

CONCORDIA UNIVERSITY
School of Graduate Studies

This is to certify that the Graduate Project Exhibition or Film Project prepared

By: Michelle LaSalle

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complies with the regulations of the University and meet the accepted standards with respect to originality and quality.

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UNE BUÉE DE TOUS LES JOURS

Artist's text
Master's thesis project
MFA Studio Arts, Print Media Concentration

Concordia University, November 2021
under the direction of Catherine Wild

Translation : Mick R. Hennessy

A wooden table stands in the middle of the room, long and narrow, its surface divided into nine compartments. There are a few translucent prints in each section. Where the layers of sheer ink and sheer paper overlap, composite images are born. A sequence of nine snapshots which, if viewed from directly above the table, would resemble a film strip. Each one is the echo of the others. The images wait in their containers, latent.

I walk toward the table. The sound of my right ankle—cracking with every step—stands out against the quiet hum of an air vent. I look down at the prints from the center-front of the table and they look back at me. The tips of my index finger and thumb meet the lower left corner of a sheet of Japanese paper. It lifts with ease and the rest of the print floats after it.

Parting from the tabletop, it reveals a different image underneath—not a new image, but one that had been waiting in the remaining layers. I move the sheet through space toward another compartment and, briefly caught in the room's air, it inflates for a moment, then settles flat. My index finger pats it to expel any leftover air between the new image and the one it is replacing. I pause and look at this new composite image. The colors, shapes, and lines interweave, blur—discernable, yet vague. I notice a smiling face, a pattern that might be floral.

I lift my gaze and start over. Another image in the sequence, in a compartment on the left, catches my eye. The tips of my index finger and thumb graze the surface of the sheet at the top of the pile. Its lower left hand corner lifts with ease and the rest of the thin, translucent print floats after it. Parting from the tabletop, it leaves behind a different image than the one I had noticed moments ago. An image that exists only when the remaining sheets overlap. I move the sheet toward another compartment, it swells with air for an instant, the light passes through it, then settles flat. I look at this new composite image, giving it time to imprint in my memory. I notice a head floating in a corner and a hand holding a glass of wine or maybe coffee.

I lift my gaze and start over.

I lift my gaze and start over.

KEEP, COLLECT, IMBUE WITH SOME VALUE.

Carmin Lasalle lived in the same house on Granger street for almost 50 years. He moved there in the 60s with his wife and his kids, one of them my father, who would have been about 10 years old at the time. Carmin was a collector, like my dad and later, me. His garage was meticulously organized. Like a human-sized Tetris game, every box labelled, categorized, and placed with care. Even though he dusted his boxes regularly, I never got the impression that he opened them.

Among these boxes accumulated over time, three were filled with calendars. Some nice, chosen: calendars of landscapes, flowers, or dogs. For the most part, mundane: lots of promotional calendars from realtors or the War Amps. These three boxes covered five decades, and each calendar had remained pristine, unused.

Each one was adorned with a handwritten note. A note on a box from 1975 reads, "Good for : 86, 97, 2003". From 1981, the note reads, "Use again in : 87, 98, 2009". And so on.

For each calendar, he had calculated when to reuse it. Most notably, he had decided until when, in the future, it would be reasonable to stop counting. It's as if he had chosen an approximate moment for his own death, "sometime between 2005 and 2015", and he knew very well that none of his heirs would see the value in reusing his old calendars. The accumulated boxes bear witness to this—he didn't reuse them, either, but he understood their value.

He kept them faithfully, just in case.

My grandfather didn't only collect calendars, he kept a bit of everything, but he didn't keep everything. He saved photos, clothes, cards, toys, and VHS tapes. Most were carefully wrapped in tissue paper and placed in boxes, sealed, and labelled. I wonder how he chose to keep one object over another. How he evaluated their value, decided which objects deserved such a level of care and which could be thrown out.

