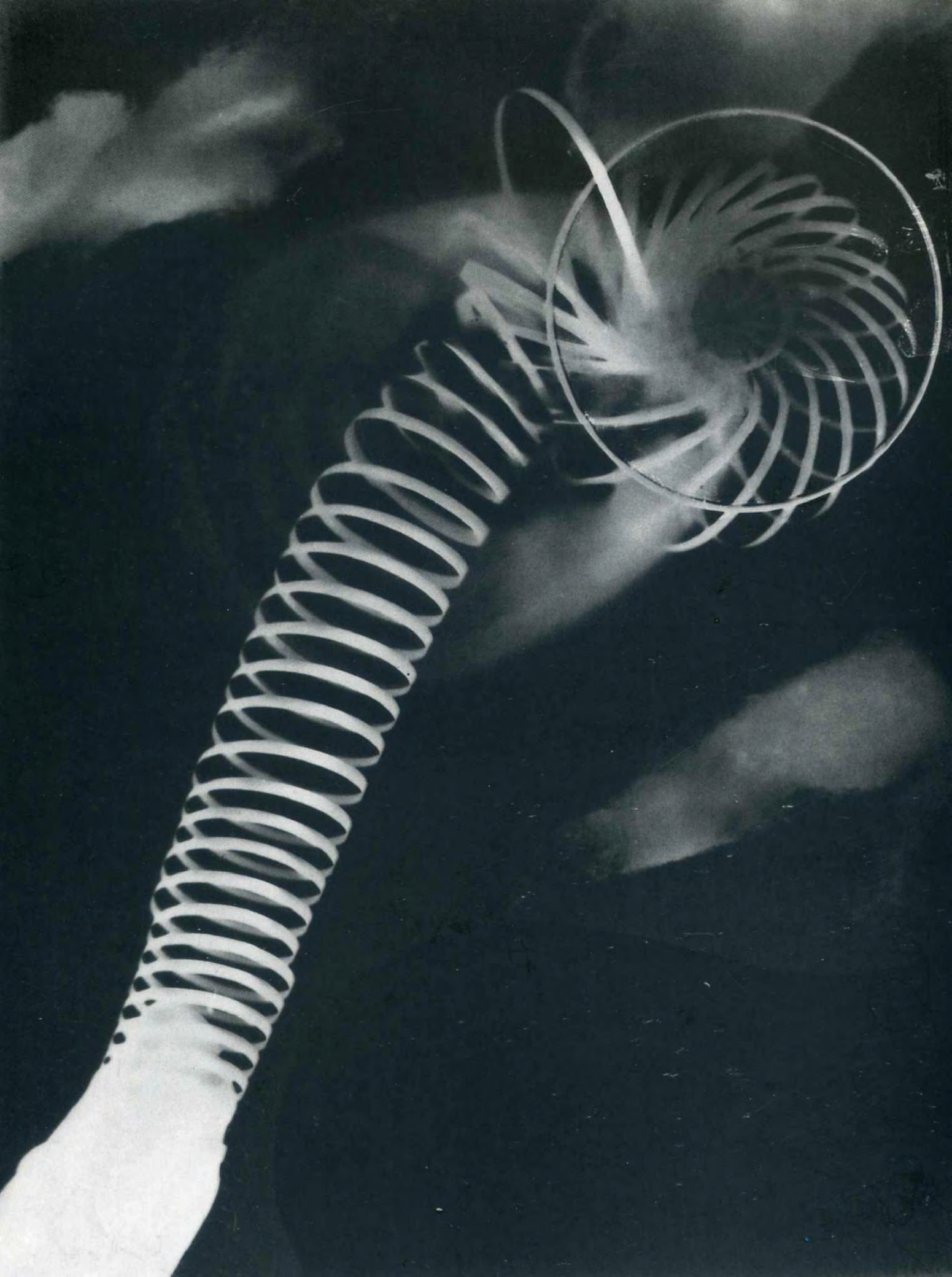


# Bend Toward the Sun, Bring the Sky Beneath Your Feet

Johnny Burgess  
Jessica Groome  
Steven and Meghann Hubert  
Jenine Marsh  
Ella Dawn McGeough  
Les Ramsay

Curated by Jasmine Reimer

February 19<sup>th</sup>- March 4<sup>th</sup>, 2016  
The Bakery  
Dynamo Arts Association  
Vancouver, BC Canada



A bicycle rolls on the road.  
The road is the third wheel  
Rolling the other two.

