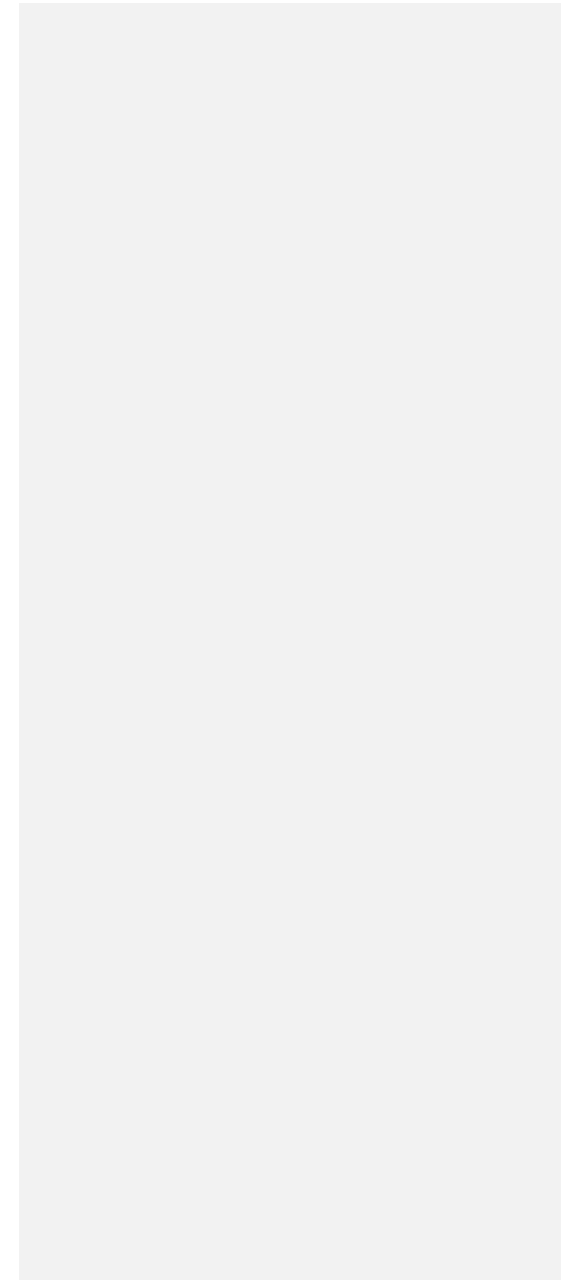


Gatherings

Volume 2

Feature Editor Volume 2: Jenn Cole
Co-Editors: Jenn Cole and Stephen Johnson
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Welcome to Gatherings

Welcome to the second issue of *Gatherings*—with thanks and gratitude for the kind words of those who have read and responded to our first issue. We believe we're on to something, because—well, you're holding the second issue. The content of the first issue no doubt influenced how people prepared material for this issue. And we hope that this issue will inspire those who will contribute to the third. And there will be a third.

We think that we're early enough in this series that we can be forgiven for repeating ourselves—so here is our statement of purpose, written at the beginning:

Persistent ideas, if we give them attention, sometimes turn material. We are very happy that this idea—a collection of creative work by theatre and performance scholars—is now in print, something to hold in your hands.

For a long time, we have each, on our own, considered how many people we know in our community use artistic practices to think through their research, and suspected that some of them had visual traces of these practices they might be willing to share. Talking together over the past few years has led us to this publication. We couldn't have imagined the range of works our first and second calls for submissions would garner, or the versatile modes and motivations this second collection would represent.

From photograph to poem, diagram to found materials, the works shared in *Gatherings* offer glimpses of hard work that so often remains invisible. This gathering demonstrates the work we all do: thinking alongside our scholarship at (and in) the margins; responding to archival materials and research spaces in unorthodox ways; documenting the often artful and messy process of intellectual discovery by any means possible; and activating the body as a way of 'thinking.' While these methods are often treated as alternatives to academic labour, we believe otherwise. They are processes that fuel and further our work and foreground the need for artistic practice as a support for and a part of the research process. This is one of the goals of *Gatherings*. Supporting the publication of raw, unfinished, exploratory and experimental work as a performance of the research process is another.

We are delighted to present this second issue of *Gatherings*.

Jenn Cole and Stephen Johnson

Gatherings Manifesto

1. Gatherings is a forum for theatre and performance scholars to explore creative work that is inspired by their work as scholars, and not aside from that work. We seek to encourage a space where the scholar and the artist in each of us can meet to advantage. This is not to say that no such spaces exist--but not enough, and not of this kind.

2. Gatherings is a place for those who are steeped in scholarship to employ modes of working not ordinarily circulated in scholarly publishing: performative texts; poems of all kinds; short-form prose; performance traces; figurative marginalia; the visual manipulation of words; scripts; scores; diagrams and other manifestations of the mind; visual interpretations and manipulations of the work of the scholar; and many other modes of expression. We know that the work of the scholar often travels through many of these forms of expression toward the rigours of the scholarly publication. These transitory ways of confronting the scholarship and the archive are worth examining.

3. Gatherings is a print publication, chosen with the belief that, while the web is a wonderful thing, there is something tactile in the work of the scholar. We emphasize materiality and materials, and the sense of touch, and advocate the use of paper, pen, printing presses, paints, graphite, ink, and wax, of words and figures, of found objects, decay and traces, of documents manipulated and visual experiments as documents. All techniques are welcome. We believe in the materiality of the held literary and artistic object.

4. Gatherings occurs at a moment when Canadian Theatre and Performance Scholars are often practitioners or practice-based researchers. This publication is a space for materials that reflect these endeavours. It is also a space for the secret, amateur, nocturnal, marginal, desperate scrawlings of the artist-in-us-all.

5. Gatherings recognizes that by exploring alternative ways of working, the academic employing artful methodologies and sharing their processes/productions might become a happier academic. Likewise, the academic who holds a volume of their community's creative work is likely to become happy too.

Carolyn Clare Mouse

I take as my inspiration a dead mouse. I found this mouse enveloped in a 1930s hand-painted scenic backdrop, and she had consumed excessive amounts of the toxic paint that decorated her resting place. She died in a constellation of his own multi-coloured, phosphorescent poop pellets, and she had assumed a chemically induced super-natural glow. She became a super mouse, enveloped by great dance, and she is my inspiration. Should you one day find me, enmeshed with dance artifacts and glowing, you will know that I have succeeded.

Jessica Watkin Dot two three four five, dot one two five,
dot two four, dot two three four (this)

**Dot two three four five, dot one
two five, dot two four, dot two three four
(this)**

Pin pricked light flashes,
Fireworks
This isn't tragically hip
This isn't Canada day
This isn't triggered, trauma,
It's torn nerves,
It's purple bruises,
It's stitches bright red against pale white,
It's drops that provoke doors locked,
It's an entire world,
It's an ecology of late nights
Caffeine drips, nicotine, forgetting to breathe,
Rib cage rise and fall, share pain, peanut butter baskets,
It's bottles of pills
It's things you haven't told anybody
It's things you've told everyone,

It's recorded, its in dark drawers, its on hard drives,
Imprinted memories, changed, its telling someone you forget
It's telling someone you forget
Duo, dust, dual.

"this" in braille looks like
⠠⠠⠠⠠⠠⠠⠠
if you would like to
create tactile braille
in your own copy of
Gatherings, use a dull
pencil and poke the holes
lightly from the other
side of the page.
Don't poke a hole
through! Enjoy!
JW

It's curling up on his lap, head first,
It's saying no I don't want to touch you,
It's asking for help after you've hit your knees
Fallen down stairs
Lost
This isn't a rally cry
This isn't advocacy
This isn't asking for acknowledgement, validation,
This isn't telling.
This isn't a disco, this isn't a Friday night,
This isn't calling out into the wind,
This isn't a purple sunset,
This isn't being left out,
This isn't holding back,
This isn't taking deep breaths to calm down
This isn't calming down at all
This isn't wiping the tears away
This isn't being brave
This isn't pornography
This isn't a life that you need to see
This isn't work that you need to read
This isn't a world you need to know
This isn't a thing I should be writing down
This isn't a way to get these things out
This isn't the right way
This isn't wrong either, this isn't
This isn't a wrap
This isn't cold
This isn't deep or fighting or trivial
This isn't life, this isn't a voice

Sasha Kovacs Making Sisi; Or, Performance's Ontology as Hair

An Inspiration:
DO NOT TOUCH. For the empress to whom cost was no object, a concoction of protein rich egg yolks beaten in warm water was believed to cleanse and promote hair growth. The empress used some forty eggs to wash her ankle length hair, followed by a rinse consisting of twenty bottles of the best French brandy



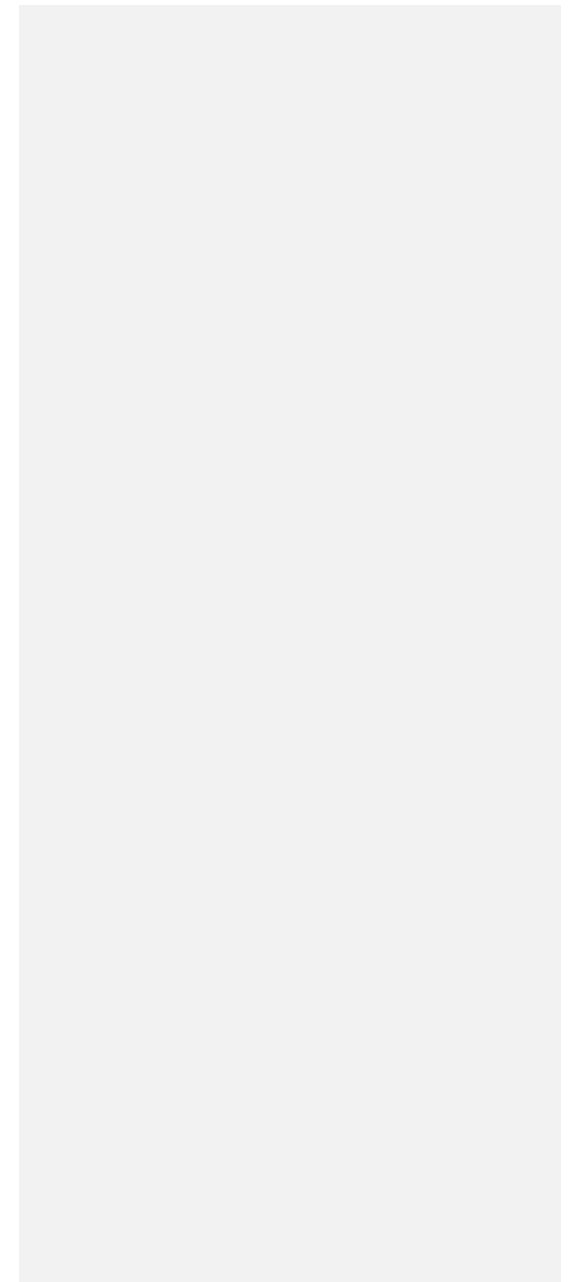
Empress Elisabeth, Franz Xaver Winterhalter, 1865 (c)
Sammlung Bundesmobilienvverwaltung,
Photo: Gerald Schedy

