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STRUCTURES OF ANTICIPATION

Guest Editors: Yoke-Sum Wong, Karen Engle, Craig Campbell

Issue 12-1, 2021

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Image Credit: Karen Engle (photography) and Craig Campbell (digital production), 2019

STRUCTURES OF ANTICIPATION: AN INTRODUCTION

STRUCTURES D'ANTICIPATION: L'INTRODUCTION

(In Memory of Lesley Stern)

From the Trumpgrabs series, Kate Schneider, 2019, Windsor, Ontario.[1]

THE PROJECT

Structures of Anticipation,[2] a four-day multi-disciplinary symposium and exhibition held in Windsor, Ontario on 21-24 May 2019, drew many of its core ideas from engagement with academics, arts/media theoreticians and practitioners, and cultural communities. It was part of a series of international workshops/events held since 2014 in the

US, UK, Germany, and Greece—the series is committed to finding collaborative practices between art and media practitioners, academics, and research students from different backgrounds. The Windsor-based symposium and exhibition was focused on the image-text relationship and the crisis of representation generated by the rapid intensity of breaking news in critical times.

The event mobilized camera-led research creation wherein critique is understood to emerge in the encounter in which the photograph is put into conversation with writing. Shuttling between image and text is a process of rectification, embodied learning, and experiment. We were interested in addressing the relationship of words and images, and how these texts (framed within an economy of words) might be deployed as a reflexive pause that can help us withstand the emotional instantaneity of the digital realm.

Participants in the symposium were asked to respond to the theme within the built environment of Windsor, Ontario—a border city to Detroit that is also the busiest crossing in North America as well as the material and symbolic site of daily and tense anticipations. Each participant was asked to produce five images and generate texts of no more than one hundred words to accompany each image within a span of 48 hours. The economy of the 100 words challenged participants to be careful with writing, and to select words that matter in relationship to the image. Our method engaged with the terse genre of writing found on social media sites like Twitter, but encouraged reflexivity rather than reactivity. What was left unsaid, visualized as the spaces between the words, contributed to the structure of anticipation that we endeavored to engage. The research creation process and the symposium event challenged conventional modes of methodology to highlight the idea of responsive productions and conceptualization in the process of word-image creations. Such minimalist practices, however, also elide and invoke silences, and what is left unsaid, or the spaces between the words, is possibly where the images might compensate—or vice versa. These diptychs[3] were then displayed in a public exhibition on the final day of the symposium (24 May, 2019) at the SB Contemporary Art Gallery in Windsor.[4] The

photo-compositions published here are part of the overall project and represent another stage of the process.

INTENSITIES

On the day of the installation and just before the exhibition was due to open, a heated discussion broke out over one particular image. It is one of five images captured around the theme of surveillance, and part of a sequence of photographs capturing the material environment of securitization and the normalization of surveillance.

The photographer had captured a seemingly innocuous image: a figure of a woman crosses the street and from an angle, as if she is being watched from behind a store window or from the moving car—or rather as if we—not just the photographer, but the viewer as well—are watching her. We cannot see her clearly. The reflections enhance the photograph's multi-layered ambiguity in a perfectly framed image. On the right are "no parking" and "stop" signs in a rather unassuming neighbourhood. It is all grey, green, and lush but it is the figure's clothing which stands out, draws our eye towards her—her bright red and blue fabric attracts our immediate attention as she walks across the street.

An objection arises—she is clearly not white; she wears a hijab—she is identified (by the objector) as a Muslim—is the photographer coding her into a trope of racial anxiety in their work on surveillance? The objector—who is not a participant—continues arguing: should this photograph be included? Does this figure know she is being stereotyped, unethically used, and appropriated in an exhibition organized by academics and the cultural class? This figure is without voice or representation—she is once again Gayatri Spivak's subaltern who cannot speak. There are no objections made of other photographs with non-visible minority people in them.

We the curators let the photograph stand. The text which accompanied the photograph had addressed an aspect of uneasy surveillance anxieties in a broader environment—which was the general subject of the series. More in order to affect this critique, the image in ques-

tion was extracted from its context. The photographer and writer had produced a series of five diptychs, and viewing/reading them together produces an altogether different effect than the isolation of this single woman. In this series, windows, reflections and distortions repeat, underscoring that we are looking at framed scenes (implying exclusions) and that these scenes highlight their mediation, as opposed to making a claim for any easy sense of documentary realness. The photograph most "in focus" (from another of the diptychs) depicts a statue of the Virgin Mary, the brilliant reds and blues from her garb resonating with the reds and blues from the contested image. The Virgin Mary image's accompanying text tells of her replacement by newer gods of surveillance. The image that follows Mary in this sequence is, in fact, the image of the anonymous woman. What difference might it make to consider these images and texts in conversation with each other?

What of the woman in the photograph? We do not even know if she is Muslim or South Asian or African. She becomes an abstract figure re-coded into the anxieties of our time, "the dismal future" that writes the "anxious present" (Lewis and Sigg)[5]—reduced to a political representation inserted into white saviourism—taken beyond the image into the echo chambers of white guilt and feelings of moral certainty. The last thing the figure is accorded is the privilege of being given the same consideration (or non-consideration) as others captured in such instances, as part of a visual lexicon that allows us to read beyond existing categories. Her abstraction as victim is also an abstraction by those who inhabit privilege—speaking-for is also a problematic rendering of the Other as voiceless and therefore commits a similar act of stereotyping and contemporary orientalism. The figure here is wrenched beyond the image and inserted into the discourses of our fractious world—she becomes hyper-otherized beyond and against her knowledge—enmeshed into our contemporary moral universe that resonates with the emotional temperatures of these political times. The contemporary semiotic field is an anxious one, pulsating with anticipatory intensities that dissolve and simultaneously ossify rights and wrongs. Our seeing no longer distantiates us from

the image or its textual composition here but is enfolded into our affective being.

We accept that we simply cannot dismiss the concerns of the ethics of photographing the other – and the objecting party had every right to voice their concerns. However, the situation and the ensuing discussion also raised many interesting questions for us and we felt that this particular situation also highlighted what we were trying to do in setting up the four-day research creation process. Could we sit in this space of unease, what Donna Haraway calls 'staying with the trouble'?[6]

If we were to find some conceptual framing to the research creation exercise, it would be in the Provoke photography movement and Japanese image theory of the 1960s. Japanese image theory, its ideas and practices, emerged in a time of heightened student protests, charged political circumstances and Cold War anxieties in Japan. Influenced by performance art, film-makers such as Oshima Nagisa and Matsumoto Toshio, as well as European philosophy, the Provoke collective sought to find and cultivate a new photographic consciousness in those turbulent conditions.

THE CAMERA AS A GATHERING APPARATUS

In 1958, the avant-garde film-maker Matsumoto Toshio – moved by Robert Hessens' and Alain Resnais' 1950 documentary, *Guernica* – wrote his influential essay, "A Theory of Avant Garde Documentary," to critique what he saw as the formalist-populist realism method of documentary films.[7] In his essay, Matsumoto addressed the changing social and political circumstances in post-war Japan and argued for a new realism in which the documentary genre should embrace a more avant-garde sensibility that questioned the relationship between the unconscious and exterior reality in documenting the possibility of the "as-yet-undeveloped world."

The essay had a significant impact on the Japanese arts and media community—especially in photography. Published nine years before Roland Barthes' 1967 essay, "Death of the Author," Matsumoto had

explored the role of the artist-creator's subjective consciousness in dialectical relation to the material world.[8] He felt that documentary realism was dominated by the all-consuming ego of the cultural creator. His argument for the "materialist self-dissolution" of the human subject or the "the author him- or herself" as social phenomenon in the theoretical and methodological framing of documentary work influenced one of the most significant post-war photography movements, Provoke (1968-1970).[9]

Often associated with the photography of Moriyama Daido, the Provoke collective of photographers and writers appeared most active from 1968 to 1970, having published only three journals. The exchange among those involved, often influenced by anti-war politics and Marxism—including artists and academics—span over a decade from 1966 to the mid 1970s. Influenced by the site-specific protest-inspired performance collectives of the 1960s in Japan, such as Zero Jigen and Hi-Red Center, Provoke emerged in a time of social and political unrest with a photography manifesto that challenged the hegemonic structures of the times.[10] Their off-kilter, grainy, blurry—or *are*, *bure*, *boke*—images[11] aimed to confront and disturb the pre-existing conceptual expectations of photographic and documentary realism in an urbanscape of erupting social chaos.[12] From university campuses and student barricades to the streets of Shinjuku, there were outbreaks of protests and social rebellion that were impossible to capture with conventional photographic methods. How did you document the dynamism of such tumultuous energy during a time of rapid social changes? The Provoke Manifesto, written by founding members Takanashi Yutaka, Nakahira Takuma, Taki Kōji, and Okada Takahiko declares:

> The image by itself is not a thought. It cannot possess a wholeness like that of a concept. Neither is it an interchangeable code like a language. Yet its irreversible materiality—the reality that is cut out by the camera—constitutes the opposite side of language, and for this reason at times it stimulates the world of language and concepts. When this happens, language transcends its fixed and conceptualized self, transforming into a new language, and therefore a new thought.

