



Deeply connected to human projections and aspirations, the Moon is subject to an array of encounters - from scientific to spiritual, from personal wonder to our collective histories, of bodies of water and flesh.



Following the line between waking hours and sleep, two subterranean rooms refract along the asymmetrical warp of the scrying bowl. Step towards inversion or clarity; there are still pools to welcome you, the cyclical turn of the seasons pinned to canvas. Choose another way to find yourself within a labyrinthine corridor, following scorched bronze and quilts in rest. These twin chambers hinge on the reading room, a restful moth-light library.

We invite you to sit a spell by the glow.

Moonshow

January 9th - February 7th, 2021

A seasonal collaboration between Hearth and the plumb

Featuring work by

- * FASTWÜRMS
- * Holly Fedida
- * Julian Yi-Jong Hou
- * Chantal Khoury
- * Aidan Koch
- * Alicia Nauta
- * Shaelynn Recollet
- * Fatine-Violette Sabiri
- * Véronique Sunatori

And a publication featuring writing from

- * Jennifer Laiwint
- * Forest Hope
- * Keivan Mahboubi
- * Blair Swann
- * Benjamin de Boer
- * Alexia

As we see land acknowledgements become automated and co-opted by institutions, we recognize the inherent failure in the limits of the land acknowledgement itself. But despite its intrinsic failings, we still feel compelled to reiterate that we stand on the traditional territories of the Huron-Wendat, Anishinabek Nation, the Haudenosaunee Confederacy, and the Mississaugas of the Credit First Nations. In saying this we would like to honor the land acknowledgement as something that is alive and ever shifting, unable to be completed; an endless process of change as we commit to always be reflecting, responding and learning about what it means to live and work on stolen land.

In our roles as settlers living and working in Tkaronto, peace treaties that predate the colonial project such as the One Dish, One Spoon Wampum Belt motivate us to support and cultivate community through all of our endeavors on this land. Just as the treaty encourages the sharing of resources using a single spoon, in our roles as co-founders of Hearth we seek to redistribute opportunities, resources, and share knowledge, prioritizing artists and cultural workers on the margins.



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EXHIBITION
STATEMENT + INFO

AHMAD'S DREAM
by KEIVAN MAHBOUBI

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LAND
ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

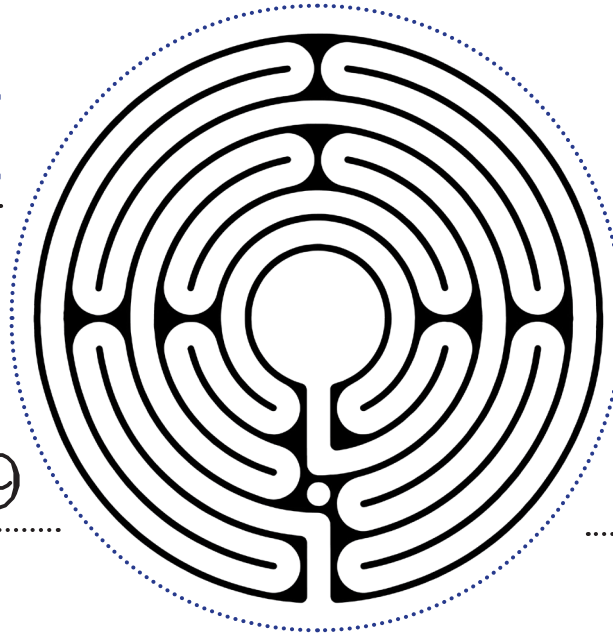
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by BLAIR SWANN

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THANK YOU

sunlit lament followed by devotion

Forest
Hope

PREFACE: THE SUN

I have stolen glances at The Sun. While the others are looking away, I find a moment to dart my eyes. Curious glances, I exact my longing to bore into the ferocious blaze. Fervently burning is the eager Sun; loud and wakeful, he taps wildly at all of my extremities with hot, flat palms, the warm blaze prickling under my skin. The clamouring of daylight. The clatter of sunshine, burning a cacophony into the leaves, into the soil, into my eyes. I have to look away, and when I do, all the things around me burn, in bright green and magenta.

In the cavern of my body, sounds echo and reverberate, clattering in my ears from the inside. Black and white dots play tag, flickering, behind my eyelids; tadpoles chasing their own tails, nibbling at the heels of syllables as they try to run away. Sounding with the vigour of sunshine; my thoughts try to outrun themselves.

At dusk I am still pulsing. I am filled with frantic moving parts, most of them shrieking. A pinball machine of light tadpoles, flighty and flitting, swirling and flapping with urgency. Each thought clambers over the others, vying for a glance at the very least. Twisting, curling over each other around my mind. Tangled chattering, strewn about, the crumpled knots of words pipe up and whistle,

-look at me!

-think about me!

-pine over me.

*-imagine me again, in red this time, or
in blue.*

-pine over me again, in different words,

-think about me forever.



