

UC Davis

UC Davis Previously Published Works

Title

Zettel III

Permalink

<https://escholarship.org/uc/item/5xd938tp>

Journal

Zettel, 3

ISSN

2368-3201

Author

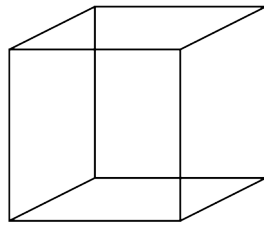
Hill, Robin

Publication Date

2015-10-01

Z E T T E L III





A Note From the Editorial Desk of Zettel

Dear Reader,

What makes looking at a work of art, or reading a piece of literature, so appealing is that the experience of engaging with this work is not limited to a single moment. The ability to experience a work, time and time again, and with each experience to see or read something new, is what often makes art so powerful. One's continual engagement with a work leads to an ever-evolving sense of it. This is not limited, however, to what one sees when they look at a work of art: it includes what one feels, both mentally and physically.

This issue of Zettel is concerned with sensing. This is used in the most charitable and open sense of the term, as to fix down its meaning would take away the plurality of voices that sensing invokes. We invite you to think of the ways in which the different meanings of sensing are captured in the pieces before you and to continually engage with the carefully curated works published in this issue of Zettel Magazine.

Thank you for reading.

—*The Zettel Team*

ZETTEL MAGAZINE

Issue III

Spring/Summer 2015

Number of



UNDERBRIDGE
SACKVILLE, NB

Zettel

Emma Bass
Jesse Francis
Kristian Gilbert
Alexi Katsanis
Jisun Kim

The Underbridge Press

Elijah Teitelbaum
Taylor Losier
Dan Marcotte
Stuart Harris
Saskia van Walsum
Emma Conway
Mirelle Naud

Contact Us:

zettelsubmissions@gmail.com
zettelinquiries@gmail.com
zettel.ca

Zettel would like to gratefully acknowledge the support of the Campbell-Verduyn Fund, the Mount Allison University Students' Union (MASU), and the Mount Allison University Department of Philosophy.

Cover images by Biolunar^L (Robin Hill and Ulla Warchol).

Cover design by Jesse Francis and Jisun Kim.

Zettel Magazine is published by the Underbridge Press and is organized by the members of Zettel.

Copyright remains with the author. No part of this magazine may be reproduced without the author's permission.

The views here are solely those of the authors and do not necessarily represent those of Zettel.

ISSN 2368-3201
Printed in Canada

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

Allaby, Patrick	www.patrickallaby.tumblr.com	Page: 82
Baldonado, Marco	www.mkbaldonado.com	Pages: 22 - 26
Brandy, David	www.lhicreative.com	Pages: 12 - 13
Chang, Yan Wen	www.gilliantchang.com	Pages: 80 - 81
Dickey, Ben	www.bendickey.com	Pages: 76 - 77
Donovan, Chris	www.chrisdonovanphoto.com	Pages: 4 - 6
Duncan, Christine	www.englishcomments.wordpress.com	Page: 79
Duncan, Jen	---	Page: 7
Fazio, Hannah	---	Page: 40
Ford, Dan	dan4ed@yahoo.com	Page: 78
Goncarova, Sarah Beth	www.goncarova.com	Page: 75
Hill, Robin	www.robin-hill.net	Pages: 50 - 62
Hill, Ryan	ryan.j.hill@hotmail.com	Pages: 8 - 9
Koreski, Jeremy	www.jeremykoreski.com	Pages: 63 - 69
LaRocque, Karissa	t: @_karissy	Pages: 42, 44, 46
McDonell, Sean	t: @bbbbeannnn	Pages: 14 - 15
Moonassi	www.moonassi.com	Pages: 48 - 49
Oseko	www.iamnotoseko.tumblr.com	Pages: 70 - 74
Plate, Brent	www.sbrentplate.net	Pages: 38 - 40
Puchala, Mark	i: @puchalamark	Pages: 27 - 31
Sherman, Ethan	www.ethan-sherman.com	Pages: 32 - 36
Sullivan, Erika	www.cargocollective.com/erikasullivan	Page: 37
Thornton, Rachel	www.itsrachelthornton.tumblr.com	Pages: 43, 45, 47
Warchol, Ulla	---	Pages: 50 - 62
Xue, Alice	www.alicexue.com	Pages: 16 - 21
Zachary, Adam	www.adamzachary.com	Pages: 10 - 11

Chris Donovan



Solitude I, Digital photograph, 2014



Solitude II, Digital photograph, 2014



Withdrawn, Digital photograph, 2014

Solid

To understand that a solid is mostly space
Is to understand the illusion.
What is strong and permanent has no boundaries;
And what is bound is mostly empty.

Jen Duncan

Ryan Hill

Untitled

The sound of wind always comes back
like a voice that can be heard
when the cells of the world spread a little
when there are gaps between wandering
and a portion of one's arm in the sunlight is visible
The wind has nothing to say, and says it
leaving a desire for the sight of hills,
distant across grass
waving in the disclosure of things

Last Night

Last night
Thinking of today.
Now, in the grey light
Crows call outside my tent in a way
I could not quite imagine

At Times

At times, I have misunderstood
the sunrise and the waking of birds
Their voices loud and intermingling with
the day that would be new
Were it not a part of one too long.
When the breeze is fresh, and the
table under an elbow hard
It's more difficult to hate.

Love

Don't be so hard on the cold wind
as it massages salt water from
your eyes, fogging your sight
burning your face,
It's only trying to embrace

Spring

"Life!" the world seems to be saying
as if it was not even a choice
As if now was the destination
"We've waited so long,
Congratulations you made it,
We go on," and so on.
Perhaps it would make more sense
if we died more often.

Facing Page:
Slept In, Adam Zachary,
Digital, 16" x 9", 2014





David Brandy



Above:
She Was Quite A Doll, Digital photograph, 6000 x 4000 pixels, 2012

Facing Page:
Oblivious, Digital photograph, 6000 x 4000 pixels, 2012

Cassandra

...

Sean McDonell

Do not be deceived. It will be easy to believe he saw the world through illness or delusion. But know his sight was accurate. What he thought he saw, he saw. And better than anyone, he understood the course his life would take. Yet even he was unprepared for the swerve that came in seventh grade. The elements of the swerve: three hours locked in a washroom, a yellow rope, a toilet bowl, uncontrollable shaking.

For his whole life before today, he swam through a world of signals, a world that pulsed with messages. He feared it. Life rippled with calm, complex, but devastating patterns, a torrent of stone that surged always towards its hapless targets. Thin, addled, hollow-eyed, he could see this. Others couldn't.

He could not watch television or listen to music. Whenever there was any form of electric chatter in the room, he found himself scrambling out of his skin. The signal was like the sight of a human silhouette against the curtain at night, when you are strapped to your bed, and the nurse is behind a closed door, far down the hall, and fast asleep. Your imagination is buried by questions and fear: What is going to climb in? What is it here to do?

And if the shadow moves on, perhaps to other windows, a worse question: what is going to climb in on someone else, the ones who watched, the ones who listened, the ones who did not understand they were the target of the passing shade? And what about the signs that make no silhouettes?

Since childhood he wanted to save the others, but through the thunder of his swarming mind he did not know how to do it calmly. So in school he jumped at his peers with cautions on his lips. Sometimes they listened, but as he grew older his freakishness became apparent and he found himself ignored or ostracized. It did not help that he was wild-eyed, pimples, androgynous, and pale as an olm. Smooth-skinned and freakishly jaded, the boys and girls churning through their school lives would laugh at or abuse him until he went away, and even when he paced the schoolyard on his own, eyes focussed on the trampled grass, some did not withhold their shouted slurs. So after school he plugged in his earbuds, and walked by the side of the neighbourhood's outskirt roads through fields of tall homogenous corn, listening to rainstorms on an MP3 player. And the sound of rain and the simple patterns of the corn seemed sometimes to keep all signals at bay, and he could find enough silence, a meager ration of control, that would let him pass through the following day unnoticed.

He walked a lot in middle school. It never could prevent tomorrow. And he knew the incident would arrive, that no amount of inner quiet would keep him from speaking.

The class doing group work. The teacher out of the room. Whispers.

Sister will get booze. Wear something cute. She'll drive us.

He tried to learn silence. He did. You can't understand... wanting not to see like he wanted not to see. He could not close all sense to patterns. And so much force wound around this one point, this one scheme, that he couldn't stop his mouth.

"They'll know," he said. His voice coiled and squeaked at the knowledge of consequences deadlier than he could safely mention. The others stared.

"Don't go," he barked. He stood, now. He stood and looked at them, worksheets on their desks, cell phones open. And before they could say anything, he shrieked again, "They'll know."

Silence. A room of soft and smooth and disapproving faces, twisted towards him.

Shut the fuck up. Sit down.

He sat, no, he fell. He sat jittering for a while then suddenly started scribbling in the margins of his notebook, trying to obscure the pale blue lines.

That's right.

A pattern so clear. Too much. Too much for one person. Not even the sound of rain and sight of a cornfield could calm him.

And when Friday evening arrived, and the parents of the whisperers arrived back home early, their minds, too, were overwhelmed at the sight of such a grotesque signal coming from their own children. What, for instance, was the meaning of the absent-eyed boys who sat with their zippers undone on the couches? The cups on the coffee table, the floor, the mantlepiece? The many girls who lay across the boys or kneeled on the floor – what did these signals indicate? Faces the adults had known as toddlers, kindergarteners. It would have been less hideous and strange to come home to an extraterrestrial standing in the living room.

(They only sought adulthood, that slight and shining distant point.)

Shouting. Terror. Tears. Children chased from the house. In the storm nobody noticed the blue dyes staining the sister-chaperone's tongue. Some children waited for their own ride or ran home but nine girls and boys darting from the house piled into the minivan that set out into the night.

And the boy walked down the road beside the dark cornfields to sooth the violent aching of his nerves. Perhaps it was unsafe, but he never missed the light of coming cars, and could always convince himself to step aside. But he did not step aside in time to avoid seeing the unexpected swerve.

Elements: a semi in the other lane, exploding glass, children crushed or pierced or jettisoned from the vehicle entirely, flayed by asphalt, twitching with broken necks in the corn.

Terror took him. He was so pale and so still, passed out on the ground, that the paramedics assumed he was a victim until he awoke in the hospital and had to wait for three hours before his parents arrived to drive him home. They forbade him from walking by

the fields at night.

On Monday the school was immersed in mourning. They had a day of quiet. The students talked to each other and were allowed to wander through the halls. There would be a ceremony. But amid all this, in the following days, a pack of jilted boys (facing charges, freshly rejected by their peers) found a pattern of their own. It was not really unconscious, how they searched the signals for ways to exorcise the thing that now coursed through them, how they seized on a voice of warning, attached to the catastrophe by a word of caution. It was just an intention that emerged among them. The fact that he spoke at all was enough to force connection, enough to sprout rumours of teachers told, disasters tenuously set in motion.

