

April 7-28, 2018

OPENING RECEPTION

Saturday, April 7, 7-10PM

PANEL DISCUSSION

Saturday, April 28, 1-4PM

with Franciso-Fernando Granados, Ricky Varghese, and Fan Wu

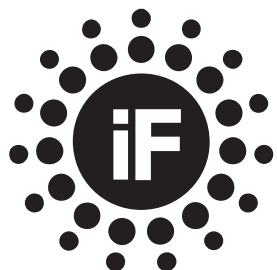
GALLERY HOURS

Friday-Saturday, 12-5PM

or by appointment

Scarborough-based multi-disciplinary, conceptual artist **Erika DeFreitas** explores the influence of language, loss, and culture on the formation of identity through textile-based works, and performative actions that are photographed, placing an emphasis on process, gesture, and documentation. DeFreitas has shown nationally and internationally, including Project Row Houses and Museum of African American Culture, Houston, the Art Gallery of Mississauga, Angell Gallery, Toronto, the Art Gallery of York University, and Platform Centre for Photographic + Digital Arts, Winnipeg. In 2016, DeFreitas was a Toronto Friends of Visual Arts Award finalist as well as the 2016 Recipient of the John Hartman Award. She was a 2017 nominee for the Sobey Award and a recent artist-in-resident at Alice Yard, Port of Spain, Trinidad and Tobago.

Letch Kinloch is a writer and arts administrator who lives on Treaty 1 territory in Winnipeg. She is the founder of Also As Well Too Artist Book Library, a free and accessible space that celebrates, expands ideas around, and gives opportunities to people working with the artist book genre.



Co-presented by the Images Festival, April 12-20, 2018
For more information, visit imagesfestival.com

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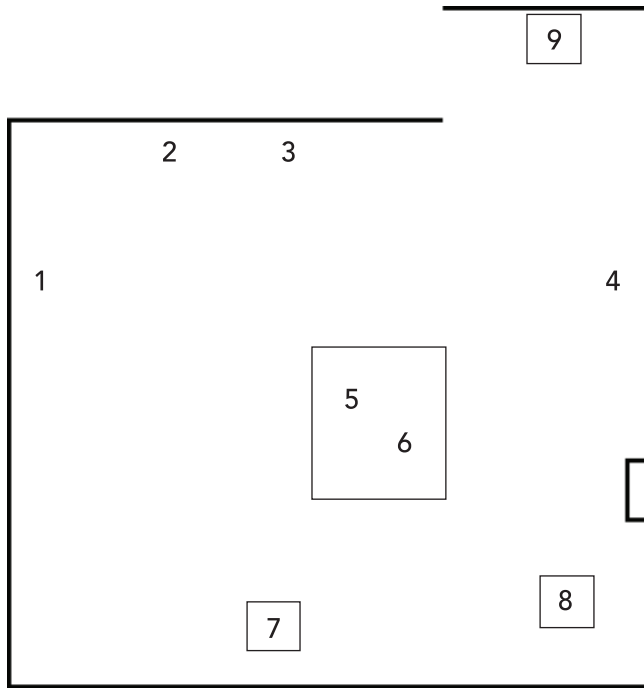


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to prepare for a longing, an itch

Erika DeFreitas





- 1** *until it was well over happening*
Single channel video · 02:56 minutes
2018
- 2** *the pause and mirrored peaks*
Single channel video · 03:21 minutes
2018
- 3** *so between narrow and reason and the looseness of shape*
Single channel video · 09:43 minutes
2018
- 4** *and so they made it plural, a return*
Single channel video · 04:34 minutes
2018
- 5-9** *the aura appeared a few minutes before*
Series of 5 unglazed clay sculptures
2018
Assisted by Adam Williams

The hazard of breathing

They found a new organ in the human body. Is that right? You found another organ in the human body. They say, "It's just there." It's called the interstitium. Is that right? Did you mean intuition? This mass of liquid cells lurks just below the surface and collapses, pulled out from under our understanding, the second we try to grasp and incise it with our sharp tools of inquiry, its meaning and function spilling and dissipating into its surroundings.

Have we ever felt it? Could we possibly unfeel it? Will our conscious understanding and conceptual vivisection of its existence prove scientifically that it's okay to hold space for something that we sense but can't show?

I opened my eyes and she wasn't there. Is that right? In order to be away from something you have to have been *of* something. *Of* or *as*, fleeting and returning, the spaces between haunting bodily processes and decisions. An unseen, unknown piece of us, ensheathing our entire insides, moving with us—apart and a part. The pre-existing condition of being *of*.

Interstitially, between other places, exists the shape of our memory, the contours of our ghosts, the complex web of that which remains unspoken between us; the diaphanous hiss of an aperture, a cleft, a gap, a fissure. Was the cancer always there before it suffocated everything? Was she always a part of me, before either of us existed? The moment that *of* meets the air, connections are confused, incisions spilling forth meaning that once informed effortlessly.

If we measured in vivo, inside the living organism instead of charting dead tissue on a slide, we would see how these spaces are made and inhabited, the revelation of our selves quantified; plural, ex-temporized, all that has ever been, before and after, an eternal return, simultaneously within these spaces. The way we think, talk, move our hands; a subterranean physics whose only tangible symptoms are bubbles and burps of conscious anxiety where things don't quite match up.

I had a dream of a string connecting me to her. Is that right? It was umbilical, strangling. I cut it all away and when I tried to identify the pieces after, I couldn't remember how we went together. I opened my eyes and she wasn't there. In the empty bed, the sheet holds the space of the absent body between the blanket and the mattress. She was just there.