



*the fiction project*

Welcome to The Fiction Project. Here's what you need to know:

Brooklyn Art Library

DEMCO

The  
**IRIS**  
Group



A collective of women artists



## Chapter 1

"I don't like this paper," she said. She was sitting on the clinic examination bed. The leather felt cool against her thighs but the paper was scratchy and made noise when she shifted her weight.

"It acts as a barrier between you and the bed and keeps germs from the last patient away from you," Mother replied.

"Oh." A slight pause, then, "If you weighed 7000 lbs and you sat on this would you crush it?"

"No one weighs 7000 lbs, they'd be dead." Mother was leafing through the Canadian Living magazine, she'd picked up from the waiting room. She spotted an article about how to support your out-of-work spouse.

"Well, if an elephant were to sit on it, would it crush it?"

"An elephant doesn't weigh 7000 lbs, maybe 1000 lbs."

"Well, how about if three elephants sat on it?"

"You mean, one on top of the other? Yes, that would crush it and the elephants would crush each other. Not good for the bottom elephant."

She smiled, then swallowed.

"I hate feeling like this. It feels like there's a pill in my throat and I can't swallow it."

"That's your tonsil."

"How long will it take to get the results about my tonsils?"

"I think the doctor will know right away as soon as he looks in your throat. They're pretty magnificent."

A pause, then, "How often are you supposed to get a dentist check up?"

"Annually," Mother was fishing in her purse for a pen.

"What's that? Oh, you mean once a year?"

The paper bed crackled. "I don't like this paper."

She started reading the labels on the shelves across the room.

"What's CZ scan?" Not waiting for an answer, "What's Cardio?"

Mother looks up from the article.

"That's CT scan, cardio, x-ray, referrals, physio, nuclear med. They are forms for the tests the doctor can..."

Mother breaks off. The door opens and the doctor blows in. Tall, lean and fit, with graying hair. Mother notices his pristine shirt is crisp and the stripes match black pants and polished shoes. He seems out of breath, bangs into the garbage can and quickly shoves it behind him against the wall.

She thinks: that's going to be in the way when you try to open the door again. She notices that three buttons are undone on his shirt and he has sparse chest hair and very white skin. He speaks with an Australian or is it British accent... Very sexy she thinks. The girl looks away from the doctor and her smile drops as she sees her mother's start to form.



Ink



Uvula  
Soft Palate  
Oral Pharynx  
Frenulum  
Arch  
Gingiva  
Palatine Tonsil  
Buccinator  
Emb

## Chapter 2

She had her temperature taken; her ears peered into and gagged slightly when he poked her tongue out of the way to examine her throat. He asked her mother about allergies and quickly wrote a prescription for amoxicillin. After shoving the paper in her purse, Mother asked her to go and wait in the waiting room. She needed to talk to the doctor privately. Without argument she left, scooting off the table, pulling her short plaid pleated skirt down over her bum, a habitual check to make sure her underwear wasn't showing and with the other hand grabbed her backpack and slung it over her shoulder. She closed the door behind her, and walked quietly through the office to the seating area. Along the way she passed ceiling high file cabinets, a photocopier, fax machine, a mini sink with a dirty coffee maker and cups. The receptionist's desk was decorated with three pictures of what looked like the same kid at different ages, and even though it was almost the end of January, shiny red strings of cut-out bells still hung suspended from paper clips, hooked onto the ceiling tile frames. As she passed she ran her fingers along them, and they swiveled and floated in the air. They were really pretty, but she kept going and found a seat, beside a small table piled with magazines. The receptionist was tired and rude, her face red and every once in a while she wiped her dripping nose with a Kleenex.

"You wanna change places with me. I should be in the line up today," she said to each new patient.

As she watched she thought, yeah and I would sanitize that health card before putting it back in my wallet. Keeping her eyes on the receptionist she reached over and grabbed the first magazine on the pile. A Sears catalogue, great. Next was much better: Cosmo! That one dropped in her lap. Her eyes swept around the room and she grabbed one more. She could hear Mother's voice behind the receptionist. She jerked up, dropped the magazines onto the chair and put her backpack on top of them. She opened it and pulled a black sweater with a crest on it out and zipped it up and was standing ready. Mother's eyes met hers and she nodded towards the exit door. They headed out together.

They both got in the car and slammed the doors almost simultaneously. With a grin her mother pulled open her jacket to reveal the Canadian Living magazine tucked into the waist band of her pants. They both laughed.

"So what did you get?"

She opened the backpack and pulled out the Cosmo magazine.

"Cosmo! That's my girl!" and grabbed it from her hand.

"And I got a second."

"Oh aren't you good." Then Mother saw the cover. "Scientific American, oh geek. You can keep that one."  
Her mother paused for a second, reached into her pocket and pulled out two blank pages from the doctor's prescription pad.

"And I got this!"

They were both quiet.

"Oh good," she whispered.





### Chapter 3

It was always late when she dropped into bed. Tonight had been busy. They traveled from the women's shelter where Mother used their fax machine to send prescriptions to pharmacies in the area. She used their machine because the sender was always blocked, and she was always careful not to repeat the prescription at any pharmacy, except when it was close to running out. Directed by Mother, she had mapped out each one. It was her idea to use a different highlighter to color code them by date. This week was orange. No repeat, just new. She loved a repeat, because one highlighter over another created a beautiful new color. What started as a black and white photocopy, was beginning to look like the Mardi Gras.

"Good enough to frame!" for a moment Mother didn't get it. She was waiting for a pedestrian to cross so she could make a right turn. A quick glance and they both laughed. They had prescriptions out at all the local drug stores and tonight meant they had to travel an extra twenty minutes to two new stores at the north end of town. But Mother was quietly jubilant, she could tell. Neither pharmacy had asked for the original prescription. Back at the apartment, Mother slowly turned the key in the lock and put her ear to the door before opening it. They eased in, pulled shoes off and began to quietly glide around unpacking groceries, setting up for dinner.

Mother unscrewed the top of an instant coffee jar, and poured the 24 pills into it. She held one up between her fingers for a moment. This tiny perfect little oval, an electric blue, popped down into the brown depths of the jar with the others.

The boiling kettle woke him. A mumbling groan from the other room.

"We're home. I'll be in just a sec. Do you want something to eat?"

She reached for the magic brown coffee jar, and a glass, filled it with water. She could hear mother's quiet voice and his. Then Mother returned.

"Grilled cheese."



#### Chapter 4

She curled up under the covers, looking at Scientific American with a flashlight. Since her father's accident her mother had moved into her room, their twin beds separated by a night table, with a lamp salvaged from the street.

"It was perfectly good," Mother said, "Just needs a little wash, and a shade, and a little decoupage. I was reading about decoupage. It's just white glue." She found the hothouse order catalogues in the back alley, in the florist's garbage.

"Our neighbours are so good to us." Page after page of brilliantly coloured blooms, were dissected. After the lamp she pasted blooms all over the night table, her binder covers and then kept going until the back of the door became a flower bed. Tonight, though she saw new colour. Image after image of exploding stars. Cassiopeia, Crab Nebula, Trifid Nebula, Boomerang Nebula, Rho Ophiuchi Cloud, Mountains of creation. She pronounced each name softly, enjoying the exotic sounds, and their images danced behind her eyes as she drifted off to sleep.