EPILOGUE: THE MOON

Light headed, I stumble across the street, down the the hill and into the field. Crashing to my knees, I grip handfuls of soil and grass in an attempt to pull the earth closer to me. I try to drag myself underground, longing for the cool embrace of soil. My belly on the ground, thumping thumping, I hear the echo of my heartbeat under the earth surface. I hear my blood, hot behind my ears, pulsing pulsing. I squeeze my eyes shut, press the side of my face to the earth and listen for the tapping of ants. Eye level with the blades of grass, my vision is overcome with iridescent sparkling; dew drops and my tears, filled with moonlight.

thump
thump

Now I notice the sweetness of tobacco flowers in the air, a fragrance marking the evening.

I turn over, onto my back.

I catch sight of the glorious stone face in the sky, gleaming quietly.

She looks to where I lay surrounded by my attempts to claw myself into the ground, and extends a gentle beam of light down to hold my face. Cool water falls over my skin. Then with soft moon beam fingers, she fishes up into my nose, swirling, sweeping the inner caverns of my skull, until she finds the fraying end of the tangled spool of worry. Tugging gently she draws it out between delicate fingers tips.

Peace, be still, she confides in a whisper, drawing the tangled strand out through my nose. It makes my eyes water. I watch the ribbon lift into the sky, glimmering and thinning as it moves farther and farther away from me. I feel my head lighten in the grass. She coos sweetly as she combs the through strands, untangling gently. Glimting like spider silk, once chattering knots and tangles hang quietly humming in myriad harmonies. Humming herself, she begins to weave.

My eyes transfixed by the glow, they are compelled by a magnetism outside of myself. Quietly beaming, she reflects all the ferocity of The Sun, collecting his light, and returning the message to earth with un-exerting glory. I am lost to the world around me. The Moon pulses a powerful throbbing of light energy, and I feel the blood behind my ears slow to match its pace. There is nothing I can see or hear but the steady gleaming, and the weaving of humming, glimmering silk. Tears spill out of the corners of my eyes and pool in my ears.

*You must go down to the lake and pull the water close to you.
You must pour your shadows into the water and allow them
to be cleaned. You must do this often. Send them out into the
deep. After they have churned in the chill depths, call them
back and gather them up. Take inventory. Lay them out to
dry on flat stones, lest they become tangled again. Take them
in your hands, turn them over. Warm them under your tongue.
Know them deeply, for all their ridges and craters. Only once
you love them as you love your light may you look into the
sun.*

She lets go of the delicate weaving and it drifts down to meet me, falling all around me in silver droplets, cool on my skin, and seeping into the soil. I smooth the droplets into my skin, then cast my eyes up again. *You mustn't fear moving into the shadow*, she hums, one eye closed, the other twinkling, *for I love your darkness too, my love.*

This story and the corresponding sound piece examine the difficulty and fear of allowing the shadow aspects of one's inner world to come to light. When the protagonist looks into the sun, they unintentionally unearth shadow sediment from the depths of their unconscious. Tortured by the sounds of their own stream of consciousness, they run out into a field and attempt to burrow their body into the soil. Before this can happen, they catch sight of The Moon and are compelled into a trance, relinquishing their fear and worry to be cleansed. The sound story ends with a lullaby, sung by the moon and her many voices. These are the lyrics. I welcome you to sing them.

Walked in that blaze forever
Climbing the night forever
I seek to know your feeling
Fated to love forever

I looked and saw you weeping,
clutching the story to you.
You know my shadow's true dear
I love your darkness too, my love

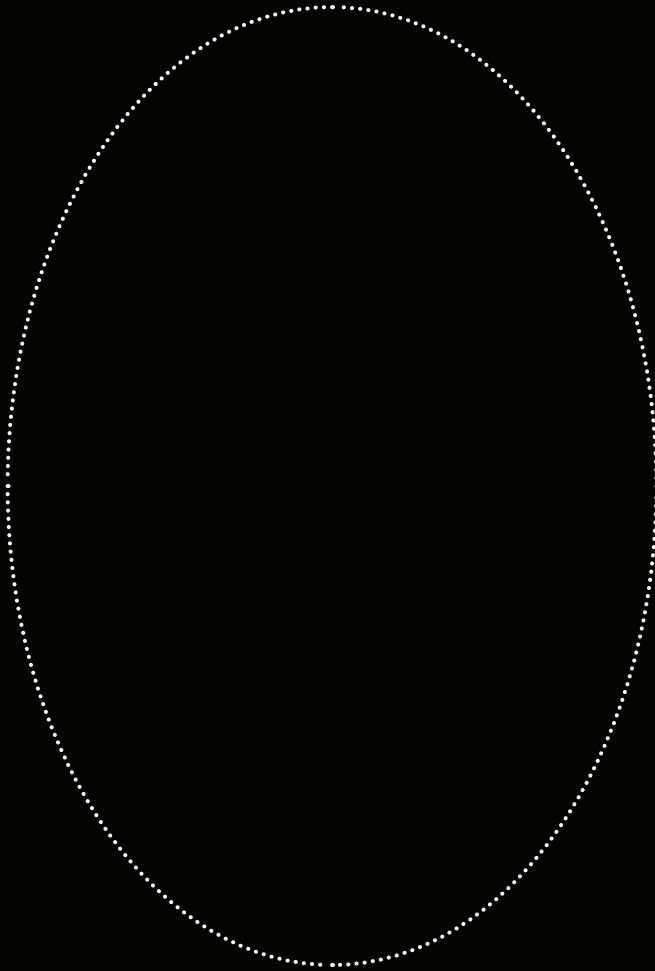
Words are of great importance to me, yet I am also intrigued by the way narratives can be created wordlessly through the layering of sounds and textures. This is my first attempt at creating a written prose and a sound story to go together, and I am enchanted by the world of possibility which has opened itself before me. ☾