> At this singular moment—now—language loses its material basis—in short its reality—and drifts in space, we photographers must go on grasping with our own eyes those fragments of reality that cannot possibly be captured with existing language, actively putting forth materials against language and against thought. Despite some reservations, this is why we have given Provoke the subtitle *provocative materials for thought*. (Takanashi, Nakahira, Taki and Okada, 1968)[13]

Matsumoto Toshio had also written an essay on the "hidden photograph" in the magazine *Kamera Jidai,* where he expands on Henri Cartier-Bresson's compositional concept of the "decisive moment" as an instance in which the "real" appears.[14] In such instances—in the moment when the image is taken—there are revelatory crevices or "passages" (*tsūro*) which emerge out of entrenched stereotypes and structures. For Matsumoto such moments require "the alignment of three factors: an unexpected and revelatory 'accident' (*gūzen*) happening in the external world; a fortuitous photographic capture of the accident; and a 'sharp imagination'."[15] These ideas fed into Provoke's founding members, and its main theoreticians, Taki Kōji and Nakahira Takuma.

Taki Kōji published a series of essays on the Barthesean codeless image in the late 60s and early 70s where he argued for the dismantling of the "semantic environment" by surrendering the photographer's ego and turning creative action to the camera, thus dispelling the illusions of an elite-manipulated society. Key to Taki's theorizing was the concept of *kankyō*–the environment—where conventional photography played a role in maintaining the status quo. *Kankyō* normally referred to 'the area surrounding a place or thing' or 'the circumstances in which a discrete part of something interacts with the larger whole.' For Taki, *kankyō* was a relational concept that fed into the production of meaning, a process or 'relationship' (*kankei*) "that entwines 'subjective individuals' and 'images' in a totalising nexus."[16] By experimenting with different photographic techniques—ones that produced the plain and accidental image—the photographer's camera, by "infinitely repeating the act of photography,"

would challenge the hegemonic environment and transmit the realities of the world sub-linguistically.[17] As Philippe Charrier writes, "More than a mere repository of useful stylistic techniques, Taki regarded pioneering photography forms as weapons that lay outside the framework of 'the system'. Their technological crudeness constituted a kind of primitivistic power that resisted the compromising semiotic structures of language and narrative."[18]

The camera for fellow Provoke colleague, Nakahira Takuma served as more than an instrument to uncover the hegemonic ideology of the material environment, in this case, the landscape.[19] The camera was also a mnemonic device to capture what the photographer could have missed, laying bare the world and all beyond that had previously not been "disclosed." Regarding Nakahira Takuma's photobook "For a Language to Come," Kohara Masashi writes that Nakahira's camera is an anti-interpretative device that captures everything in front of it without understanding it, as a remedy for memory loss that accepts every detail without difference."[20] The camera, Kohara writes, is Nakahira's third eye, and an instrument "to re-establish his sundered link to the world – without language as a filtering device, but with the camera as a gathering apparatus." Nakahira Takuma writes, "My photography is an absolute necessity for me, having forgotten everything." Like his compatriot Taki Kōji, Nakahira was also concerned about capturing that which is not immediate to the eye or framed by the photographer. Influenced by Roland Barthes and Walter Benjamin, Nakahira found inspiration in Eugène Atget whom he credited as a photographer who discarded his ego and gave significance to the unconscious elements in his photographs, "[b]ecause he lacked any a priori images, Atget laid bare the world as the world. But for us, who already fully 'know' the world, can we still nakedly manifest reality like this or not? If we suppose it is possible, then is there no other way than to start out by first discarding one's self?"[21]

Like many who read semiotics and philosophy during that dynamic period, Nakahira was also preoccupied with the relationship of language and the image—and Provoke, Nakahira argued, had revived language. "Images haunt language like a shadow", he writes; "they line language, and give it substance, and in some cases, they bring

about the expansion of language."[22] Provoke had fulfilled its mission in that the photographs had thwarted the "fixed meanings of verisimilitude"—a tree is not a tree—the image is not self-evident. In the unintentionally focused style of the Provoke photographers, inspired by the rapid urbanization of Japan, and a landscape engulfed in social and political dissent, the totality of the urban authority-controlled "landscape" was challenged. The unstructured photographs revealed the fissures or "cracks" of possible languages or possible worlds—of a language to come. Resonant of Nakahira's essays, Moriyama Daido – perhaps Provoke's most celebrated photographer—in later years would argue that giving meaning to his photograph was pointless,

> to shoot images is to receive shocks from the outside world … imposing a theme drains photography of its spark [...] the outside world is extremely fluid and mixed up. Wrestling it into a "theme" is an impossibility. The mix in its totality cannot be photographed. Within a thin sliver of this world, only the thinnest of segments can be recorded with the photograph – but I keep photographing. There is nothing else." (Moriyama)[23]

The exploration of image and text had also permeated the world of manga in the late 1960s – especially the avant-garde manga (*zen'ei manga)* of Hayashi Seiichi and Maki Sasaki, who broke with conventional Japanese manga illustration and the use of language. In *eizō manga* (image manga), the image and text relationship is non-oppositional—it is comprehended through an aesthetic appreciation of individual images and the poetic correspondences between one image and the next—a form of narrative illustration.[24] By rethinking the nature of the image (and panelling in manga), the role of the text is also re-considered and re-inscribed beyond the role of the Barthesean "relay" function—and just as the Provoke photographers intended, for the avant-garde mangakas, the text is no more dependent on or connected to the image but drifts in space, unanchored from its conceptual moorings and works as a composite, a montage of messages that undermine the certainty of meaning in a condition of flux.

BACK TO WINDSOR

We never intended to bring coherence to the theme of *Structures of Anticipation* or plan a neat completion to the project. It seems even more surreal now, in these pandemic times, when the Windsor-Detroit border has become a zone of infection. Although the border remains closed to tourists, essential workers and truck drivers continue to cross daily and, as of this writing, Windsor-Essex has the highest rate of COVID-19 in the province.[25] Particularly since 9/11, this border has always been a site of anticipation and insecurity; now it's taken on an altogether different quality, almost like a phantom limb. The geographic spaces now called Windsor and Detroit have been linked since before colonization. To see the other shore, but be cut off from it, generates feelings of loss, surreality, worry, and anticipation for some kind of better future. Mostly, we wait.

We had envisioned a process of stages and prolonged time-gaps for post-event reflection—particularly after the intensiveness of the four days of activity in which printing and equipment issues added to the last-minute scramble. The 100-word composition was never meant to "explain" the image but acted as companion text, although in some cases it could stand perfectly independent of the image. These juxtapositions of compositions and images, we hope, act to disturb, illuminate, mystify, and provoke—teasing out what lies beyond the writer-photographer's eye or even the reader's perceptions, and invite us to generate different constellations of knowing and re-assessing the word-image relation in an age of digital instantaneities—and of meaning perpetually deferred. This was our particular way of pushing the semiotic disruption of the text-image relationship—by restricted image selection and limiting the word count within a time constraint.

Certainly, the most tense and anticipatory moments were felt during the installation, and just before the exhibition went live. The sequence of the photographs was the participant's decision, while the installation location and placement were the curators' decision with the input of the contributor, if present. The restricted time period of the four days from opening workshop to exhibition certainly created

a sense of urgency on the part of those involved, and yet this duration was considered a pause against the flood of constant news and overwhelming information where participants had to focus on creating the five text-image compositions. We recognize the contradictions here of producing work that calls a halt to the speed of information in less than four days, but in the spirit of Provoke's manifesto, we too had hope to generate fissures or cracks in the discourse in the image-text exercise that took place in Windsor, the space of Taki Kōji's *kankyō*—and to bring forth, in Nakahira Takuma's words, a language to come. If we did not leave the exhibition with a sense of lingering dissatisfaction or disquietude—and wanting to write a little more, reorganize the symposium structure, or change the selection and number of photographs or their sequence – we believe we would have failed. As such, we decided to give our contributors another opportunity to put down their thoughts, to select perhaps an image that they wished they had included or to expand their writing – this time by about another 500 words but to a single image. These thirteen photo-compositions (arranged alphabetically) presented as a dossier in this *Imaginations* issue, are not postscripts to the project. However, we do see them as adding to the different parts of the project; as exhibition, as webpage, and as publication, presenting yet another iteration of the theme that would serve as a springboard to future workshops, exhibitions, and encounters.

—*The Curators,*[26] August 5, 2020

NOTES

1. Photographed by Czarina Mendoza for the *Structures of Anticipation* symposium and exhibition. Kate Schneider's *Trumpgrabs* series can be found here: https://www.kateschneider.net/trumpgrabs.

2. *Structures of Anticipation*, May 21-24, 2019, Windsor, Ont. Canada. This was a SSHRC Connection Grant funded event organized and curated by Karen Engle (Project Lead), Yoke-Sum Wong, and Craig Campbell. The research creation event included a workshop, and an exhibition – the research creation process was mostly completed within 48 hours. Readers of the photo-compositions here should also cross reference with the project's website, https://www.structuresofanticipation.com.

