



CATABASIS AND CONCATENATION:
ON THE THRESHOLD OF AN EDMONTON UNDERWORLD

By: Darcy Fraser Macdonald
Supervisors: Marilène Oliver and Dr. Yelena Gluzman

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TANYA AND DARCY WOULD LIKE TO
RESPECTFULLY ACKNOWLEDGE THE
GREAT PRIVILEGE IT IS TO LIVE
AND CREATE ON TREATY 6
TERRITORY, TRADITIONAL LANDS OF
FIRST NATIONS, MÉTIS AND INUIT
PEOPLE, WHOSE PRESENCE
CONTINUES TO ENRICH OUR
VIBRANT COMMUNITY AND WHOSE
STEWARDSHIP OF THE LAND WE
GREATLY ADMIRE

Macdonald_002 Land Acknowledgement for This Show is Trash, vinyl text on painted gallery wall
photo credit: Kaylin Schenk Photography

Cover Image: *SEMITA* Found Object, S14 Signage Bulb 'ceramic red' c 1920s - 1940s
photo credit: Kaylin Schenk Photography

Catabasis:

A journey to the underworld.¹

Concatenation:

A series of interconnected things or events.²

My MFA thesis exhibition, entitled *This Show is Trash*, had its genesis in the Fall of 2020 when I first began collecting historical trash objects from the North Saskatchewan river valley in what is colonially known as Edmonton, Alberta. In the first half of the 20th century, waste was deposited as fill in ravines, gullies and along the banks of the river up until the immediate post-war period (circa 1947) and has been locked away underground since. It is only now coming to light again as winter ice scours the banks and spring floods carry away the soil. The waste objects which are exposed are contemporaneous with the Edmonton of my paternal grandparents; it is their trash and the trash of the community around them. The dump can be seen as an alternative archive, where the materials therein were originally de-selected for their anti-importance, but now feel as though they have a mysterious and purposeful story to tell.

When I am down at the river mudlarking, there is a particular state which I enter into, a bit like a trance. It seems to be necessary, or at least beneficial, for finding the objects which have become important to my thesis work. At first, things look to be indistinguishable piles of rubble, often covered in a layer of greyish-brown silt and nothing in particular will stand out. Then slowly, as my mind calms and my eyes refocus, objects of interest will begin to show themselves. With only an old hiking backpack, some canvas buckets and a small trowel as tools I collect what speaks to me and make the laborious climb

1 “Katabasis.” In Wikipedia, November 8, 2024. <https://en.wikipedia.org/w/index.php?title=Katabasis&oldid=1256599336>.

2 “Concatenation,” November 8, 2024. <https://dictionary.cambridge.org/dictionary/english/concatenation>.

back up through the woods to the top of the riverbank. Once back at my studio with trash-treasures in tow I begin the next step of the process; carefully cleaning and studying the objects and materials which will become inspiration for, or components of, my artwork. The cleaning process is somewhat similar to the discovery process. Objects are carefully examined and their itinerant dirt is gently removed if possible. And often during this step new and exciting discoveries will be made too. Perhaps a bit of text, colour or pattern will emerge, or some identifying feature which points towards an object's original use. Once clean and dry, new acquisitions will join the collection where they can begin to interact with other pieces as part of the shifting assemblage space of the studio.

My thesis work centres on a selection of 8 of these discarded objects/materials retrieved from the Rat Creek dumpsite with the addition of two familial artifacts from the 1940s, one from each of my paternal grandparents. The latter two objects, much like the discarded elements from the dump, had been long abandoned in the family basement and not considered to have any particular value. As I began to investigate the historic dump objects and consider the older version of my city from the early 20th century, it became apparent how connected the two things were. There is a vast underworld of legacy waste normally hidden from view; the ancestors of our modern trash. Each bit of waste has a story to tell - of migration, of tragedy, of beauty. This long-buried, abandoned dumpsite is the unseen underworld of our city, the place where my grandparents' settler-colonial Edmonton has been interred. The riverbank acts as a threshold between the two worlds; that which belonged to them and that which belongs to us. I have chosen ten objects, to serve as seeds or starting points, to explore the complex legacies that previous generations have bequeathed to us, questioning how we might reconcile with these inheritances in a contemporary context. This exhibition is the evidence of my journey to the edge of the underworld. The seed objects which I have chosen have made a hero's anabasis - they have returned from the land of the dead.

Material Seeds

Seed II - SPOLIA - (material) - Mosaic

Seed III - CHARTA - (material) - Newspaper

Seed IV - SERPENS - (material) - Rubber (Tires)

Seed V - LVTVM - (material) - Red Clay Brick

Object Seeds

Seed I - SEDES - (object) - 'Carpe Diem' (see Appendix B, pg 11)

Seed VI - LVX - (object) - Vault Light (Sidewalk Prism)

Seed VII - SEMITA - (object) - Red Indicator Bulb

Seed VIII - CALIX - (object) - Egg Cup

Inheritance Seeds

Seed IX - VOX - (inheritance object) - The Record

Seed X - CODEX - (inheritance object) - The Trunk

Of the 10 seed elements, the 8 which were discovered at the dumpsite can be separated into two types. Singular objects which feel more or less unique and materials which survived because of their inability to break down or their general ubiquity (or both).

Material seeds tend to be found in reasonable abundance. Large amounts of rubber (IV) reflect the plastic waste problem we contend with in our current time; it had a relatively short lifespan as a product but incredible longevity as trash. Brick (V) is abundant in the dumpsite because many of the local buildings which were demolished postwar had been substantially constructed from it. Newspapers (III), which must have been huddling in a dry location underground, were ubiquitous in the 1940s and so

through sheer volume some have managed to endure almost 80 years in the wild. And porcelain mosaics (II), which are incredibly tough individually, were once set directly in concrete instead of mortar or glue, which kept them together in groups on fragments of concrete demolition debris.

Trash items which seem rare and special are object seeds. These are things that are either unique or unlikely to be encountered again. I have used them as elements which inform artworks by generating concepts instead of lending their physical shape (through moulding or casting) or being used as a material. There are four of these as well. A large fragment of concrete (almost 8" thick) with the inscription 'Carpe Diem' (I), an amethyst-coloured glass sidewalk prism (VI), a red indicator light bulb (VII) and a small, undamaged, egg cup (VIII).

Both inheritance objects from my paternal grandparents come from the same time period of World War II. A record (IX) of my grandfather Alan Fraser Macdonald's voice, etched into an aluminum and acetate disc in London, England at Levy's Sound Studio in 1943, and my grandmother's wardrobe trunk (X) with her initials MCM painted in red on the lid. This is the object that held all of her personal belongings while she was living at the Three Arts Club and acting in Broadway plays in New York City during the war.

There are temporal and material entanglements which pervade all of the works in the exhibition. Materially, much of the work is rooted in the 1940s or the early part of the 20th century. In addition to actual elements from the dump, whenever possible, I have used real vintage materials which have some connection to my grandparent's era (Dexion metal angle iron for the construction of all supporting structures, plexiglass for the creation of vitrines and mirrors, S14 shaped signage bulbs fitted into porcelain lamp holders are a few examples). Eras of time are mixed and entangled through narrative threads I have discovered, retold or carefully fabricated. Greco-Roman mythology is a common theme,

particularly the Underworld and the afterlife (Hades) of Greek mythology, the tale of the Minotaur, the Labyrinth and Ariadne's Thread and the story of the Gorgon Medusa. From the early 20th century I have taken inspiration from (and liberties with) the work of Marcel Duchamp and Raymond Roussel. Family stories from the 1940s, both real and imagined, are sometimes paired with the artworks. The show also exists in the world of now. Contemporary tools, materials and techniques have been used in its creation; lasers have cut and engraved vintage materials, light emitting diodes illuminate the antique-shaped bulbs, and the complex algorithms of cutting edge software have been used to separate my grandfather's voice from the static scratches of 80 years of neglect.

In FAB gallery, viewers encounter seed elements among and between large and small works of art. First, in the space nearest the gallery entrance, an array of found objects and intimately scaled artworks fill two long, low vitrines. These two assemblages encourage slow detailed observation and gently mimic the process of discovery that I feel when I am at the river. As the viewer adjusts to a slower rate of observation, necessitated by many tiny details, they become primed to recognise the recurrent materials and themes which bind all of the elements in the exhibition. At the far end of the vitrine displays sits the *Carpe Diem (I)* concrete fragment on its own plinth.

At the base of a long ramp that leads to the windowed front room of the gallery is a large artwork consisting of a 40" diameter vanity or dressing room mirror set in a decorative frame depicting entwined snakes interlaced with a Greek meander pattern, hand-pyrographed onto panels of early 20th century masonite (hardboard). 18 smoked and mirrored S14-shaped bulbs set in porcelain sockets are situated around the top and sides of the frame, recalling the lighting which surrounds a mirror for applying makeup backstage in a theatre. The mirror itself (cut from thick plexiglass) has been meticulously backpainted to closely resemble antique mirror glass or etched, engraved metal. It depicts a featureless gorgon head with its classic mass of tangled snakes for hair. Shredded rubber (II) tires from the Rat

Creek landfill ominously sneak out from behind and around the edges to travel up onto the wall and across the floor like snakes.

This artwork, entitled *Face the Gorgon*, combines parallel, factual narratives about my grandmothers' experiences relating to expressions of beauty in the early 1940s (see Appendix C, pg 14) with the myth of Medusa. In Ancient Greek mythology, Medusa was a fearsome monster; always depicted as repulsive. In Roman poet Ovid's retelling, she was once an attractive, innocent human, unjustly punished by Athena for crimes perpetrated by Poseidon. In Roman works of art Medusa is thereafter depicted as beautiful beneath her hair of snakes.

Face the Gorgon invites viewers to sit on a folding stool and provide their own likeness within the outline of my maternal grandmother Annette's face, to reflect upon the way in which we and our ancestors have been affected by the political and environmental crimes of the global elite (who act as if they are gods).

