

Split Screen No. 1: Self-Portrait; String Games assemblage, Montréal 1974

Work / Life Fragments

Vera Frenkel

Time never begins or ends, life always does.
Northrop Frye¹

Preamble

The notes that follow were prompted by discovering traces of early works that seemed to contain the DNA of projects, realized in my so-called maturity, that are discussed in this book.

The interplay between memory and evidence results more often than not in uncertainty, and that surely is the case here, but it seems fitting since making a home for uncertainty can be considered one of the key tropes of my studio practice.

Pioneer scientist of evidence collecting, Dr. Edmond Locard, “the French Sherlock Holmes,” has described traces as “. . . mute witnesses, sure and faithful, of all our movements and of all our encounters.”² Without going into forensic detail—(I’m happy enough if time and place are invoked),—allowing these souvenirs of lost or forgotten works to stir memory has invited some surprising connections.

Coincidences and the recollection of an unexpected epiphany add another level of inquiry to the mix, and although these fragments of a working life that came to hand were random, they attest to some of the forces that have shaped what I am and do.

Respecting Chance

Although the significance of the shattered glass aestheticized in the name became evident to me only later, it’s no small thing to have been born during the night of *Kristallnacht*. Childbirth, distancing the madness of the moment, outwitted the surrounding dark and after a prolonged labor my birthday was declared at 2:30 a.m. next morning.

A previous November 10, finds Franz Kafka writing this,

Leopards break into the temple and drink to the dregs what is in the sacrificial pitchers; this is repeated over and over again; finally it can be calculated in advance, and it becomes a part of the ceremony.³

Whether Kafka’s allusion to vandalism in the temple suggests prescience on his part with respect to the *Kristallnacht* pogrom is too somber a notion to propose with any certainty. Leopards are in any case far too lithe and beautiful to stand in for *Kristallnacht* hoodlums. Nevertheless, discovering his November 10 note on the devouring of the sacred opens a haunting connection with the profane, and the ceremony which Kafka perceived as routinized seems to anticipate the “just following orders” mantra later used to excuse atrocities.

So, on a certain date in 1917 in Kafka’s notebook, leopards break into the temple and quaff the contents of its sacred vessels and on that same date in 1938, less noble creatures in German-speaking countries torch shops and synagogues in an excess of violence, while thirty kilometers from Vienna, on the second floor of a house near the old Bratislava city gate, a woman cries out in childbirth.⁴

It’s mildly comforting that on the same date three years later Jorge Luis Borges, in Buenos Aires, is signing his introduction to *The Garden of the Forking Paths*,⁵ and that after the war, on another date entirely, regarding perpetrators this time more human than allegorical, he writes:

After having razed the garden and profaned the chalices and altars, the Huns entered the monastery library on horseback and trampled the incomprehensible books and vituperated and burned them.⁶

Another November night poised between the ninth and the tenth marks in 1989 the first tentative break in the Berlin Wall followed by the smashing open of larger and larger apertures, and finally its collapse. This particular night finds me in Canada, celebrating from afar the joining of the two Berlins, “separate and different — but ultimately connected by what divided them.”⁷

Not long afterwards, at the first documenta following reunification of the two Germanys, I am in Kassel, serving scotch or vodka behind a bar that I built on what North America calls the second floor of the Museum Fridericianum.⁸ The conversation in the Transit Bar grazes, as it must, across and through and around art, love and politics. From the exchanges among the visitors, I sense a shared longing for reconciliation, a palpable shift of consciousness. Uncertainty hovers with a special, humming intensity, and I am at home.

From the beginning, as part of the initial concept for this work, proceeds from the Transit Bar were destined for a Kassel refugee center. Among the most moving experiences in that city was my visit to *Rat und Hilfe im Asyl*, and the empathetic introduction to the residence and its programmes by Harald Kühn, director at the time. Impressed by both place and person, I chose *Rat und Hilfe im Asyl* as recipient of the Transit Bar proceeds.⁹

And remembering something Harald Kühn had said to me that summer of the fire-bombings of the Rostock refugee centers,¹⁰ I look up his name to check the spelling and discover that on November 10 the following year, he had hosted a symposium on the psychosocial living conditions of refugees.¹¹

Whether intervals between dates are long or short, assisted by memory or chance or some form of arcane triangulation, I’m willing to accept, radiating from nothing more than a date, a centripetal connection among seemingly unrelated events, their staggered synchronicity offering one of several impromptu contexts within which my work and life might be considered.