The water says to the wave,  
"You are swallowing me,"  
"How could I?"  
Replies the wave,  
"I am your mouth."

The dew  
Said to the sun,  
"Do you see me?"  
"No," said the sun,  
"I am your eyes."

With their peaks  
Two mountains  
Were touching a cloud  
For an instant  
The cloud felt  
Topsy-turvy  
Unable to find  
Its head.

When the vine  
Seized the branch  
The branch gave way  
And the flower  
Stuck its head out  
To see what was going on.

Fanning yourself?  
Not so.  
The fan's the wind's hand  
That's why  
You feel cool.

"I've gone all the way around  
The Earth,"

One man said,  
"Poor fellow  
And all that time  
You haven't progressed  
Half an inch  
In your body."

The pupil  
Turned their eyes  
The iris followed  
The white of the eye  
Delayed  
Just long enough  
Friend  
For you  
To slip into the face  
Of the one you love.

"I love you,"  
The woman said,  
"Be careful,"  
Said her lover,  
"Don't love me  
Too much  
Or you'll come back  
To yourself  
Love is round."

Cut water  
As much as you like  
Never  
Will you find  
The skeleton.  
The skeleton of wind  
Is life itself.

The eye  
Is a one-actor  
Theater.

Absolute  
Mastery  
Of the body  
Comes only in death.

"Ill never  
Be  
Old."  
Said the man  
"I have hope."

Emptiness  
Has no  
Way  
Out.

If light unfurled  
Its peacock tail  
There would be  
No room  
For life.

Sugar  
Doesn't know  
What it tastes like.  
Someone  
Tasting it  
Gives sugar  
A taste of sugar.

A stone  
Hears its heart beat  
Only  
In the rain.

The circle  
Is an alibi  
For the center  
And the center  
Is a pretext  
For the circle.

The quickest route  
From ourselves  
To ourselves  
Is the Universe.

Blue  
Always has  
An idea  
Up its sleeve.

Night  
Is a rimless  
Hole.

The road  
Runs  
In both directions.  
That's why  
It stands still.

"take me  
Naked"  
The flower said  
To the sun,  
"Before  
Night closes  
My thighs"

The noise,  
Bit off bits of itself  
And  
Left  
Its teeth  
Among  
The keys  
Of the piano.

She wore  
Her smile  
Pinned  
To her teeth.

Light  
Dressed  
For the afternoon  
Went  
To play golf  
With the holes.

The lake  
This morning  
After  
A Bad  
Night  
Got into  
Its tub  
To relax.

The wave  
Out of its depth  
On the shore  
Went  
Down.

He was  
In such a hurry  
To get into life  
That it  
Let him go.

She anchored  
Her hips  
In his eyes  
And brought him  
To port.

The car  
Will never  
Attain  
The speed  
Of the road.