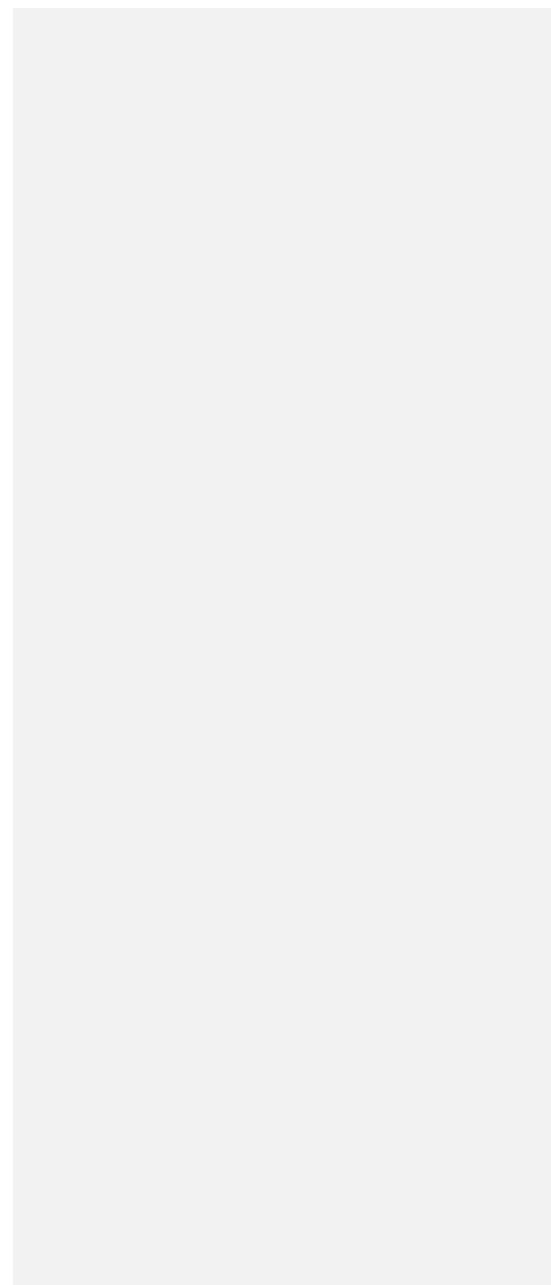
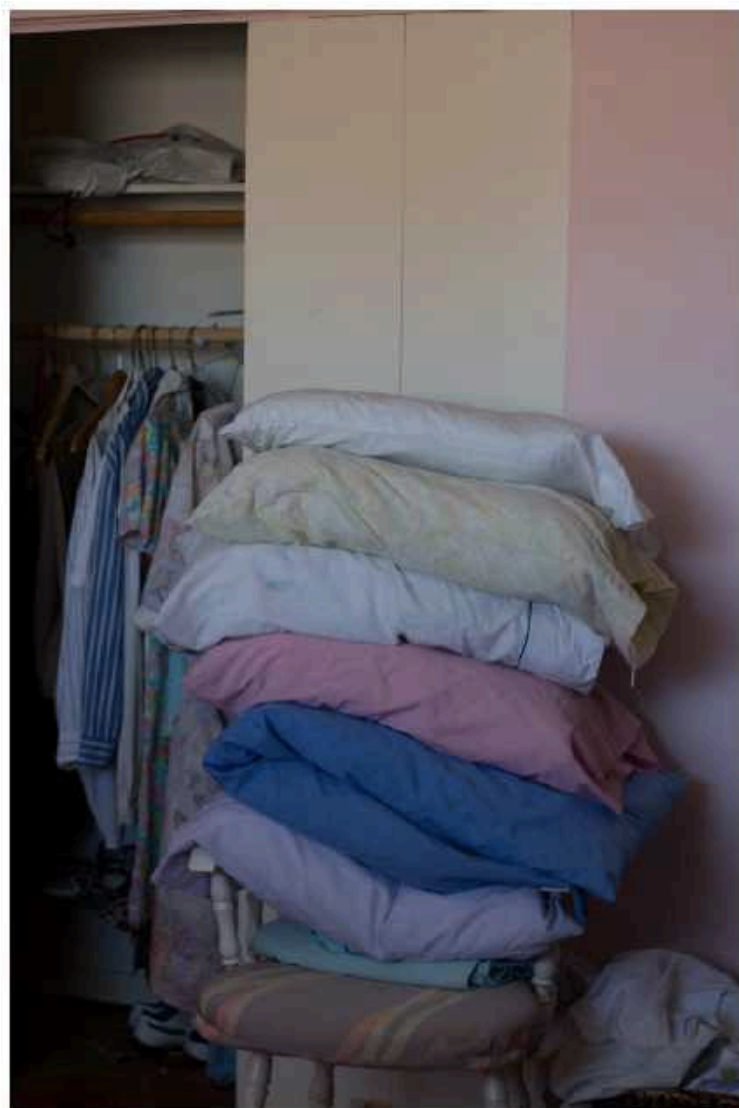
**A memory:
“I’ll cut your hair and sell it for
gold” my father would say
across from the living room. I’d
be in the kitchen making
breakfast while grooming, and a
strand might make it into his
morning coffee. He hated when I
brushed my hair while eating.
“Gross” and I’d pick the
dripping excess out of the cup.
These strands of deadly
materiality, cloaked in goo and
guck, connect us.**

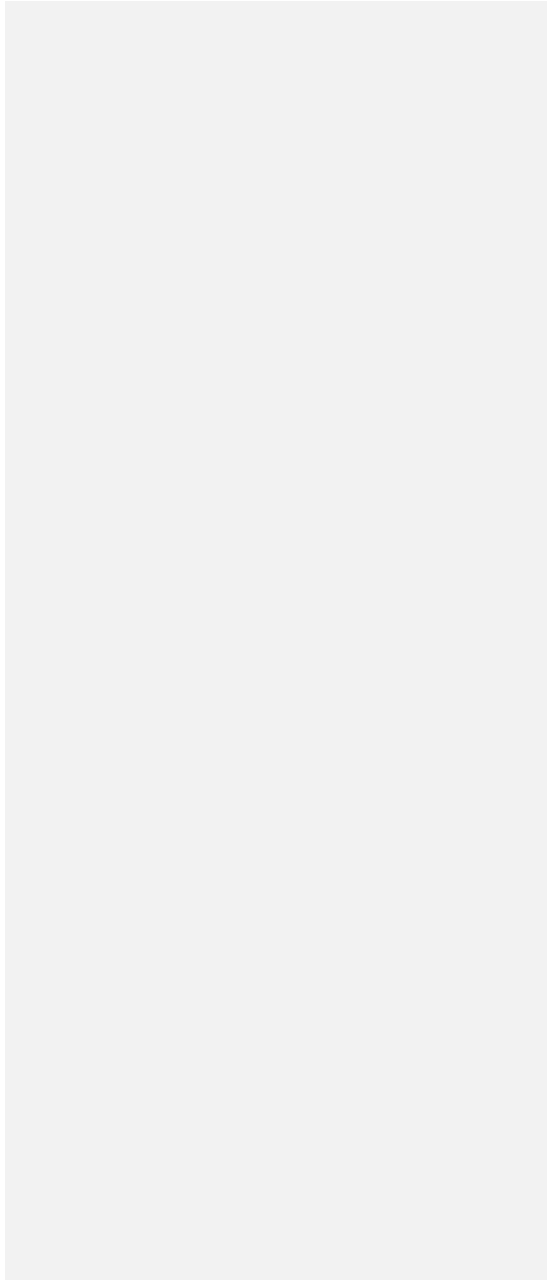


Photo by Seika Boye

Laine Zisman Newman When She's Gone







How to perform breath

Slow down. This is an exercise.

Where are you reading this text?

Are there other people around you?

How loud or quiet are the sounds you hear?

How thick is the air?

What does it smell like?

What does it taste like?

Can you find a comfortable seat?

Find a comfortable seat.

Slow down. Close your eyes.

(For a moment, then open them.)

Focus your attention on these words.

Focus your attention on your
inhales and exhales.

1. **Breathe** in through your nose, out through your mouth.

Pause with empty lungs.

2. **Breathe** in through your nose, out through your nose.

3. **Breathe** in through your nose [for 6 seconds], out through your nose [for 6 seconds].

As you *slowly* inhale, feel the air hit your philtrum, your nostrils, the back of your mouth
and throat.

How does it sound as it enters your lungs?

As you *slowly* exhale, mouth closed, whisper an h-a 'ha' sound with your throat as the air
exits your nose.

Feel the **breath** retrace its entrance.

4. Repeat step 3 for three **breath** cycles.

5. **Breathe** in one third full; hold it for 5 seconds. **Breathe** in two thirds full;
hold it.

6. **Breathe** out slowly and carefully, again, through your nose.

Exhale a little bit more.

And a little bit more.

Pause with empty lungs.

7. Repeat steps 5 and 6 two more times.

Let your ribs expand to capacity when you inhale.

Keep your chest lifted as you exhale.