They found him at lunch. The boy Cassandra was unsurprised, but how can a person prepare, even with total knowledge, for something like this? They shoved him to a small staff washroom in a neglected corner of the school. His arms and legs were tied in pressure positions with a length of yellow rope that strangled circulation and cut his wrists. Someone shat in the toilet.

Even as they dunked him, and nuggets sloshed against his cheek, he saw the patterns of their lives, like a great boot had set down its heel and was rolling to the point where they stood beneath the toe. It would crush them. While they were looking at the ground, the pattern would crush them and there was no avoiding it. And the boy ached to warn them, as he had ached to warn everyone, as he knew he would spend his long life aching, aching so much that his stomach inverted itself into the bowl.

They gripped his hair. His head went in again.

He will feel some of that abject stew sloshing in his ears for days. He will try to slice his ears off with a kitchen knife, mangling both in the hope that the sour droplets will at last trickle out. He will spend hours in scalding showers scraping his skin a raw pink, and the stress and ensuing dryness will exacerbate his pimples and eczema. Most of his hair will fall out, though it will grow again many years from now, when the sheer abundance of signals blots out all cogency and he sits far too young in a care home surrounded by the chants and rambles of old chaotic brains.

But at this moment he lies alone in the dark of the bathroom, the door locked. He is burying his voice, stitching his lips shut with invisible twine to seal in his trembling tongue and all the warnings it might carry. The ceramic floor is cold under his itching face, his cheek presses into the grout. He waits. Again a terror takes him, fear born from the hard bathroom floor beneath his cheek, the tiles he feels so plainly pressing up against his skin, a solitary element absolute in its predictability: the shape of a clear, exact and inevitable grid. ■

ALICE XUE

“This series of works, as a part of my on-going series concerning Morphology, explores problems of visibility in iterating sensual details of the body, often erased in popular representations of the body. The concentration on scars, wrinkles, bruises and pores question the problem of what is visualizable as a portrait, sensing a constant tension between lightness of being, and the weightedness of being affected by the torments and pains of the body.”



*Above:
Balancing the roots of our bodies*

*Facing Page:
Suspending corporeal planes into terror*





Stacey scratching whilst gazing into infinity



Elastics, indents and flesh memory



The gestural economy of arms



Evolving from a quadruped into bipedalism

Alice Xue is a visual artist and photographer from Toronto, Canada. She is completing her degree in Comparative Literature, Cinema and French studies, and hopes to continue making, creating and showing visual works in various mediums in the future.

MARCO



Above and on Facing Page: *EmOtIoNaL wAvE*

BALDONADO





guardian angel



home free

*Following Page:
yes fun*





Interviewing: Mark Puchala

[Interview by Kristian Gilbert]

MARK PUCHALA is a Toronto-based artist whose paintings reference “...art history, pop culture, and everything in between...” He held his first solo exhibitions in Toronto in 2012 & 2013. Puchala also displayed works curated by Kim Dorland at Angell Gallery (12 Ossington Ave.) at the exhibit *I <3 PAINT*. Shortly after, Puchala had his own pop-up exhibition from July 9th to July 15th, 2014. I sat down with Mark over the phone on August 18th, 2014 to talk about his radical career shift from the ad world to the art world, the differences between painting in your twenties and painting in your thirties, the return to representational painting, and more.

•••

KRISTIAN GILBERT: Hi Mark. Do you want to introduce yourself quickly?

MARK PUCHALA: Yeah sure. It's Mark Puchala. Toronto, Ontario. Ripe old age of 37. Ready to give an interview.

KG: As I was researching you I kept thinking of Kandinsky, because you both left successful careers that, while related to art in little ways, were pretty distinct and “safe” careers, compared to trying to make it as a painter. Can you tell us a bit about how you reached that point, and whether you'd had any

artistic training before that? Was art something that you'd always wanted to explore later on in life?

MP: Sure. I guess leaving a career or a safe career, all depends on how well you did, or how long you were doing it. In my case I worked in ads, as an art director and a creative director for thirteen years. So it was super safe and super stable, in terms of security and a pay cheque, knowing how to cheat and get to all the places that you sort of wanted to get to, and work the system. And to change 180 degrees at thirty-six, or thirty five and a half, is pretty crazy. It's like jumping into a freezing cold lake or something, it's a total shock to the system. You know that you're going to adjust and you'll float up and you'll be okay, but it's like — “oh my god!” At first it's super scary.

KG: I'd imagine too, with a young kid and having a wife and everything like that, that it must've been somewhat of a hard sell?

MP: Yeah. When you're younger, you're just coming out of school, and absolutely everything is in front of you — your job, your family, your kid, your house, all that stuff. It's a different mind set. You approach things differently, you sort of shoot from the hip; you jump in with both feet. Doing it as a second career, I guess, you don't have the benefit of being stupid and ballsy, where you can do anything. But you do have the presence of mind to put maybe more of a plan

together. You formulate a plan and you execute it the way somebody who's had a successful career would, I imagine.

KG: Is there anything from your old career that transferred over into your artwork? Or that helped you promote your art, or sell it, or get it into galleries, and things like that?

MP: I think if you know how to work, and you've worked at a career and nurtured a career — you know how to hustle. Like I said you have a plan, whether that's a two year plan, or a five year plan, and you know there's certain things you have to do to get to that end goal. That's something that's transferred over. But specifically, I'd say developing a point of view, aesthetically, with what you like, what you like to see, the sort of work that resonates with you, that you know will resonate with folks who are looking at your stuff. It's a bit different because advertising is obviously different than painting, but you know what looks good, and you know what combination of things look good together. That's really been an asset. Looking at images for thirteen years — hundreds and hundreds and thousands of images — you can quickly filter out the shit and the stuff that's worthy, and then there's the stuff that's really great, and you try and steal from that.

KG: It sounds like you put a large emphasis on working hard, as opposed to waiting for that point of inspiration. Chuck Close once said that the true artists just show up to work everyday, and that inspiration is for the amateurs. Would you say you share that same line of thinking?

MP: Chuck Close is pretty awesome, I've read a few things by Chuck Close, he's a maniac. I respect his attitude and his work. He actually is crippled now.

KG: Yeah, that's right.

MP: He had a massive stroke or a brain aneurism or something, and he was fully crippled except for the use of his brain, but he lost almost all his mobility. So he had to change the way he painted, because he did these enormous airbrush paintings when nobody was doing them, and he had to put his whole shoulder and back and everything into it — he threw himself into his work. And then he got sick and he's in this wheelchair now, and all he can use is this brace on one of his hands, and all he can do are these tiny little circles. And his work actually got better, I think.

He's so amazing, that he found a way to improve his work through this crisis, ya know? So I think that quote makes sense for him, where he was just like 'I'm gonna kill myself if I can't keep painting'

and screw inspiration, I just have to do this thing now. I'm digressing but to get back to your question, I feel like when you're just starting out, even though you've been painting for a while, but now you're painting for a living; I feel like you're still figuring out your process and inspiration, for me as a young artist, it's really important because you can show up to work and paint everyday, but if you're not feeling it, there's a real difference with what comes out. And if you're not feeling it you still gotta do it, you still gotta work out those mistakes, and work out all those failed experiments. But if I could find a way to be inspired all the time that would be the ideal.

KG: Can you talk a bit about your painting process, or how you generally work?

MP: Sure. It always starts small for me. I never go straight to some enormous stretched canvas, and just intuitively put things down. And whether that's being self conscious with the process or something, I don't know, but I always start small. This might also be a byproduct of working in design and advertising where I would always begin an idea with a thumbnail, as a composition. And then just looking online, looking at images from all over, from books, all different types of source material. It's like a frankenstein, it begins to sort of come together. And then it's transferred onto the canvas. And I can usually figure out within the first 10 or 12 hours whether it's gonna be something worth pursuing, or something for the garbage bin.

But in terms of the inspiration, it comes from all over. It can come from music, it can come from an image that you're looking at online, it can come from a drunken conversation you had with a buddy, something that made you laugh. You have to be open to letting it hit you no matter what it is. You gotta be ready for it, receptive, like a sponge. You have to always have that frame of mind going, where it can come from anywhere at any time, and you just have to be able to recognize it, remember it, and then just put it down.

KG: Your work and name is often brought up beside other Toronto-based artists like Kim Dorland and André Ethier. And just speaking about inspiration, how important is collaboration with other artists, or even just having a dialogue or conversation, to your work?

MP: I think it's huge. I think it's crucial. You can't work and create something amazing, I think, from within a vacuum. Unless in some weird way that's part of your process. But I feel like there has to be a dialogue with your contemporaries. And those two guys specifically, André and Kim, have been really huge for me. When I was in that group show that Kim was curating a couple months ago, *I <3 PAINT*,

it was how our three paths sort of crossed, and it was a nice triangle, ya know?

MP: There was a good exchange of ideas, respect for one another's work—it's enormous. You can't just sort of put your head down and avoid what else is happening, you can't avoid criticisms and different points of view. You've gotta be able to sort of absorb them and work with it.

KG: And how did your relationship with André and Kim begin?

MP: Well André and I have known each other for a really really long time; we actually went to high school together.

Soon after, when we graduated, I went into design and advertising, and I think he went to school out East and he toured with his band and stuff. But we reconnected recently, we both have sons that are the same age, and so our boys sort of met and we met at the park, and now they go to school together. So we had this really nice reuniting. And it was right around the time where I was quitting my job, resigning from my position at work, to paint full time. So he was really really huge — giving me advice, basically telling me not to kill myself if it didn't work out. [laughs]

He was awesome. And then Kim, the way I met Kim was when he was curating this group show and he asked me if I wanted to be a part of it, and it was my first real group show at a gallery. So I was really stoked. He saw the images of the stuff of I was working on, and he really liked one of the pieces, he wanted to use it for the show, and I think it was actually the first piece at the show that sold.

So there was this wicked momentum and there was just a good vibe around it. And it was big because it got me a studio visit from Jamie, and got me my first solo show, a pop-up show at his gallery. There were one or two or three things that happened in a row, at the right time really early on, that's given me some more time or some more fuel for being an artist full time.

KG: It sounds a bit like a domino effect.

MP: And you know what? That has to happen. Just going back to that point, that you can't work in a vacuum. I feel like you can have the greatest work, or the greatest website, or the greatest product, but if nobody sees it, or nobody knows about it, or if nobody knows to click on it, then you haven't completed that loop with the viewer. You haven't completed your role as an artist. And you can't do that by just toiling away in your studio, you have to get out there, you've gotta talk to people, you've gotta do that hustling, that is sort of the eye-rolling part of the game but, that has to happen, or else you

don't put those other dominos in place for it to work, you know?