Latent (adjective) : present and capable of emerging or developing but not now visible, obvious, active, or symptomatic ;

Latent (noun) : a fingerprint (as at the scene of a crime) that is scarcely visible but can be developed for study.¹

1. Merriam-Webster, s.v. "latent," accessed October 30, 2021, <https://www.merriam-webster.com/dictionary/latent>.

Make a note for yourself or for the person who will find the small, folded paper in the bottom of a box. Close the box to protect the little piece of paper, to keep the sun and the air from yellowing it. Hope that it will be found 60 years later, exactly as you left it. Mind your penmanship to make yourself understood.

« Films

- 1- Guy's 3rd Birthday party (jan 4th 1959 (and) Normande et les enfants au park
- 2- Kids, Summer 1959
- 3- Kids 1959
- 4- (Enfants : Daniel, Lynn, Guy, Carol) Noël 1959
- 5- Guy's Birthday party jan. 4th, 1960 (kids and parents)
(...)
- 11- première communion de Carole
- 12- Kid's 1965 Summer in Yard & North
Lorrette, Monique, Jean Marie
- 13- Golf & Marriage de Laurette 1965
- 15- Donald Dulong marriage & les deux chien »

He writes only what is necessary to avoid saying too much, to make a secret of it. He makes a note to remind himself and to document, cement the truth. He leaves just enough space between the letters, the words, the sentences. Spaces like holes to patch or to expand.
(Re-read) the note and not recognize oneself in it, as if a stranger had written it.

Scavenge, search, peer through a magnifying glass. Hold things in your hands. Open a box and go through it, develop the film, watch the moment appear. Gather materials, recall details. String them together, then cut them loose. Let the story unravel.

A hesitation in the recording.

A lopsided smile.

An empty bottle on the table.

"Do you like my dress?"

scrawled on the back of a photograph.

A word scribbled over, no longer legible.

A detail, unnoticed until now,

is made undeniable in its new position.

The detail becomes a stitch. I pull on its thread, widening the stitch. I create an even larger hole, making it possible to glimpse bare skin underneath. I expose the grid—the structure, the cogs, the intertwining, the weft. I break the mesh, expose. I pull on the threads, rupture the story—the skin is exposed, vulnerable, and it feels the air. I mend, use a needle to connect, patch. There remains a trace, a bunched up, hard spot with a lot of material, where every stitch is tangled with the others.

NOTICE, FEEL, & CONNECT.

Her right hand holds a needle, while the left carries a golden thread to her mouth. She moistens it a little with her tongue and brings it to the eye of the needle. She squints and focuses, threads. As the thread passes through the eye, a strand separates from it and stays on the other side. She withdraws the thread, twists its fibres back together, moistens it again and starts over. *Ça y est.*

She pulls delicately, up to the knot she had tied at the end.

She had purchased this embroidery floss at the de Guillotière notions shop, very close to her home. It would spend the next 20 years aging in her sewing kit. It smells like the old cedar drawer and dust, but its colour remains bright. Its fibres have become brittle and dry, they don't hold up to come-and-go movement through the fabric, so they fray and fall apart.

The hands of Odette Roméo have seen it all, they're marked by time. Her fingers are gnarled and wrinkled, her phalanges swollen with arthritis. Her hands are soft. Her palms and the tips of her fingers are cushions of warm flesh. Mine are stained with blue ink. I have reddened joints, and my skin is dry and cracking from winter as well as my repeated attempts to wash them, attempts to make them look clean.

My left hand holds a needle while the right carries a golden thread to my mouth. I moisten it a little with my tongue and bring it toward the eye of the needle. I squint and focus, thread. As the thread passes through the eye, a strand separates from it and stays on the other side. I withdraw the thread, twist its fibres back together, moisten it again, and start over. *Ça y est.*

I pull delicately, up to the knot I had tied at the end.

I never knew Mme Roméo. She died a few weeks before I moved into her building on Mortier street. Had I arrived a bit sooner, we might have crossed paths in the hallway. I would have heard her walking up the steps and taking her keys out of her handbag. Unlocking her door, entering, and closing the door behind her. I would have smelled the dinner she prepared through the wall we would have shared, and heard the vibrations of her Charles Trenet records.