# Bend Toward the Sun...

Jenine Marsh

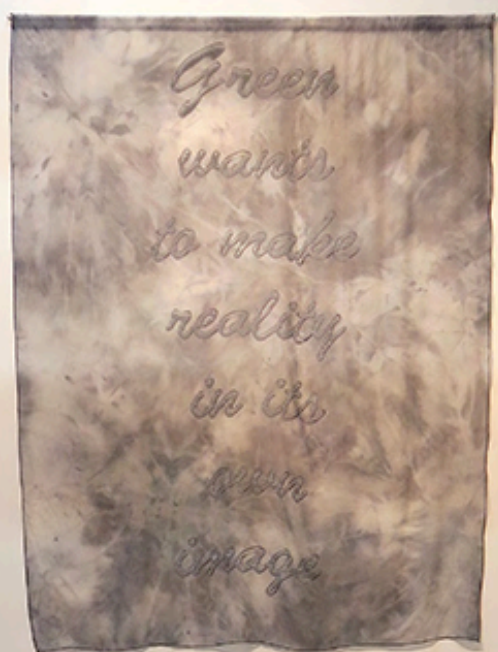
Ella Dawn McGeough

The Bakery, Vancouver BC Canada

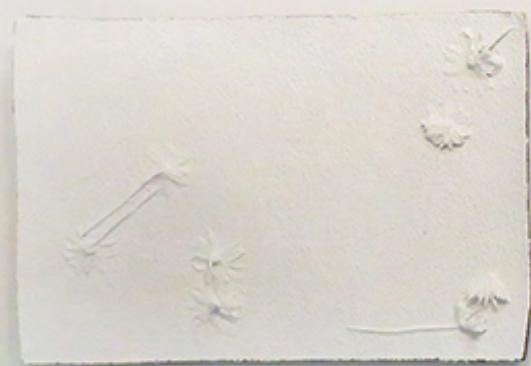














caterpillar dreams  
jenine marsh

bled  
taper plastic mield  
cleared primal arts  
caterpillar dreams  
recast dream pillar  
fast marred replica  
prism clad alterer  
pillar crested arm  
cradles a pearl trim  
scarred palms i alter  
palpel a tarred rim  
all erratic red maps  
terraced palm rails  
direct all arm sap  
lip smear, dart clear  
armored relic parts  
et calm rapids rear  
d a rare clam's pelt  
read a rare clam's pelt  
alterer plastic mield

















Of course, for most of us, we believe that humans evolved from a world without us. Consider the reverse: distinct communities of people in the Amazon, in particular in the western region -where I am writing to you from- understand that first there was only us. An us without a world. And then, slowly, we began to bifurcate. We became the Jaguars and the ants, the bamboo and the mud, the sky and the bananas, and everything else that heals or hurts or trips.

In this framework, in this world, everything and everybody *becomes* through a flexible and transformative modeling of human thought. It is this type of body-to-body relationship to the world that I am attempting with the thought-forms project. Each form begins as a polymorphous, promiscuous thought. A thought that tries to hold onto space and gives it shape to become a chair, or a pair of shoes, or a pile of leaves, or even a mermaid. Like green, they want to make reality in their own image.

