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Kapsula

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KAPSULA

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ANIMA CASO





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ineffectual

monstrosity

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impedim

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mend

louse u

detriment

downgrade

deprivation

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ebb

need

downgrade

conquest

derelect

lemon

conk out

flop

destituteness

destituteness

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pletion

make a mess of

mess

goof up

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lemon

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red ink

generacy

lemon

letdown

fiasco

hindrance

hindrance

almagundi

incompetence

hash

hash

verwhelm

frustration

ill fortune

exterminate

fiasco

total

washout

sit-down

sit-down

termination

total

innocent

relic

relic

frustration

frustration

mess-up

check

fiasco

frustration

frustration

frustration

fiasco

fiasco

frustration

frustration

frustration

fiasco

fiasco

incompletteness

vanquishment

jerk

ENCAPSULADO

El tiempo y la palabra pueden envolvernos en situaciones y circunstancias de añoro, apego, dificultad y hasta en ocasiones de conflicto. El conflicto creativo y personal son los procesos en los cuales durante la residencia artística, facilitada por Kegan McFadden dio pauta a la creación de trabajo artístico, este a través de la palabra, la imagen y el objeto.

Trabajamos en barro, presentamos nuestro trabajos pasados, platicamos de los actuales, encapsulados en un Mexico rural; aislados de la ciudad y así, inmersos en la creación buscamos las emociones, plasmando nociones.

Anima Casa Rural Artistas en Residencia (ACRAR) fue una vez más un laboratorio creativo, campestre y holístico, sumando nuestros sueños, opiniones, apegos y así mismo nuestros conflictos creativos.

ACRAR agradece la participación de Kegan McFadden, Maxwell Hyett, Ken Moffat y Ralf Paiva, y por supuesto a la intervención creativa y editorial de Kapsula Magazine.



Inkapsulated
Julian Calleros
Oil on wood, 36" x 25" (2017)
Courtesy of the Artist.

JULIÁN CALLEROS is the Director of ANIMA Casa Rural. His love for the arts and culinary creativity have led him to the creation of many different projects such as Naco Gallery in the city of Toronto, Knaves Kitchen, a guerrilla culinary protect in Mexico and Canada, and, in the past five years, the creation of ANIMA Casa Rural Artist Residency alongside his family and collaborators. Calleros revisits his historical, social, and political interests in all his projects and artwork—not only while painting, tattooing or cooking, but also while interacting and dreaming. He is always considering how we look at food, art, community, and collaboration.

Triangular Affairs

This issue is a testament to the difficulty of translation, on more than one account. First, there is the question of experience: as the result of a site-specific residency taking place in Tala, of Jalisco, Mexico, this issue's development began far from our reach. Its contents depict the experiences of those who spent time in Tala, over a two-week period last winter; none of our staff shared in that experience, and yet our task, through this digital document, was to assist the participants in communicating it. (On this note, a strong contender for the epigraph opening this introduction was author Ken Liu's apt claim that "every act of communication is a miracle of translation.") The problematics of translating experience linger in the following pages, as our resident, Kegan McFadden, and his collaborators Maxwell Hyett, Ken Moffatt, and Julian Calleros attempt to depict the conversations and feelings that represent their stay at Anima Casa Rural. What lay behind these words? We can't exactly say.

Then there's the question of language. Most of the issue has been translated into Spanish, apart from this introduction. Our decision to include a separate introduction by Anima Casa Director Julian Calleros, written in Spanish and not translated into English, is intended to speak to the conceptual impossibility of translation and its consistent failure to produce an exact replica of the original. Of course, this limits accessibility (usually one of our publication's priorities); but when it comes

to language, and especially when it comes to translation, access to certain types of textual information is not equivalent to shared meaning. This predicament is explored further, with greater poetic gusto than you'll find here, in contributions by Hyett and Moffatt. They render words in clay and rain, and in these material explorations get lost, perhaps not "in translation," but in the certainly transitional space between meaning and practice.

This is to say that we accept translation as a triangular affair. Conveniently, triangular affairs might also describe the relationships between the three residents—both their personal relationships with each other, which we have limited access to, as well as how their work during the residency, and their separate contributions to this issue, reflect on one another. The closest we get to the experience of being there, in that place of shared meaning, is through McFadden's editorial. The function of the editorial genre is of course to offer a perspective that frames the rest of a publication's contents, and this is true of McFadden's piece, though this is the only way it resembles a traditional editorial. Yet, the sincerity of his approach affords it a nuance that most opinion pieces will never have. Rather than speaking to the issues, the following editorial speaks to something much more of-the-flesh than of-the-times. In it, we catch moments of the soul, but not our own; this issue belongs, rightfully, wholly, and unapologetically, to the three residents, and to their ANIMA.

...true translation is not a binary affair between two languages but a triangular affair. The third point of the triangle being what lay behind the words of the original text before it was written. True translation demands a return to the pre-verbal.

John Berger in *The Guardian*, December 12, 2014.



Editorial

KEGAN McFADDEN

Arriving in Guadalajara around midnight, the pilot tells our half-empty flight that there is another plane on the runway; we'll have to circle in the air until it moves to make way for us...

I lose track, but I think I saw the moon outside my window come into and go out of view three times before the wheels dropped from their cubbyholes with a familiar clunk, disappearing into the dark air as we descend with a thud onto the tarmac. The moon is somewhere behind me, out of sight, but the lights of the city have yet to show me how bright they shine.

This is nowhere.

...

I navigate the empty airport and see Sebastian waiting for me. We make our way into the white truck and through the spotlight city, down the rough roads and onto the farm; I fall asleep as soon as my head hits the pillow. With the break of day and a tour of the property, it becomes quickly apparent that everywhere at Anima is a studio.

Llegando a Guadalajara, alrededor de la medianoche, el piloto informa a nuestro vuelo a medio llenar que otro avión está ocupando la pista de aterrizaje, por lo que vamos a tener que dar círculos en el aire hasta que lo retiren y haya lugar para nosotros...