In the centre of another room in the gallery laid out to invoke part of the looping path of a labyrinth, is *Theatre Labyrinthe Threshold*, a 6' by 9' mosaic (II) threshold, propped upon a heavy A-frame. Each of the approximately 9800 tiles in the *Theatre Labyrinthe Threshold* was either hand-cast in coloured plaster using molds created from sixteen original dumpsite tiles or carefully cut from salvaged brick (V), with a few original bits of other salvaged tile interspersed. Some of the border tiles as well as the tiles making up the word 'Theatre' have also been appended with carefully applied fragments of newspaper (III) from Rat Creek, featuring advertisements, theatre listings and radio programme schedules from the era (summer, 1947).

In the early 20th century it was common for commercial buildings to feature an (often intricate) entry

mosaic. These thresholds made from mass-produced, unglazed, coloured porcelain tiles, regularly spelled out the name of the store or building, the address, or its purpose (such as ‘pharmacy’). Geometric patterns in contrasting colours; interlacing borders and the Greek meander all made regular appearances. The city of my paternal grandparents featured many of these entry mosaics which they would have stepped across in their day-to-day lives. The *Theatre Labyrinthe Threshold* is both an imagined entry mosaic from the Underworld and a representation of the riverbank with all its myriad fragments. This threshold cannot be crossed but through it viewers can catch a striking glimpse of the world of ancestral waste that has captivated me.

On the tall back wall of the room containing the *Theatre Labyrinthe Threshold* hangs *The Drop*, a 12’ by 12’ canvas theatrical backdrop, drawn and painted all in shades of purple, with an image of the North Saskatchewan river at the location of the Rat Creek dumpsite. *The Drop* was inspired by the amethyst-coloured glass vault light (VI), also known as a sidewalk prism. Sidewalk prisms were once embedded in the pavement to cast daylight into the subterranean levels of commercial buildings; lighting the underworld of my grandparent’s city. Manganese dioxide was included in the glass to make it transparent, but over time, exposure to ultraviolet rays made this type of glass turn increasingly purple. Because of the deep, rich colour of this particular prism, we know it spent many years channelling the daylight of the early 20th century before it was buried in the darkness of the landfill.

Upstairs in FAB gallery is a room painted all in black. This is the space of my grandparents and holds two artworks created from painstakingly deconstructing and reconstructing their inheritance objects IX and X. At the entrance hangs a double-sided sign, *Pathfinder*, in the shape of a large arrow. On the front is the word Minotaure, surrounded and brightly illuminated by a series of clear S14-shaped light bulbs. On the reverse, functioning like an exit sign, are the words ‘way out’ painted to resemble a thin red thread and illuminated by a single, dim red bulb (VII) as a reference to Ariadne’s Thread (the pathway

through a labyrinth).

In *AFM Radio*, my grandfather's voice (IX) (see Appendix D, pg 15) emanates from two small, red speakers in the space; he is addressing his parents and aunt at home here in Edmonton, Canada from London, England, where he is stationed at that time. He reflects on how he likes to envision the normal day-to-day life of Edmonton, at least insofar as wartime conditions permit. He mentions his brother Bruce who is with him in London and he also mentions having sent a different record to his wife Mickey in New York. As the highly emotive recording progresses the voice begins to gradually fade as it is replaced by the static sound of the damage and scratches, until there are but tiny traces of speech left hidden in the noise.

In the centre of the grandparent's room stands my grandmother's large black wardrobe trunk (X) (see Appendix E, pg 22), upright on a low plinth and open but facing away from the viewer. During my thesis research, quite by chance, I found a closely matching, second wardrobe trunk which has now been heavily modified and arranged with my grandmother's original trunk to create a theatre in miniature, titled *MCM Theatre*. Part of the body-double / understudy / donor trunk has been used to create a lighted, vertical marquee sign with the word 'Theatre' on one side and the word 'Labyrinthe' on the other. Beneath the sign, the top surface of the second trunk forms a canopy similar to what would be found over the entrance to an early 20th century theatre. A 12" diameter opening - the size of the record of my grandfather's voice (IX) - has been cut in the side of the trunk to provide a view of the stage area inside. Wooden clothes hangers complete the shape of the proscenium, and the drawers have been carefully modified and reoriented to form box seats along one side of the interior; their tiny handles disassembled and rearranged to look like bull's horns atop the escutcheons. Moving around the trunk the viewer encounters another vantage point to the interior, through deep blue velvet curtains which drape from a wooden hanger like an article of clothing. From here it is as if you are in one of the box seats,

perhaps awaiting a performance, in a long abandoned theatre. Light emanates from beneath the floor, indicating the presence of an underworld below.

What is investigated in my thesis exhibition is the intimate and often uneasy relationship we have with waste and heritage. By deconstructing, reconstructing, reclaiming, repurposing and reinterpreting these survivor materials, my work prompts a reconsideration of what it means to inherit not just heirlooms but also the refuse and residues of previous generations. How do we honour our ancestors and at the same time deal with what they have left behind? *This Show is Trash* invites viewers to reflect on both the physical and intangible legacies which endure, lodged within our landscape and embedded in our past.

Appendix A: Untitled

“... the writer must not destroy by human reasonings the faith that art requires of us.”

from Borges, Labyrinths, Preface x

Appendix B: Object Seed I (Sedes)

Carpe Diem. Words! Shimmering there just beneath the surface of the gently rippling river, illuminated by the low angle of the Northern setting sun. Surprising and exhilarating. In a language not my own, and neither the native tongue of the person who incised it here, in this now ancient fragment.

Carpe Diem. Scrawled over a century ago in the still-wet concrete of a slab very nearly eight inches thick, as if to all but ensure that this message would survive. Survive the perhaps inevitable destruction of its original situation; the transiency of our modern built world, so that it could end up here, part of the waste and rubble fill spilling from the banks of a once pristine river.

Carpe Diem. Likely the most recognized Latin aphorism in our day. Taken from Book 1 of Horace's Odes, written over 2000 years ago, it has endured, much like this heavy fragment of concrete upon which it is inscribed. A very Roman suggestion in its common translation, a directive: be bold and take!

“Ask not (‘tis forbidden knowledge), what our destined term of years,
Mine and yours; nor scan the tables of your Babylonish seers.”

Horace - Odes - Book I - XI

And yet, we are unable to capture our days; they slip ceaselessly through our grasp, one by one, some more memorable than others. But on that day, at 4:04 pm on November 1st, 2020 something of this encounter stuck, holding and capturing my entire attention just like the phrase which had been frozen in long-solidified cement. Here was an undeniable, concrete connection between a feeling I've often had, the sense of being in the right place at the right moment, and the physicality of the real world around me. A large fragment that somehow bridges the gap between this world and a mysterious 'other'. A threshold between the definable and the arcane.

I was immediately reminded of Raymond Roussel's *Locus Solus*, where the setting sun briefly illuminates the word 'NOW' in wisps of cloud for the princess Hello. By this mysterious sign, she, and she alone, knows the time has come for her to solve the mystery of the missing lode, possession of which will allow her to reclaim her royal birthright. The material is different, for clouds and concrete couldn't be farther apart, but the message seems one and the same. *Carpe Diem. Now.*

Could this legacy of trash here along the banks of the North Saskatchewan river near long buried and forgotten Rat Creek somehow be my birthright? This is the trash of my paternal grandparents and their community, last laid down almost 80 years ago; a tangible fragment of their world secreted away underground. These objects seem to speak to me from beyond the grave, wishing to impart their secrets to a sympathetic ear before they are washed away or reinterred by the waters.

“Better far to bear the future, my Leuconoe, like the past,
Whether Jove has many winters yet to give, or this our last;”

Horace - Odes - Book I - XI

It snowed shortly after that first encounter and though I visited the river dump many times the following season and always looked, I did not see the fragment for another 359 days. Until, on the 26th of October, 2021 at 5:40pm, with the sun at a similar angle in the western sky, there it was. *Carpe Diem. Now.*

Carpe Petram! Seize the Rock!

And so it was that I became determined to lay claim to my touchstone, in a very Roman way, and bring it forward as irrefutable proof of the power these once lost objects hold over my artistic practice. How they inform and guide me on my way. The power they have to seed both my mind and my work.

“This, that makes the Tyrrhene billows spend their strength against the shore.

Strain your wine and prove your wisdom; life is short; should hope be more?”

Horace - Odes - Book I - XI

When we render something concrete it is to say that we make the amorphous tangible, somehow permanent. An initially malleable conglomeration of aggregate and binder joined together in a (chemical) reaction. Perhaps we do the selfsame with our ideas and our prejudices, but hopefully also with our love and our care. A secret, from the very age of Horace, which only very recently came to light after being lost for over a thousand years is that Roman concrete was mixed hot, and in so doing larger pieces of lime were preserved within. These fragments retained the power to reactivate, combine with water and heal cracks that form over time. The Pantheon still stands as a result of its ability to self-heal, those tiny fragments, shards within the whole, stealthily reactivating and bridging the gaps.

“In the moment of our talking, envious time has ebb’d away.

Seize the present; trust tomorrow e’en as little as you may.”

Horace - Odes - Book I - XI

“... the long clouds lying on the horizon began to blaze with a magnificent red lustre from the sun that had just set. Stopping to admire the enchanted evening, Hello noticed that certain slender wisps of cloud were curving strangely under the influence of the breeze until, in vague letters, they formed the word: NOW”

Raymond Roussel - Locus Solus

Appendix C: Two Faces

At the height of World War II, while waste rubber was being saved and stockpiled for the war effort, my paternal grandmother, Marguerite 'Mickey' Clifton Macdonald was applying her makeup for the Broadway stage in New York City. Her beauty was certainly noteworthy and her natural red hair was a standout feature. She had travelled to New York from the Canadian prairies to make her mark.

