

We Give a Shit Because We Care™

A Cat & Ek Production

*Chun Hua Catherine Dong
ek rzepka / x-o-x-o-x.com*

Prefatory Remarks

Father Fabreya, in commenting on the *Codex Borgianus*, notes the presence of the mother of the human race who is there in a state of complete humiliation, eating what the Aztecs called *cuitlatl*. This venerable figure, important to the Aztecs as a symbol of love, fertility and excess was Xochiquetzal (alternatively transliterated as Suchiquecal, Sugiquizal, etc). This protector of young mothers was engaging in an act of scatophagy, which Aristophanes had attributed to Aesculapius, patron of all physicians (using just this Greek-derived word). Rabelais, the Renaissance physician and man of letters, corroborates this (using the French translation, *maschemerde*), describing it as an entirely Christian gesture of humility: "*ilz mangent la merde du monde, c'est à dire, les pechez*" ("they eat the shit of the world, that is to say, the sins" *Gargantua and Pantagruel* 1:40). The cloistered and exceptional state of the monk exists "because they eat the ordure and excrements of the world, that is to say, the sins of the people, and, like dung-

chewers and excrementitious eaters, they are cast into the privies and secessive places, that is, the convents and abbeys, separated from political conversation, as the jakes and retreats of a house are." (Urquhart tr.)

The Christian monk, like the devotee of Xochiquetzal and the Aristophanic physician, here engage in the act of coprophagy as an expression of self-effacement, of prostration towards a more considerable concern. They are confronted with the presence of excrement much as Utanka is in the *Mahabharata* when he sets out to meet King Paushya:

On the way, he saw a giant of a man, who was riding a bull of huge size. When the man saw Utanka, he said, "Utanka, you may eat the dung of this bull."

Utanka was surprised that this man knew his name, but he naturally hesitated from eating the dung of a bull. He politely declined.

The man repeated, "Do not be afraid of this dung. Know that your Guru Veda has eaten this same dung unreservedly. Surely what was good enough

for your Guru must be good enough for you? Much good will come to you if you eat the dung."

Utanka's surprise and decline are nothing new to the civilized disposition which, generally speaking, would find the ingestion of excrement as an unnecessary aid in achieving their daily tasks. In direct contrast to this is the shit-eater — Xochiquetzal's ritual self-abnegation as an act of communal love — Aesculapius' ridiculous gestures to further ascertain the science of his salutary investigations — and Rabelais' monk, whose holiness is only matched by his excellence in devouring the dung of others, for which they repay him with quarantine. The shit-eater represents the pinnacle of excremental community, which fails to differentiate the aspects of rejection and ingestion.

The categorical failures of the shit-eater circumscribe the categorical vagaries of this project. As an attempt at aesthetics, as one in the discourse of artistic history, as a philosophical comment, communal activity or crowd-sourced instance of scientific investigation. For each of these thematic descriptions, the discernment can only be accompanied by the comic, the shadow of what isn't through

what is, or the indignation that what one does is logistically incongruous with another. In describing the work contained in here, one can only juxtapose the supreme imagination and work of its participants with the inevitable dialectic that perforce constitutes its conception, in disagreement and appraisal. The reader may approach as Utanka did and, while expressing gratitude for the permission to take in bullshit, politely decline. Conversely, one may unreservedly and excitedly jump at the opportunity as Guru Veda did, in the hopeful expectation that fecal dining will be followed by rich rewards. The dilemma is set forth in King James' *Daemonologie* whose stark opposition to witchcraft reveals their complicity with posterior affect:

"Witches oft times confesse that in their worship of the Devil... their form of adoration to be the kissing of his hinder parts."

The ass-kisser, in solidarity with the shit-eater, paid homage to the devil, according to HC Lea's *History of the Inquisition*, in the form of goats, dogs, or apes, expressing their self-sacrifice by kissing them under the tail. In establishing this pact with the mammalian behind, the ass-kisser establishes a system for socialization which is more or less disagreeable

to the inquisitor. The ass-friendly social system poses the essential problematic for our dialogic inquiry into the science of shit and its accomplices.

Shit derives from Old English *scitan*, cognate with Latin *scire* and Sanskrit *chid-*. Like its cousin *shed*, it is to divide or separate, and this discernment branches off into multiple relative meanings. The German derivatives, compounding the word *scheiden*, are demonstrative:

scheiden - to separate

bescheiden - modest

verscheiden - to die

abscheiden - to emit

entscheiden - decide

unterscheiden - to distinguish

ausscheiden - to excrete

Modesty, death and decision prove etymological relations with separation as does (along with the English shit) emission and excretion. In Latin and Sanskrit derivations we get *scire/scio* (to know, the root for science, conscious, etc) and Sanskrit *chit* (and derivatives, *chitya*, etc) which also means knowledge (helpfully, *chit* — as in *sat-chit-ananda* —

is often translated into its Latin cognate consciousness). Further, both these words, in Vedantic and Christian Latin thought, entail a knowledge whose attainment is coterminous with a concept of acceptance or love. Shit then is derived from division and discrepancy whose ascertainment is bound up in decision, love, knowledge and humility. Xochiquetzal, in her coprophagous and humbling interludes to patronizing the lover, might be grateful to know that linguistics agrees with her at first apparently unique combination of love goddess and shit-eater.

While a Rabelaisian monk may be at ease with the divine love of their humiliation, the controversialist may still protest that excrement does not increase their desire for intimacy. They would be at odds with the empirical advice of the *Saxon Leechdoms* (a Saxon medical manual) which recommends the application of goat dung (among other things) to the relevant areas in order to enhance amatory encounters. The dissenter will also be at pains to account for the report of Jacques-Antoine Dulaire (a 19th-century historian) who describes the practice of maidens who, desiring to re-ignite the affections of their partner, would proceed to knead the dough of that partner's bread with their posterior. The value of the ass and its creations would not

be lost on Muslim suitors whose excremental potions (as reported by JG Bourke, whose incomparable work on scatology has served as a virtual concordance herein) were given to women whose love they hoped would be reciprocated.

Yet no matter how pancultural, how ubiquitous this excremental affection might prove, we cannot avoid that there may still remain some who prefer to make love without excremental accoutrements (despite the severe heresy of this anti-Sadean sentiment). Likewise, the humility of the shit-eater will for them be encapsulated in repugnance, and the discerning analyzer of the cow patty nothing less than a pervert and charlatan. Excremental science spares no prisoners, nor does its art. To profess, as Joseph Addison did on reading Virgil's *Georgics*, amazement at the "gracefulness" with which he "tosses the dung" is to risk the indignation of those categorically opposed to the tossing of dung, even if you're a famous epic poet. Better, they would say, to suffer epilepsy than undergo Pliny's cure of the administration of camel's dung. Better to suffer snake poison than apply goat dung, its antidote, and better to go blind than endure the crocodile dung remedy. Galen, too, was savvy in this medical art, recommending wolf's dung for

colic, goat excretions for tumours and sheep droppings for warts. Avicenna echoes many of these recommendations, adding such advisements as the remediation of burns with sheep excrement, a venerable tradition summarized by Boyle when he exclaimed that human excretions were so medically important that they require an entire volume dedicated to their protocols.

But if the medical scientist is engaged in freely sharing and eating shit, still our Jacobean dissenter might pronounce that aesthetics is a realm free if not in practice then ideally of excremental gestures. That if there ever was shit to be reckoned with, it was only a shock or extremism to push limits, the originality game where everyone's always first and everything is brilliantly pulled out of a vacuum. Shit may plunge one into amorous turmoil, it may be incomparably enlightening and delicious to eat, but never will it form a consistent practice for the refined aesthete. The work of Burroughs, Rabelais, Jarry, the Actionists, Bataille, Aristophanes and a host of others past and present, would each have to be considered as one-offs, and never part of a greater tradition worthy of practice and exploration. Shit is, as Berger has put it, an "unmistakable reminder of our duality, of our soiled nature and will to glory." Or, as in

Sartre's Genet, aestheticizing our religious and scientific merde-munchers, beauty is "the art of making you eat shit". It is "*l'epuration*", a cleansing brought about by excrement that allows us to realize that the true shit-eater is not the prostrate monk but the patron and appreciator of art. And if Genet's readers are shit-eaters, then his novels are the shit that are the true counterpart to the excrement offered to you in these pages. For a true appreciation of shit involves not only its creation, but also its acceptance into the excrement of your life. An acceptance that couldn't but be familiar to that Rabelaisian monk (the shit-patron), as it would indelibly to the base aesthetics of Rabelais himself (the shit-maker), in his carnivals of the lowbrow and grotesque. If as such there is a Rabelaisian method of generalized creation, it might be in this spirit that the offerings of this book best be seen.

There is little to say beyond this except that my ambles only hint toward the extraordinary creativity that this call was met with, proposing a few concepts as to the merits and motivations of collecting shit. That the politic behaviour of a collective is potentially insulted by it is continually evident, yet how it might serve to elucidate Vancouver History or Helen Pitt Gallery history might only be to provoke such

political questions that propose the creation and acceptance of the generally unacceptable. Generalized frameworks are eschewed in favour of narrativistic and analytical scenarios that may or may not accept a logical or scatological engagement. It might be, quite simply, that excess and the exclusionary collation of emissions is all that merits analysis, that a generalized entropy, however openly vague in its descriptive application, is thus the only fit counterpart to an opaque history and placeless, directionless occupation (we cannot forget that it is Vancouver that sparked world history's vaguest and most globalized protest).

