

Carl Holton is curated by Philip Leonard Ocampo ◉ Additional
texts from Dhvani Ramanujam and Omi Blue ◉ Design work by Agnes
Wong ■ The Opening Reception is on *May 10th*, **2024**
from 7pm ➡ 9pm at XPACE CULTURAL CENTRE.



SOUL JUBILEE

(WINDOW - SPACE)

Dexter Barker-Glenn

(MAIN - SPACE)

Ernesto Cabral de Luna
Ivetta Sunyoung Kang
Meghan Harder
chris mendoza

(PROJECT - SPACE)

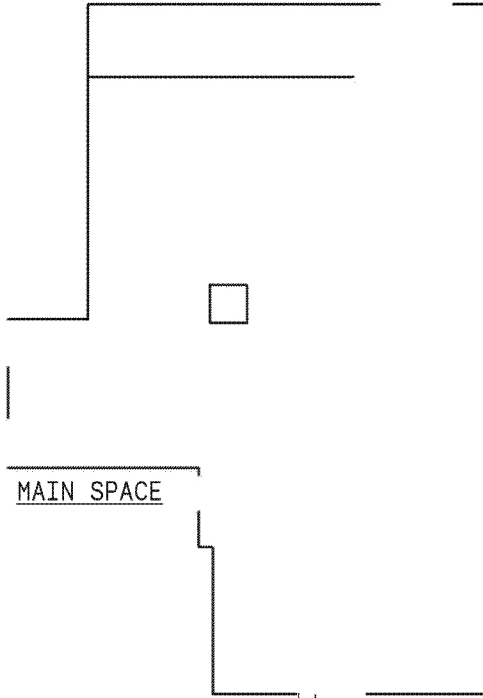
Ron Siu
Bronson Smillie

May 10 - July 6, 2024 at 303 Lansdowne Ave Unit 2



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your tongue*
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WINDOW SPACE



MAIN SPACE

THE LIBRARY

PROJECT SPACE

SPACE CULTURAL CENTRE FLOORPLANS *

◆ (WINDOW-SPACE)

Dexter Barker-Glenn

◉ (MAIN-SPACE)

Meghan Harder

Ivetta Sunyoung Kang

Ernesto Cabral de Luna

chris mendoza

■ (PROJECT-SPACE)

Bronson Smillie

Ron Siu

Sometimes I dream of gazing upon a sunset situated at the end of time. I'm ageless, looking out from the very edge of a precipice amassing the people I've loved, all the words I've ever spoken, the hours of television I've watched, and the sins and good deeds of my past, among many other things. After the long journey, the sunlight feels nice on my skin. It seeks to engulf me whole. At the absolute height of its majesty, all I can do is let out the deepest sigh. My final solace is *relief*.

That's *Satisfaction*, baby.

In the dreamscape, the complexities of my very being distill into a moment of simplicity, and my serenity is an aggregate of both ends. Dichotomies: Desirability and disposability. The Foliage and the Masonry. Music and noise. *Chaos and harmony*. The cold systems and the warm bodies that must somehow navigate it. *All* the questions and *all* the answers. **Soul Jubilee** sifts through the figurative quantity that constitutes "noise" within our lives as we interpret it. If existence supposedly operates at opposing poles, the artists of this exhibition seek a fine balance herein, attuning to the resolve of their own becoming in words, drawing, painting, photographing, and building.

*

Mired in the hustle of the street our Window Space faces, **Dexter Barker-Glenn's** three panel sculpture presents the fruits of an exchange of sorts: Dexter has bartered with Montreal *dépanneur* cashiers over the fates of the used lottery scratch cards. A fractal, stone-like sculpture erected in separate sections recreates a fortuneful scene. The symbolic providence of the harvest, its bountiful cornucopia and livestock grazing, is constituted in the window reflected by so many promises of wealth and prosperity. All carved in a dizzy technicolor. *The Abundant Loss* faces the street just like the stone bank facade it seeks to recreate.

I tried upon my own luck and placed a scratch card in the gallery; May whatever fortune awaits me be revealed in time. If any.

Through the gestures of pencils sweeping across pillar and paper, **Meghan Harder's** lush drawing work riffs on archival materials reflective of memories found in public and private archives. From everyday images sourced from the vast community of social media to the words, sounds, and shapes found in Mennonite poetry, Harder translates it all past the silo of the individual and into a new commonplace.

