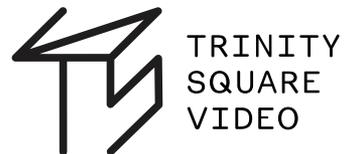


the moving copy



on the lowest strata of the global
It is the unwanted bastard child of
marketing machine. This
is reified in the Shan Zhai product,
ned by its illegality.



Thanks to our funders and supporters for making this exhibition possible:



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the moving copy

05 – 23 September 2017

Featuring works by Amanda Boulos, Kiera Boulton, Monica Maria Moraru, Fallon Simard, Wendy Whaley, Amelia Zhang.

with a parallel commissioned text by Aaditya Aggarwal

the moving copy presents Trinity Square Video's 2017 Themed Commissions.

Inspired by Hito Steyerl's text "In Defense of the Poor Image" (2009), the 2017 Themed Commission examines the copy, its power to generate alternative image economies, and its refusal of institutionalized structures of authorship, ownership, and intellectual property. In this post-Internet era, the copy produces "a snapshot of the affective condition of the crowd." The authenticity of the image wavers with every transfer, as countless individuals devotedly upload, edit, and post. The value of the copy is reconfigured through its circulation, building momentum and intensity through sharing, while also connecting disparate global audiences.

In considering modes of creation, intake, appropriation, and re-appropriation, *the moving copy* is tasked with extending the definition of production, circulation, and distribution – to push the power of the shared image towards alternative perspectives, disrupt ideologies of ownership, and map networks of collective histories.

Performing Copy
Saturday, 23 September 2017, 1 PM

A collaborative performance.

A FICTIONAL ACCOUNT OF A PERSONAL MATTER
Aaditya Aggarwal

ACT I: AN IMITATION IN THREE SCENES

Scene I: A Student's Envy

"There were fewer lipstick marks on collarbones in those days." Shahida was sitting on her right hip on the carpeted floor when she initiated the recitation. Her knees, collected like stuffed rolls of yarn, were packed under her weight – a coquettish stance. "It seemed like the impulse for pleasure had skipped a generation," she ended the couplet and looked up at her.

Nalini regarded each word of Shahida's with a slight, tight-lipped smile, before responding. "There were in fact *more* lipstick marks on *clavicles* in those days. But yes, the impulse for pleasure *had* indeed skipped a generation."

Nalini's corrections were stunning – quite literally; Shahida could not take her eyes off her. Perhaps it was the posture of the woman. Stationed on a Bombay fornicator – a long chair with flat, mahogany arms extending by a foot from the edge – before Shahida, Nalini appeared grand. A regal minister on a chariot, surrounded by a procession of objects: a ten-foot high pillar, bearing the weight of two storeys, with cerulean paint-skin peeling in cracks; a magenta rug, on which Shahida was seated, that stuck glue-like to the ground; a cup of Lipton Herbal Green Tea on the armrest that was almost lukewarm.

"Now, what happened between these two lines?" Nalini continued, her right hand caressing an invisible ball, fingers stroking the air into a sphere. It was a gesture that was more of a question: How? Whodunnit?

"A passage of time was implied. Or there was a love story in there somewhere. Or something else? There was *something*." Shahida now crossed her legs, beginning to grow more impatient. For far too long, she had attempted to cultivate her own style of delivering verse and even succeeded, to a large extent, in intimate gatherings of houseguests and poetry workshops. In Nalini's presence,

however, any other performer's air immediately became secondary. Nalini didn't mean for it to be that way; in fact, she didn't even notice the shadow her performance casted on the start-up poets.

Shahida's sense of defeat was bittersweet; admittedly, she did feel secure in her smallness, seated before the light that was Nalini. She began to realize how unoriginal her comportment had really been; how abundantly and shamelessly her manner subconsciously (or not) drew from Nalini's physicality – the slight movement of brow; the sudden, suspenseful tremor in her voice; the prolonged silence mid-couplet; the surprise-adjectives that followed.

Nalini tilted her head to the side as though exhibiting concern. But really she was brimming with questions to further undo the vaguery of Shahida's lines.