*Lorentz Transformation for  
Space & Time*

1853-1928



## Chapter 5

She woke the next morning and put the grey plaid pleated skirt back on, with a fresh white shirt and the black sweater. It bore the crest of White Hall Academy for Girls. It always amazed her that her dad had agreed to pay for private school. It was one area where Mother had insisted and won. She sensed that her dad was pleased, proud and intimidated.

"Well look at that! We have a smart bitch, a hoity smart bitch," he said when she first tried on the uniform. "Pull up those damn socks. They cost more than my Jack."

She pulled up her grey socks, and tip toed down the hall. She paused at the door to his room. She could see his covered frame, and hear his breathing.

"Come." Mother said quietly from the kitchen doorway. She shook a bag. "Breakfast and lunch."

Since she had started at White Hall they traveled together on a city bus. Mother worked at the one of the few drive thrus that hadn't been taken over by Tim's. She knew the regulars orders by heart and her quick smile and stories kept the customers and tips coming. Father never knew the real cost of White Hall.

"My stop." To her. "Thanks George!" To the bus driver.

After Mother got off, she pulled the Scientific American magazine out of her backpack and really began to read.

"Wikipedia describes our particle as such: 'a hypothetical elementary particle, a superpartner (also sparticle). Sparticle is a portmanteau of supersymmetry and particle. Supersymmetry is one of the synergistic bleeding-edge theories in current high-energy physics which predicts the existence of these "shadow" particles. According to the theory each fermion should have a partner boson.' While, Wikipedia's description suggests a partnering of particles, we have observed repulsive interactions between bosons and are investigating the repulsive and attractive interactions between bosons and fermions...the very interactions which birthed our solar system and can be seen in the explosion of dying stars. One would think that the universe is in balance. Our research suggests that this is not the case; that supersymmetry does not exist. For the millisecond that bosons and fermions exist separated, it has been observed that bosons have three times the mass of fermions, and it seems twice as much force..."

George yelled, "Hey, you getting off?" She looked up with a jerk to realize it was her stop.

diffraction

concentric

## Chapter 6

As soon as she got off the elevator she knew something was wrong. The shoe in the hall was their secret signal. She approached the apartment door and softly turned the knob. The door opened a crack. Mother was sitting propped up against the wall just inside.

"Shh." A tiny spray of blood shot from between her lips. "I think he's out." She pushed through the door and knelt down beside Mother.

"I was only... half an hour late." She spoke in short sentences punctuated with a short exhale. "I think the pills... are wearing off. He was up. You should see the kitchen. He found the whiskey." She supported Mother and got her over to the couch. She could tell that some of her ribs were cracked.

"We'll have to tape those ribs."

"Yeah. Shit. I dropped the glass. He made me... get down and lick... the whiskey off the floor... But I got two pills in my hand... Got them in the next glass. The blue disappeared... and they dissolved completely. He didn't even notice. I think two should do it."

"I'm going have to take your shift for a few days."

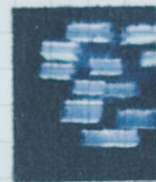
Mother's shaking hands went to her face.

"That bad? That guy can still pack a wallop."

## Chapter 7

### Father's Blue Haze Night

BLUE ...



Fast.

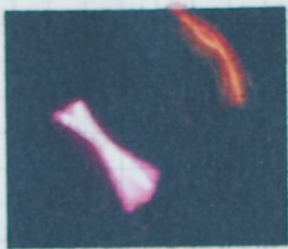


Round and Round.



BLUE.

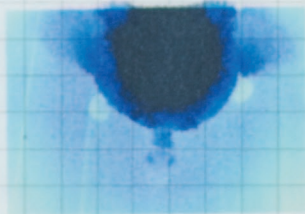
Blue haze night spins.



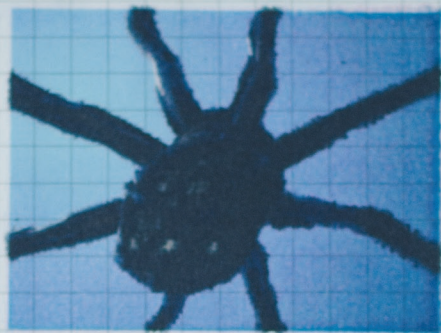
White light.



The blue turtle.



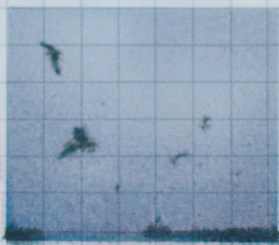
Pregnant spider.



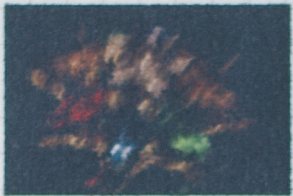
Sounds of birds.



Shit Hawks.



Shit Hawks.

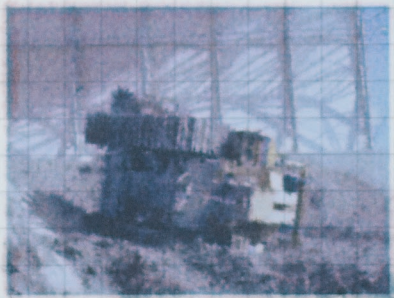


Separating Star.

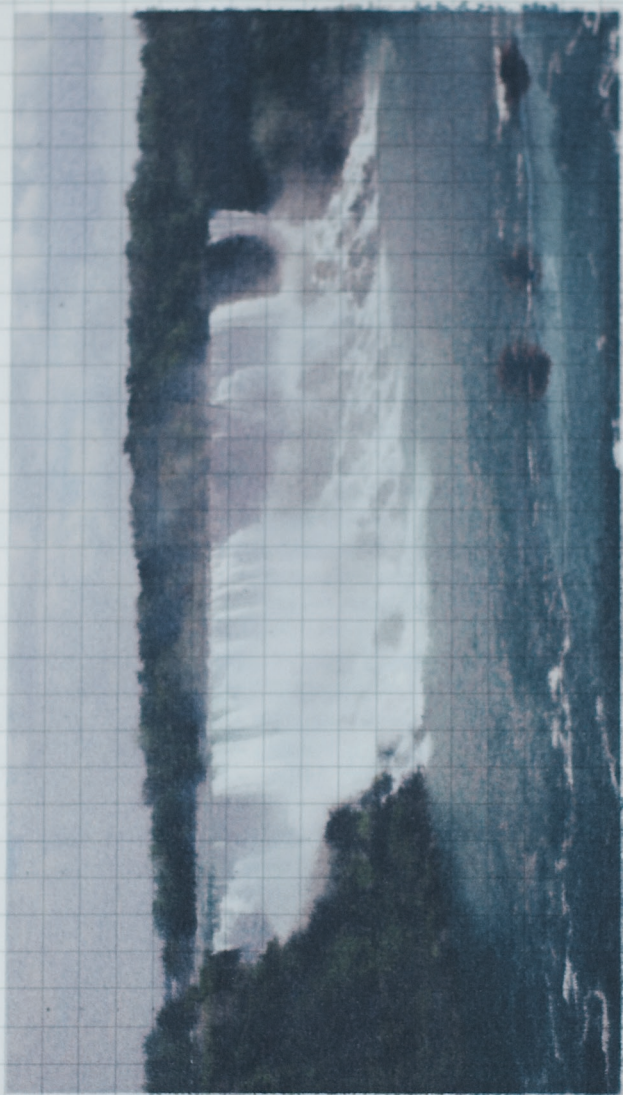


Quasi  
Conscious ...