To *speak*, to *communicate*, to *connect*, to *commune*

Folded sheets of stainless aluminum make up **Ivetta Sunyoung Kang's** *When The Others Lick Underneath Your Tongue*. These sculptures serve as containers for corresponding music boxes! Please play them with care. Seeking connection whilst acknowledging the diasporic limitations of language structures, here the aphasic tongue stumbles and utters but also embraces a melodic transcendence. These phonetic sculptures transcribe the soundwaves of three phrases:

I have forgettable borders / I neglect my deficiency / I objectify your tongue

Ernesto Cabral de Luna transfers photographs onto corrugated metal and broken glass, abstracting images taken on a visit to Mexico across weathered and splintered surfaces. Alluding to how photography attempts to distill memory into a composition of grain and pixels mirrors the nostalgic impulse to utilize structural materials: Seeking to preserve moments of curious connection, memory then needs to rest on a surface strong enough to house or protect its joyous, fleeting weight. These works point to the cultural propensity of these materials to provide shelter, define geographic borders, and navigate the permeable limits of uprooted cultural identities.

The freestanding doors of chris mendoza's *a long cast shadow* are thresholds for the drawings, footage, and places they guide you to. Echoing the structural framework of an amorphous space, this installation combines imagery from personal photographs with dreamt symbology. mendoza muses that the dense quality of grain may elucidate a texture for memories; captured by lenses and drawn on surfaces. Doors inlaid with drawings become gateways to spaces inhabited and histories inherited. Here, we ask you to orient yourself within and around this exercise in placemaking.

There's *something, somewhere, or someone* in the air of Ron Siu's monochromatic paintings. With hazy and lyric impulse, the painted gesture gives way to a flowering atmosphere that cloaks youthful bard-like figures, their instruments, and the music they're playing. Obfuscation waxes and wanes with flourishing if you stare long enough. I hope you find yourself becoming undone and done again as time passes; vision and psyche in use but at ease, all with hope abundant.

Bronson Smillie's trio of interactive plinth sculptures underscores an ongoing interest in the life cycle of novel objects; charting a journey all the way from coveted to disposable then right back again. Ruminating upon use value through material transformation, vintage electric pencil sharpeners are placed upon spectral plinths where its colorful shavings gradually accumulate below. Sharpen a pencil and watch the coloured lead dust splatter and splash along its sides. A pencil reduced to near nothing can remain as sharp as ever; It's rinds alchemized from waste to remnant.

And so **attunement** emerges as the guiding principle of this branch of *Soul Jubilee*; a fitting term also used as a title for a collaboration occurring between Siu and Smillie in our **Project Space**. A word beckoning something into harmony, Bronson and Ron attune a gaze, brushstroke or tool into affective focus. A brushstroke to add, a pencil to subtract from; gizmos used to draw out from within. Here, reaching past the literal, tuning an instrument heeds way for *attuning* one's soul, and it underscores the personal search for reprieve and serenity that permeates throughout this entire show.

*

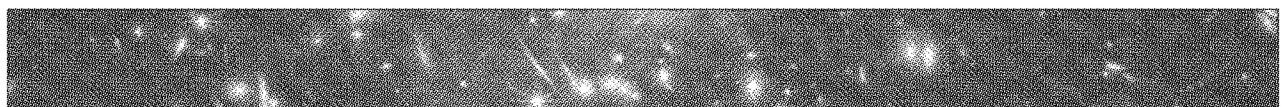
Godspeed you as you venture along on the pathways shaped by this exhibition, and through the havoc and stillness of your *own* life's becoming:

Frightful, gorgeous, *bored*, or overwhelmed.

Somewhere in between it all

In endless flux, always, always, always, always, always

- Philip Leonard Ocampo



[FOR MORE INFORMATION ABOUT EACH WORK, PLEASE VISIT THE SHOWNOTES SECTION OF THIS READER]



20230210

When
the
others
lick
underneath
your
tongue

How many years have I waited to see the
convergence

where my reckless mother tongue and my stiffened
acquired tongue merge one another?

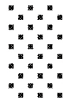
Not to find peace with the languages in me, but
to simply see how the convergence would look
like
how it is shaped and shaping the segments around
my life.



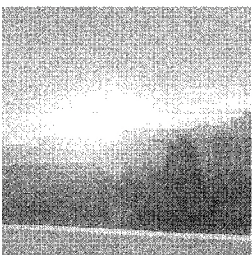
That is where melting is conjured up.