To listen to *The Moon Drank my Sorrow*, a corresponding audio work by Forest Hope, please visit: <https://www.moonshow.info/moonsong>



Mixing help from Louis Baranyi-Irvine, and
special thanks to Paulina Velma.

MOONSONG



Compiled by
Sameen Mahboubi
Philip Leonard Ocampo
Benjamin de Boer

Copenhagen

Lucinda Williams

Fistful of Love

Antony and the Johnsons

Moon River

Composed by
Henry Mancini

with lyrics by
Johnny Mercer

Performed by
Audrey Hepburn

la luna enamorada

Kali Uchis

As Long as You Follow

Fleetwood Mac

Lalae

Vigen

~~Thundering news~~
Hits me like a snowball
~~Struck in my face and shattering~~
Covering me in a fine powder and mist
the rare splendor of fantasy
And mixing in with my tears
~~And I'm 57 but I could be 7 years old~~
'Cause I will never be able
To comprehend the expansiveness
that lives within you.

You are flecks of light
Every nocturne which is heard
suddenly hit me
Revelation that makes me feel the
ecstasy
I just have to let you know how I
feel

You
Very sweet
Have disappeared
But I've been searching
You are missed
Somewhere
I've been searching
Spinning round the sun
Circling the moon
Traveling through time
You are missed

And I feel your burning eyes
burning holes
Revenge is sweet, you know?

There's such a lot of world to see

We're after the same rainbow's end:
Walking through unfamiliar streets
searching
For a pot of gold

I've been wandering
Gone away too far
Waitin' 'round the bend
But the road was rough
And the seas open up to me
To get back where you are

And I'm shaking unfamiliar hands
And lovely language I don't
understand
And I feel the whip

It's late October
It's out of love

The skies are grey
The snow is falling

I'm motionless
(sleep)
I'm disbelieving

You are missed
Somewhere
I've been searching
Spinning round the sun
Circling the moon
Traveling through time

I've been searching
You are missed

~~Give a little bit, give a little bit~~
So I'm left to pick up

what I've just learned
The hints, the little symbols of your
devotion
Waitin' 'round the bend

Oh, dream maker, you heart
breaker
Sing the song of life
Wherever you're goin', I'm goin'
your way

(to protect you)

Two drifters,
The night and you,
off to see the world
There's such a lot of world to see

Sing the song of life
from this melancholic guitar
And I'm hearing unfamiliar laughs
lovely language I don't understand
And I always will
Fascination, (fascination)

We're after the same rainbow's end:
So I'm left to pick up
the little symbols of your devotion
Waitin' 'round the bend

I was lying in my bed last night
contemplating her,

I've been searching
For a ceiling full of stars
and you: a pot of gold
Like the kind you find
At the end of a rainbow

I've been dreaming
Circling the moon
Thought it was in vain

I accept and I collect upon my body
Ah, but now you're here
her glance makes me dream.

I love you
And I always will
I'm gonna win (~~I'm gonna win~~)
I'm gonna you know?
As long as
the sun went down

you follow My heart
you follow your devotion

Two drifters after the same dream
Two homeless birds
The skies are grey
~~Now~~ I know My heart I can't lose
As long as you dream, steal, follow
And the sun went night

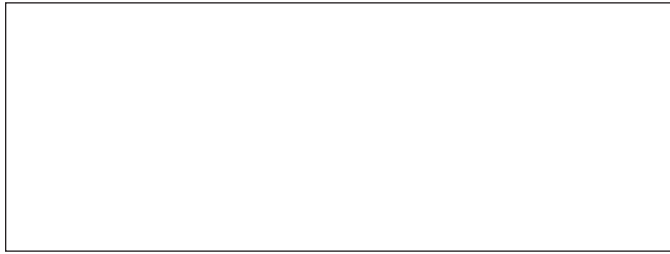
Please fall on us, O rain
Straight through my heart
You have been released

Please fall on us, O rain
You have been released
Straight through my heart

Water the parched earth*
Cover me in a fine mist

Oh, dream maker,
The world is just a myth ☾

V I P



Jennifer Laiwint

For the last 4 months, I've been waking up in the middle of the night due to insomnia. Sometimes I record my voice rambling and repeating phrases in an attempt to get my anxieties out of my head and get back to sleep. I spin, chant, meditate, and shake to reach an altered state in an attempt to induce sleep. My disrupted sleep cycle has become a channel for me to get more intimately acquainted with cycles of the moon. The lunar energy that I feel bonded to takes over my body and brings out a grasping voice inside: the desirous, spiralling self:

I want, I want, I want, I want, I want, I want, I want, I want, I want, I want, I want, I want.