3. There is something bold in calling them diptychs, which typically refers to two images. In our case we use this language to raise the level of the writing in an explicit effort to avoid the diminishing language of a "caption."

4. SB Contemporary Gallery is now closed as the owners have relocated to Thornbury, Ontario.

5. Randy Lewis and Monti Sigg, exhibition text, in *Structures of Anticipation*, May 24, 2019.

6. Donna Haraway (2016), *Staying with the Trouble*, Durham, NC: Duke University Press.

7. Matsumoto Toshio and Michael Raine (Trans.), "A Theory of Avant Garde Documentary," Cinema Journal, 51.4 (Summer 2012), pp. 148–154.
Also see Mark Nones' (2007*) *Forest of Pressure: Ogawa Shinsuke and Postwar Japanese Documentary*, Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press.

8. Roland Barthes, "The Death of the Author," *Image, Music, Text.* Translated by Stephen Heath. New York: Hill and Wang, pp. 142–147.

9. Matsumoto and Raine, pp. 152–153.

10. See the catalogue of the exhibition, *Provoke: between Protest and Performance: Photography in Japan, 1960 – 1975* (2016), Steidl.

11. *Are, Bure, Boke* is normally translated as grainy, blurry, out of focus.

12. One of the most famous images that encapsulates the spirit of Provoke aesthetics is probably Tomatsu Shomei's "Protest 1" from the *Oh! Shinjuku* series (1969). The image can be seen here featured in the review of the exhibition, *For a New World to Come* (2015), https://asianartnewspaper.com/experiments-in-japanese-art-and-photography-1968-1979/. Tomatsu was not part of Provoke but like other photographers at that time, shared Provoke's philosophy. Tomatsu, interestingly though had always challenged the idea of photographic documentary realism associated with the photography of Domon Ken – though they did work together.

13. Takanashi Yutaka, Nakahira Takuma, Taki Kōji, Okada Takahiko, *Provoke* 1.1 (November 1968), 2.

14. Matsumoto Toshio, 'Gūzen no mon-dai', *Kamera jidai*, 1 (January 1966), pp. 46–47. The title here can be translated as the Problem of the Accidental.

15. Philip Charrier (2017) Taki Kōji, "Provoke, and the Structuralist Turn in Japanese Image Theory", 1967–70, *History of Photography*, 41:1, pp. 25–43.

16. Charrier, pp. 26.

17. Taki Kōji, "First discard the world of pseudocertainty: The thinking beyond photography and language," Hirayama Mikako (Trans.) Tokyo: Tabata Shoten (1970), pp. 6–11. The short essay is found in a book that served as Provoke's fourth and final publication. This same translated essay is reprinted as "What is Possible for Photography" in *From Postwar to Postmodern, Art in Japan 1945-1989, Primary Documents*, 2012, p. 218.

18. Charrier, pp. 31.

19. The reprinting of Nakahira Takuma's photobook, *For a Language to Come* is also accompanied by the translation of his three essays between 1968–1973. They are: *Has Photography been able to Provoke Language* (1968); *Rebellion against the Landscape: Fire at the Limits of Perpetual Gazing* (1970); *Looking at the City or, The Look from the City* (1973). All three essays are listed as Nakahira Takuma, "Three Essays by Nakahira Takuma," Franz K Pritchard (Trans.) in *For a Language to Come* (2010), Tokyo, Osiris.

20. Kohari Masashi (2010), "A Portrait of Nakahira Takuma (2005)" in https://americansuburbx.com/2010/06/takuma-nakahira-portrait-of-takuma.html

21. Nakahira, 2010.

22. Ibid.

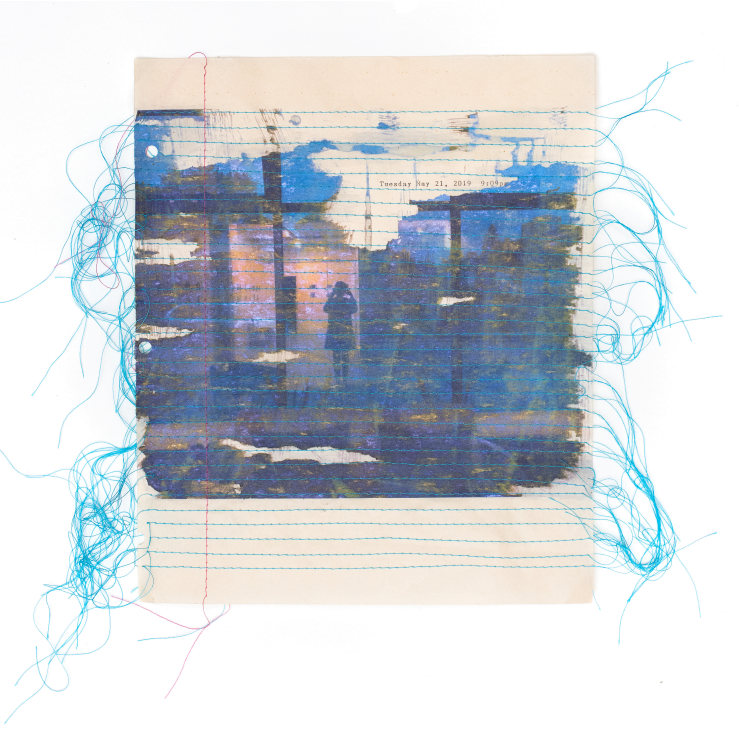
23. Moriyama Daido with Ivan Vartanian, "Daido Moriyama: The Shock from Outside, Interview with Ivan Vartanian," *Aperture*, No. 203 (Summer 2011), pp. 22–31.

24. Ryan Holmberg, "A Vogue for I Don't Get It: Hayashi Seiichi vs. Sasaki Maki, 1967–69," *The Comic Journal* http://www.tcj.com/a-vogue-for-i-dont-get-it-hayashi-seiichi-vs-sasaki-maki-1967-69/

25. CBC July 26, 2020.

26. Yoke-Sum Wong (Calgary, Ab), Karen Engle (Windsor, Ont), Craig Campbell (Austin, Tx)

SARAH BEVERIDGE



As an artist, curator and parent, the proposed theme of anticipation and this spontaneous process of creation initially evoked feelings of nervousness and loss, and at the same time hope and optimism for something new. I frantically set forth in my creative process to represent and communicate my sense of things, socially and politically, at this particular moment in time. Tuesday May 21, 2019. On this

day, my fragmented thoughts and realizations that surfaced in three works involved: notions of the repetition of history and our role as makers in recording, and re-recording, the importance of autobiographical reflection; and understanding the power of the individual voice as well as focusing on the banal, everyday routine and its role in survival.

I began to photograph the space around me—my home and the gallery that the exhibition of *Structures of Anticipation* would take place in. I was on the inside looking out, viewing my neighbourhood and immediate surroundings. This process of looking allowed me to take pause, to make and create work that could only be reflective of time. I simultaneously found myself thinking of Van Gogh's *Bedroom in Arles* (1888), and Virginia Woolf's, *A Room of One's Own* (1926). Each photograph that I selected was transferred onto a piece of Japanese paper, and then placed into my typewriter. The first embedded text read, *"From this place, in this moment, where you are right now; have we been here before?"* In relation to this work, I wrote the days of the week.

Sunday

Monday

Tuesday

Wednesday

Thursday

Friday

Saturday

Sunday

Monday

The second image a self-portrait of my reflection in the gallery window, including the typed text *"Tuesday May 21, 2019 9:09pm,"* accompanied by text reading *"Woman in a Gallery Anticipating,"* and the third image, *"Where are we going? When will we be there? What are we going to do next?"* All questions often asked and repeated over and over by my two daughters, now five and six. This work paralleled an emergency kit list that I had put together while traveling to Chile with my two young children. After experiencing a small earthquake while there, I decided it was necessary to always be prepared.

Water, Flashlight, Change of Clothes, Passports, Health Cards, Some Food, Boots, First Aid Kit, Pillows, Sleeping Bags, Jackets, Phone Charger, Candles, Matches.

The material element of thread is then added into the works, each work pushed through the sewing machine. Sewn to represent sheets of lined paper, threading thoughts of what now seems to be an obsolete form for retaining and recording knowledge in our digital culture.

With preparedness in the forefront of our actions, living by example in our communities, giving voice to opinion, and doing what we can from the place in which we stand, we can anticipate positive change. In my opinion, as a mother/artist creating in the midst of the current global climate, politically and environmentally, it is always important to have hope, hold it tight, nurture it and be kind.

TALYSHA BUJOLD-ABU

No game to play here, in the pushed back sleeves and wet hands of washing walls. Squares of black space, they appear, only the shapeless happenings of repetitive labour. Cameras record with a knowing assumption. They see hands and a wall.

The washing continues, up and down. Breathing with pressure flared nostrils, up and down. How loud it is to be watched. I backed up, with a photo. Backed up again, with a flash.