KG: That reminds me of a quote by Rene Ricard, the poet and art critic. He basically said that the artist's only job is to get their work where you and I can see it.

MP: Yeah.

KG: And it sounds like you've been remarkably successful at this, especially in such a short amount of time. Can you talk a bit about maybe, what led up to this first group show with Kim and André?

MP: Yeah, well in the last couple months, especially, there's been a lot of fortuitous things that have happened. You put yourself in a position where you allow good things to happen. And I was working on this new style that André was really digging. Kim asked André to be a part of this group show, and then asked André to recommend painters, or a painter. And he said 'I really liked this guy Mark Puchala, he's doing some cool shit right now, if you want I'll send you some of his images'. And then he put me in touch with Kim. Kim liked the sort of new style that was coming out, and it was really great, because when you're starting something new, or when you're experimenting and trying something new, and you're in your head too much, and you know that you like it, but you don't know if it's going to translate one-hundred percent. So to get that validation from somebody like André or Kim, and then have the piece sold, and have the gallery pay attention and want to probe deeper, it was a nice chain reaction you know?

KG: How exactly did the gallery "probe deeper"?

MP: Jamie Angell and I had a good chat and he wanted to come see my studio, which went well. I was hoping for a show from him, maybe sometime in the new year. The next day he called and offered me a "pop-up" show in his east gallery a week later. So I cried and did like, a thousand pushups, [laughs], and I asked some friends for their advice and then we did it that week.

KG: Just going back to the group show, *I <3 PAINT*, it was said that it was about the fact that "...painting is alive and well, current, compelling and relevant..." and that the featured painters all kind of "...get to the 'heart' of what painting is and can be."

KG: What exactly do you think it is about your paintings, or André's or Kim's, that kind of distinguishes you from other artists, or processes of painting, that maybe have a different goal or end in mind?



UNTITLED, Mark Puchala

MP: Well I think, firstly, we're all painters. And that might seem like — I don't want that to seem flippant, but, it seems like if you're a painter, and you have been painting for years, and specifically figurative stuff — I know Kim's done landscapes and stuff, but he does representational painting — if you've been doing that for the last couple of years, I feel like you haven't been following trends, in a good way.

You've been doing your own thing. Because I think recently, within the last decade or so, the trend in art has been this really process based stuff, this design-y, process based work. Where an artist would take a canvas and bury it with some bleach and stones in Cobourg, and let the elements play with it, and then dig it up and sort of, in a low brow way, hang that on a wall, and that becomes the piece.

KG: Right.

MP: Which is really cool, it's really interesting, you know all of those little happy accidents that happen. It's a different way of approaching work. It's very different from figurative or representational painting. I feel like now it seems like the pendulum is shifting back to painting, figurative based painting. And I feel like if the momentum is shifting back and you're

seeking out those painters who have been doing it the whole time, that's the most honest source; and so it was one of Kim's intentions to sort of bring a lot of those artists together that he respects, that he's seen doing this thing for a while.

It's a really nice amalgam, it's a really nice group of different styles, but everyone's got the same sort of approach in mind.

KG: Do you think that you approach painting, at least in some senses, as a reaction against certain other art forms? Or is it rather, like you mention, that you've been doing it for years and it just so happens that now the trend is moving toward that direction?

MP: Well I know for sure that me painting again, was definitely a reaction to my day job. When I started in advertising it was really fun. I was in my early twenties, making some decent coin, solving business problems creatively for a living, with a writer. All of the power was with the creative agencies, there was some reverence for the creative process. As the years went on, you know six or seven years later, the pendulum had swung to the client side, where there was very little respect for the process or the timelines. I think a lot of it had to do with the computer being such a huge tool, where it just seemed simple now, in the client's eyes, to just create these things.

KG: Right.

MP: There was no time left for crafting, and I just got bored. I was like "fuck I'm not into this anymore" you know? I can't mentor young people, and tell them to be super jacked up and stoked about these projects, when I myself was not. It just seemed like I started painting again to fill that creative side, so it was a bit of a reaction to the business.

But I'm aware of trends; it's fun to see what people are doing, it's fun to see how things are being pushed — it always informs my work, it always adds something for sure. But I've never tried to be a "trendy" painter. Spilling some juice on the floor, and then stepping all over it in the gallery, and that's my piece, I've never wanted to do stuff like that. I'd just feel like a charlatan.

MP: And people can see it in the work — there's this intangible honesty in good painting that's not derivative. It may seem like it was inspired by something that you've seen before, but it's always nice when you can't put your finger on it and somebody's taken it to another level, you know? And there's this honest inspiration. Not a rip, or a following of trends.

KG: You mentioned that you started painting because your creative side wasn't being satisfied at your own job, and I'm just wondering — why not just paint on your nights and weekends to fill that void, and

continue working and maintaining that relative safety of a job? I feel as though most people would maybe pick up a guitar or something like that, and play on the weekends, but very few would make that full jump from art director to artist, or accountant to rockstar. That seems like quite an extreme jump.

MP: Yeah, it is.

KG: Did you feel that you needed to dedicate all of your time to painting to fill that void that was left, creatively speaking?

MP: Two things — initially, I never said to myself “oh I’m going to quit my job and be a painter.” I just started painting again. And it happened on night, and on weekends. I was coming home, and if I wasn’t going to go out and see my friends, I would stay in and paint because that was what I wanted to do. That’s how it started, like “oh man I really want to do this thing” — it was never this conscious choice, “I want to change careers”. It was a natural thing. I didn’t really have a choice in the matter. It was just what I wanted to do, it was what was coming out of me. As I started to paint more and more, and it started to take up more and more of my time, I realized, unless I throw down fully, I’m never going to be satisfied with where I think I can take it. And so, I talked to my wife about it and we made a plan, and there were these goals that I had to hit. One of them was having a show within two years of resigning, and Jamie Angell gave me that pop-up show literally four days before my two years was up. So it was this crazy, amazing, champagne worthy timing. Sorry, I’m digressing here.

KG: That’s okay.

MP: The only way to get to that next level was to fully paint all day. Or else you just can’t do it enough — an ad job is just too demanding. I was in a position, financially, where we were able to do this. So it was all of those factors.

KG: I didn’t realize your pop-up show was so close to your two-year mark.

MP: It was crazy! It was like four days, literally. Three days or four days before the deadline of two years. And I mean the deadline was a soft deadline, like after that we’d have to have another conversation like “okay, are you close? Do we have to reevaluate? Do you need to work part time? What exactly is going to happen?” But getting that foot in the door — and that came from the group show, and that came from talking to Kim and André — you know what I mean? Again, you’ve got to put yourself in a place where you’re ready for those things to happen.

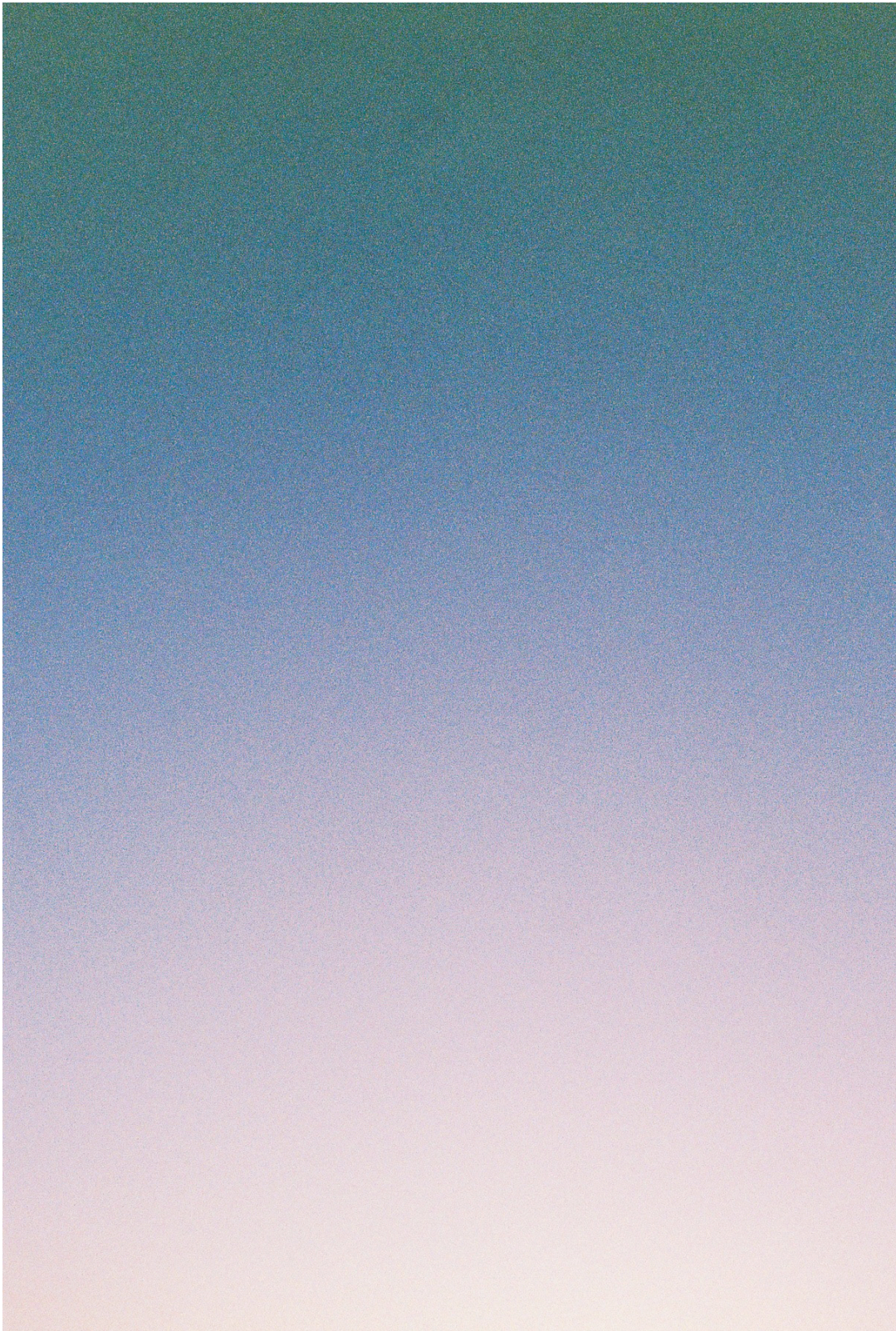
KG: Thanks for spending your time with me today Mark. It’s been a pleasure, let’s talk again soon.

MP: You got it man, no problem. My pleasure. ■



BURGER HERE FOR YOU, Mark Puchala

MARK PUCHALA's paintings have previously been displayed at ANGELL GALLERY (12 Ossington Ave.), and NOMAD (819 Queen St. W.). More information can be found on his blog: <http://markpuchala.tumblr.com>, and his Instagram: @puchalamark.



