

MOIRE

Issue 4

Tiziana La Melia

WHAT SHAPE OF PURPLE

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Tiziana La Melia and Liza Eurich





practicing a process of distance and delay

I often think about the distance between things and the significance of blank space, not empty, but filled with gaps that connect one thing to another. What was missing in my focus on between-ness was a partner for distance, a manner of duration that presented itself in an early email correspondence with Tiziana. This coupling of time (as delay) with distance provided a new perspective from which I was able to revisit collage and the qualities of relations it can offer.

As artistic practices have become increasingly responsive to the pressures of flexibility, perhaps what is taking the place of mediums is a focused development of composing methods, processes, practices, and techniques. Collage has slipped right in. It is messy, troubling. And, I think that is why artists have not abandoned it as a strategy. It has continued to expand as a concept, maybe having a fling with assemblage. It wouldn't surprise me if this happened while I wasn't paying attention, or perhaps it was partly obscured during its composition. In any event, what is now often referred

to as “collage” has been on the move, expanding and no longer dependent on a collapse of complexities and layers.

An alternate use of collage has presented itself in which delay is introduced to propose a multiplicity of trajectories as possibilities beyond flattening, compressing, and cropping. In this delay, a space-time is made available for processes to occupy. This is essential. A simple example being digital imaging files in which layers are saved to perpetuate (delay) states of becoming through future articulation. This option of the return -- as paths pacing over and around each other -- allow cyclical frames of reference for revisiting, reusing, reworking, and so on.

What is on offer is a space in which disparate parts are brought into proximity, for undefined periods of time and process in which interactions, engagements, and even occupations occur while sharing space and the time of delay. Making us wait for it. But really, who wants to wait in today's day?

Dolphins in a circle

Spots on a feline

Shells with/out mollusc

Asking a squiggle, in a space of many triangles put together during a time of hesitation, you'll be lead awry.



Are the snails still alive?



Dear Tiziana,
We met ages ago...not sure if you remember

Hey Ella,
I do remember, of course.



Sorry

it was good to chat...I was coming down from all this publicness and feeling embarrassed by it...

preoccupied by the snail collaborators on the curtain (to clarify, these were alive and selected as actors for the curtain, a quiet performance, writing in slime...though next time, an organic material. they are all at my apartment now...on the deck. I think I'm going to get an aquarium and take care of them because willy who brought them for me spared them from his mother who was going to kill them (people and their gardens) copper fencing around plants is all you need to redirect their attention. They are so beautiful. Imagine your entire body resembled a tongue, and your genitals were on your head... first petssss.

? I'm wondering if each part of your practice is a synecdoche for the whole or, if they are less connected than that.

it seems like the intellectual is in a pretty awkward position trying to hold on/it all together.

The pressure to categorize or identify as a specific kind of person who is 'into' (in a claiming kind of way) things, is something I encountered both growing up as an immigrant but also through institutions. I think identifying with a single thing can be either very freeing or oppressive, and it's not necessarily one or the other; though for me it is definitely the latter. You enter the world and you are instructed on how to perceive.

when I went to art school, I felt that there was an expectation to brand yourself; and this approach to be recognizable was always rewarded over students who were undergoing a process of discovery and uncertainty. If you were doubtful then it had to be some representation of that. I found it all very paralyzing

I thought, maybe getting really good at something right away is not the point; I felt like to do that would close me off from what it is I wanted to do. I didn't know what that was, not everyone knows when they are very young. Eventually I decided that I didn't need to separate things and tried to get over the bad habit of thinking I had to, and tried to cure myself of that "hang up" embracing a non-prescriptive approach and attitude to language

I have been thinking a lot about figures of speech as a way different parts of my practice hold together. Recently I was reading about metalepsis, which is a metonymy of a metonymy. I think because my practice is in a process of constantly describing itself, its hard for me as the person in it to know exactly...

When I write it is normally in conversation with someone, and those conversations bleed into how I think about the material world; when I use language I think of it materially too, so when I relate it to experiences or conversations, its in a relationship to someone, usually a friendship I've developed slowly over time.

The snails were alive when I released them last fall. I haven't seen them since. For a while I tried to care for them as pets. I created a small environment using bleached coral shells collected from Hornby Island, moss from the balcony, an amethyst, and a rotation of large leaves from the garden. This was staged inside a huge kimchi jar that I placed on my writing table. I got a lot of pleasure in watching them crawl. In watching their digestion. In feeding them. It provoked a lot of thinking about animals, food, movement, skin, pores, liveliness. After a few weeks of this, as much as I adored observing them, I began to feel guilty and released them back into the yard.



?, they
 "identified allegory's 'reification' of words and concepts, as words having been given additional ontological heft as things." Their use of allegory is an umbrella term that includes extended metaphor, personification, parallel meanings etc... to stand in contradiction to symbolism. They describe that the reason for this contradiction is that symbolism 'derives from an Idea' whereas allegory 'builds to an Idea'.



Would it be too much of a neat dichotomy to think of the individual works you make as exercises in symbolism (say, with a nod to the history of Surrealism) whereas your practice builds towards an idea through allegorical accumulation (as an accumulation of ways of making rather than as an accumulation of objects)?

I don't think of individual works as "symbols" and that the accumulation of them together build toward an idea. Ideas are too neat and based in a kind of rationality. I like to believe that I'm working more experientially than that. Beyond Reason, to quote the title of the autobiography by Margaret Trudeau that is on my desk right now. Or more plainly developing a logic in the work overtime so I'm not sure if I feel comfortable reducing things quite yet.