Accident flashback.



No more meds & cheap whisky!  
Bad, bad combo.



Niagara Falls !!!

Time for a bathroom trip.

## Chapter 8

Beeeep! Beeeep! Beeeep! Beeeep! Beeeep! Beeeep!  
Beeeep!

The alarm was going off on mother's side. According to the clock it was 5:55 in the morning. At 6:35 a.m. the bus would arrive in front of the building.

She quickly jumped out of bed, did the giant reach and turned the screeching thing off. Mother's alarm had one of the loudest and most piercing beeps. This morning she didn't want either of her parents up. It was best they both stay knocked out for a few more hours. While still tired and groggy, last night's incident was still fresh in her mind. Even in her sleep, mother looked like she was trying to conceal the pain from the cracked ribs. Poor thing, she thought. There was no way her mother could go to work today. Fortunately it was Saturday and she had started her own routine for the mornings after 'blue haze nights'.



Quickly she grabbed Mother's uniform off the chair, on what had become Mother's area of the bedroom. Careful not to step on the squeaking floorboards, she tip toed back to her own side, then grabbed socks and underwear, headed towards the bathroom to wash up and get dressed for Mother's shift.

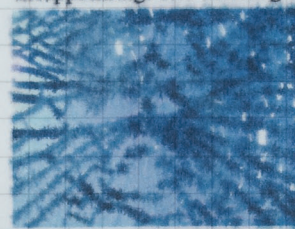
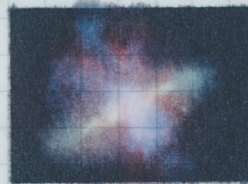
Walking down the hallway she could see that the light had been left on in the bathroom. She also detected a faint foul odor. Closer to the bathroom door she noticed a spill on the hallway floor. Probably water. Obviously at some point during the night, Father woke up and made a trip to the bathroom. At this point she knows to expect some kind of mess behind the bathroom door. This morning was no exception. The smells in the hall were getting stronger - more evidence from last night's 'blue haze trip'.

While the blue pills were usually a blessing, this morning they

were feeling like a curse. Behind the bathroom door, this morning's 'blue haze' signs and signals were much more disgusting than usual. She opened the door then glanced towards the toilet. The seat was up. She could smell it had not been flushed. Gross! She plugged her nose, took a giant step over a small patch of vomit. She quickly flushed the toilet. Placing her clothes on the linen shelf, she proceeded to open the window. While it was still cool outside, the fresh breeze was a welcome relief. There was no time to clean up the vomit now. She knew it would be waiting for her when she got back from the shift.

Mother's employer and most of the regular customers did not know her true age and were under the impression that she was much older. She was getting faster at using the hairnet and styling her hair in a mature fashion. She stuffed her cousin's old training bra to add to the illusion. She also had insoles to jam into Mother's work shoes, so they could fit her while making her an inch taller.

While she was brushing her teeth she noticed something bright and shiny against the blue tile. Whatever it was resembled some of the space dust pictures she had seen in the Scientific American magazine she had picked up from the doctor's office. With the toothbrush still in her mouth she stepped across the floor, crouched down and quickly realized it was just broken glass. How disappointing. The morning light from the window streaking onto



the bathroom floor made it look so much more exciting than broken glass. That would have to be swept up before going to work. She didn't want her mother stepping in it this morning. She quickly finished brushing her teeth and moved on. While finishing her teeth, she noticed the hand broom and dust pan that had been left behind the toilet. She had exactly seven minutes to get downstairs in front of

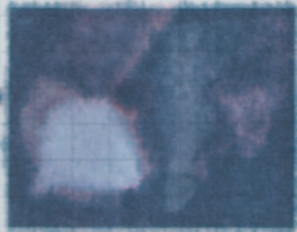
the bus stop if she was going to be on time for that shift.

As she started to hand sweep the broken glass, she noticed another sparkle coming from the opposite corner of the tub. The shampoo bottle must have somehow gone flying leaving a shimmering sticky pool that was starting to turn solid. Shampoo was also in streaks on the tiled wall. She considered cleaning that too, but realized that there was no time. She also realized that the smell of the shampoo was helping to mask the stink of vomit.

She quickly finished getting ready and took a final glance in the mirror. Perfect. She could easily pass for fourteen, today. She tip-toed out of the apartment and locked the door.

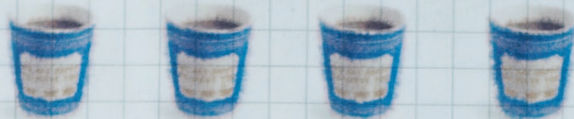
Outside the building she let out a sigh of relief. Although she was a bit worried about Mother, the shift was a welcome relief. It was easier being out of the house than having to tip toe around two adults with pounding headaches. She knew her mother could handle herself this morning. Her father was often in a different head space after a 'blue haze trip' and much easier to handle the morning after one. Judging by the bathroom evidence, he wasn't getting up any time soon. Neither was she. Both needed the rest.

As the bus arrived, she quickly stepped on and remembered to pay the driver the higher fare. She didn't want any questions. There would be enough of those at the drive-in. For now she was just enjoying the sights and sounds of the waking city, safely inside the bus, on time for her mother's shift at work.



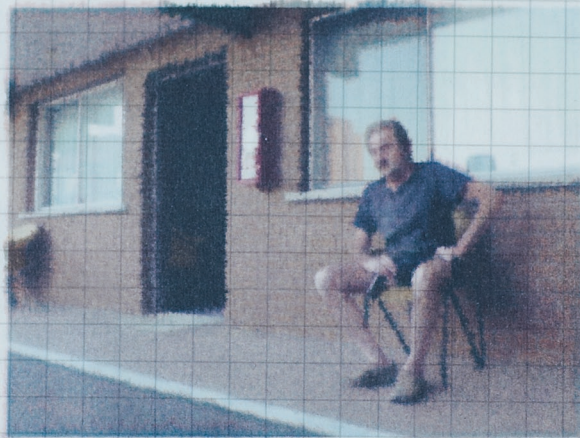
## Chapter 9

### Shift Covering



Back of the diner and drive thru.

### Today's Regular Customers

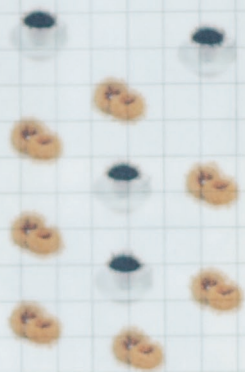


'Coolighan John.'

He lives at the motel.



The 'Volleyball Team'.



They need lots of practice.