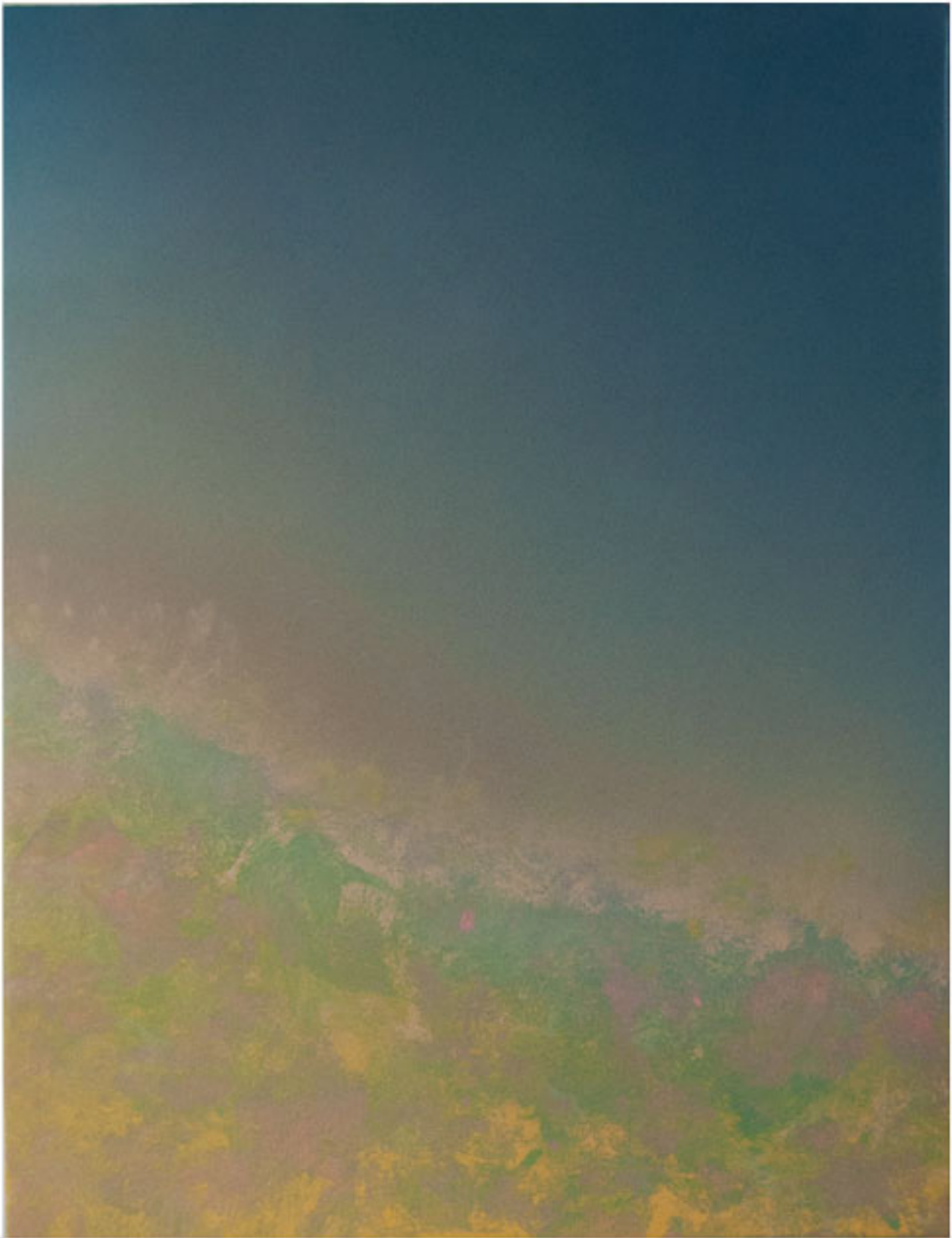
Los Padres, Ethan Sherman, 35mm photograph, 2014

Previous Page:

LA, Ethan Sherman, 35mm photograph, 2014



Los Padres 2, Ethan Sherman, 35mm photograph, 2014





Above:

Silica Skin, Erika Sullivan, Chromogenic print, 10" x 10", 2012

Facing Page:

Islands in the Stream, Ethan Sherman, Enamel, canvas on panel, 24.5" x 32", 2014

Interviewing: Dr. Brent Plate

[Interview by Emma Bass]

DR. S BRENT PLATE, associate professor at Hamilton College, is interested in exploring the question, “What makes humans religious?” His research has led him back to the basic sensual experiences of touching, smelling, hearing, seeing, and tasting. These experiences of hearing music, of smelling incense, of looking at imagery all provide meaning, order, and values to human and religious experiences. His research explores how the human experience affects religiosity, and how religious traditions affect and shape our sensory memories. This research leads him to many fields of study including, art history, cultural anthropology, religious studies and cognitive studies.

We spoke to him about his most recent book, *A History of Religion in 5 ½ Objects*, which argues that the material culture of religion must be studied in order to truly understand what it means to be religious. Dr. Plate focuses on five objects, stones, incense, drums, crosses and bread in order to show that through the history of religion objects have played an essential role in creating the religious experience.

EMMA BASS: How did you reach the conclusion that religious tradition is built from more than just faith and belief, but created through sensual experience?

BRENT PLATE: There were two main sources for this: my observations of groups of people around the world performing their religiosity, and observing my children growing up. I’ve had the great privilege of being able to travel and participate in religious services and speak with people from a wide variety of cultures and religious traditions. While the languages have been different, and many of the arrangements and rearrangements of time and space have been different, other elements of religious life remain similar: gatherings of people, in specific times and places, talking and eating, singing and touching. And then there are my children: playing and eating and singing and touching and creating their own worlds out of found objects and imaginations. The imagination needs sensual objects to promote its work.

Once I started observing these experiences, from the ground up as it were, I gained a whole other approach to understanding religious tradition. Which was far from the intellectualist history I learned in school.

EB: How do sensual experiences affect religious belief?

BP: We humans are not that far from dogs in Pavlov’s experiments. Sensual perceptions train our body and our mind to react in particular ways. We smell incense and know that its time to be still, reverent; we see crossed lines or circles displayed in a particular way and know that that thing is to be given special place. All religious traditions (even the Quakers, who say they are doing something different) utilize sights and sounds and smells (and sometimes the absence of them) in ways that lead adherents to believe and behave in specific ways. We know when its time to pray, sing, meditate, talk, read, and eat, based on sensual cues.

EB: Why did you pick these specific 5 ½ objects? (the soul, stones, incense, drums, crosses and bread)

BP: The simple answer is that, as I was researching, these objects told the best stories. I could have, of course, picked many other objects: circles, wine, feathers, beads, water, stars, stringed instruments, etc. But I liked the ways these 5 and ½ objects told their stories, stories that lead us across traditions, while also showing their unique place within traditions. It is significant that the cross is found across the world, but has also become an object that sets people apart from each other, fixes identities, establishes borders, and lets people know who is in and who is out.

EB: How do these objects, or really any objects effect our sensual experience?

BP: In short: we cannot access the world, including the objects of the world, without the senses. So, the objects alter our experience. A smooth stone gives a different feel than a rough one; dry, crispy bread evokes something other than warm sweet bread; a bass drum is used for certain parts of music, while a snare drum is used at other times. The objects are the things that evoke our sense perception, and we respond based on the qualities of the object.

EB: Can any object be considered religious?

BP: Yes, in theory. Except that it entails much more than “consideration.” Objects are “religious” because they are put into practice, used, touched, smelled. I can’t just walk up to you, hold out a pencil and say, “this is a holy pencil.” There needs to be some communal connection, some way the objects are embedded with rituals and myths, and come to be relied on by groups of people. In practice, very few objects do take their place in religious tradition because it does take a lot to make a tradition!

EB: Do you think that one sense is more powerful than others? Or is it a combination of all the senses that creates a powerful experience?

BP: This is an interesting question, because it gets to a relatively new approach in the social sciences to analyze cultures. The anthropologist David Howes at Concordia University in Montreal is helping lead a field of “sensory studies by which cultures are examined by the ways certain senses play a role in a society. I think it is clear that the modern West has established vision as the primary sense, and modern science is very much based on *observation*, by which is meant *visual* observation. We have “eyewitnesses” and have to “see it with our own eyes.”

Other cultures at other times have emphasized other senses. Some years ago, the anthropologist Robert Desjarlais wrote an ethnographic “biography” of two Nepalese Yolmo people, one man and one woman, called *Sensory Biographies*. Among other things, he found that the man discussed his life in primarily visual terms and the woman in terms of hearing. So, the hierarchy of the senses have cultural, but also perhaps gendered arrangements.

EB: Do specific objects change how a religion is practiced? Or do objects merely add a physical means in which to practice?

BP: Indeed! The objects are a key force in creating religious practice. It’s all part of a larger structure with liturgies and seasons and stories, but the objects are co-creative of religious life and practice.

EB: If you were to continue this research, which objects would you study next?

BP: Two objects that I started looking at but had to leave aside are beads and screens. Beads are these often overlooked, partly because they tend to be so small, objects that are seen across the world, embroidered in clothing, used as currency, and strung into prayer strings. And screens, the electronic version of which is today so ubiquitous, have had a long hold on the human imagination. If we think of mirrors, the reflection of water (the myth of Narcissus among others), and windows as types of screens, we find a vast use for practical matters, but also as a primary mythical metaphor for religious traditions. Buddhist texts refer to the mind in terms of a screen that needs to be cleaned, while St Paul in the Christian scriptures discusses the way we fallen creatures see “through a glass dimly.”

I’m also interested in expanding some of the ideas not just to other objects per se, but to transportation structures. I’m interested in how shipbuilding and canalmaking and overland vehicles have altered the spread and understanding of religious traditions.

EB: What was the most surprising or profound experience you had while conducting your research?

BP: So much comes back to my children, and they were such an unwitting inspiration for this book. In the introduction to the book (the “1/2” chapter) I tell the story about my five-year-old daughter going to the beach, and when it was time to leave she wanted to take a stone with her. She felt this was her way of remaining connected to that beach, to that feeling of play and warmth and freedom. She didn’t know anything about the history of stone use in religious traditions, she just had a feeling that a stone could be a conduit to the experience.

EB: Are these objects religious? Or is the sensual experience one has with the objects religious?

BP: I think maybe the terminology here would be that these objects are *sacred*, and that humans sensually engage them, and through that interaction religious experience is born. The objects themselves are of course important, but it’s not simply that. It’s not simply some brute notion of someone seeing a rock and saying, “Look its god in that rock, let’s all bow down and worship!” Religious life is complex, full of languages, bodies, geographic locations,

stories, performances, art, and objects are a part of all this. What I tried to do in the book was tell the larger stories of these objects as they have become embedded in traditions. With the drum, for example, there is always the question of whether it is the object (generally wood, with skin stretched over an opening) or the sound that makes it sacred. And then there is the question of use, and how central the player is to the object and the sound. None of

this can be disentangled, and so we have to be careful not to simply say it is the object at the source, nor can it be the people at the source. Rather, religious experience, and thus ultimately religious tradition itself, begins in some sensual engagements with objects in particular settings. ■



Mini Market, Hannah Fazio, Photograph, 2014

...IN THE FOLLOWING PAGES...