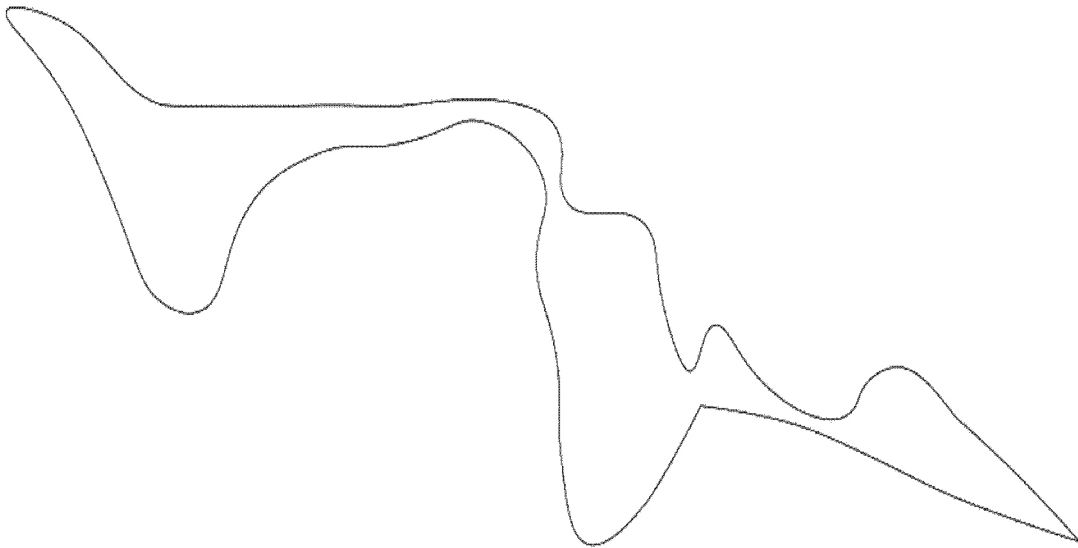
Waiting is a synonym for melting



By
Ivetta
Sunyoung Kang



What Am I?



Riddle #8
I have forgettable borders

FIGURE 1

Identity crisis came in the middle of nothingness in awe of casual conversations. The nothingness brings a (somehow) relaxing breeze, and we all went for it. The portion of the releasing nothingness was only getting messier. Therein, identity crisis was reticent, not saying much yet only dragging me back to my "previous" life.

I often think that I have had (enough) two lives.

One began at my birth and the other at my migration to Canada. I had never meant to migrate to a different country, though. The second life began impulsively. An unplanned life has sometimes been led in unexpected yet somehow desired ways. Nonetheless, over the entire course of it, the identity crisis has only gotten worse and stronger.

My identity crisis is grounded in linguistic turmoil. Functioning in two languages at the same time does not help. With both languages incomplete, I see myself as a crip on my tongue and throat. The lingering incompleteness is never expected to be complete, though. And here, the poignancy of my life grows in bloom (only to myself).

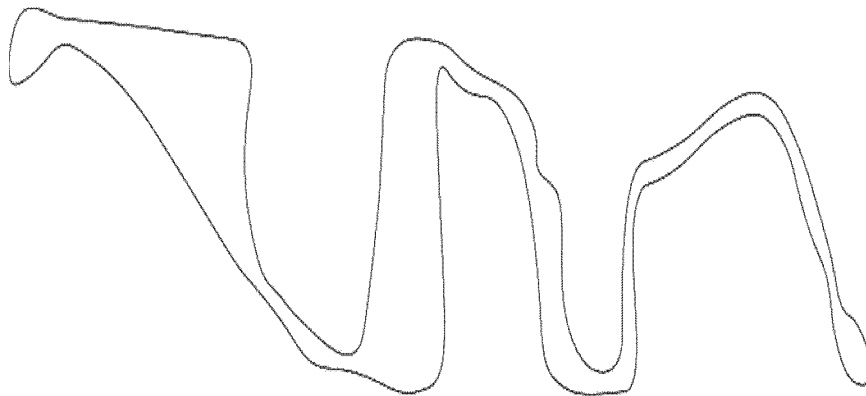
My chronic linguistic self-breaking on my tongues is what keeps me going. It means that my practice of laying an objective eye on my own tongue is getting better at its job. There is a geographical disparity between me looking at it and me living with it. I might have probably left some part of my tongue in the pitch blackness of the discrepancy. My tongue again cracks.

This cracking often makes sounds—ice breaking, glaciers falling apart, land moving apart, wrinkled leaves dying, aged rocks turning inside and out, soil freezing, and lake calling for nature. They all come back to their complete fruition in circulation. My cracking tongue only generates a sense of a temporary death far off from the natural cycle of the ecosystem. Between conversations, chats and tons of self-relieving monologues, this melancholic cracking only makes unnecessary sentences meant for clarification and awkwardness, which are not easily resolvable. It forms the collective quality of each verbal conversation and ends with distances. The linguistic gap living only within myself then begins to strike the others, filling up a geographical fabric of places I would converse.

20211222

What shape would be an indication of melancholy speech and the melancholy mind of speakers? Waves could simply be imagined if being asked that question. Yet, I cannot shake the feeling that the answer might be too easy, thinking of the alternative necessity where the sense of melancholy has to be reassured.

What Am I?