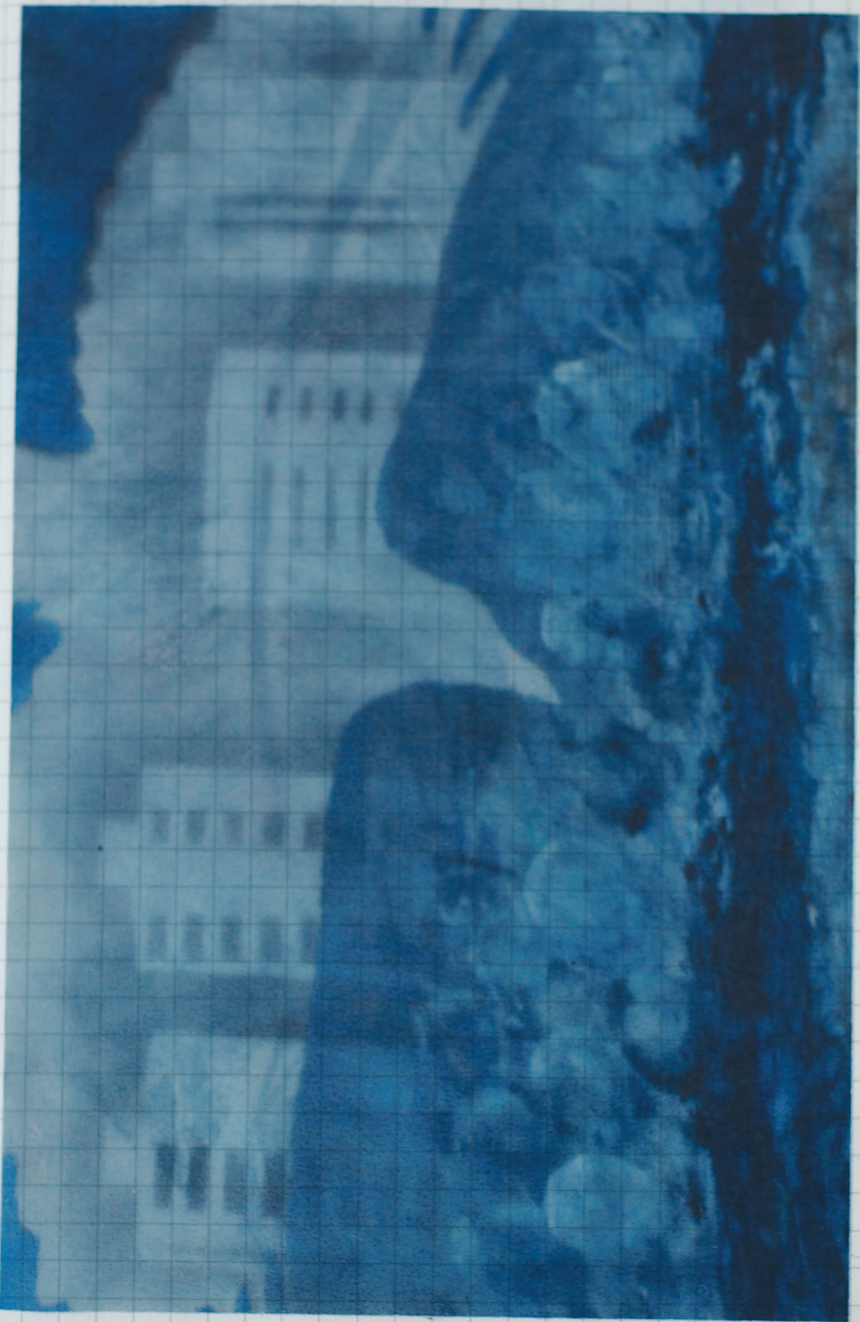
'The 'Blue Street Performer.'



He claims he was kicked out of the Blue Man Group.



4:00 p.m. - The shift is over.





### New York Story

I hate this place! We might as well live on the street for all the privacy we have. Look over there - someone is staring at us from that hotel window! The nerve!

On a Sunday morning in Manhattan, a tourist looks out of her hotel window and sees someone looking back at her. A teenage girl in a fast food uniform is giving her the finger so she quickly looks away.

And sees two men on the street below, loading baseball equipment into an SUV. She finds them charming in their uniforms as they call up to their wives who pass them things through an open window. The building is a five-floor walk-up, reminiscent of the *Honeymooners* apartment. It seems to the tourist that the scene also recalls a Norman Rockwell version of America which has supposedly been lost long ago, and it seems also to the tourist that they are living a neighbourhood life with so-called small town values right in the middle of Manhattan on 58<sup>th</sup> Street. Here it is, Sunday





28

morning, the sun is shining, and they are going off to play ball.

She wants to take some pictures of these genuine New York "natives" so throws on her clothes, grabs her camera, and hurries down to the street behind the hotel. It looks a little different at ground level, but amid the clutter of show bills and graffiti, she finds them and asks to take their picture.

At first they refuse, but she is persuasive. She tells them she is Canadian and would love to show the folks back home that New York isn't all filth and muggings behind its candy apple surface.

"Go on, get your mug shot" laughs a woman upstairs.

"Get something for the baby to remember you by," adds another young woman who has propped her very large belly on the window sill. Housed in an immense T-shirt it says "Baby on Board".

Eventually an agreement is reached, a pose is struck, and the woman has her souvenir. The men load their gear and are

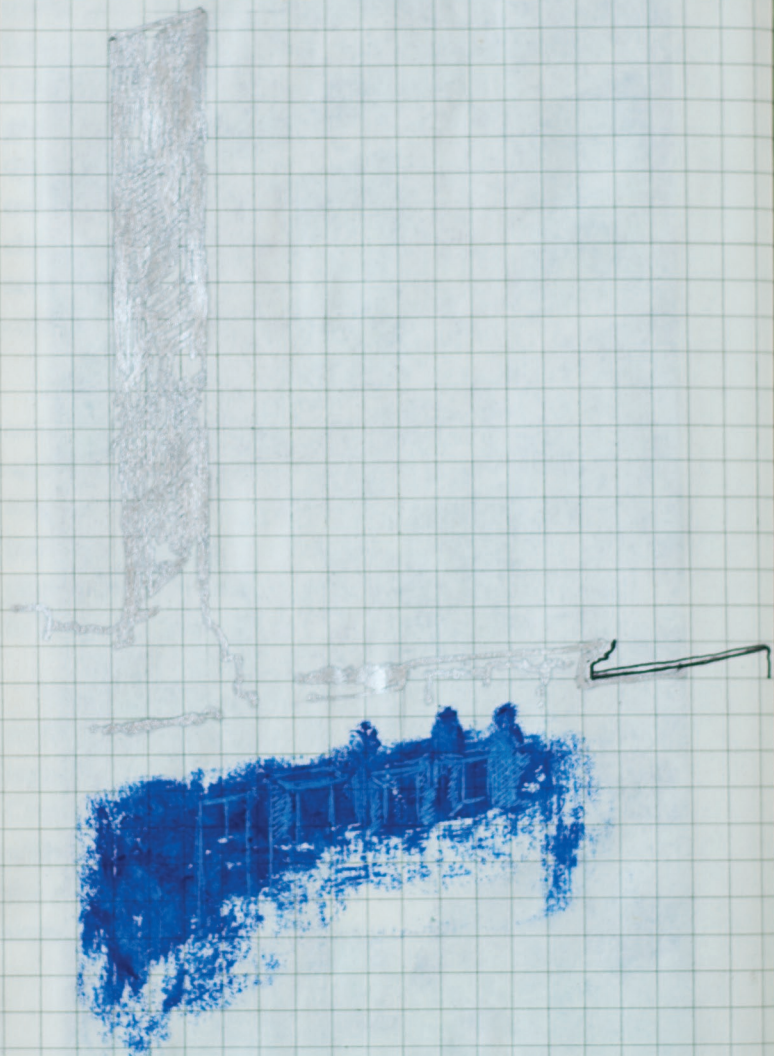
29.

off. One thing leads to another and the women upstairs want their pictures taken too. They invite her up for coffee. She is as exotic to them as they are to her since they have not traveled further than New Jersey. They show her family pictures of babies, graduations, grandparents, weddings, all displayed on the mantle in the living room over the fireplace that doesn't work. This charming interlude is interrupted when someone's mother calls to see if they are still coming for Sunday dinner.