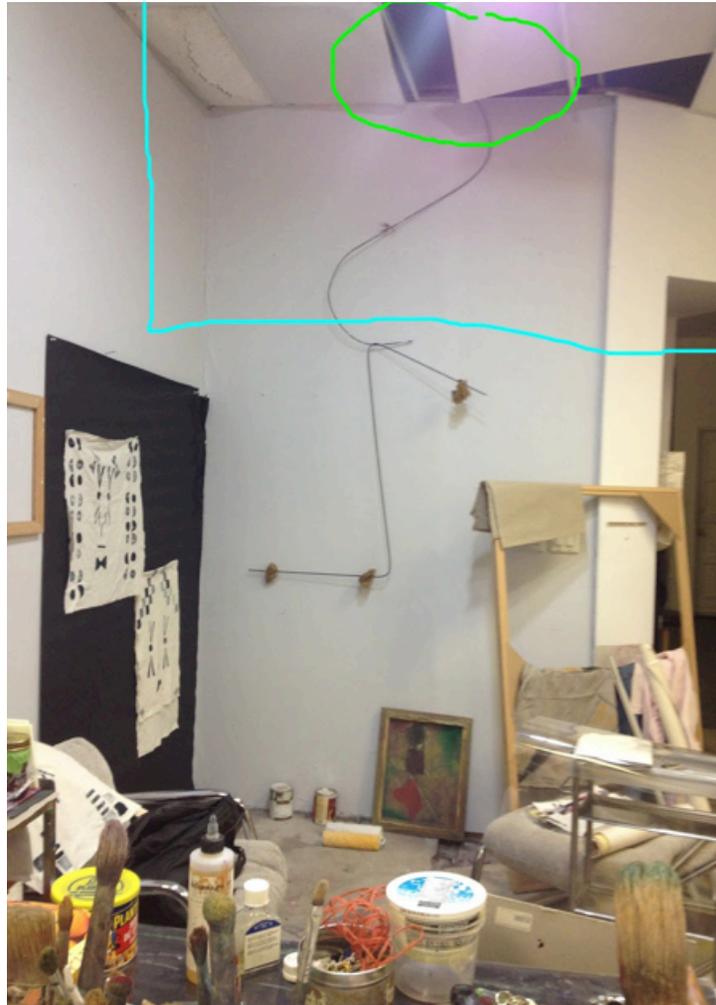


Really my studio is always changing. Because of the variety of approaches things tend to overlap (the table itself is layered, old projects used as drop sheets, off cuts of curtains used as table cloths, painting palettes, objects, etc.

The restrictions of space in my studio tend to promote lateral hierarchies, there are zones of movement, and these zones are always shifting. I recently moved into a communal workspace

. I think we met here originally - I have since moved to a different part of the studio, a slightly bigger space. It feels vulnerable and private, walking around scantily. no puritan shirt dress to hide under. I just read *Agua Viva* by Clarice Lispector. In the introduction the translator describes her embarrassment about the book, that the book had to dry out. I relate to that feeling.

I put a piece of hand painted metal that I had used for a sculpture into my garden yesterday. I have long wanted to set up a studio at my parents orchard again...it is basically a junk yard amongst blooms, not that different than my current yard. Since that dream is constantly being delayed I figured I should just start with my open air studio now. Seeing something made indoors outside felt good.



I see my relationship to the orchard and garden having many parallels to art activities, even if these themes don't show up in an obvious way, it has to do with methodology.

To change metaphors I would say I am finding a balance between wild flowers and an organized garden. Often the studio feels like a knotted mobius strips that sometimes when it unknots a kind of order is arrived at, summed up or a summoning or a punctuation in a deceptively simple looking yet still layered object.

. I feel that my questions to you thus far have been too leading and that in a way I have been, unfairly, asking you to define rather than walk. So rather than ask you to reduce your practice into the terms of 'how' you walk or 'where' you are going, how does it 'feel' to walk during this period of your life?

I recently recycled my truck so I'm walking more. It feels good. I'm returning to a POV of the city that parallels the sensation of seeing vancouver for the first time when I moved here at 18. There's a shift in perspective. I'm finding it again. I lost it.

when you release a dog into a field, it never goes in a straight line.



Writing

about

writing

about

Tiziana

I have been reading Tiziana La Melia's recent book, *Oral Like Cloaks, Dialect*. It is a collection of poems, texts, and scripts she has written between 2005 and 2015. At the same time, I have been reading around Tiziana: her interviews, reviews about her work, exhibition didactics, responses to her writing style. Many artists working today sit central to an expanded web of didactic and critical texts, but for this artist-poet's multivalent practice, writing by and writing about Tiziana becomes activated in a different way.

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There's a review of Tiziana's exhibition at Mercer Union in Toronto—*The Eyelash and the Monochrome* (2014-15)—by Rosie Prata for *Canadian Art*. Rosie identifies a peculiar slippage in language as a starting-point for Tiziana's work in the show: a moment of mondegreen.

(A mondegreen is an instance where lyrics or words are misheard, and the listener substitutes in alternative phrases in order to fill in their gaps of understanding – an almost-homonym. While visiting Donald Judd's properties in Marfa, Texas, Tiziana mishears "symmetry" as "cemetery"). [1]

Throughout *Oral Like Cloaks, Dialect*, language feels self-generative. It propagates, it burgeons in its own excesses, it's like a mold or fungus. The mondegreen is a perfect point of departure – another moment where language grows wild in association. In another world, mondegreen could even be a strain of mold; to me, it's a word that sounds and feels moist, squishy, dense, visceral.

Misunderstanding to one is perhaps just translation to another; using a familiar alphabet to grow something new.

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"SECOND FLATWORM:

Dragging feet through
dregs sticking to your toes.
Cling to the pits
The skin slips
Juice drips
I feel sick
Fuzz clings to your tongue
Dry mouth, spit
From the deep."

("Is 1 Hr 1hr?" pg. 102)

+++

You can feel a sense of transition in Tiziana’s work: mottled paint colours; smeared brushstrokes; curved aluminum shapes like tropical fish or sign lettering; collaged images of moldy fruit and marbled paper; scribbled, worried lines; off-kilter armatures that support swaths of drawing and painting. An accumulation of texts and textures, almost merged, almost transformed, but not quite.