Frye, *Kristallnacht*, Kafka, Borges, Kühn, Kassel, Berlin all make their contributions to the birthday table and I’m pleased to ascribe meaning to these coincidences.

In the midst of World War II, despite the hazards of migration, air raids, rationing and xenophobia in the new country, a relatively tranquil English childhood ensued. Birthdays were mainly uneventful, precluding awareness of previous events on the date in question.

There was a price for this seeming tranquility. As with others who carry deep within themselves the loss of family and friends, culture and livelihood, my parents maintained a brave, self-imposed silence. As a result, I remain to this day ignorant of what, before the war, had shaped the lives of Aron Arnold Wurm and Adèle Birnbaum Wurm, my father and mother, and therefore shaped mine. Unidentified faces in the few photographs that have survived are of strangers to me, and the power of absence remains a force and an instrument in my thought and work.

Finding the epicenter of a multilayered, multidisciplinary practice situated between fictive and documentary realities, humor and outrage, is not a self-evident process, but if I had to choose a place to start, I might revisit one or two short exchanges that at times have found their way into my work. One of them, turning on a pun, alludes to a larger incompleteness:

The story is always partial ...
Partial to what, you say?
To nothing; to a fragment, merely a fragment . . .

. . . accepting that a fragment of this larger unknown appears differently to each of us depending on light and time and chance, and on the witnessing sensorium.

I had been hoping to find the words of Cocteau’s assertion that poetry is at the heart of everything that matters: that all the arts have poetry at their core. I don’t succeed in finding the reference, but the search itself offers some compensations, and I discover among my papers a life-map I once drew for a colleague’s project (“Draw how you see yourself in relation to the art world”),¹² a photo I once took of the caged and

pacing tiger at the Toronto Zoo that became one of twelve key images (The Animal) in a cycle of work called *No Solution: A Suspense Thriller*,¹³ and a tea-stained print-out of an essay on time by Jorge Luis Borges:

And yet, and yet. . . . Time is the substance I am made of. Time is a river which sweeps me along, but I am the river; it is a tiger which destroys me, but I am the tiger; it is a fire which consumes me, but I am the fire. The world, unfortunately, is real; I, unfortunately, am Borges.¹⁴

Leopards on the prowl and tigers caged or wild, real or fictive — suitable parentheses for a meditation on uncertainty.

Connected by what divides

I'm in Philadelphia. In a museum. I am not yet divorced so it must be before 1982. I have wandered away from my companions and find myself in a small, dark, dead-end space with rattan floor covering; some sort of freight elevator, I think. In the doorway to the brightly lit gallery I have just left, a succession of faces appear and withdraw.

To my left, as my eyes grow accustomed to the dark, a wooden wall emerges in which I see two small apertures, one beside the other, surrounded by a darker area, as if stained. Slowly the wood plane takes on the form of a door. Moving closer I realize that the openings are eye-holes and that the surrounding stain is the cumulative signature of all the cheeks and foreheads that have pressed against this place as I am about to do.

What opens out from this clandestine viewing station is astonishing. I catch a glimpse of a brilliantly-lit pastoral tableau, a half-naked woman in the foreground. Wanting to see around and beyond her, I move this way and that: left, right, up, down, each time losing what had been visible before. The baffling attempt to see more only forces a return to the initial viewing position.

Only when glued to the eye-holes does one discover the woman in the foreground, head hidden, legs apart, on the near side of a river behind which there streams a waterfall, but even then it is only a partial view. And her condition: Has she been violated? Is she dead? But then how to explain her raised arm holding a working gas lamp . . . ?

Like others here before me. I am suspended by my eyes. Abandon the twin apertures and the illuminated scene is lost; remain in place and what is perceivable is but a fragment of a larger unknown. The art has itself become a question.

My strange, forward-leaning demeanor has attracted attention and a line-up forms behind me. I'm aware of rustles and grunts of impatience, but I am unable to tear

myself away from the mysterious tableau. I am transported. I feel the artist's hand on my shoulder.

As those reading this will have discerned, what I have stumbled upon is *Etant donnés*, Marcel Duchamp's last work, created in secret during the decades following his public abandonment of art-making. What mischief, what revenge! I didn't know that then but am grateful for the work and the epiphany it has engendered, and grateful as well that I fell upon this dark corner of the museum uninformed and unaware, I leave my new-found retreat and return to the lit spaces of the well-known Arensberg Collection, pleased to see so many works known previously only from books and catalogues. I appreciate these encounters, but nothing equals the astonishment of coming across by chance the perturbing world beyond two small oil-stained piercings in the 'elevator' wall.

