

inedible
cakes

Art Show & Salon



The
Papercut
Arcade

yvr ꝥ x w̥məθkʷəyəm

336 East 1st Avenue, Vancouver
on the Unceded Territory
of the Coast Salish Peoples

FEBRUARY 23RD, 2020

WHAT IS THE PAPER CUT ARCADE?

The Papercut Arcade Collective was formed with the intention to run interactive events, workshops and exhibitions. We aim to produce interactive stories and games, share and inspire each other through creative challenges, and to create safe spaces to explore creativity and art with like-minded folks.

Our plans are to formalize our collective in 2020 into a non-profit society. While we work through the paperwork (bring on the paper cuts), we have a soft hierarchy made up of Collective Members (those who are currently organizing and paying out of pocket to make things happen) and Collective Guest Creators (those who make the work and participate in the events).

Our collective strives to be an inclusive and safe group for people of all races, identities, and levels of education. We wish to respectfully acknowledge that we host events, and play on the *unceded*, ancestral, and traditional territory of the xməkəyəm (Musqueam), Swxwú7mesh (Squamish) and səlilwəta (Tsleil-Waututh) peoples.

INEDIBLE CAKES
An essay by curator
Kay Slater,
February 2020

It all started with a "cake smash" party.

I do not have children. I regularly work with children and parents as an artist and preparator, and it is impossible to participate or consume any kind of media without having a little exposure to suburban family life. I was still completely unprepared for a cake smash party.

When I was invited, I had assumed that the ritual involved a piece of cake being provided to the child where after hilarity would be captured on film to then trade for likes and shares online. I stood around awkwardly waiting for the rite to start. Uninterested in the gendered kitchen dance that preceded the event, I hid in corners and in empty rooms worried I would be roped into small talk. Half deaf, losing my hearing, uninterested in this family ritual, and sweating with the impending invitation to eat in front of other people; I was not in the best frame of mind when we were all called to the main event.

To my silent horror, I watched as two fully iced cakes

were pulled from the fridge. How was I going to resist being offered a piece from two cakes? Would I be able to stop myself from having more than one or two pieces if the cake was ever left unattended? As my sugar addiction and compulsive eating habits celebrated, I was so distracted that I missed any clues as to what was actually about to transpire.

Struggling to keep my forced smile from turning into a gaping maw, one entire cake was placed in front of the birthday child who was then encouraged to smack and smash it into pulp. People cackled and encouraged the child with applause. The camera flashed, and the remains of the cake was eventually pulled away from the shell-shocked youth who knew not to what they had been complicit. While the birthday baby was wiped down (too much sugar was bad news for baby), the scene seemed to slow down as the grandmother moved towards the kitchen counter, and with the skill of a bass drum player, she stomped down on the garbage bin foot pedal to dispose of the mashed remains of the entirely untasted cake.

Part of me was relieved that half the temptation had been eliminated. The rest of me was shook that an entire cake had been purchased for this spectacle. It opened a thought cabinet wherein I began to collect thoughts, opinions, and observations around rituals of food in the coming years. Catering jobs or group meals where I would watch food discarded because of small blemishes or due to unevenness that would cause an imperfection

in the final presentation. Employment in a bakery where employees were forced to discount imperfectly shaped bagels or throw away trays of slightly scorched pastries (they wouldn't be bought anyways). For more than a decade, I was entrenched in the world of Advertising where these behaviours were commodified, and used to sell more of the same.