Writing the black fruits (2014) is an oil painting of moss greens and baby blues, it includes an abstracted figure reaching out over three white pages scattered across the panel’s lower half. The pages are rendered from the negative space of the moss-green (mondegreen) brushstrokes that surround them, their clean white surfaces covered in squiggles of lines that approximate text—again it’s almost a language, but not quite. One includes a series of wiggly lines with a declarative exclamation point, one includes a doodle of what I imagine to be a fish swimming upstream, the final just says PURRR in large capital letters.

+++

“P is for pond drinks a spray of baby’s breath
8 legs of baby’s breath blink pond in spooked apartment
Nail worm family romance smokes Spielberg new gothic
The ashtray perfume pale door housefly arose
B is for black mold fades peach balloon mushroom
F is for fate foul unfair fog and filthy air
Piss yellow sunshine we hate it doesn’t mean a thing
Sad vague fever palm at the end of the mind”

(“The 8 Lashes of Baby’s Breath,” pg. 9)

+++

Tiziana uses a specific font occasionally in *Oral Like Cloaks, Dialect*, a loopy all-caps alphabet that occupies the space of the page in a different way. Large curves and looping holes, it feels porous and squishy, the white of the page seeps through. She uses this font in *Better Than Nothing*, a play in one act, reproduced in *Oral Like Cloaks, Dialect* from her earlier publication *Broom Emotion*. *Better Than Nothing* follows the conversation of Liz and Queenie, two friends catching up on everyday anxieties and interpersonal dramas.

Yet, they embody their alphabet—these looping words on a page—in quiet and pervasive ways. Liz’s body language becomes linguistic: she is described as having “Good posture. The pep at the end of every sentence slides with a sagging serif.” (44)



Queenie exclaims that she enjoys the ice cream they are sharing, and given the tight kerning of the looping font, the 'M' letters bleed together into an undifferentiated squiggly line: "I LOVE ICECREAM MMMMMM." Both dialogue and something else, a physical shape on the page, like a sudden moment of concrete poetry that doesn't even need to break the line of the script.

+++

"I write 'Relax' in cursive writing on the cover of my notebook and then fill several pages, finding the looping R's most satisfying. I imagine them in a curly mess of italic hair."

("Yellow Snail" by Rachele Sawatsky, text to accompany Tiziana's exhibition *The Eyelash and the Monochrome* at Mercer Union, Toronto) [2]

+++

I'm trying to write this differently. Letting words grow outwards from small spores of thought, a network of writing that propagates horizontally, not a linear progression of arguments. I am often too preoccupied with my own linearity, unable to finish an idea if its preceding sentence does not sit well, does not digest.

(And despite her interest in lines, make no mistake: Tiziana's work is by no means linear.)

Perhaps it is too self-evident to respond to Tiziana's work in a voice that attempts to approximate poetry. Yet I feel even less secure in approaching her practice from the standardized "frameworks" of art criticism: some description of installation photographs, a biographical note, insert contextualizing art-world references here, regurgitated lines from a gallery press release. Her work seems to demand a different mode of communication, a different language for looking and reading and writing: one that is still unfolding before me.

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A line of text or a line of poetry; a playwright's line of dialogue; a hand-drawn line; a line of thought; a snail's slimy pathway.

In an interview in *C Magazine*, Tiziana and Jacquelyn Ross speak about lines of drawing and lines of poetry. They discuss the space of the page for enacting these gestures, they discuss slippages in language and tangential connections:

Tiziana: "Someone once wrote that 'When you release a dog into a field, it never

goes in a straight line.' When a person goes on a tangent, it often sounds more like a description of consciousness that is driven by the quilt of the unconscious. So, for me, the lines that you see are better described as poetic threads being woven into a 'text.'" *C Magazine* 117 (Spring 2013): pg. 41.

Tiziana's myriad lines (drawn, painted, twisted, spoken, read, typed, thought) are woven into something larger. It's a weave that is alternately tight and loose, creating gaps in weft, moments of porousness.

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On her blog, curator cheyanne turions writes about Tiziana's practice in conjunction with her curated exhibition at Montreal's SBC Galerie d'art contemporain: *A Problem So Big It Needs Other People* (2014).

cheyanne says that Tiziana's work embodies a give-and-take, a form of negotiation on the aesthetic level that approximates how subjectivities are constituted within dynamics of power and sovereignty. She writes that her work includes "paintings and sculptures that insist on being read inconclusively as kinds of things despite the act of looking that otherwise wants to fix objects as immutable or understood." [3]

I love this turn of phrase, this quietly vague qualifier: *kinds of things*. Depending on where you stand, it can imply a taxonomy for objects, or a lapse into a moment of linguistic waffling (um, kind of, I guess). Something structured, something ambivalent. It's a delicious moment where the language around Tiziana's practice is able to meet the ambiguities she speaks and writes and works within.

Kinds of things.
Things, kind of.

Her paintings, installations, objects, and poems exist in this realm of 'kind of' – bridged on a tangent, associative, finding patterns, almost, not quite. It's a mondegreen, a dog running in a field.

+++

"Are currents, in other words, scripts? I imagined spheres upon which commas cling, with their classic expression expansive drip along the path they were entities trying on typeface."

("Innocence at Home" with Steffanie Ling, pg 115)

+++

Does a poem have a tongue, a mouth? Can you become absorbed in loopy cursive? Can words grow silky or fuzzy on the surface of your skin? Does language have pores, weft, can it grow porous and permeable? Throughout *Oral Like Cloaks, Dialect*, we're met with the textures of language, skin, fabric, food; they are interwoven and carry equal potency for poetry.

I'm recognizing symbols, seeing patterns. *Writing the black fruits* includes a painted sheet of white paper, dark squiggles approximating a fish that swims upstream. For *Innocence at Home*, an exhibition at CSA in Vancouver, Tiziana includes the same shape in cut aluminum—*Bermuda Girl* (2015)—fuchsia and sage green, a woman's pale face and wary eyes at its centre. Words taken out of context, translated, speaking differently.