Perdí la cuenta, pero creo haber visto la luna a través de mi ventanilla entrar y salir de mi campo visual unas tres veces antes de que las ruedas del avión descendieran desde sus nichos con su sonido característico, para desaparecer en la oscuridad del cielo en tanto nosotros tocamos el suelo con un apagado impacto sobre la pista. La luna está en algún lugar a mis espaldas, fuera de mi vista, pero las luces de la ciudad todavía no me han dejado ver qué tanto resplandecen.

Esto es ninguna parte.

...

Recorro el aeropuerto vacío y veo a Sebastián, que espera por mí. Nos encaminamos hacia la furgoneta blanca y nos abrimos paso en la ciudad tan precisamente iluminada,



Ralf and Maria spent the afternoon cutting up stained glass and skinning rabbits, his Portuguese and her Spanish mingling into the warm air shaded by the terracotta canopy next to the pink Bougainvillea. Their words meet somewhere above the mangled mass of white sinew and muscle, while they do their best not to gauge or pierce the hide with their tiny blue-handled knives. Everything is delicate, everything is explored.

After they massage the last bits of tendons and remaining sinew away from the surface, the two hides are stretched and nailed to a board and left to dry for days. They resemble two countries, addressing one another in their make-shift cartography. When Ralf leaves the following day, Maria hands him a soft, tanned rabbit fur as a parting gift.

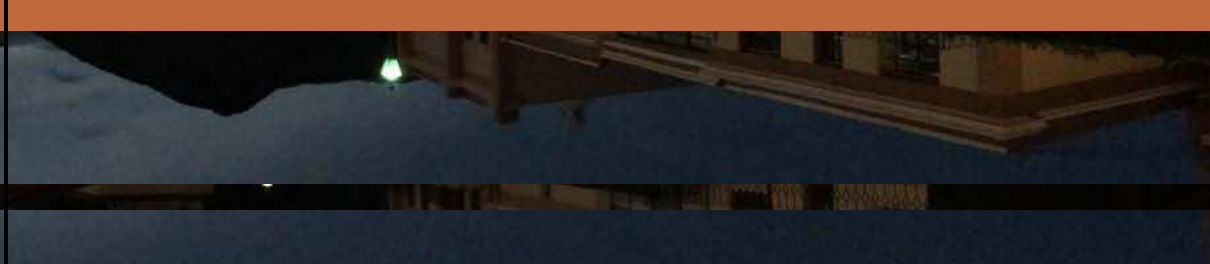
...

Yesterday would've been Kurt Cobain's fiftieth birthday.

I took my mid-thirties self for a walk and wound up somewhere in my mid-teens. I'm still trying to understand the road from there to here.

I walked and walked in a strange town, not knowing if I'd get lost in the dust—something I loved to do twenty years ago.

The lyrics of *In Utero* filled my head.



atravesando carreteras rústicas que nos llevan hasta la granja: caigo dormido tan pronto como mi cabeza entra en contacto con la almohada. Con el romper del día y el recorrido de bienvenida por la propiedad, comprendo rápidamente que todo rincón de Anima es un taller.

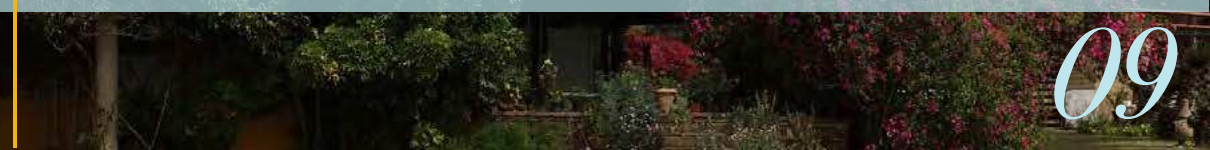
...


Ralf y María pasaron la tarde cortando vidrio teñido y desollando conejos. El portugués de él y el castellano de ella se funden en la atmósfera cálida bajo la sombra del dosel de terracota, junto a la buganvilla rosa. Sus palabras se cruzan en algún punto por encima de la masa enrevesada de nervios blancos y músculos, mientras ellos hacen lo mejor que pueden para no arruinar la piel con sus pequeños cuchillos de empuñadura azul. Todo es delicado, todo es explorado.

Después de limpiar los últimos rastros de tendones y nervios de la superficie, las dos pieles son tensadas y clavadas en una tabla de madera, para que sequen durante días. Tienen el aspecto de dos países, conversando en su improvisada cartografía. Cuando Ralf se marcha, al día siguiente, María le entrega una piel de conejo curtida y suave como regalo de despedida.

...

Ayer habría sido el quincuagésimo cumpleaños de Kurt Cobain.





Where everywhere is a studio, and everything is full of possibility, I sometimes like to defer to the latent memories of a place—what has been here before. I listen to a story by Gabriel Garcia Marquez in which a poor schlub surfaces along some shoreline in some body of water and he is pulled onto the dock by fisherman. The villagers clean up this giant of a man, and as the detritus from the sea is peeled away from him, the women start to notice he is the most beautiful man they have ever seen. The name for such a beauty, they figure, could only be Esteban.

...

Friday night in the studio, with a bottle of tequila, we talk about everything from love to theory, from rhizomes to rancheros.

Tucked behind the tomato processing plant, amid the valley where deer once roamed and ran from coyotes, when there were many more hills and even mountains before the value of sand outweighed the price of a view, lays Anima Casa Rural.

The semi-trailers move the tiny tomatoes all day and all night long so that the bright fruit can make their ripe ways to dinner tables throughout North America.

...

There is a banana tree outside my bathroom window. As I shower I can just make out the blue sky behind the green palms. A pineapple grows in the yard; eggplant, too. In the night, a possum takes a baby bunny whose eyes have yet to open, and by the following afternoon, the hole in the fence has been mended.

Saqué a caminar a mis mediados treinta y terminé en algún lugar en medio de mi adolescencia. Sigo tratando de entender la trayectoria desde allá hasta acá.

Caminé y caminé por una población extraña, sin saber si me perdería entre la polvareda – algo que me encantaba hacer hace veinte años.

Las letras de *In Utero* retumban en mi cabeza.

...