-ekr

Zarah Ackerman

Madonna and Child or... Friends

*"It was made by eating only sugar beets for 3 days
which gave it that rich dark black gold colour"*

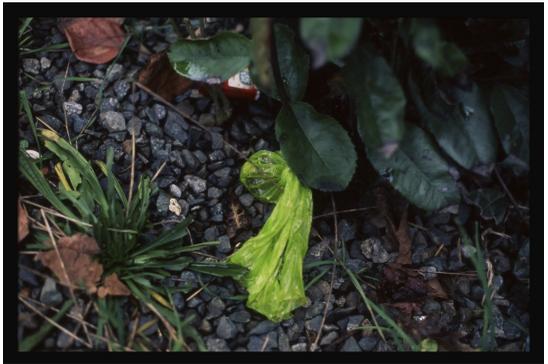


Golboo Amani

The Preservation Project

Preservation: The act or process of preserving, or keeping safe; the state of being preserved, or kept from injury, destruction, or decay; security; safety; as, preservation of life, fruit, game, etc.; a picture in good preservation. (Webster's Revised Unabridged Dictionary 1913)







Lesley Anderson

Galaxy



Holly Armishaw (Photo/Concept)
Molly Graham (Costume Design)

All That Glitters



Frankly My Dear, I Don't Give a Damn



Cindy Baker

[poo]



Cindy Baker
Cheli Nighthtraveller
Jessica MacCormack

[poopcakes]



Bruce Barber

"no shit!
vraiment!, arrête tes conneries!
davvero! veramente!
wirklich?! Was du nicht sagst!"



Peter Baren

excerpt from performance description

PETER BAREN ARK (featuring Bridge Of Sighs, Sleep Of Reason and Wailing Wall)

27/10/2005- Location: Helen Pitt Gallery (FIRST EVENING)

Performers: David KHANG, Christina KNOX, Sean LANG, Naufus RAMIREZ-FIGUERA, Robyn VOLK and Peter BAREN.

Sound: (recorded) bangs against steelplates and (hissing) fogmachine.

Duration: 44 minutes.

From the back of the fogged gallery space two female figures are lead in, one after the other. Their bodies covered with molasses, scarves wrapped around the heads and transparent foil around breast and waist. In position, they hold up a (noisy) scale-model machine that lits when it moves up and down.

Next, three male figures are also lead into the space: also covered in molasses, foil around the waist and eyes blacked out with (painted on) censorbar, mobiles hanging down from fingers, stretched out.

They pivot (in position) for the whole of the performance.

A jigsawpuzzle is shown to each one of the people present (a youngster taken away from a settlement). After that action the jigsawpuzzle is taken apart and the pieces are scattered around the floor.

The word HARAM (sinful in Arabic) is scribbled mirrorwise on all the surrounding walls (including front window).

Circling around the figures the word HOPE (AMAL/arabic- TIKWA/hebrew and NADZIEJA/polish is written on the floor. The last circle (of words) reads, towards the front of the space:
HOPE BY FORCE BY FAR BY BY FAR BY FORCE BY FAR BY BY BYE

White shirt is torn apart and hung on the wall. Figures are lead out of the room, one by one. Sound dies down, much later fog vanished....

Kathleen Beckett

[unknown number in an infinite series]

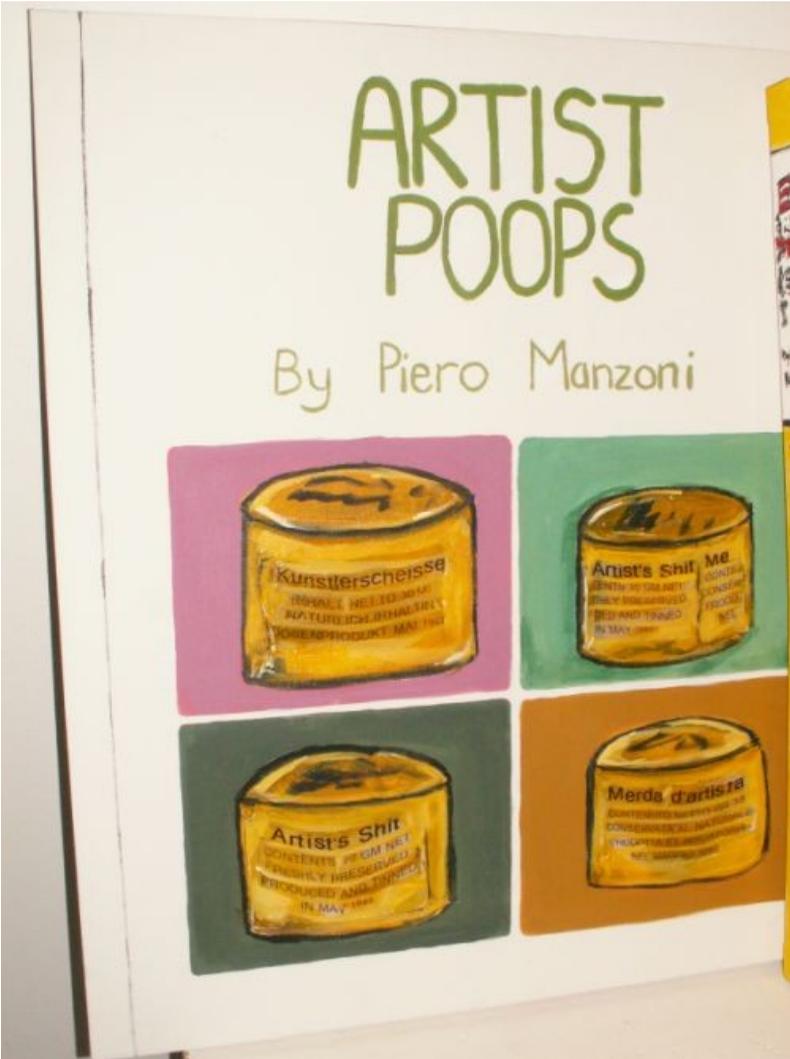


Vanessa Brown



Justine Cheung

Artist Poops



Ella Collier

Selection of a Few: Painter's Golden Turds

"Shit is Golden."





Patrick Cruz





Deyan Denchev (text)
Yonka Andreeva (photos)

Have Constipation. Will Travel.

I am sentimentally constipated. I can't evacuate properly. And I don't want to. Because it does not bother me. It bothers other people. I have outsourced my constipation. To my parents.

I traveled a lot. I got bloated. With tickets, and pamphlets, and brochures, and souvenirs. Badly bloated. Yet I couldn't let go. I wanted to keep it all. Inside? I chose to be constipated. I revelled in the memories. Which all these objects brought back. And the colics they caused. When the world tried. To make me take a dump. Confining me to narrow spaces. I refused. My blood stream was getting saturated. With the sentimental crap. Which I adored. It was/is my drug of choice.

I wanted. To keep that warm feeling inside. But dispense with the cramps. If post-industrial societies could do it. Why not me? Have somebody else bother. Have somebody else try. In vain. To evacuate. To burst it all out. They keep the stink. They suffer from engorged body parts. They bloat. They suffer.

Pack up a cardboard box of crap. And another one. And another. It's cheap, hey! I was screaming with joy. Sentimentally. Excrementally. My little brown babies. Going home! Where storage is cheap. And where they can be looked after. By my parents.

My effluvia. In their living room. In their bedroom. On the balcony. In the storage room. They sifted. Tirelessly. Through my sentimental discharge. Finding treasures. A piece of shit. Is worth a thousand words. Which I never told. Never had the time to tell. They will make do. With my brown memories. See the world. Through my shit.





Adam Dodd



Lucien Durey

Junk Drawer



Chad Durnford



Jason Fielding

Who Shits After 7 am?

It was a sunny afternoon and the air in the small run down chop shop was stifling amidst all the metal and rubber. The place was littered with gutted auto bodies, loose parts, and stacks of tires. I was sweating on a dirty old couch in a doorless room that served as an office. To the left of me was a small refrigerator full of beer. On a rickety desk sat a personal computer with several open windows. The monitor displayed a scavenger hunt for potential buyers and sellers of automobile parts, and data on low priced stocks in fly by night mining operations.

"You want another beer bye?" Boyd asked calmly.

He was peering at me from his desk chair. He had retired and inherited an old mechanics shop in a light industrial area along the freeway. After years of hard work he transformed the dilapidated old property into something resembling a semi-professional operation. For him it was a home away from home; his own unique kind of sanctuary. Boyd would buy damaged cars from police auctions at bargain prices. Through considerable effort he resurrected the wrecks and sold them at a profit. If a vehicle was beyond repair he stripped it down and made a hefty sum selling the loose parts online. He had also created a decent side income on tires; which he believed to be the holy grail of mechanics.