The tourist suddenly remembers the time and a warm farewell ensues. They trade addresses and try to pick out her hotel room window. Since she is leaving almost immediately there is no chance for further plans but she insists that if they ever come to Toronto etc etc.

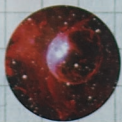
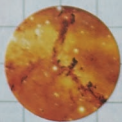
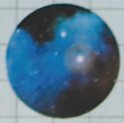
Within the hour her bus is speeding north toward the Catskills, and she is regaling her friends with her story. Each Christmas after that she sends them cards with a little note. They smile and put it on the mantle. When they think of it they sometimes send her a printout of





End





themselves, which she uses as visual aid for the ever-expanding tale of her New York adventure.

But what really happens is that the two young men, while they do play some ball, also find that the uniforms give them a purposeful, somewhat official look as they make the Sunday morning rounds to pick up the Saturday night take. And while the uniforms are for show, the bats are functional.

Margaret Rodgers

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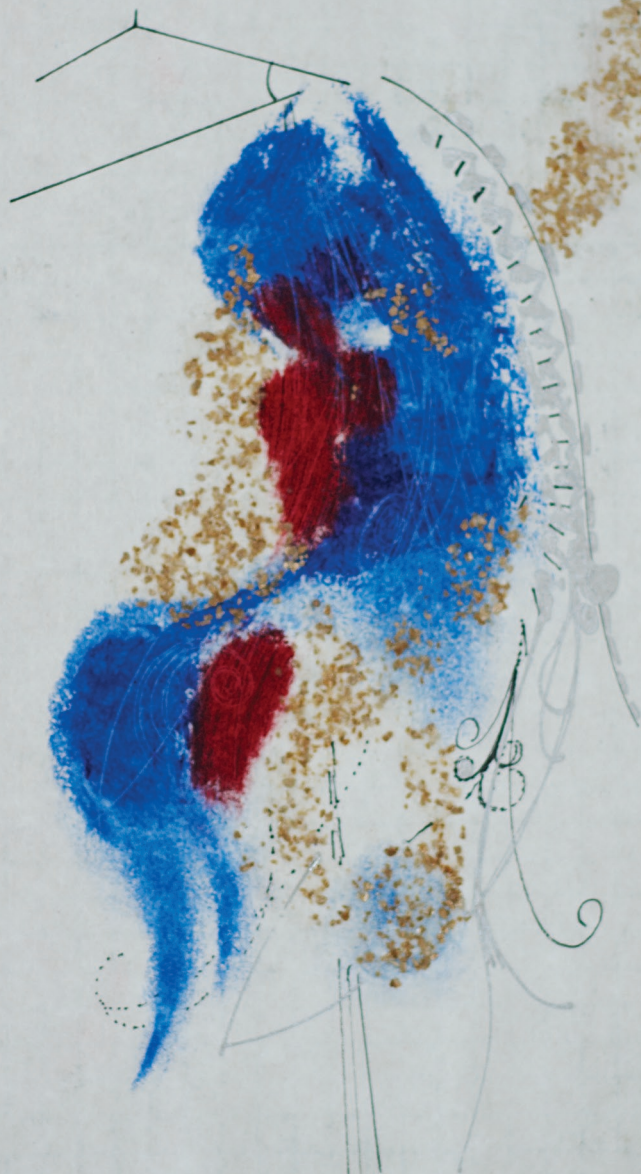


Chapter 10

Sometimes it really bugs me. There is no space. I can't even open the apartment door without running into someone in the hall; can't even look out the window without seeing somebody up to something. Like the time this lady was taking pictures of two guys in their baseball gear. What did she think—that they really play this all American, Rockwellish, buy me a hot dog thing?

Funny how people see what they want, have all these ideas cemented and stuck in their head. I bet that lady would not have believed me if I had told her what those guys were really doing. He's like that, has all these crazy, scary ideas. Mom and I have given up trying to talk to him, easier to slip him one of those little blue pills. Too bad it is getting harder to keep a supply on hand. We will have to figure out a new strategy; don't want the drugstores to catch on.





36.

Lmh

He wasn't always like this. I remember one 4<sup>th</sup> of July, all of us trying to find the best place to watch the fireworks out over the East River. He put me on his shoulder, one hand holding me tight, and the other hugging mom. We were smiling and laughing. To please him, I lied and said I could see all the flashes of red, streams of blue and sparkles of gold. Too bad the ugly United Nations building actually blocked just about all there was to see.

After, we walked along 42<sup>nd</sup> past my favourite building. Now that's magical, doesn't need any special effects, no noisy, smoky light show. The lady at the 'Y' told me it is a famous building in the Art Deco style and has something to do with all the shiny chrome and fancy hood ornaments that used to be on cars. Doesn't look like any car I've ever seen. At night it glows; the lights from nearby buildings reflected in the tiers of scalloped, silver arches that lead to the giant spire. I bet it's quiet up there, lots of space, no one to bother me. No yelling, smashing, accusing.

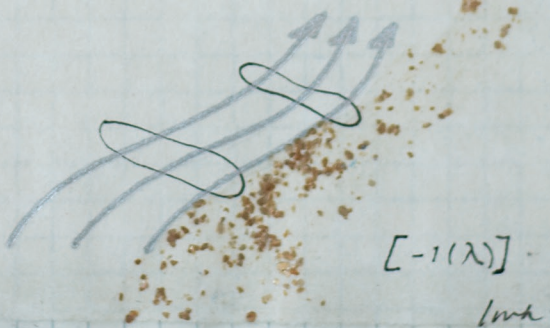


Lmh 37.

Chapter 11

My tonsils are bothering me again. I have missed some school. Good thing mom is feeling better, I don't think I could have covered her shifts at the drive thru much longer. The doctor suggested to mom that my tonsils should be removed. The antibiotics are not working, each new infection is worse than the last. I have an appointment tomorrow for pre-surgery prep. Kind of scared, although won't let mom know.