Instead, I got to know her through objects as intermediaries—her threads, her laces, her fabric scraps, her needles, her thimble. I inherited all of these objects she had touched, that had known her hands intimately, and with which she passed the time. These objects, collected and kept, which she had placed enough importance on to keep until her death.

My finger nestles in in the depths of the thimble, absorbing the residues of oil and skin left by her own.

I wonder if we are touching.

A RITUAL PATH, TRAVELLED HUNDREDS OF TIMES.

The highway 40 between Montréal and Trois-Rivières is straight and spectacularly monotonous, flanked by fields and trees. A beautiful highway. It features just enough sky and horizon for all of the humans who move along it to let their thoughts float there. Above the roof of every car stretches a suitcase-sized cloud, filled with projects, worries, ideas.

A red thread stretches along the right hand lane. Someone has tied a knot at each end, one in front of our home on Manning street, the other in front of theirs, in Cap-de-la-Madeleine.

The night before Carmen's death, the sky of the 40 was the colour of a blood orange. Its light burst into the car, dyeing its interior red. I remember telling myself, "Remember the sky". Alexis' face stared straight ahead—

My hand on his knee—

Hubert asleep in the back seat.

We were all vermillion.

The beautiful highway was so flooded with fiery light, we could barely see anything. The scintillating branches blinded me. My thoughts didn't float, they were anchored to the earth.

Like a catalogue over our thighs, the light was hot, heavy, physical. We wouldn't have had the strength to stand and get out of our seats. It permeated our skin, our hairs. Down to the bottom of our throats, like a knot. A knot tied in spite of us that swelled more and more, engorged with blood and red light. A knot that nearly kept us from breathing.

Since then, every time we drive along the red thread from Manning street to Cap-de-la-Madeleine, I say to Alexis, again, "Te souviens-tu du ciel la veille du décès de ta mère?" Like a ritual.

We have the conversation like a little prayer, every time.

A stochastic pattern is randomly determined—it can't be forecasted. An aquatint, the thin coat of resin airbrushed onto a copper plate before etching it in an acid bath, is a stochastic pattern. It aims to cover 50% of the plate with tiny drops of resin and is used to create a range of tonal variations in an etching, through stopping out and variable etching times in the acid bath.

(One might also use it to create a gradient or a saturated inky surface in the print. Both stochastic and rational patterns are ways of working around the binary inherent to many printmaking processes—that a matrix can only do one of two things: pick-up ink, or not.)

As much as I try to control the cloud of resin blown into the air, there is an element of chaos, of unpredictability. In that moment, the resin flows out of the airbrush with a guided energy like a breath aimed at birthday candles. It flies and lands on the copper. Thousands of tiny dots cover the surface of the plate. A snapshot of a decisive and ephemeral act, of a cloud captured on a surface.

BE CAREFUL, GIVE YOURSELF TIME.

I wear one of the studio's yellow, waterproof aprons over my regular apron. I tie it the way I usually do, around my waist, making sure to bring up the cord to create a roughly 3 inch fold. It has always been too long for me. I prefer for the hem to rest above my knees. I stand on my toes to reach the faucet. By instinct or habit, I aim for the ideal temperature. Near that of my body but slightly feverish—a fever I would be able to feel with the back of my hand on my son's forehead. Somewhere between 38 and 40 degrees. As the water runs. I grip the tap with my right hand and I wet my stone, the sink, and my hands. I brush the surface and I feel the gum arabic dissolving under my fingers. Its skin is smooth. The more the gum arabic dissolves, the rougher the stone feels. The texture of the ink appears under my fingers.

60. I sprinkle carborundum on the wet stone, and I scrub. Holding the levigator with my right hand, I give it momentum and it comes to life, launching into a regular pattern. From north to south, east to west. Bit by bit, the image disappears. I rinse and I repeat.