At that same time, Annette Katherine Schneider, my maternal grandmother, an ethnic German from what is now the country of Moldova, was a refugee in Poland. She had been forced to walk from her home village to Poland, along with the other women, the children and the elderly, a distance of approximately 1000 kilometres. At the time she was pregnant and with a small toddler (my uncle) in tow. She miscarried along the way. As a refugee in Poland she applied makeup for a very different purpose. Whenever she left the farm she would make sure to black out a tooth or two, make herself look dirty and dishevelled, and leer seductively at any soldiers she might encounter along the way; to turn them off and hopefully protect herself from assault.

Appendix D: AFM Radio - Part One

It was Wednesday, April 14, 1913 and Theresa Fraser was comfortably propped up in her brass three-quarter bed with a few (rather stiff) needlepoint pillows at her back to ease the mild discomfort she was feeling. The baby was kicking her again (always in the same rib!). She was fairly certain it was a boy and she thought he'd be tall, he felt long and perhaps he was cramped in there already. She was reading a very unusual book, in French, which had arrived on her doorstep as a gift sent all the way from Paris by her childhood friend Birdie who was doing a little avant-garde tour of Europe and had managed to meet some very interesting characters indeed. Birdie had said in her note that the book wasn't even officially published yet but that she had managed to sneak a pre-publication copy from the author himself when she told him of her dear friend, pregnant and bored in the wild Canadian North - and that it ought to keep Theresa busy for a while. That last part had been an understatement! They had a fun little rivalry which had been going on since they were young to see who could outdo the other with their knowledge of happenings in art, literature and the avant-garde in general. Birdie had clearly won, but did her best to share her fantastic discoveries with her dear friend; she had even used the French version of her name, Thérèse, on the inner cover, such a lovely touch!

Theresa had been delighted, although her French really wasn't the best and she frequently had to consult the rather large French-English dictionary which she'd managed to wrangle, cumbersome as it was, onto a wooden music stand close by the bedside where she could reach it, unfortunately still with some effort. She read aloud in her halting French, trying to maintain a sensible rhythm through the exceedingly complex descriptions. She felt very much an explorer, unlocking unheard of mysteries, and hoped that she was somehow translating, not just the French but also some of the magic of the tale, and imparting it to this little life which she knew could hear the happenings around them even if he could not yet see. She had also made sure to sing, read poetry, sit fairly close to the gramophone and stand outside the kitchen door early in the morning (for the birdsong), all on a very regular schedule. That's why she was reading

aloud anyway, and it made it somehow make more sense even if the tale itself was nonsensical. Besides, she was alone in the house as usual. JK was off on one of his trips and it was just her and Pat (the dog), who already loved this baby more than her. She had let Pat up on the bed just now even though it spoiled him. Usually he would be patrolling the neighbourhood to ensure a complete lack of mischief, but ever since she had become pregnant he rarely left her side. It really was very sweet, she was certain he would take excellent care of the baby too.

As she began to nod off, Pat already snoring softly against her side, she was immersed in a vivid dream. A voice came to her from across a vast ocean, above which the air was populated by strange flying machines, and she knew at once that it was the grown-up voice of the little person she had been reading to but moments before. She felt a huge gulf of time and distance between them and she couldn't quite make out the words. As the voice slowly faded away, washed out by the sound of wind and surf, Theresa drifted off into a deeper, peaceful sleep, the strange book still open upon her belly.

Appendix D: AFM Radio - Part Two

“The grey disc, obeying the pressure of its rod, which was set in motion by the supplementary mechanism of the chronometer at the bottom of the bar, had descended again and just pressed itself against the blue one; and the root which had previously served as the apparatus’ target, was now adhering beneath it, lifted a moment before by the sudden magnetization.”

Raymond Roussel - Locus Solus

The seed object: A circular disc of aluminium, exactly 12 inches in diameter and 1/16th of an inch in thickness, with a 7/32” hole in the centre (to be used as a pivot for constrained revolution). On one side a layer of lacquer has been applied, over some interlayer, which gives a darker colour, such that it appears almost black. The acetate has been carefully engraved by a sharp stylus of some sort, this engraving having produced a very fine spiralling line which travels continuously around the surface, decreasing by minute degrees towards the central pivot point of the disc. This very slightly irregular, spiralling depression begins after a more or less smooth run in of 5/16ths of an inch at the outer edge and ends with a 13/16ths of an inch run out, these areas feature a tight series of gentle ridges imparted to the lacquer. Over the many years since its creation, some damage has occurred, doubtless the result of neglect and improper care and storage, resulting in a varied array of scuffs and scratches which now interrupt our carefully laid out line, and travel unabashedly across it in a predominantly perpendicular fashion.

The reverse side also features a layer of lacquer, though perhaps substantially thinner, or at least without a darker inter-layer, such that the aluminium substrate can be clearly seen through it. The aluminium is in a relatively pristine condition owing to the excellent durability of the metal and exhibits just the delicate rings of its initial manufacture, a process whereby it was likely spun and drawn out mechanically to achieve an even thickness. The colouration of the metal is somewhat darker in

appearance when compared to more modern items of aluminium, closer, in fact, to the tone of lightly blued steel, and would easily fool most about its composition due to the aforementioned appearance and its considerable heft, were it not made apparent by its non-magnetic nature. This side also makes apparent an additional hole, very slightly smaller than the central pivot, located at a distance from the centre and hidden on the obverse by the affixed label. In the small area between and surrounding these two openings through the material, the applied layer of lacquer is noticeably stained (beneath) and delaminating to a high degree.

On the upper surface, surrounding the central pivot, is attached a pale mustard-coloured label with black printing and a written note in an elegant hand. The label has several small areas of damage, none of which impinge upon the text. At the label's top, in simple block lettering, are the words "RECORDED BY" and opposite them at the bottom of the tag, "73 NEW BOND STREET, LONDON W.I. MAY. 8521-2". These two textual elements surround and stand outside of a simple circular line which contains an area of further text and some graphical elements which I shall heretofore describe.

The top quarter of the inner circle features a symbol resembling a gear, set in a supporting base, its outer edge toothed with many small triangular serrations, while its inner region contains twelve circular dots, which have the effect of holes or openings, these surrounded by a singular ring of highlight. Two of the dots, if they were to exist, are obscured by an oblong, horizontally placed, lozenge emblazoned with the word "ORIOLE" in bold block lettering with the addition of one small dot or 'hole' on either opposing end. The gear-shape itself is flanked by 8 radiating lightning bolts, 2 above and 2 below the "ORIOLE" text, both left and right symmetrically. To the lower left, between the lower two bolts (but oriented horizontally, not on a line radiating from the centre) stands the word "SOUND" in small block lettering, and equivalently on the right, the word "SYSTEM". Beneath the entire composition, in the smallest sized text to be found on the label, are the words "TRADE MARK", spaced quite far apart so that the primary "T" and the trailing "K" stand equally distant from the centre line and the two lowest lightning

bolts.

Beneath this graphic device are two horizontal bands travelling between, and of the same thickness as, the circular band enclosing the label's centre, and between them, in bold block lettering of the largest size to be found on the printed portion of the label, the words "LEVY'S SOUND STUDIOS LTD."

Beneath this moniker, on the left side and on a line just above the central pivot, is the underlined word "DURATION", and on the opposite side, with no underline and followed by a series of 23 minute dots in a row, the word "DATE" in all capital letters. Below this, and also on the right hand side and nearly at the horizontal centreline of the label, the abbreviation "No." followed by 27 minute dots in a similar fashion. Exactly opposite this, and in line with it horizontally, a further 30 minute dots form a line on the left, below the aforementioned "DURATION".

Below these, and constituting the full bottom half of the portion of the label within the enclosing circular line, are 230 additional minute dots arranged in three rows of 89, 78 and 63 dots respectively, ostensibly spaced to form room in which to write. Upon the first two bands, hand-written and neatly legible:

"Record of Alan's Voice / 43", while the last band remains unused aside from the rather elongated lower edge of the backslash and the very base of the number 4 intruding into its domain.

Appendix D: AFM Radio - Part Three - Transcript

Hello, mother and dad and auntie. Here I am again in the big city. And today, on this recording, you'll know I made another for Mickey a month and a half ago, on this recording, Bruce is sitting here in the studio with me. Bruce, who, as you know from his cable, will be going home before so very long to see you all again, but I thought you might like to have a record from me come back with Bruce when he returns.

It's rather odd. It's almost 2 years now since I left England to return and spend a few months back in Canada and a few very, very happy days in Edmonton with you, and dad, and all our friends. The years have been pretty good to us in the Macdonald clan I think haven't they? And here is Bruce going back, going back to you, all love to him, going back to see Lois.

He tells me he isn't excited. Not yet. But I know just how excited he's going to be before very long over the prospect of getting back on Canadian soil for a few months before we crack into whatever part we may be going to play in this war. The letters you send me, and they're all coming through very regularly, particularly the armed forces air letters, tell me of an Edmonton that's booming, and very fortunately, tell me of a home life that is not too unlike the normal home life that we knew and loved for so many years. I like to think of you both safe at home, not worrying too much about us here, for heaven knows we couldn't be leading a life of more peace and quiet. It may sound almost a paradox in war, but it's definitely the sort of life we are leading. I even managed to get in a game of golf just the other day with a few of the buddies in the mess. And in the evenings around the mess, things aren't too unlike what they were in Canada before the war. I do miss seeing dad in his chair. I do miss being able to see Buddy or rather, should I say, "here Buddy!" As he scratches and yaps at the back door.

I like to think of Lorna being back in Toronto. We all like to think of, those of us who are over here, of home, and we like to think of a home as normal as wartime conditions permit it to be. Bruce is on one of his usual buying sprees. You know Bruce, his money always burns his pocket. So he'll be coming back to you just as fine a figure of a soldier as he was for ... in Edmonton, back in 1940, wasn't it?

Just before I got home The weather here in this country right now leaves absolutely nothing to be desired, and I'm only hoping that when the time comes for junior to push off, he'll be able to come back to you in the same sort of weather. He's bringing with you my love, my greetings. Please pass them on to all those whom I can't mention in this little record. And when - they've just given me the signal now that my 4 minutes is nearly up.