RACHEL THORNTON & KARISSA
POEMS THERE
&
CLÉS THERE
LABROCQUE & OUTE

painting of a garden at night

thighs smeared with mud
from legs carelessly
crossed

weeding the bad out
turning the soil over;
we are later-minded

undoing
the pinnings of our desire
for assholes

garden-poets dreaming of Merwin
perched on the edging
borderland of what we've grown

biking back to town
I learn you're learning to love him
and wonder at how that feels

months later
I harvest alone
tug out the beets
lick the dirt off the chard

Karissa LaRocque



Circle of Moths, Rachel Thornton

CBC Poets

Livesay on the radio
Webb interviewing Nichol
Smith writing poems paid
line by line

You're a poet
with your hands clasped

I've only ever wanted
to brush the dust
from your navy slacks—
fold them over
in the early morning light

I know we are not graceless:
I remember

our country is too young for castles
we're folding back the pages
of a poem already written, and
taught across provincial curricula

Karissa LaRocque



Circle, Rachel Thornton

“easily dismissed as a mirror image”

how strange to be yourself
you were the eye of a little god
Plath’s four-cornered nothing
a drowning pool

I know you look solemnly
but you’re a rarity—
a testament to goodness
and the realisations of age

is water more faithful?
we ignore that myth of narcissism
yet we see ourselves in it so desperately
 we know our wickedness to be true
 we know our hearts reflect only ourselves

easily dismissed
as what I have already said

we both forget as we turn,
(validation of the other)
Hardy with his hand to the heart
folding knells of skin
to keep away the perishing
the last tick
of good news

Karissa LaRocque



Mer, Rachel Thornton



Moonassi



Above:

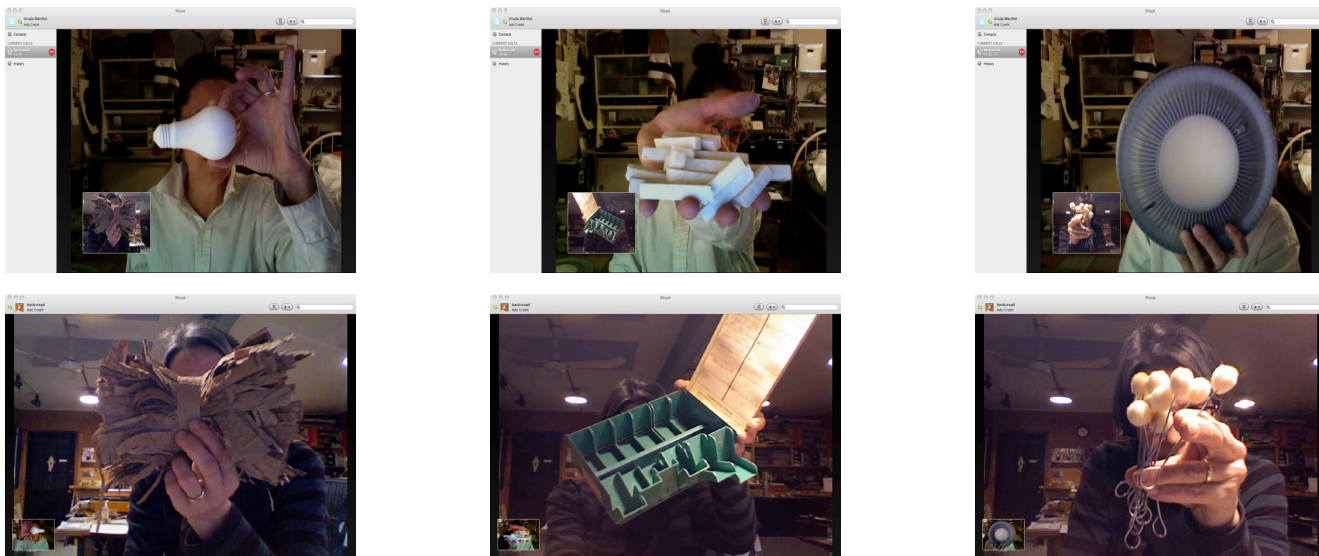
Obscure 꽃꽂이, Pen and marker on paper, 42 x 29.7 cm, 2014

Facing Page:

Pain-proof 위장고독, Pen and marker on paper, 42 x 29.7 cm, 2014

Object Lessons

••• Biolunar^L



For *Object Lessons*, Biolunar^L (Robin Hill and Ulla Warchol) enacted a cross-country Skype conversation in which each artist simultaneously held up an object for the other to view. With no discussion allowed beyond physical descriptions of weight, size, texture, smell, taste, color etc. the artists sought to simply see what was being shown. Twelve sets of two objects were meeting for the first time, in real time, in a virtual space, introduced by their artist finder. Once the introductions were complete, and screen shots of the objects' pairings captured, the artists began a solitary process of transformation of their individual objects. The only guideline was that each artist integrate an aspect, quality, or attribute of the other's object into her own.

Upon Warchol's arrival in California the artists structured an unpacking session in Hill's Woodland studio, in which the transformed objects faced each other for the first time. What emerged was a tender and surprising experience of reciprocity. From Biolunar^L's point of view, the success of their project has as much to do with the template it provides for jumpstarting one's creative process, for questioning authorship and shared provenance, for seeing things in a new way for expanding the landscape of one's work habits (as in when to think and stop making, and when to make and stop thinking), for versatility and adaptability, for allowing chance encounters to prompt future actions, for alleviating the pressure of hermetic models of production, for engaging in improvisation and collaboration, and for connecting parts of the whole, as it does with the actual work they produced.

ON THE FOLLOWING PAGES:

Left to Chance: *The Accidental Book Art*
Curated by Hanna Regev
San Francisco Center for the Book
February 2012

READ MORE HERE:

"Art and Shadows: What We Talk About When We Talk About Art"
By Meredith Tromble
In *Stretcher*: Visual Culture in The San Francisco Bay Area and Beyond
http://www.stretcher.org/features/art_shadows/
February 2012

Biolunar^L is a collaborative art entity, consisting of two people: Ulla Warchol and Robin Hill.

Ulla Warchol is an architect and book artist. She lives and works in rural Pennsylvania.

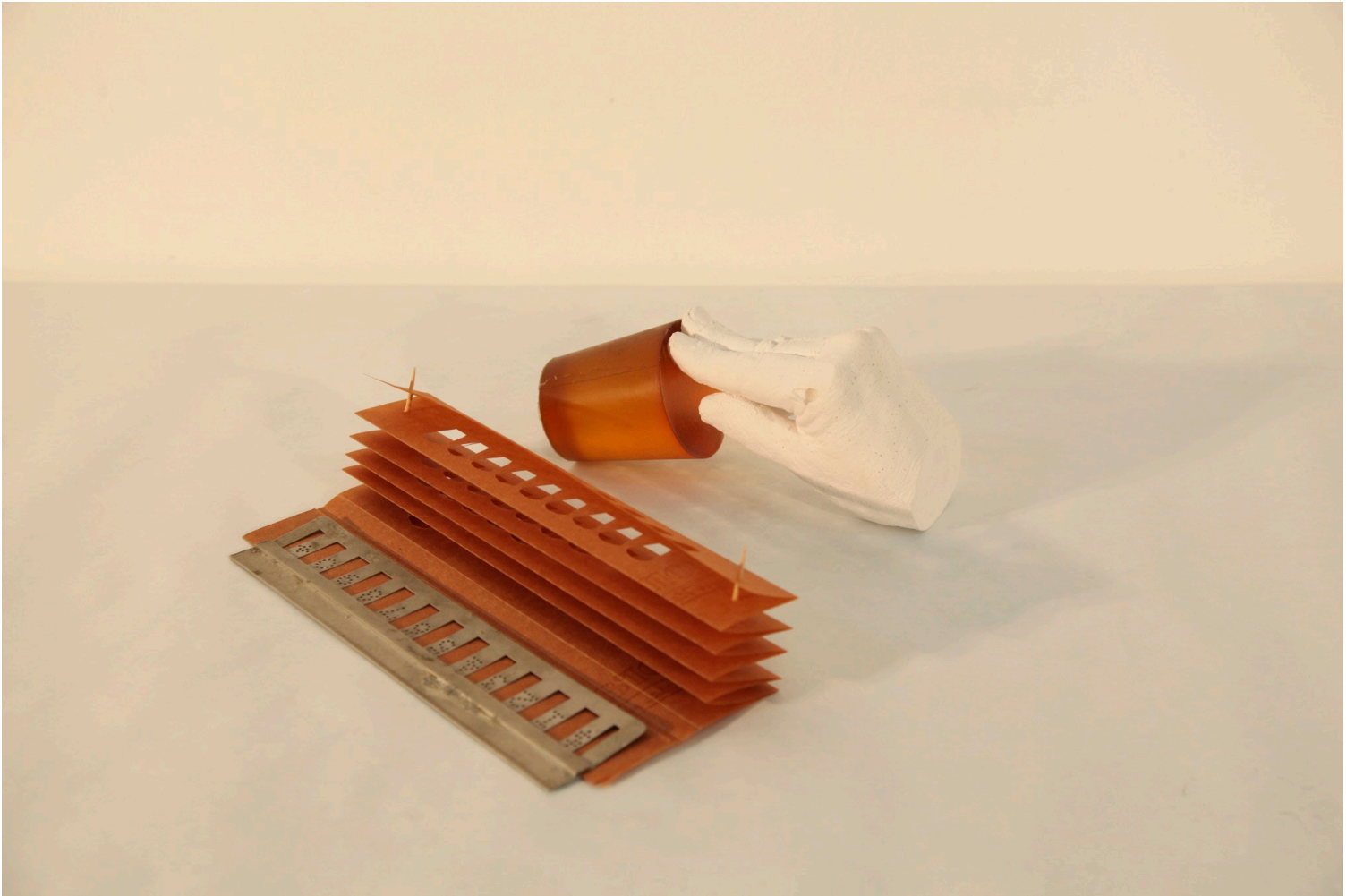
Robin Hill is an artist and professor at the University of California, Davis where she teaches sculpture. She works lives and works in California and Nova Scotia. www.robin-hill.net



#1

*Soapstone Marking Sticks (RH)
Rectangular, varying lengths, soft.*

*Kodak Slide Compartment File (UW)
Beige metal, green plastic, moveable hinges, rotate
on a pin.*



#2

Cast Rubber Cup (RH)

By-product of rubber casting using left over mixture. Amber color, bouncy. Translucent, luminescent.