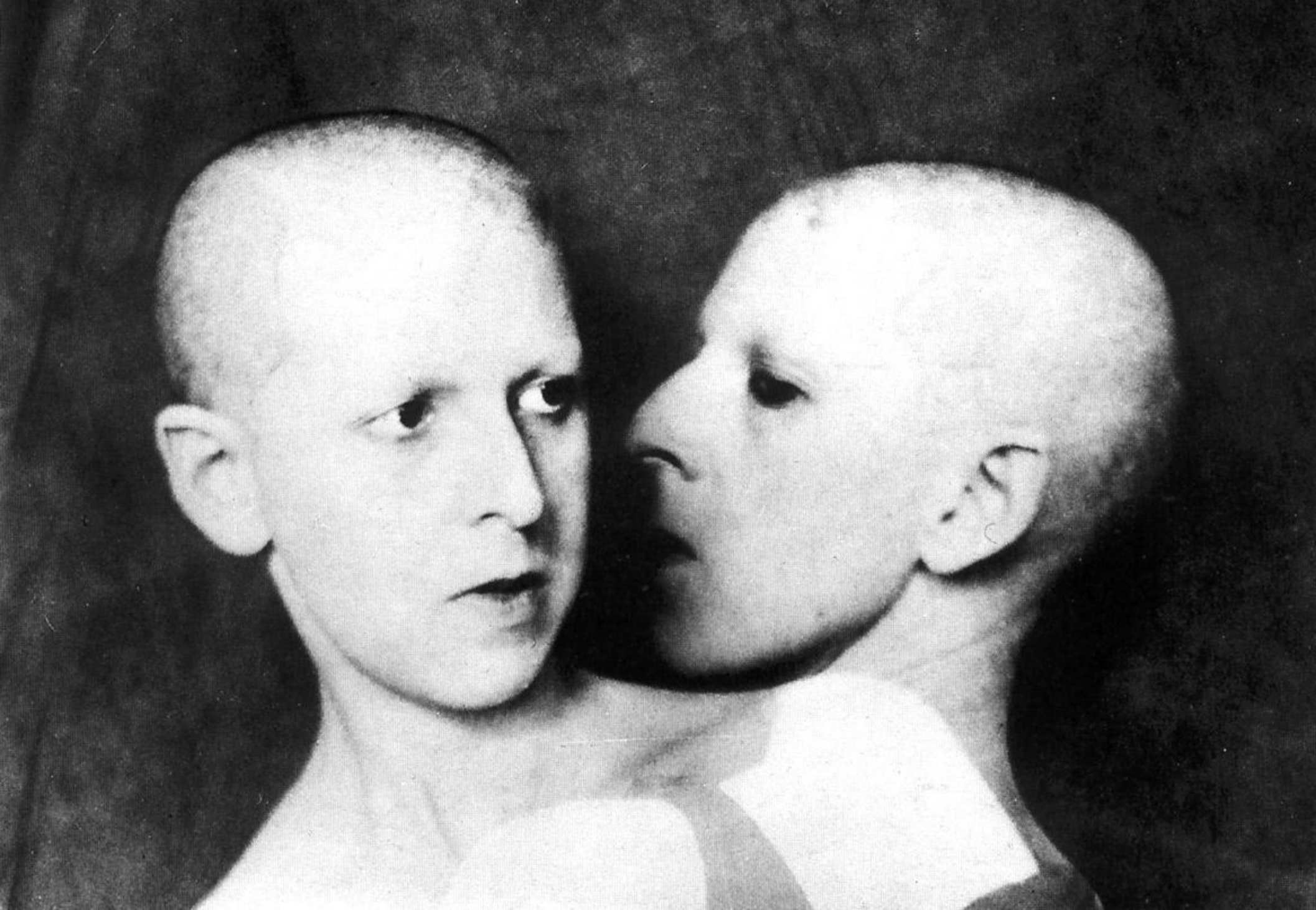








Green  
wants  
to make  
reality  
in its  
own  
image



"...*Everything* has become intellect, even our bodies, they aren't bodies anymore, but ideas of bodies, something that is situated in our own heaven of images and conceptions within us and above us, where an increasingly large part of our lives is lived. The limits of that which cannot speak to us—the unfathomable—no longer exist. We understand everything, and we do so because we have turned everything into ourselves...Here we are in a world of images where the expression itself is everything, which of course means that there is no longer any dynamism between the outer and inner, just a division. "



# Bring the Sky Beneath Your Feet

Johnny Burgess

Jessica Groome

Steven and Megann Hubert

Les Ramsay

Dynamo Arts Association, Vancouver BC Canada

















## On the Flexibility of Wood

Rot is the real endgame of lumber products, you can reconstitute a block of wood until the grain is ribbed and blackened scars of aged fasteners overcome its dimensions, but once the rot sets in, it's over. To stave off the effects of rot, wood is permeated with a sealant to prohibit fungi from digesting and compromising its structure. If wood is kept free of rot, and isn't changed chemically or over abused, it begins a life of perpetual repurposing. That perpetual repurposing can take form through scavenging or quarrying of the material. Scavenging lumber has the dual purpose of providing energy by burning and supplying materials for patching or building structures. From scavenging logs that escaped log booms on water or picking up discarded shipboards in alleys to moving entire houses from their foundations, the process is everywhere. As structures progress through their natural cycles of use and pass into disuse or are outgrown they are torn down or additioned and repurposed or discarded and new structures take their place. They are new versions of old inventions re-imagined in the style of the day, or built in a facsimile of an architectural style with new materials (often unsuccessfully).