I want you to know that I send you all my love and hope that it won't be so very long before I'm back with you as Bruce will soon be. We'll start where we left off in 1939 and 40. Goodbye, mother and dad. Good luck, and all my love.

Appendix E: MCM Theatre

“There is always a deformation, a distortion of [our understanding of the past] in souvenirs, and even, you know, when you tell a story about that, you, in spite of yourself, change the story as you saw it, because you have not an exact memory or you want to twist it anyway for the fun of it.”

Duchamp in Notes from the Large Glass

Friday, October 20, 1944. The weather in New York City is cool and damp. It had rained for most of the day, nearly an inch, but had stopped an hour or so ago. As evening falls, Marcel Duchamp leaves his studio at 210 West 14th Street and steps out into the foggy air for the short walk down to 7th avenue where he hails one of those odd red and yellow taxis; a Checker Model A, with their deeply forward-cut front fenders recalling the shark mouths then being painted on warplanes and their deco-dagger headlight surrounds looking as though they intended to pierce the very veil of night. The lenses were covered with black tape to reduce the light, heightening the piercing effect, and the small slit left made them resemble snake eyes coming towards him through the gloom. He stood frozen for a brief moment as if turned to stone before his attention was drawn to the mosaic-like black and white checker pattern following the car's beltline, reminding him of a series of chess moves he would soon need to jot down. He had been working on his pocket chess set lately and had an idea just then for magnetic pieces so he could play right on the door of the cab, sending it back and forth between himself and his opponent uptown. Or perhaps the whole city was a board and the cabs could be the pieces. Never enough time for all the ideas! Its tires were a bit bald for such a new car (wartime rubber rationing, he supposed) and left a distinct meander pattern as they rolled, wet, over the Times lying half in the gutter and half on the curb. Climbing into the rear mohair interior which was already looking worn despite its newness, and leaning forward so the driver could hear him over the din of a passing group of rowdy sailors, he said

softly “National Theatre” before settling in with a sigh. He will see her again soon, that bewitching red-haired Canadian Beauty.

He had first encountered her one hot summer afternoon in Central Park, where she was modelling sumptuous furs in the scorching heat. Looking like a delectable human version of Méret’s “Déjeuner en fourrure” But with those incredible legs. Méret should have left the handle of her spoon uncovered, he had thought just then. That would’ve been so seductive. And the hair! A most perfect shade, like red clay brick fired at just the right temperature. He couldn’t know it, but her hair colour was indeed an exact match to the tone of the soft local brick of her hometown in the distant Northwest. He was hooked in that moment, and inquired with the photographer later, after she had gone, pretending to be a talent scout, and was excited to learn that the Beauty could be further found in the theatre. A Broadway actress then! So talent as well as looks.

And so he had been attending her performances almost every night, whenever possible, such that the ticket girl at the box office was familiar with him, and studying the slight nuances and changes in her movement and delivery. The way the lighting played up the hair (the playbill says it’s for real), the Thursday evening when her costume featured different stockings, the mishap with the drop where it had begun to hang crooked creating the effect of a labyrinth towards the top... He knew she was living at the Three Arts Club on the Upper West Side, and longed to speak to her, to hear her powerful but musical voice address him alone, but he didn’t wish to disturb her. Besides, the illusions and subtleties he could observe this way were so captivating in themselves. He was bewitched, and didn’t wish the spell to be broken.

That evening after a particularly successful sold-out show, Duchamp quietly slipped through the deep blue velvet curtain at the side of the stage, the space behind which was illuminated by a dim, red

indicator bulb softly lighting the words 'way out'. This way went through the back part of the theatre towards the street. As he hurried past the door to the green room he heard a male voice say "Hello Mickey dear..." but did not stop to linger, assuming it was an actual person addressing the Beauty to congratulate her on another successful performance in the leading role as Christabel in *Men To The Sea*. He did not want to be discovered where he wasn't supposed to be, and his intention was not to eavesdrop anyway, just to have a moment outside so he could watch as she left. He, of course, did not know that she had brought along the record sent to her from overseas, as she often had, so as to listen to it on the phonograph at the theatre, since the one at the Three Arts Club required a new needle.

Several minutes later, as the Beauty and several of the cast left the theatre Duchamp was settled in his customary spot in a rather filthy doorway some distance away, leaning casually against the brick he had signed 'R. Mutt' as a little joke because the space stank of urine.

The group headed out onto 41st Street towards 7th Avenue and up to Times Square where there was a large Automat that they frequented after shows. Duchamp was in no hurry to move as he knew from experience that this was their likely destination. When he did follow, walking up 7th a good block behind, for a few moments he was completely alone on that side of the street, his person and a bit of steam (strangely resembling the word 'NOW'), illuminated by a pale purplish light coming up from below, as the sidewalk prisms projected softly back into the city almost as if they had stored some of the day's weak light for later use.

As he approached the Automat he could see her group seated at one of the many tables, so, after pouring a cup of coffee from the dolphin dispenser (so like a Roman fountain), he casually took up a seat in the corner, near the large plate glass window where he had a clear line of sight of her elegant profile but could also look out into the bustling square. He sat there, alone, mostly pretending to read the paper

and drinking the rather good coffee that seemed to be distinct to Horn & Hardart, just to be near her - certainly nearer now than he'd ever dared in the theatre. While she laughed at the jokes her castmates were making, revelling in the energy of the night, he noticed that a few small square tiles near the base of the table had become dislodged by the toe of her Spectator style of shoe. She absently toyed with them while she ate her slice of cherry pie, without looking. The floor was an intricately patterned mosaic of three-quarter inch squares in green, white, deep purple, chalk blue and brick red (so like the hair!).

Several minutes after the group left, Duchamp rose, newspaper now neatly folded under his arm, and walked over to the bank of little doors marked 'pies'. The price was four nickels for the cherry pie he had been eyeing, wanting to experience the same flavours she had, but the last of his nickels kept popping back out into the little slot marked 'coin return' and the door wouldn't open. He thought to himself, switching the coin for another, that the words had some potential to make a little wordplay, but he wasn't quite determined yet what that might be. This time the nickel made an entirely different journey and the door opened. Taking his pie on the robust white plate with black lines and script, he saw that it (rather oddly) said "King Edward Hotel, Edmonton" which was entirely out of the ordinary for an Automat in New York, and wondered how the devil it got there. Some sort of shipping mishap from the factory perhaps? Were there Automat plates at the King Eddy? He had noticed that objects were always travelling about as if they had entirely a determination of their own, and he suspected two plates had pulled a switcheroo, like the Prince and the Pauper, or in this case the King and the Automat(on).

Instead of returning to his original seat by the window, he went to sit where she had so recently been, gently pushing her dishes to the left so he could set down his uncharacteristic plate and classic pie. In so doing he deftly knocked her fork onto the floor with a musical clang that was almost entirely lost in the din of the room; noises and voices echoing off the tiled floors, the black and pale yellow vitrolite of the walls, and all those glass and nickel-plated cubbies filled with every dish and dessert. At the same

instant, the cufflink on his shirtsleeve, in the form of a tiny bull's head, managed to catch a long strand of her red hair which had been clinging to the edge of the table unnoticed. The hair wound about the bull's horns, forming a pattern not unlike Ariadne's thread against the white of his cuff; something he would not discover until later as he changed for bed. As he retrieved the fork he had so artfully dropped, under cover of his oxblood coloured handkerchief, he also liberated the four loose tiles, one of each colour except blue, and slipped them all into his pocket. Decades later they would reside distant from their kin, in a dump on the rocky riverbank of the Hudson, having been lost when the wall of Duchamp's studio was demolished in the 1970s. He had placed them, along with the fork, the hair and a note, atop a doorframe there, secretly hoping that someone would discover them in situ and try to unravel the mystery. Duchamp was, in fact, always making these secret arrangements with objects and spaces. It is perhaps somewhat tragic how few of them ever came to light.

“After more than a hundred years, the details are irretrievable; but it is not hard to conjecture what happened. ...everyone imagined two works; to no one did it occur that the book and the maze were one and the same thing.”

Borges - Labyrinths - The Garden of Forking Paths

Appendix F: An Epilogue

Ariadne awoke on the riverbank in the early dawn light. Had she been asleep? It was cool and dim, with a soft fog across the water, obscuring any evidence of an opposite side. All was quiet save for the gentle sound of the cold water lapping ever so slightly against the myriad of debris of which the bank was made; fragments of long-demolished structures mired in the soft, sticky mud. It could have been a very uncomfortable place to lay but she found herself atop a small patch of sand, silt and tiny fragments of porcelain, curled about a large chunk of pale ivory-yellow architectural terracotta almost as if she had been clinging to its elegant fluted capital in a forgotten cataclysm or earthquake. It lay upside down, revealing a hollow interior, its jagged break to the purple-grey table of fog which formed a datum at around six feet up - hiding everything beyond. Her head was resting on her arm, and in her right hand was a ball of bright red thread, partly unravelled and trailing into an eddy of current which playfully toyed with it, spiralling it first one way and then the other, its end just visible at the centre of the small pool.

She had almost no recollection of the voyage which had ferried her to this strange place. It had certainly been across the water and her hair and cloak were still very damp so she must have been recently wet. Perhaps the boat had capsized or run aground, tossing her out. A flooding recollection suddenly washed over her and the loss felt overwhelming. She could picture her brother's great horns and the deep colour of his oxblood, much darker than the red string in her hand. It was all her fault of course. But she knew she had been tricked. The beautiful boy had promised only to rescue his friends from that dread maze, and yet when she had peered through the Daedalian latticed floor of her dancing space upon the horror beneath she knew instantly what a mistake it had been to trust the foreigner she thought was her friend. He had burst in shortly after, scooping her up in his arms (she hadn't the strength to offer even the slightest protestation), while his comrades collected her large wardrobe trunk which she had so carefully packed that very morning. It now lay on the riverbank a short distance away, though she had not yet

lifted her head to see, its contents spilling out where it had come open. It was a generations-old thing which she had inherited, its deep lustrous black surface bearing the scars of many voyages. Dozens of long, thin garter snakes had left the safety of their nearby hibernaculum in order to investigate its richly detailed blue interior, and some seemed to be entranced by their own reflections in the ebony-backed mirror which had been cast from its place in the trunk's topmost compartment.

