universe – the one you're holding, the one you're standing in – the One Which Some People Call the Library.

FINA 450, English 314, and Midnapore Elementary students got lost together to rescue and resuscitate Borges's boy-man-narrator. They pursued the reSearch question Are you my mother? and brought into being the required life saver, the ordinary catalogUE your extraordinary hands are holding. And what you hold is not so scary (is it?), a monstrous little thing, admittedly, because it exists beyond its internal configuration and autonomous form, but not so scary. Right?

And look again. The book is no longer a book but has become a b(r)ook. Its unity is suspect, variable and relative (Foucault). Like water it slips between your fingers. You can never step into the same brook twice (Heraclitus). The brook is uncontainable and dissembles like dying stars in the sky, decaying bones in your body. Mirror-words are mere-words as you find them hanging on the walls and ceiling surround you.

Can we close the brook? Let's stop talking and try. Let's halt the rumpus and get on with dinner, Dante's Convivio, don't you know. Let's proceed with the pleasure of critical detachment rather than drown in emotional involvement. Let's get on with being christophers and cross the brook that can't be crossed.

Borges's Library of Babel is the Catalog of Catalogs we're told it contains. They are both metonymies and function in intertextual and intratextual ways. As metonymic architectural structures, they are, at one level, the concretization of social intention, and at a higher plane, an indication of human understanding of their place in the universe (Bell). There are by way of poststructural illuminations rhetorical forms deeply and unavoidably involved in shaping realities (Chandler). Tropes are blueprints for building.

Metonymy, according to classical rhetorician Pseudo-Cicero, a (c. 80 BCE), is . . .

the figure which draws from an object closely akin or associated an expression suggesting the object meant, but not called by its own name. This is accomplished by substituting the name of the greater thing for that of the lesser. (4.22.43)

Metonymies intentionally don't quite mean what they appear to say and for this reason they facilitate evolution. They advance communication and knowledge acquisition in positive ways, because of and yet despite their negative means. Containers will stand in for what they contain. "Pass the book" means "pass the words." Metonymies are monstrously tres human in other words because they depend on self-reflection and self-extension for their structural and existential integrity and well-being. They are wild containers with bellies full of vivid details, and with polymorphic and unpredictable bodies they are walking, growling, masses of fur, feathers, horns, greasy hair, duck legs, bird beaks, baggy eyelids.

How to close the book? Simply exit "The Universe Which Others Call the Library." Jouissance (Barthes) has had its way with us once more and we are left to make, improvise, play "chopsticks" in the sand, and dance. We're done the rumpus once more and have reaffirmed that margins, marginalia, and margarine are not far removed, whimsical, and pointless. "Catalepsy" and "Catalyst" really do matter when we consider "Catalogue." Mirrors, meres, mores, mares, and mars have presence in the babbling b(r)ook.

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ARTIST BIOGRAPHIES

EMILY PROMISE ALLISON

Emily Promise Alson (b.1988, Canada) is an artist whose work encompasses the media of performance art, photography, sculpture, musical composition and children's pedagogy (among others). Her practice is punctuated by a strong belief in the human imagination; gently persuading the viewer to find or create magic in a life dominated by logic.

SCOTT BAIRD

Scott Baird is a Canadian emerging artist working with socio-political themes in the fields of drawing and printmaking. His work examines media sensationalism and bias while pointing to issues in the current political and social climate. Attending his final year of BFA studies, he is employed as the Studio Director at Alberta Printmakers, and as a Studio Monitor at the Alberta College of Art and Design. He has recently begun to exhibit internationally, and is currently showing in the United States, Canada, and in Egypt.

VICTORIA BRAUN

Victoria Braun is a Calgary-based artist and writer completing her fourth year as a Drawing student at the Alberta College of Art + Design. Her work navigates the private/public dichotomy, concerned with the relationship between the personal and political in regards to gender. Ultimately, Victoria is interested in "sad messy girl feelings."

JOY ROSALIE BROOKS

Joy Rosalie Brooks is an artist who started out as an aspiring writer and poet. Her first publication was acquired while in middle school. Joy dreamed of being an author and in the process found that art was the means to communicate her passion for words. Love combined with the unbearable and mundane life in her hometown of Woodstock, Illinois drove her to pursue a degree in drawing, giving her the opportunity to move to Canada. In her work she is interested in the empathy shared between figure and observer, line and form.





TOM BROWN

Tom Brown is a human who has had a lifelong relationship with making things, and a fundamental curiosity about the way the world works. The relationship between these two forces is the foundation of his artistic practice. His work is motivated by a desire to better understand his place in the cosmos, and to leverage the mythological and explanatory powers of art to create a better story by which to live by.

JADE CARPENTER

Jade Carpenter was born in Yellowknife and raised in Edmonton, Alberta. Attending Grant MacEwan University in the Fine Art Diploma program she is now a student at the Alberta College of Art and Design. She is influenced by artists Jenny Holzer, Francis Bacon, and Tracey Emin; trying to emulate their raw emotion within her own work. She aspires to create art that inspires her to do her best, while trying to connect with others in meaningful ways.

DANIEL CLEGHORN

Daniel Cleghorn was born in Alberta, and raised between the small towns of Rockyford, Powell River and the city of Calgary. His work reflects from the contrast of these two cultures. Community based small town life and the minimalist, large-scale style of the city. His work in installation, performance and mixed media all possess connotations based on the subconscious factors that contribute to our identity. His work deals with the forgotten past and contains undertones of empathy that aims to create a catalyst for thought and communication between viewers.

MARISSA GWEN CUPPLES

Marissa Gwen Cupples is a multidisciplinary artist and a 4th Year Drawing Major at the Alberta College of Art and Design. Her goal is to construct synthetic surfaces that speak about immediate bodily experience. She expands the possibilities of painting and collage, using these disciplines to articulate a subversive re-imagining of conventional scripts of femininity.



TREVOR GIESKE

Trevor Gieske is completing his fourth year as a Print Media major at the Alberta College of Art and Design. His artistic explorations have led him through theories and practices such as semiotics, epistemology, comic books, and silkscreen. Trevor's aspirations are many, and he currently lives with his cat, Lilly.

GURBEER GILL

Artist, Gurbeer Gill, was born and raised in Calgary, Alberta. His mediums of choice are charcoal, digital painting, and computer programming. He works primarily in new media, video game development, and character design. He also has a developing interest in animation – particularly in studies of human motion and in environmental effects such as water moving, or smoke. He primarily deals with ideas surrounding post-apocalyptic worlds as well as themes dealing with evil and the varying ideas regarding it across different cultures.

TAMARA HIMMELSPACH

Tamara Himmelspace is a fourth year Sculpture major graduating in May from the Alberta College of Art + Design. Born and raised in Lloydminster, Saskatchewan, she moved to Calgary to pursue her love of the arts. Tamara acknowledges her family as the largest influence and motivation contributing to her work in the city. Through perseverance, determination and self-discovery she has come into a leadership role as Aboriginal Student Ambassador and lead coordinator of the ACAD Community Garden. Tamara sees strength in community and believes every person has the opportunity to contribute towards a brighter tomorrow and an even greater today. Her artwork is the manifestation of this mindset.

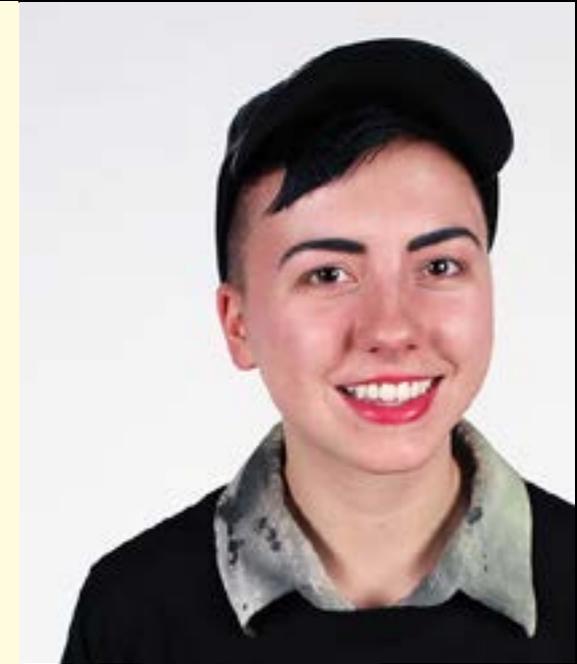
CHRIS JONES

Chris Jones is a mixed media sculpture and installation artist specialized in hot glass. Chris is part of the Mississauga First Nation and, including glass, works with found and readymade objects, drawing, and print to create artworks on topics such as post-colonial discourse, native identity, and spirituality. Most recently his work has been focused on contextualizing native ideals within a western or European viewpoint.



SARAH KELLY

Originally from the East Coast, Sarah Kelly is a visual artist and musician who's mission is to investigate how these two worlds can merge into one, resulting in a practice often labeled under performance art or avant-garde pop. Sarah's art looks the way her sonic work sounds. Conjuring forms to haunt the spaces we inhabit; her practice blurs the lines between our world and the otherworld.



RAEANN KUSHNEREK

Twenty-four year old RaeAnn Kushnerek is a Drawing major, and grew up as an only child in the town of Stony Plain, Alberta. Her practice is mainly focused on our inevitable demise, and incorporates topics of international concern, religious and cultural themes. She has a constant curiosity to know more, and strives to gain a better understanding of the past. RaeAnn's art practice incorporates a wide range of materials, and is currently focused on collage and mixed media.



VAUGHAN MCMILLAN

Born and raised in Calgary, Alberta, Vaughan McMillan is a textile artist in the Alberta College of Art & Design's Fibre department. Her artwork explores ideas of: memory and loss, presence and absence, trace within an object, embodiment and narrative. She works intuitively with the materials of found fabrics, hand-dyed fabrics or hand-made paper. She also writes poetry about her memories from her past.



KAITLIN M. RECKORD

Kaitlin M. Reckord is a Canadian printmaker and fibre artist who lives and works in Calgary. Her work embodies spiritual concepts through mindful and meditative making that includes lithographs, drawings, weavings, and embroideries.

SARA RENNIE

Sara Rennie - Sara Rennie is a Calgary-based artist who primarily creates found-object sculptures. They are psychological self-portraits with a focus on relationships. She assigns anthropomorphic qualities to the scale and weight of the objects used in the work, which are representations of the artist herself. The aesthetics are largely based on "art trends" found on the Internet, but remain personal to the artist because of the narratives behind the work. Such narratives are demonstrated through the titles of the work.

MIA RILEY

Mia Riley has always considered her tent an extension of her home. Mountains and exploration largely influence her practice and, whether close to or far from the city, she spends her free time adventuring into nature. Investigating themes of geology, alpine landscapes and duality; her work is self-reflective linking the materiality of nature to a sense of identity and place. She is interested in atmospheric firing and developing experimental clay/building techniques to create both functional and sculptural pieces that recall her experience within the natural environment.

NICHOLAS SARGEANT

Nicholas Sargeant was raised in Ponoka, Alberta by a tree hugging hippie mother and a nature nut father. He attended his first two years of Post Secondary at Red Deer College before transferring to ACAD to finish the rest of his BFA Degree. Nick's work explores ritual practices and is heavily focused on nature, using it both as a setting and material for his sculptures and installations. Through his unique creative process he brings the raw materials of nature into an institutional setting to highlight the divide between the urban environment and the natural world.





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ALEX STEVENSON

Alex Stevenson, born in 1992 in Calgary, is currently attending his 4th year of studies at the Alberta College of Art and Design. His work consists of mixed media drawings and paintings with a distinctive visual style influenced by comics and the urban environment. He often reuses previous works and alters, copies and collages them into new forms. In the form of an apocalyptic mishmash he is currently tying together the ideas of propaganda, religious iconography, and science fiction.

JARED TILLER

Born in Calgary, Jared Tiller is a local degenerate who enjoys Netflix, candy, video games, and giving everything he does a solid 60% effort. He is slow to forgive and can be very choosy. Also, he is interested in the displacement of street-art into the gallery setting.

KATY WILDGOOSE

Katy's interest in cultural practices can be observed through her decision to complete her art education in three different art schools in as many countries. The combination of an upbringing in her native England, and her experiences now living in Canada have influenced an eclectic body of work that explores human relationships, geometry and the associations modern western society has with specific organic materials. Much of Katy's work focuses on creating bonds between her own work and that of other artists with whom she has nurtured relationships, often taking the form of artistic collaborations on both Jewellery and Textile pieces.





MIREILLE PERRON

Mireille Perron was born in Montréal, Québec. Since 1989 has worked and lived in Calgary where she teaches at the Alberta College of Art + Design. Her installations have been presented in solo and group exhibitions in Canada, Europe and the United States. She has also written and published on a variety of subjects related to representation. Most recent examples that demonstrate the range of her work include: the exhibition, *The Laboratory of Feminist Pataphysics presents La Fête Sauvage*, at Ledge Gallery, in Calgary, 2014; the catalogue essay, *Let's compare Mythologies: Sandra Vida's Journey*, at EMMEDIA, in Calgary, 2014; and *The Question of Material and Labour*, guest edited with Grace Nickel, a thematic issue for *Cahiers métiers d'art :: Craft Journal*, 2015.