Maybe I can scoop up another Scientific American magazine. There was an article about portals in space in the last one I borrowed. I like that idea. The possibility of going somewhere completely new is exciting. I don't want to stay here in this cramped apartment anymore. Wish I could open a little escape hatch and be transported to another time, another place in space. I'd miss mom but not him. Maybe I could go back and forth, just to check on her.



momentum

Formula

To Escape From Space:

$$E_T = \frac{GM_E m}{r_E}$$

$$E_T = \left( \frac{GM_E m}{r_E} \right)$$

$$\Delta E = GM_E m \left( \frac{1}{r_E} - \frac{1}{2(r+r_E)} \right)$$

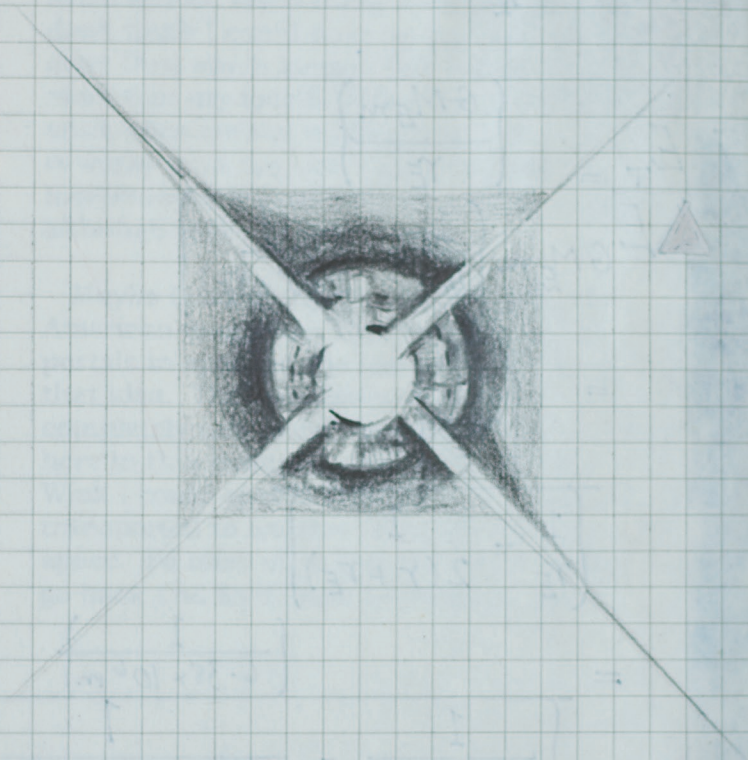
$$= \left( \frac{1}{r_E} \right)$$

$$\left[ \frac{1}{r_E} - \frac{1}{2(r+r_E)} \right]$$

$$= \frac{\left( \frac{1}{6.38 \times 10^6 \text{ m}} \right)}{\left[ \frac{1}{6.38 \times 10^6 \text{ m}} - \frac{1}{2(2.00 \times 10^5 \text{ m} + 6.38 \times 10^6 \text{ m})} \right]}$$

$$= E_T = 1.94$$

$$\Delta E$$



Conceptual Separation  
of  
Field and Matter

At least the nurse looks and sounds cheerier today. The doctor prodded and peered into the depths of my throat, again. My mouth is still tender from keeping it wide open so long. It feels like I can't close it properly. What did he see down there? I tried looking in the mirror, twisting my head this way and that. Hard to tell, I think one bit looked swollen and red. Is that where the pain comes from? I really don't know about the inside of my body, I can't judge what is wrong. Does the inside of my body need fixing, if I could leave my body, would the pain be gone? It is like looking at the night sky. It is hard to tell just how far away the stars are. Is one really closer than the other?

The doctor prescribed pain killers. Mom contemplated using them to keep him quiet but then she looked at me, gave me a gentle nudge toward the bed, brought a glass of water and placed two pills beside it. I could feel all the hot tightness in my throat disappear as I relaxed into the pillow, as my body let the medicine take hold.





Chapter 12

There it is glowing like it always does at night. The view from here is better than the one from our apartment. Ah, it's not a view; I am floating around the large, silver domes, triangles of light pouring out into the midnight blue sky. Yep, it is quiet up here, cool too. Are the stars closer? What's that? You can not see this from the street. The top of the needle-like spire has pierced the night. The sky looks like a piece of torn silk, the edges raw and frayed. Should I go nearer? Is this one of those portals I read about, where worlds meet, collide, merge? Maybe just a bit closer. Something warm and bright draws me in.

It is so peaceful. I can hear every breath I take. Feel each muscle tingle. Sense my blood coursing down every valley, around every bend and up every slope my body possesses. Every part of me responds to the warm light. I am the warm light.

*Laura M. Hair*

*Dynamic intersection between  
the energies of the universe  
and  
the life that it helps maintain*





44.



45.

### Chapter 13

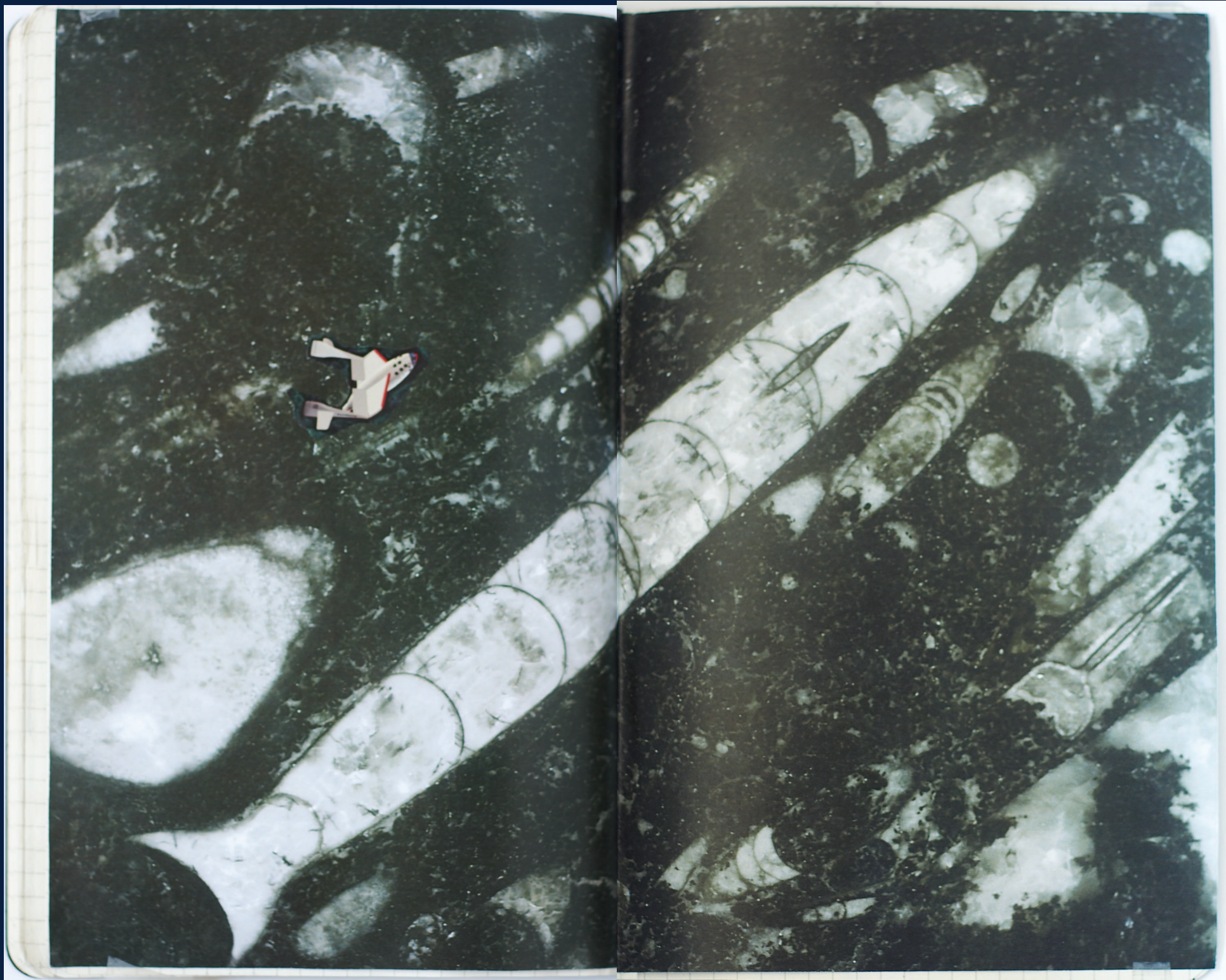
What are all these dazzling spires? Pinnacles like rockets projecting spirits into space. Daddy was that you? It's so crowded down there, nobody can see their beauty. I feel my feet unbound. Free. Feeling weightless, cast off all my cares and woes. Bye bye Daddy. You don't own me. Shifting perspectives.