Though her head seemed to be swimming, Ariadne made an effort to lift herself to a sitting position so she could survey her surroundings. The light was becoming increasingly purple-hued and the fog all around was tinged with violet. She couldn't see very far but coming towards her through the stygian gloom was a large, wet, shaggy black dog. It stopped to shake itself and, though it was probably only momentary, the action seemed to proceed in slow motion; Ariadne perceived not one but three great heads on the large beast as its snake-like fur coiled about, droplets flying in all directions. Thoroughly shaken, the dog trotted right to her and sat down at her side. Pleased to have some company in an unfamiliar world, Ariadne re-wound her ball of red thread, and after catching her new companion's eye, threw it as far as she could.

"Smooth out the lines on my face in the mirror

And think about where I'm gonna go

Put on my red lipstick like a hero

And swallow the fear down my throat

...

I can't believe that you'd rather be on your own

But you kept me waiting, now I'm never, ever going home

Never going home"

Lyrics - Never Going Home by Maggie Rogers



Macdonald_003 *SEMITA* Found Object, S14 Signage Bulb 'ceramic red' c 1920s - 1940s. (post condition)
photo credit: Kaylin Schenk Photography

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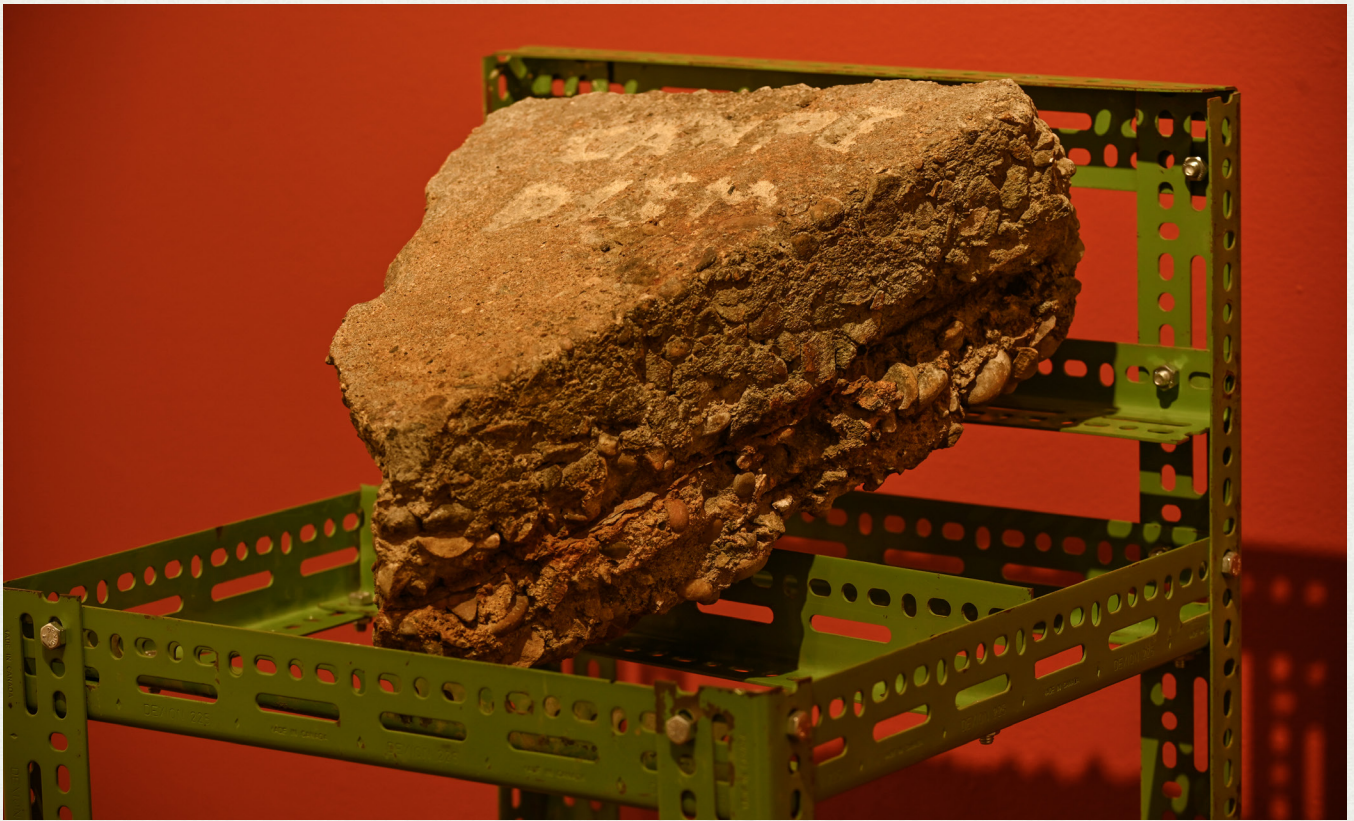
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OUR TRASH IS A SKILFUL MIGRANT
AND COLONIST
WITH A MOST POWERFUL PASSPORT
IT CROSSES BORDERS AND BOUNDARIES WITH IMPUNITY
ASSOCIATING WITH WHATEVER AND WHOMEVER IT LIKES
WITH OR WITHOUT CONSENT
INCLUDING, BUT NOT LIMITED TO, ALL LIVING SPECIES
IT INFILTRATES US AND THEM AND EACH OTHER
LAND, SEA, SKY AND SPACE

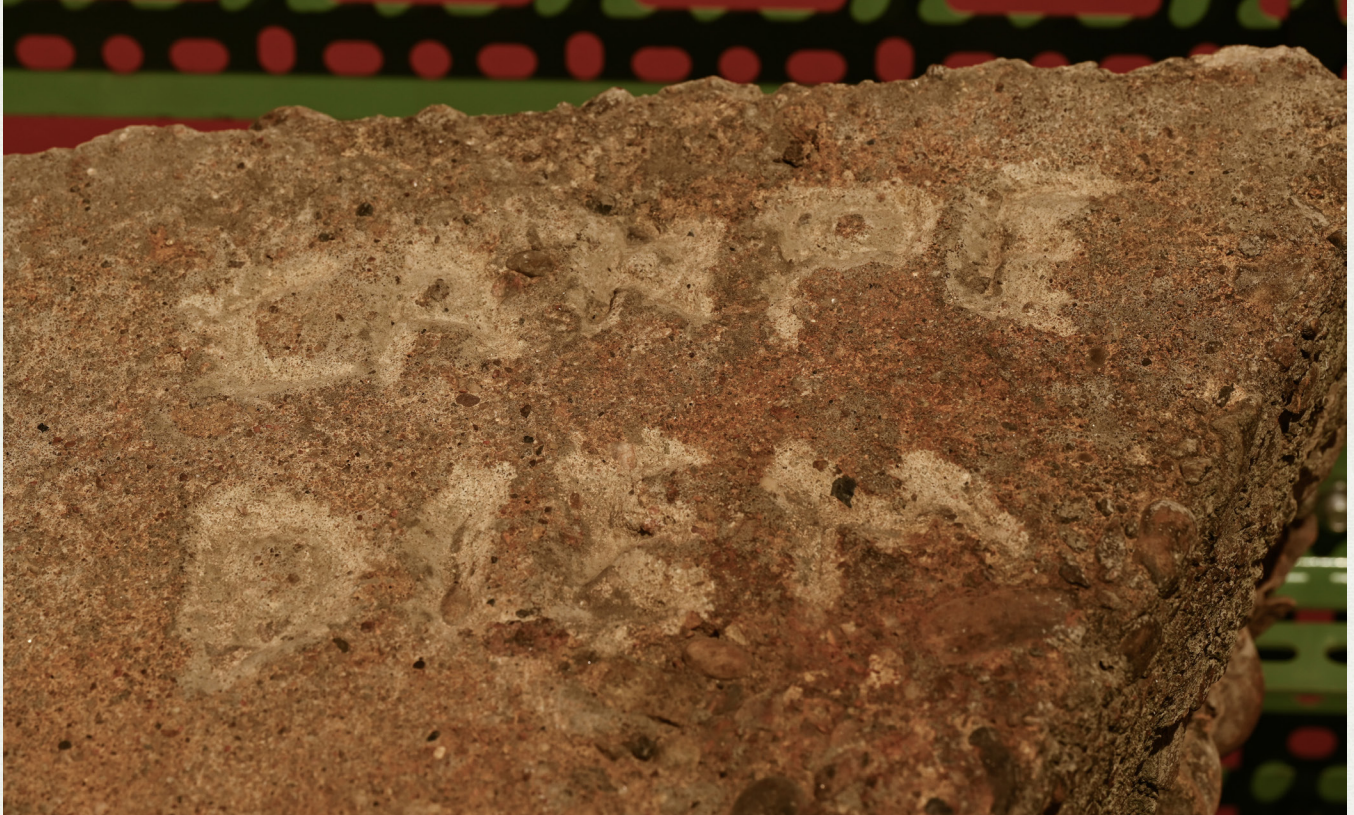
Macdonald_004 FAB Gallery View showing wall text - vinyl on painted wall
photo credit: Kaylin Schenk Photography



Macdonald_005 FAB Gallery View showing two large vitrines with found objects and small works, plus *Carpe Diem* concrete fragment.
photo credit: Daniel Belland



Macdonald_006 Found Object - SEED I 'SEDES' - *Carpe Diem* - Concrete Fragment - circa early 1900s
photo credit: Daniel Belland