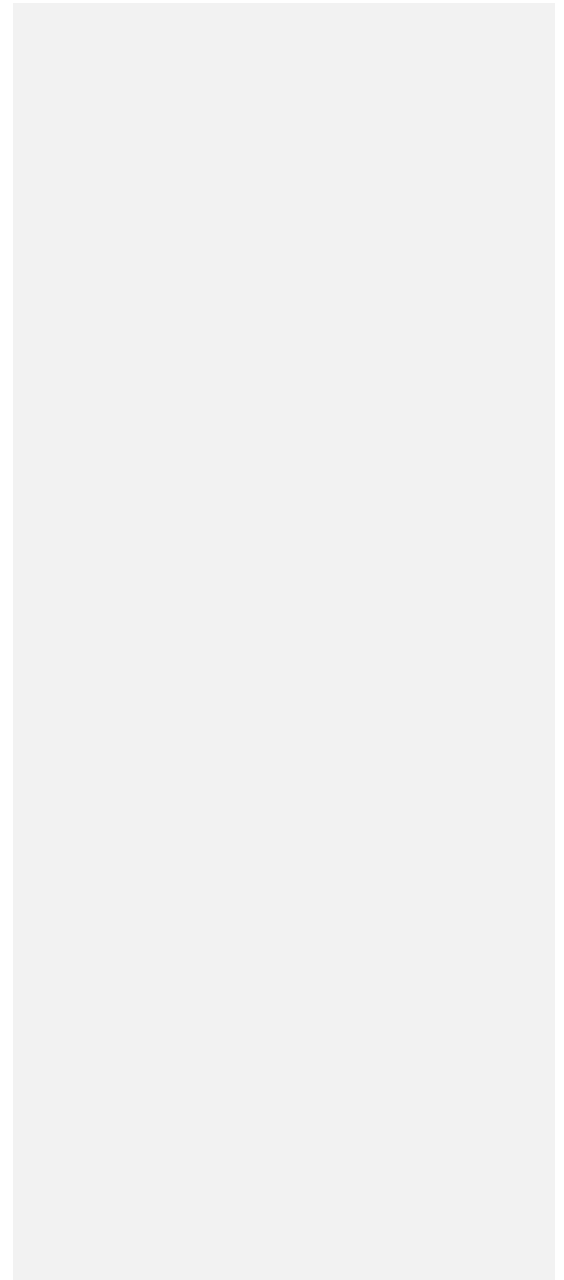
Find your *Ujjayi* **breath**, warming your body from the inside-out.

8. Take your deepest **breath** yet, pausing at the top of your inhale, ribs wide and open.

9. Exhale through your nose. Exhale all the air until there's no air left. Pause a moment.

10. Then **breath**e in through your nose.

And out...



Time Travel

I'm saying good-bye to my dad.

"Bye, I'll see you next time," I say smiling.

We've just hugged and kissed.

I watch my dad... take a few steps back,... still facing me before he turns.

After he turns,...I turn to walk forward.

I'm letting go of my dad of my younger years, and

I'm being let go by my dad as he is now in his late sixties.

The crux of the matter is that I don't want to let go or say good-bye, or... be let go.

I want time to stop.

I don't want him to leave

somehow thinking him leaving would mean his work and the company would swallow my dad.

I get to see and spend time with him not enough as it is!

I don't want to leave, thinking my staying could stop the work creep and somehow

keep my father the way I wanted him to be...for me, for a relationship I desired.

I want time to stop.

I don't want him to leave,

somehow thinking him leaving would allow dementia to hasten and empty my dad.

I don't want to leave, thinking my staying could stop the dementia creep, somehow

keep my father the way I wanted him to be, for me, for a relationship with him I desire.

My staying might even keep my work from swallowing me.

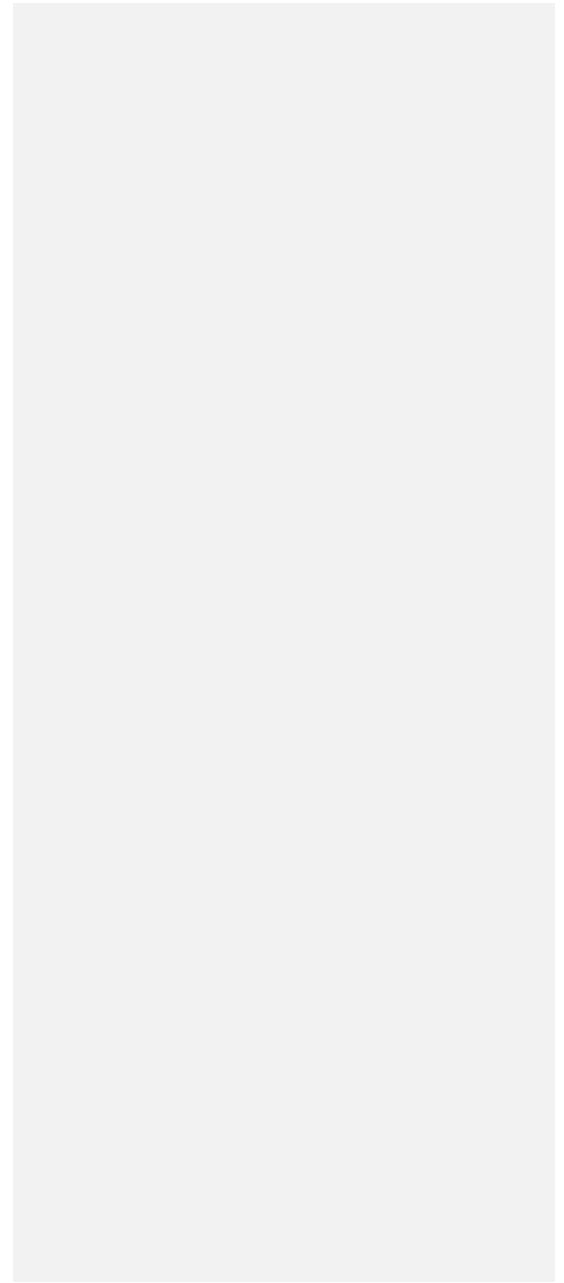
"I've got to go now," he says and starts to back away and after a few steps

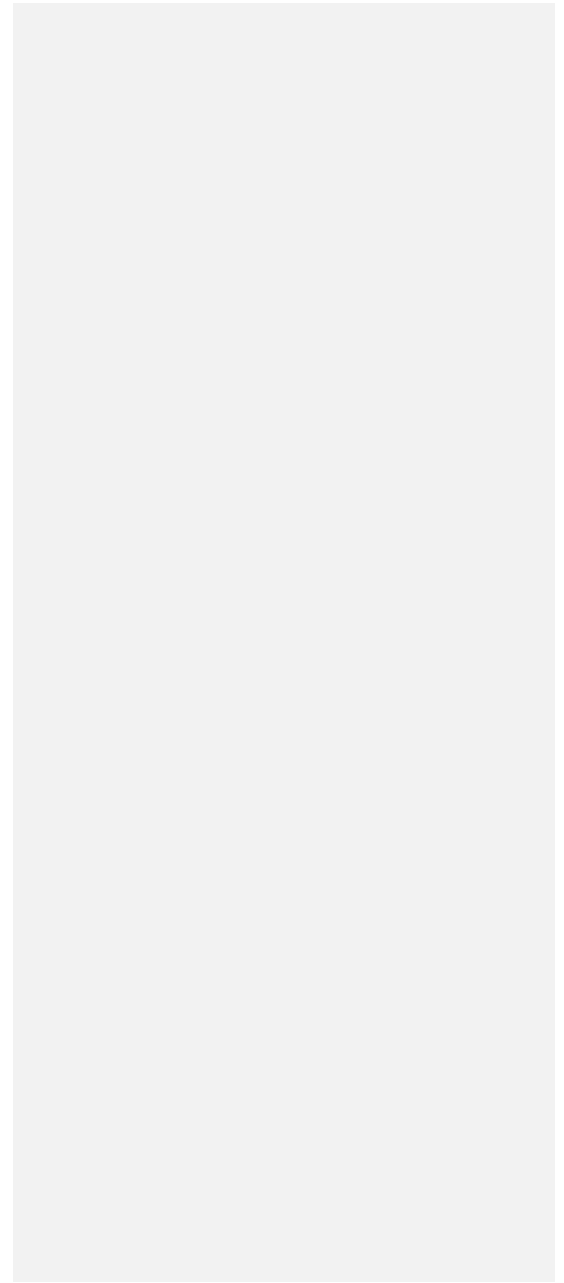
he turns to walk forward away from me.

The tone of his voice and his physical gestures, even while changed,
take me to a place
where he is heading off to work, physically moving away from
domestic space and concerns.
“I’ve got to go now,” I hear him saying.
I wanted him to stay.
I’m a young girl, now.
Imperceptibly, I am taken back in time, and the past cycles back into the
present.
I’m faced with the moment of letting my dad go.
I follow our ritual cue after hugging and kissing him and say “okay, bye;
I’ll see you next time” in the sunniest bravest voice I can muster.
I’m both little girl and adult woman.
I turn around and start walking forward.
There are mostly residents, a nurse, and
more personal support workers than nurses moving through the hall.
I look back and see my dad walking the other way, his way forward,
perhaps toward the end of the long corridor where a sitting room with
institutional furniture awaits.
I turn my head, again, to walk my way forward
to a place where my dad once did, but could not now fit,
tears warming and making my skin moist.
Something had stopped and died, and
something timeless shared between us in a space outside the clock of
the economy... this something timeless was being born.
I knew I would return to my dad a month or more from now, both of us
changed, and that
this would recur as it always had.
I didn’t know it would continue after his physical passing.

Jimena Ortuzar Felicitous Undoings







Kathleen Gallagher

Conference Poetry: On being somewhere else, for a time.

Conference Poetry: On being somewhere else, for a time.

The following are reflections on/within a drama research conference in Aotearoa/New Zealand. July 2018.

**

Frost coat on brush
Tasman sea waves sun-soaked
Is it Middle Earth?
Flora dances in no wind, wet yet no rain.
Half-way between the pole and the Equator.
Elevation. In contact with the gods.

*

Glacier, glacier, in the 'v'.
Peaks in their own time.
Birds hiding in their own paradise.
Cows who deserve their fields.
One-pass bridge. No matter.
No one waits on the other side.
No one is everywhere.
Human scale a mere illusion.

*

Morning tea to come, says the northern English accent at the front.
Been here 43 years but who would know?

*

Rivers of rocks? A calamity, surely.
Oh no—just a retreating
Glacier depositing its collection.
Leaves a moon face for weary
Travelers.

*

Sometimes the pain of my heart
In Love shocks me. Even as
I am accustomed to its
unpredictable visits.
How love of a boy of 10 surprises!
Our little family fastened in my
Heart. Inside and enveloping
all at once.

*

A retired geography teacher turned
Bus Driver
made us his classroom.
His way had the added advantage
of performance, its nuance, its power.
But all bus drivers deserve an ode.
The same sights on their well-trod routes and without cynicism they
make it new every time, just for
us.

With rare historical knowledge
and a gift for physical geography,
some even sing a ditty, to
pass the time.

*

'How many syllables does impossibility have, mom?', Quick—you only have 3 seconds' says
Liam.
Um.
Less than post-dramatic performance? Maybe
that's why narrative is the go-to?

*

Youth theatre performance about Māori
anger.
"It's a war", they implore.
Youth disenfranchisement a
consistent across continents. No
surprise.
Thank you South Auckland.
We don't deserve you.

*

Grad student of elegance, of
performative hope. Of promise.
Emerging, emerging, emerging.
Hold on, I want to say, to that singularity of focus.
It is a beautiful thing.
An artifact.