"Bet I can make a hundred dollars changing a set of tires. Now, if I can change a set in an hour. Well, then that's a hundred dollars an hour. If I change 5 sets a day: thats 500 bucks a day!"

Boyd spoke fast when he spoke money; his Newfoundlander accent thickened the more passionate he became.

"That's pretty good." I said.

"Pretty damn good is right!" Boyd said.

"Not bad for a day's work, eh?" He chuckled as he brought the beer to his lips.

I would watch him work for hours; he refused to let anyone help. It would worry me to see him toil so hard. He rarely took breaks for food or water; only beer. He already had his Achilles tendon severed, a mini stroke, and also survived a car accident that would have broken the neck of a normal sized man. But Boyd was built like a bear. He drove away from the accident only to end up in the hospital later that day with a survival story the Doctor claimed to be nothing short of a miracle.

"You wanna another beer or what?" Boyd roared.

It was 10 am now, he had been sweating over an engine since 5 in the morning. The last cheap beer he offered was already working on my breakfast; I felt a rumbling in my lower intestines. But I didn't want to be rude.

"Sure." I replied, not knowing where to look. He had a glass eye but I could never tell which one it was. His original eye had been destroyed in a rough altercation in his youth with some unsavoury lads back in Newfoundland.

I opened the beer and began drinking. It was cold and refreshing.

"What the hell is going on here? Already drinking? Why aren't you working?"

My father's teasing could be heard over the freeway traffic as he made his way through the auto door into the office.

"You want a beer?" Boyd asked him.

"Just one." My father replied.

And then it started.

I could feel I was past the point of no return. I really had to take a shit. I knew that the plumbing usually didn't work in the shop. The stagnant water in that toilet rarely moved and was usually very yellow.

"I got to take a number two." I said to them both.

They looked at each other shocked and immediately took it upon themselves to enlighten me with a brief diatribe on the delicate art of shitting.

"SHIT! At this time of the day? Who shits after 7 am? " Boyd yelled.

"I'm regulated, I always have my shit at 6 in the morning." My father concurred.

"My God man! The state of the youth today." Boyd said.

It dawned on me that the biological processes of these men had been conditioned by the company clock. Most of their lives had been spent toiling on 12 hour shifts in oil fields, and coal mines. Even after retirement they rose at 4:30 am everyday and took their 6 am shit before commencing their nonexistent work shift.

"Do you know the trick for that toilet?" Boyd boomed.

"I'll figure it out." I said impatiently as I quickly made my way to the back of the shop.

In less then a minute I was in the washroom, my pants and boxer briefs at my ankles. As soon as I felt the porcelain on my cheeks my bowels let loose with the reckless abandon that only cheap alcohol could induce. An immense feeling of relief was quickly followed by a sense of sudden dread.

Did he have toilet paper in this place?

I frantically began searching the room from my spot on the toilet. Some bottles of cleaning fluid and a mop sat in one corner of the room. On the small cracked sink was a cloth and a grimy bar of hand soap. No toilet paper.

My heart was pounding.

I stared silently at the bubbling linoleum.

Fuck.

Suddenly, there was a thunderous knock on the wall.

"You might need this." Boyd's voice echoed from the other side.

I realized the door was still open by about 3/4's of an inch. I saw a greasy, rough hand, blackened by oil and dirt place a roll of toilet paper next to the crack at the bottom of the door.

"Thanks Boyd." I mumbled in shame and relief.

Mission almost accomplished. After taking care of the necessary hygienic requirements I attempted to flush the toilet with little success. From past experience the usual solution to a faulty flush would be to open the tank and find the chain couple links too short or long. But this was not the case. For a few minutes I fiddled with the float and flapper to no avail.

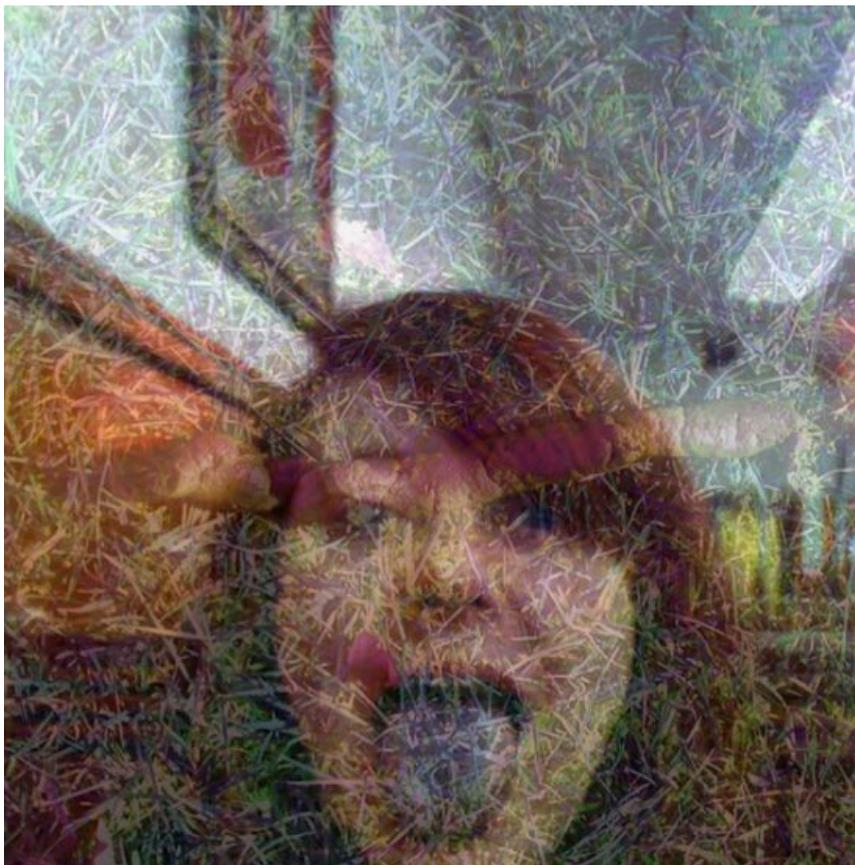
Defeated, I eventually came out of the washroom to sheepishly request that Boyd divulge the secret workings of the flushing mechanism.

"All that fancy schooling out there in Vancouver didn't seem to amount to Jack Shit did it?"

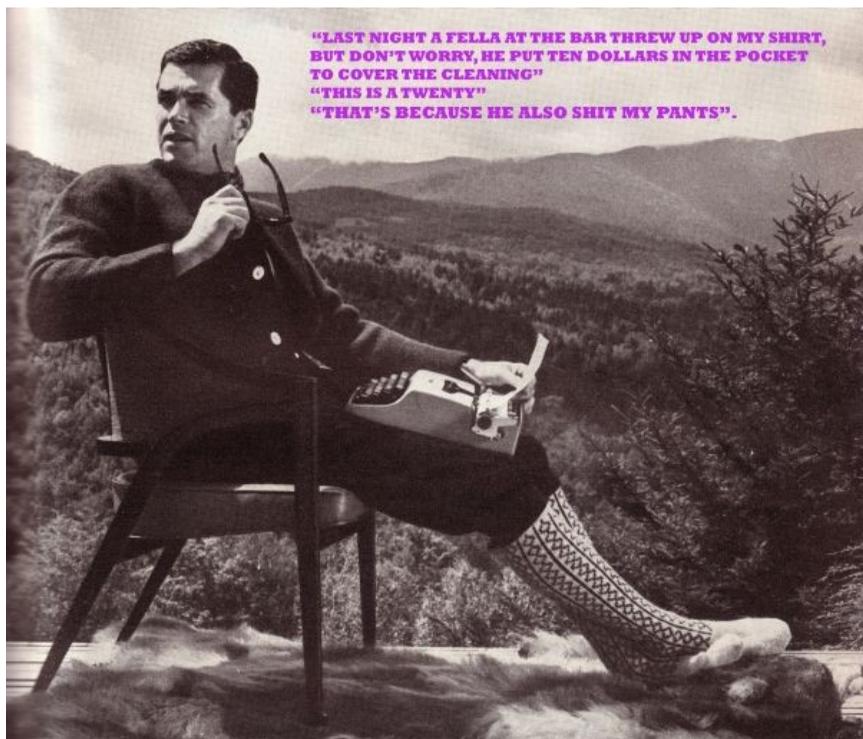
Boyd hollered laughing.