Braille Number Punch (UW)

Press paper with tin to make braille numbers.



#3

*Copper Test Tube Rack (RH)
Three layers, matrix of holes, copper.*

*Lambertville Flea Market Detritus (UW)
Detritus found by Leo and Lucinda under a
table at the Lambertville Flea Market.
Peach Pit, pieces of china, buttons, rusty wire,
feathers, rusty nails, rusty screws, dried out rubber
bands, bent hair pins, iron slag, aluminum
slugs, rubber chair cap.*



#4 (Above)

Charred Wood (RH)

*Wood stick that has been turned into charcoal.
Smudgy.*

Linen Tapes (UW)

*Belgian linen book tapes left over from edition
binding. White selvedge edge.*

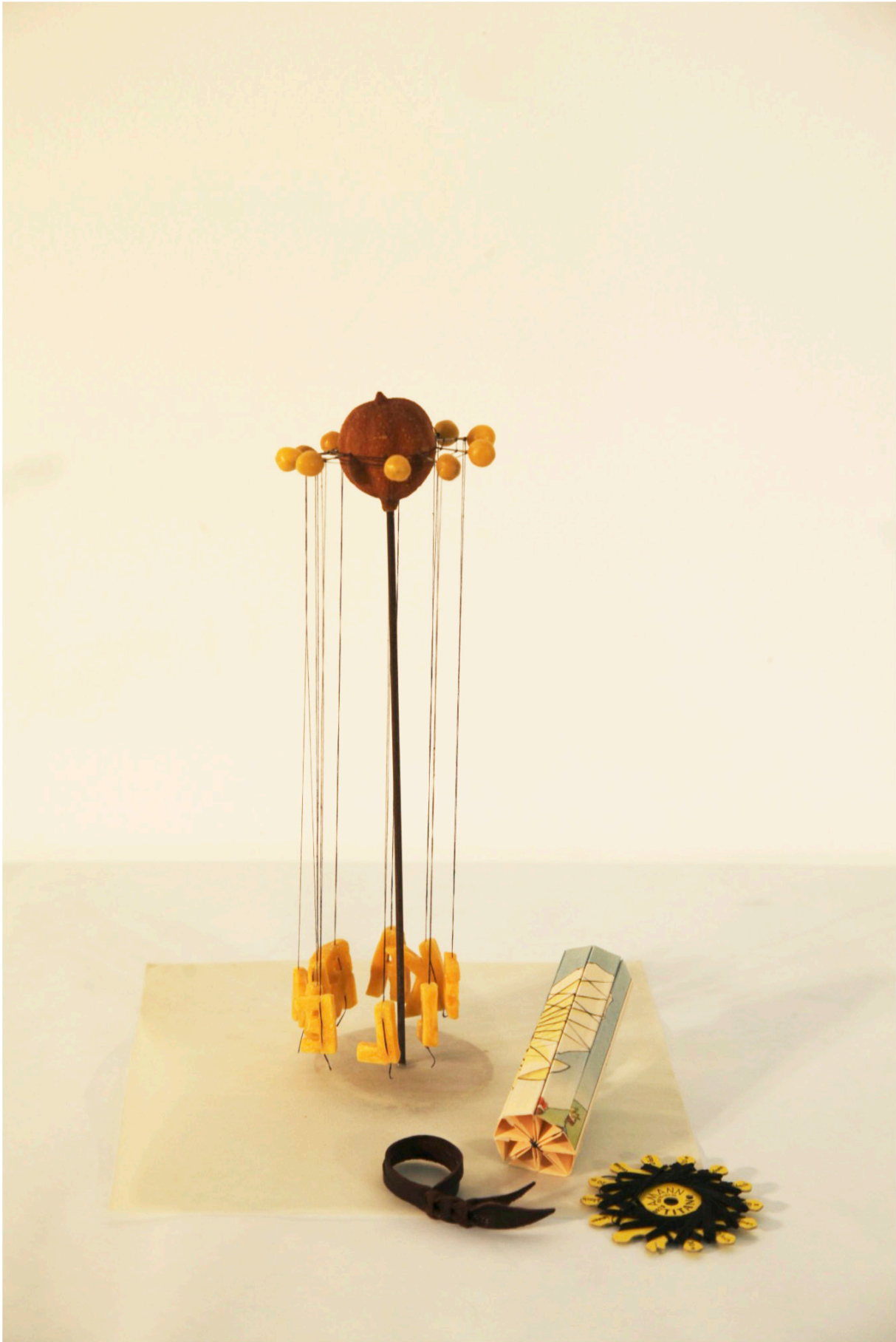
#5 (Right)

Dried Meyer Lemon (RH)

*Smells like a lemon. Hard, brown, ochre with
brownish tinge. Sections apparent.*

Milk Karamel Ad with Titan Black Thread (UW)

Black thread 100 % linen, German, 20 meters.





#6

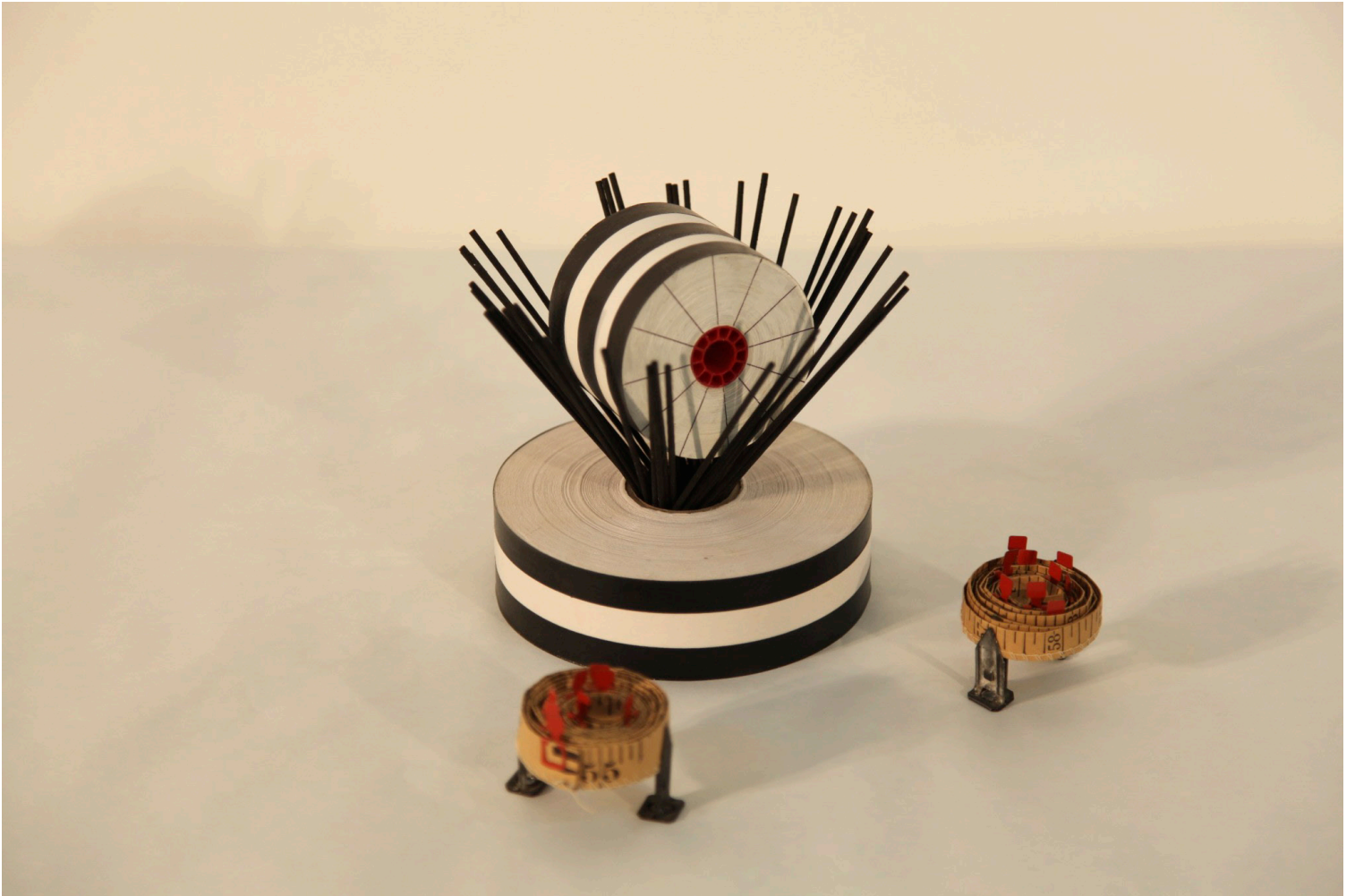
Plaster Light Bulb (RH)

Plaster, cast light bulb, heavy opaque, white.

Kraft Paper Cut-Offs (UW)

*Crumpled four times, light wieght and airy, brown,
bundled, soft.*

2 strands. Ad printed on tracing paper



#7

Adding Machine Tape (RH)

*Roll of white paper tape with red plastic center
with small tab cutouts.*

Montgomery Ward Measuring Tapes (UW)

Folded, surged edges, promotional / disposable.



#8

Cast Plaster Bucket Bottom (RH)

Disc-like, leftover plaster poured into a bucket.

Knotted Sisal Bag (UW)

Made in the Amazon.



#9

Screen Basket (RH)

Woven wire, rigid, triangular fenestrations.

Dried Dyed Paper Towel Cut Outs (UW)

*Varying widths and lengths, leftover dyes, then
left over again after additional processes.*



#10

Sea Brick (RH)

*Coarse, rocks and minerals embedded in clay,
very smooth, size and shape of a very large
hamburger.*

Needle Book (UW)

*Needlebook with leather cover, japanese silk
interior for embroiderists; needle organization,
white wool flannel, pinked edges, closure, made in
England.*



#11

String Board (RH)

Dirty, wood is worn, different tones of white and off-white. Crudely made.

Erasers (UW)

Dirty, old, rock hard, no longer useful, worn, shades of reds, browns, earth tones. Eberhart Faber made in USA.



#12

Wax Filled Slide Carousel (RH)

*All spaces of carousel filled with wax. Reservoir
of solid wax in the middle.*

Cotton Swabbers (UW)

Larger than average Q-tip, magnified scale.

Jeremy Koreski



JEREMY KORESKE is a photographer based on the West Coast of Canada. Born and raised in Tofino, British Columbia, Koreski has been shooting outdoor photography since his early teens. Since then, he has become a highly regarded photographer, published in most of the world's top surf magazines and has worked with companies such as Patagonia, ESPN, and National Geographic Adventure. He is currently the editor of SBC Surf. He hopes to inspire and spread his love of adventure and exploration through his work.