Other structures that are abandoned and un-replaced, though they may be resilient, eventually are overcome by rot or weathering or other natural process, if not by the displacement of human quarrying. The flexibility of the lumber, a material that is distinguished from its vegetative roots, lies in its ability to have multiple lives, trickling down a chain of purposes while retaining experiences on its faces. Wood as a building material, milled or worked into dimensional lumber, is a pliable and structural substance, but its salvage-ability and reinterpretable qualities make it flexible.





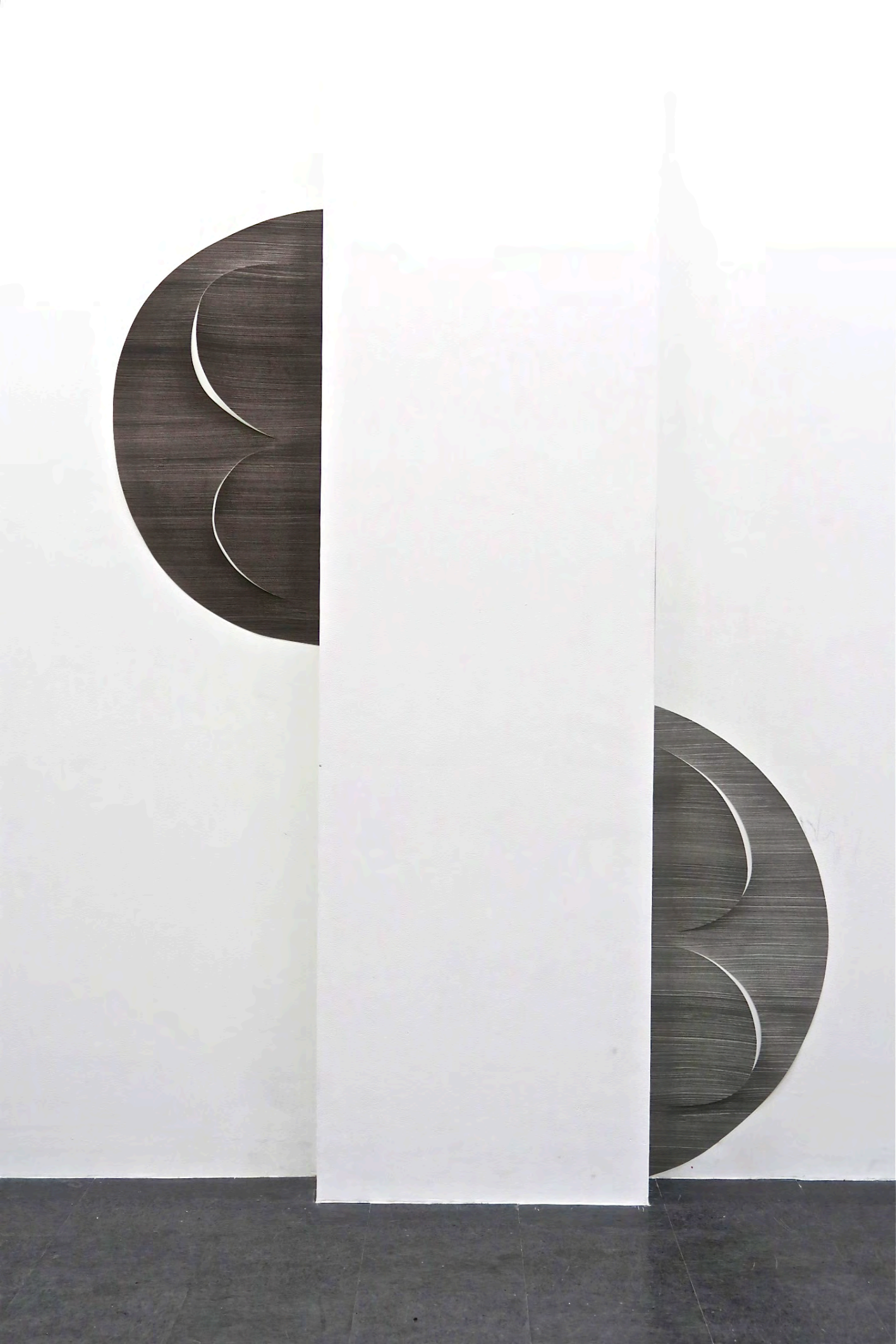






## Flexible Materials

Over the past two years, I have transitioned from creating minimal geometric abstract paintings on linen to working exclusively with painted paper. Driven by the desire to extend beyond the frame of conventional painting, I look to paper to find form and dimension while responding to its material qualities. Depending on how the paper is installed, and how it is painted, my work can be 2D, 3D or both simultaneously. Adhering my work directly to the wall using spray glue achieves a seamless ultra-flat look, whereas using double-sided tape in strategic areas allows parts of the work to curl. Paper, like wood, warps if one side is painted and one side is not. Exploring this simple principle, I began incorporating sculptural elements into my work. The 3D components add movement and character; pop-out slits become blinking eyes, mouths, hips or breasts depending on their orientation. Observing how painted paper behaves provides the visual and conceptual basis of my work.

