Other symbols appear and reappear throughout *Oral Like Cloaks, Dialect*: an earring, the blunt line of a woman's bangs, a flourish of makeup. Gendered forms of presentation that retain their specificity in Tiziana's mottled and twisting alphabet. As Georgina Jackson mentions in the exhibition text for *The Eyelash and the Monochrome* at Mercer Union, the symbols in Tiziana's work gesture towards feminist frameworks for rewriting history—finding patterns, piecing together alternative narratives of women erased from the mainstream.

"[...] underlying, sometimes playful juxtapositions are historical instances and trajectories. Live snails drawing on plastic speaks to the use of their shells in making the colour purple for women-only manuscripts, becoming in and of itself purple prose." [4]

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Snails are another recurring symbol in Tiziana's alphabet. Rachelle Sawatsky writes a text to accompany *The Eyelash and the Monochrome* which is titled after a snail, imagining the gradual trajectory of its evolution:

"First imagine slow lines moving across a page.
1, 2, 3, 4 slime arabesques from the Iron Age." [5]

As they ooze forward, tracing slow texts, I'm enamoured by this shared history between snails and language. Georgina had mentioned Tyrian purple, the natural dye developed from a mucous secretion of sea snails, used as early as 1570 BCE by the ancient Phoenicians. It's the deep, rich purple typically associated with royalty (it's the purple of Mercer Union's walls during *The Eyelash and the Monochrome*.)

The poet Francis Ponge also shares Tiziana and Rachelle's interest in the linguistic secrets of snails and other shell-bound creatures. His poem-essay "Notes for a Sea

Shell" likens language to the structures of a shell: something created at the intimate scale of the human body, it's a place where we reside. Yet, he reminds me that it's a system that can and will exist beyond my use, like an open vessel waiting for its next inhabitant:

"Oh Louvre of the written word, which may perhaps after the demise of this race be inhabited by other proprietors—monkeys, for instance, or birds, some superior being—just as the crustacean takes the place of the mollusk in the periwinkle shell." ("Notes for a Sea Shell," in *The Nature of Things*, trans. Lee Fahnestock, originally published 1942)

All this time I've been describing Tiziana's language as porous, burgeoning, self-generative. Perhaps Ponge's text is gesturing towards her alphabet's potential future: she's opening up, inviting other creatures in.

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Coming to know Tiziana's work involves feeling out its sharp edges while remaining clouded by its evocative middle. For *Innocence at Home*, she exhibited twisting forms from cut aluminum, some painted with the faces of mournful women, some backlit by vibrant LED. They come close to communicating in a different kind of language—sharp, bulbous, squiggly, almost an alphabet. *Thin Bubble Spit* (2015) is one such shape; pinkish and spattered, in my eyes it's somehow both a tropical fish and a semicolon.

Her work lives in process, it is generative, it doesn't presuppose that there is some final state of understanding. My modes for perceiving her work are in process too, more than I'd typically like to admit. I'm coming to understand Tiziana's work in the interstices of looking and reading and writing—I worm my way forward by touching on text, and image, and voice in rapid succession. I'm translating piece by piece.

That's where Tiziana's work resides. It's what burgeons in the cracks between a line of text, a squiggle of paint, a cursor on a screen.

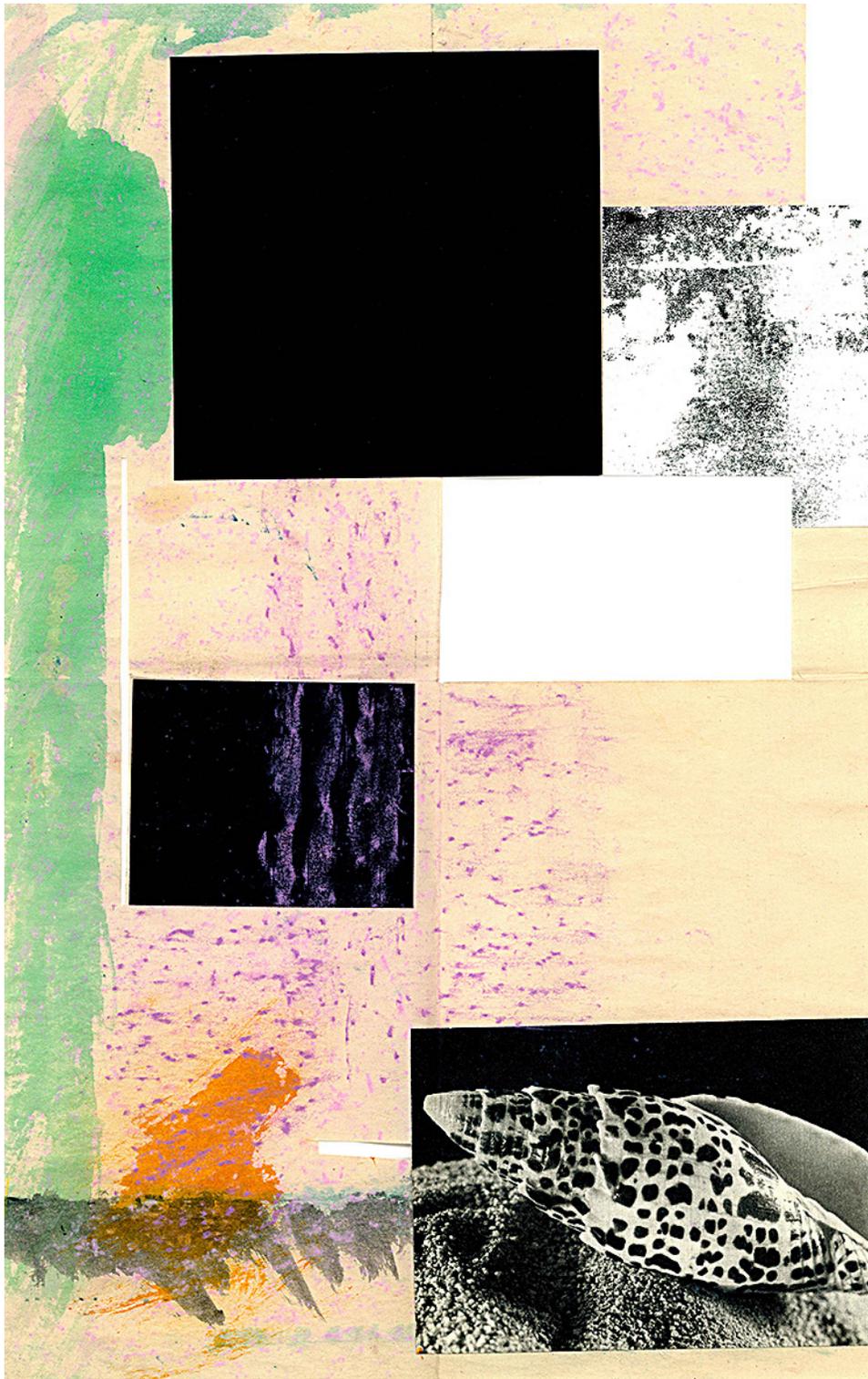
[1] <http://canadianart.ca/reviews/tiziana-la-melia-mercercer-union/>

