

*this will never finish*

MATERIALS  
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January 28 - February 25

Juliane Foronda

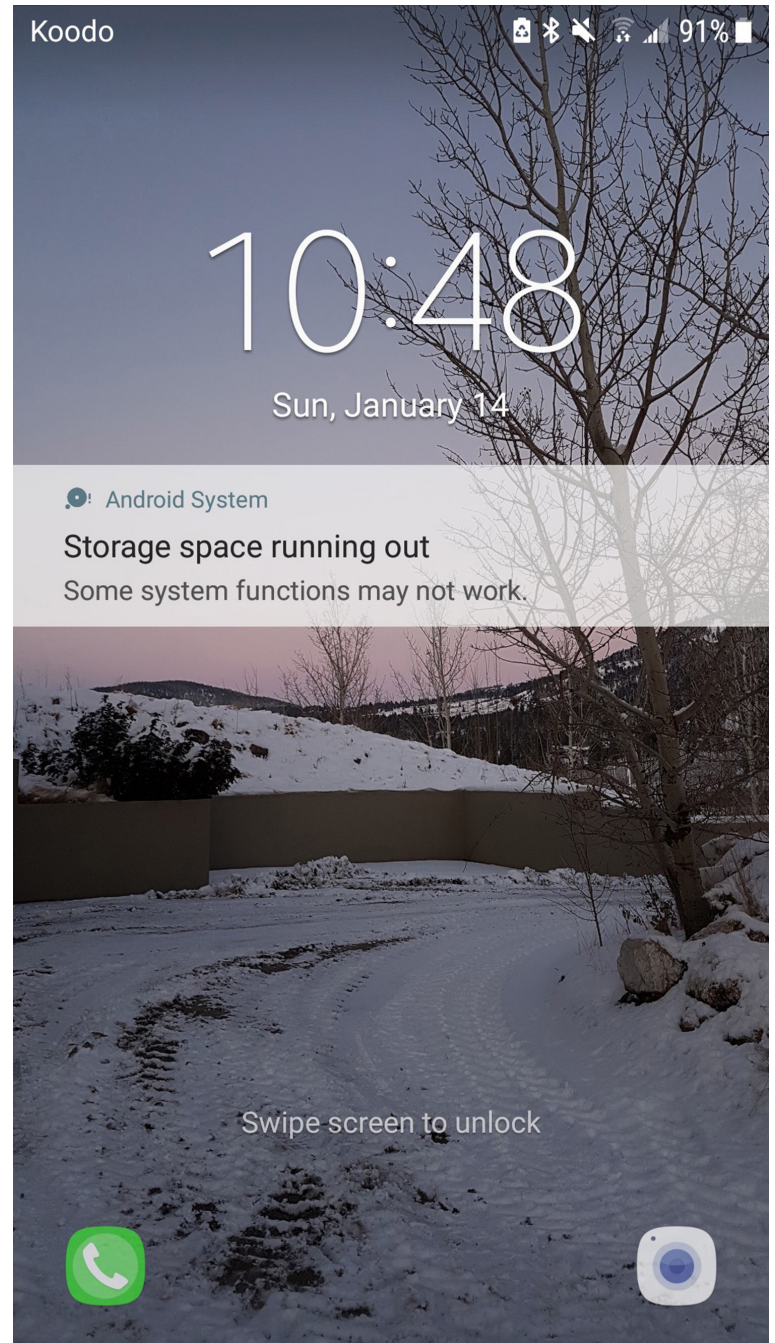
Emily Geen

Kristine Mifsud

Lauryn Youden

with a reading by Faith Patrick

Hey --  
Should  
I  
And  
Great.  
yeah  
I  
ok  
Sounds  
Hæ!  
I'm  
No  
Maybe  
Yup,  
Sounds  
Yup,  
Okay  
have  
Hey --  
Glad  
That  
Hey,  
Hi  
Hi,  
Hey --  
Yep,  
Hey!  
Hey!!!  
That  
Hi  
Hi  
Hi!!  
Hey!  
Hey  
Hi  
Hi  
Hi  
Thanks --  
Takk!  
Not  
No  
Oh  
Hey  
Heil!



A History of the World in 100 Objects

Neil MacGregor

Penguin Books 2012

(pages xv-xxv)

... (the objects) speak of whole societies and complex processes rather than individual events, and tell of the world for which they were made, as well as of the later periods which reshaped or relocated them, sometimes having meanings far beyond the intention of their original makers.

#### The Necessary Poetry of Things

With objects, we do of course have structures of expertise- archeological, scientific, anthropological - which allow us to ask critical questions. But we have to add to that a considerable leap of imagination, returning the artefact to its former life, engaging with it as generously, as poetically as we can in the hope of winning the insights it may deliver.

#### The Survival of Things

A history through objects, however, can never itself be fully balanced because it depends entirely on what happens to survive.

*It was a profound moment, the time in that Lynchian house,  
The color drained from the interiors, almost black and white  
My body tense with fear, my stomach in a knot  
Fists clenched  
As if in a trance you drew me to the basement  
Rotting wooden steps, creaking underneath my feet with each step down into the darkness  
moisture in the air, the smell of mold and decay  
the landing a cement floor, covered in patches of cheap filthy carpet  
only a small bulb of light hanging, swinging slightly in the air  
as if you had just past by  
walking deeper, through rooms and hallways  
the heat rising yet my skin cold, frost at the tips of my fingers and lips  
the light had dwindled into a black abyss  
I stopped when I intuitively felt the edge of a cliff in front of me  
From above, a shaft of cool air, washing over my dry face, falling below  
And you standing behind me  
  
Frozen, both in fear and anticipation I waited  
your breath against my neck  
electric currents cutting my veins  
would you embrace me or just as likely thrust a steel blade into my back  
kissing my shoulder as you drag it down slowly, as if cutting tender meat  
pulling the blade out at the top of my spine  
to have me collapse completely into your waiting arms to continue to do with me what you pleased.  
  
But this time, it was simple  
Your sudden push sent me flying into the abyss to fall to my demise  
But when my limp body hit the ground, I didn't die.*

**Support** is a project space based in London, Ontario. It is organized by Liza Eurich, Graham Macaulay, Tegan Moore, and Ruth Skinner.

**Support** *v.* hold up, carry, prop up, keep up, reinforce; give assistance to, give comfort to, care for, suggest the truth of, advocate, to keep going: *n.* a thing bearing the weight of another thing; material assistance, maintenance, upkeep, sustenance.