From: Meghann Hubert <meghubert@gmail.com>  
Date: July 4, 2015 at 10:14:22 PM PDT  
To: Steve Hubert <stevenmhubert@gmail.com>  
Subject: Poem

Let's start a lighting company  
Ok. I thought I already had.

Oops  
Wrong person  
Seriously?

Ha



That's an angry face not a tense face.  
Not a grimace.

Serious anger, ready to bite you face.

Sorry I just thought we could collab  
Of course! I already thought that was in the works.  
Do you have some ideas?

Yup

Sort of

Want to apply my huge brain to it

Haha.

Ok.

Done

Brain working now



Lighting show  
Someone's apartment

That was my idea  
I want my name on some sort of paper for that  
Proof!

Ceramics wood concrete  
These texts are the proof  
Plaster string

Ink

No, I mean a paper that people take home and look at, then hold on to for 15 years, then throw away.

Magazines

I'm running out of batteries

All great ideas. Kind of like the cakes I was planning to make.

This is diff

Plexiglass

No it's not.

I'm serious!

So am I!



Faces

What's the deal with the alien emoji?? Everyone is using it.

Black via rosa parks

Tiki lounge faces or many faced god faces?

Black face?

This is getting weird

Good night!!!

Poem

Let's do it, but please let me be involved... Don't usurp me.

What????? Never

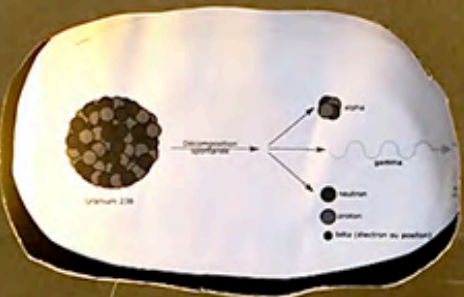
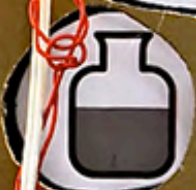
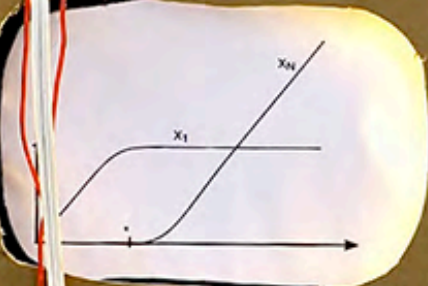
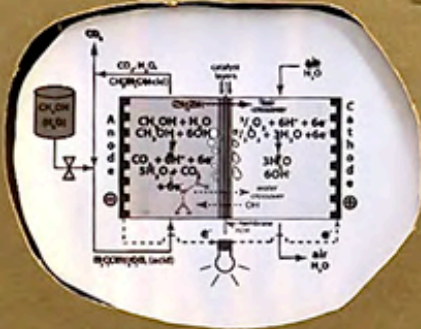
Steve \$ meg

Yup

Ciao.