*

Jan Cohen-Cruz works a food truck now.
I learned it in a keynote.
And memoir. Women's consciousness
groups and community performance--
prompts now for a writing practice
of memoir.
I understand.

*

Late-night Netflix. The Crown.
Opulent colonialism and cultural tourism.
Eye-candy. A mess. Distinguished performance
for a post-truth world.

*

Intrusions in to the play.
The myth of the adolescence of
our field--suspension of belief.
To stand aside. Our. Strongly-held. Beliefs.
Beliefs?
Thank you for speaking to/with/against your whiteness and seeing circuits of
colonialism.
I trust the smell of integrity. And
questioning. Unconcealed.
Indebted to you Helen Cahill.

*

You mustn't trust me. or
You might trust me. or
You can trust me.
The tyranny of evidence.
Are there other options?
Trust at your own risk?
Trust is not the point.
Its absence, destabilizing.
Surely.
But its certainty the perpetrator
of all manner of violence.
Provisional trust?
Why did impermanence promise
so much and failed to deliver.
For the many. Not the few.

*

(Anti-)Social Media is everywhere.

*

Ode to generous critique
Oh Patti Lather—years ago now
you gave the world 'generous
critique' and 'parallel
theorizing'. Ways to stand
in one's difference and stand
beside another's reading with
your own theoretical
positioning, in all its flaws
and blind spots. Where are
you now? Overcome by the
now reflexive pleasure taken

in undermining the other. Unleashed.
on the world, unrestrained.
Masquerading as dialogue?

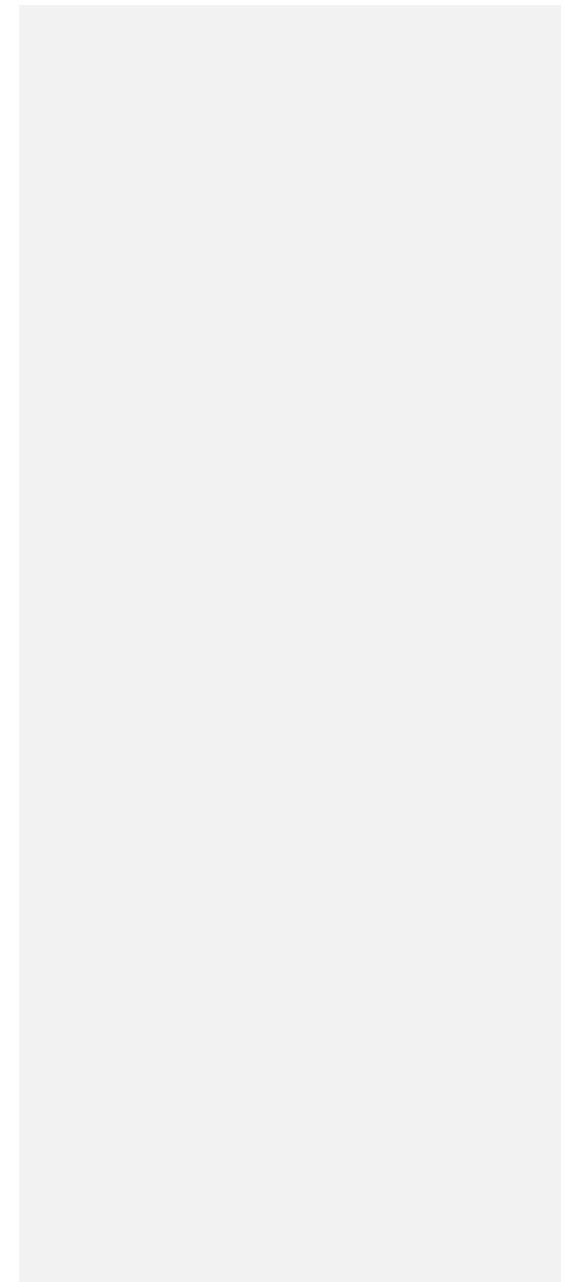
*

To watch, to watch and
hear The Graduate Student.
They are risking stepping in
or boldly plunging, or wearily
toe-testing.
A world of affect bubbling
over. It never changes. I
promise you. No matter what
Your Eyes
are telling you.
Your Ears
are listening for.
But change it you will.

*

Grapefruit falling from the skies.
Bitter. Juicy. Left.
The sun of Aotearoa winter.
A tease.
For this northern soul.

*



There is no poetry for the conference traveler
'selected for additional screening'.
US customs and security a rude conclusion to the
Theory meant to lift us higher.
Those families at the border. Separated.
That is all I can think.
Can a difference be made? By the conference-traveler?

**

Jill Carter A Brief Encounter with Soft Power in the Land of Unlikely Angels
Red Shirt (1887)

London, England
1938

An elderly woman sits.
She struggles to read amidst the fading elegance of a century-passed.¹

“To conclude as I began. My position is, that if we have anything to learn from the Noble Savage, it is what to avoid. His virtues are a fable; his happiness is a delusion; his nobility, nonsense. We have no greater justification for being cruel to the miserable object, than for being cruel to a William Shakespeare or an Isaac Newton; but he passes away before an immeasurably better and higher power than ever ran wild in any earthly woods, and the world will be all the better when his place knows him no more.”²

Ahh, Mr. Dickens! Perhaps, if you had lived to see what I have seen...³
“Savage!” Bloody hell! Won’t have to look to th’Indians to find one o’ those! These bloody stuffed shirts ought to look in a mirror once in a while – they’d see some real savages then. “Better and higher power,” my arse! If you’ll excuse the expression.

I met one of them “savages”, I did: A real Red Indian. He was a beeeuuuteeful man. Like an angel, I thought. Well, I suppose he was *my* angel.

An *age* ago... Another century! It was the Queen’s Jubilee. Yes! The Jubilee.⁴

¹ When I first began this piece, my narrator read a British reporters’ reaction to Red Shirt’s performance in *The Daily Chronicle*, 06 May 1887. Cody Scrapbooks, Vol. I, W.H.C.-D.P.L. (see Napier 400): “These dusky Indians, with their unearthly streaks of color on the faces and their weird monotonous and hollow cries as they ride past, fine as many of the faces are, yet remind us of the earlier forms of savage man whence we have evolved.”

² Harlow, Barbara and Mia Carter. *The Scramble for Africa*. Duke University Press, 2003. (139). “The Noble Savage” by Charles Dicken first appeared in *Household Words* (11 June 1853).

³ Charles Dickens died in 1870.

⁴ Red Shirt and his family first visited England in 1887. They performed in Buffalo Bill’s Wild West Tour for Queen Victoria’s Jubilee.

It was this “savage” gave me my first taste o’ grace. Sometimes I think he was the first *human being* I ever met. Other times I think he was an angel sent down by the good Lord, Himself. His name was Red Shirt. But I only found that out later. He was a Sioux Indian Chief; and he changed my life—after he *saved* that life, of course.

You see, my mother had the fever. There was no money for doctoring – no money for coal even. An’ no food in our room. Wouldn’t have done much good if there had been—she was so far gone. I was afraid. I was afraid of her dying and of bein’ alone in the room with her all dead and cold—starin’ at me with those glassy eyes. She’d been raving and thrashing about and calling me by names I didn’t know nothing of. And that was frightening. But then she went silent and still—starin’ at me with eyes like fire an’ breathing heavy, raspy, struggling...

I just up and ran till I could run no more. And when I fell against a wall and looked up to see where I was, I realized I was at the Tower; an’ I thought, “well, here’s as good a place to die as any, under the sky with nobody paying me no mind like I was a ghost or something. But *they* were the ghosts – all black and grey, rushin’ to and fro like they had somewhere to go, like they were never going to die.

I didn’t care none. I was happy to sit under the shadow of that Tower, reaching up to God’s great sky, and watch ‘em go wherever it was they thought they was going. I was happy to sit there and die.

So, I closed my eyes. And suddenly, there he was like Joseph in his coat of many colors. He bent down and his face was close to mine. I weren’t afraid or nothing. I was just tired. I wanted to yell at him to go away and stop looking at me with them shining, black eyes. It was like he could see right through me with those eyes – like he could see my whole life. And I could see it all through his eyes – him seeing me, seeing my mum dying – him seeing her seeing me seeing her...

I opened my mouth to scream in his face.

“I’m so hungry,” I said. “Please sir, I’m hungry.” He reached into a leather vest and brought out some sugar plums wrapped in brown paper. Oh! They weren’t half good! I ate ‘em all an’ licked my fingers an’ licked the paper.

He was still staring into my face. Only now his eyes were soft and sad. “Mama’s sick,” I told him. “Mama’s so sick.” Without saying anything he straightened up and took my hand and let me lead him back to our room. I wasn’t afraid no more. Not of her eyes starin’ glassy fire. I was just afraid she might be gone. But she weren’t.

He reached into his vest again and brought out a pound-note. I knew he had seen the room even before he got there. I knew I was to go out and buy things—coal, a candle, a soup bone, some bread and potatoes.

I went out and spent his money. I don’t know what happened in that room. I don’t know what doctoring he used... But I knew something was changed when I came back. Her breathing was easier and her eyes were closed. She was sleeping a good sleep. I made some tea and boiled up that good soup bone. We drank our tea with sugar and watched my mother sleep.

An’ when he left, that Indian angel-man give me a handkerchief with more money than I ever seen in my whole life. No word of a lie!

It was only later when I saw his picture on some old newspaper that had been used for wrapping fish and asked the book-binder’s apprentice to read it out to me that I found out my angel’s name.

Red Shirt.

I wonder sometimes what his wife said when she found he’d given all those earnings away to someone like me!

I wish I could tell you that mother found Jesus, became a decent woman with a decent trade and cut out the gin. But this ain’t no fairy story...Mama went back to drinking and taking in men for a living. But something was changed in her.... She had some...*thing*.

Was it hope?

A few months later, she took me to *this* milliner's shop. My mother's sister – a widow lady – ran this shop. I waited outside while they talked and shouted and cried inside. Then mama came out and kissed me goodbye. I never saw her again.

My aunt was a hard woman. Hard but fair. She taught me well. Now, I run her shop, and my hats are still the best in all of London.

You know I alwus dreamed I'd go to America and find chief Red Shirt⁵, who saved my life and my mother's. I alwus dreamed that he might come back here with one of them shows. Maybe he'd walk in the shop with his wife and daughter Annie...