Lara Fitzgerald

Your Shit is My Shit - A Dog Shit Obsession

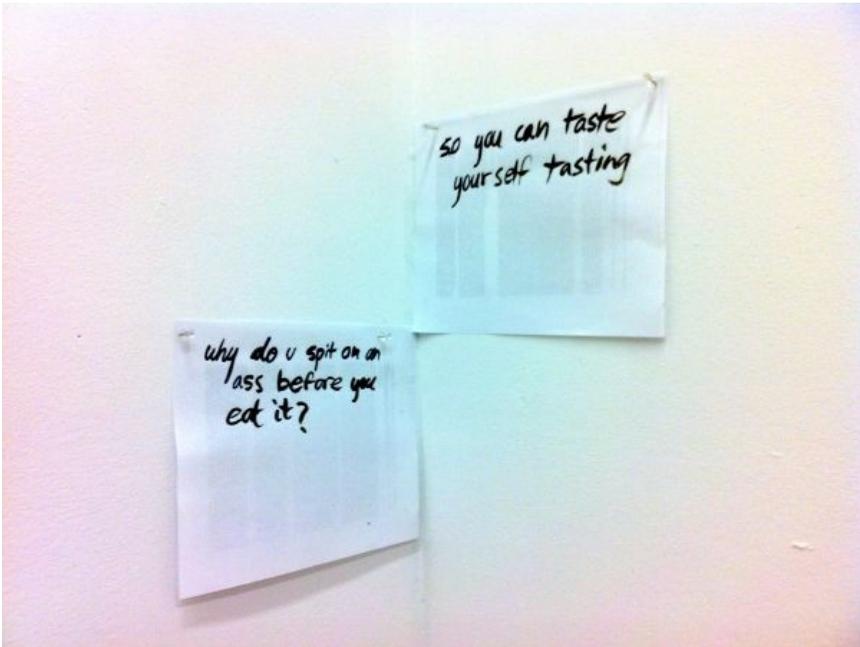


Adam Gandy



Francisco-Fernando Granados

sketch for a riddle



Jeremy Green





Chia-Chen Jane Hsu



米 + 屍 = 屎

Rice + Corpse = Shit

When rice turn into corpse, it is shit.



Steven Hubert

Flavor Flavin, dimensions variable

"since every person wishes for a forum to submit
their bad ideas to"



Jessica Jang

Get Your Shit Together

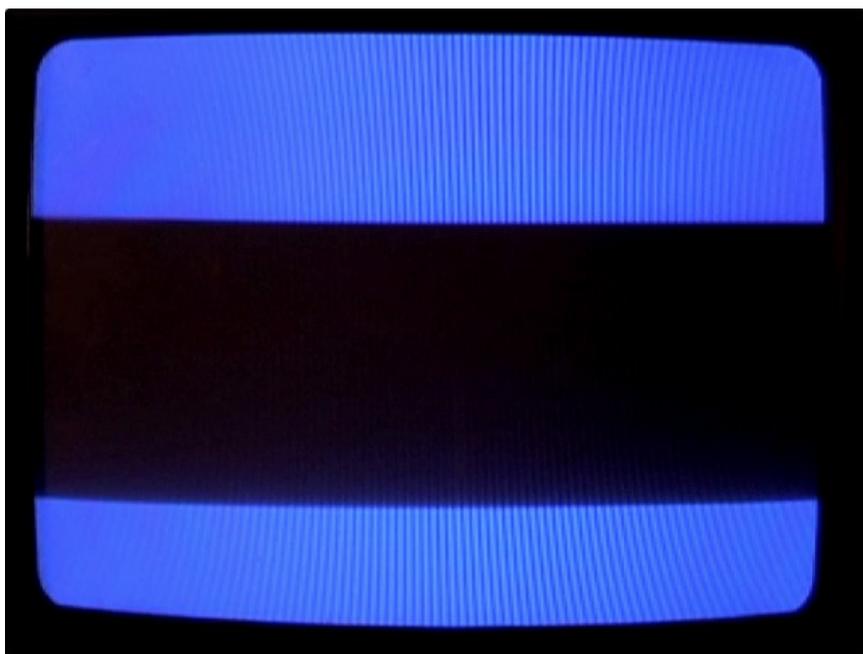


Sally Jorgensen

Immaculate Deception (for Sally Dige)







Susan Kang



Ya-chu Kang
Christian Nicolay

Before Digestion (One Day)







David Khang

Vag(Anal) Painting

"If Kubota challenged the works of male artists like Pollock, Klein, and Paik - by counterposing the female body's productivity to the masculine painterly gestures loaded with phallic symbolism, I want my work to be read against two forces. First, East Asian calligraphy. Many practitioners believe in a link between male virility and the strength of his brush stroke, the brush tip standing in for the erect phallus. Through scatological markmaking, I aim to 'pollute' this phallogocentrism. Second, I want to interrogate the white gaze, and how the Asian body, or for that matter, Asia as a body, is feminized (read Said)."



Dauida Kidd

SELL IT

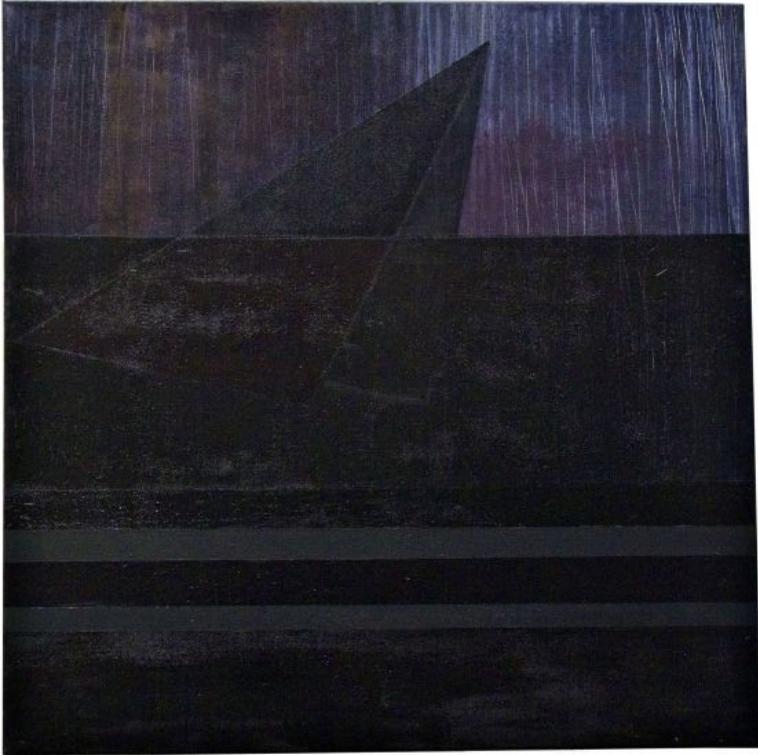


Mel King

Decay & Release



Universal Traveller



Brian Kokoska



Glenn Lewis



SHIT HAPPENS

You can be shit faced, be shit out of luck or have shit for brains. With a little effort you can get your shit together, find a place for your shit or decide to shit or get off the pot. You can smoke shit, buy shit, sell shit, lose shit, find shit, forget shit, and tell others to eat shit and die. You can shit or go blind, have a shit fit or just shit your life away. People can be shit headed, shit brained, shit blinded, and shit over or shit on. Some people know their shit, while others can't tell the difference between shit and shineola. There are lucky shits, dumb shits, crazy shits, and sweet shits. There is bullshit, and horse shit and chicken shit. You can throw shit, sling shit, catch shit, or duck when the shit hits the fan. You can take a shit, give a shit, or serve shit on a shingle. You can find yourself in deep shit, or be happier than a pig in shit. Some days are colder than shit, some days are hotter than shit, and some days are just plain shitty. Some music sounds like shit, and there are times when you feel like shit. You can have too much shit, not enough shit, the right shit, the wrong shit or a lot of weird shit. You can carry shit, have a mountain of shit, find yourself up shit creek without a paddle. Sometimes you really need this shit and sometimes you don't want any shit at all. Sometimes everything you touch turns to shit. You swim in a lake of shit and come out smelling like a rose. You can be faster than shit, or slower than shit. Sometimes you'll find shit on a stick, sometimes you'll find shit everywhere, or find yourself in a shit storm, and then there are times you can't find shit at all. You can slice shit, spread shit, dunk shit or jump shit, some people just can't cut the shit, and lots of art looks like shit. But when you stop to consider all the facts, SHIT is the basic building block of creation.