It is a feeling of or longing for a return to childhood interiors, fantasies of outer space and glow in the dark dreams of empowerment and stardom. All of the dimensions of the self that are usually kept hidden and dormant during the day come out at night, with the moon's rotations guiding my own. I turn my body into a dancing nightscape, and it keeps turning, adorned with intergalactic stickers that whirl me around and around. It is a way to bring celestial bodies close to my physical body and merge outer and inner space; so that maybe, one day, my wishes will be fulfilled, and I'll become a star too.

Writing based on short video called "VIP" by Jennifer Laiwint

INTERIOR - DARK ROOM - NIGHT

One body is multiplied into various moving forms. In the center of the frame two hands hold and rotate a glow in the dark moon. The other bodies are adorned with celestial stickers, and shrouded in fabric, spinning and swaying alongside the moon.

AUDIO - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jennifer wakes up at 3:15am from a nightly episode of insomnia. She records her voice singing and murmuring about all of the things she wants: stability, self-acceptance, connection to body and boundaries. 20 minutes in, Jennifer's voice changes and the rambles digress into a chant.



VIP

Jennier Laiwint

2020, 2:08 min, colour, sound, cell phone video footage
Voice: Jennifer Laiwint during insomnia episode.



Sound design by Laura Dickens/ Leucrocuta.

To see the full video work , please visit:
<https://www.moonshow.info/vip>

I wanna feel joy again.
I wanna feel well rested.
(exhale)
(pause)
I want
I want
I want
I want
I want
I want
I want
I want
(louder)
I want
I want
I want
I want
I want.
(extended exhale)
(subdued)
I want
I want
I want
I want
I want
I want
I want
I want

I want
(short exhale)
I want
I want
I want
I want
I want
(pause)
I want
I want
I want
I want
I want
I want
I want
I want
I want
(yawn)
I want
I want
I want
I want
I want
I want

I want

I want

I want

I want

(forlorn)

I waaant

(pause)

(heavy breathing)

I want

I want

I want

I want

I want

I want

I want

I want

(pause for breathing)

I waaant

I want

I want

I want

(quick song)

I want

I want

I want

I want

I want

I want

(menacing)

I want fame

I want success

I wanna be let
into the VIP.

(determined)

I wanna be a
VIP.

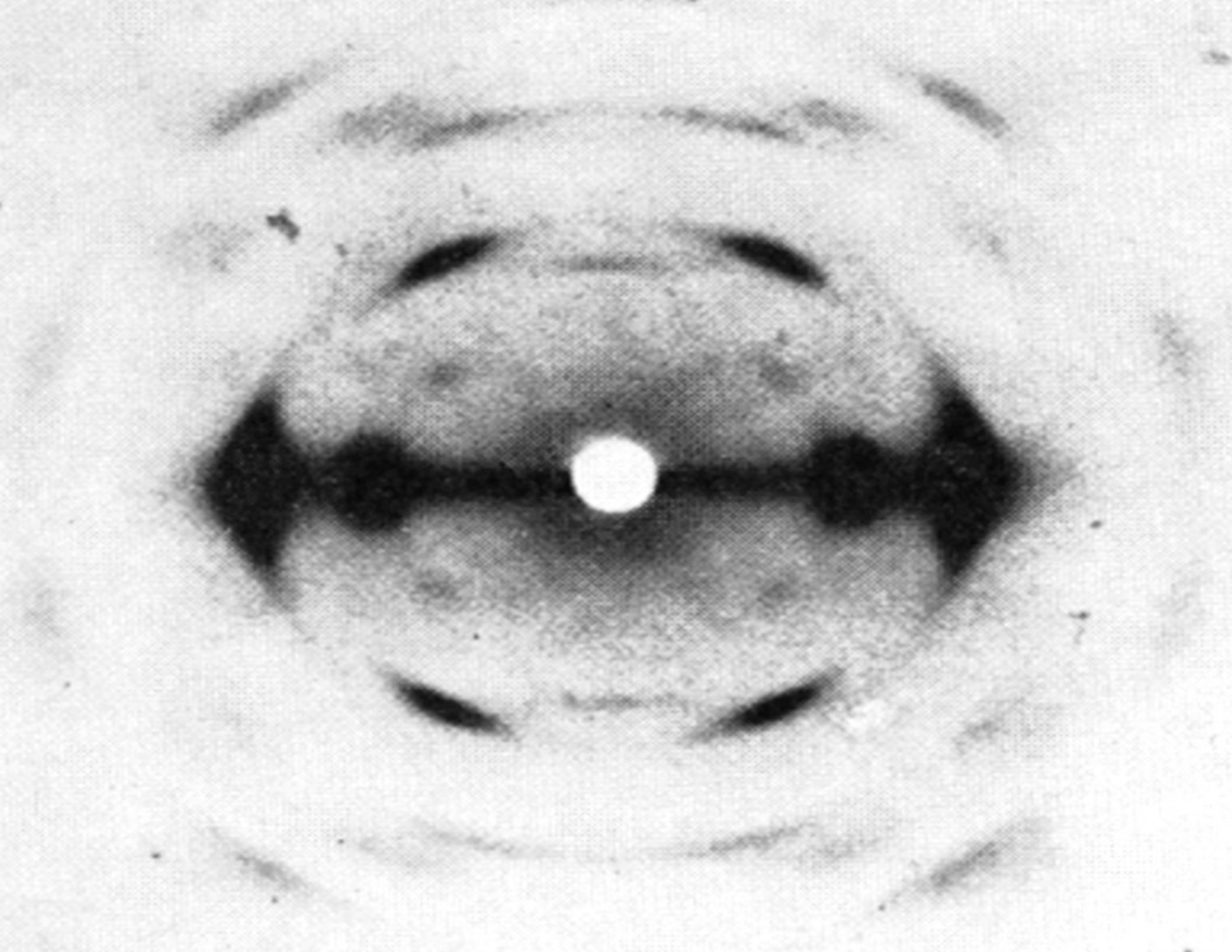
I want.