A wall of another kind structures the play within the play in Shakespeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream*, where, to honor the wedding of Theseus and Hyppolita, local tradesmen in Athens (the "mechanicals") enact the attempted encounter through a wall of the star-crossed lovers Pyramus and Thisbe, enacting their attempted encounter through a wall.

Tom Snout, the tinker, plays the wall, creating with his thumb and forefinger an O for its "chink" or opening through which the lovers on either side may look upon each other.

I see a voice! calls out Bottom, the weaver as Pyramus, his sense information confused.

I hear a face! sings Flute, the bellows-mender as Thisbe, confused in turn.

By this awkward recapitulation of love and longing, Theseus, his bride, and audiences through the centuries, are amused.

Wall in museum, hiding a surprise; wall on stage in *The Dream*, heightening the vagaries of love; and, in another dream entirely, a dividing wall, embodying fear and even death

In the first thrilling hours of the unexpected dismantling of the Berlin Wall, we saw family members, lovers and total strangers locked in each others' long-denied embraces, and hope was palpable. Much has happened with respect to art, love and politics since that blissful dream of reunification, and singer Marven Gaye's blues lament, *The Thrill is Gone*,¹⁵ seems sadly apt. Yet walls real and allegorical continue to rise and fall in constant redefinition of us-them, in-out, here-there, while in one dark museum alcove there is access to an illuminated fragment of a world that itself remains incomplete, and the longing for wholeness persists.



Vera Frenkel in Bell Canada Montreal studio, *String Games*, final transmission 1974

My addiction to permeability is not new, however. For a young multidisciplinary artist, Pier Paolo Pasolini’s mantra, “I work under the sign of contamination,” was axiomatic, and making work that bridged disciplines engaged me long before the events remembered here. I find a tattered copy of a 1978 catalogue in which art critic Gary Michael Dault wrote, “There are X’s everywhere in Vera Frenkel’s work. An X is her neatest, most compact sign for the collapsing of logical impossibilities into transcendent unities.” He cites “X is a Window”¹⁶ a short exchange for two voices which reads in part:

Voice I But I don’t understand why X means yes, this, right here, and at the same time, no, not this, not here.

Voice II In time, X is this instant already gone; in space, it marks the way and bars entry in the same gesture. It is the window. The place where past and future meet . . . it cancels what it indicates and indicates what it cancels. It is the signature of ambiguity itself . . .

Voice I (*enthusiastic*) Do you mean like the sign for pedestrian crossings and the mark for no exit?

Voice II (*nodding*) X is the mark that embodies the two-ness of existence . . . the window or moment between alternatives . . . You see through glass / you are barred from what you see . . . (*explaining*) People mark X’s on windows because redundancy is useful to perception. The X points out the access and the barrier so you don’t hurt yourself. In that regard, it does what art does; it frames experience and makes it other. That is how self knows what self is. Or was. Or could be. It is immensely useful.

Voice I Like an always up-to-date autobiography!

Voice II Exactly.

“This *elastic* little dialogue” Dault continues, “is central to an understanding of Vera Frenkel’s work. For ‘window’ read also screen, picture plane, video monitor, still photograph, mirror . . .” And wall.

The elusive X rotates and becomes a cross in *The Three Christs of Ypsilanti*,¹⁷ a performance work based on the classic research project of sociologist Milton Rokeach in which three mental hospital inmates, Clyde Benson, Joseph Cassel and Leon Gabor, each of whom believed he was Jesus Christ, are brought together in one ward. With my interest in the nature of delusion and the traversing of boundaries, it’s not surprising that I found irresistible the prospect of exchanges between three false messiahs.

Each man in the end assumed the other two to be pretenders, and the accusations, denials and respective worldviews of the three Christs as they negotiated their respective truths became the basis for the piece. Would the boundaries between them



Mad for Bliss, The Three Christs of Ypsilanti, performance, The Music Gallery, Toronto, 1989

dissolve? Harden? To what extent might these encounters force a change in belief systems or narratives of self? Three brilliant performers, Paul Bettis, Peter Chin, and Ian Wallace played Jesus and a remarkable cast including Katherin Duncanson, Ian Kudelka and Elyakim Taussig enacted hospital personnel from occupational therapist to social worker, and gave life to the text, letting polyvocal madness have its day.

Would any of the Christs, each in his own alcove, be able to see beyond or around the apertures to which he was attached, with the promise of encompassing more than a fragment of what he had held to be real?

Clues and Traces

Writing this has required the opening of folders and drawers, binders and boxes that have remained closed for years, even decades.