The image disappears a little more.
I rinse and I repeat.

A little more, still.
I rinse and I repeat.

The ink isn't visible but the image is still there, a vague stain in the center of the stone. A memory that dissolves. I close my eyes and try to make the disappeared drawing reappear in my head. It becomes imprinted in my brain, having looked at it on the stone, on paper. I wonder which of the two images is the clearest and closest to the truth, the one that disappears into the stone or the one stored in my mind's eye. I rinse and I repeat.

I have never been one to listen to music while scrubbing, I let myself be lulled by the sound of the levigator as it turns on the stone. Its sharp, intermittent sound pauses when I switch hands and reprises beautifully when the other hand holds, turns, and so on.
I rinse and I repeat.

I look at the pattern forming on the stone, the wet dust that follows the movements of the levigator and the tiny fragments of stone. An infinite, complex spiral of momentum.
I rinse and I repeat.

A shadow of the image remains on the wet stone.

"If you can't see it when it's dry, it won't print."

Drying the stone, I see the image disappear. It has become but a vague memory, one which I can only partially access.

Bon, ça y est.

I rinse everything: the stone, the levigator, the sink, my arms, the container, the apron. Water slips into the fold in my apron and makes its way around my waist, to my back. My shirt is soaked with feverish water. It's cozy and pleasant, as though arms are wrapping around me.

My hands brush all of the surfaces in search of a rogue particle, caught in a fold or between two fingers. A tiny intruder ready to infiltrate and breach the surface of the stone. It's critical to prevent any trace of a scratch, a scrape, a trace of circular scrubbing motion. This time, water slips from my apron to my feet, soaking through my cotton shoes.

120. I sprinkle carborundum on the wet stone. My hands and the levigator take up their refrain, the pendulum movement, the circles, the attentive gestures. I rinse and I repeat. I rinse and I repeat.

I rinse and I repeat.

I watch the stone as it dries and I inspect it carefully, with my eyes, my fingertips. Still no scratches to be found. I rinse everything: the stone, the levigator, the sink, my arms, the container, my apron.

240. I rinse and I repeat.

I rinse and I repeat.

I rinse and I repeat.

I rinse everything: my stone, my levigator, my sink, my container, my apron.

320. I rinse and I repeat.

I rinse and I repeat.

"Don't go around eating croissants and touching your stone."

I remember first learning the process of stone lithography and being afraid of touching an "open" stone with my fingers. I was cautious, haunted by the certainty that the grease from my fingers would translate into vulgar stains on my prints. I eventually came to understand that stones were not as sensitive as teachers and technicians had made them out to be, at least not the stones I've known. Still, limestone is a surface that remembers, it receives information and stores it. The process of graining a stone is one of erasure, much in the way of a palimpsest. Marks are lost to make way for new ones, and occasionally those first marks reappear, like ghosts. The longer a drawing is left in a stone without being grained, the longer it will take to remove it, to grain it out completely. Over time, the grease absorbs into the stone's surface, deeper and deeper.

I've been using the same stone for a few years: stone no. 89, one of the big ones on the back wall of the lithography studio. It is large enough that I need to use the electric lift to move it around and set it on the graining sink. That is to say, were it to fall on me, it would surely crush my soft, gushy body. I've built a relationship with it. It has been good to me, honest, consistent, stable. We've established a balance of power and mutual respect. I know what to expect from stone no. 89 and it is attentive to my drawings, remembering them until I grain and erase them.

The behind-the-scenes gestures and techniques of print have weight and physicality. Although they may seem akin to recipes, they are closer to routines and rituals. They require care, time and presence.

*"Prints are generally smaller and more delicate than paintings; manipulable with white-gloved fingertips, they are easily imagined as having been generated out of thin air. But the fragility of the prints belies the sweat, strain, dirt and pressure of their making."*²

2. Jennifer Quick, and Jennifer L. Roberts. *Jasper Johns/In Press: The Crosshatch Works and the Logic of Print* (Cambridge: Harvard Art Museums, 2021), 33.