Jimmy Liang

Oct 09, 2011



Oct 10, 2011



Oct 11, 2011



Oct 13, 2011

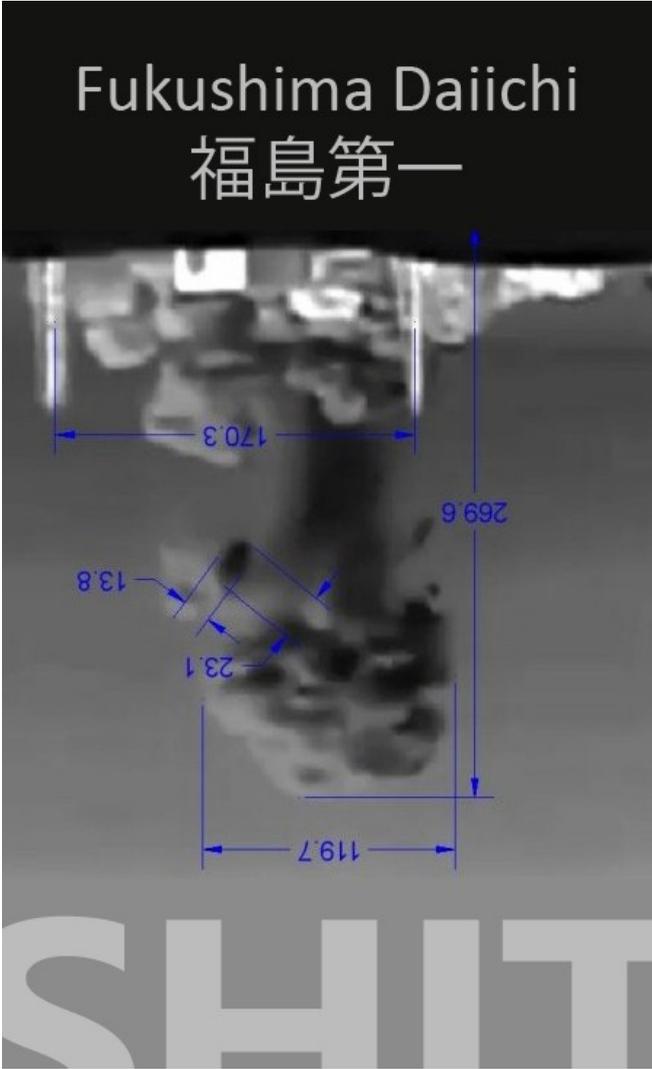


Oct 14, 2011



James Lindsay

Fukushima Daiichi

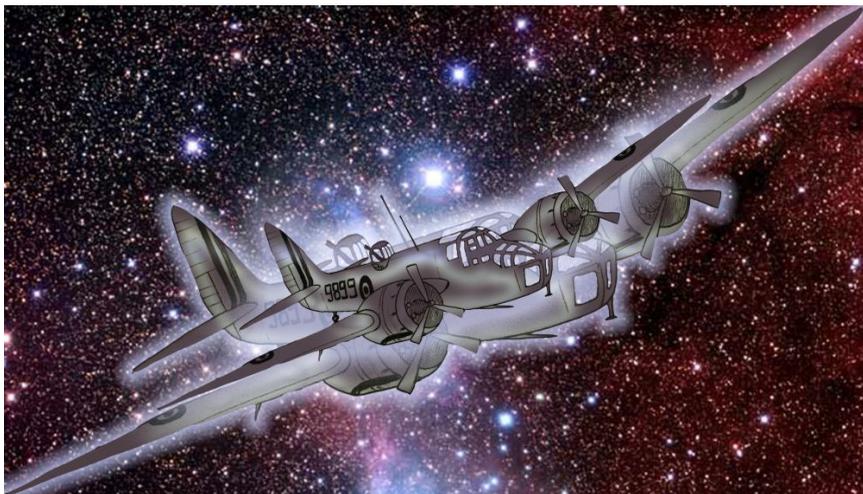


Mark Lowe

Self-Portrait Trapezoid



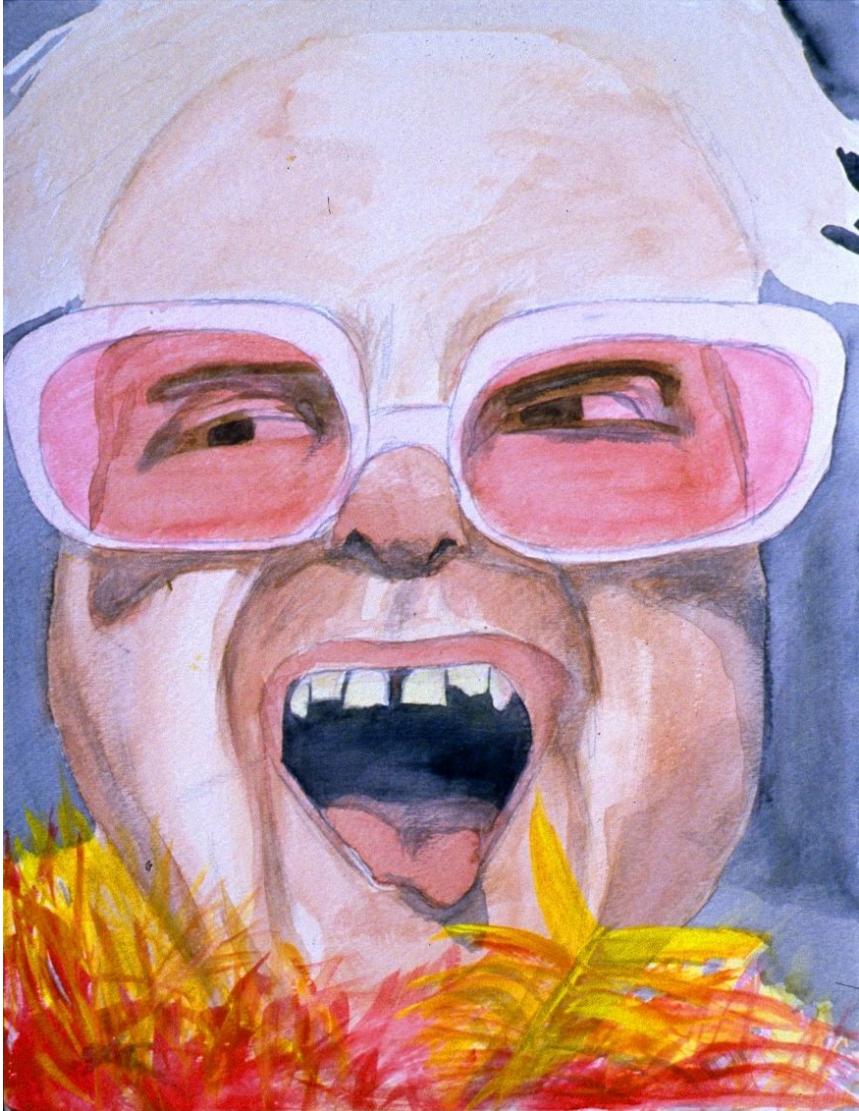
Space Plane



Waves of Fury



Elton



Pink Guy



Katharina D. Martin

"Even if I had to smile when I first heard the title, I am curious to hear more about it. How could I be part, and how would we in an oversea collaboration overcome the distance?"

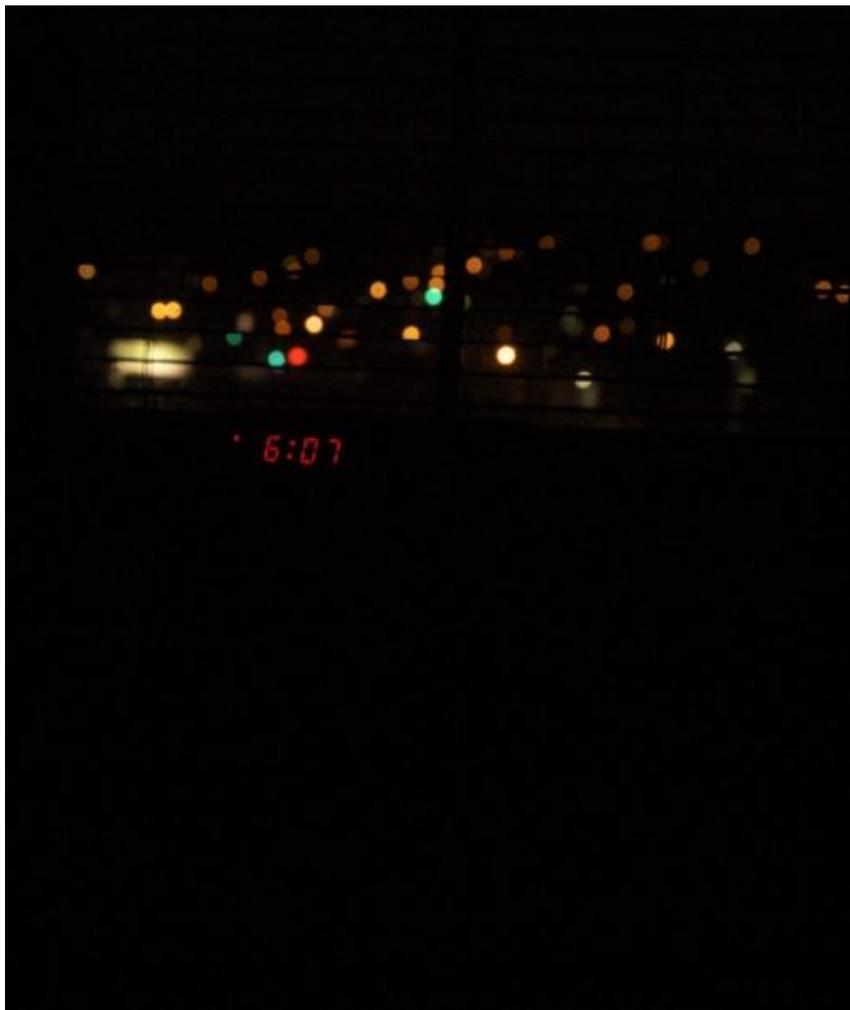
I am looking forward to hearing from you, and like to end the mail with a quotation over excrement:

'I come out from the toilet, before I launch the water I look at the fruit of my labour. And there is the question: what is it? What is the nature of excrement? Just before this moment it has constituted me and now it is beyond me. Is it still me or not?' (Stomma, 2006)"