A dark wet square drying slowly, slower still was the water dripping off my elbow. Packing up: zipper, soap bottle, rag. Quick actions. Damp cement disappeared. The wall left with a phantasmal stain, a puddle of grime resting at the nearest corner. The water kept moving, finding hidden slopes that lead down, pooling and expanding—chanting the same against the ground as I had with the wall: faster and faster still.

* * *

ANTICIPATING is a nervous and exciting threshold. An action, a feeling, a space to occupy that withholds patience while asking for time. *Structures of Anticipation* became this transient space. A workshop built for reinterpretation; asking participants to embody research and interrogation, to marry process with constructing quickly.

My process was in washing, wiping down walls to create a square threshold, a marking (also unmarked) in its anonymous presence. Hoping to mimic the narrative language of graffiti, the way walls learned to scream profanity, mirror peeing youths and embrace symbols or images of othering. The mean graffiti, the cruel stuff. I found the work (the act of anticipation) in the process of interacting with the wall, in the washed shapes. Doing the math but showing the work, the work being that satisfying surprise.

Was this the actual strength of graffiti? There must've been something more to turning sentiment into a public billboard or sign. The act of "putting it up" and "putting it there," a note to be seen or read, a stranger in the background of the everyday. Alike to the cameras that watched me washing—the action of it feeling odd was enough. To sneak down a back alley (or parking garage) and wipe the walls clean

… the only material coming loose was dirt and city smog. Standing there, scrubbing, othering myself while changing the wall (if only temporarily) as the water dried.

Perhaps the distorted narratives of graffiti (on graffiti, overlapping graffiti) is the relationship between what can and cannot be seen; another space of anticipation that threads itself between what was left and who left it there. My shapes faded, the photographs only a lasting impression. I felt glad that some marks can disappear.

FIONA COUILLARD

> After everything you've been through, how can you not be a feminist?
>
> *- A question to my mother*

Standing, lost but not yet hopeless, on the sidewalk of that uneasy street, it was clear I would not find what I was looking for. The orange snow fence was nowhere to be found in Windsor, Ontario on this muggy May day.

I use the snow fence as a visual metaphor in my practice. I equate it with the psychological defences we build as protection when the world tells us who to be or how to be and when that world view does not align with our own internal image of self. The fence becomes a representation of patriarchal power structures, a grid that both hides and reveals.

The situation with the security guard at the airport terminal in Detroit and men on the streets kept leading me back to the bizarre enactments of the couple in the Toronto airport. I couldn't shake off what I saw as a disturbing power play. I should have been seething with rage, yet I felt like an observer, collecting data to later stand upon.

I read the symposium's concept, *Anticipation*, to be politically charged—where the onslaught of biased news can cause one to anticipate and conjure a false reality.

The symposium began with sharing images of our work and how we were thinking about the topic—both inspiring and supportive. The brevity of the text component allowed time during the week to ponder, and to engage while forcing one to consider the value and importance of each word. Yet, five diptychs was enough to require pushing beyond my current focus in order to create a relevant body of work.

Before our individual work, several of us took a long exploratory walk through Windsor and along the Detroit River, a veritable fence between the US and Canada. I couldn't help but consider my privilege of nationality and birth during this trip. Each of us had different

research interests tied to anticipation and different images of interest that we hoped to capture.

I set out on foot in search of fences, I knew the best method to resolve my thoughts with images would be to work with those that presented themselves, rather than to try forcing a preconceived idea.

I was now looking for (any) fences in domestic settings, used to provide a sense of security rather than to define property or for aesthetic purposes. I remained open to the unknown in an unknown place, allowing myself to alter constraints in the process, while at the same time I was asked by these directives to question what I was seeing. I walked many city blocks and neighbourhood streets, north to south and east to west. The solo adventure was quiet and meditative, allowing my observations of the week to percolate with the landscape in front of me.

LINDSEY A. FREEMAN

Anticipation is a border (town).

> *"I have known for a long time that one does not go anywhere. It is the cities or countries that come or do not come to you."*
> *– Hélène Cixous, "Promised Cities"*

Windsor was even weirder than I thought it would be. That Patrick was a coveted Dungeon Master was one of the few things that made sense. I had anticipated a city more like Buffalo, New York, another border town, where I lived for three difficult years teaching at a small SUNY school. The chair of my current department pronounces it as "sunny Buffalo," and the disconnect always cracks me open, like good satire. Buffalo is a city too big for its current population: it's a place where even the architecture seems disappointed. Whereas in Windsor, the buildings look baffled, an effect of the hodgepodge of architectural styles and the inescapable comparison with Detroit.

To be in Buffalo, as an academic, meant that every first get-to-know-you chat included: "Let me show you the hotel where Michel Foucault lived when he was here." I had many drinks in this former-residence-of-Foucault hotel bar, where maybe upstairs he was reading Roland Barthes' *S/Z* and more. It's hard to imagine Foucault in Windsor, but I can dream him in Detroit. That's the thing about a border, if you can't conceive of something being on one side, you can usually do some mental gymnastics to put it on the other.

In Buffalo, a friend used a dating app and extended the area all the way to Toronto. When a potential date quipped, "Why would you come all the way up here?" she knew all bets were off if driving to somewhere more cosmopolitan for sex was going to be frowned upon. In some places you can get swiped right from here to eternity and still not get what you want.

In Windsor, sex was everywhere, but sensuousness seemed hard to come by. Strip clubs boasted girls with "New Effort" and egg roll specials—there's not a stronger way to say "no touching" in the English language. Meanwhile flyers on telephone poles promised men in kilts would powerwash your home, but "no peeking!" The senses were another harsh border, patrolled.

In this little notch where Canada sits below the U.S., it feels like everyone's a border guard of one type or another. One afternoon as I walked around Windsor and Detroit, in the span of a couple of hours I collected insults hurled from people I passed on the street: "faggot" in Canada and "bitch" in America. Georg Simmel's famous conception of urban coolness, the blasé attitude, cannot hold in such places. The blasé schluffs off individuals and hangs in the air like miasma, creating a diffuse anxiety, an agitated atmosphere that exposes you feeling it. This kind of space can create a desire for a hard shell, like Weber's steel casing, or a monster truck with huge wheels that could roll all over this Autophilic space on Sunday, Sunday, Sunday.

KRISTEN GALLERNEAUX

At the tail end of October, here I am, picking through the memories of the Structures of Anticipation workshop from May. Flipping back to a take a heartbeat on a moment through a five-month gap is not quite so odd a mental space as returning to a city I'd once lived in over a decade-and-a-half before. I haven't been back to Windsor much since I left in 2006, except for the occasional stop-through to visit friends made during radio DJ days at the university's campus station, CJAM.

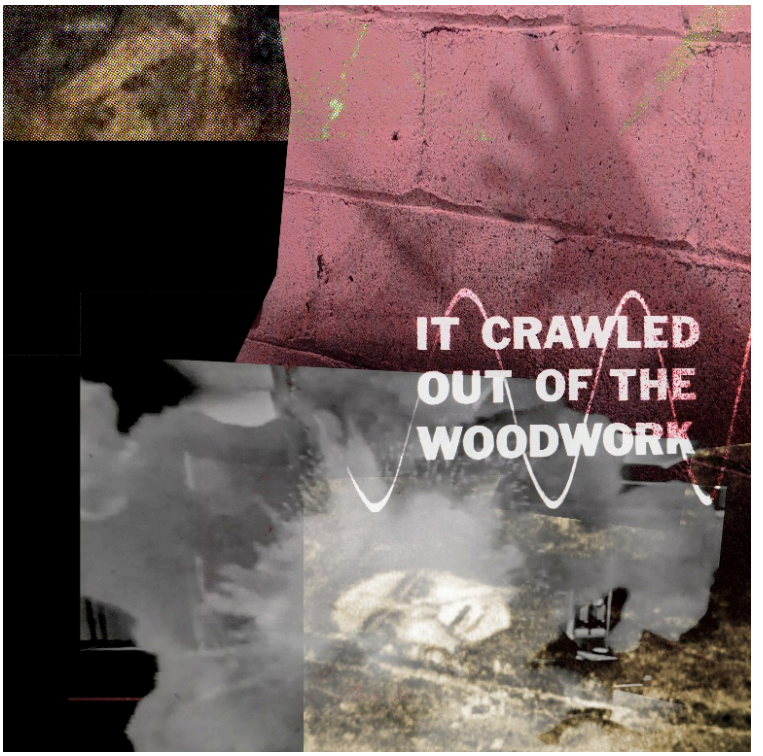
In the near-present, it is the jarring feeling of displacement that sticks the most. To be back in Windsor, self-propelled on foot (as I always am, as a non-driver), walking miles a day in slow time towards possible somethings to photograph in the distance. Places I was shocked to find still had a stake in the soil, things gone beyond recognition, a little more grime, and finding some of the city's mainstay businesses and bars wiped out by the recession. The grassy footprint where the house of a friend had been, which had burned a few years prior. Nostalgia can be such a grind—it isn't always warm and fuzzy. This vague melancholy wove its way into the work I produced during the workshop.