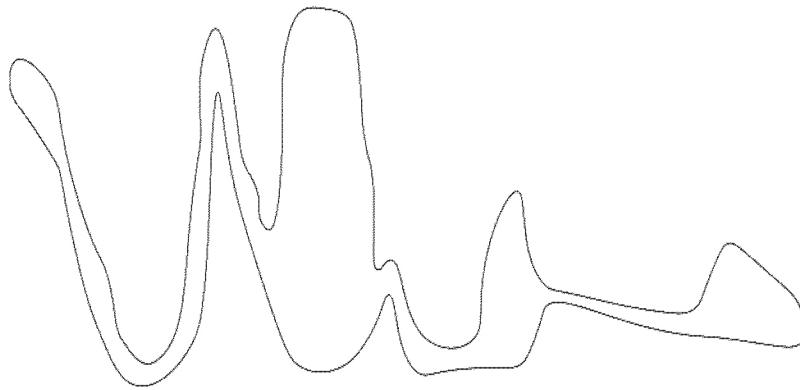
Riddle #9
I neglect my deficiency

FIGURE 2

20211213

I use 'unspeak-ability' as in its literal meaning. I did not, could not and should not have spoken. A lost tongue means neither lost culture nor lost identity. As much as attached to my Koreanness as a cultural language and linguistic culture, I was losing the speakability of my own identity. Lost tongue only meant the presence of me that is lost in the present moment. The present moment does not last long. I only lamented for my self-breaks entailed by self-regret, self-hatred, and self-denial of my Koreanness.

What Am I?