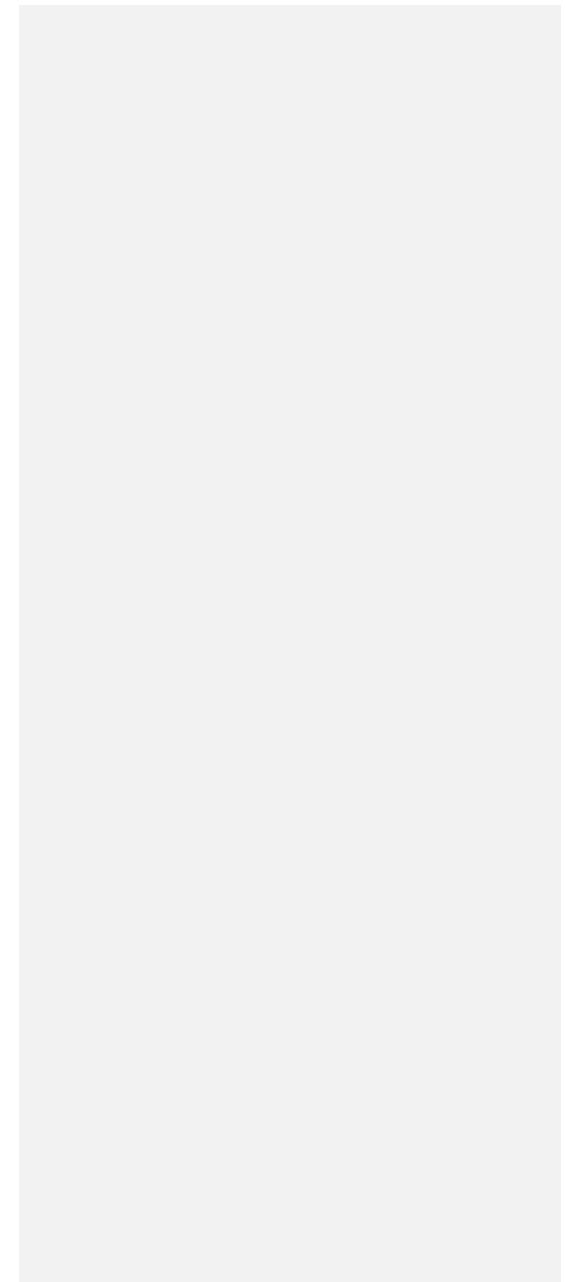
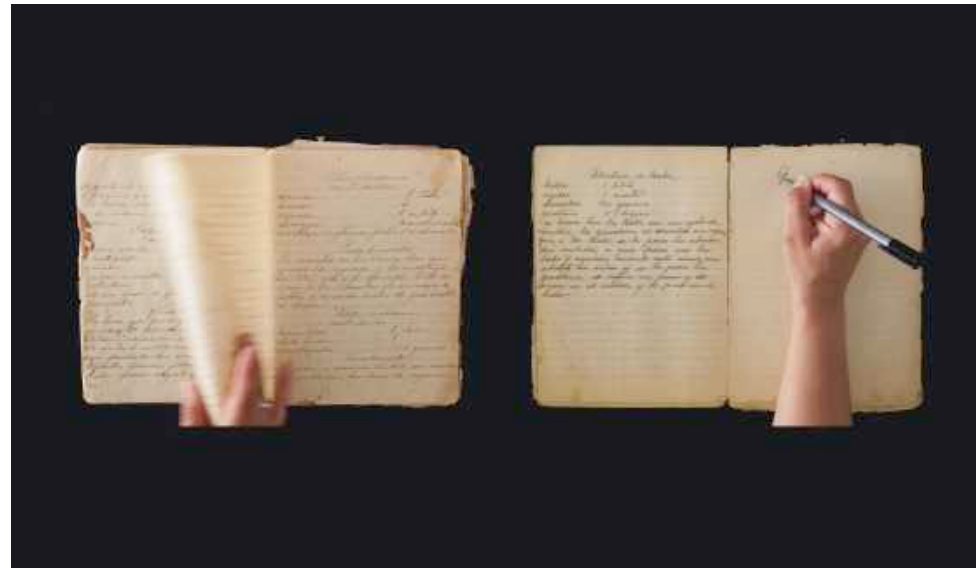
An' I'd know him, tho' he wouldn't know me. 'An I'd offer him some tea with sugar. An' then I'd say: "I've been waitin' for you, *your majesty*. I've been waitin' a long time.... I have somethin' for you..."

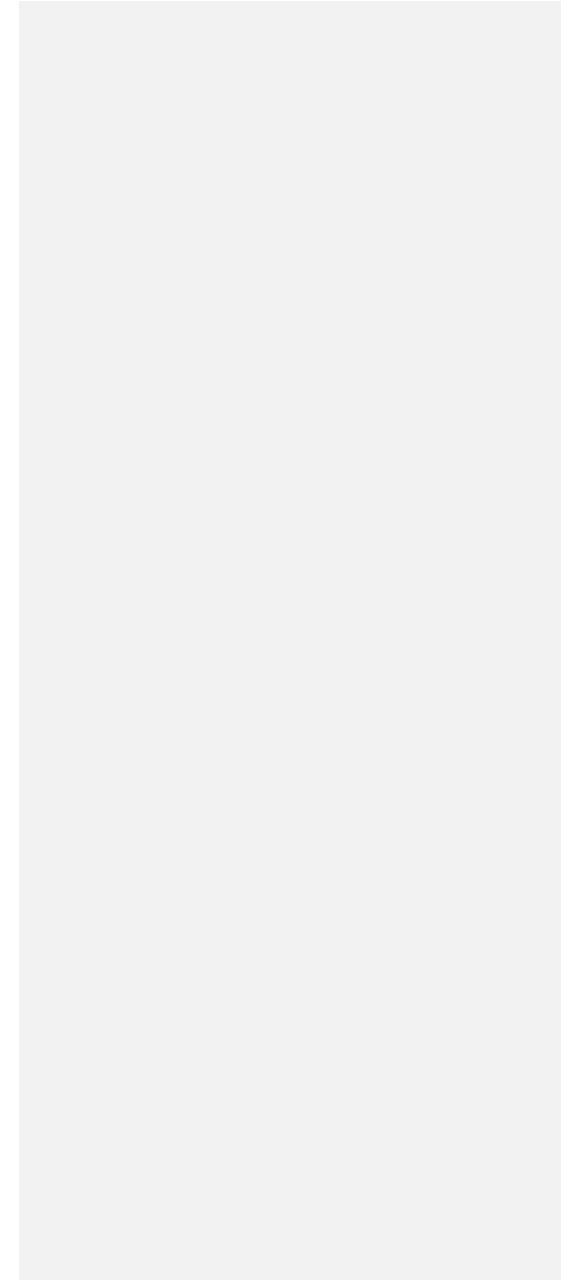
(displays a gorgeous concoction of a hat with feathers and silk and faux jewels)

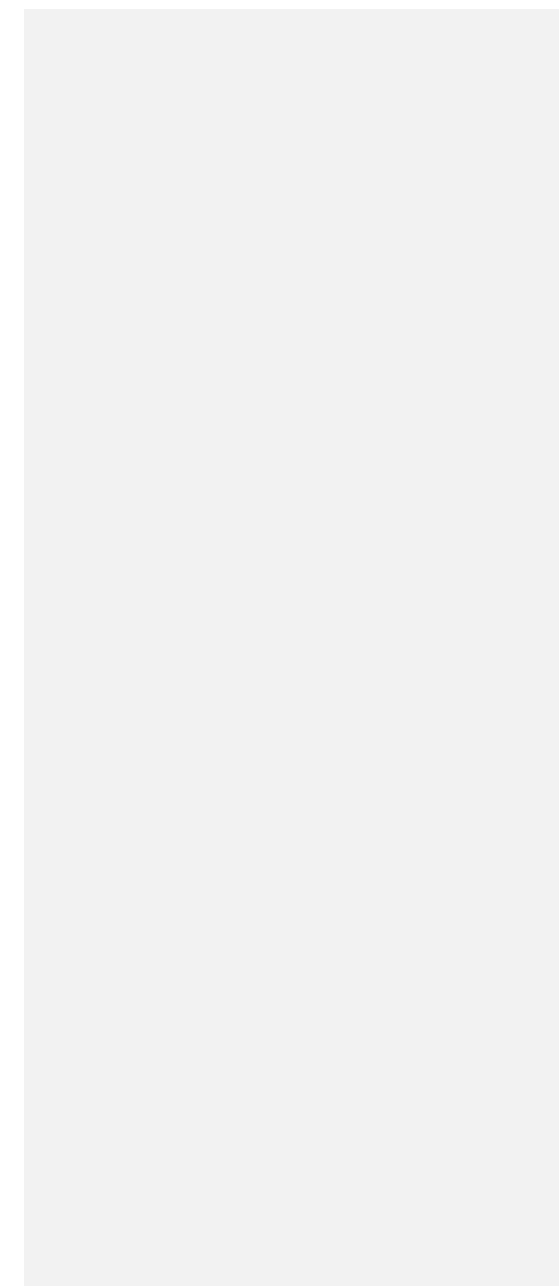
I don't know if angels wear hats... but if they did, I imagine this is what they'd wear.

⁵ This narrator is not aware that her dream is an impossibility: Red Shirt passed away in 1925.

Gabriela Aceves Sepúlveda
Intergenerational Cooking as Archival Practice: reflections on Remediating
Mama Pina's Cookbook







Dale Tracy the connection between things is not like either thing

the connection between things is not like either thing

gather a worldful of people pour them
in truth's circulation watch it turn
unliteral, each person turn figure,
become character for impersonation

medium means between two things
conventions turn poetics
performance watch a circle
form reflections across parallel

mirrors watch characters operate,
perform personality as social structures
of infinite contiguity begin with a word
it will lead to a word not similar but

near connection without likeness,
the world turns here make the foundation
people again the opposite of mimesis
metonymy's recursive world-building

Kirsten Sadeghi-Yekta Huy ch q'u

Huy ch q'u

After our last drama workshop
I started drawing again

And painting

The drawings I would make
As a young child
I loved it then

And I love it again
Now

It's like play
We forget how to play
Because of life
Because of adulthood
Because of hardship

I loved to play

Here is my drawing

Thank you

One of the many gifts during my work with the Hul'q'umi'num' people.

Martin Julien Everybody Gets a Chance



Commented [MOU1]: Ideally this would flood the page more as well?

Maria Meindl - Breath Pause

Breath Pause

The way she lets the children in, Dylan mostly, a surprising choice for someone who wants quiet is, I'm told, like breath itself in the dead night now. "She's under the veil of sadness," is how they put it. Or you "she's good under the veil."

