



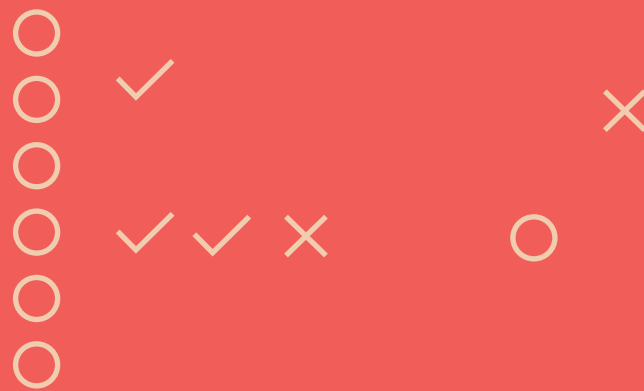
BROAD TOPICS

A Series Presented by
London Ontario Media Arts Association



AN INTUITIVE LIST

Curated by Lauren Fournier and Daniella Sanader



Expanded program notes & Curatorial text

LF:
Reason is a weird drive. There's something irresolvable that has to be done. The work is a pleasurable puzzle, something unusual. Paint diluted in cups; a button eclipse; a cinematic muse of la nouvelle vague. Did you know that colour is a vibration? New pleasures of a visual field? You can read this quickly: the words will not crush you. I hope you're right. Paranoiac patterns: or are these prophecies? There's something prescient about it, something pressing. A parafictional collage. Things become clear through accumulation (there's a method to the madness: like reading in snow).



Kim Kielhofner, THIRD READING, 11:41, 2017

“ There's something irresolvable that has to be done. The work is a pleasurable puzzle, something unusual. ”

DS:
There's a short story I love by Lydia Davis, a story of a woman with a sharp intellect but “almost no memory.” She reads and takes notes in a series of notebooks—cataloguing associations, critiques, ideas, reflections. Yet when she returns to each written page, she has forgotten what she read, and she has forgotten that these words are hers. She begins to read and annotate her own notes: some feel vaguely familiar, others remain totally foreign. Each time she opens a notebook this cycle of re-reading and re-annotation begins again—each notebook is the sediment of her thinking and forgetting, each grows more and more densely packed. She's chasing down an idea that she can never reclaim—isn't that all writing?—and building a lush landscape in the process.

“ Kim, you lay your research out before you in layers; piles of photographs, plastic jewels, and rows of pencil-crayons. ”

LF:

This cinema is chunky, made up of textured tones. Each colour has a taste, like rock candy or koolaid. It feels like a crystal placed on a photograph. Pantheistic practices and satisfying steps. The artist as auteur-sleuth. I want her to find what she is looking for. Could this be without words? I wish. Outside of this work there is so little touch and play. Order in

chaos, still patterns—even stiller movement. I’m turning my body to this thing that I’m curious about. Placing one next to another: this act that brings our work together (artists and curators, writers and editors, researchers too). I felt something when I touched the paper. The ambiguity of “her” meaning. Who knew colour could feel so fucking good

DS:

Kim, I feel compelled to tell you that my nails are currently painted in alternating colours; sharp green like the curve of a ripe apple, fluorescent yellow like a post-it ready for a scrawled message, baby blue like a cinematic sky. The polishes are chipped and should likely be removed, but I watch your work again and now they feel significant in their imperfect brightness, like a clue for your ongoing work, an errant puzzle piece or Scrabble tile. Kim, here’s another omen: next to me on my desk is one of those little round-belly glass yogurt cups—you arrange yours in neat rows of rainbow liquid, mine has been turned into a homemade candle. Kim, you lay your research out before you in layers; piles of photographs, plastic jewels, and rows of pencil-crayons. I’m left reading my environment differently, searching for patterns in everyday things, following you down these errant pathways. Getting lost in the pleasure of it.