I wanna be
that bitch.

(resolute)

I want to be
that bitch.

(firm exhale
mournful
exhale) ☹



A h m a d ' s D r e a m

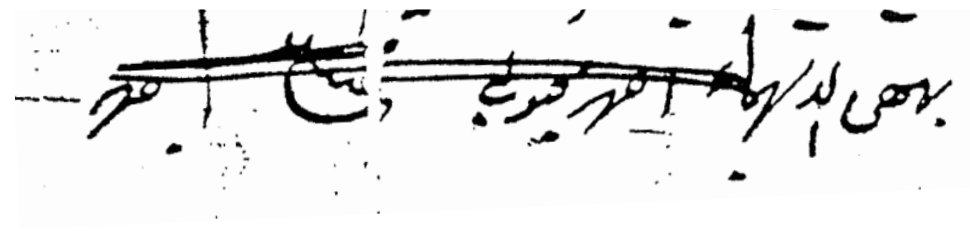


Keivan Mahboubi

I was born in 1903, at the beginning of the 20th century, in a remote village in Iran, about 200 kilometers away from the capital city: Tehran. My family was rooted in Islamic religion and lived traditionally for centuries. The material comfort was enough in my family to carry on the normal life. As I was growing and reflecting on my life and our family's situation, this did not satisfy me anymore. I was looking for something new, a change to break the tie to the traditions and dogmas. I did not have access to higher education and the primary learning was given by the Elders of the village. As I was getting involved in my society, I understood that a group of people had a set of different beliefs which was not accepted by the rest of the village. This made me curious and forced me to investigate further.

I realized a set of new teachings which matched my dreams and started to develop my thoughts and ideas. I had a dream that all the children in that village would receive education, the girls and the boys benefit equally, and see the men and women as the wings of one bird in which both are needed for the bird to fly. I had a feeling that the peace would prevail over the disputes and the differences. To solve the differences would be through the consultation rather than confrontation. To see the improvement in the health and wealth of the people became my dream and one that I could imagine that we will achieve. This new light in the horizon of my thinking needed to find the tools and concrete plans.

I read somewhere that a community decided to build a temple and as the chief put the cornerstone exclaimed that the temple was built. That dream brought that temple to reality after a few years. The advancement and the construction started with a dream and generations will testify to that.



As I am writing this dream about my father, I can see how his dreams came into reality. There are villagers all over the world who are highly educated. They are engaged in different projects to advance the betterment of our global society. They are the promoters of universal peace and education and spread this dream wherever they go to reside or travel. This started with one dream and the light and peace are felt every time I think of that individual and that remote place on the map.

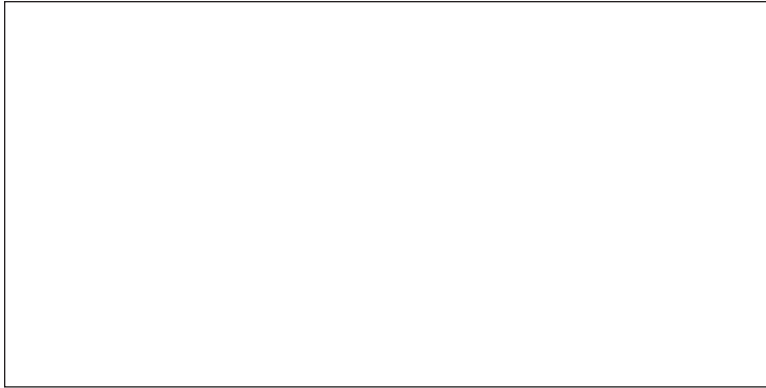
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Bedding