En un lugar que es un taller en todas partes, y donde todo está preñado de posibilidades, a veces me gusta abstraerme en las memorias latentes del sitio— lo que ha estado aquí anteriormente. Escucho un cuento de Gabriel García Márquez en el que un pobre tonto es devuelto por algún cuerpo de agua en una línea costera y es recuperado por un pescador que lo arrastra sobre el muelle. Los lugareños lavan a este hombre descomunal, y a medida que los detritos del mar le son removidos, las mujeres se percatan de que se trata del hombre más hermoso que jamás han visto. El nombre para un hombre de tal belleza, deciden ellas, solamente podía ser Esteban.

...

Es viernes por la noche en el taller y, con una botella de tequila, hablamos de todo; desde el amor hasta la teoría, desde rizomas hasta rancheros.

Escondida detrás de una planta procesadora de tomates, en medio de un valle en el que una vez moraron los ciervos, huyendo de los coyotes, cuando había muchas más colinas e incluso montañas, antes de que el valor de la arena superara el precio de una buena vista, se





Sebastian chooses a chicken for dinner. He puts his palms around the bird, cradling her to his chest as they leave the coop. A knife on his belt glints in the midday sun. He brings her to a shaded spot under a nearby tree, like just another Casanova on just another date—calculated, with all the right moves. He holds the bird and whispers his thanks, and then slits her throat and strings her up to bleed out into a bucket. The dogs have to be tied up during this dance, so as not to disrupt the delicate maneuvers involved, and to ensure there will, after all, be something for us to eat tonight.

...

There are nightly burns that compete with the sunset (if such a thing is even possible). The local farmers burn the sugar cane in order to harvest the crop. Thin black plumes wrap themselves into the night breeze and get mixed up in our sight-lines from the rooftop terrace.

...

Julian has a lover in Canada.



encuentra Anima Casa Rural.

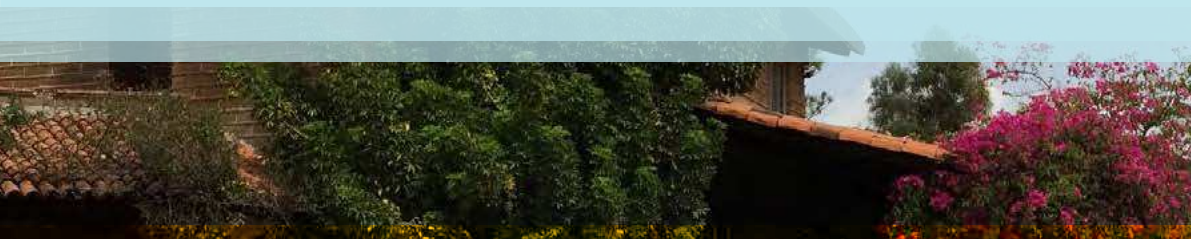
Los camiones de remolque transportan los pequeños tomates todo el día y toda la noche para que la brillante fruta pueda llegar a las mesas de comedor de toda América del Norte.


...

Hay un banano que es visible desde la ventana de mi baño. Mientras me ducho, solo alcanzo a atisbar el cielo azul al fondo de las palmas verdes. Una piña crece en el patio, también una berenjena. En la noche, una zarigüeya atrapa a un conejito recién nacido que aún ni abría los ojos, y para la siguiente tarde, el agujero en la cerca ya está reparado.

...

Sebastián escoge un pollo para la cena. Rodea al ave con las palmas de sus manos, acurrucándola contra su pecho al salir del gallinero. Un cuchillo en su cinto centellea con el sol de mediodía. Lleva al animal a un lugar sombreado bajo un árbol cercano, como Casanova en otra de sus citas—calculador, preciso en sus movimientos. Sostiene al ave y le susurra las gracias, justo antes de degollarla y dejar escurrir su sangre en un balde. Los perros tienen que mantenerse atados durante esta danza, para evitar que interrumpen las delicadas maniobras en curso, y para asegurar que, después de todo, quede algo que comer para nosotros esta noche.






The menagerie at Casa Anima includes: two cats, as many dogs, numerous chickens, roosters, turkeys, fish, sheep, a single goat, some cows, a donkey I never saw and only heard.

...

It's too hot for pants most of the day.

...

We go for runs in the morning, and lounge by the pool in the afternoon—sharing the water with three large coy fish. The three beautiful and thoughtful meals provided throughout the day remind us there is a schedule, and that maybe work should get done. I make notes to transcribe later.



Hay incendios nocturnos que compiten con el sol naciente (si tal cosa fuera posible). Los agricultores locales queman la caña de azúcar como método para cosechar el cultivo. Delgadas humaredas negras ascienden en tirabuzones en medio de la brisa nocturna, e invaden, disueltas, nuestros campos visuales desde la terraza.

...

Julian tiene un amante en Canadá.

...

La colección de animales domésticos de Casa Anima incluye: dos gatos, dos perros, un número indeterminado de pollos, gallos, pavos, peces, ovejas, una sola cabra, algunas vacas, y un burro al que nunca vi y solamente escuché.

...

La mayor parte del día hace demasiado calor como para usar pantalones.

...

Salimos a correr en la mañana, y nos metemos juntos a la piscina en la tarde – compartimos el agua con tres grandes peces koi. Las tres bellas y generosas comidas ofrecidas a lo largo del día nos recuerdan que existe un horario, y que quizás se debería adelantar algo de trabajo. Tomo notas para transcribirlas más tarde.



this morning i
read octavio paz:

“My hands
Open the curtains of your being
clothe you in a further nudity
uncover the bodies of your body
My hands
invent another body for your body”

sitting for julian
letting words fall
while his pencil
captures my likeness
trying to not
move too much