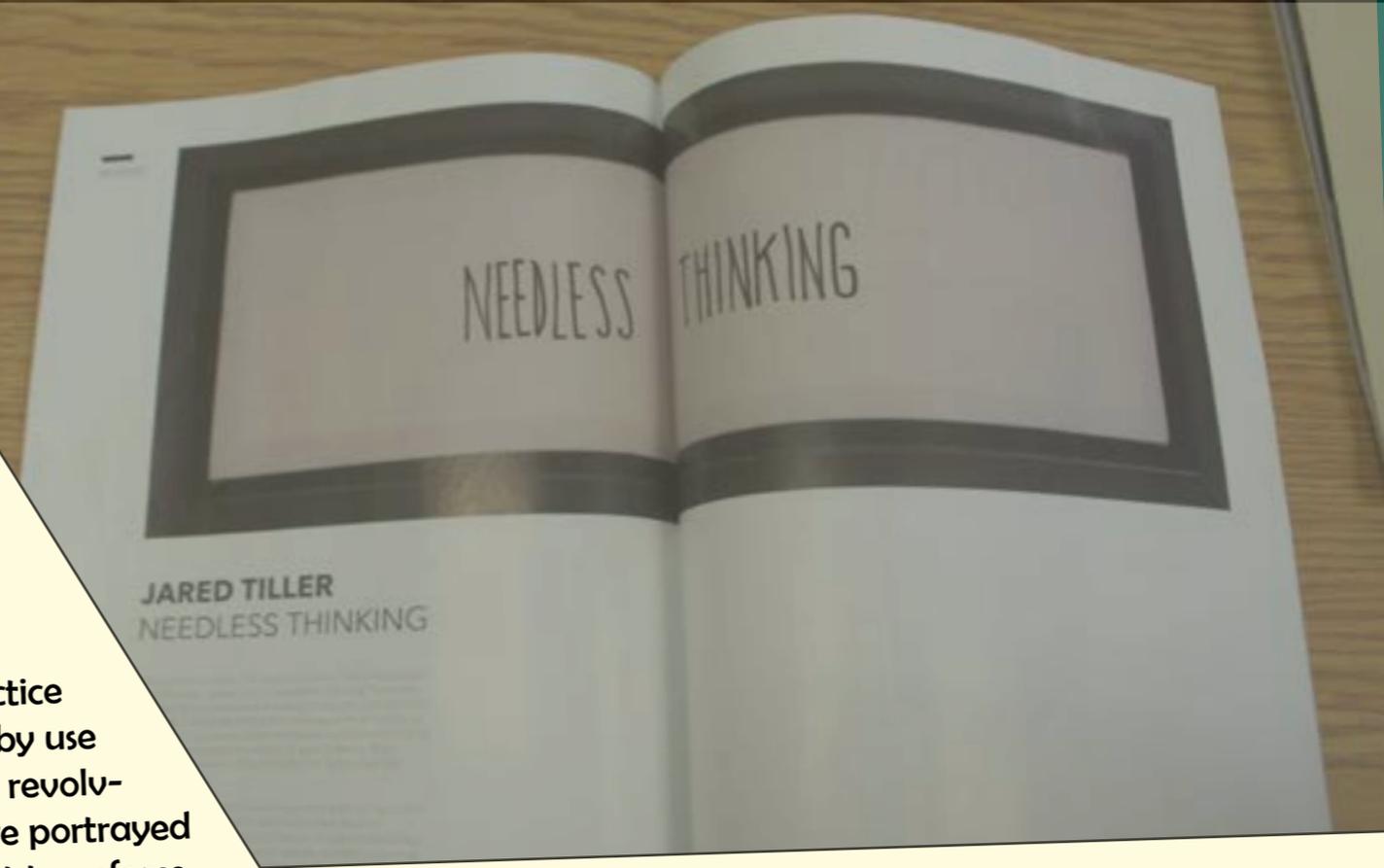
CHRISTOPHER FREY

Christopher Frey was born on Turtle Rock, Nose Hill. He lives and works in Calgary, Alberta. He has taught at Alberta College of Art and Design since 1998. His writings have appeared in journals, magazines, and as art installations of local, national, and international standing. His accomplishments include several collaborations with interesting personages, all of them involving intense and playful examinations of language and wordplay. His life's work, [cCrw] (criticalCreative reSearch and writing), strives to interrupt, intervene, and challenge systems of order that provoke, excite, but silence. The title of his current book-length [cCrw]ject is, "[cCrw]tures from the black lagoon (a tick//trip)".

"CRITIQUED" JARED TILLER

Working predominately with new and mixed media, my practice ranges from applying a cheeky critique of contemporary art by use of subtle to blunt satire referencing cultural norms sometimes revolving around current topical issue. Often, times these themes are portrayed using images of mass-produced objects, the figure, and/or text to enforce viewer familiarity around the themes in question.

Ever since I was introduced to street-art, I have been fascinated by the potential displacement of ?graffiti? into the gallery setting. With influences as historically disparate as John Will and Marcel Duchamp, new insights are generated from the exploration of various mediums. What started out as a deviant behavior soon developed into a somewhat dark-humored, but legal, exploration of cultural satire. This interest soon evolved into a more developed understanding of art as a commercial good.



"TETRAHEXAHEDRON" TOMAS BROWN

My work concerns the problem of ontology: who are we, what are we, and how can we know what is real? Existence in itself is a profound mystery, and I believe that art is one of the few tools we have capable of grappling with such a perplexing issue. I approach this in my work by making an effort to implicate the body: the size, function, specific details and relationship to the environment that we often take for granted. I feel that the question of ontology can be asked, in a way, by inducing an awareness of the conditions of the body.

I view art as a linguistic tool, which communicates indirectly to a different part of the brain than written or spoken language does. I believe art communicates in feelings, and that what feelings represent are packets of information too dense and complex for our standard meaning-making consciousness to decrypt. It is left to our heart to decipher the meaning. What glimpses we catch of this process with our waking minds are like dreams, cracks in the surface of ordinary reality, and are often more informative than the best book, because they are truly felt, and not just known.

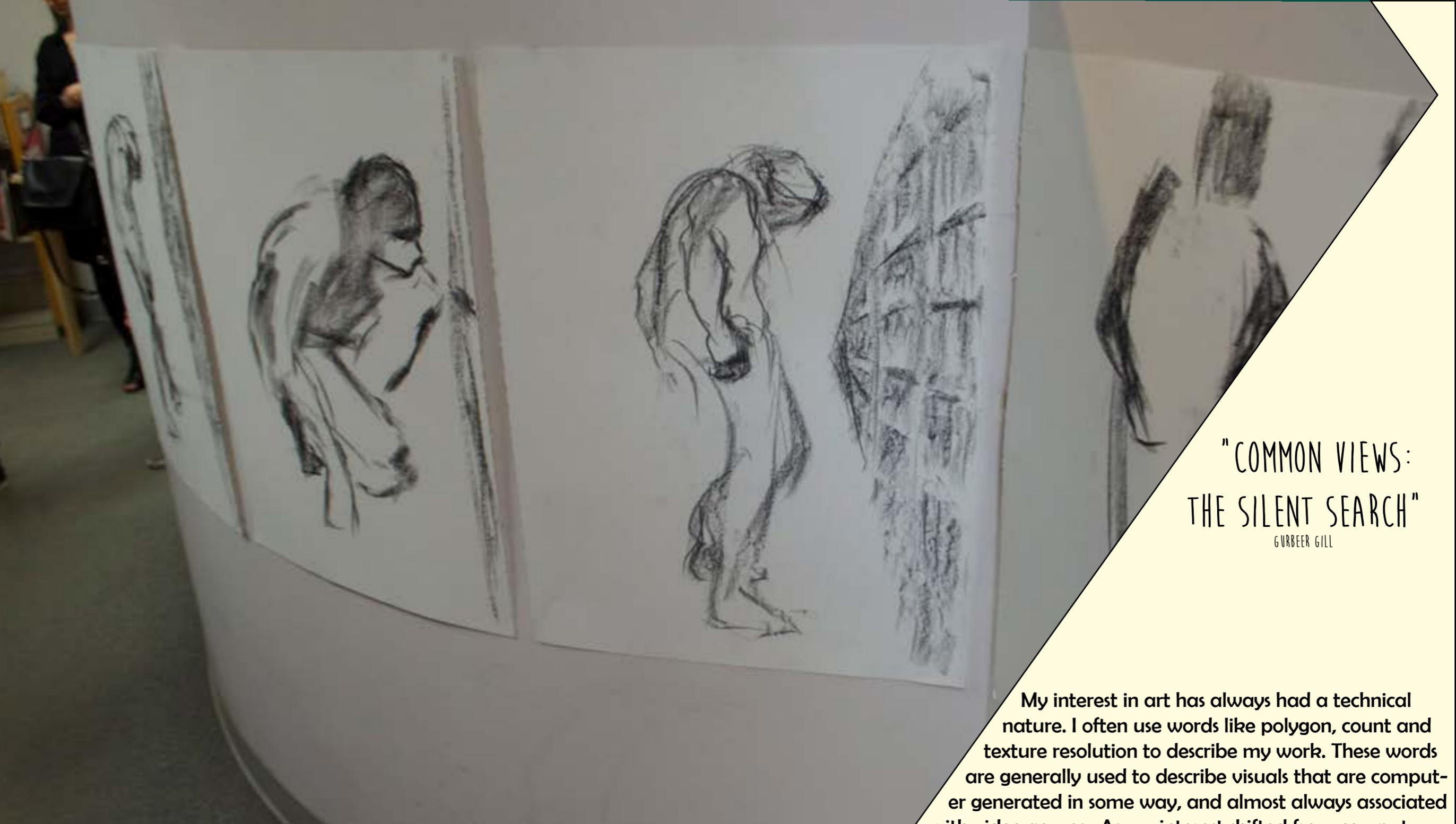




"THE LIBRARY"

TREVOR GIESKE

"In a library one finds books, and on occasion, in a book one finds libraries." Larissa smiled. "I'm still not convinced there's not an infinity of books. How can there be a limit to the number of books that can be written?" Steven L. Peck frames an infinite library in his short story, *A Short Stay In Hell*, which is set in a Hell based on Jorge Luis Borges' short story *The Library of Babel*. In Peck's vision of Hell, occupants must find in the myriad of books their life story to be allowed admittance into Heaven, although one finds just about everything but that which they are looking for though the countless, countless books. Through these two stories, I contemplated on the multiplicity of representation, of immense scale, and infinite possibility, which encouraged me to look at my surroundings in new ways. Involving the physical space with the organization of how we communicate became a primary cause for my work. My interest and research into comics, book art, and printmaking, drew upon the nature of communicating through different systems, which I applied into *The Library Book*.



"COMMON VIEWS:
THE SILENT SEARCH"
GURBEER GILL

My interest in art has always had a technical nature. I often use words like polygon, count and texture resolution to describe my work. These words are generally used to describe visuals that are computer generated in some way, and almost always associated with video games. As my interest shifted from comput-

er-generated visuals to a more traditional drawing process, I retained an appreciation for technical qualities. Instead of graphics and poly counts, I started using words such as line, proportion, perspective, and classical lighting.