Like others artists who have been forced out of one inner-city studio after another by various forms of urban greed, I find not the works themselves but clues that they once existed. These traces might include sketches, “real paper” photographs, newspaper clippings, transparent sheets for 35-millimeter slides, a long-forgotten draft of a wall text for an overseas gallery, and a collection of bunny ears and tails from the Playboy Mansion.

In detection, a clue can help to clear up a mystery or solve a problem while a trace alludes to something that exists, or once did. I like that “trace” refers as well to a physical change in the brain during a memory process, creating a new pathway. Either way, memory is nudged or jolted and it seems as if my private self has somehow, by default, found itself embedded in these random signs.

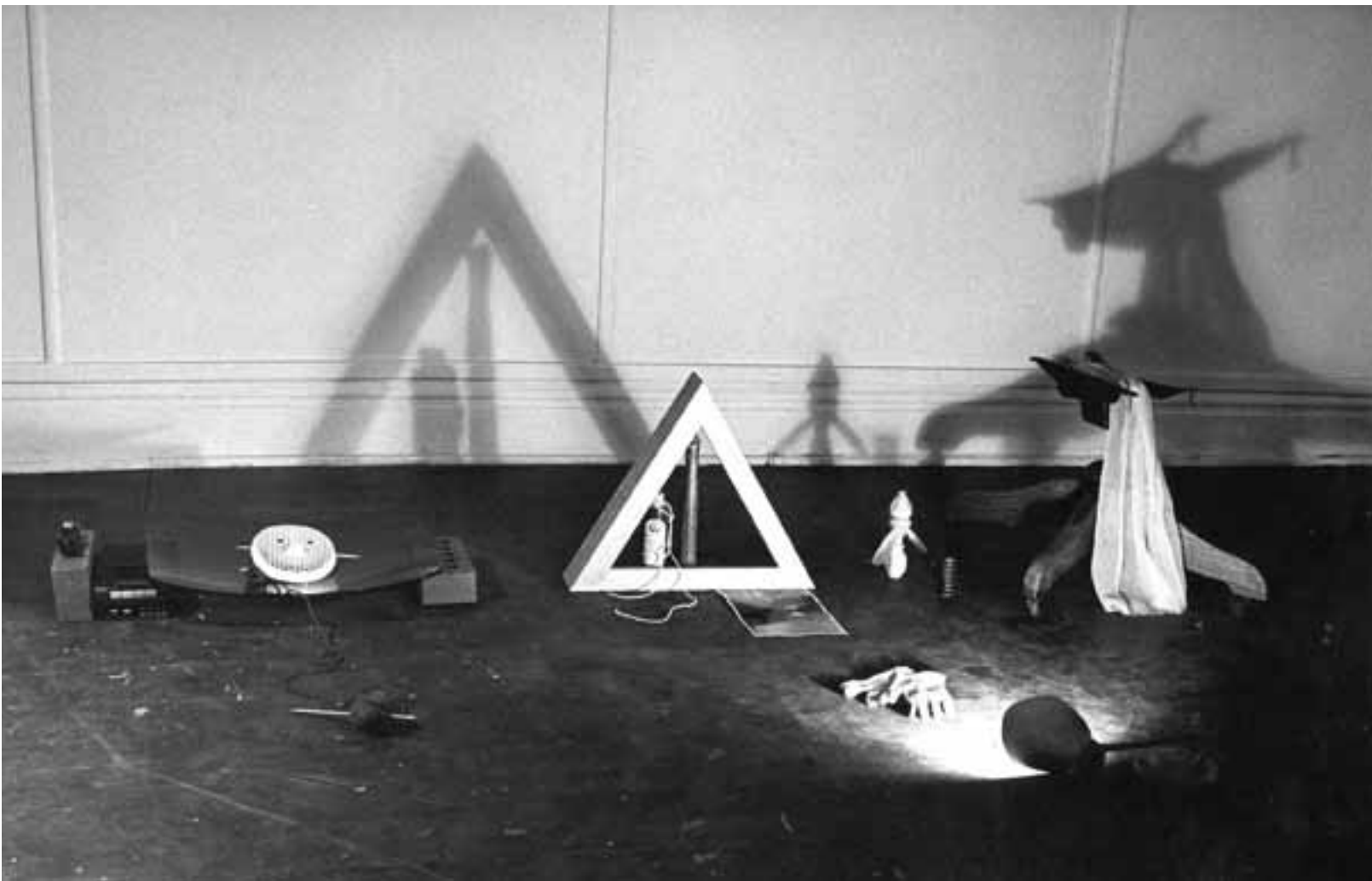
I remember reading that Jean Cocteau, in his 1957 talk to the Oxford Union, described having invented a flamboyant public persona as a strategy in order to protect the cherished “fecund dark” that his private self needed in order to create. Good plan. But there was no need for me to invent a protective persona to guard the “fecund dark”. For a woman and a Canadian, double anonymity was assured; the promise of darkness a gift of gender and geography.