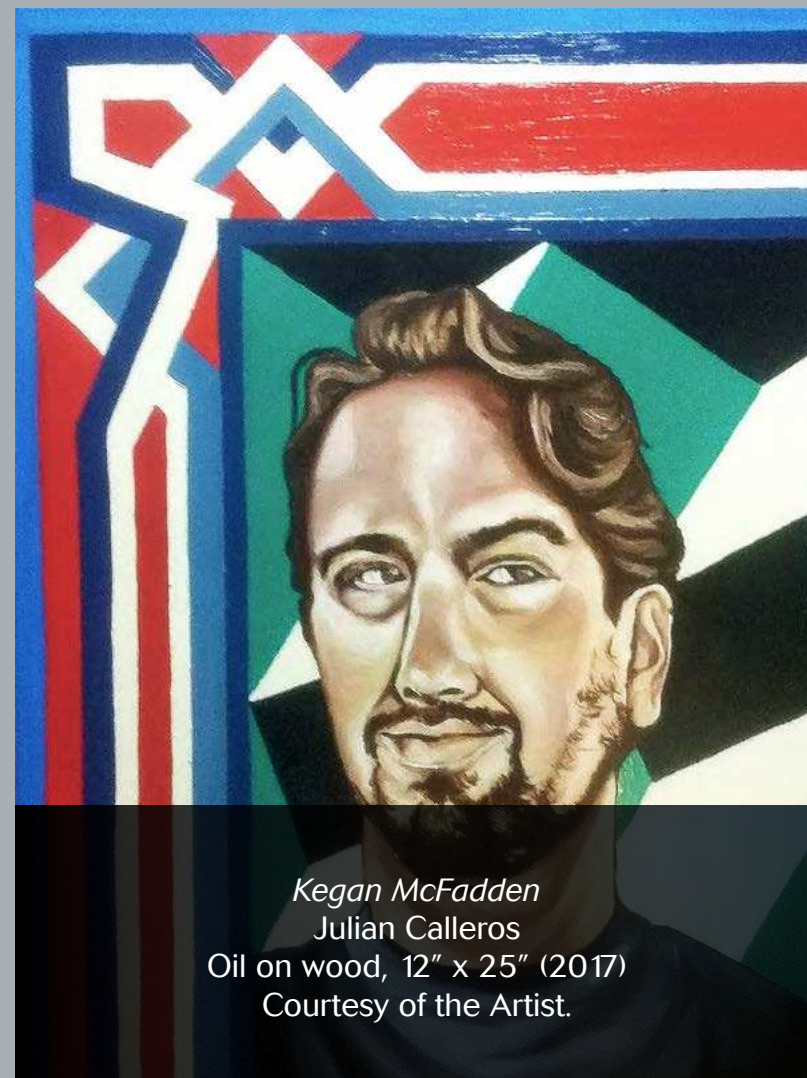
a goat wanders
into the studio
but we persist
tequila then lunch

esta mañana
leí a octavio paz:

“Mis manos
abren las cortinas de tu ser
te visten con otra desnudez
descubren los cuerpos de tu cuerpo
Mis manos
inventan otro cuerpo a tu cuerpo”

posando para julian
dejo las palabras ir cayendo
mientras su lápiz
aprehende mi apariencia
y trato
de no moverme demasiado

una cabra irrumpe
errática en el taller
pero persistimos
tequila, luego almorzar



Kegan McFadden
Julian Calleros
Oil on wood, 12" x 25" (2017)
Courtesy of the Artist.

KEGAN McFADDEN is a writer, curator, and artist living on Vancouver Island. His recent projects—in print and exhibition form—explore intersecting histories, living memory, and the potential inherent in ambiguities. He co-edited [The Poetics of Queer](#), a special issue of CV2 (The Canadian Journal of Poetry and Critical Writing, 2015) and is the founding editor of [As We Try & Sleep Press](#), an imprint that explores the overlap between the literary and visual arts. Kegan is on the advisory panel for the artist book library, [Also As Well Too](#) (Winnipeg), and has his work archived with the [Centre for Contemporary Canadian Art](#).

Las palabras. Una serie de figuras sofisticadas. Es gracioso: comencé esta tarea porque no entendía lo que leía – evidencia de una torpeza , visualización de un malentendido, de un descontento. No deja de ser torpeza, pero ahora es algo más coreográfico.

¿Qué estaba (o no) haciendo yo aquí?

Aquí, en esta (marca de) posición.

Aquí, en este trabajo (artístico).

Aquí, en esta condición (decretada).

Me parece que estaba probando la viscosidad de distintas presentaciones (si me disculpan la verbosidad). ¿Cómo alterar la manera en la que el texto es presentado modifica la información que se absorbe de este? ¿Cómo fluye de manera distinta el significado entre palabras que están hacinadas una al lado de la otra en comparación con palabras apiladas unas sobre otras? Esto puede sonar a locura, pero siento curiosidad sobre cómo una lista de sinónimos puede afectarnos si los leemos en una cuadrícula o los leemos en una historia metafórica, en un tratado teórico o cuando solamente vemos su silueta colectiva.

Pero, en realidad, todos significan lo mismo para mí—un sinsentido.

– MAXWELL HYETT

			entanglement				entanglement	
entanglement	net	ambush	exertion		ensnarement	screen	booby trap	drudgery
closure	coil	allurement	ataxia		interruption	mess	catch	botch
botch	chaos	cobweb	screw		commotion	confusion	knot	bond
assortment	crisis	chicanery	complexity		pastiche	entanglement	conspiracy	difficulty
imbroglio	altercation	chagrin	adversity		affair	brawl	difficulty	crisis
bewilderment	complication	fiber	club		distraction	ramification	labyrinth	cooperative
case	communication	prouhaha	imbroglio		event	intermediary	quandary	affair

entanglement	imbroglio	liaison	affair		association	spat	connection	incident
association	cobweb	complexity	confusion		corporation	mesh	convolution	embarrassment
difficulty	embarrassment	embroilment	entrapment		deadlock	dilemma	clash	association
intricacy	intrigue	involvement	jumble		elaborateness	fraud	quandary	patchwork
knot	mesh	mess	mix-up		braid	labyrinth	debris	disorder
muddle	snare	tangle	tie-up		choas	come-on	morass	layoff
toil	trap	web	enmeshment		effort	device	cobweb	entrapment
ensnarement					entrapment			