The memex might be a little faulty too, because I developed a tenacious early summer cold the night before I was set to travel to Windsor. I managed to keep a safe distance while scratchily introducing myself to other participants, paranoid I was going to break out in a coughing fit. At a gallery reading event, I acted as a proxy and foghorned my way through the essay of one of my writing mentors, Lesley Stern. The sound of my voice exaggerated inside of my own head

thanks to a burgeoning ear infection. It all seems appropriate, given the essay's focus on illness and whales.

Thinking back to the spring, I see myself as a vibrating embodiment of anticipatory energy. Life was weighted between exciting and seeming impossible. Never mind that summer cold my waking world had become profoundly fragmented in January when a horrendous cycle of insomnia latched its claws in, out of nowhere. Night after night, I was averaging three hours of sleep. I'd been fighting with health insurance for months to access testing and treatment. I didn't know it yet, but after winning the right to pay for some expensive tests, a specialist discovered that my pituitary gland had stopped producing the hormones I needed to sleep. On the other hand, I'd also just found out that I'd been selected for a life-changing Kresge Arts in Detroit Fellowship (which I couldn't share publicly yet).

The work that I produced during the Structures of Anticipation workshop became an exploratory way to combine the loose ideas I'd been floating around: the cultural history of fragments, stone folklore, and the lens of chronic insomnia. Visual fragments gathered from the city, sleepless film favorites, and historic hauntings were processed into collages. Outside of academia, I'd never had the chance to simply retreat—and *produce*. Of the five image and text pairings I created, this one seems appropriate because it is both hopeful, humorous and impatient. It captures the precipice point of discovery and diagnosis, calm and celebration.



Spain, 1971. The "Faces of Belmez" manifest in the Pereira family floor—undulating imprints of the dead. Wired at 4:12am, I'm (momentarily) disappointed an *Outer Limits* episode isn't about sentient architecture, but an energy entity sparked to life inside a vacuum cleaner motor. Cloud-like, it roams, consuming lives.

Friday night in an empty hospital locker room waiting for the MRI tech. Someone has inflated an examination glove and left it on a chair. A puffy spectral hand, waving to the HVAC. While the machine clanks beats around my head, assembling clues, I fall asleep straining to memorize its magnetic patterns.

FAEGHEH (VICTORIA) KALANTARI

Anticipation, as an action, may lead to several outcomes. Even the very meaning of such a word concocts images of temporal confusion and cognitive dissonance. A quick search on Google provided no relief as its definition was generalized to the situation. My understanding of anticipation is related to feelings which can have positive or negative consequences. Expectation, hope, and wishes can become entangled with anxiety, stress, doubtfulness, and conflict.

The goal of *Structures of Anticipation* was to create three to five photo-compositions of image and text. The purpose of such conciseness, beyond expressing myself as "minimalist" or "structuralist," was also

to explore the relationship between writing and imagery, while overcoming artistic challenges. My definitions for minimalism and structuralism are interrelated and co-dependent with my cultural background, my feelings, and my artistic work ethic.

The context of my most recent work involves themes of displacement arising from my personal journey from Iran to Canada. As an immigrant artist, I wanted to represent my memories, photographic style, and academic work as a continuation of my personal and artistic development.

Through the utilization of archival material, which included visual and written sources, I was able to relate my memories, feelings and emotions with the project's goal. For instance, to visually represent a memory, I employed the style of layering which is accomplished by superimposing two images to create a new image. "Hope" depicts the reflection inside of a library overlooking the American-Canadian bridge, and the combination of the two screenshots in "Long Distance Relationship" represents the layering of memories. I also used a screenshot from social media as an inspiration for the piece "Parents Are Parents."

Memorizing my dad's conversation from a phone call and transferring my siblings' text messages from different social networking applications are examples of interacting with multiple sources for referencing my memories.

My writing technique, in contrast to my visual style, is based on fragments and dialogue. The use of fragmented writing serves a twofold purpose. First, it is akin to recalling a dream; only certain aspects or fragments are captured to explain either an event or a sequence of events.

The second purpose involves active imagination by the audience or reader to fill in the gaps left by the words. The spaces between words, sentences, and paragraphs act as pieces of a larger puzzle being constantly shuffled in the quest to make sense of the experience. The combination of my sense of humour with the bitter-sweet reality of my personal life is also significant to me.

Through my writing, the audience is allowed to explore open-ended concepts by using word-play, polysemousness, and ambiguity. For example, the words "house warming" or "warm house" and "blindness" or "awareness" invite the audience to choose one of the words based on their understandings of the work. Without imposing on the audience a particular theory or conceptual definition, readers are bound to imbue their thoughts and feelings onto the text they read.

Dialogue, as a tool in my inter-objectivity, is my most favorite technique. One cannot have a meaningful discussion with someone else if said individual were to talk in soliloquies.

RANDY LEWIS AND MONTI SIGG

Wandering as Method

"Creative activities are useful only if they produce new, so far unknown relations," László Moholy-Nagy wrote in 1922. And if nothing else, the *Ex-Situ* collaborations are producing just that[1]. Every few years, the ongoing project puts academics and artists together in unexpected ways, creating work that is almost entirely conceived, produced, and exhibited within a few days. It's the opposite of the slow gestation process of most academic work: it's somewhere between a sprint and a bender, metaphorically speaking, and it has the excitement and exhaustion to match.

For me it's been wonderful to take part, most recently in Windsor, Canada in May 2019. But it's not easy to classify what I did with my collaborator and photographer, Monti Sigg. Much of it was simply walking, waiting, looking, talking, and sorting through what I saw in the streets, then comparing notes with other participants who were all looking to uncover something related to our common theme—"structures of anticipation." It felt like a hybrid game whose rules were unstated and fluid. The terrain was pleasantly squishy, and I did something that was not quite ethnography, not quite journalism, not quite art, and some would say, not quite scholarship.

What this means in practice is that I rummaged through the built environment like a finicky record collector at a giant flea market, moving around Windsor and Detroit, talking to people and collecting impressions. Monti snapped photos of anything vaguely related to surveillance's deeply anticipatory nature, the theme of my recent work, while I took notes and enjoyed being intentionally adrift, far from the hard ground of disciplinary traditions and professionally-sanctioned methodologies.

Perhaps wandering and wondering, collecting and reflecting, is not much of a method for the hard-core disciplinarians. Close textual reading, careful philosophical argumentation, clever turns of the historical imagination, qualitative social science—we are accustomed to seeing all of these in the humanities, which has often made room for quasi-poetic activities. But moving around and waiting for something to emerge, well, that is more the terrain of poets, private eyes, and ethnographers.

Few of us trained for this liminal zone between art and scholarship, where we feel like we are making it up as we go along, relying on intuition far more than our formal training. It is awkward, raw, unsettled, and unscientific. It requires openness and even a kind of boldness. It is an unsafe space, conceptually speaking. Unlike a scholar producing another journal article, you are doing something with no obvious precedent, and creating a product with no obvious market.

Yet that awkward, unsettled, and intuitive place is the most exciting part of the academic landscape for people like me. I'm an interdisci-

plinary scholar with connections to American Studies, cultural history, film studies, and surveillance studies. I often admire the work done within those sprawling academic zones. Yet what I find the most exciting is the work I've done with artists or as an artist/academic. As good stand-up comedians know, the boundary between *acceptable* and *unacceptable* is often exciting.

I've had an uncommon number of opportunities to explore the ragged edges of academic work over my career. When the thick syrup of methodology evaporates like a shallow puddle in the desert, all sorts of things are possible if you are not freaked out by the freedom. At this point, I'm used to *not knowing*, and I'm okay with that. Like the process artists of the seventies, I think I'm growing intellectually from just letting it happen, figuring it out, and wrapping it up simply because I can sense that it's ready. And I'm grateful for any community of scholars and allies who encourages this experimental/experiential way of being. I'm grateful to have a community who is like-minded about redefining scholarship.

When I'm writing long captions for evocative photos or creating short videos that are more lyrical than analytical, I don't have a set methodology nor a standard product that can be easily measured for quality, but I'm still compelled to try something different, something outside of the professional status quo. After too many years of watching conference papers read in a rushed monotone to a tiny audience; after confronting journal articles whose titles allow you to predict the interpretative steps and citational genuflecting to come; after feeling imprisoned within the standard academic forms and the quietly self-congratulatory rhetoric of post-Enlightenment intellectual life, it is frankly glorious to explore different ways of doing things, to create a semi-academic space for surprise, beauty, ugliness, intuition, and even a hint of the irrational.

To put art and chaos and speed into the scholarly process feels infinitely hopeful at this moment in history. If professors could make more room for newness in form and outcome, if we were willing to explore the potential of the Ex Situ model and create work that is experimental, experiential, and collaborative in nature, I think we

might surprise ourselves with the results. I hope to continue working in the Ex Situ style. Working in an interrogative mode of experimentation is simply more meaningful to me than the declarative mode of most scholarship I have known—it produces more surprises and joyful insights, and does so with greater humility.

NOTES

1. Ex-Situ was the original project (Austin, Texas, 2014) organized by Craig Campbell and Yoke-Sum Wong that launched these various international workshops (which Structures of Anticipation is part of). Its aim was to challenge and remove the hierarchies of conventional academic conference methods in search of methodologies in process.