The door is left open — one of the three conditions she must agree to in order to be left alone. The second is that she drink water infused with the remedy *Nigella Arvensis* twice a day. (Beata can go for a long time without food.) And she must walk the length of the room a few times every hour. The remedy is derived from gill, she is told, for diluted tears. Her chair is turned to the window, an angle where she can look out, but not be seen. And so far enough back that the sun will not burn her face if she does know this not because I've seen it, but because I've been told. The hallway we trudge along cheerfully on the floor, where we sit to listen to her speak the elegiac prose people when Beata is under the veil. And then, Dylan and sometimes little Beata, her good child, are allowed to enter and replenish her water or help her stand and walk. Dejan, the most hyperactive child I've ever met, is described by some here as a lightning rod of emotion. He's calm, only in the presence of Beata. Sometimes the children will lead her to the sink where she washes briefly before making her own way back to the chair.

"Does it go on too long?" That was the question asked in Circle this morning, it's normal, even within a week — though Nathan has seen it go on for as long as ten days. Little she's been gone under the veil more frequently, for longer periods of time. Nathan knows her best. He closes his eyes this morning, just as if Beata were right there. "Very rash," she says. "Let the new breath come. And without the thought, the inspiration."

Mid-mornings, the sun comes into Beata's Place in the most exquisite way, as if we'd been in since dawn, done our chores, walk along the paths we chose at the start of the century, sunrise, breakfast, come to wish others. Now, a particular stillness emerges in the midst of busy bird-song and the steady, distant rhythm of the street. The sunlight comes in butterfly through the wooden blinds, angled to keep from overheat the room. And we all sit there, basking in that golden light, before going back to our chores or rest and contemplation. We'll get enough rest.

It was a long time before Nathan opened his eyes. "If there's anything Beata can teach us," he said, "it's to wait. We need to keep faith with her. Beata is still in charge. When she's ready to go, she'll stop taking water. Then we'll gather around and care for her as we've all cared for each other. We have her in our hearts. She's given us so much, respecting her cycles is the least we can do."

"Yes," said Ruth. "The celebration, people are coming from all over the world."

"What do we do about —"

"We wait."

Michelle Lorna Nahanee (Squamish) The New Indian Agent Paper Doll

The New Indian Agents: and their well-suited intentions



Use poverty porn as a means to fill their pockets with funds that could actually help people

May have an Indigenous partner or might have grown up close to a reserve

Benefit from Indigenous knowledge without reciprocity to the folks they learned from, researched, read about or spoke with.

Centre themselves as experts in the Native cause

See Indigenous people as grant magnets who need their help to manage projects effectively

Use language of cultural safety and empowerment while actually exploiting and disrespecting

NOTE: Unfortunately, persons from any gender, race, class, or other human grouping, can exhibit NEW INDIAN AGENT behaviours. BEWARE!

IF YOU FEEL FRAGILE FROM READING ANY INDICATORS OF NEW INDIAN AGENT-NESS. THERE IS STILL TIME TO FLEX YOUR REFLEXIVITY! YOU CAN STOP SUPREMACY! YOU CAN CONTROL COMMODIFYING INCLINATIONS! TODAY! WE CAN WORK TOGETHER. BETTER.

This excerpt was produced by Nahanee Creative, by Michelle Lorna Nahanee, writer, designer & creative director with assistant art direction from Paisley Eva Nahanee, Squamish Matriarchs.

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Descriptions



The word 'Gathering' refers to an accumulation of folded pages that is a necessary first step in binding a book, as well as the coming together of people that is (most often!) a pre-condition of performance. A call for submissions, including a further description of our intentions, is printed in this volume.

Carolyne Clare Mouse

Carolyne has supported dance preservation initiatives in various cities in Canada and the United States. Through that work she has helped embalm a wide variety of dances and mice.

Carolyne is currently a doctoral student and Vanier Scholar in Simon Fraser University's Department of English. Her current research focuses on the intersection between Critical Race, Indigenous and Information Studies, and she hopes to build a career disseminating dance information and objects.

Jessica Watkin Dot two three four five, dot one two five, dot two four, dot two three four (this)

I lost my vision six months before starting my undergrad at the University of Guelph, and had little time to grieve, or feel the anger that comes with losing something everyone else (including myself before this happened) takes for granted. I have had no way to process, truly, the frustrating ways in which myself as a disabled student and human must navigate this muddled, ableist trap that is the academy. Having entered into graduate school, I've been struggling with the validity of a disabled perspective on something so visual like theatre, particularly as a blind perspective, and this is the manifestation of that negotiation for me. The conclusion: My perspective is valid.

Jess Watkin is a PhD Student at the University of Toronto's Centre for Drama, Theatre and Performance Studies. She studies disabled artists and their approaches to creating performance in Canada. She is a playwright, carer, and works best with embodied creation tactics. She is blind.

Sasha Kovacs Making Sisi; Or, Performance's Ontology as Hair

In May 2016, I collaborated with a group of friends, artists, colleagues* (some one of these things and some all of them at once) on a piece of theatre called SISI. It all started a year before we performed the 'something' that would come to be the performance. As I said in the April 2016 document that archives this performance in progress:

Over a year ago, I was met with an image of a performer's up-do. This was not a picture of Her Royal Highness Elisabeth (Sisi), the namesake of our work today, but it contained a glimmer of her legacy. It was a portrait of the Mohawk (Kanien'kehá:ka) woman E. Pauline Johnson Tekahionwake. Like Sisi, she loved to style her hair. It was her hairstyle that prompted an ensuing exploration of the Austro-Hungarian Empress' hair rituals. This point of inspiration provoked tonight's return to the creative histories of my own settler ancestors, and to an exploration of the intersections between the labours of hairdressing and creation.

As a collective, we (Ars Mechanica and friends) spent a few months reading about Sisi's seemingly trivial but very involved hair rituals. Sisi's hair conditioning and styling was a kind of durational performance of excessive theatricality, and yet there was always something in her braiding, weaving, and combing that resisted the imitative tendencies of the court life she inhabited. It was an invested dedication to her coiffure that made Sisi famously confess that she was a "slave to her hair." It was also the action that made her the subject of intense public interest. This attention eventually led to her retreat from the gawking gaze of her followers. Sisi continued her performances in private—growing her hair to her ankles, washing it in a bath of 40 eggs—all for herself, with no one but her maid Franziska Feifalik watching and waiting.

Sisi was a point of departure for a larger set of questions our company has asked itself over the past year, about why we bother to make theatre: Who for? Who with? How? Hair became the locus for this conversation because it, like theatre, seems to die as soon as it is generated.

Or does it? While theatre disappears after its styling, hair at least leaves a trace—the stuff of it always remains. We too, just like Sisi, spend so much time and sacrificial energy animating, cutting, lighting, lengthening, and colouring a space of deadly materiality. What kind of privilege do we occupy to make this a permissible livelihood? And what does it mean if we have become a slave to our own creative tendencies—ones that are guided by a complex negotiation of vanity, imperialism, habit, fear, loneliness, privacy, publicity and a desire for intimacy?

The performance happened, and following that showing at the Harbourfront Centre's Studio Theatre in May 2016, it died—as in, nothing followed—in the way that performance's 'without legs' do die. But part of that death, the reason for that death, was, in fact, death. The death of my father.

On November 26th 2016 he died in Toronto Western Hospital. I mourned and then, still devastated, a week later I left for what was supposed to be a honeymoon trip with my husband to Europe. Our nuptial adventure had been planned for months before my father really took ill—we had wanted to go to Austria because my father spent so much time there as a young boy (my Oma was Viennese), but my husband had never visited. So there we were... strolling through the Wiener Christkindlmarkt with dark cloaks of mourning clouding our hopes for relief or any glimmer of romance. At least there was lots of hot wine.

As it happened, one of our daily outings brought us to the Hofburg, where there is a museum dedicated to the Empress Elisabeth. And so the performance I had thought was disappeared resurrected again. I walked through the palace thinking of the choreographies we had created back in May—what it missed and how it couldn't contain all this palatial history. The SISI museum is housed in the Kaiser Apartments, and as I

wandered these strange rooms, I very much felt like an interloper—like I had invaded someone’s privacy. I wanted to feel at home in Vienna. I wanted to feel as if a part of my father was in this city—and part of me too. I knew, suddenly, that the performance of SISI had died because I had not breathed my own life into it. I was a stranger to my own art.

What attracted me to developing a performance about hair and its materiality in the first place? Why had I spent so much time talking about a history that isn’t mine? What is personal about the historical work I do—as a research and as an artist? Why am I afraid of intimacy with my own histories? Do I use historical narratives as a shield to resist engagement with my own histories? Why do I need to speak through these personas? Where in the piece was the discussion of my own family’s decades long occupational history as hairdressers? Why can I not stage the aching moment when I watched my mother shave my father’s beard hours before he passed? How do I talk about remembering feeling the hair on a dead body of the man who I once adored more than the world? Where am I in my own art?

These are now the questions that give the performance, SISI, a new life. And as I reshape this piece, I am thinking more deeply about how making performances about performance history might change my approach to thinking about my research methods, and the stake that the “I”—my personal growth, my responsibilities, my histories—have in that work.

*SISI was created in collaboration with Natalie Mathieson, Seika Boye, Vojin Vasovic, Joe Culpepper, Anya Moryoussef, Aidan Morishita-Miki, Maaor Ziv

Laine Zisman Newman *When She's Gone*

When She's Gone marks histories of what remain. Part of a larger project on mapping intergenerational trauma and poetry, this collection builds from a space of ancestry and absence: Photographs taken after holocaust survivor, foster mother, and grandmother, Helen (Chaya) Zisman's death. What remains are objects, soon to be discarded, disposed of, donated. The images do not only tell the story of a ghost, but also the stories of the ghosts who lived only in her memory. The histories of genocide, murder, and broken branches. When family trees are cut to a stump we cling to fallen branches: detached and disconnected but undeniably grown from those roots. Through photographs of her home, we follow traces of what we can know, to cling to what we cannot.

Absence tells a story of what fills empty spaces.

Dr. Laine Zisman Newman received her Ph.D. from the University of Toronto's Centre for Drama, Theatre and Performance Studies and the collaborative programs in Sexual Diversity Studies and Women and Gender Studies. Her primary research focuses on the influence of space on queer women's performance practices. Zisman Newman is also founder and chair of Toronto's Queer Theory Working Group at the Jackman Humanities Institute and co-founder of Equity in Theatre, a national organization that works to improve equity in the professional Canadian performance industry.