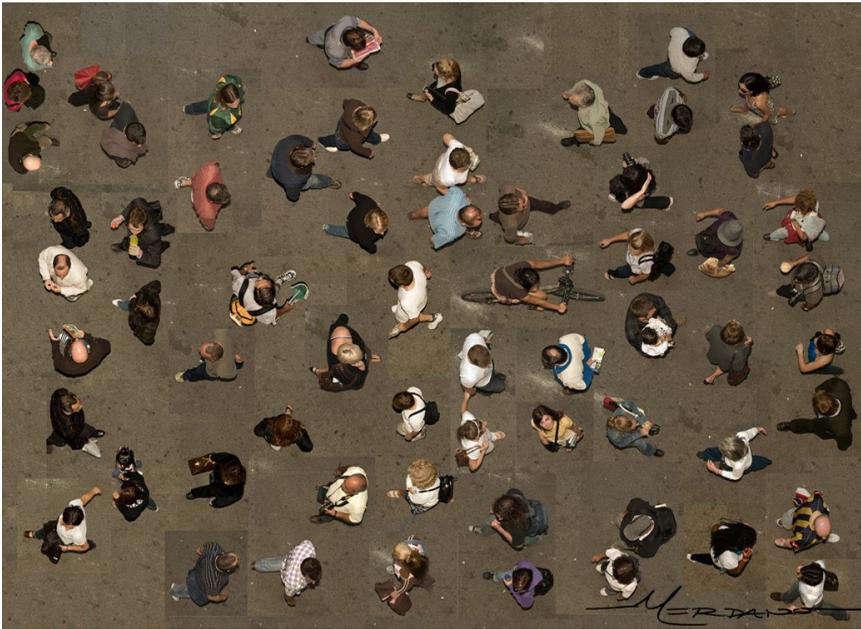
Dylan Mchugh

A Bee's Fate



Deniz Merdano

My Point of View



Heidi Nagtegaal

"maybe our collective artists' juices can secrete and form a new being"

"I am sending you many ideas, and... there will be so much love, you might explode."

"they are mostly made out of socks and underwear, the things you don't want to see, don't want to touch to place into the wash, and don't want to pair up and fold after doing the wash. They were also the objects that are held closest to the body, providing warmth, comfort, and protection. The used, forgotten, and the beloved."





Nagtegaal on Chun Hua Catherine Dong's Slogans

Dong's slogans pose a weighty, poetic antagonism denoting the more sophistic notions of shit, and the act of shitting. Shitting becomes something to marvel in, to wonder in, a revolutionary spectrum of body awareness, to deep democratic thinking (i.e. OBAMA'S SHIT AND MY SHIT ARE EQUAL), to sex positivity and the great investigation of "what's down there." Statements like "DOES A FEMINIST HAVE MORE ORGASMS?" and "MY BODY NEEDS ATTENTION" act as placards to the liberation of the mind through theory to the question of a physical end point.

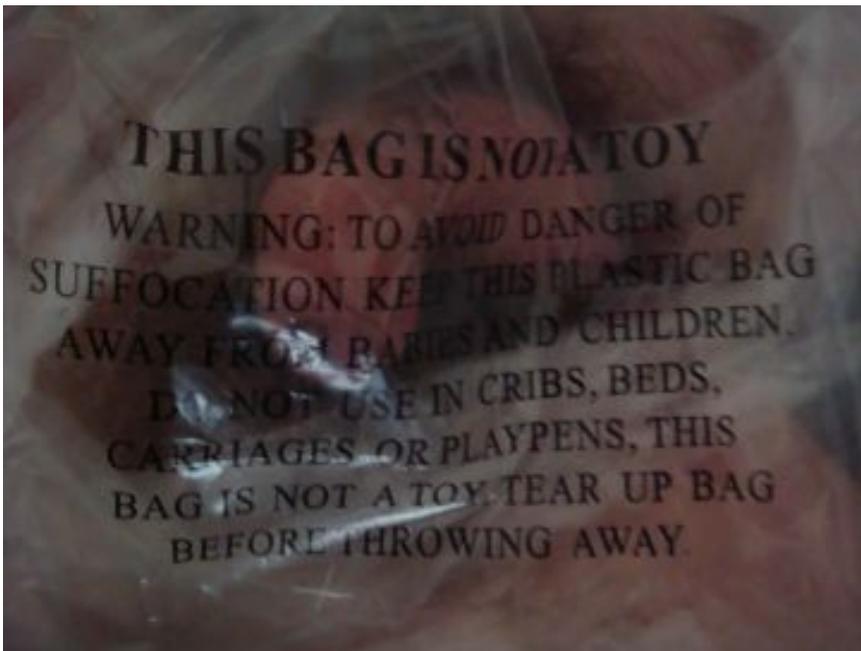
Loaded would be one way of describing it: volatile, aggressive (or would this be assertive?), sideways smokey glances, and full on, dead-pan stares to the point of discomfort. Machete like handling of words turns theoretical diatribe into streamlined consciousness, Dong's heavy-handed approach borders the shocking, while retaining a real sense of heart, due to its genuine and autobiographical nature.

If this is shocking, we've gotten to the point where one cannot look at the real without leaping directly into a form of self defensiveness abject super real. So scared of what is out there - whatever is out there - whoever is out there - that it becomes easier to ignore, or brush off due to brashness. It's so loud, it's decidedly not there. It's not you, it's me. I'm not going to explore that, it's private. And don't ask me what "it" is, I don't want to tell you. Can't you see for yourself? But then that's where Dong is different. She dives. Always bold, never apologetic, we're just going to say it how it is, in a highly dramatic, abrasive, serious, overt, yet comical manner.

Decidedly so, Dong is having none of this bullshit. She doesn't want you to "maybe think about it," "maybe later," "whenever you have the time." It's been too long, and we are all so fucking constipated! Let's just get it out and be done with it. Most importantly though, on edge of sounding didactic, is the genuine truth: it's all valuable. As well as looking at what our collective and individual shit reveals to us about what we've consumed, internalized and taking it in. Taking a shit is key to keeping any living organism alive, to which Dong says I HOPE YOU HAVE A HAPPY BOWEL MOVEMENT.

Youngsook Park

a shit talk - now we're talking



Jasmine Reimer

Worm



Jonathan Russell

There's a children's song colloquially referred to as the Diarrhea song. It goes like this;

Diarrhea poop poop Diarrhea poop poop

Floating down the gutter on a piece of bread and butter

Diarrhea poop poop Diarrhea poop poop

People think it's funny but it's really hot and runny

Diarrhea poop poop Diarrhea poop poop

People think it's gross but it sure tastes great on toast

Diarrhea poop poop Diarrhea poop poop

When you're driving on your hog and you drop a water log

Diarrhea poop poop Diarrhea poop poop

It starts out in you tummy and then comes out your bummy

Diarrhea poop poop Diarrhea poop poop

...and on and on. The idea is that children can fill in any rhyme they think of. This is a real folk song. Folk songs are songs written anonymously by a group of people and just emerge from a community all on their own. Bob Dylan can't "write" a folk song in the proper way. He writes a country blues Dylan song. A folk song just happens and all the folk songs we have left are done in school yards. It's one of the biggest mines for folk songs available to the modern folklorist. I've met people from Vancouver, Toronto, Montreal, Manitouwadge, Porcupine, Whitecourt... all over the country and they all have their own verses for this classic folk piece. Shit, is one of the best topics for kids song. Witness

Milk Milk Lemonade

Around the corner chocolate's made

Imagine a little girl singing this piece while touching, in order, her breast, breast, vagina and then bum. Such a

charming piece.

I don't always eat well. I just had a runny shit from too much Irish stew.

I have a long history of shit. I know shit very well and have memories dating back 30 years to particular shits. It's unbelievable that a man can remember one individual shit form so long ago, but that is the effect that excrement has had on me. The first one of my own that I recall is when I was 8 years old, my buddy Giovanni and I were riding our bicycles down old forestry roads looking for a good bridge to jump from. No, we were not planning on committing suicide together, we were just looking for a good river to jump in and we wanted a bridge to jump from.

This took most of the day. We must have spent five or six hours just jumping into the river again and again. By one o'clock I had to shit *real bad*. I've never been one to be overly concerned with etiquette so I just squatted down under the bridge and let 'er rip.

It was green.

"Hey, Gio, come over here, you have to see this, my shit is green."

"Bullshit!"

"No Gio, green shit."

He came running over right away. It was true. We both marveled at my shit for five minutes or so. Two children standing under a bridge just staring a piece of shit and it was magical. That's my earliest clear memory.

There's actually one that's older but the memories are less clear. It has something to do with shitting out a tape worm but the details are muddy. Maybe it wasn't shit, maybe it was just the tape worm. Who knows?

I really enjoy shitting. The verb I mean. I just love it. I bring books into the can, like most men, and enjoy just sitting there reveling in the smell of my own excrement while reading. In fact it is my favorite place to read.

Anything is game in the can from the Holy Christian Bible to Batman comics to Gogol or Bertrand Russell. It's the best place for all forms of literature... and I'm not even including porn or bad magazines (as if they are different things).