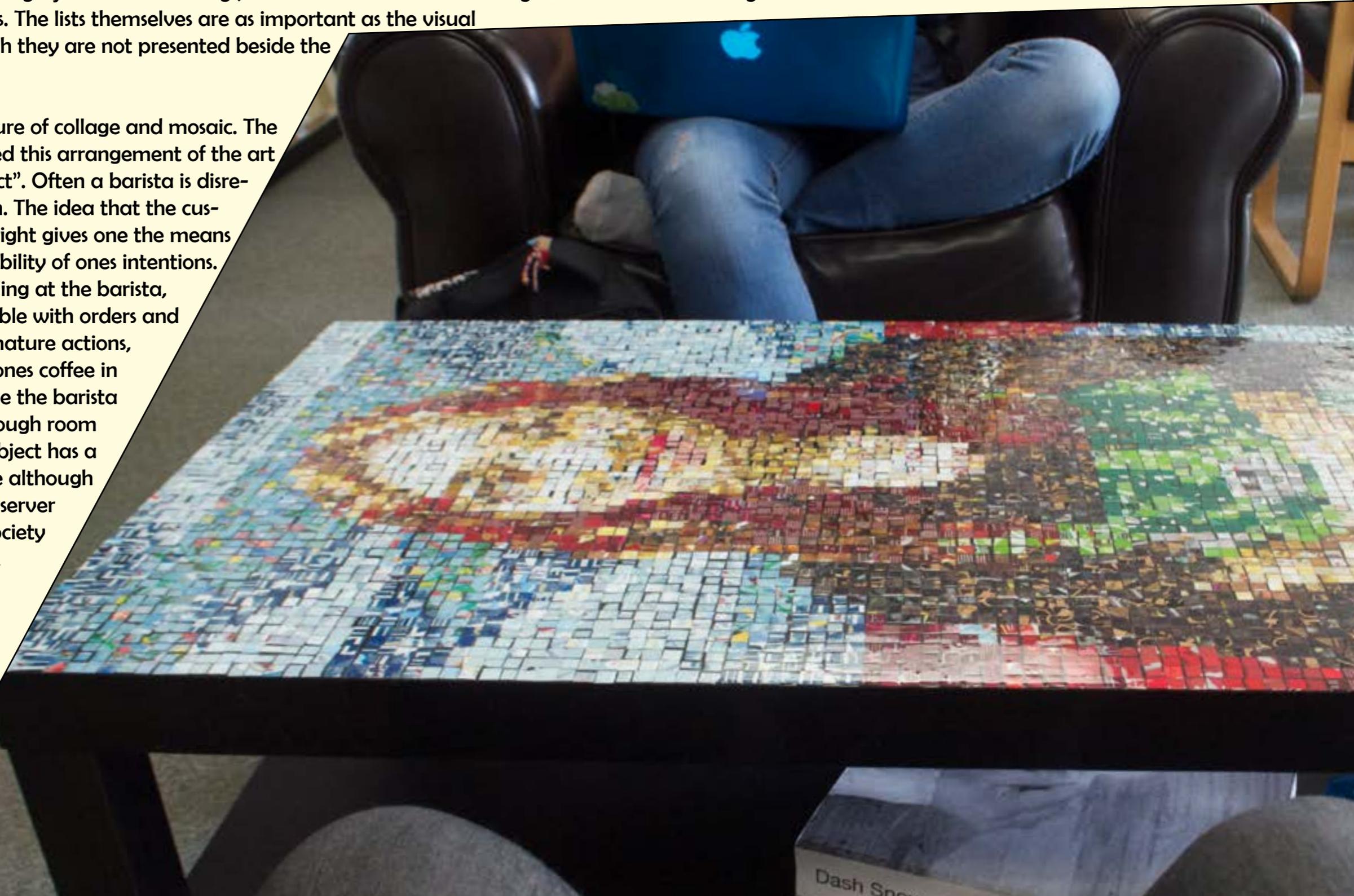
As an artist, my personality is very much a contradiction. On the one hand, I admire great craftsmanship. I love clean lines, attention to detail, and smooth shading. On the other hand, I am myself a very chaotic individual. I create sketchy, eccentric lines; my shading is haphazard, and I adopt a jump first, think later policy.

I am also interested in computer programming, and my goal is to marry this interest with my drawing abilities to create intriguing results. Naturally, this leads to a great interest in new media and art that includes programming as a component. Interactive art and video games are of particular interest to me. The advent of the computer allows for great new possibilities in terms of engaging the viewer and implicating him/her within the artwork. I want to explore this new realm of art and be part of the community that pushes it forward.

I am interested in the idea of a feminine line. The predominate subject of this line creation is a topographic mapping of the human figure. My interest in the figure stems from an investigation into the empathetic gaze by using feminine tools. I am currently exploring the techniques of Femmage, using traditionally feminine materials to reclaim collage as a feminist art-making process. I include the imagery of women, food, lace, and textiles as “feminine” material. My process starts with writing, beginning with lists that are organized into coherent thoughts. Many of these lists become poetry that are translated into imagery. From the writings, I am able to visualize an image that suits the meaning behind my words. The lists themselves are as important as the visual product, although they are not presented beside the imagery.

"MONICA"
JOY BROOKS

Monica is a mixture of collage and mosaic. The word that inspired this arrangement of the art object was “object”. Often a barista is disregarded as person. The idea that the customer is always right gives one the means to avoid responsibility of ones intentions. This results in yelling at the barista, being unreasonable with orders and ill tempered immature actions, such as pouring ones coffee in the sugar because the barista failed to give enough room for cream. This object has a name and a face although the position as a server does not allow society room to think so.





WILDNESS AND VASTNESS"

KAITLIN RECKORD

In Borges' "The Library of Babel" it was the idea of the infinite, the unending, and the ever-expansive that I found most intriguing. Using the geometric shapes described within the story and my own preferred materials, I have created six embroidered panels that visually represent the abstract landscape of the Library and the vastness contained within it. The hexagonal forms and straight lines embroidered onto the silk organza form what has been described as constellations, maps, and molecular structures. The silk organza is translucent and ethereal, giving the piece a sense of near invisibility that plays off the lighting and its placement within our own library.

"PORTALS"

MIA RILEY

Portals was born out of the desire to incorporate human interaction within my work that is based largely on abstractive mountain landscapes. This piece encourages inherent interactive qualities as the rock-shaped objects directly reference stones that may be treasured and collected from nature. Naturally occurring stones with holes have mythological links to many different cultures and are valued for their magical capacities.

To experience this piece in full, participants are encouraged to take the stones with them on their journey into the library serving as viewfinders, or portals that may help them see things more clearly, in focus, or even into another universe. The circle is often seen as a symbol for the infinite, so aptly situated within a library full of books, the portals become as tools for infinite knowledge.

Though this piece is meant to evoke feelings of curiosity and discovery, it also relates to my greater interest in the dichotomy between modern tourism and wilderness preservation. Souvenirs are



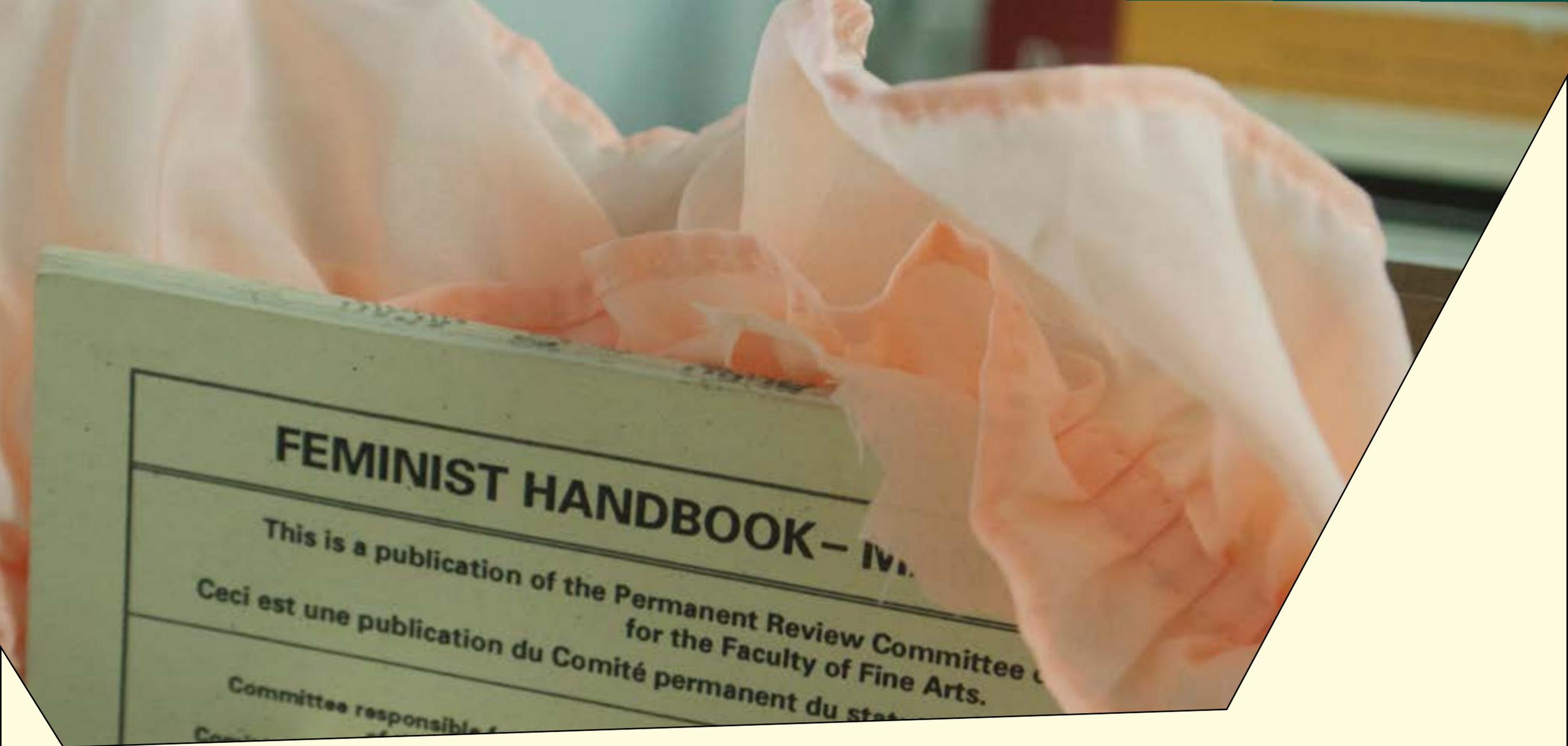
"CAPSULATED"

VAUGHAN MCMILLAN

The act of remembering is flawed. Every time we recall a memory, it is altered. Recollection is a theme that resonates through all my artwork. I build artworks that are abstract portraits of family members and places from my past. These pieces are much about my own loss and recollection. I explore the fragmentation and layering of memories, how a landscape can become a 'place' through memory, and how the absence of an object can reference a feeling of nostalgia and loss.

The sculptural pieces I made are interior and emotional landscapes. These pieces represent a timeline of something greater. Rust dyeing becomes an important tool for me to reference the timeline of my process. These works are also about repetition that can be seen everywhere in the universe. Repetition has always been present in my practice. For me, repetition is both aesthetically pleasing, and a way to reference more than one person or being. Whether it is included in my dyeing processes or within the physical finished pieces of my work, repetition is comforting and necessary. My sculptural works also reference the human body and garment, which ties into my ideas around embodying a person or place through a material. I am interested in evoking how a present object can show an absence at the same time. These sculptural pieces are visual traces of themselves, trying to embody moments from their own history.





"I'D OPEN MY MOUTH BUT I'M A BAD FEMINIST" SARAH KELLY

Slinking its way across the gender studies shelf, and into none other than "The Feminist Handbook", you will find what appears to be a pink tentacle bound in ribbon, crushed and trapped under the weight of the words of the Academic Feminists. You were unaware there was a Feminist Handbook? A Manual for all the rules you never knew you never knew until someone generously (and often not so graciously) pointed out that you were unaware of the rules.

I'd open my mouth but I'm a bad feminist describes the moment following this life lesson via the Superior Feminist in which we would rather keep silent on all Feminist matters from here on out, for fear of breaking the rules- therefore failing to contribute to all important discussions, failing to be an ally, failing to make any progress whatsoever together. In summary: policing feminism will result in silencing the voices we need to incite change.

"UNTITLED"

KATY WILDGOOSE

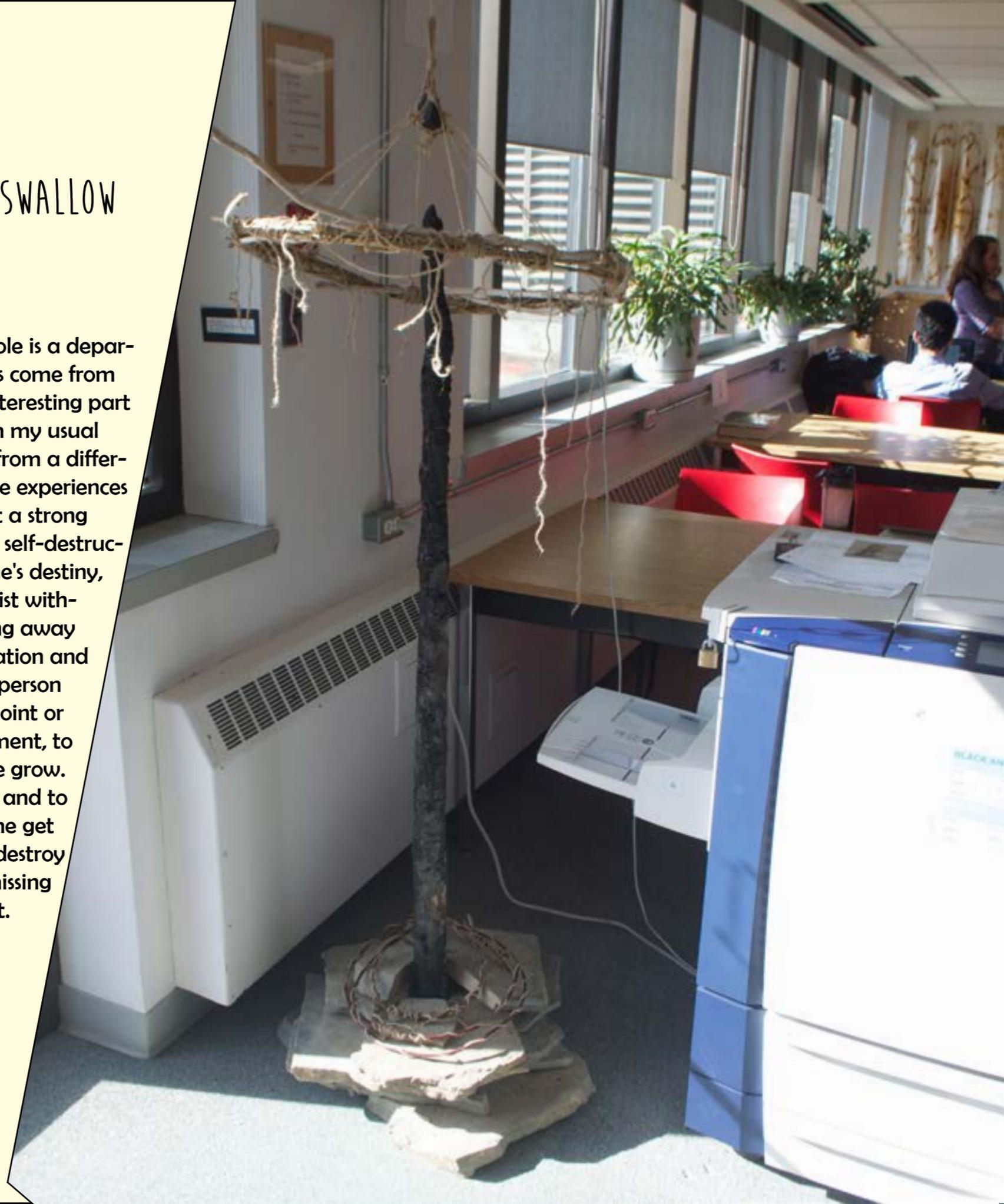
Whilst reading *The Library of Babel* I felt most confronted with the idea of a desperate search for meaning in endless nonsense. This piece aims to obscure all detail but reveal just enough to hint at form, theme and context. A departure from my usual work as a jewellery artist, returning to sculptural techniques allowed me to better articulate this obscure gap in memory and understanding I was struck by while reading Borge's classic.