The images featured here are entitled respectively: "Surfboarding," "Surfer Candy," "Spawning of the Dead Wood," "Eagle Crow," "Eyes Wide Shut," "Rolling In," and "Peak Old Growth." These images make up only a fraction of Koreski's work. For more, visit <http://www.jeremykoreski.com>.















Interviewing: Oseko

[Interview by Kristian Gilbert]

In late October I sat down with an old friend and aspiring, up-and-coming rapper named OSEKO. He came over to my apartment in Old Town, Toronto where we discussed music, played FIFA, and eventually made our way to the SMILING BUDDHA in Little Italy.

•••

OSEKO: I had a conversation today, and he was talking about — he's heard the whole album, he's heard all the songs on it — and he said 'I don't think you make music that's melodic enough, it doesn't have a hook. It's missing that. You make good music, but there's not enough hooks in it.'

KRISTIAN GILBERT: Right.

O: He went to an artist conference, and after they were done, they would have the opportunity to play their music to A&R's.

KG: What's an A&R?

O: They're like the talent scouts for a label.

KG: They discover people.

O: Yeah. And literally, the A&R's would only listen to the first thirty seconds of a song. And if you didn't catch him in the first thirty-seconds...

KG: Wow.

O: Yeah. And all the songs that got picked, had hooks to them. And what my guy was saying, you know, was 'I want you to humour me, and make a song with a hook'.

KG: Is that something you're willing to play around with?

O: The thing is, like, what if it does work out? Their [a label] gonna want everything, their gonna want 80% and we're gonna get 20%. And his point was, you know, would you rather have 10% of \$100,000, or 100% of \$10? I've been struggling with that question.

KG: It's a tough question; especially if you're expected to make every song have a hook.

O: But I'll take the \$10 every fucking time. Creative control is everything. I don't really want to go to any labels.

KG: And what about hooks?

O: I'll humour him and make one.

KG: What about that song I saw you play last month, that I liked?

O: You and Me.

KG: Yes!

O: That's what I'm talking about! That's a song that people are like — 'yo!'

KG: That song got a big reaction, and it's probably you're one club track.

O: That song's in the "other" folder.

KG: What's that?

O: I have songs that are done, I have songs that are in it [the new album], and I have songs that are in the "other" folder.

KG: They don't have a home yet.

O: Yeah.

•••

KG: Alright Oseko give us a little intro — where you're from, what you do, who you are, what you like to do on the weekends.

O: I'm from Courtice, my name's Oseko, squitch, aka knowledge, aka...[laughs]

KG: [laughs]

O: I'm the best rapper that works at a Swiss Chalet right now.

KG: In Courtice? I'm going there for all my chicken from now on.

O: In the Shwa. [Oshawa, ON.]

KG: What projects are you working on right now?

O: Working on a mixtape.

KG: What's it called?

O: Head Above Water.

KG: What are you most excited about these days?

O: Just putting out music man, it's fun. Every time I get a chance to put out music nowadays, it's a little different, because it seems like it's getting out to more people, and more people know what I'm talking about, so it's fun.

KG: What's the best and worst part about being in your position?

O: The craziest thing right now, is that I've made it to that point where I've got some experience, played some shows, got some fans, but the worst thing about that is that I'm too far to quit, you know. I can't just be like "nah, man" you know, I can't go back. Sometimes it's hard to go forward though.

KG: That's interesting. Is that a comforting feeling? Or does that present some anxieties?

O: Both. It's cool to know that I've been to places, and different people just know me from my music, as an artist first. It's crazy because I gotta make sure that like, hundreds and thousands of people know me like that now.

KG: Just working off of that point, it seems like you put yourself in your music; your lyrics are extremely personal, and honest. Do you ever find it hard to put yourself into the music so much, when you know that not only are your friends and family going to hear it, but now all these people are going to hear it who know nothing else about you?

O: Yeah. It gets awkward. I want to make songs that are more free.

KG: What do you think separates you from other musicians in a similar position as you?

O: I really struggle with that question. The guys on my team ask me that question. I think that I have an ability to talk about a lot of different things — I got homies who are in jail right now, and I got homies that are gonna be lawyers in the next two years, you know what I'm saying? I've got a little mix of everything.

KG: It's cool that your music can be relatable and mean something for the kid in grad school, or the kid on the block.

O: It can be for everybody.

KG: Is that an intentional decision that you make for your music? Or does it happen naturally?

O: It kind of just happens. Music comes from everything. When I write, it could be anything that pulls me into a certain direction. It's too crazy to think about what the consumer wants to hear, or what you think people will like the most, so I just try and write from my own experiences and things around me.

KG: Right. Speaking about your personal life in your music, you use your actual name as your stage name — did you ever have a rap name? Or was it always Oseko?

O: I had a lot of names. I used to love DJ Clue?, and shit like that, that whole mixtape scene. I went through so many names: lil' O, J-Breeze, Knowledge with two e's. Even Oseko's not my real name, it's just the one people could pronounce and shit so it's got it's own kind of meaning. My real name means 'laughter' and my middle name is 'writer'. The name that Canada gave me is something different, it's not Swahili anymore. So I guess Oseko kind of is my made-up rap name.

KG: Does your heritage play into your music? You spent some time in Kenya right?

O: Yeah I did. I spent two months over there. I remember when I went away to Kenya is when I just moved to Courtice, I played football that season, I just made the basketball, and three months later I'm on this journey mission to Africa! So all my friends are playing basketball having the time of their life, and I'm wondering like "what the fuck"? I wanna be with these guys.

KG: Right.

O: But once I was over there, I just worked out what I wanted to do. Kenya is a beautiful place. A lot of people think that people are out there drinking mud out of cups and shit, but it's not really like that. I love that place. Shout out to all the white girls who come up to like 'I went to Kenya, I was in love with the kids there, they changed my life'. Shout outs to all of you, I fuck with you.

KG: Speaking of travel, you recently played your first show outside of Ontario [Sackville, NB]—

O: Greatest place in the world.

KG: How was that experience? And is a farther reaching tour something that we can look forward to?

O: I'm trying to go everywhere. That shit was amazing. I've never seen anything like that. Hopefully this summer, me and my friend's summer jobs can be to go on tour, sell merch, do what we gotta do. That's my goal. That's my dream right now. That I can employ all my friends, and bring them on tour, and we can finally be working not shoveling dirt, when it's 50 degree outside. Fuck that landscaping shit.

KG: So you're in a transitional period right now. Right on the cusp of being self-employed and employing other guys.

O: I want to make sure that I can get everybody paid, so once they come on there it's like a job that they love.

That's my biggest thing. I envision myself to be in a position where everyone can benefit.

KG: Was that always the goal?

O: That was always the goal. I did a lot of shows last year, and my friends really helped me with that, 'we'll drive you down there, we'll organize a show for you'. Little stuff like that let me know that in the greater scope of things, that I need these guys, I need these guys more than they need me.

KG: Why do you think that their so excited to help you out? Is just out of love or?

O: Because I did a lot of shit for these niggas! No but seriously, liter ally the way how it was in high school, is that the same 8 or 9 guys would all play football together, play basketball together. We'd literally go from morning football practice at 7:00AM or 8:00AM, to first period, to lunch. And after school we'd have basketball practice, and then we'd have like a two or one hour where we'd rest and sleep up, and then we'd have speed training that night at the high school. So we'd be together all day for like four years. So now this is just what we do now. This infectious feeling of us being a team was installed in us way before I started rapping.

KG: How'd you get into music? Were your parents musicians?

O: It wasn't even really something that I wanted to do, but when I started it just made sense. When I started I didn't know what the fuck I was doing, but it felt a certain way, and I don't know — it was like an out of body experience.

KG: Almost like you had no choice.

O: Yeah. Literally, I would hear a song and I would almost see colours. It's fucked. It's weird. I don't know how to describe it. I was always musically inclined, if I may say, so it just happened.

KG: Yeah.

O: I never used to take it seriously, I would just joke around freestyle at lunch or parties. When I went away to school my friend Richard just said that I should try rapping seriously, and then I met up with this guy who was doing it seriously, Jermaine. He brought me into his studio, never wanted me to pay a dime. And he just put me through it. We'd record for five hours and I was terrible at it, but we'd just develop it.

KG: That's amazing. There's always one of those guys, you know. To show you the ropes.

O: Yeah.

KG: Is music something that's therapeutic for you? Are you an emotional, or sensitive person?

O: I think that what gets to me is just seeing people that live a completely different life than me, like this guy who was a hockey player, gunshow, one of those guys. When I came out with *The Food Drive* he messaged me and said that he felt like he wrote that album. And that is better to me than any compliment. So just that right there, is like a therapy. If I can help put someone else's story in my raps, that's what gets me.

KG: The resonance.

O: Yeah. That was the craziest shit anybody ever said to me.

KG: Where'd you go to college? What'd you take?

O: I went to Fleming and Fanshawe. I thought I was going to do a university transfer and try and play football again. But once away I just lost my way. I didn't have my team anymore, because they all went away to different places. I kind of felt like I was living for nothing. I wasn't playing football, none of that shit. So that summer, I don't know, something just hit me, and I thought 'I just need to get to London, that's where all the artists are, they're all at music school right now'. I went to London and I stayed there for a year, and I've never met so many music people in my life. And they all help me today. And I didn't end up finishing there, but the experiences and the shit I got out of that was a lot more than what the degree could've given me.

KG: What's the most important lesson you learned out there? Or that you've learned so far?

O: I used to do these blogs and stuff—

KG: Oseko TV?

O: Yeah! [laughs] They really started blowing up and everything was going the way that it was supposed to happen. And then one time I was in the grocery store with my mother, and somebody started shouting out the shit that I used to say on the TV show. And I thought 'I can't do this shit anymore'. Teachers at my school used to ask me about it. And it just wasn't a good energy because it felt like everybody was laughing at me, they were looking at me like I was a fucking clown. I've been trying to escape that shit. That's my most important lesson, because people would already have their mind's made up about how they feel about me as a person. That's fucked me over a lot of times,

as if because I'm a funny guy I'm not intelligent, or I'm not responsible or reliable. Fuck all that. I wanted to escape from that joker shit so bad.

KG: I think as an artist to, when you put yourself out there, and then people have a reaction to it like that, that can be pretty hurtful.

O: Yeah. And it's cool that people felt it in a certain way, but you know every artist that puts something out there, they're trying to get a certain reaction. And I thought my reaction would be like, this is like Dave Chappelle funny, where it's a parody of something, and it's over the top, but there's a deeper point to it and they get it. But you know, I'd go over to people's houses and even people's Moms would be like, oh are you going to call me this-and-this now? People's Moms bro! So I had to stop this shit. I took two years off from doing anything. I didn't put out any music, or vid- eos. And when I came back to Courtice the first thing I did was Clay Aiken, and then once I came out with that, it went from Oseko being the comedian — because I just could've been a YouTube nigga, my brother told me, he's like 'you fucked up!' and I'm like yes I fucked up, but it was the best fuck up of my life — but once I came back as a musician it started feeling more true to me. But I still want to incorporate some humour and stuff sometimes.