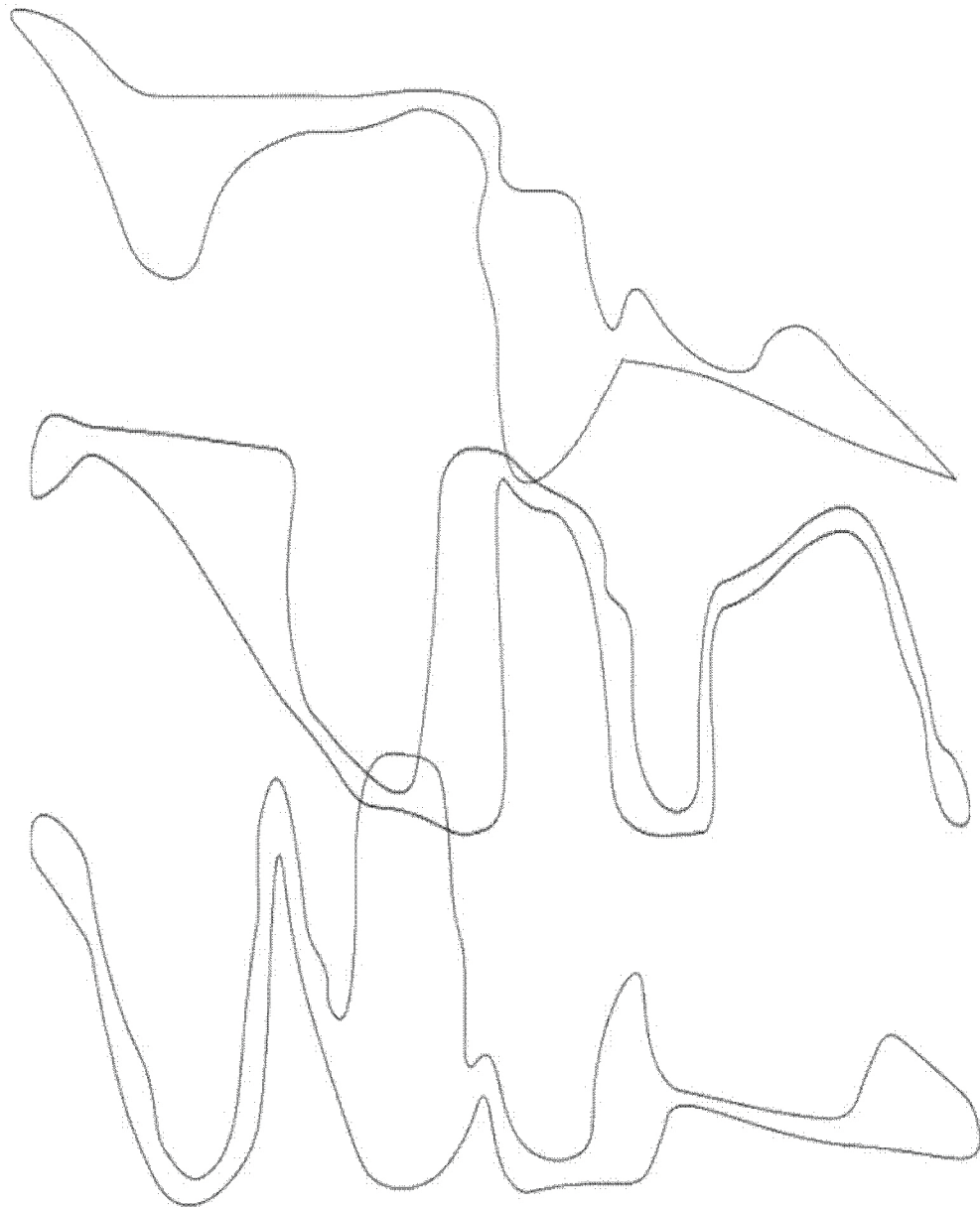
Riddle #12
I objectify your tongue

FIGURE 3

10

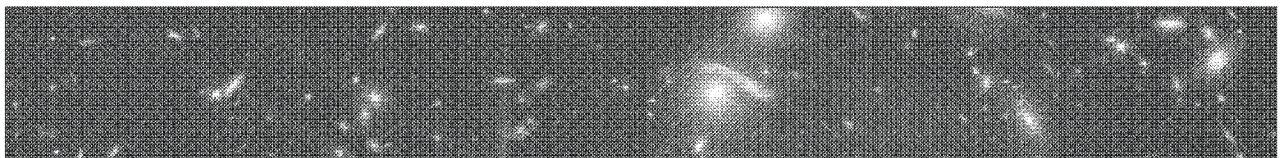
20211213

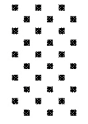
Why isn't my mother tongue English? (Non-answered)



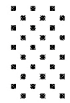
What Am I?

FIGURE 4





Red
Perfection



By
Omi
Blue

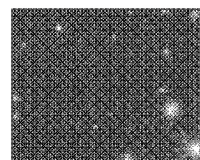


The One
All
in dimensions
Formless and Shapeless
Yet everything
Entered

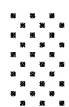
Then
The first among us
spring forth
from dazzling deep
Blue
in soft, fleshy vessel
Took sacred hands
to shining Black earth
And pulled forth
Red Perfections

That time
The earth with all its people
spoke in low, hushed tones
of glittering silver
To honor the arrow of time
They built monuments
From each breath
the bridge
Then Babel
Everything a dedication
of creeping, rhythmic
Exploration

Flung far and wide
They made this thing
Then that
They looked upon a thing
and knew
its True Name



◆
to
be
pricked
by
images



By
Dhvani
Ramanujam



1. CLOTHESLINES

I'm in San Francisco this week, and earlier today I was shopping for books. I usually try to avoid touristy landmarks, but decided to go to City Lights. On the store's third floor, I looked across the window and spotted a few articles of mostly white and gray undies, an orange shirt and a crisp black blazer hanging tenderly from a clothesline that poured out of the edge of a window sill onto the rooftop below. I then quickly noticed several other clotheslines with pieces of clothing coming out of several other apartment window sills, co-conspirators in the wind. I get an unusual delight from seeing clotheslines in a city. A fondness borne out of a nostalgia for an early childhood geography, where clotheslines draped across a terrace rooftop proved to be an intricate maze perfect for a game of chase – but also out of a desire to see them more often. In Toronto I feel as though I hardly ever see them anymore, an increasingly-disappearing form of urban architecture.

Anyway, I found this visible clothesline from the City Lights third floor window so mesmerizing that I took a picture of it on my phone. I almost posted it to Instagram before I stopped for a second and realized that I was about to post a stranger's intimates publicly. There's something funny about a clothesline of underwear. It's this proud display of a garment that is mostly socially barred from public space, that can cause a person embarrassment if it was inadvertently exposed in public, suddenly floating freely without scrutiny in the wind, above rooftops and streets and pavements, constructing its own ephemeral cartography.

2. OLD AND RECENT AFFINITIES

Old: touch-me-nots, treehouses, memory boxes, verandas, knee touches, cracked tiles, compressed air, puffy frocks, puppet shows.

Recent: postcards, smudgy pens, perfumes, parquet flooring, backyard screenings, physical ticket stubs, tangled earphones, clothespins, holes in shirts.

3. BODY ACHES

Lately, I am preoccupied by the limitations of my body, which I had previously found to be quite capacious. In these last few months: a bruised, permanent patch under my eye, burst capillaries decorating my cheeks, a dose of continuous dry heaving, a neverending plague of mechanical back pain that has now infiltrated my ass and legs. After a mystery fainting spell in February, I called an ambulance. The paramedics found me on the floor sans pants and

underwear and a chicken nest on my head, but I guess that's the way life goes. A few days after my release, an email from the hospital informed me of a \$45.00 charge for the ambulance to be paid within 21 days of my visit or it would be sent to collections. In San Francisco, my body spent an inordinate amount of time cursing the copious amounts of steep hills to traverse alongside pelting winds. Before the trip I re-read Peggy Phelan's short essay, "On Moving to a Hill," which aptly unfolds a shared struggle to navigate that city's sloping topography. In moments of somatic frustration, I try to think of her sweet and short reframing of bodily ache as a reenactment of memory: "Sometimes I think the injury recurs to remind me I have a history, even though so little of it is reflected in the landscape here."¹

4. TEXT AS SECRETION

What words taste best in your mouth?

Bungalow,
musculature
porosity.

More.
Leaky,
alchemic,
punctual,
corpse?

A few more.
Plump,
suffuse,
Excavation.

That's better.