confederation

involvement

industry net complexity involvement

clutter deception skin shun

bunch maze disarray jun

machination ta

dilemma mess conflict co

federation net elaboration turt

cobweb squabble fixer in

hindrance

pickle

stratagem

employment liaison entanglement contact

disorientation intricacy gossamer company

liaison argument confusion complication

mishmash embarrassment complication confusion

chaos clutter jungle tangle

gridlock labyrinth bait awkwardness

embroilment network bait application

embroilment

spiral

jumble

lure

come-on			lacework	deception			mat	dragnet	
quicksand	disarray	downtime	mix-up	trick	disorganization	immobilization	rummage	booby trap	
snare	joint		dirty	tangle	ligament		disorganization	tracery	
dodge		garbage		fix		hash		game	
destitution	struggle	knot		discomposure	arduousness	mess		distress	
	affiliation	dither			band	fluster			
dispute	intrigue	avocation		embroilment	jumble	circumstance		involvement	
tion	topic	involvement	embarrassment		assignment		knot	flack	
	commotion	alliance			discomfiture		bunch		
ity	tiff	intrigue	trouble	discomfiture	jumble	awkwardness		disconcertion	
n		disorder		double-dealing	gallimaufry			frame-up	
	botch		kink	snarl	compound		ligature	toils	discomb
l	mat	deduction	disorder	temptation	mesh	down	emergency	wire	mu
e	interlacing			conspiracy	labyrinth			decoy	lat

			maze	feint			meshwork	hook	
encumbrance		lockout	twist	seducement	foul-up		occlusion		haze
link			fright	web	nexus		hodgepodge		rosette
		medley		hookup			miscellany	manipulation	
barricade		muddle		hitch	crux		tangle	indiscretion	emergency
circle		perplexity			clique		pothole		combination
mesh		duty		quarrel	mix-up		hap	run-in	snare

	calling		mess	miff		concern		muddle	row	
	flap		clan			lather		coalition		per
	mesh		check	fix		mix-up		distress	indebtedness	
	goulash			graft		litter			maneuver	
obulation		mat		trap	eyesore			perplexity		hash
muddle	hindrance		fog	inveiglement	snag	jam		hash		web
tice				enticement	matting				gambit	mesh

		plait	lasso			skain	machination		
	standstill			involvement		walkout		mess	
		monstrosity		snarl			sight	splice	
	muddle		ruse			salmagundi	trickery		
	toil		mortification	fix		web	pinch	hitch	
	stew			confederacy		abashing		congress	
	job		knock-down-drag-out	tie-up		obligation		trap	
episode		tangle	falling-out		happening		toil	soap opera	mission
turbation		combo			puzzlement		confederation		tumult
snare		exigency	inhibition		tie-up	hindrance	pickle		trap
mess			plan		mixture		stratagem		potpourri
		snag		mishmash		spiral		salmagundi	
struction		intricacy			sit-down		jumble		stopping
			intrigue	morass			lure	reticulation	

welt

wile

wool

seducement

tangle

mess and a half

stew

paradox

tangle

pickle

outfit

mystification
mixup

ring

perplexing

office function

dumbfounding

pool

embroiling

sodality

s

snag

perplexity

strait

quagmire

timid

trouble

rat's nest

temptation

webbing

inveiglement

wicker

screw-up

uneasiness

quandary

tau xnaɹ

sortly

ɹɪpɛtɪŋ

obscuring

tie-up

ity

strain

egg on face

strait

hot water

tribulation

deep water

troops

zoo

unsettling

troupe

rat pack

strenuousness

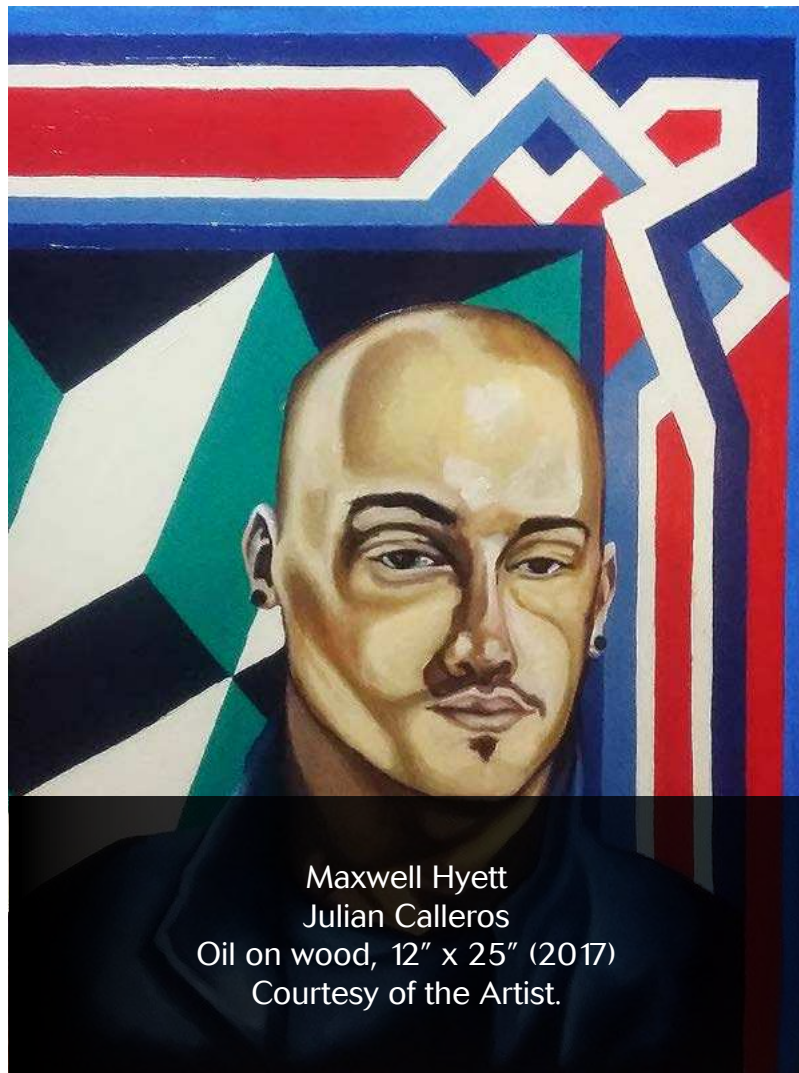
hot seat

dead end

impecuniosity

stumbling block

hot water



Maxwell Hyett
Julian Calleros
Oil on wood, 12" x 25" (2017)
Courtesy of the Artist.