ANDRIKO LOZOWY

Structures of Anticipation experimented with methodological and temporal constraints. It also coupled geographical and cultural specificity to create an ethos of the concept of *terroir*. In this brief essay, I will stretch terroir beyond the particularity of culinary applications to include social-spatial-geographical flavors that nourish a location-based cultural-psycho-geography.

> Terroir is a term that refers to how certain places produce certain identifiable qualities in wine and agricultural produce, to the climate that makes particular types of this produce prosper there and nourish its human and other inhabitants and give it

> a distinctive taste or flavour based on the natural conditions of soil and topography (Barber, 2006). (Cited in Hurren and Hasbe-Ludt 2011, 18. *Journal of Curriculum Theorizing*. Volume 27, Number 2, 2011).

Before I arrived in Windsor, I wanted to investigate the complexities of power, colonialism, and place. However, once the hourglass began to count down, and time became finite and scarce, I simply maximized opportunities that existed at hand. The outcome was five images that compressed every extraneous artifact, sense, and affect to simple gestural drawings. The group's support let me exceed expectations and discover an urgency in the unexpected.

To describe the output as magic is too holistic. Perhaps the more appropriate word is design.

German-born Canadian graphic designer Rolf Harder says, "to produce good design you must abandon everything that is not supporting the message" (from the film, *Design Canada*, 2018, Greg Durrell). I'm struck by the idea that, as the sand passed through the hourglass's neck, the Structures of Anticipation collective produced works of immense clarity.

Artistic production is gruelling. It induces panic. It is exhausting. Yet creative flow emerged from the stress. I imagine that the abandonment of expectations and the embrace of the sensorial gave me presence with terroir. The placeness of the place and affective energy in a moment let me connect to history, people, and memory. The image is almost sacrificial. In the stillness of the moment, energy became still. There was a heaviness of a quiet anticipation.

All the while, the ground where I found place shakes as trains trundle between Windsor and Detroit.

Flow is something I discuss with my undergraduate students. It has the power to guide people to a place that seems mysterious, perhaps even unknown. But my own experience, a history laid out across a linear stretch of time, reminds me that, the flow is only accessed when I press into the uncharted, uncomfortable, and unknown.

Structures of Anticipation is where I accessed the flow. I connected with it. I felt it. The experience reminded me that my own photographic and walking method of research depend on an enforced pressure. I learned that I must find the time for flow. And Windsor is where I merged with place.

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KIMBERLY MAIR

In Eugène Ionesco's 1959 play, *Rhinoceros*, a single rhinoceros makes a senseless interruption to routine village life, and townsfolk speculate about the dangers. As they debate whether it should be permitted that a rhinoceros should run through the streets, one by one they, themselves, transform into rhinoceroses as though via thought-contagion, and Berenger, the protagonist, anticipates and struggles against the potential for his own transformation. After WWII, some thinkers proposed that information had "lost its body," become weightless and unencumbered by material and meaning, but we still had bodies.[1] Now, information baits its prey —its counterparts are data points attached to flesh and anxious presentiment. Per-

haps anticipation has always grappled with a poorly grasped temporality. "There is a scenography of waiting," Barthes insisted, "I organize it, manipulate it, cut out a portion of time."[2] The structure of anticipation might be time itself, but not with one moment following another as its reference or cause. Not like H.G. Wells's narrator puts it: "For years even quite bold and advanced thinkers were chased by events [...] They only realized what had really occurred long afterwards. And so they never foresaw."[3] If they had, they could put to work a negative anticipation, a kind of security against something that might be emerging but remains stubbornly inchoate or isn't quite here now. Maybe "[t]he being I am waiting for is not real"[4]—yet. There is still time to organize security for unnoticed emergencies. Anticipation would operate "like a sixth sense," something to which attempts at explanation and preparation give a sketchy outline, turning "a potential into a threshold to the real,"[5] until it grew a solid border, a body, and could move by itself. Or, the thing against which anticipation mobilizes its defences was already there before you heard the faint ring of the glasses clinking on the table. At that time, it might have still been nothing, barely perceptible, nearly empty, like the glasses that wait to be refilled with apprehension. Because it was there, somewhere beyond the corner, before you heard the galloping footsteps, picking up their pace, coming around towards you, like Ionesco's rhinoceros crashing through the morning. By then, it was already too late. Even though it had already thundered past, and could no longer get us, people had taken the shape of their fear and wore it around, like you said they would. But, perhaps, "You didn't predict anything. You never do. You can only predict things after they've happened."[6]

NOTES

1. N. Katherine Hayles. *How We Became Posthuman: Virtual Bodies in Cybernetics, Literature, and Informatics*. University of Chicago Press, 2008, pp.19-24.

2. Roland Barthes. *A Lover's Discourse: Fragments*. Translated by Richard Howard. London: Vintage, 1978/2002, p. 37.

3. H.G. Wells. "The Shape of Things to Come." In *H. G. Wells: The Complete Novels*, 171699-171701. Book House Publishing, ebook, 2017, location 170545.

4. Barthes, *A Lover's Discourse*, p. 39.

5. Kathleen Stewart. "Atmospheric Attunements." *Rubric* 1 (2010): 1-14; p. 4.

6. Eugène Ionesco. "Rhinoceros." In *Rhinoceros and Other Plays*, pp. 1-107. Translated by Derek Prouse. New York: Grove Press, 1960, p. 99.

BRENDA FRANCIS PELKEY

The anxiety of anticipation: producing new work with text within a two-day symposium.

When I was asked to participate in the symposium, I immediately agreed. I thought, why not? I have a good anticipatory experience coming up as I was happily looking forward to my retirement from teaching. As the date approached and I received more and more information, I began to have serious doubts about what I could produce and what would be good enough. My biggest worry was if it could stand up to previous work. The structure was so unlike my usual approach to projects that on average take at least two years and more to complete. My usual working method is one of long, slow thought, grazing through texts that may have some peripheral connection to the subject, thinking and thinking about the subject

matter, searching out the sites to photograph, questioning, doubting, worrying about how competent I will be with all the technical demands of photography, and then finally finding my ground and producing the work. It is exhausting and I am not sure why I feel I have to make it quite so agonizing, but if I don't then I feel I haven't put everything into it and how could it be any good if I haven't come close to sweating blood?

As the date approached, I began to think about how I had to empty my office of all the paper and books and that I could photograph that process. I bought boxes and I practiced photographing my office. I tried adjusting lighting, close-ups, open drawers anything I could think of. The results were very disappointing. I couldn't possibly show anyone. It was completely visually boring and conceptually nowhere. Still, I didn't want to let go of the idea. I sat in my office for hours. I thought about my teaching career and all the students that had passed through my classes over the past thirty-plus years. The idea of motion, of moving through, struck me as a place to start.

I began again to pack the boxes, paying attention to the movement of taking books from shelves, sorting them and packing them. I put the camera on a low shutter speed and mimicked that movement with the camera. After three hours of packing and photographing, I reviewed the results and was more satisfied with the images. I felt they worked both visually and conceptually. But I was still uncertain and feeling anxious about producing work so quickly. I consulted with others (something I had never done before) to choose the final five images. This sense of vulnerability was not pleasant. I also had to find some words to accompany the images. In two previous bodies of work, I had used image and text—terse narratives to amplify and direct the image interpretation. Of the work produced for the symposium, the one that stands out for me is the story of "Hockey Marjorie." Of all the students of all the years of teaching, her story stands out—maybe because the words that accompany this image are such a small part of the experience of teaching her.

They called her hockey Marjorie

Hockey was her only subject until the team banned her from the rink

She dressed as her Mother for a week, with make-up made bruises

The portraits were raw—the story more so

She was never referred to as Hockey Marjorie again

I can recall still her face.

DOMINIC PINNEY

Night Drive

I have always anticipated nightfall. Growing up in Calgary, AB, some of my earliest memories are of watching the city transform as the sun set, staring out the window of my parents' car and seeing the urban signage turn the landscape into shimmering displays of light and glossy surfaces. The imperfect mirror of the nighttime road will be an image that sticks with me my entire life. However, the anticipation of beauty became an anticipation of dread following a collision I had while driving home one night. These feelings of dread and desire have since merged to create a hybrid sensation, a push and pull towards the night. More specifically: a push and a pull towards the night road. My fascination is grounded in the speed with which one experiences the city while driving, the way scenery can shift radically from moment to moment.

Structures of Anticipation provided the perfect opportunity to explore the urban night-time in a medium other than installation or sculpture. Using the road as my focus, I decided to drive from dusk till 2am and set up my camera in the passenger seat to record the experience. At this point I wasn't sure what imagery this would yield or what text I would create to pair with the video stills. Reviewing the footage the next day and thinking back on my experience, both the previous night and night-time commutes in general, I was taken by how much of an influence the radio has on the experience of driving. Since my collision, constant auditory stimulation has been a major coping mechanism of mine to stave off anxiety while commuting. In those moments when I feel the first stirrings of panic, I raise the volume to almost painful levels. The sound re-focuses me, or rather, unfocuses me from the fear that something terrible is about to happen. Acknowledging this, I felt the most appropriate text to pair with the video stills would be brief transcriptions of radio noise from the time of the video frame.