Who walks along a mirror,
tussling with the gathering eyes,
stretching out like bright scratches
in the sky stretching out like bedding,
tracing forwards, cupping tides,
light like distant laughing
whose atmosphere is now my perfume? ☾

Blair Swann

tick tree erato (island memory)



Benjamin de Boer

Tick Tree Erato (Island Memory)

Us six caught on a slant disaster
where green pitch went
to look for fish
as last hour's rain gave us still flesh
the shape of our rest a while

Sky shattered by amoebic beams
blue fog quivers soupy vortex around wolf tips
bend and waver this beardage
clutch swaying frizz punched by leggy baubles
drift in worms to claim the sea and other shores

We rear edges shaped long axe
plunged fathoms gulp down
now over-practicing pleasure dare we
cower reed practice that shake

you twisted reed

Slipping in crags glazed slick with sugar
of earth making herself over
in browns and yellows
we trip to feel laugh of laughter or itch
in the wrist that says hello self
self that eats stones
licks fruity caps
kicks under the leaf cover
for a sense of wriggle

Stopped by a monument
sight of fallen power line unwound
urge to wick cloak shrug
end all involved
in a sign's easy cracks of stasis
enormous wail hardly near
wheated east shine

An eddy down is our grist to bear
through chewing teeth now ours
trust spiral that song of limbs
slide through branch windwhip
lashing a tinsel dance

Throat plummets quivering mothlight
monad slash wobbles the trees
a stone skips until not a stone but grain
unseen for seasons at least
sloughing along nightfall
scrape so glacial

Mist, entangling your thunder, a bowing
door-like mind shudder two duck home
rest nestled in veiling that touches in tickles
sucker tentacle smoke breaks away
we begin to weaken

You had the pleasure of practicing
bellow pressed chants and hoots on trunk
urges awakening this thunder
your rumble vapour strangles tense spores
opens everything all yes yes
one breath one great lung inflamed
vision dwindles worried by the rise
of that disk or eternal fall forward
by the pull of its lapping pools
crawl close to brush on fours like roots
scarf pilled like gentle rot deep snare

Loop back now tube swimming
to eat gooey soap slobber at rennet end
but the stride passes through liquid
pull spills flat and thrashes
a clearing lost some time ago
where entity greets us at the end of identity
warmth springs from this upended urn
to loose a year's longing ah that is life itself
nothing gained through quiet watch open chest
collapse upset ten words longer from utter organ
seize in air heaven's own feeble signage

Old throat seeks to splatter
bedtime cavernous now
chest's laces that almost touch in slaps
break through night over the garnet drop
once had an enormous law now feel ways
sing those ways freely and forever
together peaceful but still wild
until tired caress eyes closed
growing rain drums closer ㇿ

a twofold spell for
clearing the muck

Alexia

SUPERMOON

can you smell the salt & blood
of the Crayfish tides?

a Crocodile appears at the edge of the river
with *flores de calendula* for teeth
& swelling crater-scars
& puffy eyes from crying .

que sus pesadillas se vuelvan recuerdos y no profecías

the circle is cast,
dug with an iron spoon
& may you spit out the bones,
under the *sauce llorón* .

a hum, deeper than the Earth.
a trembling h o w l

what is
to come
has
 already
 passed

may you remember .

NO TE HAGAS MALA SANGRE

untangling knots
 & casting nets

 & being weighed down

 & drifting

 & drifting

away . ☾

⌋ **ALEXIA**

@alexiaainretrograde

Alexia is a writer + arts administrator of Argentinean descent, born as a settler to Tkaronto. She is dedicated to forging space for emerging creatives through intuitive + collaborative arts programming based in care and equity. Alexia has a web of experience overseeing group and solo exhibitions, talks, workshops, events, screenings, publications and mentorship programs. Alongside a BFA in Art Criticism & Curatorial Practices from OCAD University, she recognizes the abundance of ancestral, community and earth-based knowledge that informs her everyday learning and unlearning; and is currently the Director of Xpace Cultural Centre.

Formed in 1979, **FASTWÜRMS** is the cultural project, trademark, and joint authorship of Kim Kozzi and Dai Skuse. FASTWÜRMS artwork is poly-disciplinary, including performance, immersive installations, collective making and social exchange projects.

FASTWÜRMS is characterized by a determined DIY sensibility, Witch Nation identity politics, and a keen allegiance towards working class, queer alliance, and artist collaborations.

FASTWÜRMS is a Witch polity, creating and circulating aesthetic knowledge as a shared emancipation and liberation narrative.

FASTWÜRMS has exhibited and created public commissions and installations, performance, video and film projects, across Canada and in the United States, Europe, Brazil, Korea, Japan, and the Philippines.