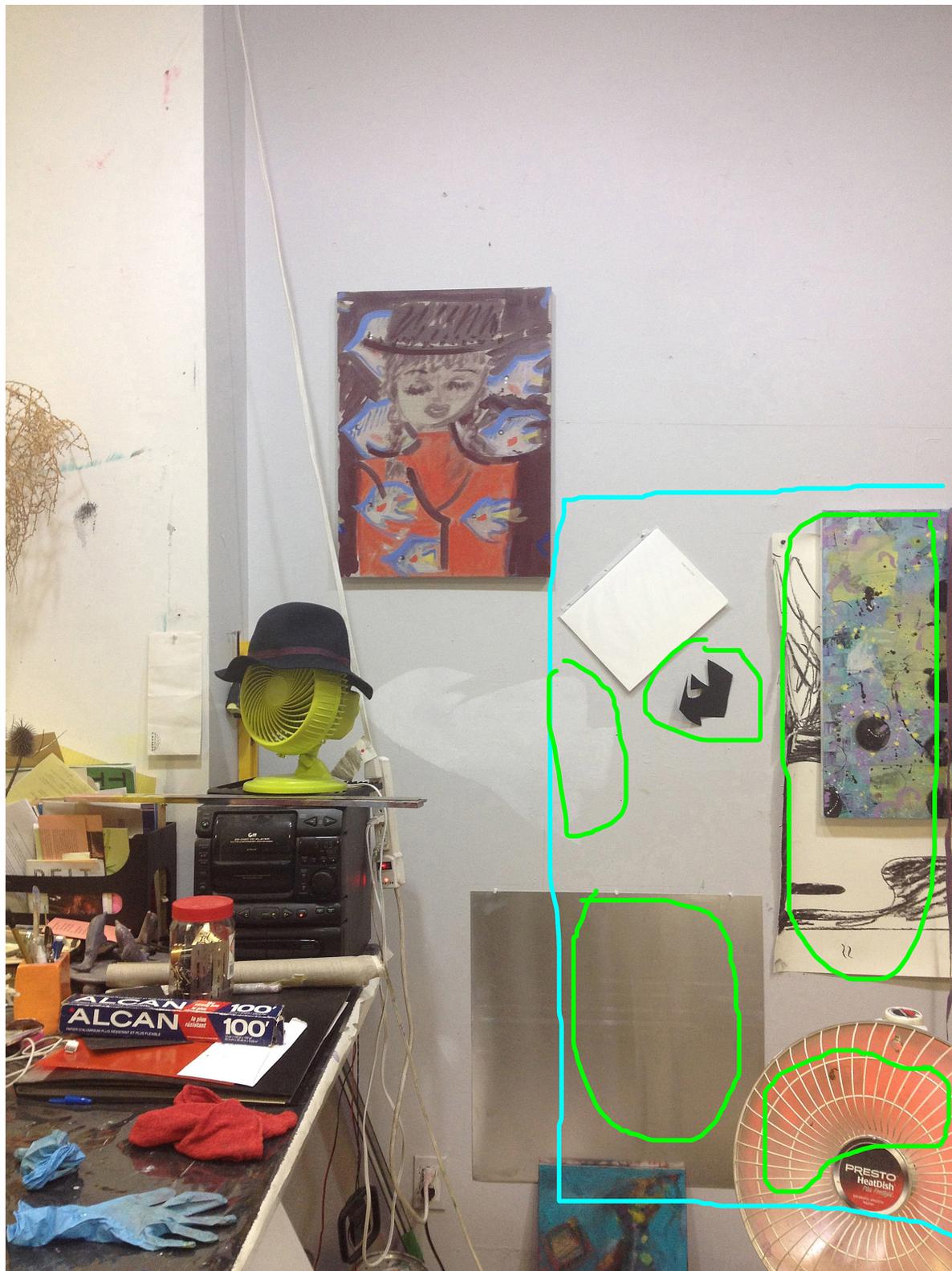
[2] <http://tizianamelia.com/index.php?/the-eyelash-and-the-monochrome/>

[3] <https://cheyanneturions.wordpress.com/2014/06/02/subjects-as-things/>

[4] <http://www.mercerunion.org/exhibitions/the-eyelash-and-the-monochrome/>

[5] <http://tizianamelia.com/index.php?/the-eyelash-and-the-monochrome/>





In your book *Broom Emotion*, what was the name of the font that you used?

I used a font named *Franca* and one called *Bibs*.

You made them?

I developed them at the time because I was feeling anxious about choosing a font. Then I thought maybe I'll make my own font. There is a typographer I've been meaning to look up again, he would respond to objects and things as a way to develop his typography. He would pick a character or an architectural detail.

Like a portrait?