Natalia Esling How to perform breath

My recent inquiry into ways of translating and scripting embodied practice emerges out of my own hatha and vinyasa yoga practice, where movement in the body, held postures, and transitions between postures are interwoven with the ability to sustain a calm and consistent breath. Ujjayi is sometimes translated from Sanskrit as victorious, and yet these linguistic translations already reflect an instability of meaning across different languages, cosmologies, and embodied knowledges.

This experimental text considers the imperative voice, asking: How is embodied knowledge transmuted in the process of sharing it with another? What tools are more or less effective in communicating a particular training or lived experience? Beyond my intentions creating this exercise and my decisions about how to format this text, how is breath enacted, recreated, or disrupted by those navigating these instructions for its performance? Beyond interpreting these words, how does a reader's physical lung capacity and intercostal flexibility affect how they perform their own breath?

Enacting this exercise foregrounds potentials for comprehension, interpretation, and action to fail, integrate, interfere, and intersect. It sets up an individualized practice that only the reader has access to, but which is inevitably connected with others. I thus explore how a fundamental, universal practice (breathing) might be inscribed. Similar to recipes, building or game instructions, musical notations or verbal cues, this exercise centres on the reader's phenomenological experience of not simply interpreting words, but ultimately, of doing them.

Natalia Esling is an independent scholar and lecturer at the University of British Columbia. She completed her Practice-Based Research PhD in the Centre for Drama, Theatre and Performance Studies at the University of Toronto in July 2018.

Nadine Changfoot

Time Travel is a sensorial voyage into memory and perception of changing self, relationship, and contexts. Nadine contemplates good-byes to her working dad (Jack) in the past when she was a young girl, and to her retired dad living with dementia (Alzheimer's disease) when she was a younger and mid-life adult. The words between the two temporal scenes are almost the same, yet, memory, affect, and imagined tonality reveal timescapes of younger and older years. The words outline in memory a choreography of movement always present in our daily lives and interactions. In memory, the movement becomes timeless, creating a temporal eternity in the present, and blurring what is "real" time. While person-subjects are instructed to live and focus on the present, memory can be a gentle or shocking interruption, opening portals to the past and future. Giving life to, and honouring this memory of "good-bye", Nadine hopes that the present can hold memory and its changing, yet also, recurring appearance for new possibilities. She does arts based and community based research to bring into the public lived experiences from the margins to create space for conversations and possibilities that would not happen otherwise. Nadine would like to acknowledge the support of Lester Alfonso and his Creative Nonfiction Filmmaking Workshop. This piece is the backbone of her digital film, *Time Travel* (2018).

Nadine is associate professor of Political Studies at Trent University, Champlain College. Nadine Changfoot is associate professor of Political Studies in Champlain College at Trent University and Trent University Teaching Fellow. She is senior research associate with Re•Vision: The Centre for Art and Social Justice, University of Guelph, and researcher with Bodies in Translation: Activist Art, Technology, and Access to Life and Community First: Impacts of Community Campus Engagement both funded by the Social Sciences and Humanities Research Council of Canada. Her research is feminist, participatory and co-creative with community partners such as Age Friendly Peterborough, Artspace artist run centre, GreenUP, and Mysterious Entity Theatre, among others. Her research brings into the public lived experiences from the aggrieved to create space for possibilities, including advocacy, disruption, and community, that would not happen otherwise.

Jimena Ortuzar Felicitous Undoings

A decolonizing gesture while "Walking Our Way Here:" performance walking practice organized by Jenn Cole, Natalie Rewa, and Keren Zaiontz at CATR 2018
City Hall, Kingston, Ontario
May 28, 2018

I often think of my Canadian citizenship as a gift, which has given me, among other things, the ability to move easily across borders. I have walked many cities around the globe with my Canadian passport in hand, fully aware of the mobility it affords. And yet I have long disavowed the ceremony in which my citizenship was granted, namely for the oath to be faithful and bear true allegiance to the Queen—a promise I resisted to make due to legacy of colonial violence it implied.

This past spring, I set out to undo this oath through a quiet speech act during a performative walk gathering at Queens' University in Kingston, Ontario. Paying close attention to the land as a walker on Anishinaabe and Haudenosaunee territory made the conditions for this undoing possible because it complicated the contextual assumptions in which the oath was made in the first place. Neither the oath I had made nor the official presiding over the ceremony had acknowledged the traditional territories on which we had gathered, the history of Indigenous Peoples, or the Treaties we ought to observe as guests in this land.

The act begins at Kingston's City Hall with the walkers gathered in a circle, watching me unravel a series of symbolic items to find my "landed immigrant" (record of landing), probably the single most important paper I have ever received. I slowly unfold the document, iron it with my hands and carefully roll it. I press my lips to the rolled document and whisper the oath backwards into the ear of the person to my left:

Successors and heirs
Her Canada of Queen
Second the Elizabeth Queen Majesty Her
To Allegiance True Bear
And faithful be will I

That swear I

I hand her the rolled document, she takes it and whispers what just she heard into the ear of the person next to her, and so on around the circle. When the oath reaches me again it has been decomposed into a sequence of words and sounds largely devoid of meaning and structure. I unroll the document, press my thumb into an inkpad and sign it with my fingerprint.

I fold the document and place it back into my passport, which I then wrap into my "America" printed silk scarf and then again into my childhood poncho. Following a recommendation from the Truth and Reconciliation Commission in 2015, the Canadian government announced that the citizenship oath would eventually be replaced with one that includes Treaties with Indigenous Peoples. Until such time, I will keep walking with my oath undone.

Jimena Ortuzar is a PhD candidate at the University of Toronto's Centre for Drama, Theatre and Performance Studies where she is investigating gendered forms of labour that are visibilized and politicized through aesthetic practice and everyday life. She has contributed essays to TDR, Canadian Theatre Review, the Journal of Curatorial Studies, alt.theatre, and anthologies on performance actions in the Americas and on Latinx theatre and performance in Canada.

Kathleen Gallagher Conference Poetry: On being somewhere else, for a time

Maybe you've had this experience? As scholars, we have the good fortune to travel to places, for research or conferences, and sometimes we can plan so that our families, partners, children can join us. This was the case when I planned to go to the International Drama in Education Research Institute in Auckland, New Zealand in July 2018. We planned to travel, my partner and I, with our son to explore over 8 days the South Island before heading back to Auckland for the 7-day conference. It was a glorious trip in their winter. Initially, we weren't too thrilled about packing our toques and scarves in June, but Southern hemisphere winter is not Northern hemisphere winter and the cold, the sun, and even the snow was beautiful. Even in June.

Travelling by bus across the island meant that we could relax and leave the black-ice driving to someone else. It also meant, to our surprise, that we would have a pedagogical journey- in the best sense- as our bus drivers over those many kilometers were often retired geography and history teachers who told us about the social and political history, and the topography, of the land, which included stories about Māori-Settler relations that I'm quite sure I would not have otherwise learned. Crossing that expansive land left time for journal reflections and poems; these glimpses into my thoughts, feelings and observations are what I am sharing in this offering.

Reflections both scholarly and personal, work-family time, then. You may recognize that strange mix of affective and intellectual curiosities, spilling into one another. Thank you, Aotearoa.

Kathleen Gallagher is a Distinguished Professor at the University of Toronto. Previously, she held two Canada Research Chairs and in 2017 won the University of Toronto inaugural President's Impact Award for research impact beyond the academy. In 2018 she won the David E. Hunt Award for Excellence in Graduate Teaching. Kathleen has published many articles on theatre, youth, pedagogy, methodology and gender and travels widely-- often with members of her graduate student research team- giving international addresses and workshops for practitioners. Her research continues to

focus on questions of youth civic engagement and artistic practice, and the pedagogical and methodological possibilities of theatre.

**Jill Carter A Brief Encounter with Soft Power in the Land of Unlikely Angels
Red Shirt (1887)**

Compassion, generosity, and sharing are key characteristics of those who know themselves to be discrete, sovereign entities occupying a complex web of interdependencies. These virtues are cultivated in the very young who carry them throughout their lives wherever those lives take them. If you google Indigenous/Indian/Native Peoples/Performers in Europe and charity / or giving to the poor, you will be presented with multiple websites that cast Indigenous folk as (always) the recipients of European largesse, not as “givers” in their own right. The disapprobation expressed by Indigenous performers in Europe of the inequities they witnessed (orphans and beggars in the streets) in the cities they toured is well documented, as is the generosity of many of these performers who gave their earnings to the needy individuals they encountered (see Utley 1993; Napier 1999; Reis 2010).⁶ This piece is part of a long-neglected (yet, not abandoned) performance project intended to shed a spotlight on Indigenous Interventions on Europe and Indigenous resistance in the key of Soft Power. As I now envision it, performers in this piece will represent European beneficiaries of (or witnesses to) the charitable actions of the Indigenous visitors to their shores. Here, Europe performs itself as Other, testifying, as the Indigenous human being refuses ontological-compromise.

⁶ Utley, Robert M. *The Lance and the Shield: The Life and Times of Sitting Bull*. 1st ed. New York: Henry Holt and Company, 1993.

Napier, Rita G. “Across the Big Water.” *Indians and Europe: An Interdisciplinary Collection of Essays*. Ed. Christian F. Feest. Lincoln: U of Nebraska Press, 1999.

Reis, Ronald A. *Sitting Bull*. New York: Infobase Publishing, 2010.

As a researcher and theatre-worker, Jill Carter (Anishinaabe/Ashkenazi) works in Tkaronto with many Indigenous artists to support the development of new works and to disseminate artistic objectives, process, and outcomes through community-driven research projects. Her scholarly research, creative projects, and activism are built upon ongoing relationships with Indigenous Elders, scholars, youth, artists and activists positioning her as witness to, participant in, and disseminator of oral histories that speak to the application of Indigenous aesthetic principles and traditional knowledge systems to contemporary performance.

Gabriela Aceves Sepúlveda
Intergenerational Cooking as Archival Practice: reflections on Remediating Mama Pina's Cookbook

Remediating Mamá Pina's Cookbook is a video installation that investigates a notebook of cooking recipes that belonged to my family as an archival technology through which gender roles, social status, and cultural memories are passed on from generation to generation. The installation also examines how digital technologies are transforming and disrupting our conceptions of what constitutes an archive; the relation between the content and the form of the archive; and the tensions between performative forms and recorded forms of transferring knowledge, cultural memories and social identities—what Diana Taylor refers to as “the distinction between the archive and the repertoire” (Taylor, 2003, p. 19). It proposes to explore female reproductive labor and domestic forms of writing—traditionally viewed as outside of the Archive— as central foci of the Archive. While, at the same time, maintaining the liberating aspects of forgetting inherent in any archival practice.