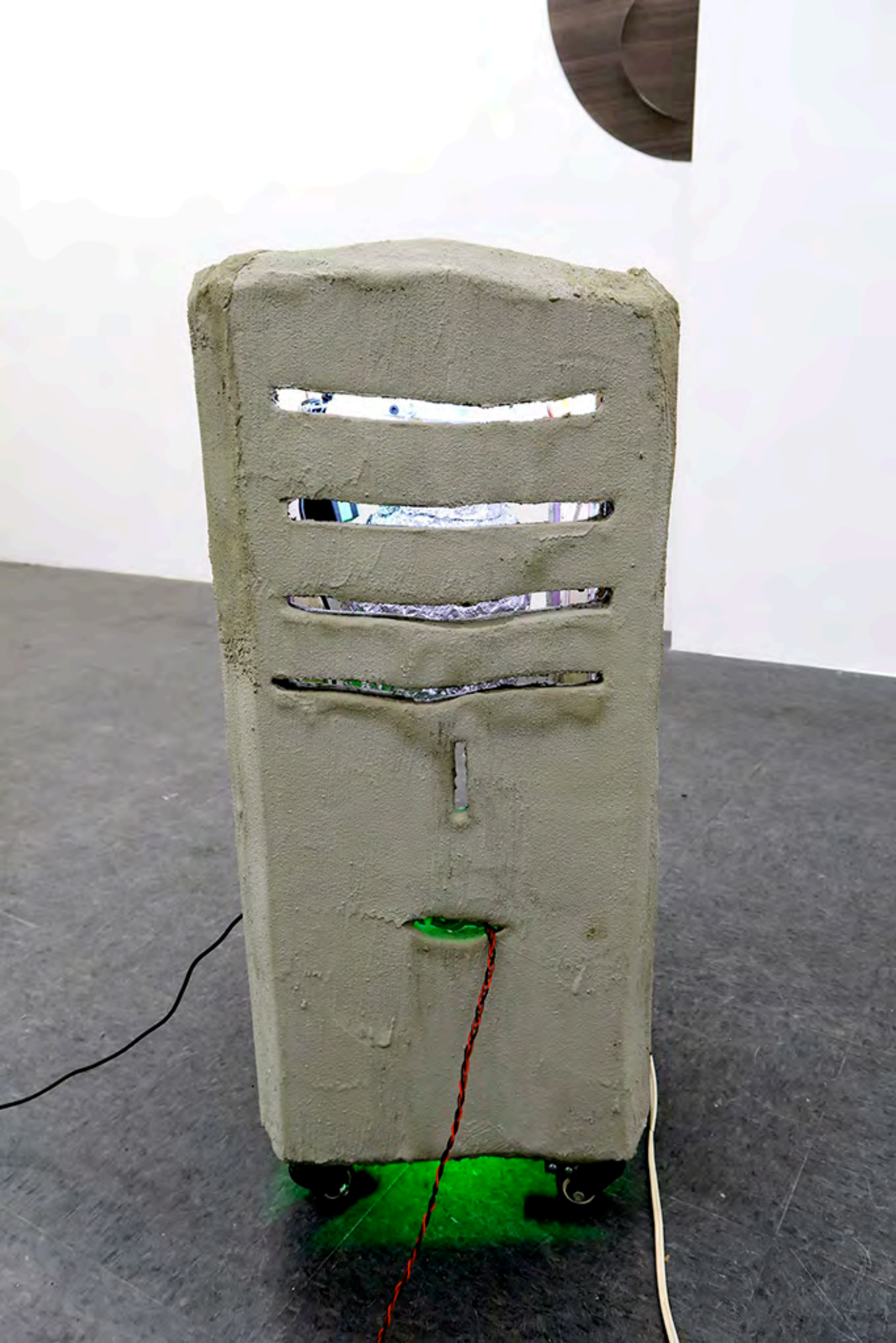












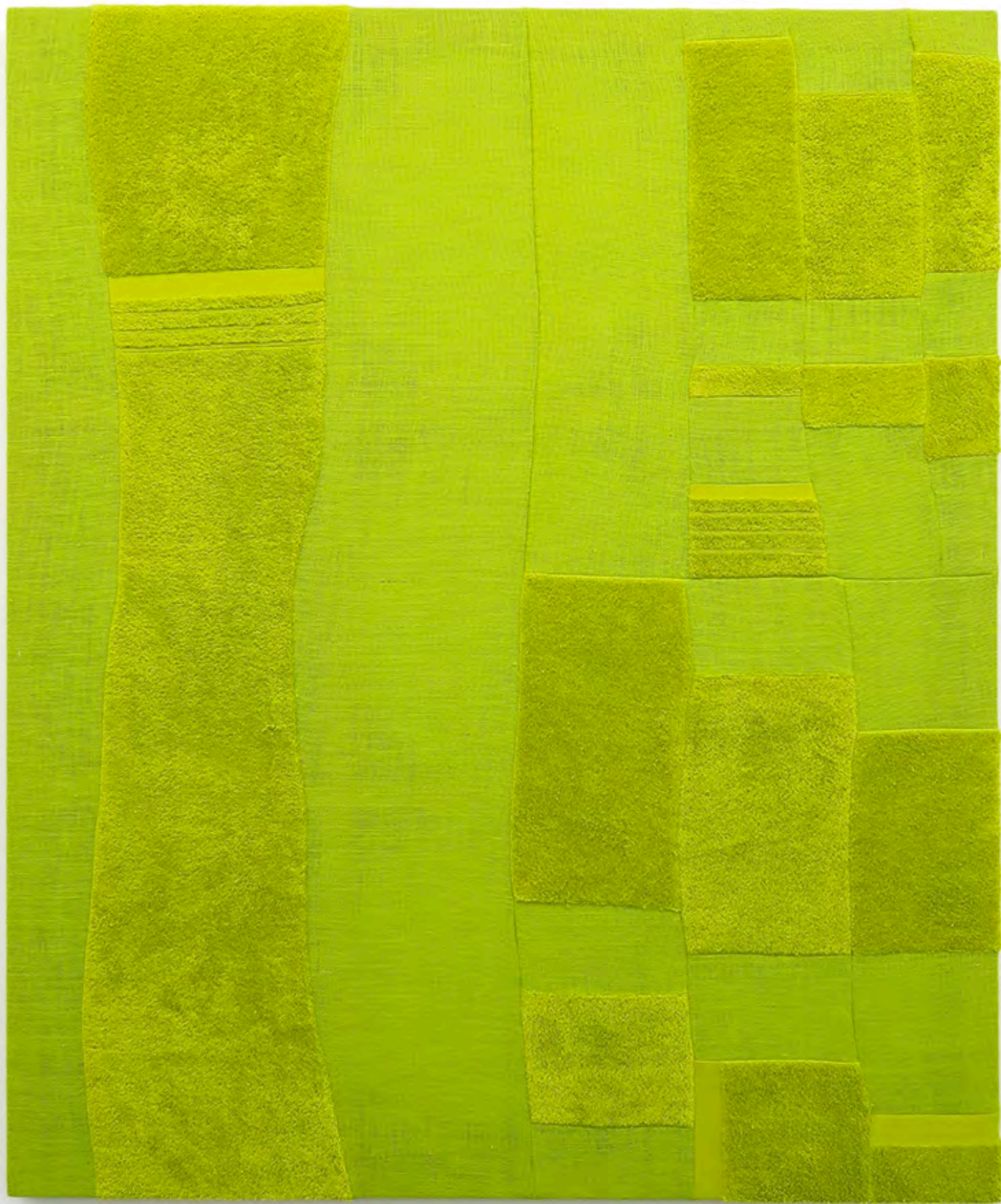






## Gesso

(Italian: 'dʒɛs:ɔ "chalk") from the Latin gypsum, from the Greek γύψος) is a white paint mixture consisting of a binder mixed with chalk, gypsum, pigment, or any combination of these<sup>[1]</sup>. It is used in artwork as a preparation for any number of substrates such as wood panels, canvas and sculpture as a base for paint and other materials that are applied over it.





















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Bend Toward the Sun, Bring The Sky Beneath Your Feet

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