Diarrhea poop poop Diarrhea poop poop

When you're analyzing Joyce and your buttole has no choice

Diarrhea poop poop Diarrhea poop poop

In polite conversation not many people can discuss shit without feeling weird about it or giving you some cliché line like "too much information" which almost always makes me behave worse since a part of me thinks they actually like it but can't admit it. But people can't stop listening, despite their protests, to any story about shit. It is a fascinating topic. As is the case with many supposedly taboo topics. Taboo, something children don't recognize.

Once I was camping with my brother Chris and my lifelong friend Noel. Our plan was simply to get really drunk and make up stupid songs, as we are want to do on occasion. We were successful and the following morning I was the last to awake. I opened my eyes and my tent reeked of vomit. I lifted my pillow and sure enough someone had put vomit under my pillow whilst I slept. I was furious:

"Who put vomit under my pillow" I bellowed across the park. I could hear them laughing outside clearly not believing me. In retrospect I suppose it's entirely possible that I puked in the night and then fell back asleep but at the time it was just to unfathomable to consider. After discovering the mystery vomit I had to get outside and drink some water, my mouth was dryer then an over fucked asshole! I walked outside and saw a fire being started. It was just coals at this point but I was tired and the water was there. I grabbed the water cooler, drank straight out of it, rolled up a smoke and squatted by the fire to warm my hands, as I squatted you could hear the sound'

"Pffffffttttt"

I shat myself something fierce.

"Aww shit, I gotta go change my shorts."

They thought it was hilarious, an hour later I agreed; I guess Woody Allen is right after all. Tragedy plus time really does equal comedy.

Once I was at home with my lovely wife and we were joking around. I thought it would be hilarious to sneak up behind her and try to fart into her bum. I know it's not possible but the thought made me laugh so hard I had to try. I snuck up behind her, placed my ass against her ass and shat on the floor. At first I was just surprised, I felt the poo drop, I knew what had happened. But I just couldn't admit it to myself for a while. We laughed but I swore her to secrecy. It was a few months before I could tell the story to my friends... tragedy plus time ya know.

But shit is not all shits and giggles. There is a serious side as well. Can you see it? Do you know what it is? It's not the easiest thing to pick out without a little prodding. Shit is better than tea leaves at predicting your future, it's more appropriate for reading than a library, it can be a huge relief or an incredible pain... Mostly it's a great representation of our lives and who we are.. no, really.

Kate Sansom

Beach Head

"I've attached an image and detail of a project that I have been working on for the past couple of years, titled "Beach Head." Its centre-piece is a canvas that I have made from turning the garbage, or 'shit,' around a performance site into a multi-component dye. An alternative to photo or video documentation of the performance, the canvas holds flecks of paint, berries, dirt, and other detritus from the site where myself and two friends broke into a city condemned bunker the summer of 2009.

This piece is part of a series of 'garbage canvases' that I have been working on."



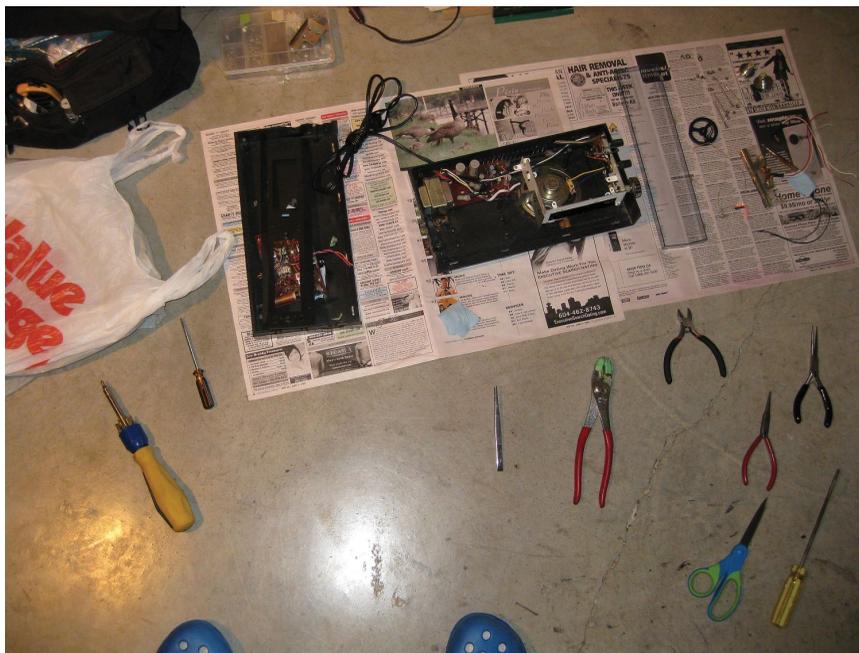
Victoria Singh

pretty shitty



Jeremy Isao Speier

I Love Taking Old Shit Apart



JUBOL

Laxatif physiologique, le seul faisant la rééducation fonctionnelle de l'intestin.

L'éponge et le nettoie,
Evite l'Appendicite et l'Entérite,
Guérit les Hémorroïdes,
Empêche l'excès d'embonpoint,
Régularise l'harmonie des formes.

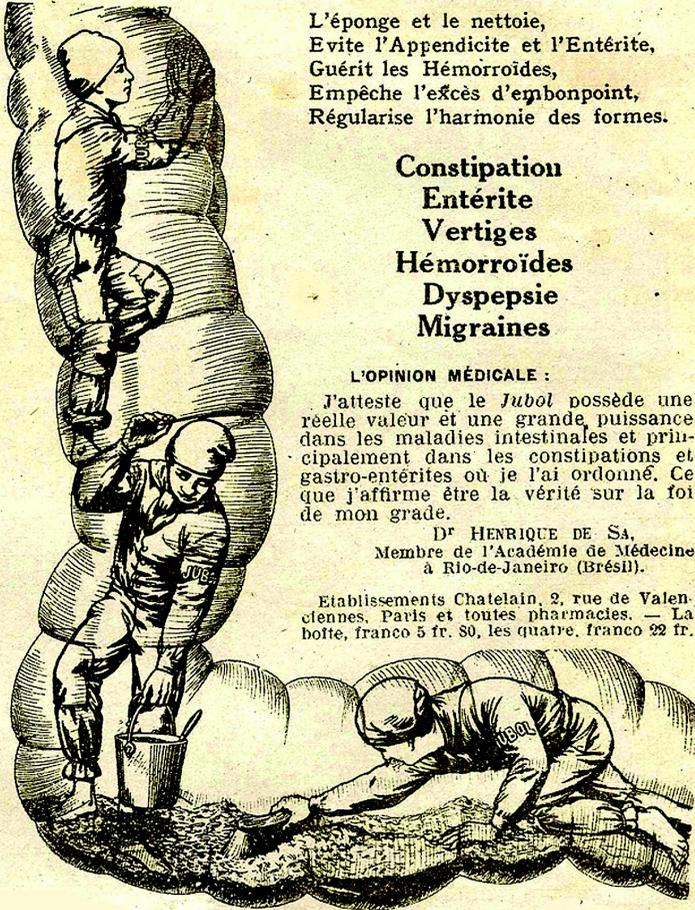
**Constipation
Entérite
Vertiges
Hémorroïdes
Dyspepsie
Migraines**

L'OPINION MÉDICALE :

J'atteste que le *Jubol* possède une réelle valeur et une grande puissance dans les maladies intestinales et principalement dans les constipations et gastro-entérites où je l'ai ordonné. Ce que j'affirme être la vérité sur la foi de mon grade.

Dr HENRIQUE DE SA,
Membre de l'Académie de Médecine
à Rio-de-Janeiro (Brésil).

Etablissements Chatelain, 2, rue de Valenciennes, Paris et toutes pharmacies. — La boîte, franco 5 fr. 80, les quatre, franco 22 fr.



Shiloh Sukkau

Bread Sculpture on Marble

“'Bread Sculpture on Marble' is a loaf of multigrain bread composed and baked to look like a 6" high pile of poo. It is part of a series of documents that I have made in an attempt to reconsider my domestic activities and in particular bread making as a possible means of expression.”