I wish Mom were with me now to see where her loving energy could go without him. Mom used to take me to that church. We used to love listening to the choir. She hummed along. It was a safe time to let my mind wander. Sometimes with eyes closed, I felt I took flight.

The minister had been friendly with her. It seemed OK for a while, but then it got "complicated", so we stopped going. Too bad. No more spirits rising. Not like she didn't have enough problems at home. Dad had already let fly, our last family photo, out the apartment window. He wasn't capable of loving or caring for himself, or us any more, and now it's just morphed into some sick twilight zone. My memories of nice, normal had faded with the photo and then, poof, out with it. What's normal any how? I don't remember any more, and maybe that's just fine because... somehow... Ahhh

I've never felt so present before.







With delicacy and transparency, I can hear their voices soar. The sensation of defying gravity is just the light fantastic. I have taken wing and am free again to explore. And whoah, the colour and depth and texture and space. Dare I say the word. Oh, this is way cooler than what Alice, my avatar can do. We've visited some amazing places, (not like in the movie - if they could *just* see from this vantage - we're already all connected - we just all need to plug in. Ha! Sounds so simple.) But Alice, she's still stuck in a screen somewhere. Wires crossed. Well, and who am I to jabber? Hey Daddy I can see your face, across this space, another time and place, ya ya. Smiling, well, but I can't tell, whether past or future - it sure ain't now, yo yo. Easy now.

No judgment here now. It just is, was, will be. I wonder where those New York baseball guys are now, still stealing after all these years? Hey now there's the twin towers, monumental, America's temple to the gods. No scars, no burials, no black hole, which makes no sense.

"If you're planning a trip to another universe, via a black hole, be sure to head for the weak sector."

That's the advice of Lior Burko... and truer words could not have been spoken. The crazy thing is - I think it, and I'm there.



Time doesn't count.

Back and forth. Here and there. The singularity of it all. It really doesn't matter if you go to the so-called beginning or the end, 'cause it's all now. Rabbit holes, worm holes. I was reading more about them in my space mag from the doctor's office. Oh, oh just saving it from the incinerator. May as well make lamps glow. Art's like that.

Damn. Dare I look down? Oh, I feel like I'm falling... getting sucked out of... Whatever that w a ~ i s.

So much more to explore, so little time. Lost conscio...Hmmm? Oh hell, I am falling.

Falling from space, falling from grace? The big picture slipping. Daddy I can see your pain. We share in your in misery too. But I'm not the one to help you. I can't be there anymore. Who's fit? Who can do it? Who's on first? Who's in charge?

NO I DON'T WANT OT O G XGAE

Hey, this is not my home. This is not my life. What the.... Hmmn nice warm pool...

"We are stardust, we are golden, and we've got to get ourselves back to the garden." Oh thank you Joni.



### Janice Taylor-Prebble

An honor graduate of Georgian College and The Ontario College of Art and Design, Toronto, with a year's study in Florence, Italy.

Janice has been trained as a printmaker and painter with a focus on portraits in oils. Her recent work continues to create portraits in other media. Included below is "A History of Small Gatherings", which displays hand prints collected from the International Women's Day Celebrations. She is also an apprentice-electrician.

Upcoming exhibits include *Iris in the Adirondacks* at BluSeed Studios, Saranac Lake, New York, and *Artsweek Peterborough* in the fall.

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\*All images and writings created and published May 16 2010 by The IRIS Group and exclusive to the participating artists. Except for image of rocket - p. 48 and p. 55, both from National Geographic, May 2005





## Holly McClellan

Holly McClellan's photography offers a suburban viewpoint and is rooted in the familiar and everyday. Inspiration comes from sources such as consumerism, industry and their relationship to the environment. Time and space are addressed by pushing technical boundaries with the medium, using either analog or digital techniques.

References to visual art, especially abstract painting and the medium of photography itself, play an important role during the shooting stages. She received her fine art degree from York University and her applied photography diploma from Sheridan College.

Recent exhibition activity includes participating in *Percolate*, a group exhibition for Toronto's 2010 CONTACT photo festival, with Nicholas Tinkl and Tricia Dunk Tinkl.

In 2009 a number of public events were done for the *Garbage Dress Series*. Members of the public are asked to bring in their unwanted clothing. A sculptural dress is created against a custom fabricated metal frame, using the unwanted clothing. Each dress and photo shoot are site specific. Disposal of the clothing is also part of the process. Through this series and another related body of work, Holly McClellan's artistic practice is starting to expand beyond photography, into other mediums such as installation and sculpture.



Mississauga's Garbage Dress '09 HM

**Margaret Rodgers**

Recent exhibition activity includes Fluid 2 at Agnes Jamieson Gallery, Minden, *Deviant Detours*, Kunsthau Gallery, San Miguel de Allende, Mexico, *EDGE* at Red Head Gallery, Toronto. In 2008 she organized *IRIS in the North Country* at BluSeed Studios and Hotel Saranac, Saranac Lake, NY. Since 2005 she has developed (site/cite/cité/city) SPECIFIC: "*The Shwa*" a downtown Oshawa project and subsequent exhibition *RENEWAL* at Red Head Gallery, *Forest for the Trees* at Lonsdale Gallery, *Saranac Series* (Lake Placid Center for the Arts, and Chickadees Gallery, NY), *Baghdad Museum* (Clarington, Stouffville, Toronto) *FREE ART: The Grocery Tape Project* (Robert McLaughlin Gallery, Oshawa), Rodgers is founder of the IRIS Group, and the former Director/Curator at VAC Clarington. She writes essays, articles and reviews for art publications. Following the 2003 invasion of Baghdad Rodgers organized three group exhibitions that functioned as a lament for the lost and damaged treasures of the Iraqi National Museum and a metaphor for the overall tragedy. She holds an M.A. from Trent University, and was part of Durham College Foundations in Art and Design program.