TAKE NOTES, FOR LATER. FOLD, AND FOLD AGAIN.

I look at myself for a long time in the mirror. I move in closer to see all of the textures and creases of my forehead.

I slide my finger over three deepest horizontal lines that cross it and over the collection of small folds between my eyebrows. I repeat the motion many times, I close my eyes, I relax my face and move along the surface with care. My finger doesn't feel the texture of my first wrinkles, they are undoubtedly not deep enough.

Ça viendra, j'imagine.

I can see them, though, in the mirror, they're really there. They bear witness to my worries, my surprises, the times I squinted too much, having refused to wear glasses. They remember. I just have to get close enough to understand what's happening under the envelope of my skin.

My forehead is worn, like a handwritten note folded in four and forgotten in a coat pocket. Its folds become more pronounced, soon indelible. Hinges, seams, borders. More and more visible because of friction, they turn into flaws, into creases that threaten to tear.

REVERSE, FLIP, SEE THROUGH THE SURFACE, SEE
AROUND IT.

*"It is necessary to turn the words over to see what's on the
other side."*³

I think about Twoness, binaries, opposites, and reversal.

About image area and non-image area,
surface and incision,
gaping hole and flatness,
recto-verso,
right reading and wrong reading,
50% coverage of an aquatint screen—biting and protect-
ing,

About pulling a print, being left with the plate and the
proof. As opposite as they are identical.

I wonder if using a matrix like copper, wood, or limestone to
print a copy of an image can manifest empathy, allow me to
see from another perspective, from the other side.
Mirroring an image. Is it like seeing oneself in a mirror, or is
it like seeing oneself from the other side of someone else's
eyes?

I think about Threeness.

About the incision that exists only to carry ink between
the plate and the paper.
Ink, in all its squishy, sticky messiness transposes meaning
from the plate onto the paper the moment they touch.
I keep all three: the plate,
the (I)nk,
and the paper.

I collect the scratches and scars as evidence of my truths
and the truths of those I hold dear.

I look for them in the in-between places, between two
surfaces,
between two people,
between an object and a person,
in the object between two people.

3. Jennifer L. Roberts, "Backwords: Screenprinting and the Politics of Reversal," in Corita Kent and the Language of Pop, ed. Susan Dackerman (Cambridge: Harvard Art Museums, 2015), 61.

I think about More-Than-Threeness. Manyness?
Abundance.

About the urge to print lots and lots of copies of an image.
Hundreds of copies.

The surety of more-than-one. Impulsively collecting as if to
offset some—including our own—impermanence.

Light finds its way through the paper, reaching for the other
side. It sits inside the fibers, making everything visible.