"CIRCLES THEY GROW, AND THEY SWALLOW PEOPLE WHOLE"

NICK SARGEANT

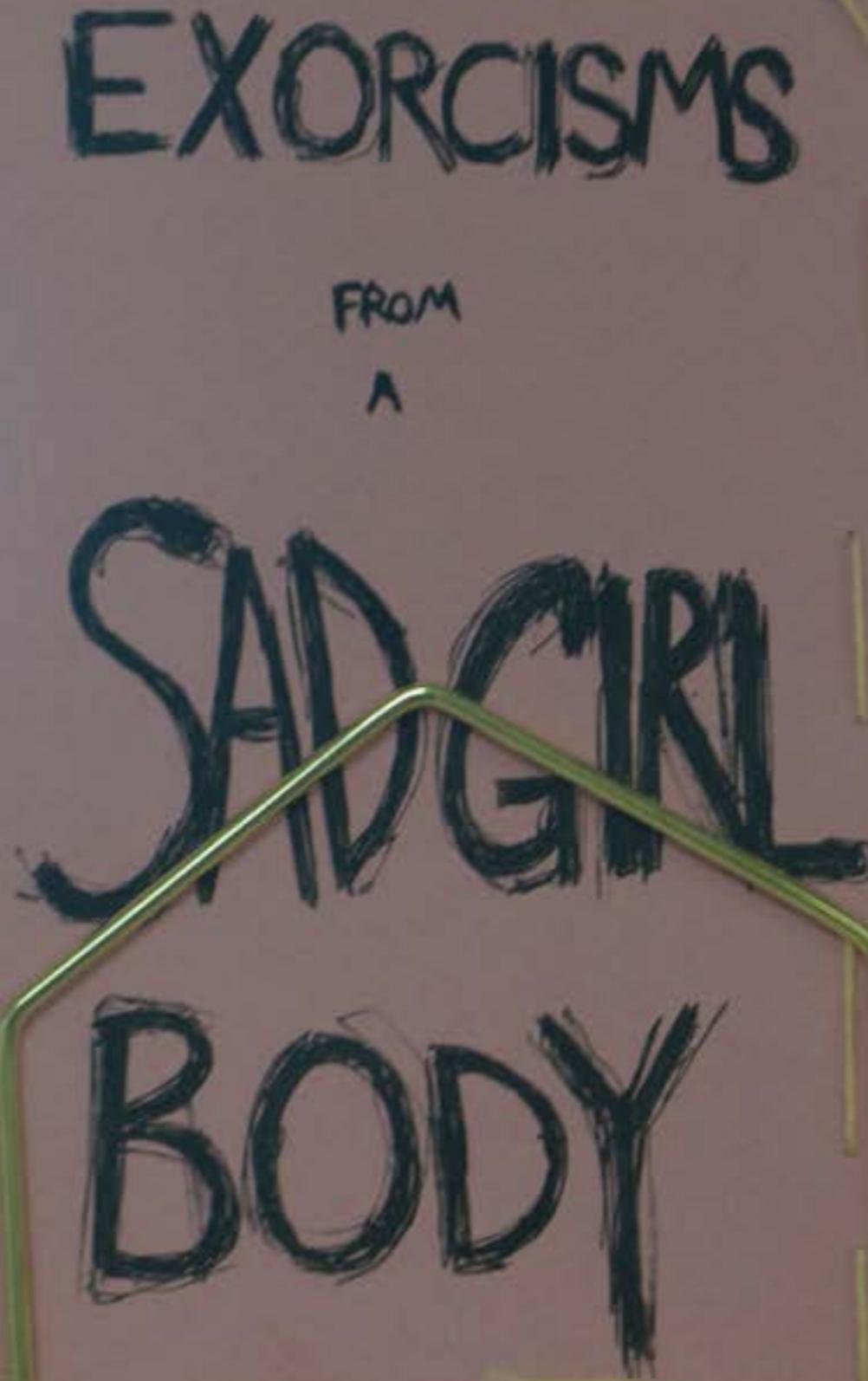
Circles they grow, and they swallow people whole is a departure from my usual method of creating and has come from a very specific source of inspiration. The most interesting part of this piece was the act of breaking away from my usual methods of creating by approaching this show from a different mindset. I drew inspiration from personal life experiences that I could relate to elements of the story. I felt a strong pull to the part of the story that focused on the self-destructive pursuit of knowledge: the knowledge of one's destiny, people searching for the answer to why they exist without really experiencing their own journey, tossing away the growing process in search of instant gratification and a knowing of all things. This search can drive a person insane. I feel as if this happens to us all at one point or another in our lives. We forget to be in the moment, to enjoy life as it comes and learn the lessons as we grow. We fight to always remain ahead of the game, and to control what is humanly out of our control. Some get lost in the chaos longer than others; some let it destroy their entire lives, burning themselves out and missing out on the beauty of being whole in the present.



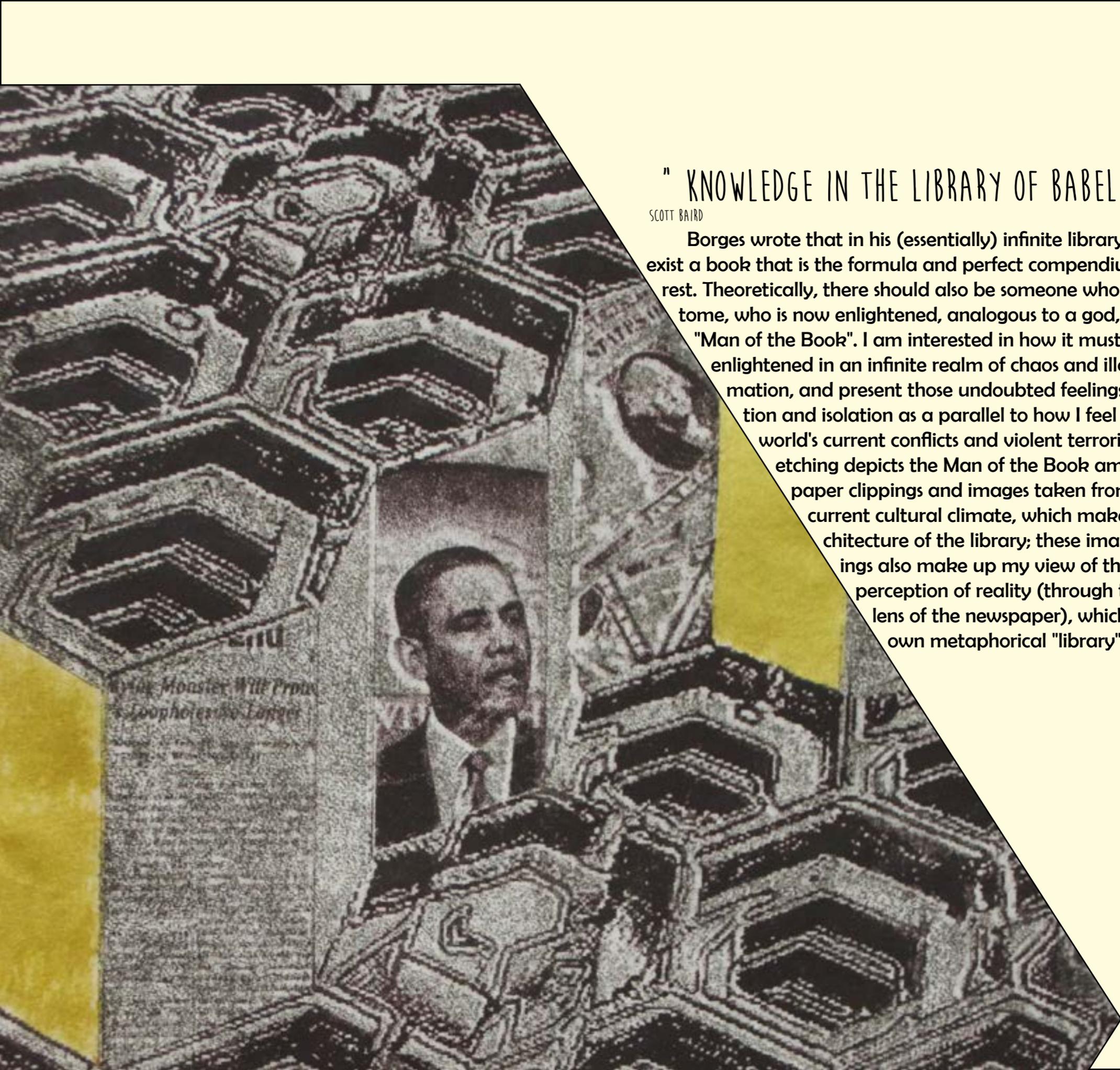
"EXORCISMS FROM A SAD GIRL BODY"

MARISSA CUPPLES AND VICTORIA BRAUN

Exorcisms From a Sad Girl Body is a collaborative zine exploring the Universe that exists inside the female body. The zine is a fragmented collection of ideas and images that stand in opposition to the oppressive constructs of language and history that are rooted in gender-based discrimination. Feminism in academia can seem inaccessible, providing unrealistic or unattainable ideals of empowerment. We wanted to make a zine that combats this exclusivity. Influenced by Sad Girl Theory, we want to privilege the power of vulnerability, sensitivity, emotional transparency, and sisterhood.



EXORCISMS
FROM
A
SAD GIRL
BODY



" KNOWLEDGE IN THE LIBRARY OF BABEL "

SCOTT BAIRD

Borges wrote that in his (essentially) infinite library, there must exist a book that is the formula and perfect compendium of all the rest. Theoretically, there should also be someone who has read this tome, who is now enlightened, analogous to a god, called the "Man of the Book". I am interested in how it must feel to be so enlightened in an infinite realm of chaos and illogical information, and present those undoubted feelings of frustration and isolation as a parallel to how I feel viewing the world's current conflicts and violent terrorist acts. My etching depicts the Man of the Book amidst newspaper clippings and images taken from humanity's current cultural climate, which make up the architecture of the library; these images and writings also make up my view of the world and perception of reality (through the mediated lens of the newspaper), which forms my own metaphorical "library".

"WORD COUNT NOT NECESSARY"

TAMARA HIMMELSPACH

In an attempt to map human existence through thought patterns, the interactive book installation Word Count Not Necessary offers the potential that words can have more meaning beyond their first read. On its own, each separate word can draw forth different key ideas for every individual. This is all dependent on personal life experiences and present personhood. Having no censorship leaves the results open to chaos, while being confined within the ordered structure of a book. Take a dip and see where your associations lead you.



LIFE IS
OKAY SOMETIMES

• volume 4 •

"LIFE IS OKAY
SOMETIMES"

JADE CARPENTER

I make art because it allows me to express my awkward ideas or feelings that come along with being sad, having social anxiety, having depression, and being uncomfortable most of the time. I hold these feelings deep inside, and I cannot express them any other way than through my art.

My work is mostly two – dimensional, using acrylic paint on canvas, conte, charcoal, photography or sharpies. Making art for me is about making connections to people, and trying to evoke empathy or sympathy from my audience. I make art because I like to know that I am not alone.

M A N O F T H E
B O O K

APPT DATE TIME

"MAN OF THE BOOK"

EMILY PROMISE ALLISON

Allowing a space to lead to a story.
Allowing a story to lead to a space.

Considering the nature of the site-responsive installation *Man of The Book, the following statement's function is to describe the artwork; for posterity and as an attempt to prolong the ephemerality of the experience.