In front of me, conjuring up lost and forgotten works, are artist’s books,¹⁸ production schedules, research notes, performance programmes,¹⁹ exhibition catalogues, song lyrics,²⁰ correspondence of various kinds (even telegrams!), that together begin to signal the root structure and trajectory of my practice.

Most of the wall works — drawings, collages, assemblages, X-prints — that were made from the *String Games*²¹ intercity transmission debris at Galerie Espace 5 in Montréal are lost, including the self-portrait in the form of a monitor with a burst of Polaroid negatives forcing the screen to split.



Trust Me, It's Bliss, The Hugh Hefner / Richard Wagner Connection, performance program, Playboy Mansion, Chicago 1987



The Storyteller's Device, audio installation,
Dalhousie Art Gallery, Halifax 1980

Gone forever is *Space Phrase*²² (misidentified optimistically in the Sensory Perceptions catalogue as “Continuity Graph”), a sculpture designed for both the blind and the sighted. Assured that it could be shipped from the basement studio at the University of Toronto School of Architecture, where it was built, I left for a residency at Banff, believing that I’d been given accurate measurements for the exit doors that were hidden behind floor-to-ceiling book cases. I learned later that my hosts hadn’t realized that these were “cafeteria doors,” with a thick steel pole down the centre. Fortunately architects have engineering training and were able to dismantle the doorway without destroying the wall. The piece was able to travel. However, when it returned from the exhibition tour, having nowhere to store it I arranged with the gallery preparators to chop it up. So much for continuity.

From *The Storyteller's Device*,²³ an audio installation for a drawing exhibition, a key element has survived. Shadows cast onto a wall by the objects formed the drawing. One of these, a large wooden triangle covered with a handwritten version of the recorded narrative, the fulcrum of the piece, is sitting on top of a bookshelf near my studio window as I write.

I’m no archivist – indeed a cryptologist would be better suited for this task – yet the question arises regarding just when the prints and sculpture, poetry and photog-



Ruling Fictions, installation, partial view;
Camden Arts Centre; London 1984

raphy, performance work and the artist’s books began to fuse into a recombinant, interrogatory, interdisciplinary practice. When was I first drawn to connecting clusters of disparate media around a theme and a context, requiring that each medium call into question the assumptions of the other? At what point did technology become a kind of exploratory mischief, with narrative fueling the interplay of documentary and fictive realities, and the eloquence of silence marking the place of conscience . . . ?

As I continue searching, I find a number of disparate clues: part of the inner wall from *The Grief Journey*²⁴ built for *Cyber City*, an interactive group project between the McLuhan Program in Culture and Technology in Toronto and the Aperto in the 1993 Venice Biennale; a copy *The Japan Times* (August 22, 1979) containing the article “Death Reversible Process”²⁵ used in the voice-over for *And Now, the Truth (A Parenthesis)*, the second Lumsden video; a photo of Peter Townsend, founding editor of *Art Monthly*, at the Camden Arts Centre, 1984, studying the anteroom tableau for *Ruling Fictions*²⁶, a project for which he had helped me find materials, guiding me to a series of London’s obscure military resale depots; in one corner of a drawer, small, flat Kodak Super-8 boxes from *Trust Me, It's Bliss, The Hugh Hefner/Richard Wagner Connection*,²⁷ the Playboy Mansion (“Hefner Hall”) performance; a photocopied page from the *Luminous Sites* catalogue describing *Lost Art: A Cargo-Cult Romance*²⁸ (a



The Grief Journey, interactive installation,
partial view, with Biennale Venice 1993



Lost Art: A Cargo Cult Romance, video installation detail, S.A.G, Vancouver 1986

The Business of Frightened Desires, slide-sound installation, partial view, A Space, Toronto 1984



Trust Me, It's Bliss, performance, The Romance Twins, Playboy Mansion, Chicago 1987

video installation in which a flying toilet tangoes over the Rocky Mountains to its ritual destination); a floor plan for the inaugural slide-sound version of *The Business of Frightened Desires: Or, the making of a pornographer*, one of several anti-censorship projects; and, my contribution to an early conceptual art exhibition,²⁹ a grey steel box with index card instructions for three Taxonomic Performances, one of them a duel for gun labelers. The *Hefner/Wagner* piece, in addressing the dark side of charisma and its destabilizing power, satisfied what I saw as the artist's obligation to invite skepticism. The uncanny facial resemblance between Hugh Hefner and Richard Wagner, each in his way a vector for a certain kind of control, made them curiously interchangeable and provided a twinned instrument with which to consider private forms of tyranny, preparing me later to consider its public face via Third Reich Kunstpolitik in the six channel video-photo-text work *Body Missing*, or bureaucratic madness in *The Institute™: Or, What We Do for Love*.