- M: Tu sais, quand j'étais petite? On avait trouvé la cassette de ta mère, là, t'en souviens-tu?
- V: Ouais. Je l'ai encore la cassette
- M: Tu l'as encore. Sais-tu où elle est?
- V: Ouais, je l'ai.
- M: Ben, parce que je pensais à cette cassette-là, puis aussi à mon souvenir de cette fois-là, mettons.
- V: Ouais.
- M: C'est ça en fait, je me demandais si peut-être à un moment donné, on pourrait... On pourrait juste l'écouter puis en parler aussi. Parce que moi j'ai un souvenir quand même clair de la fois qu'on l'a écouté, la première fois qu'on est tombées dessus par accident.
- V: Ouais
- M: Mais il est pas si clair que ça mon souvenir, je me demande si toi... Toi, c'est quoi ton souvenir de cette fois-là? Puis t'sais, si on peut comparer. Et puis tout ça là.
- V: Oui, ouais.
- M: Ça serait intéressant, je pense, de... de. De faire ça?
- V: Ben oui, toi t'as quoi comme souvenir? Ça t'avait tu, euh, fait un peu peur?
- M: Ouais, je pense que j'avais peur... Ben oui, j'avais peur.
- V: T'avais peur hein?
- M: Ouais, mais quand j'étais petite, j'avais peur de tout ce qui était relié à la mort. Les photos de personnes mortes, tout ça. Ça fait que la cassette je me souviens que j'avais eu super peur, mais en même temps je me souviens aussi que la cassette était pas euh... c'était pas épeurant, non?
- V: Non, c'est parce que moi, probablement la façon que j'te l'ai présenté... Moi la première fois, ça a été comme un choc.
- D: Oui
- V: Mais là, moi quand j'ai entendu ça... c'est que ça faisait pas tellement longtemps qu'elle était décédée pis là elle m'appelait.. Ou ça faisait un bout qu'elle était décédée?
- D: Ça faisait plusieurs années ! T'as trouvé ça sur le répondeur, le message. Ça faisait plusieurs années. T'avais avancé la machine, t'sais.
- V: Ouais
- D: Ça fait que là le nouveau message il était plus avancé. Ben ça, ça se peut aussi, t'es allée plus loin, avant de t'en débarrasser, du répondeur. Pis là d'un coup, tu as dit: «C'est quoi ça! Oh My god!»
- V: Aye là, je capotais! Hahaha!
- D: Ça faisait plusieurs années qu'elle était partie ta mère.
- V: C'était comme si elle m'appelait du ciel, ma première réaction c'était : "EH?!"
- M: Oui oui.
- V: C'était vraiment bizarre là. Ça fait qu'avec toi, j'imagine que c'était naturel. C'était pas comme «Attends, on va écouter le message de Grand-Maman», c'était «on va écouter les messages». Ou la cassette avait avancé avec les téléphones? Je sais plus trop... En tout cas, c'était comme irréel là, t'sais.
- M: C'est comme arrivé par accident, pis tu t'y attendais pas, ça fait que tu avais réagi, ça t'avait vraiment frappé.
- V: Ah, là. C'était intense, comme «EN?! Elle vient de m'appeler!» ma mère était morte pis là elle me parlait «Ha! Ha! Ha!». C'est pour ça, c'est peut-être pour ça.
- M: Ouais.
- V: Moi je t'ai impressionné, de la façon que je te l'ai expliqué.
- M: Mais c'est quoi qu'elle disait dont? Quelque chose de la Mère Noël?
- V: Ben oui!
- D: Oui, elle était en farce «C'est le Père Noël, bla bla bla...»
- V: C'est parce qu'on avait acheté le répondeur, pis là c'était pas longtemps avant Noël. Daniel a dit, on va mettre un message de Noël dessus. C'était lui qui disait "HoHoHo, vous êtes chez Daniel et Violaine" J'sais pas trop, un truc comme ça... en tout cas. Puis je pense pas qu'on entendait le message de Daniel?...
- M: Ah, ça fait qu'en plus, tu savais pas c'était quoi l'histoire de la Mère Noël?
- V: Je l'sais pas, faudrait l'écouter, je sais pas. Peut-être que le message était dans une autre cassette? T'sais?
- M: Ouais.
- V: Pis après... aussi, c'était bon d'entendre sa voix, c'était vraiment quelque chose de réel, t'sais? Ça fait que ben ouais, on fera ça Mimi, quand tu veux.

AN EVERYDAY CLOUD.

Hubert has this habit of holding me by the earlobes. He holds one lobe in each of his little hands and looks me in the eyes. It seems like a gesture of security and of comfort, a moment he chooses to connect intimately to me.

There is something soft about these moments—the closeness required to hold the two earlobes of another person, the near obligation to look into each other's eyes, the position of our bodies. My earlobes are soft, tender. They are downy, as if made of velvet. When Hubert holds me by the lobes, time slows. We are together, in this bubble, attuned to one another. We give each other the time, we give it to ourselves, we spend it. We sit in a piece of time.

The minutes become both tangible and vaporous, like they're the stuff of clouds, floating, suitcase-sized, right above our heads. As ordinary and unremarkable as the clouds we exhale into the harshness of February, or those expelled from the nozzle of an espresso machine to make clouds out of hot milk.