The series of five diptychs depict my journey from downtown Windsor out into Essex County and eventually back towards the city centre. The timing of the symposium coincided with International Goth Day (May 22nd), and so each image is paired with transcriptions from an interview with Lol Tolhurst of *The Cure* and lyrics from both Depeche Mode and Bauhaus. As the frames progress, they depict the changing light as the sun fades and I drive further and further into the county. The final images are primarily black squares, punctuated only by my headlights and the faraway flow of other cars. As I drove through the night, these unremarkable county roads lost all sense of familiarity. The radio was my only companion to stave off the growing unease as I moved beyond the safety of streetlamps and other commuters. Eventually, my anxiety won out; I sought out familiar roads to take me back towards the city.

Structures of Anticipation gave me the incentive I needed to begin exploring new mediums and new narratives. My practice has always been grounded in the urban nighttime and research focused on exploring narratives in science fiction of impending dystopian cityscapes. Refocusing this anxiety, I can see myself further explor-

ing the road and the nighttime commute in greater detail, in a way that is more grounded in the present than in predictions of the future.

KATE SCHNEIDER

Have you ever found yourself in the throes of a project and wondered, "What the hell am I doing?" That was me at hour five of what would be eight hours of scraping and peeling thirty feet of 24" x 36" posters off a brick wall in downtown Windsor, Ontario.

The posters are part of my project, *Trumpgrabs or: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love My Existential Fear*, which is an evolving archive and public-artwork cataloguing the overwhelming news alerts I receive on my phone's lock-screen since Donald Trump's inauguration in 2017. For *Structures of Anticipation*, I installed the archive of 1,100 screenshots in three locations in Windsor and De-

troit. And, in a move that some questioned—which in my naivete I claimed was ethical—I promised the landowners I would remove the works at the end of the symposium.

Fast forward to the de-install: nearly in tears with hands ripped raw, I was peeling small bits of paper with my hotel keycard from Comfort Suites Windsor and deflecting drunks who were asking, "Why are you sanding a brick wall?" That morning, I thought this process would only take an hour. I brought a bucket of warm water and a spray bottle, and launched myself into a process of wetting the posters and gently peeling them from the wall. But with each round of saturating, the posters wouldn't budge, with only small fragments peeling away.

Anticipation is a hoax. There are many things we can anticipate; I knew that it was going to be a humid day. I brought water and snacks in case the de-install took more than an hour. YouTube told me that I needed to soak the posters in soapy warm water. I brought a bucket of warm water. We can guess what will happen to our future selves. We can make plans to mitigate future issues, but the majority of daily life is beyond the reach of anticipation. And, if we could actually anticipate all the facets of our lives, we would likely fall into some anticipatory existential hole.

Donald Rumsfeld, the architect of the second Iraq war, said this about anticipation (or the Bush Administration's inability to find weapons of mass destruction in Iraq in 2002): "[…] as we know, there are known knowns; there are things we know we know. We also know there are known unknowns; that is to say we know there are some things we do not know. But there are also unknown unknowns—the ones we don't know we don't know."[1] I, my friends, while in the purgatory of peeling, was deeply in the unanticipated territory of unknown unknowns.

Possibly I could have anticipated this. But this anticipatory void is part of the messiness of the artistic process. I also don't have any beautifully packaged wisdom or grand ideas on art for you. All I know is that I am deeply in the known unknown territory with *Trumpgrabs*. And, I'm ok with this. I think.

NOTES

1. Quoted in David A. Graham, "Rumsfeld's Knowns and Unknowns: The Intellectual History of a Quip." https://www.theatlantic.com/politics/archive/2014/03/rumsfelds-knowns-and-unknowns-the-intellectual-history-of-a-quip/359719/ (accessed 31/1/2021).

SAHAR TE

How do you prepare for something you can't identify?

Train #75 – Toronto to Windsor: Zoned out, gazing at the window, imagining what is to come. I've never been to Windsor, yet somehow had an image of it in my head. Flat, two-dimensional definitions, single notions meant to capture an entire city. Wikipedia called it "*Industrial!*"

O, city of industry!

In my mind, I cut a large portion of the trees I had planted there, expanded the immigrant neighbourhoods, replaced century homes with monolithic buildings, automobile headquarters, blue suits.

Captains of industry!

The hyperlinked words on Wikipedia are a bright blue to appear more important; they are beacons, begging you to click on them. After wading through a series of cerulean clicks, I realized I was looking at Manuel Moroun's *Simpsons*-style caricature on the Detroit Metro Times landing page.

30 minutes to Windsor: We approach a scrap yard. For the next 30 seconds, I get to take my phone out and capture some poor-quality images of the yard. I think to myself: *I will come back here for sure.*

"The Actual"

Upon arriving in "actual" Windsor, I see a procession of old cars; a cortege for the heyday I seem to have missed—the opposite of what I expected from the "automotive capital of Canada." During the eight-minute-long drive from the train station to my hotel, I see a few Arabic store signs and restaurants. Wikipedia has already educated me about the Arab population in Windsor.

Day one – elevator:

They must be smart, prepared and intimidating.

Day one – 3:30 pm:

A shared sense of confusion followed by curiosity and excitement. It seems like a good recipe for the theme of anticipation.

Artist as tourist

The eye peers into the camera visor, each subject a potential topic of interest. I resist falling into a theme. It's hard to stop. My lens sees tropes everywhere, my brain wants composition.

Walking, walking, walking … pause (zoom in), focus—"click!"

Walking, walking … stop! The bridge! (zoom), focus—"click!"

Walking… stop! The flag! (Focus) and … "click!" The sound of the shutter reverberates in my head with every photo.

I feel a drop of rain on my forehead. No more shutter sounds; only the muted, repetitive beat of footsteps. The camera weighs on my

shoulders. The entire day has passed. Hours of walking through the streets of Windsor allowed me to capture specific visual details, but the burden of reflecting someone else's landscape made my own presence heavy and burdensome.

Day two – 11 am:

Delete all!

Day two – 1 pm:

On my way back to the hotel, I see tiny creatures on the ground. Upon closer inspection, they turn out to be date pits. I eagerly wait for sunset to capture the date pits. I imagine the choreography of someone intentionally placing them on the ground. They almost look staged.

Day three – 10 pm:

With each mouse click, there is anticipation… then suspension, disappointment, eagerness… the adjectives are endless. If you pay attention to the rhythm of your clicks, you can get a good sense of how close you are to where you want to be.

Death

The date pits replaced the scrap yard. What is your topic of interest?

PICTURES AT THE EXHIBITION

Exhibition images photographed by Czarina Mendoza

CONTRIBUTORS

Sarah Beveridge is an artist, curator, educator, writer and parent. She holds a Masters of Fine Arts from the University of Western Ontario (2002) and a Bachelor of Fine Arts from the University of Windsor (1997). As a sessional professor she has taught at the University of Western Ontario, Georgian College, and the University of Windsor. Her curatorial practice includes, Co-founder of Sis Boom Bah Gallery, Queen West, and Co-Director of I-Land Gallery, Morrow Ave, Toronto (1998-2000), SB Contemporary Art, Barrie, Ontario (2005-2007) and later the Curator of Exhibitions and Public Projects for the MacLaren Art Centre, Barrie, Ontario (2006 -2009). She has published writing on the work of contemporary Canadian artists; Sheila Butler, Jack Butler, Monica Tap, Patrick Mahon, Don Maynard, Vera Jacyk, Olexander Wlasenko and José Seoane.

Beveridge currently practices from her home studio and gallery SB Contemporary Art in Thornbury, Ontario. She operated and curated SB Contemporary Art, Windsor, Ontario from (2011-2019). @sbcontemporaryart

Talysha Bujold-Abu (she/her) is an artist-illustrator, researcher, and arts facilitator – she holds a Masters of Fine Arts (MFA) from the University of Windsor (2018) and is recent recipient of the Conundrum Press Mini-Comic Bursary for Black and Indigenous Creators (2021). Residencies include: New Zealand Pacific Studio (2016), ArtsPond artist in residence (2020-2021) and the Pelee Quarry – Stone & Sky Artists Residency (2020).

Bujold-Abu has spoken and exhibited at the Intersections | Cross Sections Conference in Toronto, ON (2018) on the conceptual hybrid-

ity of black bodies, and participated in the Structures of Anticipation Research Symposium and Exhibition in Windsor, ON (2019). Recent panels include: Reclaiming Hidden Histories: Researching, Writing, and Re-Imagining Community Narratives in Windsor, ON (2019) the International Women's Day: Artists Panel Discussion in Windsor, ON (2020) and the Black Creators Series/Discussion with the Art Gallery or Windsor (2020).

Selected exhibitions include: Art is a Living Thing in Masterton NZ (2017), The Truth Has Legs in Leamington ON (2019), and The Body Electric – Diversity in Residency Education: Training in a World of Differences, Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons (RCPSC) Ottawa ON (2019).