Remediating Mamá Pina's Cookbook consists of various acts of remediation that attempt to reactivate the affective traces and the remains of lived experiences left in the handwritten record as well as the absences it produces as it is passed down from generation to generation. It explores the potential of digital technologies in keeping and transferring domestic practices while acknowledging that this latency is unstable.

The project includes a video that records my attempts to learn the different handwriting styles recorded in a family cookbook of food recipes that belonged to my great-grandmother, Mamá Pina (b. Guadalajara, Mexico 1885-1976). The cookbook was passed on to my grandmother, Gabriela (1918-1997), and her twin sister, Teresa (1918-1990), who continued to handwritten recipes, and then it was passed on to my mother, Gabriela (b.1944), who kept the process. Each handwriting style recorded in the cookbook has a particular history that represents the educational background and social status of each of these women. The recipes contain traces of domestic habits and economies as well as material remains of lived experiences. Some pages are smeared with grease or leftovers from food. Some recipes call for ingredients that no longer exist, such as Tortuga en Lata (Turtle in a Can) and list quantities that are no longer calculable, such as 2 centavos de azúcar de la tiendita (two cents of sugar from the corner store). Other forms of writing, such as calligraphy exercises—possibly done by a child in the household, are also recorded in the cookbook. These different traces provide glimpses of domestic life. The video acts as a register of my process of learning the three different handwriting styles recorded in the cookbook. As a performative mnemonic device, the act of flipping the pages and copying the handwriting, takes me back to my childhood, when as a small child I enjoyed flipping through the pages of the cookbook and played with my mother to identify each handwriting.

The second video shows the process of cooking one of the recipes as it is read out loud by my mother via Skype. As we no longer live in the same country, our relationship is continuously mediated via digital communications. Finally, the third video records the mapping and documenting of the collaborations of friends and colleagues who were invited to respond to some of the recipes from the cookbook in the media of their choice. The responses included digital images, audio recordings, videos, documentation of family gatherings, and conversations that reactivated the handwritten record while unpacking its absences and creating new experiences that remediate the recipes.'

Dr. Gabriela Aceves Sepúlveda is an Assistant Professor in the School of Interactive Arts and Technology where she directs the interdisciplinary research and media creation studio cMAS (critical MediArtStudio). Her research bridges the histories of art, media, and technology with gender and women studies, and art and design practice. She is the author of *Women Made Visible: Feminist Art and Media in post-1968 Mexico* (University of Nebraska Press, Forthcoming 2019)

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Dale Tracy the connection between things is not like either thing

I develop my foundational research question—What is the relation between art and artist?—by trying to understand the kinds of worlds art builds. This focus has led me to think about recursion and meta-attention: our conventions and institutions keep existing by the programs we operate on them from in them and the higher-level thinking with which we can see ourselves in them. Most of all, though, I'm led by metonymy. Metonymy, a trope in which literal or conventional association lets one thing stand in for another, surfaces questions important for me as I think about what it means to perform the self as artist or art. What are the differences between literal, actual, serious, and sincere? What opportunities does the nearness of contiguity allow that the sameness of substitution does not? How are conventions media of world-building? What ways of thinking about truth are needed now? Writing this poem helped me to articulate these key questions and to notice how my keywords interact with each other. I often think in poetry because a poem, for me, is a piece of non-narrative philosophy or theory, and poetry better captures the process of my thinking than do linear articles.

Dale Tracy is an assistant professor (determinate) in the Department of English at the Royal Military College of Canada. She is the author of *With the Witnesses: Poetry, Compassion, and Claimed Experience* (McGill-Queen's, 2017), and her new project's working title is "Performing Sincerity: (Post)Truth, Convention, and Authorship in Stand-Up Comedy."

Kirsten Sadeghi-Yekta Huy ch q'u

The territory of the Hul'q'umi'num' people, a Coast Salish people of British Columbia, Canada, extends along the Salish Sea from Nanoose to Malahat on Vancouver Island in British Columbia. Today around forty fluent first-language speakers remain, mostly over the age of sixty, and thus Hul'q'umi'num' is considered an endangered language. However, amongst the population of over 6000 Hul'q'umi'num', there are many people

who desire to learn the language or to improve their fluency. Our project will bring the language to the eyes and ears of the community, and, for the participants, it will help unlock their ability to speak Hul'q'umi'num'.

The Hul'q'umi'num' language project is aimed at supporting the cross-generational transfer of the Hul'q'umi'num language and culture through the medium of theatre. Stories are central to the traditional and modern life of the Hul'q'umi'num and language teachers in the community have devoted much effort over the past years to learning to tell traditional stories. The next step is to bring stories to life through drama, song, and dance. Our team of Hul'q'umi'num' teachers and performers, assisted by Elders, linguists, theatre researchers and anthropologists, have selected stories, studied them, and then turned them into plays. The team will develop a range of web-based resources for integrating drama in schools as a tool for language revitalization.

Kirsten Sadeghi-Yekta (PhD, University of Manchester, UK) is an assistant professor at the University of Victoria, BC. Currently, she is working on her SSHRC Partnership Development Grant and Insight Development Grant on Coast Salish language revitalization through theatre. Her theatre facilitation includes working with children in the Downtown Eastside in Vancouver, young people in Brazilian favelas, young women in rural areas of Cambodia, adolescents in Nicaragua, and students with special needs in The Netherlands.

Martin Julien EVERYBODY GETS A CHANCE

While doing research for a yet unrealized book on Canadian actors, I stumbled upon a small treasure trove of Toronto Star articles from the 1950s and '60s about Marjorie Purvey, the director and sole employee of The Toronto School of Drama between its founding in 1947 until its closure in the early-1980s, where she mentored the aspirations of hundreds of young student actors. I was one of those fledgling actors, beginning at age ten in 1972, and continuing until 1976. Through the late-1940s until the late-1960s, "Miss Purvey", as we all called her, was the only pre-professional instructor of acting for youth in Toronto - and she had the 'goods'. She'd begun studying drama and ballet from the age of fourteen and was a graduate of the London College of Music in the University of West London. Research leads to more research, as many of us know, and it is easy to watch an archival remnant of Purvey's acting in an episode of Hawkeye and the *Last of the Mohicans* (1957), the first US-based Hollywood television show to be shot entirely in Canada, on YouTube. The content and politics of the show are horrendous to witness today. In "The Search" (with obvious and chilling reference to the John Wayne/John Ford movie *The Searchers* from 1956), Purvey gives a very moving performance of the character Martha Wales, a distraught middle-aged white homesteader whose infant son was stolen from her by 'Indians' years earlier, and who has been traded as chattel to different 'tribes' since then. Hawkeye and Chingachgook - played by the melancholic white American actor Lon Chaney, Jr. with a goofy smile and the halting tense-free 'Injun' speech that Hollywood invented - rescue her from her captors in the opening scenes, and subsequently we see Wales relate her troubled history on what appears to be her death bed. It is a fine performance: mildly histrionic in the manner of the time, but full of pathos, and demonstrating a sound acting technique rooted in what appears to be the American dramatic Method.

This newspaper clipping from 1966, which I have 'interfered with' using the simple PDF drawing feature, captures the warm and disciplined quality that Purvey consistently exhibited, but also gives other clues as to how the zeitgeist may affect material presentation. Assigned to the "Women's Section", acting is captioned as a study of "self-expression", and that through drama's "masks" a "therapeutic" intervention might be achieved. Most fascinating to me is the editor's decision to present the physiognomic

photo-montage “masks” of a very young female student in a way entirely reminiscent of Jean-Martin Charcot’s legacy of “therapeutic” documentation in *Iconographie photographique de la Salpêtrière* (1878).

Martin Julien, when not acting, seems always to be teaching or researching acting.

Maria Meindl Breath Pause

What came first, the fiction or the ache? In my dissertation, *Reading Elsa Gindler*, I’m exploring ways of remembering Elsa Gindler, a movement teacher who lived in Berlin from 1885 to 1961. Her studio was destroyed in 1945, leaving gaps and discrepancies in what we know about her. Even before this research started, I had only to hear about Gindler and she occupied a vital place in my imagination. This was an idea of Gindler, the person I desperately needed to ground me and move me forward in my own Feldenkrais practice. And there was Beata, a student of Gindler’s who appeared in my life – as fictional characters do – all at once. They are growing together, both equally real in their own ways. Is Beata here to help me understand Gindler or the other way around?

Maria Meindl is a PhD candidate in the Centre for Drama, Theatre and Performance Studies at the University of Toronto. She is also a writer who runs the Draft reading series (now in its 14th season). She has been teaching movement classes since 2002.

Michelle Lorna Nahanee, Squamish The New Indian Agents Paper Doll

The New Indian Agent Paper Doll and the Talkback Flashcards for a Decolonizing Vocabulary are excerpted from Nahanee Creative's four-page *Playing Post-colonial: a decolonizing activity book for the woke and the weary*, which also contains a small version of Sínuhkay and Ladders, a life-size board game that promotes the Squamish practice of Chen chen stway (holding each other up) while working through neocolonial scenarios of oppression. Its purpose is to provide a framework for developing decolonizing practices.

Michelle Lorna Nahanee (Squamish) is the designer of a life-size board game and workshop called Sínuhkay and Ladders. She is a creative director, critical communications scholar and Indigenous change maker. Michelle recently completed a Master of Arts in Communication from Simon Fraser University where she wrote "Decolonizing Identity: Indian Girl to Sk̓wx̓wú7mesh Matriarch." She concluded [...]

Submissions

'Gatherings' is a Chapbook series co-edited by Stephen Johnson and Jenn Cole and printed at and sometimes on Jackson's Creek Press.

We invite works that, in some measure and by some means, emerge from individual research, through creative expression.

We seek short works of poetry, prose, diagrammatic playfulness of any kind, or drawing, painting, photography, digital manipulations, and other works of art that we might be able to reproduce in a small volume.

As you read this, you may be asking a few questions--more than a few. If so, we invite you to read our 'Manifesto' or to contact us.

We will begin reviewing submissions for the next issue on **June 15, 2018**.

Style and Submission Guidelines

Submissions of a more literary or textual nature should ideally be kept to whatever can be included on one page. We invite imaginative formatting and formal expression. Please submit text documents in .docx or PDF file formats. Submit images in high resolution (600 dpi) .jpeg. We ask that, along with your submission, you send a 200-word summary of the work that contextualizes its production in association with your research and a one-line bio that includes your affiliation.

Please send submissions to performancegatherings@gmail.com, with the subject line, "Gatherings Submission."

If you have comments, we would be very interested in hearing them. This is a work in progress. We hope it always will be.

Looking forward to your creative submissions!

Stephen Johnson and Jenn Cole, Co-Editors

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