The font would become an embodiment of an object that he had encountered. He would take a photograph of the thing and then that would be the mode in which he would develop the typeface. I used that as a way to create *Bibs*,

I made a series of paintings that were a way of further character development trying to figure out who this person was.



yes. fine too. i will be there on saturday. possibly friday night. and sunday as well
i'm free fri/sat night...sunday is getting sorted

Franca was an embodiment... imagining

, *Franca* is my mother's name. I was naming it after her. With that font I was thinking of a sort of tipsy character.

My mom isn't an alcoholic but I wanted to think about the type of women who drinks wine to loosen up, or whatever. A slightly drunken but cheerful character.

I was thinking about my mom having a glass of wine with her friend, meeting up by the lake for a glass of sparkling wine.

As I was reading the fonts, I was aware of how difficult they were to read. I was wondering if that was a strategy on your part? As a barrier between the reader and the text? As if you didn't actually want the reader to read the text? As if you were perhaps embarrassed of it?

At the time, I liked the way [the font] slowed it down and frustrated the situation of reading. It functioned as an image, it gives the reader the option to opt out. It was maybe functioning as a sort of disguise. Wondering, "Do I want anyone to read it? I'll make it more difficult for them."

I was wondering about your plan to make a studio on your parents land

So much of your writing, even your work in general, has a personal edge to it. Meaning, that among all the layers of your work, which feel quite porous, there is a thick autobiographical layer. I was wondering if you ever use the experience of embarrassment as a tool to engage with a viewer (or reader) on a more vulnerable level?

I don't think I do that intentionally;

My tarot card reading said that in November I would end a chapter in my life. I am hoping that it's this chapter of insecurity.

I've been working on this book, *The Island of*

I've been sorting

You had previously written that your practice is constantly trying to describe itself.

It feels like I'm ready to move on.

I am thinking that maybe what I'm writing will be a part of that. Not that I think things end, but more that it will transform into something else

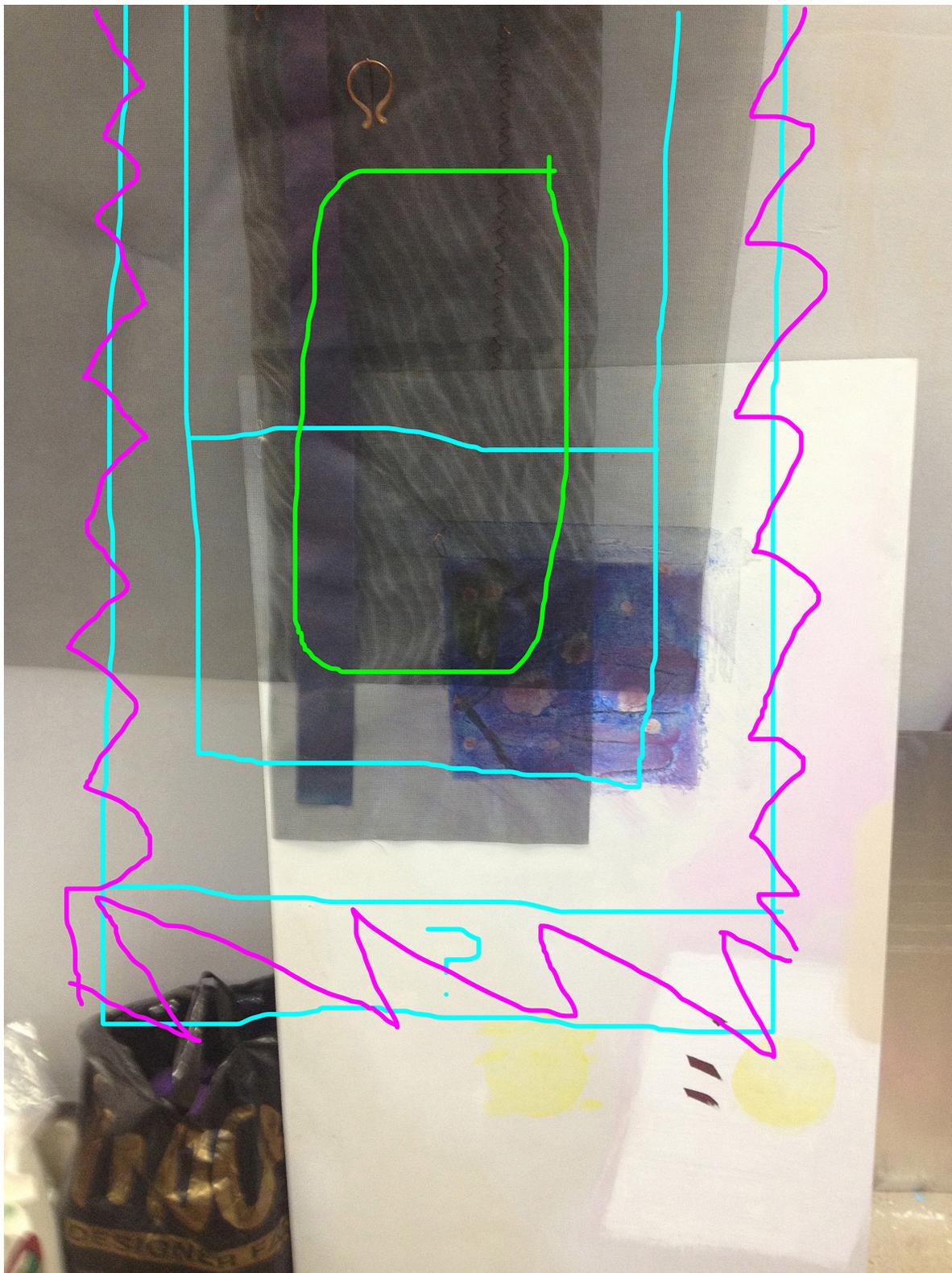
I have been thinking formally about writing within fiction and poetry more. I have been wondering how to develop my research further, going into that research for its own sake and less about my relationship or perception of myself to it.

There is something exhausting about constantly describing your practice, or constantly figuring it out, that being the root of a practice...It's exciting...for a while.