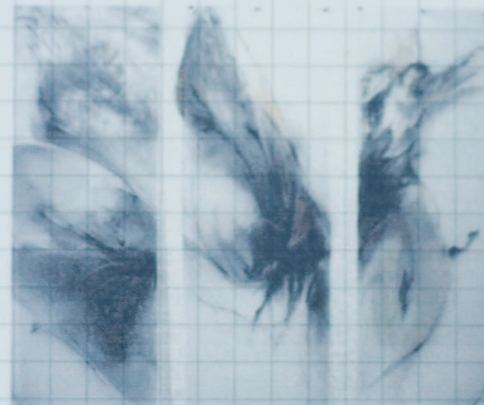
**Laura M. Hair**

An Honour Graduate of the Creative Arts Program at Georgian College School of Design and Visual Art, Barrie, Ontario, Hair is a multi-media artist. Imagery focuses on the morphogenesis of organic form on the morphogenesis of organic form. Laura has exhibited her art in solo and group shows throughout Ontario including: The MacLaren Art Centre, Barrie, The Redhead Gallery, Toronto, The Robert McLaughlin Gallery, Oshawa, The Station Gallery, Whitby, and The Visual Arts Centre of Clarington. Laura is an art instructor at The Oshawa Arts Resource Centre and The Visual Arts Centre of Clarington. Recent exhibits include; *The Last Taboo*, *Zoomer Show* - Exhibition Place, Toronto, *Fluid II* - Agnes Jamieson Gallery, Minden, *Deviant Detours* - Kunsthaus Gallery, San Miguel, Mexico, and The Self Portrait Book Project, Brooklyn Arthouse Library, New York. Upcoming exhibits include; *Women In...* IRIS Group, BluSeed Studio, Saranac Lake, New York and Artsweek, Peterborough Ontario. Laura is the recent first place, adult category winner of the Station Gallery's 40<sup>th</sup> Anniversary Show. She designed and created the stage set for the annual Fundraiser, *Dance For It*, Atlantis, Ontario Place, Toronto, 2008. A new installation will be featured at *Dance For It*, 2010.

Laura M. Hair



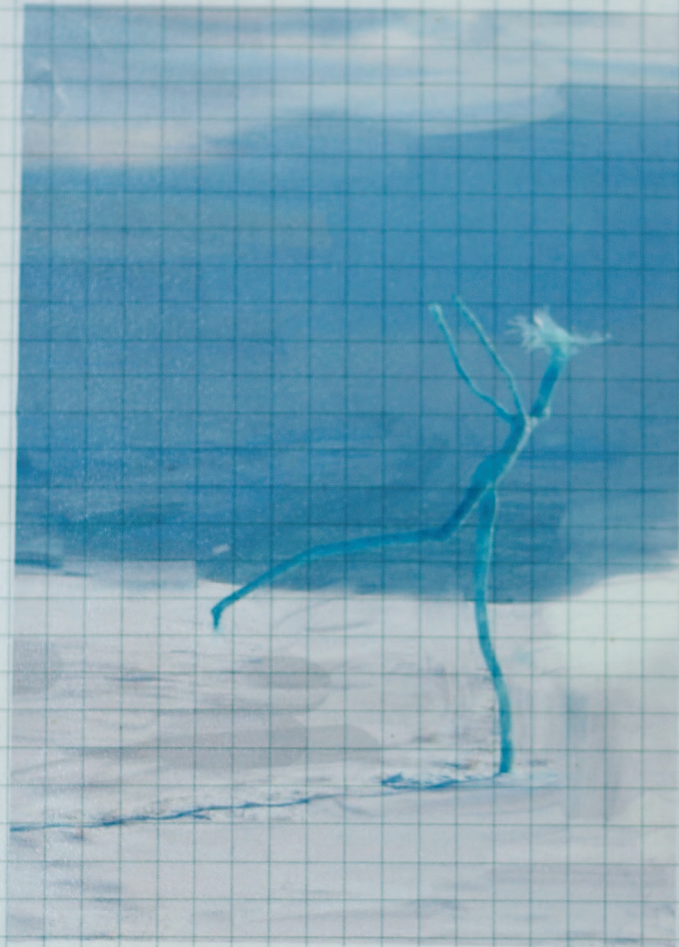
Only Partially



Of Becoming 1

### Sally Thurlow

Sally Thurlow is continuing work on a multi-media, landscape-inspired series of sculptures coming from a six week Artist in Residency program at Gros Morne National Park in Newfoundland. She exhibits in all the Iris Group shows and has continued to exhibit in small group shows since the 1990's. Next exhibitions are at Nexus Gallery in Orono, Ontario, and with the Iris Group at BluSeed, Saranac Lake, NY. Both are in June/July 2010. Her solo sculptural show, *Canoe Dreamings* finished two years touring six Ontario public galleries in 2008. Thurlow has given frequent guest artist talks and has often been a guest artist instructor at Trent University, Peterborough, Ont. She has been the recipient of many Ontario Arts Council Awards. Thurlow holds a BA with Honours majoring in studio art, from University of Toronto, with Cultural Studies and Environmental Science courses from Trent University and many courses from Ontario College of Art and Design. Before an earlier seven year career in fashion design and manufacturing, she received an Honours Diploma in Creative Fashion Design from George Brown College. She has work in private collections scattered across Canada.





### The IRIS Group

was formed in 1996 as a forum whose aim is to raise levels of access for women in the arts, to share ideas, offer mutual support, and develop projects that further the overall intentions of the group. Based in Durham Region, meetings and activities radiate from this location. Recently our membership has extended beyond the geographical area. In January 2006 IRIS became a member of CARFAC Ontario,

### Projects have included:

- IRIS invites BAWAA to Durham for studio visits (August 1996)
- Development of a mentoring program proposing to sponsor a female graduate in developing an exhibition
- Participation in IWD exhibitions at Niagara Falls Art Gallery (1996-97)

- Group exhibition at Durham Board of Education Centre (1998) including collaborative piece titled *copperquilt*
- *Memory and Nature: The IRIS Group at the Millennium* group exhibitions at RMG (Oshawa) and AGN (Cobourg)
- Workshops sharing skills among members
- **FREE ART** - bookmarks made from chopped paintings, labelled with Free Art stickers and distributed in area Libraries. FREE Art cash register tapes at A&P store (Wallace and Rodgers)
- Small works at Liisa's Velvet Elvis café. (2001)
- **Baghdad Museum** exhibition organized by the Iris Group for Iris and Friends. Its purpose was to create an expressive reconstruction of the artifacts that were looted or destroyed in Baghdad during the recent conflict and to raise money to contribute to humanitarian aid. Proceeds from sales revenue were shared between the artist and the Canadian Red Cross. Venues were VAC Clarington, Latcham Gallery Stouffville, and Propeller Centre in Toronto.
- **Women in ... IWD events 2005-2010** (Bowmanville, Oshawa, Edmonton, Saranac Lake NY, Minden)
- *Summer Projects* - outdoor projections of works by group members
- **FLUID** exhibition at Latcham Gallery, Stouffville, 2007.
- **FLUID 2** at Agnes Jamieson Gallery, Minden 2009
- IRIS joins Red Head Gallery as a collective within a collective 2007.
- *Deviant Detours* at Kunsthaus, Mexico 2009
- **EDGE** exhibition at Red Head March 2009
- **Brooklyn Art Library Art House Co-op "The Fiction Project"** 2010.

Pg 1-14 Storyline Janice Pettie  
Pg 15-24 Story line Holly McCabe  
Pg. 27-33 Story Line (NY Story) Margaret Rodgers  
Pg 35-42 Storyline L.M. Hair  
Pg 46-54 Storyline Sally Thurlow