5. INTIMACIES

I recently finished reading *Carolee Schneemann: Uncollected Texts*. I remember buying the book in a shop in Brooklyn in the fall of 2022—one of those book purchases you are ecstatic for at first sight and don't actually get around to reading for a couple of years. I'm stuck on a phrase she uses in a passage to speak of her performances that casts her own body as the porous, sprawling site of love and artistic unfoldings— as "fleshy jublations," and in another passage I am struck by the earnestness with which she speaks of her lover James. I don't crave much more than the performance of having a crush these days, which sometimes feels like an increasing impossibility to find in this city, but after a long drought, I've found a face to look at that reminds me to love is to be embarrassed in equal measure.

¹ Peggy Phelan, "On Moving to a Hill," *Women & Performance* 14, no. 1 (2004): 22.

6. INDEXES

I've been thinking lately about quotidian indexes of stars and machinery and bodies. The sticky residual colours of the sky after the sun departs behind the horizon, or the puffy, porous white streaks jet planes implant in the air, which I recently learned are called contrails. A few weekends ago, I watched Marguerite Duras' film *La femme du gange* at the theater, and I can't stop thinking of this particular image: of the hotel's revolving lobby door still spinning, haunted by the push of limbs that disappears off-screen. At work the AC is broken, and the sweat of customers linger in the changing rooms after they leave, for a few minutes or longer. This used to bother me when I first started working there, but not so much any more.

7. FRIENDSHIPS

I made a friend last summer who lives in California. We text fairly frequently and have an idea for several exchanges that have not yet been actualized: the first, to mail each other handwritten letters, each one accompanied by different little vials of scents. I thought about the possibility of perfuming the paper too, even with no guarantee of the scent's duration over the course of its travel between Toronto and Santa Barbara.

Back in January, we also discussed the idea of reading a book together. I have a list in my notes app of suggestions of what we should pick—Hervé Guibert's *Ghost Image* and Ozlu's *Cold Nights of Childhood* are recent additions to a list that keeps growing whenever I come across a book I think he might like. It's Spring now and we still haven't decided if this will actually happen.

In April, I caught another Duras film *Le Navire Night*, and post-screening, the editor mused on a series of images in the film that comprised its 'outsides.' Afterwards, I remember frantically texting my friend to crystallize an idea for a set of experimental events, musing on our shared interest in the off-screen that could unfold across both of our cities.

I like the idea of these encounters taking place even if they never transpire. So much of a friendship seems to lie in its speculative potential, in the tentative plans to meet somewhere, to do something, to build something. The accumulative grain of forming plans. It's the shape of the plotting that matters, I think.

8. ON-SCREEN AND OFF-SCREEN SPACES

In March, a very close friend of mine left the city to make a semi-permanent move back to Grenada. My favourite photograph of the two of us is a screenshot I took of an Instagram video call, each of us lying down in our respective beds. My camera looked at me from above, while hers tilted in front of her as she laid on her side. The framing of this screenshot-as-photograph piques my interest. Spatially it's very tight, zeroing in on our faces as it dismembers the rest of our bodies. I went to a small screening in March, "The Body in Film," where the programmer proffered something along the lines of these opening sentiments to speak to the assortment of bodies that would soon flutter across the screen: that the camera does the cutting, and direction

becomes dismemberment in order to scramble the body into bits on-screen.² Maybe our bodies aren't dismembered in this screenshot as much as they are engorged, threatening to engulf the entirety of the space available to us onscreen. Our bloated outlines compete for real estate with the objects that hover at the edge of the screenshot's frame, objects that allude to the fullness of a bedroom (and a life) that I'll never get to see in person. As the majority of my adult friendships seem to flourish spatially across park lawns, bar tables, coffee shop patios and dance floors, a peek into a friend's bedroom seems like a special kind of intimacy, all the more notable for its rare occurrence. I'm brought back to the sticky sweetness of sleepovers in my youth, which was always about the pleasurable exchange of secrets. Revisiting the screenshot, mundane objects sitting at the edge of the frame are renewed with a vitality: where the edge of these things no longer signals an enclosure, but a possibility.

9. LIST MAKING

Words to snack on, new and old penchants, and now a fragmented tally of sounds. Another unearthed list of things previously jotted in the note apps vault as both a coping mechanism for, and avoidance tactic to doing other work.

Sounds I enjoy:

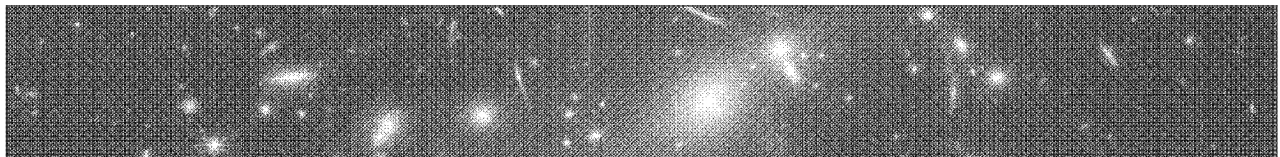
- ◆ the click of projector slides
- ◆ the snap of pop rocks
- ◆ the pluck of scalp

Sounds I dislike:

- ◆ the shake of an overhead fan
- ◆ the whirr of an overheated laptop
- ◆ the ping of an email.