I feel like it's been necessary for me personally. But, I also feel like I'm getting over it. It's still useful. I am becoming more interested in the process of writing. I am starting to recognize certain habits and tendencies I have.





There is something about this age, our early thirties, in which we have to reorganize our motivations for making work. The motivations I had, that pushed me through my twenties, aren't there anymore.

Yes, because we are older our relationship to motivation changes.

However, I am still interested in certain subjects, certain tropes. I don't know if those will change.

Realizing that you've changed - that the way you approach work has changed - it's very difficult to move beyond that. You have a memory of yourself as a certain way and you hold on to it,

. To come to grips with that is very hard.

Since working on the *Staring at the Ceiling/Dog* work,

I realized that I hadn't been feeling for the last year. It was very weird. Usually, I'm super sensitive. And a few months before I started writing I realized that I felt numb. I didn't feel connected to myself.

I had a massage and it triggered all these emotions and I started writing. It was one of those moments where you remember yourself. And you realize that you've changed.

talk to you tomorrow.
talk tomorrow.

One more thing:
.....
It made me wonder what the shape of purple is.



When I went to transcribe our conversation from last night a lot of it was garbled

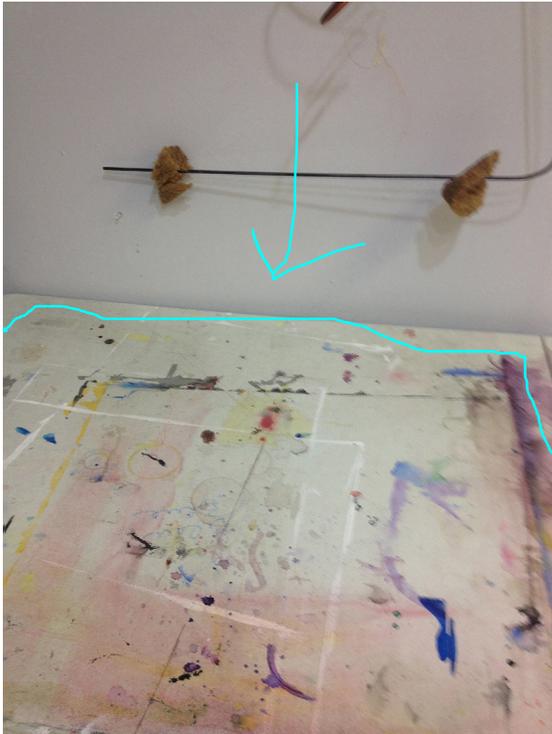
you were discussing your new D(aughters) O(f) G(lint) work. Why did the space of idling start you down the winding dog path?

! :

Daughter's of Glint (D.O.G.) came from turning dog into an acronym and thinking back to past work -

and the reference to consoling glints (the dog character that came from a shadow, a comforting shadow...)

I forgot to tell you but I made some tiny and crude silver earrings for DOG too.



In particular, I thought it was interesting how this work didn't seem to have a strong literary relationship to another author's text and instead it was building off the methods from your *Angelfish* project, and how perhaps these two threads cross paths with a new character of Mark Twang.

You also went into more detail about your tarot card reading...

Something about objects...

I mentioned the tarot reading because.....told me that in Oct and November a big chapter in your life will end - and so I think of *DOG* as being a kind of segue into that ... like part of the old chapter but a way of thinking of the new, but not like an old dog walking into the forest, just maybe some kind of transformative potential that is TBA, which is why I may have mentioned that line about dogs in a field not walking in a straight line

..... she also described the kinds of small intricate objects I would be making....



At the time that I was doing the dog drawings, meditatively (

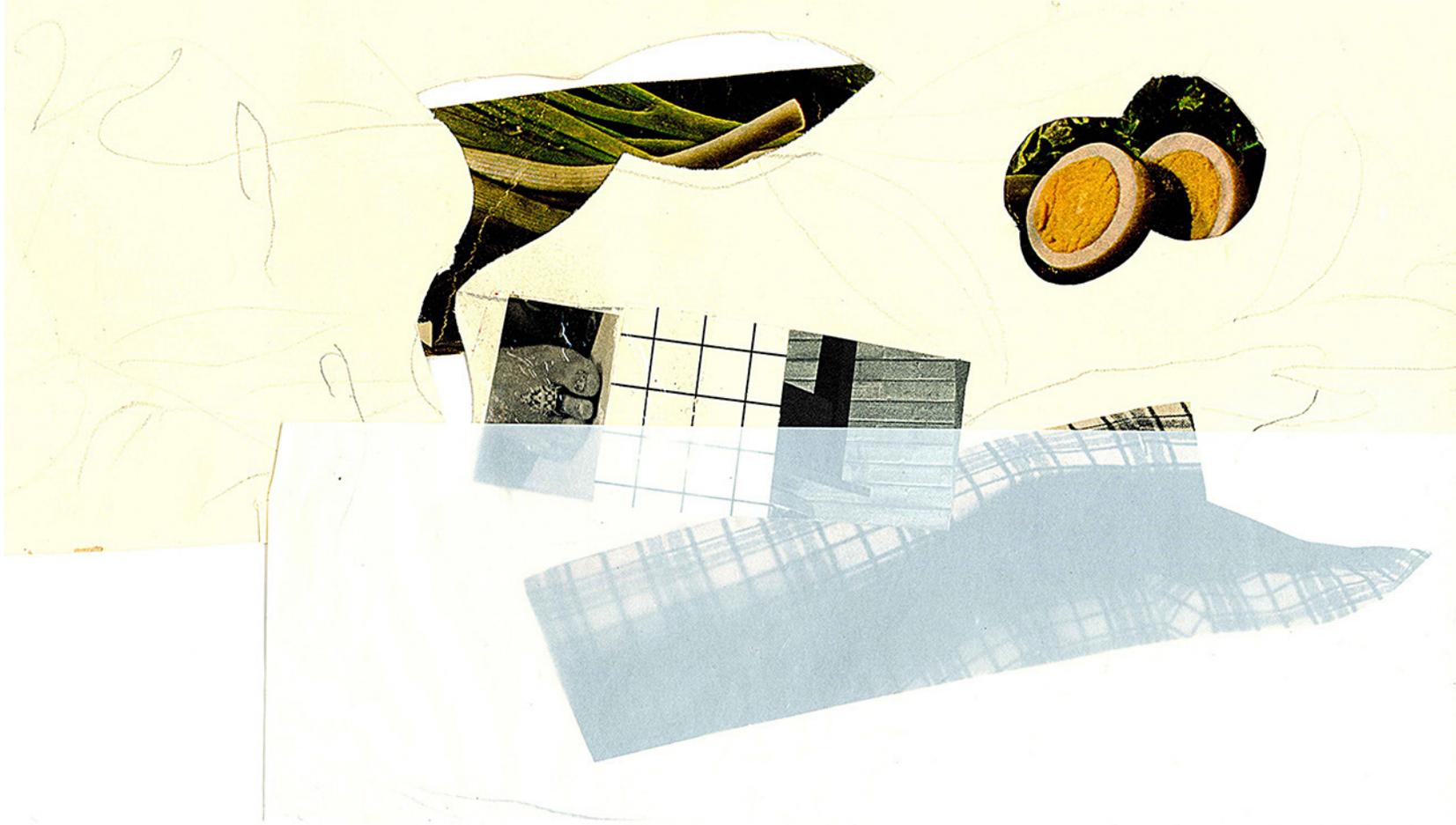
) I started thinking of the connection between the eyelash (from the eyelash and the monochrome) and the dog as being a similar kind of figure, originating from the same kind of place/space - the former out of blankness/writers block, the latter out of a kind of idling - I was also reading about Cosima von Bonin and looking at her figures - as I was in a state of fatigue and laze and daydreaming while in Pogues-les-eaux, her work was resonating, especially with works like the giant dog with the words sloth quilted to the bottom of the paws.