⌋ **HOLLY FEDIDA**

@h_fedida

Holly Fedida is an artist invested in the intimacies of observation and the objects we hold close. Working with painting, printmaking, and pieced-fabric, she aims to create pictures in which objects can become subjects: taking on the roles of active Protagonists.

Holly grew up in Eastern Quebec and holds a BFA in Painting & Drawing from Concordia University in Montreal. She currently lives and works in Toronto, Canada

⌋ **FOREST HOPE**

@forest_hope_

Forest Hope (she/her) is a multi-disciplinary artist living and creating in T'karonto. Through writing, singing, movement, and textile exploration, she examines such themes as healing, ancestral lineage, mending, storytelling and process itself.

Julian Yi-Jong Hou was born in Edmonton, Alberta, Treaty 6 territory, and currently lives in Vernon, B.C., on the land of the Syilx people of the Okanagan Nation. He is a multidisciplinary artist whose work is centred on contemporary mystical narratives, mental health and consciousness, occult histories and divination practices. His work has been the focus of solo and group exhibitions at the Contemporary Art Gallery, Vancouver; 8eleven, Toronto; Artspeak, Vancouver; and the Vancouver Art Gallery. His most recent work, Grass Drama, has been shown in parts at Malaspina Printmakers, Vancouver (2020); Cassandra Cassandra, Toronto (2019); Unit 17, Vancouver (2018); and in Charcuterie 4 (2018). He has held residencies at Triangle, Marseille; Western Front and 221A Vancouver, and in 2017 he won the City of Vancouver's Mayor's Award for Emerging Visual Artist. He is currently on the board of the Or Gallery.

⌋ **JULIAN YI-JONG HOU**

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⌋ **CHANTAL KHOURY**

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Chantal Khoury is a Lebanese-Canadian painter based in Montreal, currently living in Guelph, Ontario. Khoury's paintings take place within a syncretic cultural framework where she uses religious and cultural motifs to address the historical erasure by government powers and compare it to multiple narratives by differing communities. She has exhibited in major institutions across Canada including the Orillia Museum of Art and History, and the Beaverbrook Art Gallery. Khoury is an MFA candidate at the University of Guelph and holds a BFA with distinction from Concordia University. Her work forms part of the permanent collection of the University of New Brunswick.

⌋ **AIDAN KOCH**

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Aidan Koch's work focuses on sequential narratives, drawing, and installation using fragmentary and interdisciplinary techniques. She is the author of several graphic novels including Xeric Award winning, *The Blonde Woman*, and more recently *After Nothing Comes*, published by Koyama Press.

Her work has been exhibited at the Whitney Museum of American Art, South Bend Museum of Art, and Queens University Belfast, among others. She is currently represented by Paul Soto gallery in Los Angeles, CA. Among her creative practices, she is also founder and director of the Institute for Interspecies Art and Relations. Koch is based in Landers, CA in the Mojave Desert.

Jennifer Laiwint is a Visual Artist and DJ based in Tkaronto/Toronto. She works across the disciplines of video, movement-based performance, text and sound. Her practice takes a process-oriented approach to explore the links between self-improvement culture, relational intimacy and performance.

Jennifer has developed her work at the Banff Centre and NARS Foundation in New York and has exhibited in galleries and festivals such as Xpace, the Art Gallery of Mississauga and SummerWorks. In 2019, Jennifer was the nonlocal artist in residence at Duplex Artists; Society in Vancouver where she screened a new film work at the Western Front. In 2020, she was accepted into the Dancemakers Peer Learning Network and the DOC Breakthrough Program to develop new projects in the fields of dance and documentary film. Jennifer recently presented work at the TO Community Love-In "Practice Lab Series" and Long Winter TV. She is currently a board member at Pleasure Dome and will be curating a program of experimental dance films in 2021.

⌋ **KEIVAN MAHBOUBI**

"I [**Keivan Mahboubi**] was born in a village called Jasb, near Ghom, Iran on May 5, 1958 to a kind parent. My father passed away after 6 months of my birth and as a result of this my life changed and our family moved to Tehran. I finished my 12th grade in one of the top high schools called

⌋ **JENNIFER LAIWINT**

jenniferlaiwint.com

@jlaiwint

Hadaf. I passed an exam called Toefl which allowed me to leave the country and settle in India for further education. In India I finished my Master of Arts in English Literature. After my studies in India, I worked for the United Nations High Commission as translator and interpreter. A revolution happened in Iran and the new government, the Islamic republic of Iran did not treat the Baha'is equally and did not have the same opportunities as the rest of the citizens. So, in August of 1983 I settled in Collingwood, Ontario. I started to continue my education further as my degrees were not recognized in Canada. I moved to Hamilton to complete my Electronics Engineering Technology at Mohawk College. During my co-op work terms at Dofasco, I was offered a full-time job and I joined the company in August of 1988 where I still work today.