Macdonald_007 *Carpe Diem* Concrete Fragment - Detail
photo credit: Daniel Belland



Macdonald_008 Vitrine Detail - Found Object - Vehicle Odometer c. 1930s
photo credit: Daniel Belland



Macdonald_009 Vitrine Detail - *Aylmer Vegetable 'up* - Found Newspaper Fragment appended to Found Mosaic Fragment
photo credit: Daniel Belland



Macdonald_010 Vitrine Detail - Newspaper Fragments - 'NOW'
photo credit: Daniel Belland



Macdonald_011 Vitrine Detail - Found Object - *Spectacles*
photo credit: Daniel Belland



Macdonald_012 Vitrine Detail - Found Object - *SEED VIII 'CALIX'* - Egg Cup
photo credit: Daniel Belland



Macdonald_013 Vitrine Detail - Found Object - *'A Toy Train Could Talk To Grandfather'* - Miniature Toy Train c.1945
photo credit: Daniel Belland



Macdonald_014 Vitrine Detail - Found Objects and Small Works
photo credit: Daniel Belland



Macdonald_015 Vitrine Detail - Found Objects - 'King Edward Hotel' - Fragments of hotelware c 1930s - 40s
photo credit: Daniel Belland



Macdonald_016 Vitrine Detail - Found Object - '*Sphinx*'
photo credit: Daniel Belland



Macdonald_017 Vitrine Detail - '*Warpaint*' - Vintage Found Lipstick Cases on hand-painted Mirror
photo credit: Daniel Belland



Macdonald_018 Vitrine Detail - *'Warpaint'* - Vintage Found Lipstick Cases on hand-painted Mirror
photo credit: Kaylin Schenk Photography



Macdonald_019 Vitrine Detail
photo credit: Kaylin Schenk Photography



Macdonald_020 Vitrine Detail - '*Quoin Retours*' - Bronze Coin Return Slot with Two Nickels
photo credit: Daniel Belland



Macdonald_021 Vitrine Number One In-situ - FAB Gallery
photo credit: Kaylin Schenk Photography



Macdonald_022 - *Face The Gorgon* - Reverse-painted Acrylic Mirror, vintage hand-pyrographed masonite, shredded rubber tires (c. 1930s - 40s), painted S14 LED signage bulbs, ceramic sockets, dexion structural mount.
photo credit: Kaylin Schenk Photography



Macdonald_023 - *Face The Gorgon* - Reverse-painted Acrylic Mirror, vintage hand-pyrographed masonite, shredded rubber tires (c. 1930s - 40s), painted S14 LED signage bulbs, ceramic sockets - Detail
photo credit: Daniel Belland



Macdonald_024 - *Face The Gorgon* - Reverse-painted Acrylic Mirror - Detail
photo credit: Daniel Belland



Macdonald_025 - *Face The Gorgon* - Reverse-painted Acrylic Mirror - Detail
photo credit: Daniel Belland



Macdonald_026 - *Face The Gorgon* - Reverse-painted Acrylic Mirror - Detail
photo credit: Daniel Belland



Macdonald_027 *Face The Gorgon* - Reverse-painted Acrylic Mirror - Detail
photo credit: Daniel Belland



Macdonald_028 *Face The Gorgon* - Reverse-painted Acrylic Mirror, vintage hand-pyrographed masonite, painted S14 LED signage bulbs, ceramic sockets - Detail
photo credit: Daniel Belland



Macdonald_029 - *Face The Gorgon*

photo credit: Kaylin Schenk Photography



Macdonald_030 - *Gorgon II* - Hiking Backpack (used by the artist to transport items from the Rat Creek Dumpsite) with shredded rubber tire bundles, vintage side chair
photo credit: Daniel Belland



Macdonald_031 - *Gorgon II* - Hiking Backpack (used by the artist to transport items from the Rat Creek Dumpsite) with shredded rubber tire bundles, vintage side chair
photo credit: Kaylin Schenk Photography



Macdonald_032 *Hibernaculum* - SEED IV 'SERPENS' - Vintage Shredded Rubber Vehicle Tires c. 1930s - 40s
photo credit: Kaylin Schenk Photography



Macdonald_033 *Hermes* - Vintage Good Year Shredded Rubber Vehicle Tire c. 1930s - 40s
photo credit: Daniel Belland



Macdonald_034 Found Objects (Mosaic Fragments, Shredded Rubber Tires) with piece of vintage Wardrobe Trunk
photo credit: Daniel Belland



Macdonald_035 Found Objects - Mosaic Fragments, Shredded Rubber Tires
photo credit: Daniel Belland



Macdonald_036 Found Objects - Mosaic Fragments, Shredded Rubber Tires
photo credit: Kaylin Schenk Photography



Macdonald_037 Found Objects - SEED III 'CHARTA' - Vintage Newspaper Fragments - Edmonton Journal, Summer 1947
photo credit: Kaylin Schenk Photography



Macdonald_038 Found Objects - SEED III 'CHARTA' - Vintage Newspaper Fragments - Edmonton Journal, Summer 1947
photo credit: Daniel Belland



Macdonald_039 Found Objects - SEED III 'CHARTA' - Vintage Newspaper Fragments - Edmonton Journal, Summer 1947
photo credit: Daniel Belland



Macdonald_040 Found Objects - SEED III 'CHARTA' - Vintage Newspaper Fragments - Edmonton Journal, Summer 1947
photo credit: Kaylin Schenk Photography



Macdonald_041 Found Objects - SEED III 'CHARTA' - Vintage Newspaper Fragments - Edmonton Journal, Summer 1947
photo credit: Daniel Belland



Macdonald_042 Found Objects - SEED V 'LVTVM' - Vintage Bricks
photo credit: Kaylin Schenk Photography



Macdonald_043 Found Objects - SEED V 'LVTVM' - Vintage Bricks
photo credit: Kaylin Schenk Photography



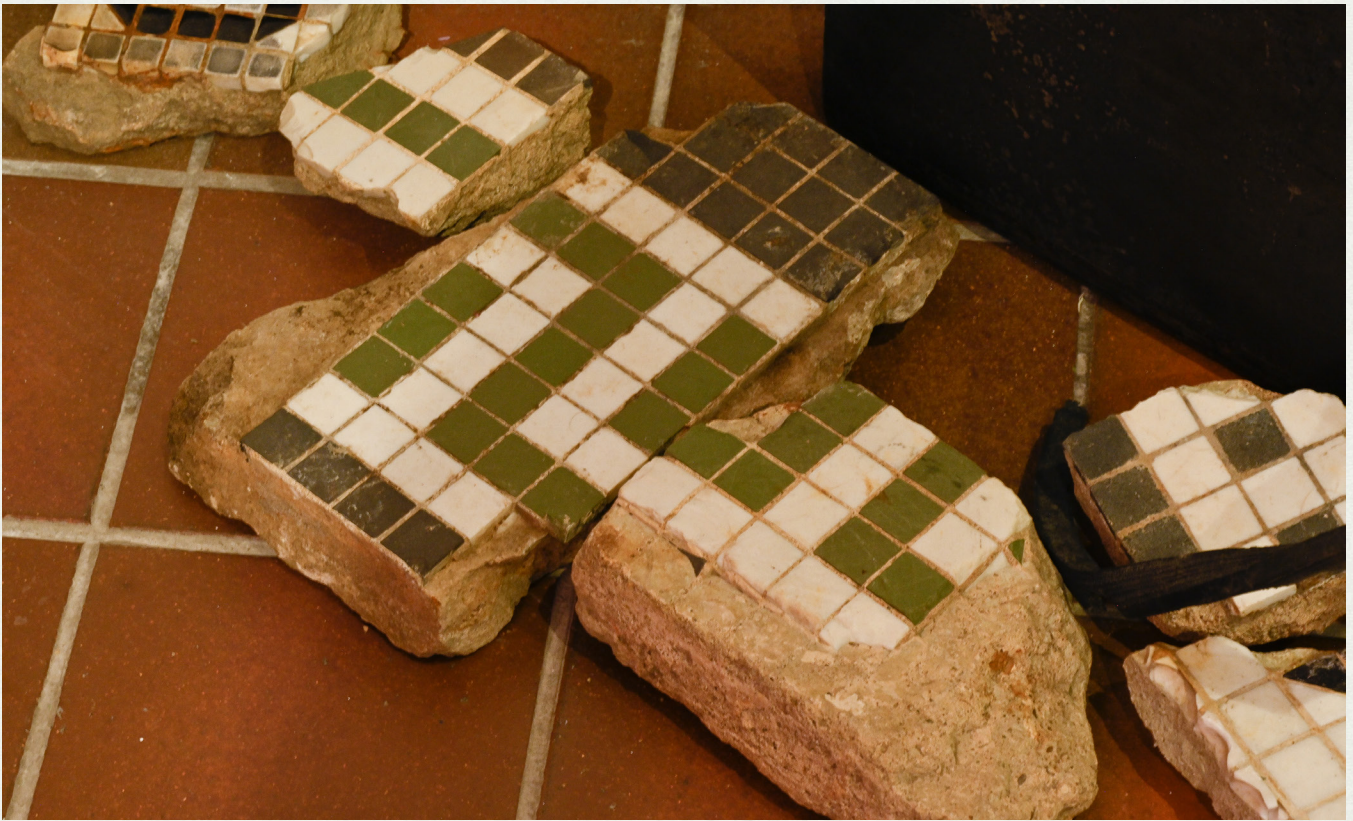
Macdonald_044 *Tattoos for Bricks* - Vintage Bricks with laser etching
photo credit: Kaylin Schenk Photography



Macdonald_045 *Tattoos for Bricks 'House Down'* - Vintage Brick with laser etching
photo credit: Daniel Belland



Macdonald_046 - *Tattoos for Bricks 'Hold Fast'* - Vintage Brick with laser etching
photo credit: Daniel Belland



Macdonald_047 Found Objects - Mosaic Fragments
photo credit: Daniel Belland



Macdonald_048 Found Object - Mosaic Fragment with Meander Pattern
photo credit: Daniel Belland