KG: Is that hard? Because you were blowing up and were getting a big reaction, was it hard to say fuck it, I'm not going to do this anymore?

O: No, because it wasn't the right direction for me. I was seeing a girl at the time, right, and I was so afraid that the shit that I might say on that webcam would somehow hurt her. It would kill me if someone was like, 'oh you're dating Oseko?' and laugh or something. That stuff really hurt me bro. That's the kind of shit that really cut into me. You gotta realize I'm not that guy, I was just that guy for 15 minutes on the webcam.

KG: It was just a persona.

O: Yeah. And I didn't want her to be brought into anything, or mentioned, or anything like that. Nowadays it's different. I finally feel like I'm in the right art-form. Like if my Mom hears this stuff, you know, I want her to be proud, not embarrassed.

KG: You have some skits in your new album, does that come from the YouTube background?

O: Yeah it does, but these niggas aren't funny. I'm talking a lot of shit right now.

KG: [laughs]

O: [laughs] No I'm just kidding. But it was like how do I introduce these guys to the world if they don't rap? And some take pictures, and some tell stories. So for the skits it was just the guys who tell the stories.

KG: I do enjoy the storytelling thing, that was cool.

O: Yeah. And if they were to rap, they wouldn't be able to get all of that out as effectively as if they just told the stories. And they just did it on their iPhones. I'm happy it turned out the way it turned out.

KG: I think that goes back to that element in your music that's so relatable, and resonant. Because I think every group of friends has those kinds of stories.

O: Yeah and like, they're the people that — they don't write the raps, but they're kind of like behind them in a way, they inspire me to make a lot of the stuff that I write and that I make.

KG: They enable you, or create a situation in which you can write.

O: Yeah exactly. ■



THE FOOD DRIVE can be found online on OSEKO'S soundcloud (<http://soundcloud.com/oseko>) and you can follow OSEKO on twitter (@iamnotoseko) and visit his blog (<http://iamnotoseko.tumblr.com>) for more updates.

Mirrored in a Globe of Rain

The Sunshower, mirrored in a globe of rain,
hangs for one moment, never to be seen again.

Hô-ô

On a Sunday
like any other Sunday
I watch you,
mesmerized.
You, looking at the ground,
utterly unaware
of the halo of sunlight
above your head

I catch myself not listening
to a damn word you're saying.

I'm much too busy
searing this image
into my brain
So that in the seconds before I die,
when the home video of my life
flashes in fast-forward
across my face
I will see you
just as you are now
frozen
in this moment

You, standing there
in the warm light
in a cloud of October leaves
looking at me

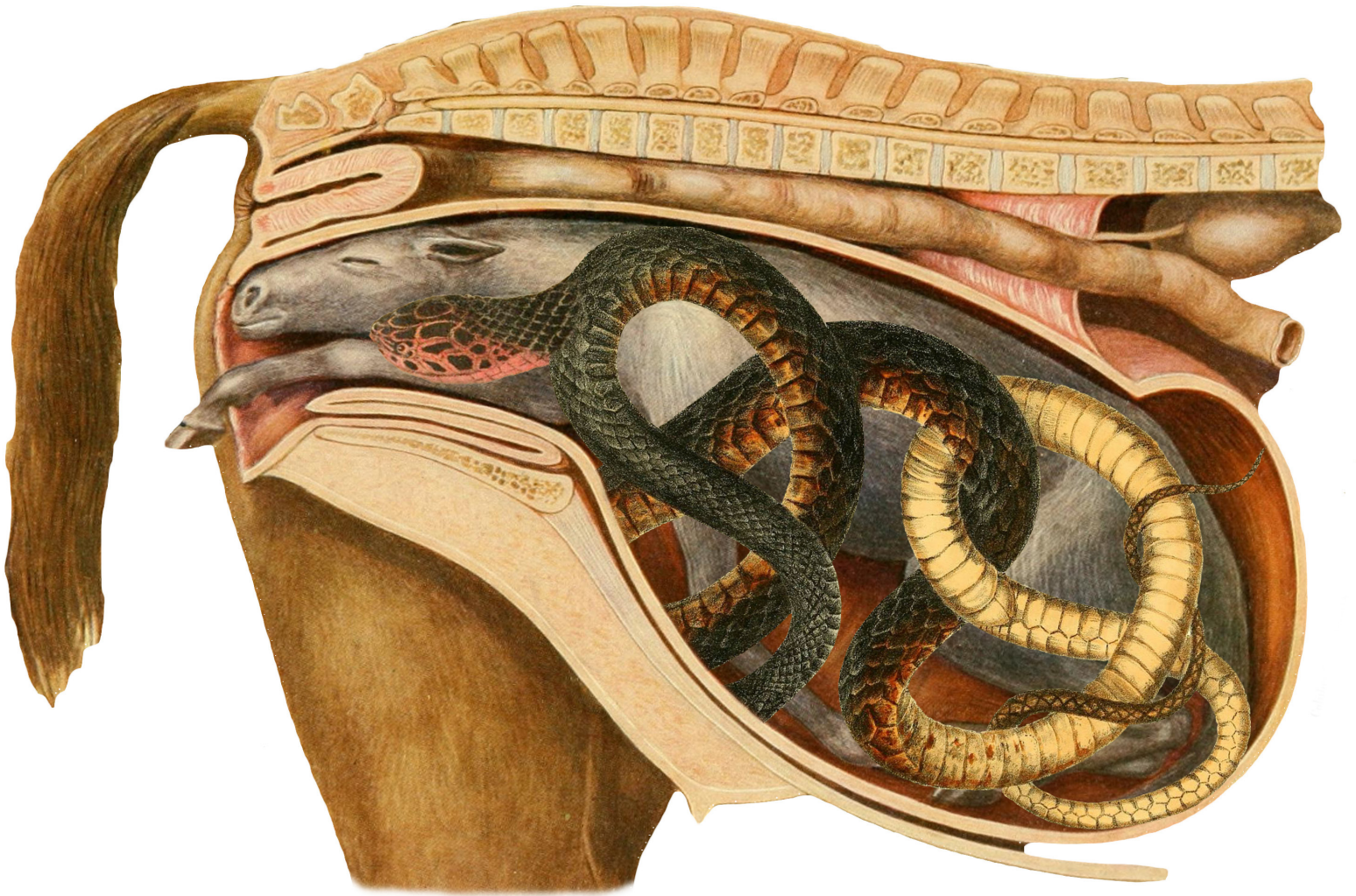
then looking away
talking about quantum physics
or some shit
utterly unaware
that just my loving you
gives my life meaning.

How many times
in a lifetime of days
are we so blessed
with a sun shower
mirrored in a globe of rain
where time stands still
and we
suspended, in one silent breath—
become the space between?

How many times
in a lifetime of days
are we utterly unaware
and then
so blessed

to remember
to remember it.

Sarah Beth Goncarova



Above:
Reconstructed Nature II, Ben Dickey

Following Page:
Reconstructed Nature, Ben Dickey





The Balance of Belongings, Dan Ford, oil, wax on panel, 10x10, 2014

Distance

Send me a sweater for Christmas –
one with knotted patterns
roomy sleeves. One
that you've worn many times
so it smells like a hug from you.

Christine Duncan

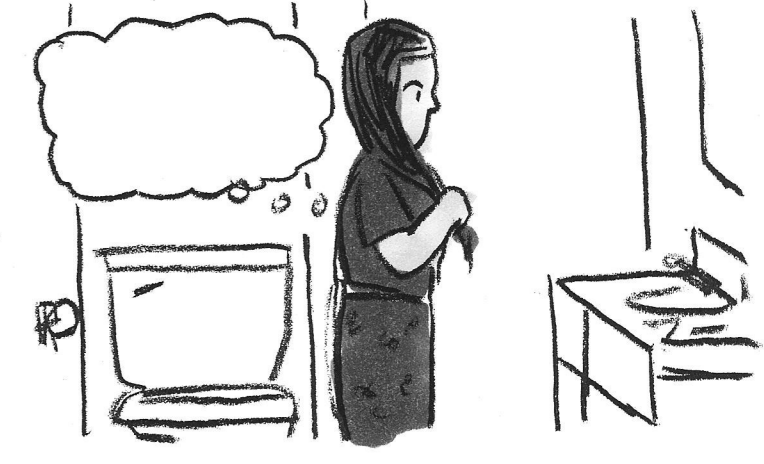
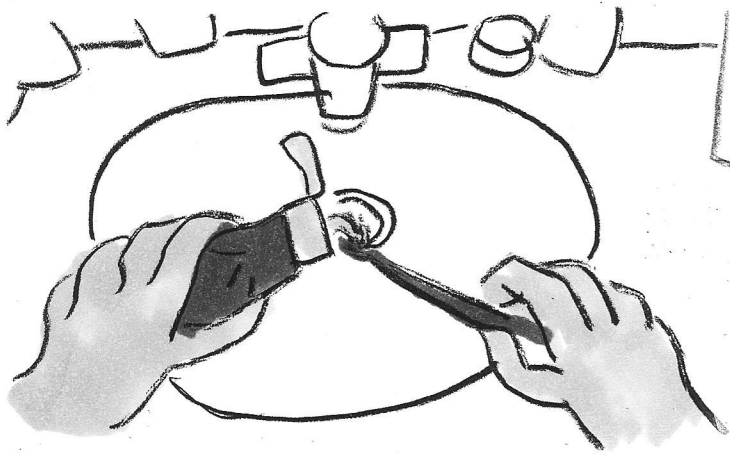


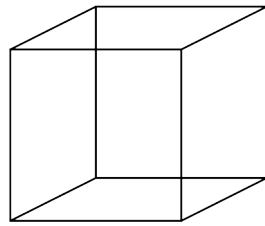
UNNAMED, Yan Wen Chang,
India Ink, Thread, Gel Medium and Baking Soda on Paper,
22" x 30"



Above:
UNNAMED, Yan Wen Chang,
India Ink, Thread, Gel Medium and Baking Soda on Paper,
20" x 26"

Following Page:
Tooth Brushing, Patrick Allaby





S/S 2015 No. 3



Moonassi • Sarah Beth Goncarova • Robin Hill • Ulla Warchol
Dan Ford • Jeremy Koreski • Mark Puchala • Chris Donovan
Ethan Sherman • Marco Baldonado • Oseko • Karissa LaRocque
Sean McDonell • Rachel Thornton • Alice Xue • Yan Wen Chang
Patrick Allaby • Adam Zachary • David Brandy • Ben Dickey
Erika Sullivan • Jen Duncan • Christine Duncan • Hannah Fazio
Ryan Hill

\$17.00 CAD
ISSN 2368-3201



9 772368 320106

*Cover image by Biolunar^L
(Robin Hill and Ulla Warchol)*