MAXWELL HYETT is a theorist and interdisciplinary artist. His artistic work explores issues of meaning, simultaneity, and the relationship between language and reality. While his academic work plays along the same lines as his artistic production, it focuses on the relationship between truth and doubt in post-truth culture. These issues emerge in writing and image primarily as a concern with information and its reception: how is information/meaning/truth made; where do we keep it; how do we retrieve it; and how does it translate through these processes of creation, recognition, and storage?



Anima
Ken Moffatt
Clay
2017.
Courtesy of the Artist.

Technique, Connection, and Anima in counterpoint

The field

Technique and connection are troubling, troublesome concepts.

Technique values most highly those matters and processes that are efficient in delivery and reductive in expression. Our love affair with technique is instantly gratifying; it allows for rapid communication, fast relationships, quick answers. Technique has no emotional expression, but only flashpoints that demand immediate, unforgiving response.

Connection is presently mediated through technology. While mediated connection feels intimate, it constantly demands performance and exposure; while mediated connection feels private, it is under constant surveillance. While mediated connection feels immediate it is always defined though the frame of technique.

Technique and technology together act as an ontology that floats beyond space and place and is defined by a belief in efficiency and management. Capitalism cannot rest until it

El campo

Técnica y conexión son conceptos problemáticos.

La técnica da el más alto valor a aquellas materias y procesos que son eficientes en su desempeño y reductivas en su expresión. Nuestro romance con la técnica es instantáneamente gratificante, permite una comunicación y unas relaciones rápidas, de respuestas inmediatas. La técnica no tiene expresión emocional, solo estadios críticos que demandan una respuesta inmediata y sin miramientos.

La conexión está mediada en la actualidad por la tecnología. A pesar de que la conexión mediada se siente íntima, constantemente demanda ejecución y exposición; a pesar de que la conexión mediada se siente privada, está sometida a una vigilancia constante. A pesar de que la conexión mediada se siente inmediata, siempre está definida por el marco de referencia de la técnica.

La técnica y la tecnología juntas actúan como una ontología que flota más allá del espacio y el lugar, y está definida por la creencia en

absorbs craft, infiltrating every domain that is not yet available for profit. Our barons are technologists. And the capital for technologists is data: the extraction of minute detail about, and the micro analysis of, our behaviours, ideas, movements, beliefs, and sexualities. Data about our bodies and brains are the new primary resource industry.

I learned that when you bake donkey shit with clay in a kiln the result is a jet-black clay object. I learned that donkey shit is dry and clean when picked from a semi-arid field under a burning sun. I learned that when you are in the field you need to attend to the curious donkeys— interested, but not domestic. I learned about differing types of micro interventions. Swat at a fly, pick a perfectly-dried brick from the field. Stare a donkey in the face.

In this case, technique is rescued as craft and becomes precise, peculiar, and queered.

la eficiencia y en la dirección. El capitalismo no puede estar tranquilo hasta que no absorba lo artesanal, infiltrándose en cada dominio aún no dispuesto para el lucro. Nuestros barones son tecnócratas. Y el capital de los tecnócratas es la data: la extracción del más mínimo detalle sobre, y el microanálisis de, nuestras conductas, ideas, movimientos, creencias y sexualidades. La data sobre nuestros cuerpos y cerebros es la nueva materia prima de la industria.

Aprendí que cuando horneas mierda de burro en un horno para cerámica, el resultado es una arcilla muy negra. Aprendí que la mierda de burro es seca y limpia cuando la recoges en un campo semiárido bajo un sol inclemente. Aprendí que cuando estás en el campo debes estar atento a los burros curiosos—están interesados, pero no domesticados. Aprendí sobre diferentes tipos de microintervenciones. Aplastar a una mosca, levantar un ladrillo perfectamente seco en el campo. Mirar a burro a la cara.

En este caso, la técnica es rescatada como artesanía, y se vuelve precisa, peculiar y extrañada.



Technique
Ken Moffatt
Clay
2017.
Courtesy of the Artist.