Macdonald_049 Found Object - SEED II 'SPOLIA' - Coloured Porcelain Mosaic Fragment
photo credit: Kaylin Schenk Photography



Macdonald_050 Theatre Labyrinth Threshold Mosaic - Large-scale, handmade mosaic composed of approx 9800 pieces
photo credit: Kaylin Schenk Photography



Macdonald_053 Theatre Labyrinth Threshold Mosaic - Letter 'H' - Hand-cast coloured hydrocal with vintage newspaper photo credit: Daniel Belland



Macdonald_054 Theatre Labyrinth Threshold Mosaic - Detail showing piece cut from found vintage terrazzo photo credit: Daniel Belland



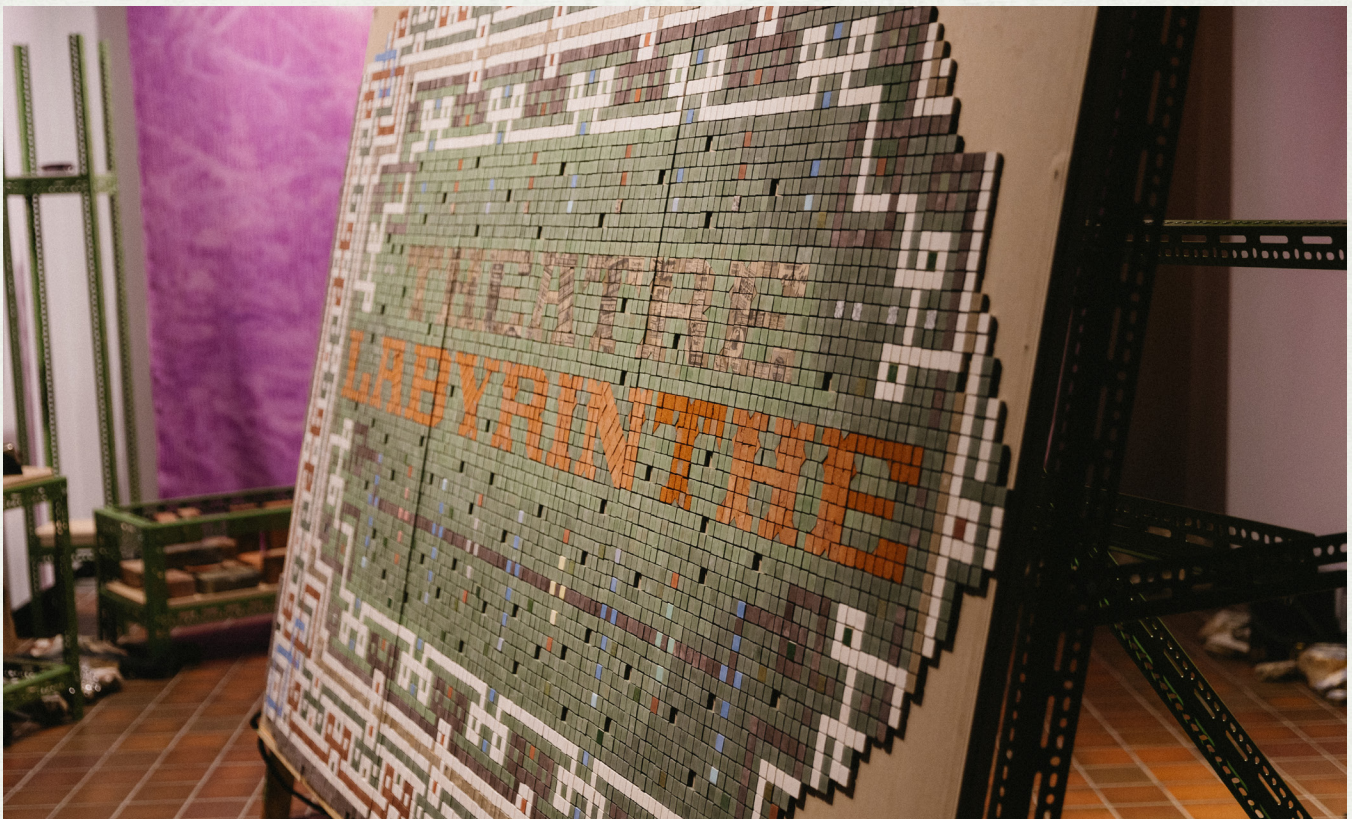
Macdonald_055 *Theatre Labyrinth Threshold Mosaic* - Detail showing pieces cut from found vintage red brick
photo credit: Daniel Belland



Macdonald_056 *Theatre Labyrinth Threshold Mosaic* - Detail - Found Vintage Terrazzo and Newspaper
photo credit: Daniel Belland



Macdonald_057 *Theatre Labyrinthe Threshold Mosaic* - Detail
photo credit: Daniel Belland



Macdonald_058 *Theatre Labyrinthe Threshold Mosaic* - Oblique View
photo credit: Kaylin Schenk Photography



Macdonald_059 *Theatre Labyrinth Threshold Mosaic* - View from Above
photo credit: Daniel Belland



Macdonald_060 *Labyrinth Room* - FAB Gallery - View from Above
photo credit: Kaylin Schenk Photography



Macdonald_061 *Theatre Labyrinth Threshold Mosaic* - View with Artist
photo credit: Kaylin Schenk Photography



Macdonald_062 Found Object - SEED VI 'LUX' - Vintage Glass Sidewalk Prism c. Early 1900s
photo credit: Kaylin Schenk Photography



Macdonald_063 - *The Drop* - Hand Drawn and Painted 12' x 12' Canvas Drop, Oil Pastel and Acrylic on Canvas
photo credit: Kaylin Schenk Photography



Macdonald_064 - *The Drop* - Hand Drawn and Painted 12' x 12' Canvas Drop, Oil Pastel and Acrylic on Canvas
photo credit: Kaylin Schenk Photography



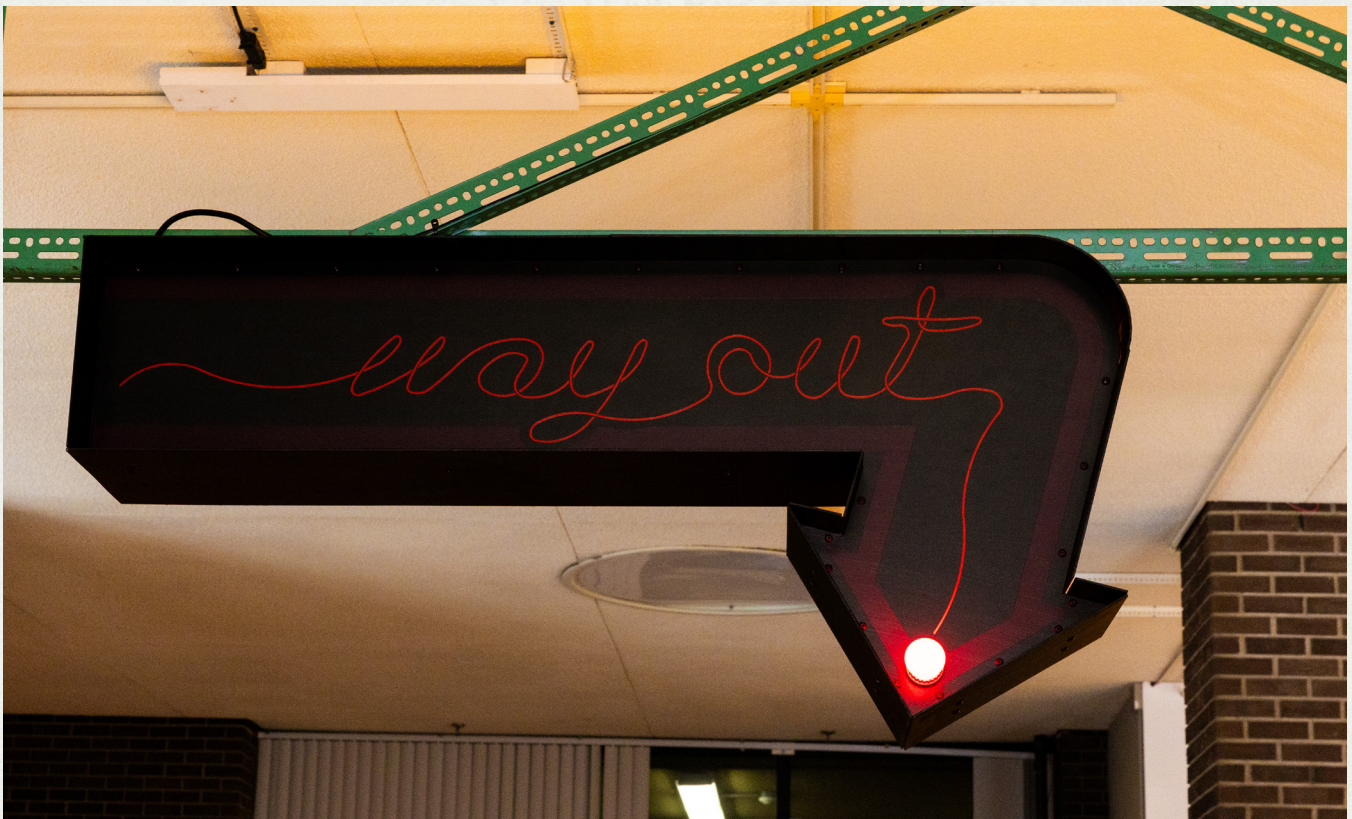
Macdonald_065 SEED IX 'VOX' - Inherited Object - 1943 Aluminum and Acetate Record Disc
photo credit: Kaylin Schenk Photography



Macdonald_066 SEED IX 'VOX' - Inherited Object - 1943 Aluminum and Acetate Record Disc - Label Detail
photo credit: Daniel Belland