An appointment must be made with the doorkeeper (artist) in order to experience the installation. Only one person at a time may experience the work. After an arrangement has been made, the viewer is escorted to the back of the library where they enter a room in which the archives are housed. This room is unlit and sensory knowledge of the space is obscured in its darkness.

You enter the room alone. There is a chair that you have been advised to sit on. In front of you there is an abnormally small door that measures one quarter of an average sized door. Although you cannot see it, you can feel it with your outstretched arm. You find the knob and open the door.

The scene before you consists of a small spotlight in the distance; shining dimly upon a mound of reflective white dust. You sit on the chair and view it from the precipice of the archival room.

There is a gentle wind that gusts out of the vast space and continuously drifts over your face and body.

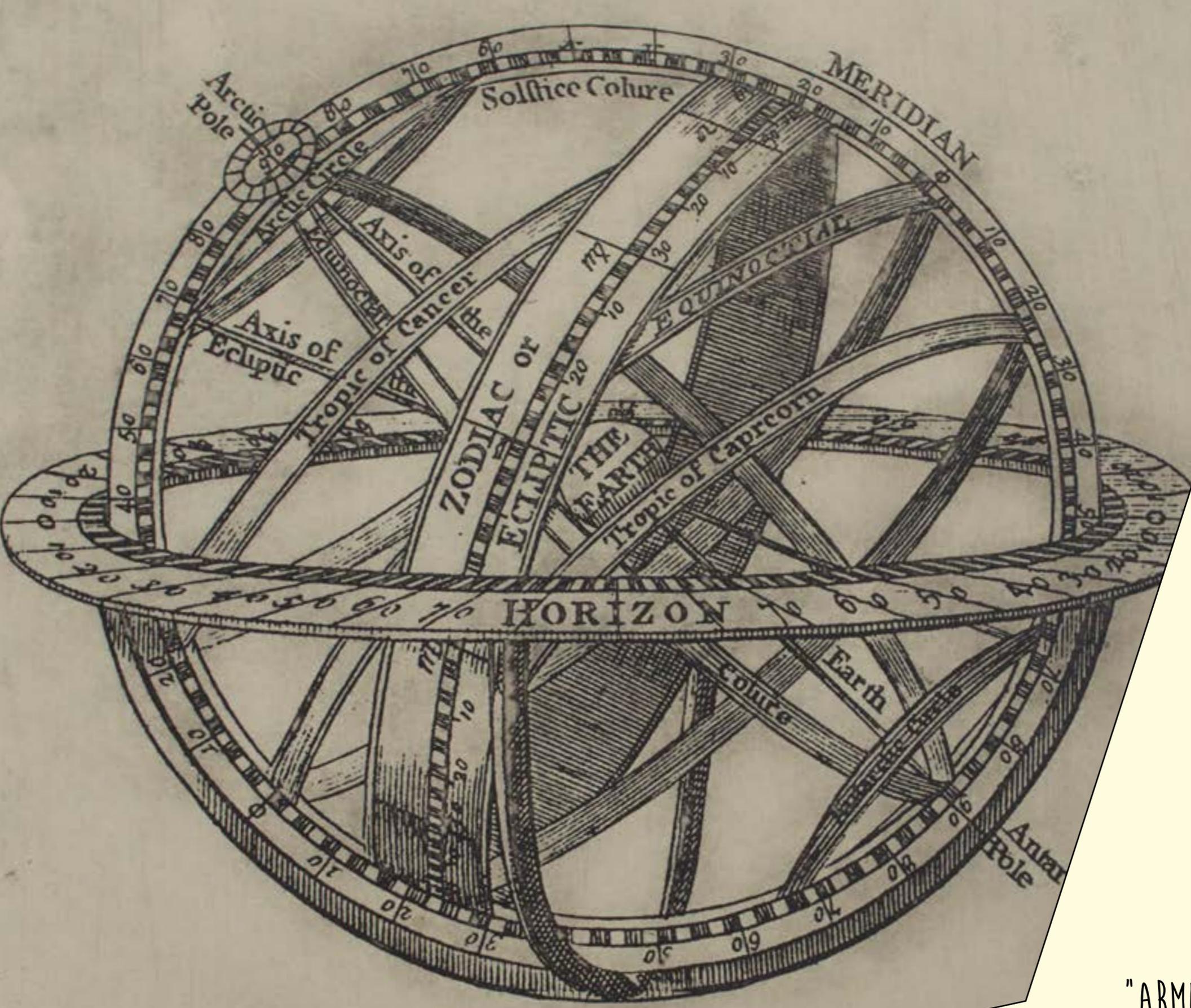
A voice begins to speak. It can be heard clearly from the depths of the space. The words being spoken to you are excerpts from Jorge Luis Borges' (1899-1986) short story The Library of Babel (1941). The length of the speech is eight minutes and seventeen seconds, and the voice of the text is that of Bill Austin; librarian at the Luke Lindoe Library, where the installation is located.

As your experience in the darkness lengthens, your vision adapts to your surroundings. You begin to see more matter within the space, but still struggle to focus on anything recognizable other than the small and distant mound of reflective dust.

The voice stops speaking. You are left alone in the room. You rise from the chair and exit the room. You are greeted by the doorkeeper and given a token of appreciation in the form of a double-sided paper card that notes your appointment number and the date and time of your visit.

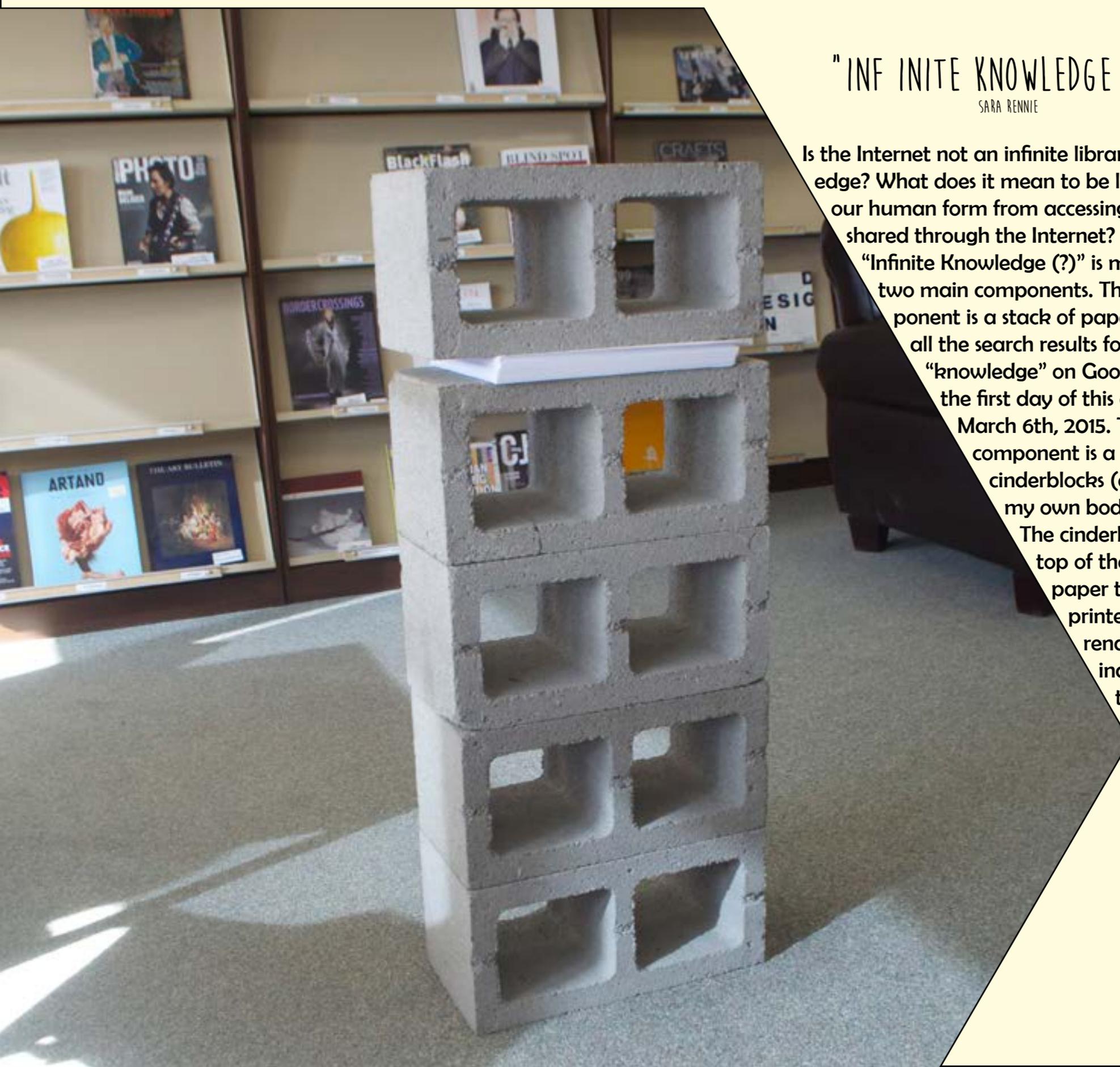
*50 people experienced Man of The Book from March 5th to April 13th, 2015.

F E A T U R I N G
B I L L A U S T I N



"ARMILLARY SPHERE"

STAVROULA ALEPOUDEAS'S



"INFINITE KNOWLEDGE (?)"

SARA RENNIE

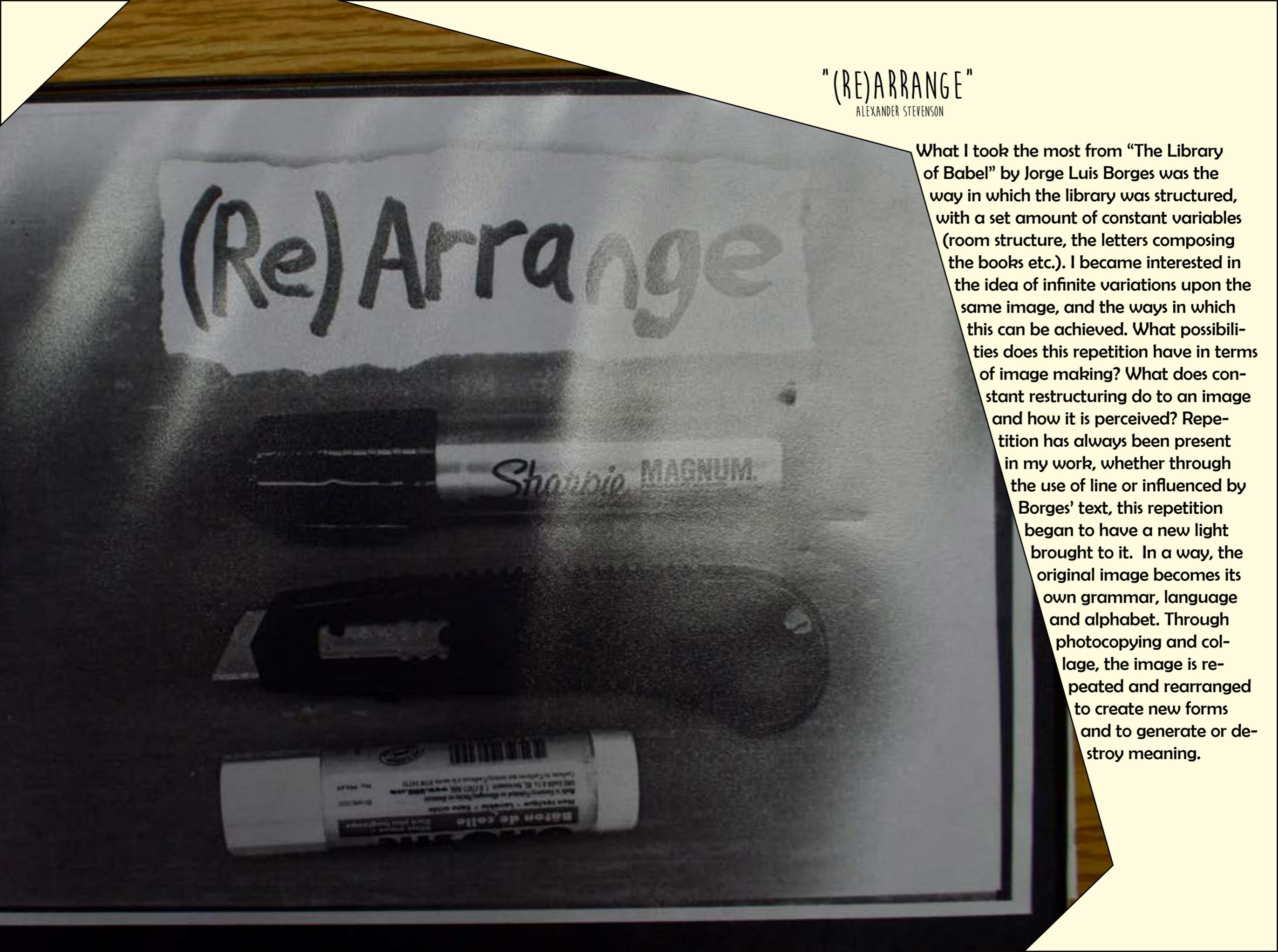
Is the Internet not an infinite library of knowledge? What does it mean to be limited by our human form from accessing knowledge shared through the Internet?