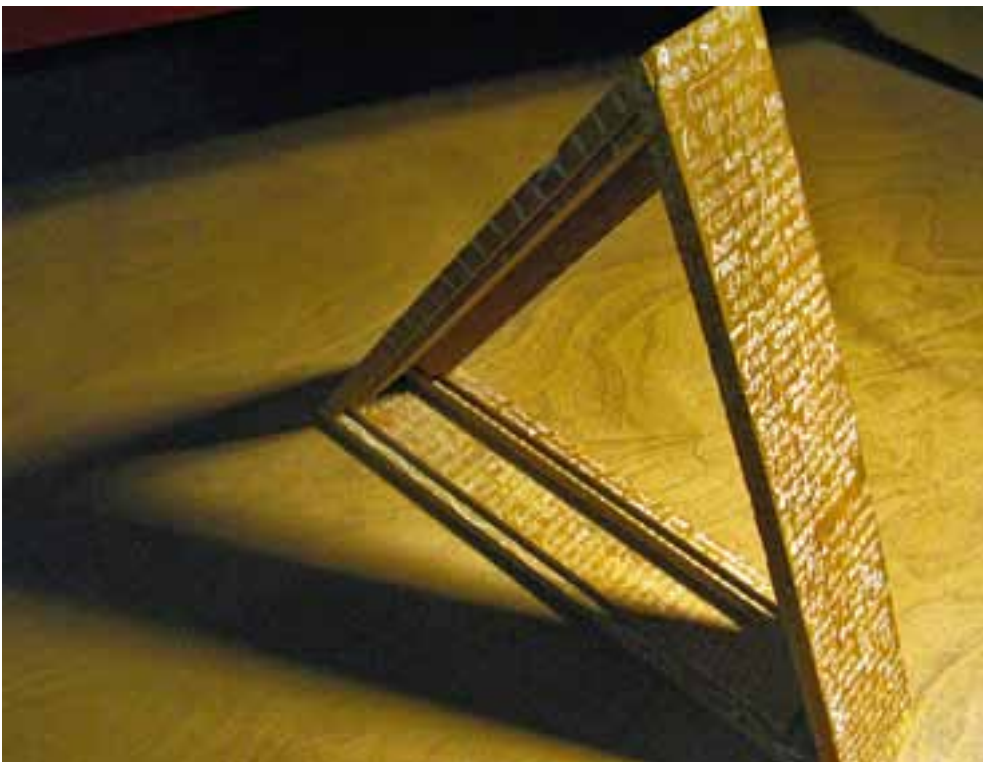
Casting Cosima Wagner as the first Bunny Mother seemed to focus my investigative energy, turning me towards tracing the clandestine relation between fundamentalism, consumerism and romance in *Mad for Bliss*, 1989, another large-scale performance work on modes of delusion, in which, among other things, I began working with ASL (American Sign Language), and, still preoccupied with so-called cargo-cult practices, wrote and spoke the text that later became the narrative spine for the Messiah project.

The audio tape for *The Storyteller Device* is long gone, but taking the wooden fulcrum down from the bookshelf, I begin to follow the hand-painted narrative around the front, inside and back. No easy task, but indicates nevertheless that states of bliss,



Trust Me, It's Bliss, performance, Playboy Mansion, Chicago 1987

The Storyteller's Device, audio installation, detail, Oliver's Story, Halifax 1980



delusional or not, had already caught my attention ten years earlier. Down an outer edge of the triangle, the opening passage of the complex tale begins quite simply:

I have noticed
(a storyteller
must notice)
that lovers
are delicately
balanced at the
exact mid-point
between fear and
rage, which is the
still point, and
said to be bliss.
From this super-
natural & tenta-
tive calm, wom-
en & men in love
(I have this on
good authority)
can enjoy even
severe storms.