The studio

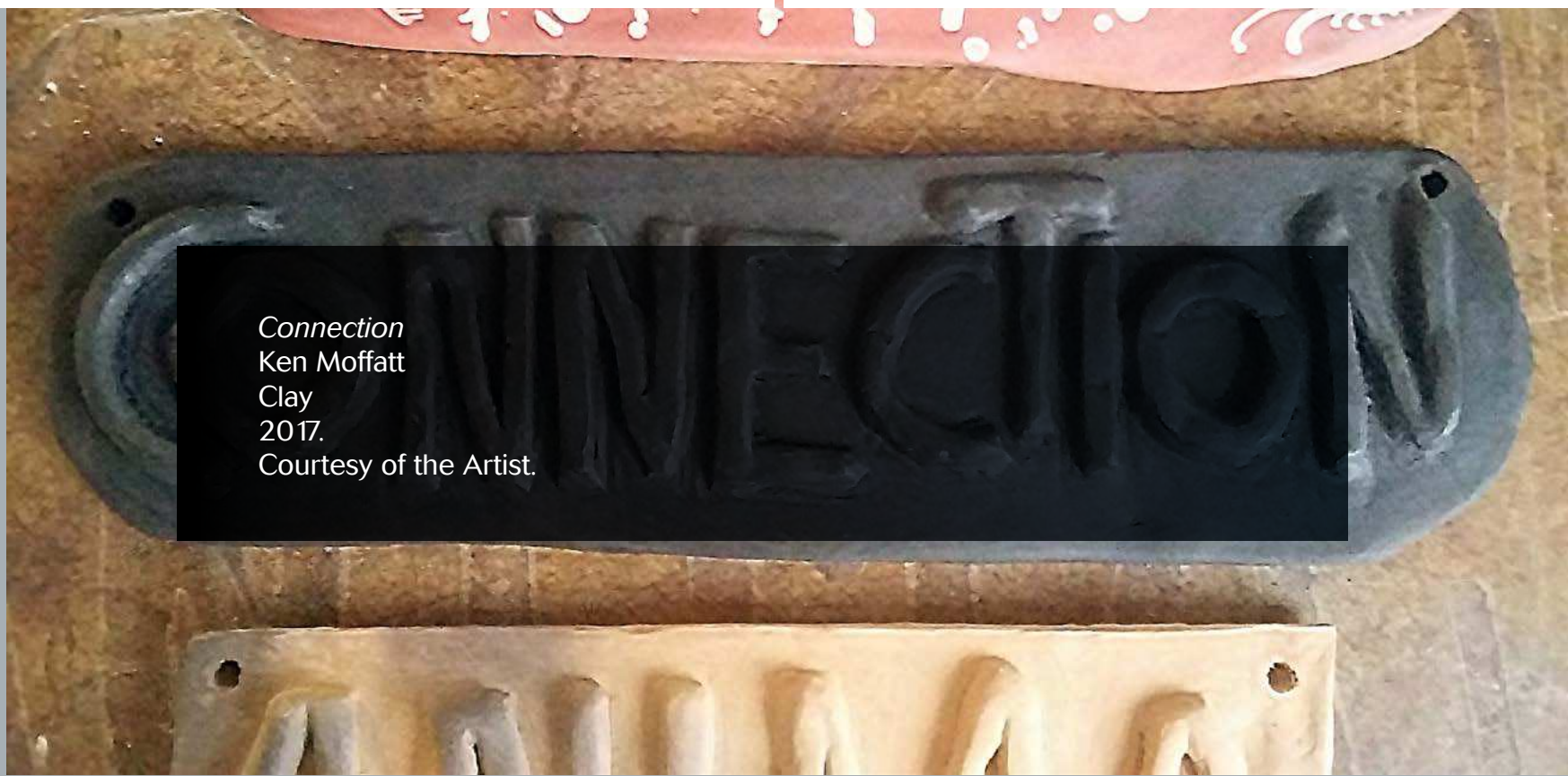
While forming the clay we talk through a divider. We cannot see each other. He paints. We both know the music. It feels like late night, but is it? As we talk about the cold place where we first met, we correct impressions of each other from another time. No, I was not so connected then. No, he was not so connected then, but struggled for it (and if I remember correctly, gained it). Now we are glad to make this correction/connection, through words floating in this studio, beside the kiln, beside the donkey's field. I can smell the goats in the stable next door. Water splashed in clay, clay cut with a knife. Specific, unmediated, gentle words in a floating time. Efficiency and connection are queered.

These clay words—Technique, Connection, and Anima—are not reductive, not fast, and the resulting form is not sublime, not perfect in form and aesthetic. They have not been corrected by technologies that operate beyond this place.

El estudio

Mientras doy forma a la arcilla, hablamos a través de una mampara. No podemos vernos entre nosotros. Él pinta. Los dos sabemos cómo es. Se siente como si fuera entrada la noche, ¿pero es así? En tanto hablamos sobre el frío lugar en el que nos conocimos, corregimos impresiones mutuas de otros tiempos. No, yo no estaba tan conectado entonces. No, él no estaba tan conectado entonces, pero luchaba por estarlo (y si recuerdo correctamente, lo logró). Ahora nos alegramos de poder hacer esta corrección/conexión, por medio de las palabras que flotan en este estudio, junto al horno, junto al campo con los burros. Puedo oler a las cabras en el establo vecino. Agua salpicando en la arcilla, arcilla cortada con un cuchillo. Específicas, no mediadas, amables palabras en un tiempo flotante. Eficiencia y conexión están extrañadas.

Estas palabras de arcilla —técnica, conexión y Anima— no son reductivas, ni rápidas, y la forma resultante de ellas no es sublime, ni perfecta, ni estética. No han sido corregidas por tecnologías que operen fuera de este lugar.



Connection
Ken Moffatt
Clay
2017.
Courtesy of the Artist.

The kiln

After dark, while the fire glows, a truck moves across the horizon. It seems bright, brash, and loud in this quiet, dark space. Headlights reveal the vast and ancient land. As the truck turns up the drive, its machinery feels oddly violent. I suppress fear and exhilaration. The truck arrives and men in space suits walk across the yard. They are headed to the bee hives that had been set up earlier in the day. They are there to do their special alchemy.

There two types of alchemy going on here: the hives, and the kiln. Both are in the dark.

Something explodes in the kiln (a different type of flashpoint); it is the gourd we mistakenly tried to bake covered in clay.

Anima recalls my own time in a northern countryside, something about jumping in a river and screaming after dark. Smelling the pigs in a barn, after dark. I imagine unmediated connection with my educator in clay, with those strangers who are experts in bee lore, to my close ones in the cold place. Crackling.

Anima is dark, anima is unknowable, anima is alive to the sensate.

Anima is specific to this place and time.

El horno

Después de caer la noche, mientras el fuego resplandece, una furgoneta se mueve a lo largo del horizonte. Parece brillar, temeraria y ensordecedora en este espacio tan silencioso y oscuro. Sus luces frontales exponen la tierra vasta y vetusta. A medida que aumentan las revoluciones del motor de la furgoneta, su maquinaria se siente extrañamente violenta. Suprimo el temor y el regocijo. La furgoneta llega a su destino y unos hombres vistiendo trajes espaciales caminan a través del terreno. Se dirigen a las colmenas que habían preparado más temprano. Están ahí para practicar su alquimia particular.

Hay dos tipos de alquimia en proceso aquí: las colmenas y el horno. Ambas, en las tinieblas.