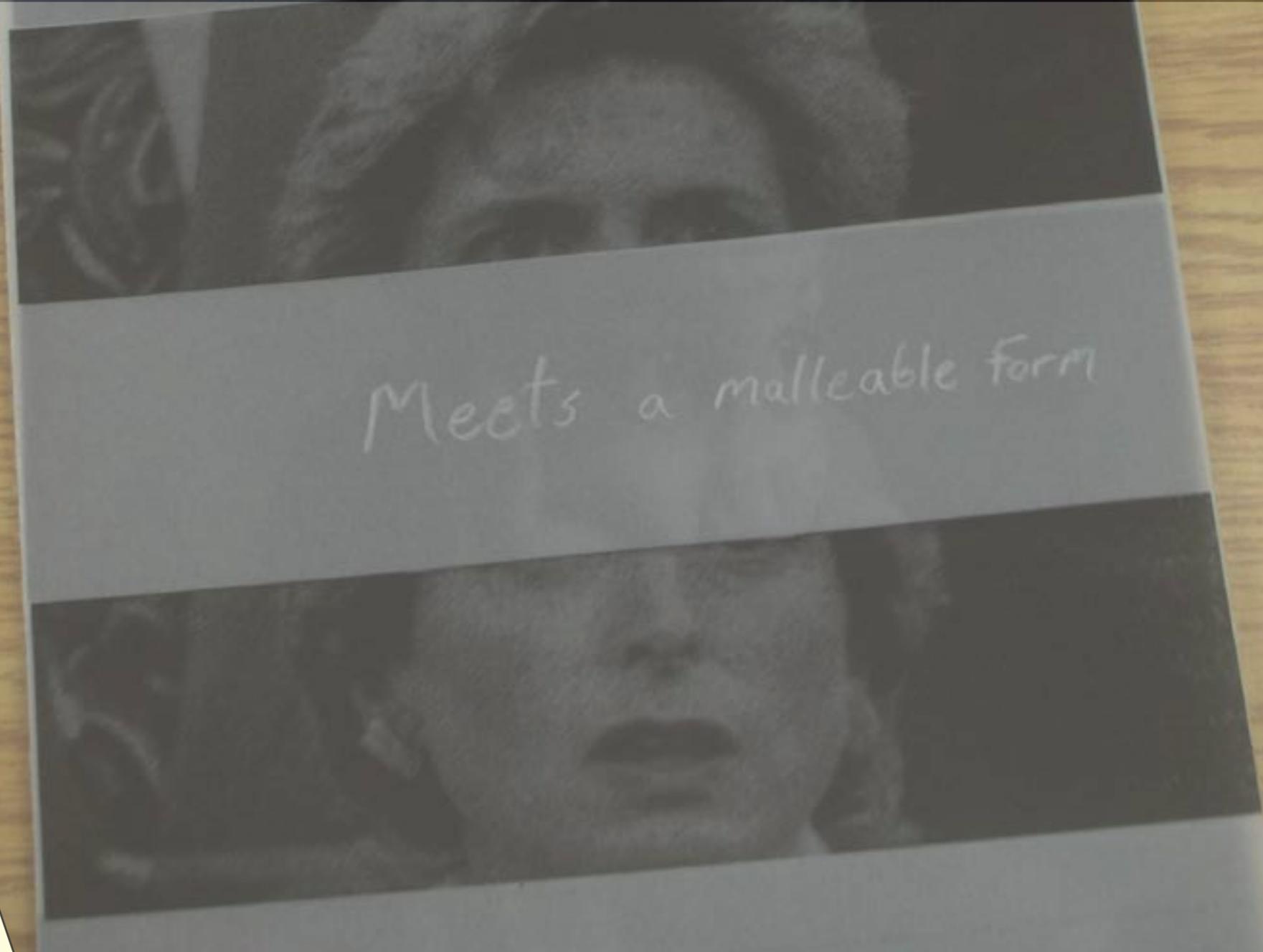
"Infinite Knowledge (?)" is made up of two main components. The first component is a stack of paper containing all the search results for the word "knowledge" on Google during the first day of this exhibition, March 6th, 2015. The second component is a stack of five cinderblocks (equivalent to my own body weight). The cinderblocks sit on top of the stack of paper that has been printed out, rendering them inaccessible to the viewer.

"(RE)ARRANGE"

ALEXANDER STEVENSON

What I took the most from "The Library of Babel" by Jorge Luis Borges was the way in which the library was structured, with a set amount of constant variables (room structure, the letters composing the books etc.). I became interested in the idea of infinite variations upon the same image, and the ways in which this can be achieved. What possibilities does this repetition have in terms of image making? What does constant restructuring do to an image and how it is perceived? Repetition has always been present in my work, whether through the use of line or influenced by Borges' text, this repetition began to have a new light brought to it. In a way, the original image becomes its own grammar, language and alphabet. Through photocopying and collage, the image is repeated and rearranged to create new forms and to generate or destroy meaning.

A photograph of a workspace. In the center, a piece of white paper with a torn edge is pinned to a dark surface. The paper has the words "(Re) Arrange" written in a large, dark, hand-drawn font. Below the paper, a black Sharpie marker with "Sharpie MAGNUM" written on its white barrel lies horizontally. To the left of the marker is a black utility knife with a silver blade. Below the knife is a white glue stick with a label that includes the text "Baton de colle". The background is a dark, textured surface, possibly a desk or a board.



"PINNACLE COMPLETION EBB FEAR REPEAT"

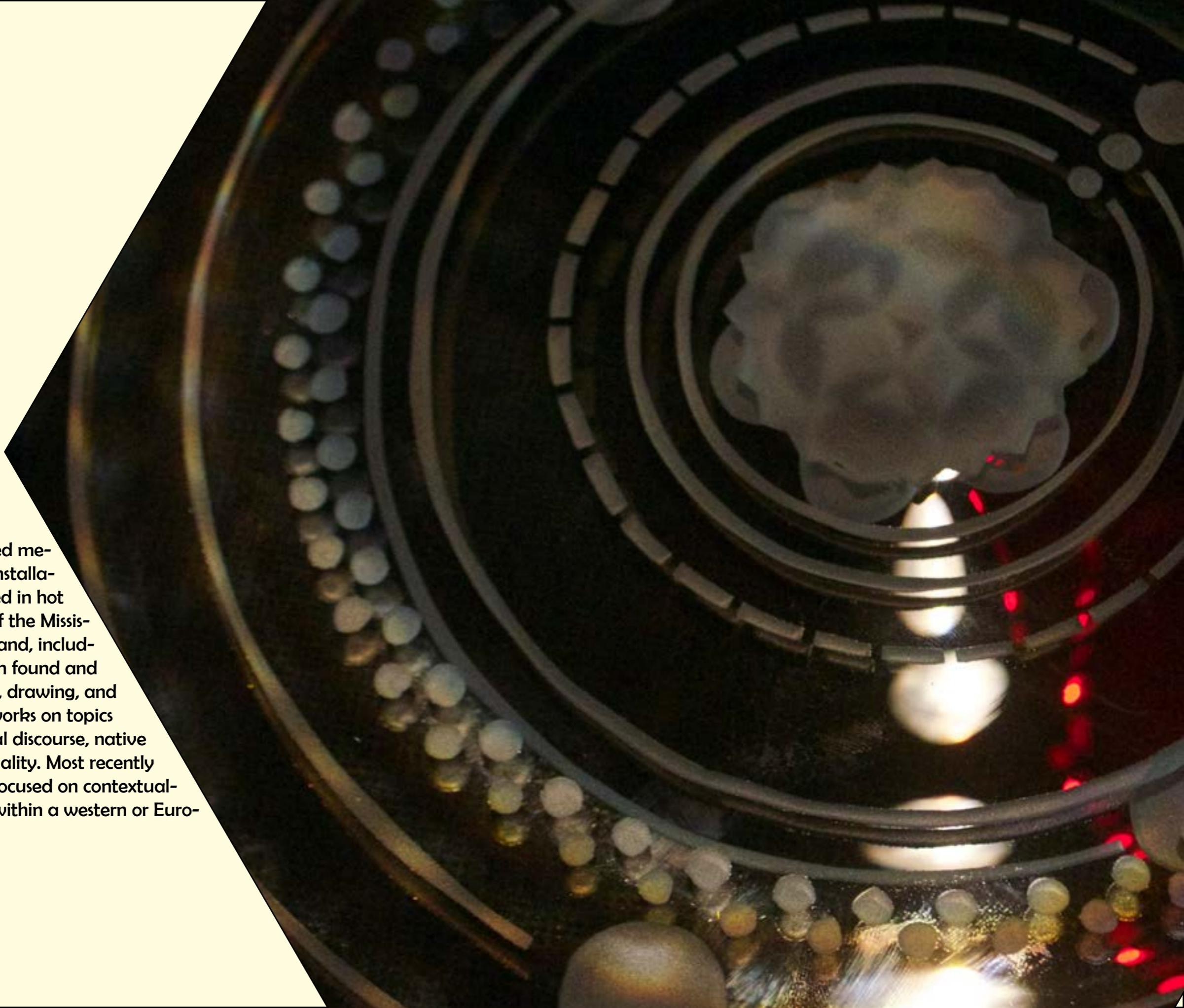
DANIEL CLEGHORN

In my practice I explore how the past is retained within the individual, while trying to provoke a feeling of empathy and relationships between the viewer, the piece, and myself. My work . My work asks questions about the importance of how we retain experiences, to the individual. Using my work as a divider between the viewer and myself, I am interested in how the use of materials /forms combined with personal subject matter will affect the observer.

"TIPPI"

CHRIS JONES

Chris Jones is a mixed media sculpture and installation artist specialized in hot glass. Chris is part of the Mississauga First Nation and, including glass, works with found and readymade objects, drawing, and print to create artworks on topics such as post-colonial discourse, native identity, and spirituality. Most recently his work has been focused on contextualizing native ideals within a western or European viewpoint.



START RELATIONSHIP WITH YOUR ART

ODD LIMBO

START WITH OBVIOUS

"UNTITLED"
RAEANN KUSHNEREK

I've always enjoyed looking for answers and expanding my knowledge. The main focus of my practice is how we understand the history of religion, cultures, beliefs, and rituals. I really enjoy questioning authority, the unknown or the uncertain. I've always had a problem with authority figures and I'm interested in why we give them this power. The idea of searching for the absolute truth is something that I've strongly believed in since my childhood. I'm curious about certain figures that have been influential in history and why or how we as society have given them this hierarchy.

I'm interested in appropriating objects and people, making them look as if they are divine or have some sort of significant relevance. Most of my work is created with ready made and found materials that are easily obtained or are already at my disposal. I use materials such as decorative frames and gold accents with other various romanticized objects to construct these ideas. I create collages using cut outs from magazines, photographs and scanned imagery. I deliberately place these images to manifest my take on contemporary portraits. I enjoy re-contextualizing them to make something completely new. I re-contextualize my found images and materials to create contemporary portraits.



"CATALOGUE OF CATALOGUES: BESIDE MERE WORDS"
MIREILLE PERRON AND CHRIS FREY



"CATALOGUE OF CATALOGUES: BESIDE MERE WORDS"

MIREILLE PERRON AND CHRIS FREY

ESSAY

The Universe (which others call the Library)

March 2 to April 13, 2015, Luke Lindoe Library, ACAD

by Mireille Perron

The Universe (which others call the Library) is the fifth collaboration between the Luke Lindoe Library and Mireille Perron's FINA 450 graduating class as well as the third collaboration between writer Christopher Frey and Mireille Perron. And for the first time it includes a textual contribution from Frey's English 314 class.

The Universe (which others call the Library) is inspired by Jorge Luis Borges' celebrated short story: "The Library of Babel". The exhibition's title comes from the first line of the story. Countless artists have been inspired by Borges' multifaceted story with such themes as the world/universe as a library, humans as imperfect librarians, librarians as wanderers, labyrinths, quests, the vastness and limitations of signification, infinity and its mirror, the difference between data, information, and knowledge, not to mention foretelling today's internet as a possible total or universal library. Borges's Universe is at once made from signs while belonging to an extra- semiotic realm, blurring the distinction between semiosis and materiality.

The artworks in The Universe (which others call the Library) appropriate physically and conceptually as their framework, the space of the Luke Lindoe Library and the Library of Babel. The exhibition presents artworks as potential narratives that uncover, examine, provoke, complicate, engage, question, spoof, spark, incite, meditate, sample, navigate, and otherwise make visible the various relationships between artists and stories (as the library contains them all.)

With Jorge Luis Borges as a guide, this essay is a travelling companion to the artists' statements. It proposes stopovers at the twenty-three artworks by our twenty-five artists as a way to expose our sojourn in the Library of Babel, the Luke Lindoe Library, our classroom, and our studios. I invite the reader of this e-catalogue to multiply the infinite pathways that can connect artworks together, to discover and rediscover them, not unlike the different ways letters and images can be ordered in a book.