10. PARKDALE

The faux license plate attached to the front of the lady's scooter read, "it's 4:20 somewhere."



Works Cited

- Broomer, Stephen. "The Body in Film." Film screening, University of Toronto, Toronto, March 20, 2024.
- Phelan, Peggy. "On Moving to a Hill." *Women & Performance* 14, no. 1 (2004): 15-24.

² Stephen Broomer, "The Body in Film" (film screening, University of Toronto, Toronto, March 20, 2024).

WINDOW SPACE: Dexter Barker-Glenn

* *The Abundant Loss* is a scaled down replica of a stone carved bas relief sculpture created for the facade of the Bank of Montreal in Ottawa circa 1930. Bas relief is a sculpting technique which involves lightly carving a design onto a surface, making the subject look lifted from the background.

* Dozens of used scratch cards from convenience stores – referred to as *depanneurs* in Montreal – are glued together, creating solid blocks that are then put through a CNC (Computer Numerical Control) machine, a motorized tool that can recognize depth in its specific carving instructions.

* The CNC cut panels will be mounted in the Window Space using scaffolding poles as a reference to temporary storage; a tentative display method that exists within value and valuelessness.

MAIN SPACE: Meghan Harder

⊙ Based in Niagara, Ontario, the drawings included in this exhibition call upon a collection of images Meghan has been collecting from various public profiles on Snapchat in the Southern Ontario area since 2020. The screenshots used in the exhibition drawings are that of a party girl sitting on the shoulders of a punching dummy and two baby lambs in rest.

⊙ Harder's process involves phonetic interpretations of Mennonite poetry, translating archival audio recordings of Plautdietsch into the English wording while still preserving the sounds of its source. Plautdietsch, a Prussian dialect with Dutch and German influence developed in the 16th and 17th centuries, becomes Plot Ditch through this logic, and the (uncertain but most likely) religious lyricism of the original poem transforms into something new entirely.

⊙ And so Meghan's site-specific drawing on the Main Space column, *laugh freely please*, quotes a poem called *Oily Should*. Transcribed using this translation methodology, its title is taken from an excerpt written by Harder which reads:


The chickweed ocean fire wash bloom
So laugh freely please and answer truth
It's hot so itch
I seem so hot
Dot hill dot chanting
Land you aught.


⊙ *Digesting, Knotting* cites a short poem translated by Meghan almost entirely:


*digesting, knotting
boiling gorge,
unerring beacon*




MAIN SPACE: Ernesto Cabral de Luna


 The selection of sculptures and prints presented in this exhibition draw from Ernesto's growing series, *Mining For Some Sort of Continuity*. Included in this exhibition as supplementary reading material are photo books that provide a glimpse into the larger body of work. These can be read in our Zine Library.


 Works transferred onto corrugated and rusted metal reference the tin of Mexican Retablos, votive folk art featuring Catholic imagery. Retablos, as the Spanish term for *retable*, originates from the structures usually placed behind or above altars in Catholic churches. Mexican retablos are usually smaller scale, and depict Christ, the Virgin Mary, or other saints with a colorful use of oil paint on metal.

 Contained within an unassuming lightbox resting on the ground of our Main Space, image transfers onto shards of glass mirrors a fragmentation of memory. Used in a similar, makeshift context to Ernesto's corrugated metal, broken glass affixed to the top of walls serves a protective function in the absence of barbed wire in areas of Mexico.

MAIN SPACE: Ivetta Sunyoung Kang

 Ivetta has hand drawn excerpts of *Riddled Tongue*, a series of charts from which these "unsettled phonetic transcriptions" emerge directly on the wall. These original drawings were made as research for the sculptures, and directly intersect with the metal sculptures it eventually spawned.

 The use of stainless aluminum as a material choice is deeply intertwined with the motif of a tongue. Bent in a shape alluding to a tongue amidst speech, invoking some curiosity to lick and potentiality to reverberate sound. It's like a tuning fork!

 *When The Others Lick Underneath Your Tongue* was first presented in a form distinct from this new iteration at the 2022 Sound Scene Festival at the Smithsonian Hirshhorn Museum and Sculpture Garden in Washington D.C. The material language of this version included clear and blue acrylic alongside a greater number of freestanding music boxes.



MAIN SPACE: chris mendoza

◆ The drawings on wood panel pull imagery from analogue photographs taken by mendoza's father during a trip with his grandparents (his father's parents) to Québec City when they were visiting from Honduras, They are also inspired by film photographs chris has taken and dreamt images that have a resonant weight.