"Was there a love story in there somewhere? Or was there a seduction between these two lines? What was the value of a kiss-mark in those days? Who was responsible?"

Shahida felt alarmed and humbled, but tired, even slightly assaulted by the ease and depth of each affronting question. First of all, what *days* were they both even talking about? Poetry can be so frustrating.

Looking at Nalini's teasing skill for lecture, Shahida was reminded of her grand-aunt, Sophia. Sophia with a taut, imperious mouth. Sophia who wore black kitten heels and resented starched petticoats. Sophia with the pristinely unwrinkled cotton saris and ironed shirts and a big woman-laugh. Nalini, she thought, was a spitting image of her grand-aunt.

Scene II: The Muse

*There were more lipstick marks on clavicles in those days
The impulse for pleasure had skipped a generation*

The couplet, recited once again, departed Nalini's mouth and draped itself like a curtain around Shahida. She could feel each letter collect around her scalp and coalesce something pictorial; she remembered an old, black-and-white photograph of Sophia in her mid-30s, sitting on a bench in what looked like a park.

In this photo, Sophia wore a pair of highwaisted trousers and a turtleneck sweater that reached her forearms and just about covered her midriff, leaving a thin stripe of skin on her waist and her braceleted wrists visible. She had a head of thick, wavy, black hair that reached her jawline, and a pair of petite, prim Oxfords containing her feet. Clasped in her right hand was an ice cream cone. She was smiling, her mouth puckered and a little lopsided, both relishing flavour and attempting poise.

Grand-aunt Sophia's husband had captured this photograph of her. In the background, one could spot a statue behind the bench, with only a horse's legs visible, covering the space above her head. It looked like a sunny day, and Sophia's head-tilt was almost identical to Nalini's.

Although the image registered an air of antiquity, the presence of the ice cream cone unsettled the black-and-white form. The fact that the dollop could drip onto her tasteful outfit on a summery park noon attributed a sense of movement to the contents of the image, a lumbering pulse to its subject; it made the turtleneck seem spotlessly white, while her lips appeared to carry a tone of dark red. It was a daring and risky thing to be dressed so, especially with a melting scoop of ice cream in your hand. (What flavour could she be eating? Was the ice cream in a sugar cone or a plain cornet? Did they even have sugar cones in those days? What days are we even talking about?)

Grand-aunt Sophia appeared calm, happy, but her posture still commanded the park – its shoots, a tree bark, pit, flora, vegetalia, even the immobile horse's hooves – to behold her. Her mouth was especially dark and appeared carved, pointed around the cupid's bow, so it definitely bore a distinct shade of lipstick. Shahida liked to imagine a tinge of floral violet, or a crisp apple-red.

What if, she wondered, on that day, Sophia and the photographer-husband shared the lipstick in a wet kiss? What if the ice cream did drip onto her pristine white turtleneck? What if the lipstick and the ice cream both printed their pasty consistencies onto the sweater, the white fabric turning pink and red and stained and sticky and sweet?

If the imprint was the end and the white cloth the beginning, what would the middle look like?

Scene III: To Thrill

Shahida woke herself from her speculative imaginings of Sophia, and considered Nalini's seated stature. She noticed her chapped lips, also wearing a saturated tone of red, or something close to burgundy. She noticed her laugh lines that were so deep and beautiful. She noticed her glasses, perhaps sweaty around her nose and temples in these humid indoors.

How did the lipstick marks on clavicles form? And how did they emerge if the impulse for pleasure skipped that very generation of people?

(She would confer a value onto this figure, onto Nalini's casual, reflective air. She would time a storyline between two shots – between an aging poetess and an accidental model. She would wear white and emulate the gall of posing for a moving photograph.)

Later that night, Shahida went back home and stared into the mirror in her underwear. She wore lipstick and tilted her head and imagined herself to be eating a lavish ice cream cone. Nalini's questions returned to her. Recited in a verse of four lines, they evoked the spousal couplet: a "mixed doubles" of two couplets, coupling; a cheating husband and an adulterous wife:

Was there a love story in there somewhere? Or was there a seduction between these two lines? What was the value of a kiss-mark in those days? Who was responsible?