Through work I have volunteered in many types of activities and travelled internationally to South Africa to help to build a school. My volunteering work extended to Red Cross and Canadian Blood Services. As a member of the Baha'i community, I served as a member of the Local Spiritual Assembly since 1988 to develop the human resources and community building projects. I am planning to retire in a couple of years and be able to spend more time with my family, especially my grandchildren, Lote, Lloyal and Leva. As an immigrant to Canada, I need to be appreciative of a great sense of gratitude to Canada and Canadian as they welcomed me and made this country my home. I miss my birth place and hope to return back for visits and wish my children will benefit as well to visit and connect with Iran to find their roots and the birthplace of their religion, the Baha'i Faith."

⌋ **ALICIA NAUTA**

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Alicia Nauta is a Toronto artist. She makes collages from her archive of photocopied material culled from publications found in thrift stores and reference libraries. The collages are translated to screenprint, risograph and cyanotype in the form of prints, wallpaper, books and textiles. She explores possible

worlds that are often in tension with each other. Spaces are inhabited by plants, abandoned architecture and strange, shifting perspectives, suggesting possibilities found in the uncertain and unwritten future. She was/is the artist in residence at the AGO. Her giant collaborative book, library project and exhibition, 'A book from the world tomorrow' was supposed to open March 2020.

Fatine-Violette Sabiri is a multi-disciplinary artist who uses photographic, tactile and traditional craft mediums. She produces art that sometimes is a testimony to her experiences of intimacy and intuition, and other times is a gesture acknowledging the change, perpetuation or loss of culture and tradition post-migration. Sabiri's work is fuelled by memories of connection and attachment, and whose prominent themes are autobiography, hybridity, language, anxiety and desire.

⌋ **BLAIR
SWANN**

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@blairswann

Blair Swann is an artist, writer, and curator. His work has appeared in solo and group exhibitions in Canada and internationally, most recently at The Round Tower (Copenhagen, Denmark). He has organized publications, residencies, and exhibitions, and has contributed writing and curated projects at InterAccess, Xpace Cultural Centre, and the plumb.

Benjamin de Boer's mom can see three of Saturn's moons with her naked eye. He needs glasses to see himself in the bathroom mirror

⌋ **BENJAMIN
DE BOER**

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⌋ **SHAELYNN
RECOLLET**

@niizhokwe

Niizhokwe (Shaelynn Recollet) is a self-taught Anishinaabe (Ojibwe/Odawa) multimedia visual artist from Wiikwemkoong Unceded Territory on Manitoulin Island. Her works reflect her own identity as a young Anishinaabekwe, her family's and community's history, and her knowledge and interest in her cultural traditions. Influenced strongly by dreams, visions, personal memories and family stories. As well as maintaining connection to the land and constantly paying respect; Shaelynn creates an emotional narrative through the exploring of organic abstract forms, line work, and colour to develop themes of land-to-self connection, spirit-to-self connection, and the connectedness of all things through scopes of nurturing growth and regrowth and spirit transformation.

Véronique Sunatori is a multidisciplinary visual artist living and working in Toronto, Canada. ⌋ **VÉRONIQUE
SUNATORI**

Sunatori has participated in residencies at AIRY Yamanashi (Japan) and the Société d'art et d'histoire de Beauport (Quebec). She is the recipient of a Research and Creation grant for emerging artists from the Conseil des Arts et Lettres du Québec and a Individual Visual Artist grant from the Toronto Art Council. Sunatori's work has been presented at Art Mûr, FOFA Gallery, Art Gallery of York University (AGYU), Small Arms Inspection Building, CIRCA Art Actuel, TAP Montreal and Durham Art Gallery. With her artist collective XVK, the group has performed and exhibited at the BIG on Bloor Festival, Y+ Contemporary, Martin Goya Business, Idea Exchange, Long Winter and at Flux Factory in NYC. Sunatori holds an MFA in Visual Art from York University (2018).

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As a structural element in the makeup of a house, and a tool providing warmth, light, and food; a hearth gathers us towards itself, and towards each other.

Founded in 2019 as an DIY artist-run space, [Hearth](#) seeks to provide a site to present projects within a context that values collaboration, experimentation, and community.

Programming is collaboratively produced by Rowan Lynch, Sameen Mahboubi, Philip Leonard Ocampo and Benjamin de Boer.

⌋ ***the plumb*** [the plumb](#) is a DIY artist-run project located in Tkaronto/Toronto dedicated to offering a surplus of space in a city where space is at a premium—particularly for artists, community organizers, and marginalized groups. We are interested in providing exhibition space to emerging artists, fostering dialogues with established voices, and providing a platform for culturally diverse artists and curators.

⌋ ***HEARTH***
[hearthgarage.com](#)
[@hearth.garage](#)

To

Alexia / Kim + Dai / Holly / Forest / Julian / Chantal
/ Aidan / Jennifer / Keivan / Alicia / Véronique /
Shaelynn / Fatine / Emma W / Daniel /
Emma G / Blair / Laura / Anthony /
and the plumb

Thank you for the hard work, support and encouragement
in this process.

Moonshow could not have happened without you!

- Hearth