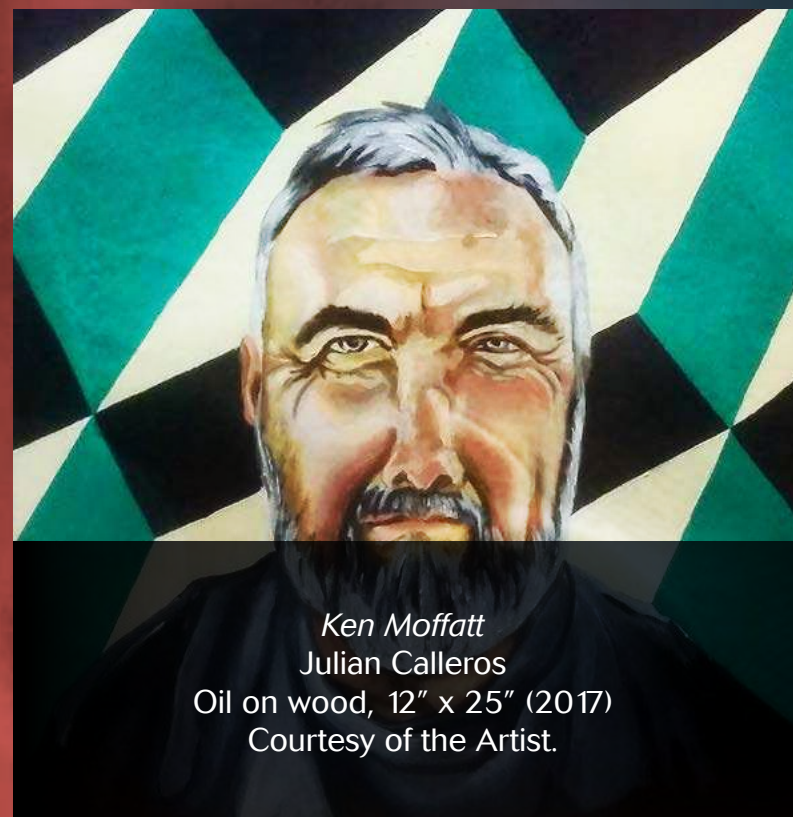
Algo estalla en el horno (un tipo distinto de punto de inflamación) es la calabaza que erradamente intentamos hornear cubierta de arcilla.

Anima me hace evocar mis días en una campiña del norte, algo sobre zambullirme en un río y gritar después de caída la noche. El perfume de los cerdos en el granero, después de caída la noche. Imagino una comunicación no mediada con mi maestro de la arcilla, con aquellos desconocidos expertos en las costumbres de las abejas, con mis allegados en el lugar frío. Crepitar.

Anima es oscuridad, anima es incognoscible, anima está viva para quien es sensato.

Anima es específica a este lugar y tiempo.

KEN MOFFATT is an educator, curator and writer. His interests include affect and emotions; queer art and culture; the corporatization of culture and education; the effects of technology on communication; and the control of symbols in the context of capitalism. He is currently working on a book about reflective approaches to teaching. He works at Ryerson University.



Ken Moffatt
Julian Calleros
Oil on wood, 12" x 25" (2017)
Courtesy of the Artist.

abortion

abortion

abortion

abortion

abortion

abortion

abortion

abortion

abortion

flop

rot

botch

foul-up

thrashing

bust

gaucherie

wreckage

dimwit

derelict

dope

heap

dunderhead

Catch-22

herniation

comedown

deduction

rent

flight

down

overthrow

flunkee

misfire

disaster

subdue

botch

mistake

failure

topple

crackup

miscarriage

circumvention

paucity

combination

weakness

dirty

defalcation

nonstarter

stunt

botch

curbing

abortion

bust

disgrunlement

miscarriage

paucity

adulteration

undo

decadence

shortcoming

earies

degeneracy

due bill

crumbling

crumbling

boggle

muff

shell

fumble

blow

atom bomb

ruin

bollix

Molotov cocktail

extermination

neglect

drop

snoprostrum

scarcity

loss

comedown

corrosion

shortcoming

rot

decadence

absence

thrashing

degeneracy

psychasthenia

indigence

abortion

flop

nonpayment

botch

ruination

pauperism

bust

disastrage

bomb

lack

faint

bungle

overdraft

prostration

killing

lack

abasement

cropper

massacre

shortage

atrophy

decrepitude

setback

weakness

abasement

failure

bungle

insufficient

injury

miss

unavailing

bereavement

trip

trip

mismanage

screw up

ticker

screw up

butcher

hydrogen bomb

boggle

mar

rot

lack

cloudburst

vanquish

atrophy

scantiness

concealment

consumption

dead horse

declension

miscarriage

chagrin

misconstrue

washout

contravention

bomb

error

defeat

bungle

down-and-outer

wreck

shortcoming

underprivileged

botch

blemish

compound

miscarriage

misstep

overturn

error

miss

bomb

raze

lapse

perversion

bungle

subvert

division

tie

arrest

confusion

parting

close

hiding

tear

discontinuance

downfall

dot

crate

fall

disruption

misstep

killing

flub

bomb

massacre

gaffe

bungle

setback

misstep

bomb

bomb

bungle

bungle

setback

fools

washout

false step

false step

scips

worsening

slaughter

detract

false step

trimming

age

retardation

stooge

age

miscompute

age

ruination

sed xray

balloon

age

wreck

age

sed xray

lead balloon

age

wreck

knock over

ecclesiastes

age

din yonnu

age

simple

equinox

age

washout

slaughter

detract

spills the beans

fools

washout

washout

detract

age

turkey

wreck

faux pas

aging

waning

shellacking

degringolade

falling off

subjugation

trashing

age

privatization

ruin

shrinkage

age

mess up

misconjecture

pull a bone

age

ruin

rust

spoilage

age

washout

false step

age

washout

knock down

false step

age

silly

simpleton

sucker

age

turkey

shellacking

wreck

subjugation

age

turkey

turkey

wreck

wreck

faux pas

faux pas

as

faux pas

trashing

lead balloon

lead balloon

nonsuccess

trouncing

total loss

sinking ship

total loss

whaling

twerp

victim

flash in the pan

nonsuccess

total loss

flash in the pan

nonsuccess

total loss

wasting

wasting away

mer

trial

want

ge

trouncing

whaling

g

lead balloon

sinking ship

nonsuccess

total loss

flash in the pan

waxing

whipping

trimming

undoing

waste

squandering

withering

sinking ship

spoilation

sinking ship

lead

dump ox

twit

tomfool

whipping

waxing

sinking ship

flash

nonsuccess

flash in the pan

nonsuccess

total loss

downthrow

whitewashing

mooncalf

halfwit

easy mark

misplaying

losing

wreckage

nonsuccess

downthrow

whitewashing

moment

insuccess

defeasance

misplaying

bad luck

lamebrain

fair game

insuccess

defeasance

vanquishment

vanquish

softhead



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