◆ The drawings are made through a process of accumulating small repetitive pencil marks to build the image, texture and depth, and to capture the grain of the analogue film.

◆ The video included in this installation is a textural exploration using footage of extreme closeups captured by an older smartphone. The resulting video buzzes with the grain not dissimilar to analogue photography and chris' own drawing processes.

◆ The sculptural frames of the doors are in reference to a personal anecdote:

"My grandmother leaving the one home I have a connection to in Tegucigalpa (Honduras)-my grandfather had a custom door installed in the former house that has been left behind and I like to think of this architectural threshold as a kind of portal and interface of memory."

PROJECT SPACE: Bronson Smillie

■ Bronson's practice at large reinvigorates objects and material which are deemed not useful or desirable within a capitalized circuit such as; old printed road maps, office stationery, address books, industrial recording charts or other vintage / seemingly defunct objects. They're primarily sourced from auction houses, estate sales and online marketplaces.

■ Bronson has sourced all the coloured pencils second hand, and will not be discarding the pencil shavings included in these sculptures. In their newest state, Bronson hopes to reuse these shavings in the future for different projects.

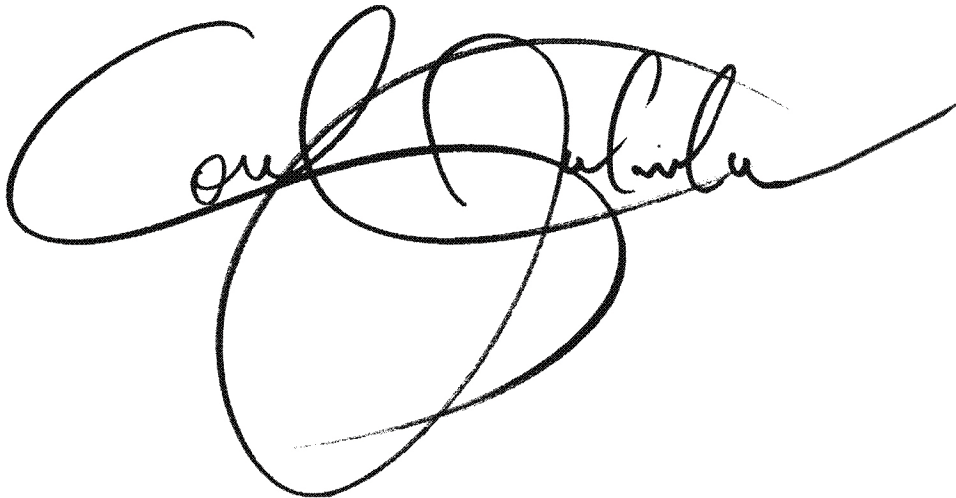
■ The monotonous and loud whurrrrrrrrrrr sounds of the pencil sharpeners mirror Ivetta's melodic music boxes. As a show about noise, these two sounds are the only sonic interventions in the space, and each bleed into their respective spaces.

PROJECT SPACE: Ron Siu

☀ Rather than depicting musicians in play explicitly, Ron's approach to rendering their presence in the paintings embodies more textural, elusive translations: A vibration of a sound, music notes, body language, lyricism, etc.

☀ Ron is inspired by the romance and eroticism of Yaoi fiction, a genre of Japanese media that heavily features homoerotic relationships between male characters. He also cites the queer and boyish nature of the *Bishounen* character archetype as influential to the figures painted in these works. *Bishounen*, loosely translating to "beautiful young boy", is an archetype characterized by a wistful charm and androgynous, femboy beauty.

☀ Stars, round shapes, lightning, and constellations mediate Ron's painted compositions, complimenting the holes and scalloped shapes present in Bronson's work. These same aesthetic choices reference magical effects in manga and video games.



SOUL JUBILEE



Dexter Barker-Glenn



Meghan Harder

Ivetta Sunyoung Kang

Ernesto Cabral de Luna

chris mendoza



Bronson Smillie

Ron Siu



Additional texts from

Dhvani Ramanujam

Omi Blue



Design by *Agnes Wong*



Curated by

Philip Leonard Ocampo

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the Ontario Arts Council.

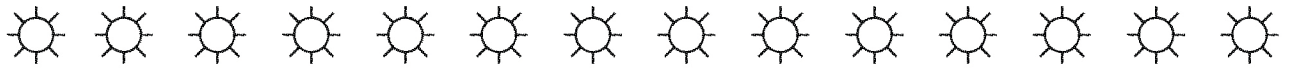
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FONT CREDITS:

Apfel Grotzsk, Necto Mono
by Collettivo



To: Bronson, Ron, chris, Meghan, Ivetta, Ernesto, Dexter,
Dhvani, Omi, Agnes, Avalon + Olive, Natalie, Colour Code
Printing, and the many friends i've made through 6(!) years
with Xpace Cultural Centre,

thanks for hearing me out.