Like a torn infidel, she added: "Did something – a pleasure, perhaps – die forever?"

PROJECT DESCRIPTIONS

FamI LoveYou (2017)

Amanda Boulos

FamI LoveYou navigates the unfamiliar becoming familiar, becoming home, becoming family. Boulos combines found video, found sound, and footage from her trip to Beirut, Lebanon - her parents' former home - to mould fictitious family moments that blur the line between real and fabricated memories. In between these romantic family dream escapes, the viewer is brought on a rollercoaster ride of awful awakenings that speak to the complexity of loss, displacement, and family history.

Canada's Dry (2017)

Kiera Boulton

Canada's Dry is a satirical campaign which re-appropriates tactics used by the Alt-Right to indoctrinate Canadians into adopting white nationalist views. The project reconnects the Othered Body to "Canadian Values" by documenting the artist's lived biracial experience in Hamilton's suburbs. *Canada's Dry* displays the suburbs as an idealized utopia where "Canadian Values" are exemplified. The current connection between "Canadian Values" and whiteness are challenged through a performance inspired by the aesthetics of Bravo TV's *The Real Housewives*.

Sara Ahmed's work in *Affective Economies*, specifically around the circulation of fear and the passing by of a threat, inform the project. *Canada's Dry* highlights the white nationalist fear of letting the Other in and the threat of replacement by the Other. *Canada's Dry* performs in this very fear.

Here it is Saturday (2017)

Monica Maria Moraru

Here it is Saturday, a multimedia-based work, incorporates sculptural ceramic objects and video footage to initiate a personal relationship with natural materials. Using sand as a subject, the work traces the circulation and integration of the aggregate into the infrastructure of daily life. Marking the artist as

both creator and consumer, the work explores themes of agency, authorship, and linked forms of labour.

carbon tax (2017)

Fallon Simard

carbon tax unearths the new ways that the State is creating death worlds for Indigenous communities. It examines how the State monetizes carbon produced from stolen Indigenous land. This is a fractal of the settler-colonial-genocidal agenda. It is a broken up animated poor image of a sunset from Grand Council Treaty #3 Territory.

Frisson Portal (2017)

Wendy Whaley

A kaleidoscopic, mandala-like, remix composite, of frisson inducing content from the internet, projected as a portal onto a faux fur ball. The "Poor Image" inspires us to remix, reform, and revisit what we found interesting about the content in the first place, the core of the reason for its importance. The "Poor Image" allows us to see the core intent and in this case, the intrinsic sensation of its subject.

Shan Zhai Imaginaries (2017)

Amelia Zhang

Implications of the moving image are largely discussed as a uniquely digital phenomena. As we progress into an increasingly post-internet world, the boundaries of the physical and virtual are collapsed and no longer demarcated by the 'digital'. *Shan Zhai Imaginaries* examining the physical instantiations of the moving image that move beyond the confines of the internet. The piece focuses on China's unique counterfeit culture, 山寨 (Shai Zhai) as an entry point exploring implications of the moving image i.e. authorship, remix, collective subjectivity, and economies of desire/imagery.

BIOGRAPHIES

Aaditya Aggarwal was the 2016 Online Editorial Intern at Canadian Art and the Sid Adilman Mentee at the 2016 Toronto International Film Festival and Screen Daily. Aaditya has also contributed writing to online publications like *The New Inquiry*, *The Review*, and *The Ethnic Aisle*. He is currently the Programming Coordinator for the Toronto Reel Asian International Film Festival.

Amanda Boulos recently graduated from the MFA program at the University of Guelph and received her BFA from York University. Her work on Palestinian diasporic narrative and histories is nominated for this year's RBC Painting Competition. She also develops these themes in video works such as *Rouche Jump and Cut*, which was screened at Whippersnapper Gallery in late 2016.