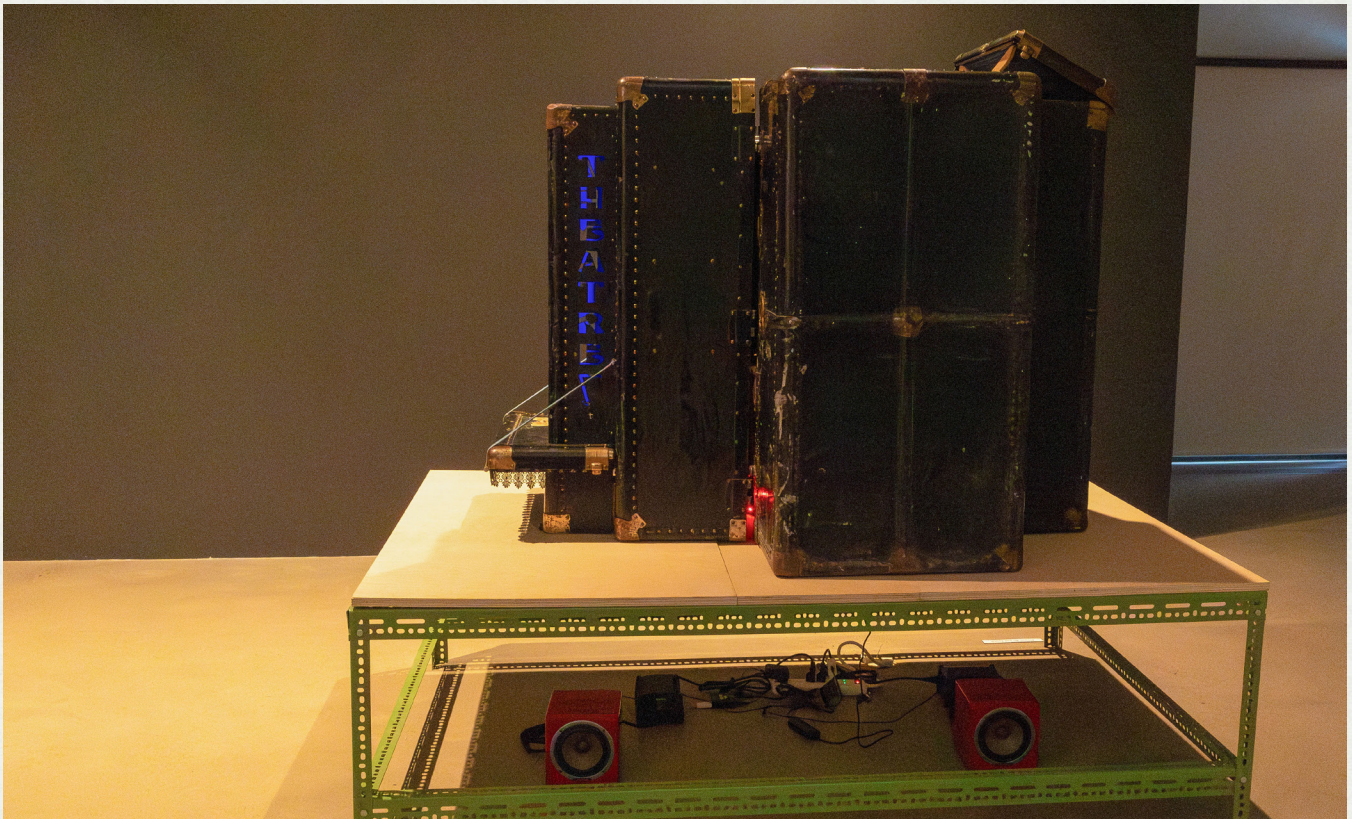
Macdonald_067 *Pathfinder* - Hand Built and Painted Wayfinding Sign - Side One 'Minotaure'
photo credit: Kaylin Schenk Photography



Macdonald_068 *Pathfinder* - Hand Built and Painted Wayfinding Sign - Side Two 'Way Out'
photo credit: Kaylin Schenk Photography



Macdonald_069 - Gallery View - FAB Gallery, Second Floor - Opening Reception for *This Show is Trash*
photo credit: Kaylin Schenk Photography



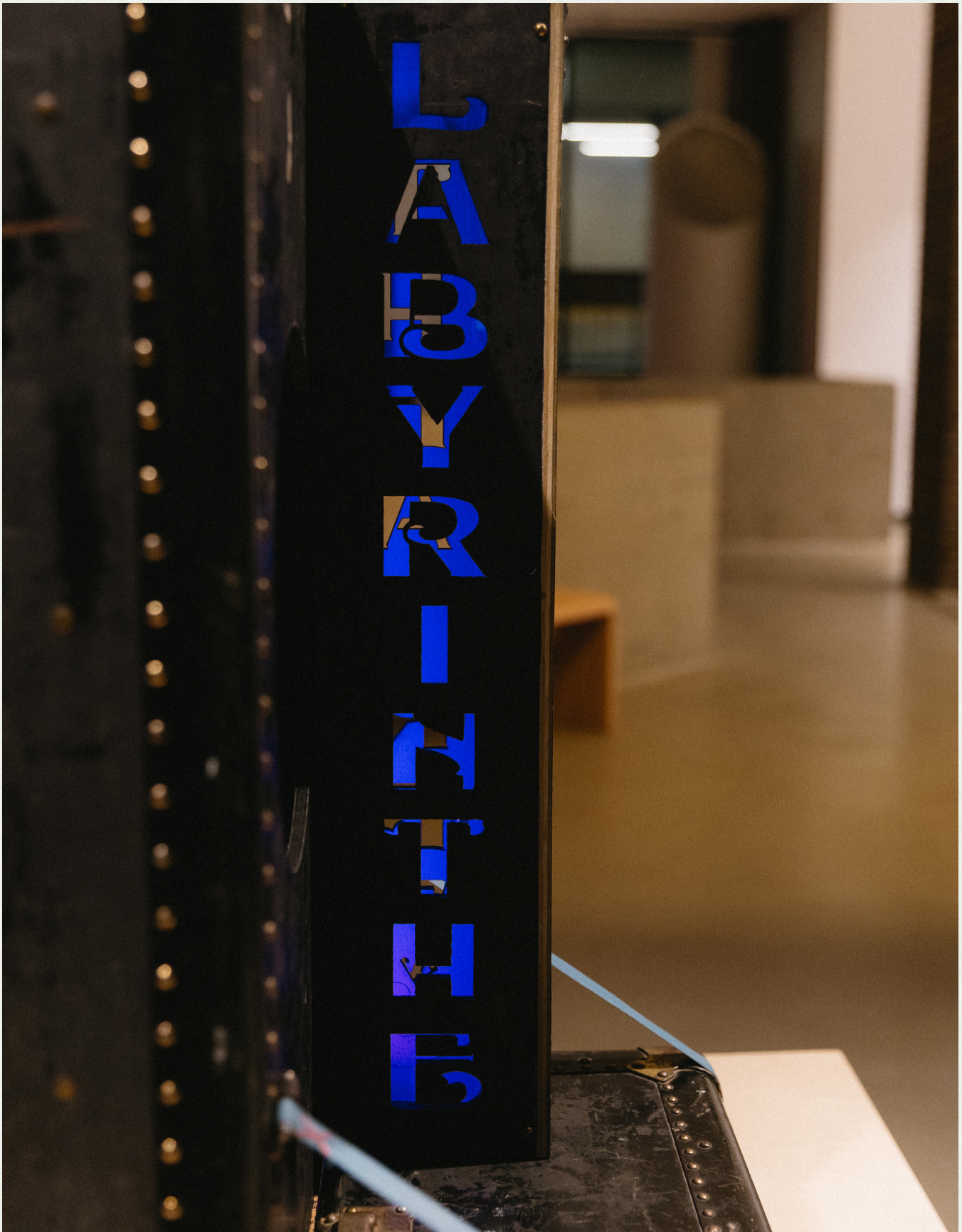
Macdonald_070 *MCM Theatre* (modified vintage wardrobe trunks) with speakers for sound work *AFM Radio*
photo credit: Kaylin Schenk Photography



Macdonald_071 *MCM Theatre* - Modified 1930s - 40s Wardrobe Trunks
photo credit: Kaylin Schenk Photography



Macdonald_072 - *MCM Theatre* - Modified 1930s - 40s Wardrobe Trunks - Detail - Illuminated Marquee Sign
photo credit: Daniel Belland



Macdonald_073 - *MCM Theatre* - Modified 1930s - 40s Wardrobe Trunks - Detail - Illuminated Marquee Sign
photo credit: Kaylin Schenk Photography



Macdonald_074 SEED X 'CODEX' - Detail - Initials MCM (Marguerite 'Mickey' Clifton Macdonald)
photo credit: Daniel Belland



Macdonald_075 *MCM Theatre* - Detail - Modified 1930s - 40s Wardrobe Trunks
photo credit: Daniel Belland



Macdonald_076 - *MCM Theatre* - Modified 1930s - 40s Wardrobe Trunks - Canopy Detail
photo credit: Darcy Fraser Macdonald



Macdonald_077 - *MCM Theatre* - Modified 1930s - 40s Wardrobe Trunks
photo credit: Kaylin Schenk Photography



Macdonald_078 - *MCM Theatre* - Modified 1930s - 40s Wardrobe Trunks - Interior View
photo credit: Daniel Belland



Macdonald_079 - *MCM Theatre* - Modified 1930s - 40s Wardrobe Trunks - Interior View
photo credit: Daniel Belland



Macdonald_080 - *MCM Theatre* - Modified 1930s - 40s Wardrobe Trunks - Interior View
photo credit: Darcy Fraser Macdonald



Macdonald_081 - *MCM Theatre* - Modified 1930s - 40s Wardrobe Trunks - Interior View
photo credit: Darcy Fraser Macdonald



Macdonald_082 - *Face the Gorgon* - Opening reception for *This Show is Trash* - Thursday November 21, 2024
photo credit: Kaylin Schenk Photography