The Screening Room, installation, partial view, MCAD, Minneapolis 1983

After a quiet assertion that, “. . . the Storyteller must consider all truths,” the narrator describes those who, “more delicately balanced still: “. . . remain planted at one end of the see-saw, the fulcrum neglected,” and down another side of the triangle, the handwriting continues and tells us that: “This is Oliver’s story. It is the story of a rescue that never happened, although it was both engineered and longed-for. I know, because I was one of the designated rescuers, and . . .”

What follows is a richly detailed sequence of tragic and transformative events that calls its own veracity into question at every turn until, in resignation, the narrator feels obliged to concede that, “The truth is not a story.”

Along with issues of authoritarian control, delusional bliss, ideological madness and the uncertain nature of truth, another theme that has permeated my work in all media, alluded to earlier in anther context, is the power of absence. In various forms, whether tracing neglect, exile, migration, theft or political folly, absence has been a regular ghost at the feast.

This began early. Although in love with intaglio processes in my printmaking days, I found myself blocking out a large section at the center of an etched image to clear a site for contemplation; later inserting actual mirrors beside or in place of prints to create a space of reflection that incorporated the viewer as part of the hinged, multi-panel structures that traveled in the solo NGC exhibition Métagravure.

Extending what I had learned from printmaking, I began to locate the plate-mark in the culture at large, using popular cultural formats as points of entry. Among these, I invented an artist in exile (“Canada’s favorite folktale ...”), constructing a series of works around her disappearance. Absence and loss held my hand, so to say, in subsequent projects as well, whether in the form of a watering hole, a bar where the exchange of migration narratives was common currency; or tracking World War II art theft; or lamenting a city’s lost access to its defining body of water . . .

It would be a mistake to attribute to these early works signs of anticipatory ernity. Each project absorbed the full force of my attention in its time, irrespective of precursors or successors. Prescience is in any case something attributed retroactively . . .

A last look reveals a folder of invitations and posters with material from exhibitions called *Lies and Truths; Listening To Video; Raincoats, Suitcases, Palms; “But I’m telling you everything I know”*—almost a short-form biography . . . or like notes on a scale with which I later learned to play polyphonically.

The pounding bass from the bar next door has finally stopped. The clues and traces strewn on my work table begin to form a path, and from this disparate collection of souvenirs, it’s clear that my interest in various forms of delusion, from Harlequin Romances to so-called cargo-cult practices to false messiahs, had found fertile ground.

And it occurs to me that the wooden *Storyteller* fulcrum launched a lifetime’s awareness that the tales we invent shape us in turn; that The Screening Room , recon-

structed in Minneapolis in 1983, embodied a chain-of-evidence trope in my practice, a process of creating new contexts for earlier works; that creating *Ruling Fictions* disclosed the pain of exile and the loss of cultural memory as a twentieth and now twenty-first century axiom; and that working on *The Grief Journey* with Fred, the floor level robot designed by artist-inventor Graham Smith, allowed me to create a small cosmos which, when transmitted across the world through the robot’s camera eyes, could deliver an experience of vastness to those exploring it by touch-tone from Venice, opening a rich world of electronic possibilities.

It is also true that on any other evening, after the bar next door closes and the voices outside the window recede, the encounter with clues and traces might be quite different and yet just as relevant to the pulse of my practice. In the meantime, acknowledging a few works that cleared the ground for what came next may be enough.

- 1 Northrop Frye, *The Double Vision: Language and Meaning in Religion* (Toronto, 1991), p. 42
- 2 Connie Fletcher, *Every Contact Leaves a Trace* (New York, 2006), p. 135.
- 3 Franz Kafka, *The Third Notebook*, 1917, one of the *Blue Octavo* series edited by Kafka’s friend, Max Brod (East York, ON, 2004).
- 4 The address I remember was 8 Mihalska Brana. A colleague who recently assigned his Slovak students to find the house has reported back that that address now belongs to a church.
- 5 Jorge Luis Borges, *Fictions* (New York, 1962), p. 14.
- 6 Jorge Luis Borges, *The Theologians, Labyrinths, New Directions*, 1964, p. 119.
- 7 Arne Krislenko, “The Berlin Wall,” in: *Images of the Berlin Wall from the Black Star Collection* (Toronto, 2009), p. 9.
- 8 . . . *from the Transit Bar*, six-channel videodisk installation and functional piano bar, *Documenta IX*, 1992. Project managers were Winfried Waldeyer and Thomas Büsch, production assistant, Gabrielle Winzen, and a superb team from the carpentry shop. Rather than the flavoured ginèvre preferred by the exhibition director of the day, *The Transit Bar* menu, was modest, to suit the occasion: Scotch, vodka, still or sparkling water, orange juice. Weekly totals were kept by Peter Schippman, the bartender in my absence.
- 9 Though agreed to in advance by *Documenta IX* director, Jan Hoet, I learned, after two years of efforts to see the funds transferred, that there was no hope of forwarding to the refugee center the proceeds from five months of serving drinks to thousands of visitors.
- 10 Invited to do a television interview, I was concerned that mentioning *Rat und Hilfe*, might expose the refugee center to attack. When asked, Harald said very simply: “Say whatever you like about us. If you decline the interview because you’re afraid that they’ll bomb us, it will mean that they have already won!”
- 11 Symposium publication: *Psychosoziale Lebenssituation von Flüchtlingen: Dokumentation einer Fachtagung vom 10. November 1993*, Rat und Hilfe im Asyl e.V., Kassel. Ed.by Harald Kühn 1993.
- 12 Lois Andison, Special Project, 2008
- 13 The twelve core images from *No Solution: A Suspense Thriller*:

The Animal	The Gate to the Grounds	The Wicker Chair	The House
The Ping Pong Table	The Meeting	The Gate to the Water	The Front Porch
The Driveway	The West Porch	The Boat-House	The Bearskin Rug
- 14 *A New Refutation of Time*, Jorge Luis Borges, <http://www.scribd.com/doc/25576581/Jorge-Luis-Borges-A-Ne...> (accessed December 28, 2011).



- 15 Excerpt from *The Thrill Is Gone*, Lyrics: Barbara Mandrell & Lew Brown—Ray Henderson, <http://www.mp3lyrics.org/b/barbara-mandrell/the/> (accessed January 28, 2013): “The thrill is gone, baby / It’s gone away for good. / Some day I’ll be over it all / Just like I know a / good woman should.”
- 16 Vera Frenkel, “X is a Window,” in *The Big Book*, exh. cat., Stratford Art Gallery, 1976.
- 17 *Three Christs of Ypsilanti*, one of four performance works in *Mad for Bliss*, produced by Elizabeth Chitty and Cultural Desire Projects, Music Gallery, Toronto, 1989. The three Christs were performed by Paul Bettis, Peter Chin, Ian Wallace.
- 18 Artist’s books: *Image Spaces*, 1971; *String Games* 1974; *The Big Book: About Intentions and Executions*, 1976; *Lump in the Throat or the Adams Apple: A Revisionist History of Eve*, 1986; *The Bar Report* 1993.
- 19 Performance works: *String Games: Improvisations for Intercity Video; The Sons of Art and the Daughters of Time; Masks.Barriers; Retinue; Kill Poetry*, 1974; *Double Dream Come True* 1976; *Trust Me, It’s Bliss, The Hugh Hefner, Richard Wagner Connection*, 1987; *Mad For Bliss* 1989.
- 20 Songs: “The Romance Tango” et alia, in *Mad for Bliss*; “Dreadful Songs” from *The Institute; Or What We Do For Love*, 2003/4. (See Dot Tuer, Vera Frenkel. the Secret Life of a Performance Artist, in *Caught in the Act*, 2004)
- 21 *String Games: Improvisations for Inter-City Video (Montréal–Toronto, 1974)* Bell Canada Teleconferencing Studios, Montréal–Toronto, Playback: Espace 5, Montréal, 1974.
- 22 4th Dalhousie Annual Drawing Exhibition, Halifax, 1979, Curator Tim Whiten.
- 23 *Sensory Perceptions*, traveling exhibition, Art Gallery of Ontario, 1970–71, Curator, Anita Aarons.
- 24 *Grief Journey*, in Cyber City, Toronto/Venice transmissions between McLuhan Program in Culture and Technology and the Aperto, Venice Biennale, 1993, curator, Graham Smith.
- 25 “Death Reversible Process Soviet Doctor Says,” *The Japan Times*, Wednesday, August 22, 1979, p. 9.
- 26 *Ruling Fictions: The Small & Large Betrayals that Haunt us Once Again*, in *Vestiges of Empire*, Camden Art Centre (London, 1984), Currator, Zuleika Dobson.
- 27 Trust Me. It’s Bliss, The Hugh Hefner, Richard Wagner Connection, Performance, (Playboy Mansion / Hefner Hall), Chicago, 1987.
- 28 *Lost Art: A Cargo-Cult Romance*, in *Luminous Sites: Ten Installations*, Contemporary Art gallery, Vancouver, Curator: Karen Henry, 1985.
- 29 *03 23 03*, Parachute, Montréal; National Gallery of Canada, Ottawa, Curator: Chantal Pontbriand.

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