We also know of another superstition of that time: that of the Man of the Book. On some shelf in some hexagon (men reasoned) there must exist a book, which is the formula and perfect compendium of all the rest: some librarian has gone through it and he is analogous to a god. In the language of this zone vestiges of this remote functionary's cult still persist. Many wandered in search of Him.

Jorge Luis Borges (56)

Scott Baird and Emily Promise Allison were both attracted by "The Man of the Book". The former is a skilled print media artist, recently employed as the Studio Director and Gallery Assistant of the Alberta Printmakers' Society and Artist Proof Gallery, while the latter is a mixed-media artist with a predilection for performances and performative artworks. Baird offers a large-scale photo etching carefully mounted with chine-collé to look like an ancient parchment. The figures of Putin, Obama, and The Man of the Book (the less identifiable figure) float over an abyss of bottomless hexagons ready to engulf them. Baird embraces the critical practice of political commentary

through print and news media as his way to reflect on the chaos of his/our present condition. Knowledge in The Library of Babel queries the possibility of enlightenment or of finding a man analogous to a god in our world of violent conflicts and terrorist activity. In another hexagon, Emily Promise Allison, tongue-in-check, has simply resolved to find the enlightened Man of the Book. Moreover, after finding him, she located a space in the library where no man had gone before (or at least none of us, as the library is infinite.) Allison enlisted Bill Austin, a long-time library staff member, known and loved of all, and always to be found reading during his breaks from work, to make a recording of Borges' tale. Her installation, appropriately titled The Man of the Book is located in the back storeroom of the Library where a disused airshaft is accessible through a small door. The artist invites her viewer one by one, sits him/her in the dark on a chair in front of the door, asks them to open the door, witness a small oval light at the end of the tunnel that seems infinite while air blows in one's face while listening to this familiar voice recounting the strange story of this unfamiliar universe. The effect is striking; one is looking down the shaft of the Library of Babel. Infinity is an attractive configuration.

Twenty shelves, five long shelves per side, cover all the sides except two; their height, which is the distance from floor to ceiling, scarcely exceeds that of a normal bookcase. One of the free sides leads to a narrow hallway, which opens onto another gallery, identical to the first and to all the rest. Jorge Luis Borges (51)

The fascination with expressing the tension between finitude and infinitude takes the form of an artist's book in the proficient hands of print media artist Trevor Gieske. Titled The Library Book, it responds to the site by being displayed in a corner of the ceiling. The front and back covers are pinned to the walls and make the book always open but inaccessible. The Library Book is an accumulation of identical images of book shelves expertly screen printed on cotton paper. It is inspired by the short story A Short Stay in Hell by Steven L. Peck, correspondingly based on Borges' Library a Babel. In Peck's reinterpretation, in an interminable library, one has to find the book of one's life to avoid hell. In Gieske's artist book, the repetitive imagery and unusual placement ingeniously materialize the difficulty of this endeavor while playfully acknowledging that Gieske is avoiding hell; by not only finding, but making the book of his life.

The Library is unlimited and cyclical. Jorge Luis Borges (58)

Sara Rennie's sculpture titled Infinite knowledge(?) captivates our human desire to render visible the invisible. Rennie updates our pursuit for knowledge by questioning if the Internet is today's infinite library. In her role as performer and installation artist, she has cleverly devised and used in various settings a sculptural substitute for herself made of five cinderblocks equivalent to her own body weight. In Infinite Knowledge(?) she as printed on a stack of paper all the Google searches for the word "knowledge" found on March 2, 2015, the first day of the exhibition. The stack is inserted between the last two blocks rendering the text invisible. Furthermore, both Infinite Knowledge(?) and The Library Book make apparent that "Obviously, no one expects to discover anything." Jorge Luis Borges (55)

These pilgrims disputed in the narrow corridors, proffered dark curses, strangled each other on the divine stairways, flung the deceptive books into the air shafts, met their death cast down in a similar fashion by the inhabitants of remote regions. Others went mad ... Jorge Luis Borges (55)

Nicholas Sargeant's sizeable sculpture *Circles they grow*, and they swallow people whole express forcefully the potential self-destructive nature of knowledge when it becomes dictatorial. Sargeant's sculptural montage of wood, stone and twine occupies a space from floor to ceiling. Similar to Rennie's sculptural substitute for herself, Sargeant's sculpture is to a certain extent anthropomorphic. Its main vertical axis is made from a long branch of burnt wood about the height of an average person. The burnt wood is stabilized by large slabs of stone at its base and is mounted by a large wheel made of branches held by twines that hangs at eye/head level. The sculptor has successfully collapsed in a singular entity both the figure and its stake. *Circles they grow*, and they swallow people whole is a symbol of warning to those who choose to destroy their lives in search of the meaning of life. The habits that form obsession can ultimately lead to one's own destruction. Balance is key to existence, somebody who cannot acknowledge that will burn themselves out in pursuit of their goal. In reference to the story this goal was the obtaining of ultimate knowledge, the meaning and purpose of the seeker's life. Life is meant to be lived and experienced, it's a journey of learning. To focus on the end goal and forget to live it while you're alive is the ultimate death. The sculpture is somewhat squeezed between the outside door and the photocopier, a busy area of the universe where productivity rules. This tight spot puts in evidence the idea of being stuck between a rock and a hard place.

Like all men of the Library, I have traveled in my youth; I have wandered in search of a book,...
Jorge Luis Borges (52)

Gurbeer Gill pursues the quest for knowledge in his series of charcoal sketches: *Common Views: The Silent Search*. Gill's practice is a hybrid of computer graphics, gaming and animation where he can satisfy his love for drawing. *Common Views: The Silent Search* is a convincing fusion of his various interests. This sizeable series of charcoal sketches is located on a convex wall as well as on the front of most of the library bookshelves ends. All sketches represent a man searching for a book in a library. The scale, location and number of drawings animate effectively the space as if they were the equivalent of a storyboard for a computer animation. Self-identification is ensured, as one is likewise searching for a book, likewise navigating between stacks.

The Universe (which others call the Library) is composed of an indefinite and perhaps infinite number of hexagonal galleries, with vast air shafts between, surrounded by very low railings. From any of the hexagons one can see, interminably, the upper and lower floors. Jorge Luis Borges (51)

An additional offer to travel through the library in your own way(s) is made available by ceramicist artist Mia Riley's *Portals*. The clay artist is an avid nature lover who wishes to share her environmental awareness. She is inviting her visitors to choose an object from her large collection of ceramic stones/portals. Each portal recalls a small stone and the assortment looks like a familiar collection where each stone is unique in shape, size and colour. The marked difference is that each stone is a time-consuming hand-crafted object. Participants are encouraged to use the stones as viewfinders or portals in their excursion through the library. These stones with holes magically reframe their surroundings. From any one of the portals one can see, interminably, the upper and lower floors of the library.

To the left and right of the hallway there are two very small closets. In the first, one may sleep standing up; in the other, satisfy one's fecal necessities. Jorge Luis Borges (51)

The LL Library's bathrooms are similarly located to the left and right of a dead end hallway. Jade Carpenter's *Life is Okay Sometimes Volumes 1-4* are zines reproduced twice for the exhibition so they can occupy a basket in each one of the bathrooms. Carpenter has chosen the zine very fittingly. Zines are a marginalized and inexpensive form of diffusion that allows for unconventional subject matters. The artist/author offers a series of written and visual vignettes that recount, in a self-deprecating and often humorous tone, her own issues with social anxiety and depression. Volume One is an effective combination of short sentences such as "I sometimes keep cotton balls in my pockets for a soft nice surprise." Volume Two is a series of photographs of phantoms roaming around familiar surroundings. Volumes Three and Four are simple drawings with short captions. For instance, a lonely figure with the caption "I wish the lump in my throat was food." In Borges' Library of Babel or in LL Library, bathrooms are places where one can hide, and by putting her zine works in the bathrooms, Carpenter efficaciously collapses fiction and reality.

The certitude that everything has been written negates us or turns us into phantoms. Jorge Luis Borges (56)

Victoria Braun and Marissa Cupples likewise used the zine as their creative form. Their collaboration, *Exorcisms from a Sad Girl Body*, correspondingly plays with themes of marginalization, but this time clearly rooted in gender-based discrimination. Their queer zine is an anarchic pink collage of anecdotes, theory, photographs, and other types of images cleverly put together to exorcise oppressive identity constructs and celebrate inclusive sisterhood. Their zine is a manifestation of Audrey Wollen's *Sad Girl Theory*, which put forward as an act of protest the internalized suffering of women's experience. Fittingly, their zine is displayed on a ledge just above the feminist and gender studies section of the Library.

You who read me, are you sure of understanding my language? Jorge Luis Borges (56)

Sarah Kelly's intervention titled *I'd open my mouth but I am a bad feminist* smartly adorns with a knotted pink ribbon made from bed linen the gender study book shelf located under the *Exorcisms from a sad girl body*. Kelly, under the sobriquet of Tigerwing is an alternative experimental electro-pop performer/musician by nights and art student by day. The knotted ribbon departs from the entrails of *The Feminist Handbook* and cascades over other tops of several other books. *I'd open my mouth but I am a bad feminist* performs akin to one of the musician's releases *Weight of Want* as a way to "Liquefy your bones and rebuild around my own." (Tigerwing)

As was natural, that this inordinate hope was followed by an excessive depression. Jorge Luis Borges (55)

Carpenter, Braun, Cupples, and Kelly subvert Borges' Universe making his Universe into their Universe. They supplant the Library of Babel's patriarchal and immutable order with a feminine/feminist/queer universe that rejects all orthodoxies, including a version of Academic Feminists perceived to silence. They substitute the short story as a genre for anecdotes as fragments of larger narratives. They propose anecdotes that function as viruses infecting the canon of shared dominant narratives.

I say that the Library is unending. Borges (52)

The delicate and ethereal artwork of Kaitlin M. Reckord acts as a bridge between the feminist/queer Universe and the works located on the other side of the library, in the reading room. Nevertheless, the artist shares with her sisters a belief in the power of vulnerability, sensitivity and emotional transparency. Reckord's six panels of translucent silk organza are hung in the large architectural opening between the two spaces. Titled *Wildness and Vastness*, she makes her own the idea of never-ending space. She has embroidered the panels with hexagonal shapes in a network that multiply their interpretative potential. Meaning unfolds in an expansive abstract landscape: at once beehives, maps, constellations or molecular structures. Moreover, because its conception and location makes it visible from both sides, *Wildness and Vastness* proposes a contingent reconciliation of conflicting perspectives.

(The mystics claim that their ecstasy reveals to them a circular chamber containing a great circular book, whose spine is continuous and which follows the complete circle of the walls, but their testimony is suspect; their words, obscure. This cyclical book is God.) Let it suffice now for me to repeat the classic dictum: The Library is a sphere whose exact center is any one of its hexagons and whose circumference is inaccessible. Jorge Luis Borges (52)

Tetrahexahedron reflects Tomas Brown's ongoing interest in problems related to making meaning. The artist joins Borges' mystics by offering a magical hand-held device that suggests responses in the form of questions. Like most magical device, the care in craftsmanship is proportional to the power of the ritualistic object. Brown has chosen to methodically carve an alphabet in an oak burl. This rounded outgrowth of a tree trunk is filled with small knots from dormant buds, which make it extremely hard to carve. What's more, the carved alphabet is inlaid with cut out mother of pearl, thus iridescent, guitar picks, and carefully balanced on brass rods to form a tetrahexahedron. The beautiful glimmering sphere functions as a divination device. One can throw it like a dice and try to form words with the letters in order to generate oracles.

At that time it was also hoped that a clarification of humanity's basic mysteries — the origin of the Library and of time — might be found. Jorge Luis Borges (55)

Inhabiting the same hexagon, three complementary propositions attempt to expose previous solutions as to how humanity's sought to represent the mysteries of Universe. Stavroula Alepoudeas's Armillary sphere is a copper etching in four editions, one placed above the Tetrahexahedron, the others throughout the library (which we call the Universe.) Alepoudeas' Greek ancestry made her favour an ancient Ptolemaic cosmological model with the earth as the centre of the skeleton celestial globe, with circles divided into degrees for angular measurement. Cosmological models attempt to mathematically explain the Universe current behavior and evolution over time. The artist's choice of ancient theory makes a case for humanity's changing viewpoint. Ptolemy's theory was supplanted in the 16th century when Nicolas Copernicus proposed a sun-centered model of the universe, which was again supplanted by our standard model of big bang cosmology. However, the artist's choice of copper etching which is an old method that remains widely used today, makes an interesting case for art making as a process of accumulation in opposition to scientific study as a method of elimination.

The idealists argue that the hexagonal rooms are a necessary form of absolute space or, at least, of our intuition of space. They reason that a triangular or pentagonal room is inconceivable. Jorge Luis Borges (52)

RaeAnn Kushnerek's ongoing practice likewise aims at making manifest past and current belief systems while exploring critically various types of authority, and how power is constructed. The artist has framed a precise drawing of a series of diagrams. It is worth noting that the circular logic of her proposition: starting with a point and finishing with a circle, the hexagon in its middle. An ornate frame elevates as an important artifact her Untitled drawing. The tenuousness of scientific authority (here in the guise of geometry) is made manifest through the framing device. Kushnerek's rendition of the Universe (which she prefers not to name) joins Alepoudeas and Brown as a critical exploration of what was, is, could/would have been or will be.