Chris von Szombathy

Hot Pretzel



Helen Teager

No. 2





Marie-Helene Tessier

Das Scheiẞer

DAS SCHEIẞE

Kritic der politischen Oekonomie

EIN SCHEIẞE / UNE MERDE / A PIECE OF SHIT

VON / PAR / BY

MARIE-HELENE TESSIER

VON / PAR / BY

A SHIT SHOW / UNE EXPO MERDIQUE / BESCHISSEN AUSSTELLUNG

FÜR / POUR / FOR

ILL REPUTE

GEGEN / CONTRE / AGAINST

**ÜBERSCHUSS DES KAPITALISMUS / NÉO-LIBÉRALISME DE MERDE /
EXCESS OF CAPITALISM**

UNIT / PITT PROJECTS

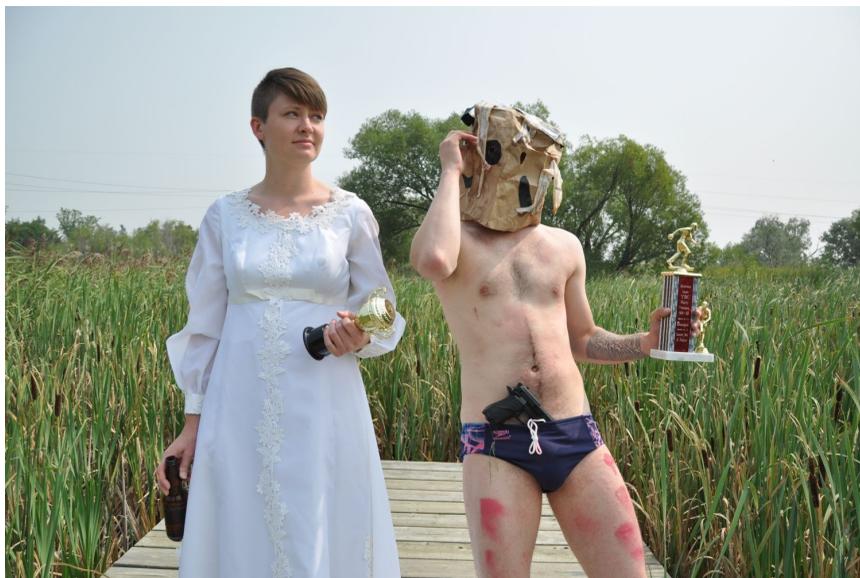
7 NOVEMBRE 2011
VANCOUVER

Bill Thomson

SHIT OR
GET OFF
THE POT

Evan Tyler

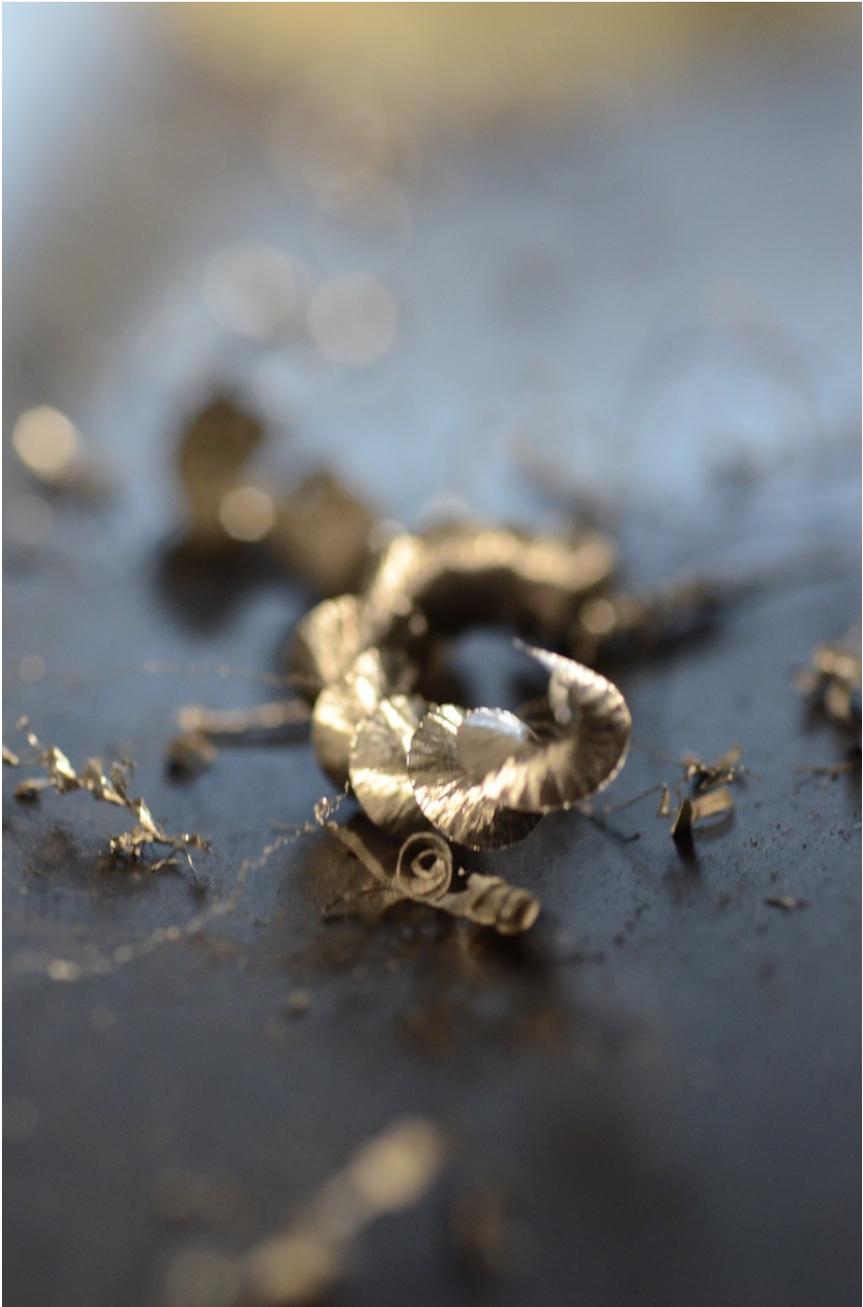
IF 1991 COULD KISS YOU



Bill Vorn

Robot Shit





Rachel White







James Whitman Courtney Burke

the following is excerpted from a "a marxist-ish hobby sci-fi novel" by Whitman and Burke:

Backwards Land Notes:

The plants don't absorb light, they give it out, beaming it back to the sun, glowing green. The sky is generally dark, though the clouds glow and a quite harsh light comes up from the ground sometimes. On bright days, people's faces are underlit as if they were walking on top of a flashlight.

Colours wonky, but everything is reflecting and absorbing complimentary wavelengths of light to our own world...ie, what is red in our world, absorbs red light in backwards land and radiates green light..

Everything in this economy is about putting things back in their rightful place. Everything, the behavior of animals even, is driven by this principle. Everything is striving to offload an excess of energy by taking simple materials and building them up into something more complex.

The farmers put the apples back into the trees, which then slowly absorb them, and produce flowers so that the bees can return their pollen to them. The trees reward the farmers by filling the earth with the simple compounds that they need to ingest, to provide their bodies with the raw ingredients their bodies require to manufacture the various kinds of food which come out of their mouths. Every once in a while something unusual comes out of somebody's mouth, like a frog, or a fly. Often a person will find their body giving up just part of an animal, and they will have to search among their fellows to find those who have its complimentaries. Their civilization's entire industry and circulation of goods is devoted to putting things back together and returning them to their rightful places.

Farmers don't plant fields and orchards, though they can often tell when one is going to come up. One season, say summer, the soil in some field will start to hump up in odd ways. After a year the limbs and trunks will have been constituted by the earth. Leaves will be glowing a gentle, light, green, fluttering sometimes in the breeze. Over the next months the trees roots will take hold and the trunks will slowly swing themselves up to vertical.

A new pine forest is a crazy sight, huge, full grown trees sticking out of the ground at 45 degrees, their branches hanging down to the ground. In an orchard, farmers will begin to arrive every morning even while the trunks have yet to lift themselves off of the ground, to plant fruit on the tree branches.

The tree straightening itself as a symbol...

People appear too, in different ways. At their birth they tend to be feeble and delicate, though not always. The community takes them in and slowly teaches them how to be people. This can take a long time. Once a person has learnt enough to live independently, they go to join an existing family, or quite often make a new one from their existing school group. As a person ages they generally increase in their strength, knowledge, and wisdom. Sixteen years before their death they start to shrink. These are the brilliant people, whose experience of life supports a final flowering of imagination and insight. Then three or two and half years before they die, the community has to care for them again, and eventually find a mother to take them into her body and absorb them.

When people are born, if they have a gravestone, in which case it's been known for a good 60-100 years that that person is going to arrive someday, their family has a ceremony where they uproot the newborn's gravestone, and send it off to the quarry to be annealed to the mountain.

There's a difference between youthful people who've lived a long life, and gained a life's experience, and young people who were born young, and only have six years or so until they die...likewise, there will be many babies who appear and must be taken by a mother soon or immediately...also people know roughly ahead of time how long they are going to live, so what does that do socially...?

There are days and night. The plants have a daily cycle, and in the evenings their leaves start to fade, and eventually fall dark. The moon glows dimly in patches, and while not starless, the stars in the sky are few and far

between.

Everything comes from the ground: food, plants, animals, people, sometimes fully formed artifacts. Occasionally buildings arise slowly, or suddenly, in a flash of cold and flame. Many ruins are scavenged for materials as they slowly reconstitute themselves, but in wastelands one can find huge, half-built cities re-assembling themselves over the centuries.

Many predators are quite jealous of their territories. They guard the ranges where they sniff out the dirt they need. Pack hunters will sometimes get together and produce a large animal at mealtime.

A de-rotting carcass hidden under branches and leaves, to which over a few days a bear brings various body parts.

Bacteria and micro-organisms forming complex animals and plants from the soil.

Farmers harvest building materials from the ground. Then later some wood might be needed to fulfill some stumps, and the house is sold and taken apart.

Justin Frederick Worhaug

[aunty sam and michelle and lamp]



Setareh Yasan

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