I think it represented a kind of snapping into and out of something -

. As I drew the dogs - which in that series of drawings is a variation of the original ceiling shadow doodle, I began to make up other forms it could take, pyjamas, jewelry -

- there were many references to friendship and piercings - which is why I thought of making the earrings -

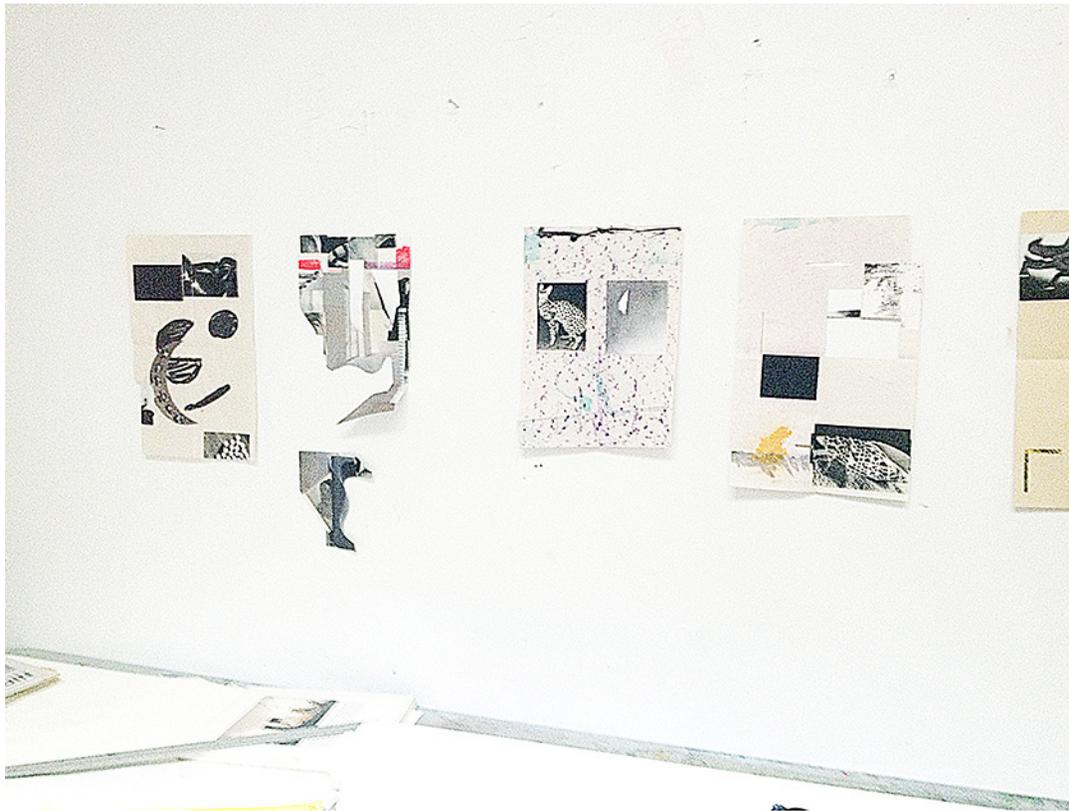
..... , I was invited to do a performance at the CAG - it was titled, *Staring at the Ceiling*, and in it I wrote the *Daughters of Glint* - it was an intro to a longer poem but now I think maybe its more of a short story, of a parallel universe (cloned world?) where Mark Twain becomes Mark Twang - free from the history of those scripts, maybe the characters can begin to develop and to shed their coyness.



*sixteenth of a circle / snoop dog choker, deep patina / witch
pensive running coat, purple spit, purple hail
shelling / memo for scratch memorabilia essay, wearing spills and expensive lotion
cursive eyes / reptilian time, sideways a ways / lingua slanted
folded napkins / surface of summer flotsam, stutters "breakfast"*

(2014 - 2016)

A collaborative series of five collage works completed through the post, over the duration of two years, between artists Tiziana La Melia and Liza Eurich. Each illustrates a series of responsive marks and constructions that together point towards an overlap between the gesture and the grid.





Moire 4 / June 2016

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