...the formless and chaotic nature of almost all the books. Jorge Luis Borges (53)

Alex Stevenson and Daniel Cleghorn share a love for dynamic combinations and repetitions. Their two books share a low table in the reading room. (Re)arrange by Stevenson is made of a ring binder with plastic sleeves presenting a set amount of variables shapes that can be (re)arranged endlessly. Photocopy and collage are at the centre of the artist's practice and have come to form over the years his own language. (Re)arrange becomes an index of the artist' own method of work as well as an elegant reinterpretation of Borges' interest in structural repetition.

This much is already known: for every sensible line of straightforward statement, there are leagues of senseless cacophonies, verbal jumbles and incoherences. Jorge Luis Borges (53)

Pinnacle Completion Ebb Fear Repeat by Cleghorn utilizes a similar repetitive structure but also interweaves hand written poetic text with Xeroxed collages of appropriated portraits, on translucent vellum. This artist book explores the repetitive nature of memory and trauma/fear. In psychoanalytical terms, it refers to latency. Latency is described as the distance between a traumatic event and its experience and how memory is an act of distancing as well as repetition. Thus, Cleghorn artist's book functions like trauma itself by repeating images. Moreover, both Cleghorn and Stevenson's books function similarly to Freud's description of memory as a magic block. Freud magic block was a Viennese version of a magic slate using a slab of wax on a tablet with a translucent sheet of celluloid paper placed on it. When writing or drawing on the top sheet with a pointed stylus an image appeared but disappeared when the sheet was pulled up. Freud remarked that the traces of the writing/drawing remained nevertheless accumulated in the wax, thus his comparison on how memory functions like a magic block. Pinnacle Completion Ebb Fear Repeat is Cleghorn poetic and personal reinterpretation of such object while (Re)arrange by Stevenson is its operational manifestation .

A memory of unspeakable melancholy...Jorge Luis Borges (54-1)

Capsulated by Vaughan McMillan is mnemonic melancholic work. Made of folded rust dyed silk mounted on a raw canvas to give the delicate fabric more consistency, it embodies the landscape and references the human body through garment. McMillan's practice revolves around capturing fleeting moments from her past while recognizing the act of remembrance as inherently defective. Absence and presence are en(capsulated) within the process of rust dyeing itself in her sculptural textile works. Rust dyeing occurs when a rusty object is in contact with the fabric and leaves a permanent imprint of iron oxide. Like memory, rust dyeing produces ghost figures of the objects it enfolds. McMillan's Capsulated presents a series of folds as a landscape that expresses visually Gilles Deleuze's philosophical definition of the fold.

“Even compressed, folded, and enveloped, elements are powers that enlarge and distend the world. It hardly suffices to speak of a succession of limits or of frames, for every frame marks a direction of space that coexists with the others, and each form is linked to unlimited space in all directions.” Gilles Deleuze (142)

Katy Wildgoose shares with McMillan an attraction for capturing the fragility of memory. In her role as a jewellery artist, she is used to construct meticulously on a small scale. Her work Untitled (for a hole in memory) updates Freudian memory block with its multiple layers of translucent tracing paper carefully mounted between two wood frames fastened by brass rods. Between the tracing paper sheets one can deduce finely crafted fishhooks. Their shapes become less and less visible as they recede in the framed block. Nevertheless, a few feathers have carefully escaped from the frame to recall revived fragments of memories. Wildgoose invites her viewers to fish for their own memories; or is she implying that humans have the memory of goldfishes?

The content was also deciphered: some notions of combinative analysis, illustrated with examples of variations with unlimited repetition. Jorge Luis Borges (54)

Under the moniker of Jockekeyock, Joy Brooks presents Monica, a remarkable portrait of one of her friends, who works as a barista. Taking the form of a mosaic coffee table, Monica intentionally wavers periously on the edge between objectification and subjectification as she takes the form of a mosaic coffee table. Brooks collected for two years gift cards from Starbucks where her friend is employed. From there she proceeded to cut the cards into small fragments of different colours and used them as mosaic material. Furthermore she covered the tabletop in clear epoxy resin, which transformed her collage into a functional table. She also produced a photographic book with short descriptions of the process, which she left on the table. Monica performs Borges' infinity as a visual example of a strange loop and self-referential system. This unusual portrait pursues the artist ongoing interest in Femmage, a term coined by feminist artists Miriam Shapiro and Melissa Meyer in the 70's to describe artworks that privilege as their theme a woman-life context, are created by women by assembling objects by collage and photomontage, utilize covert imagery, and are functional and aesthetic. (Miriam Shapiro.)

(I know of an uncouth region whose librarians repudiate the vain and superstitious custom of finding a meaning in books and equate it with that of finding a meaning in dreams or in the chaotic lines of one's palm ...) Jorge Luis Borges (53)

Tamara Himmelpach's interactive installation titled Word count not necessary repudiates, like some of Borges' librarians, the idea of finding straightforward meaning in books. The artist has recreated a believable older library setting with its table, brass lamp, large book with a leather cover accompanied by an ink well and a writing quilt. Himmelpach invites her viewers to become active participants by playing a variation of the exquisite corpse game. This surrealist method produces a collection of words or images as collectively assembled. Each contributor adds a word and a definition to the composition in a linear sequence and in relation to what the previous person contributed. The artist word association made into an installation explores the potential of words through their individual understanding by stimulating free associative patterns connecting and producing other words in response to a given word. In Himmelpach's Library of Babel every one is the author of "The Book."

Like all men of the Library, I have traveled in my youth; I have wandered in search of a book, perhaps the catalogue of catalogues; now that my eyes can hardly decipher what I write, I am preparing to die just a few leagues from the hexagon in which I was born. Jorge Luis Borges (52)

"Catalogue of Catalogues: beside mere words" is Christopher Frey and Mireille Perron's third collaboration. It originates from Perron's mirror-words project, that manifested camaraderie between French and English languages. Frey's English 314 class has used [cCrw] methods to enhance and advance meanings for Perron's mirror-words. Results have been collected and organized in an art book/dictionary where viewers will find Perron's mirror-words as well as sightings of them in the LLLibrary/Library of Babel. "Catalogue of Catalogues: beside mere words" demonstrates how words possess specific meanings depending on situation and yet due to hybridization, connections between unfamiliar things, also offer threshold crossings into alternative planes, like The Universe (which some call the library). Readers of this e-catalogue are welcome to notice this description as an illusory duplication of Frey and Perron's artists' statement.

In the hallway there is a mirror, which faithfully duplicates all appearances. Men usually infer from this mirror that the Library is not infinite (if it were, why this illusory duplication?); I prefer to dream that its polished surfaces represent and promise the infinite ... Jorge Luis Borges (51)

Jared Tiller produced a magazine aptly named Critiqued. He embedded his publication into the regular magazines racks at its proper alphabetical location which was left available no doubt by a supra natural entity. Tiller made sure to staple to his magazine, the compulsory note: "current issue, keep in the library", and to ask for a library bar code. Under the guise of this additional illusory duplication one can find in the appropriate format, order, and design of an art magazine, a selection with descriptions of the artist's projects. The simulacra playfully includes the poster for the Universe (which others call the library) as it was one of the artist's design endeavours. What's more, this is Tiller's thesis paper for his other co-requisite studio course, hence doubling as his project for this exhibition. Such conceptual mastery of mise en abyme (Droste effect) can only be an additional proof that:

Man, the imperfect librarian, may be the product of chance or of malevolent demiurgi; Jorge Luis Borges (52)

It seems appropriate to conclude with a version of the Universe that aims to foster what Jacques Rancière calls "an emancipated community . . . a community of storytellers and translators."

Tipi by glass artist Chris Jones enacts such vision/translation. The artist has sand-carved a large glass disk, thicker in its centre and tapering towards its edges. The sand-carved image is both reminiscent of a native camp, from an aerial view, and a map of the universe. Jones is playing with changing interpretations that mutate depending on the implied scale and one's cultural understanding of the world. From Ojibwe ancestry, the artist is painfully aware of the damages and inequalities left in the wake of Canada's violent colonial history. Placed in a dark area, the clear glass disk glows; it is lit through a bulb with a hanging filter that generates spectral colours. One can imagine a camp-fire with its dancing flames and or dancers, surrounded by tipis carefully placed in concentric arrangements. One can also imagine a sun surrounded by planets or even glass tomahawks with peace pipes as their handles. During the span of the Universe's exhibition Tomahawk/pipe appeared in another ACAD hexagon as part of the Glass' program exhibition. Hanging from a network of transparent wires from the ceiling and displayed at eyes level, numerous glass tomahawks with blown glass pipes act as a framing device where one could see

another through this distinctive “looking glass”. Jones uses expertly the ethereal quality of glass to generate a tangible manifestation of a native spirit, vital to a better way of living. Jones’ Tipi, as native encampment, and Tomahawk/pipe as a dialectic assemblage, are microcosms of a re-stored universe.

In short:

My solitude is gladdened by this elegant hope. Jorge Luis Borges (58)

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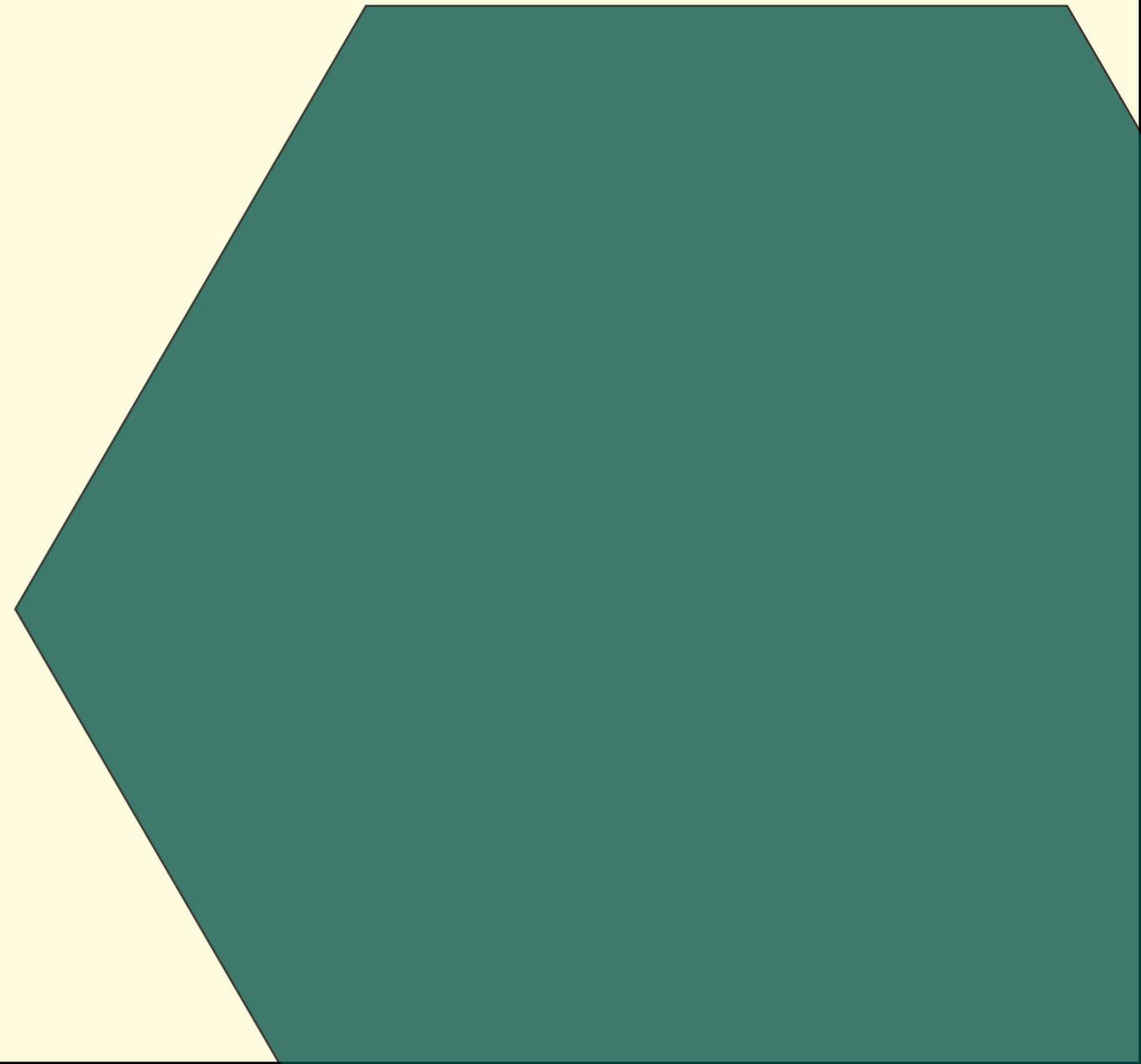
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