Kiera Boulton is an interdisciplinary artist whose practices employ comedy and performance as institutional critique. Boulton's practice is centered around the margins of geography and identity, examining the duality of her location as both a Hamilton- and Toronto-based artist and her navigation of her biracial identity. Boulton is a recent graduate of OCAD University with a BFA in Criticism and Curatorial Practice.

Monica Maria Moraru is a Romanian-born visual artist who lives and works in Toronto. Her practice spans painting, photography, video, and multi-media installation. She has previously exhibited at Xspace Cultural Centre and Long Winter, and her work has recently been published in *Hart House Review*, *Carte Blanche Journal*, and *The FADER*.

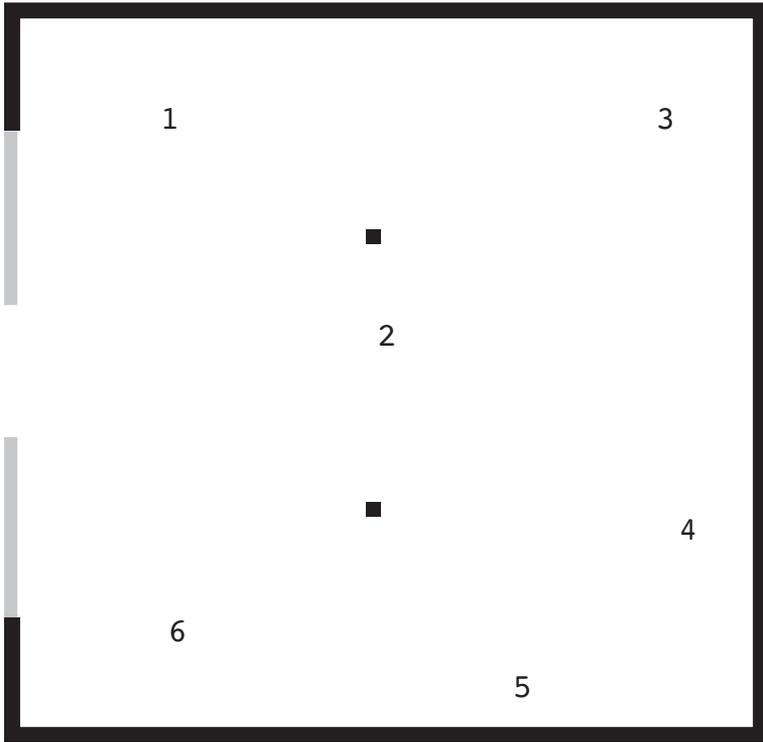
Fallon Simard is an Anishinaabe artist and scholar. They are from Couchiching First Nation, from the Grand Council of Treaty #3 Territory. Fallon's work interrogates state violence and mental health in so far as it is perpetuated onto Indigenous bodies. Their practice is comprised of video, sound, and animation.

They hold a MA in Interdisciplinary Masters in Art, Media, and Design Program from OCAD University.

Wendy Whaley spent 20 years in Visual Effects in the film industry. Now Wendy is currently back at OCADU pursuing an MFA in Interdisciplinary Art, Media and Design where she is exploring frisson, liminal states of consciousness, and perception (proprioception, exteroception, and interoception).

Born in Vancouver, **Amelia Zhang** grew up in the international community in Beijing and currently lives and works in Toronto, Canada. Her work engages critically with techno futurist themes often focusing on their ethical implications. She works in a wide range of media, with a particular focus on apparel and new media technologies. She is interested in exploring a methodology of post-digital craft. Her work has been exhibited in China, Italy, US, and Canada. She is a recent graduate of the Rhode Island School of Design.

EXHIBITION MAP



1. *Frisson Portal* (2017)
Wendy Whaley
Single-channel
installation, sound

2. *Shan Zhai Imaginaries*
(2017)
Amelia Zhang
Installation, garments

3. *Here it is Saturday*
(2017)
Monica Maria Moraru
Two-channel installation,
sound, ceramic

4. *FamI LoveYou* (2017)
Amanda Boulos
Single-channel
installation, sound

5. *Canada's Dry* (2017)
Kiera Boulton
Performance,
VR installation

6. *carbon tax* (2017)
Fallon Simard
Single-channel video