Une buée de tous les jours.

"Kiss pressure: the lightest possible pressure that will transfer ink to your paper."

Set to kiss pressure, I pass an object through the press—something soft, like a scrunchie, or something thin, like a sheet of paper. It's squeezed between the drum, blanket, and copper plate. This is an unseen moment of contact—a private kiss under the blanket and the drum.

An impression is left on the layer of soft ground I've applied to the plate. The plate is then dipped into corrosive acid—a bite. This touch, a brief meeting, leaves a permanent mark that is hard, engraved. The outcome of the copper and object meeting is an image.

A photograph captures light, sight. A soft ground etching captures texture, touch. The processes are witnesses. They mediate and transform, until an unseeable feeling becomes an image I can hold—a material thing.

I wonder what it means to corrode copper in an acid bath, to oxidize it, to create incisions, scars into a surface. To selectively speed up what might have happened naturally over time, given more time.

I play with time. I freeze it, speed it up, slow its pace. I prevent it from moving on and forgetting before I get a chance to witness every moment of it.

I clone a moment, create an echo, a document of materiality, of thingness. Documenting to remember, to keep the moment, to revisit it later, to give it away, but only partly.

At this moment I know what I'm risking. It may no longer belong to me. It could end up in a vintage store on Wellington Street, in a box of 4\$ photos.

It could become something new to someone else.

ANNEX I
UNE BUÉE DE TOUS LES JOURS, 2021
ELEMENTS OF THE EXHIBITION:

IN THE MFA GALLERY VITRINE:

Une buée de tous les jours (activation video),
19 minutes. *Special thanks to Derick M. Darby & Art
Souterrain for the video capture.*

IN THE MFA GALLERY SPACE:

Like a breath aimed at birthday candles.

Latent books and objects:

- 80 Monoprinted lithographs on Kozuke paper.
4 x 6 x 0.25 in.
- 18 Laser engravings on grey BFK Rives paper
& Monoprinted lithograph enveloppes on
Kozuke paper.
4 x 6 x 0.25 in.
- 3 Soft ground etchings & laser engraved relief
prints on Kozuke paper, treated with Kon-
nyaku starch & sewn together with thread.
18.5 x 18.5 in.
- 9 Photopolymer etchings on japanese pa-
per, treated with Konnyaku starch & sewn
together with thread.
7.5 x 4 in, 3 x 6 in & 3 x 5 in (3 copies
of each).
- 7 Handset letterpress prints on japanese
paper, folded.
9 x 3 in.
- 22 Soft ground etchings on laser cut japanese
paper, folded.
11 x 9 in.

Hinges, Seams, Borders

- Print: Four colour laser engraved relief print on
Kozuke paper, thread.
19 x 240 in.
- Bar: Wood and Hardware.
21 x 3 x 5 in.

It sits inside the fibers, making everything visible.

- Light Table: Wood, acrylic, led lights and hardware.
25 x 36 x 7 in. (Without base).
- Prints: Twelve laser engraved relief prints on Kozu-
ke paper with Konnyaku starch.
24.5 x 35 in.
- Parallel bar structure: Wood & Hardware.
57 x 27.5 x 16 in.

lift my gaze and start over

- Book - object: Wood & hardware,
24 x 156 x 44 in.
- Prints: 48 monoprinted laser engraved relief prints
on various japanese papers.
16 x 24 in. each.
- Bar: Wood & Hardware.
18 x 3 x 5 in.

The surety of more-than-one

- Box: Wood and hardware
17.5 x 17.5 x 19.5 in. (closed).
- Banner: 468 monoprinted laser engraved relief
prints on Thai Kozo paper, cotton ribbon &
thread.
Installation, dimensions variable.

Like a little prayer, every time

- Installation Photopolymer, copper etchings & letter-
press on a variety of coloured japanese
paper, thread, hardware & magnets.
Dimensions variable.

ANNEX II
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