Talysha Bujold-Abu is the new co-director of TRUCK Contemporary. TRUCK Contemporary Art is a non-profit artist-run centre dedicated to the development and public presentation of contemporary art. Established in 1983 as The Second Story Art Society, TRUCK provides a forum for the production and dissemination of contemporary art and related cultural practices in Calgary, on Treaty 7 Territory in the Southern Alberta region.

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Fiona Couillard is a Calgary based visual artist currently pursuing an MFA at the University of Calgary and holding a BFA with distinction from the Alberta University of the Arts. Her practice explores patriarchy and its relationship to trauma, conflicts of identity, and loss of voice, and the resulting concerns of belonging.

Couillard employs oral history and self-reflection to inform her work and engage participants in questioning systemic power within their own lives.

Couillard works in printmaking, sculpture and paint, using abstraction in a continuing dialogue between conceptualization and the formal aspects of materials, considering their gendered associations.

She has received many awards and scholarships including a Recent Alberta Foundation for the Arts scholarship, and an Alberta Grad-

uate Excellence Scholarship for her ongoing research. Her work has been featured as part of the Hear/d Mental Health Residency, The AUArts summer residency "Placemaking", and the Marion Nicoll Gallery, among others.

Kristen Gallerneaux, MFA/PhD is an artist, curator, and sonic researcher. She has published on topics as diverse as mathematics in midcentury design, the visual history of telepathy research, the world's first mouse pad, and car audio bass battles in Miami. Her recently published monograph, *High Static, Dead Lines: Sonic Spectres & the Object Hereafter* is available via Strange Attractor and MIT Press. Gallerneaux has most recently appeared as a speaker at Unsound Krakow, Moogfest, and Pop Kultur festivals and has written for the Barbican Center, ARTnews, and the Quietus. She is also Curator of Communications and Information Technology at the Henry Ford Museum in Detroit, Michigan, where she continues to build upon one of the largest historic technology collections in North America. She is the recipient of a prestigious Kresge Artist Fellowship (2019) from the Kresge Foundation in Michigan.

Brenda Francis Pelkey is newly retired from the University of Windsor where she was Professor at the School of Creative Arts.

Brenda Francis Pelkey has exhibited throughout Canada as well as Scotland, France, Germany, Czechoslovakia, Finland and England. Her works appear in numerous collections such as the MacKenzie Art Gallery, the Mendel Art Gallery, the Art Bank, the Winnipeg Art Gallery, the Dunlop Art Gallery, the Art Gallery of Windsor, Confederation Centre for the Arts, and The National Gallery of Canada.

Since completing "…the great effect of the imagination on the world," in 1989 she has had a number of solo exhibitions: "dreams of life and death" (1994), Momento Mori (1996), Oblivion (1999) , As if there were grace (2000), Haunts (2001), Hierophony (2003) and Spaces of Transformation (2004) and Threshold (2005) , From the Outside In (2013), and a exhibition toured by the AGW Brenda Francis Pelkey: A Retrospective (2016 – 2018).

Lindsey A. Freeman is a writer and sociologist interested in atomic culture, atmosphere, memory, and poetics. She is author of *This Atom Bomb in Me* (Redwood/Stanford Press) and *Longing for the Bomb: Oak Ridge and Atomic Nostalgia* (UNC Press). Freeman is also co-editor of *The Bohemian South: Creating Counter-Cultures from Poe to Punk* (UNC Press). She is a member of the Centre for Imaginative Ethnography, the Institute of Incoherent Geography, and an affiliated-researcher with the Espaces et Sociétés (Space and Society Center) at University of Caen-Normandy. She is currently at work on a series of essays about art, miniature, and disaster called *The Tiny Uncanny* and an ethnography of rain.

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Faegheh 'Vicki' Kalantari is an international artist born in Tehran, Iran. She completed her Bachelor of Photography at Azad University in Tehran. Vicki completed her Master of Fine Arts degree at the University of Windsor. As an Iranian native who was born and raised in an entirely different region from that of North America, she is still dependent on parts of her culture, arts, language, etc. Her work deals with her personal reflections on themes of memory, absence, nostalgia, adaptation, displacement.

As an Iranian immigrant, Vicki moved to Windsor, Ontario and faced challenges reconciling her sense of identity in her new home. Using photography, text, video and audio, Vicki explores displacement and adaption, sometimes inviting viewers to identify with her experiences, and at other times challenging viewers to experience the feelings of *not understanding*, of *not belonging*.

Randy Lewis is Professor of American Studies at the University of Texas at Austin, where he teaches courses about contemporary culture and creativity. Most recently he is the author of *Under Surveillance: Being Watched in Modern America* (2017) as well as three books on documentary film and indigenous media. Among his creative projects are art installations, music videos, a full-length play, and three documentary films. Under the name Part Time Genius, he re-

leased an alt/electronic album with Monti Sigg with whom he co-produced several projects. He is also the founder and editor of *The End of Austin*, a digital humanities project about urban transformation.

Andriko Lozowy is a photographer and ethnographer. He has a Ph.D. in Sociology from the University of Alberta, Canada. He received additional training in Photography and Ethnography at Goldsmiths, London. Currently, Andriko is teaching Sociology at the UofAlberta and Concordia University Edmonton. When the opportunity emerges Andriko operationalizes his extensive experience working with youth and other marginalized communities to create participatory and active research projects with social impacts.

Andriko's most recent edited collection was in *this journal* titled North By West, he has also published with Theory Culture and Society, Space & Culture, and the Canadian Journal of Sociology and is involved in ongoing editorial work with *Media Theory Journal*, and spaceandculture.com.

Kimberly Mair is Associate Professor of Sociology at the University of Lethbridge. Her research is primarily concerned with the aesthetics of communication, social theory, and critique of biopolitics. Her book *Guerrilla Aesthetics: Art, Memory, and the West German Urban Guerrilla* (McGill-Queen's University Press, 2016) emphasizes the sensorial aspects of 1970s guerrilla communications and their reverberations in artistic practice. Mair is currently writing about the activities of Mass Observation, an organization that studied mass feelings, beliefs, and behaviours in the 1930s and 40s and did some of this work under contract with Britain's Ministry of Information during the Second World War. Recreationally, Mair is interested in real and imagined organizations, secret operations, spies and other covert actors, ciphers, and obscure documents and artifacts.

Dominic Pinney is a Calgary-Based, Visual Artist who examines the seductive and ominous qualities of the city space through a variety of mediums including, installation, video, sound, sculpture, and text.

Through working with metals, concrete, plastics, video, and light installation, he creates environments and objects that are grounded in both the present and a proposed Dystopian realm. Blending fiction and reality to create an in-between space, his work encourages viewers to examine their own relationship to city spaces and question their feelings towards the urban environment. He holds a Master of Fine Arts from the University of Windsor (2019), and a Bachelor of Fine Arts from the Alberta College of Art + Design (2017). Recent exhibitions include: *Faster, the Light Fades,* in collaboration with Conrad Marion in North Bay ON*, Above the Belt, Below the Bush*, curated by Minor Hockey Curatorial in North Bay ON, *I Dream of Electric Streets* in Windsor ON, and *Once Removed* curated by Adrienne Crossman in Windsor ON.

Kate Schneider is a photo-based artist, educator, and kayak instructor living in Toronto, Ontario. Since 2009, she has exhibited shows, presented at conferences, and published writing throughout Canada and the United States on the subjects of environmental sustainability and photographic discourse. In her works, land is more than a photographic subject – it is dynamic, durable, delicate, and marked by contested histories and desires. From the photographic and cartography trace to structures built or left on a landscape, Kate's works are multimodal and experiential stories of place that question the mythology of a static environment and ask the viewer to consider the transitory and permanent marks we leave on the land, water, and sky surrounding us. Kate's works have shown Prefix Institute of Contemporary Art (Toronto), Harbourfront Centre (Toronto), SoHo Photo (New York), and the Great Plains Art Museum (Lincoln, Nebraska). In 2014, Senator Barbara Boxer used Kate's works as a visual testimony against the Keystone XL pipeline on the floor of the United States Senate. Her works have been published in numerous publications, such as Magenta Foundation's Flash Forward publication and PDN's Photo Annual.

Monti Sigg is based in Austin, Texas. With her partner Randy Lewis, she has worked as a photographer on two Ex-Situ projects and has co-produced a documentary film on apocalyptic cosplay called Who Killed the World: A Journey into the Wasteland (2020).

Sahar Te is a Toronto-based artist whose practice exists at the intersection of research, text, installation, and performance. Her practice mobilizes methods that open up alternative realities and confront convention. Through exploring the role of narrativization of the past as it shapes the future, Te's interventions range from language and semiotics, social dynamics and ethics, to media studies and oral histories. Te obtained her BFA from AlbertaUniversity of Arts, and her MFA from the University of Toronto. Te's work has been exhibited both nationally and internationally at spaces including: The Walters Art Museum in Baltimore, University of Toronto Art Museum, SBC Gallery in Montreal, Illingworth Kerr Gallery in Alberta, and Mohsen Gallery in Tehran.
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Full bios can be found here: http://metafactory.ca/Structures_of_Anticipation/index.php/participants/