A few years back, I started to get a handle on my eating habits following some therapy, and some extreme weight loss spurred on by daily back pain and the threat of surgery. Unfortunately, this exposed me to a new world of voluntary starvation, body dysmorphia, exercise addiction, and food anxiety. I had moved away from stashing spoons in my side drawers to hide the stolen scoops of peanut butter or icing I had scored from the fridge to seeing how long I could go without solid food altogether. However, through all of this, I have never said aloud that I have an eating disorder. I would probably argue with you in person, even now as you pointed at this essay. I was just fat, and I struggled the same as everyone else, all of us being bombarded with simultaneous messages to consume and be beautiful (or else). And then I was skinny, finally allowed to feel at home in a body that I didn't recognize when I looked in the mirror, ever hungry, and terrified to be invited out to eat in public. I didn't want one more thing pinned to my social identity, and while I continued to be able to show up to my various workplaces and get through my day with a smile - what was a little self-imposed starvation followed by some shame eating at home? It remains a complicated thing for me to eat,

and I know I am not alone. The shared commiseration between friends about finding clothes that fit. The soft-anger when someone brings over treats. The frustration at solving hunger with an unwise, convenient food fix due to being time starved. Snacks left out in the office. The work to stay informed about food trends and nutrition. The lack of trust between consumer and producer. It's exhausting - no wonder we're so cussed up about food.

And so, one afternoon in the fall of 2019, I shared my struggles and thoughts with my collective colleagues. We had just completed our first public, narrative fiction salon, and were excited to continue the momentum with more open-call, creative events. I decided to pitch my idea for an art salon around food and thus Inedible Cakes was conceived.

We, all of us, carry a unique lived experience and perspective. I really wanted to learn more about how others thought about and responded to this theme without too many definitions or restrictions. We are told to consider and unpack our privilege so that we can better understand our position relative to those around us. As a visual person, I imagined all the elements I pulled from my backpack, laid around me in a big circle. Some of the items were very light, signifying the opportunities and advantages I had in life. They were easy to carry around, and allowed me to move easily through public spaces. The colour of my skin. The trust I had from organizations who had hired me. My access to education. Then I looked at the other, heavier and larger pieces. These ones

weighed me down and took up a lot of space, making it difficult for me and others to sometimes acknowledge how the lighter objects act as tickets, access-passes, and social coin. They are not equal and they do not cancel each other out. They each exist on their own. This time, instead of putting them back into my imagined backpack, I decided to stack them up in front of me. No longer neatly packed away, they became a translucent layer cake, balanced in my arms as I stood up to face the next thing. These layers that make up who I am, what I have, how I am able to travel, and how I carry myself feel more present and are harder to forget compared to when they are jumbled together in a single container on my back. Some days, my body will be tired and the heavier layers will keep me from achieving my goals, especially as they are pushed back into my face like a pie, blinding me with whipped cream. Other days, I'll meet with someone who has no smaller, light layers. Only stacks upon stacks of slab cake, unable to move due to their precarious weight and I'll realize that I have the capacity to make room or offer to carry some of that weight while they move past. It is my genuine hope, by continuing to host these open-call salons, that I will have the opportunity to meet folks whose cake layers differ in shape and size from my own, and I'll have a chance to offer them a place to rest their loads - even for a single night.

Louise Chow

@nega___space

Collective Member

THREE SCAVENGERS
Digital Illustration,
8.5" X 11", \$18

This piece plays with role reversal of the scavenger that would normally be eating food waste, now being served up and eaten by the cake.

Biography: Louise is an artist who has worked in Vancouver's animation industry. She has an interest in exploring a variety of forms of expression, including painting, writing, and interactive art. She is a founding core collective member of The Papercut Arcade.

**THE
TRANSUBSTANTIATION
OF BETTY CROCKER
Live Performance,
6:45 P.M., ~20 mins,**

Birthdays, and their associated cakes, simultaneously celebrate birth and possibility but also, perhaps more emphatically for adult women, signal decay. In what ways is this ornate, baked object alike to the roles that women have been forced to occupy? Our relationship to cakes, a food for marking occasions, has much to do with the passage of time, and who is allowed to celebrate/ consume that passage.

Louise Chow

**THE
TRANSUBSTANTIATION
OF BETTY CROCKER
A draft essay
Louise Chow,
February 2020**

I don't have birthday cakes anymore. I am unsure of the last time I have eaten a birthday cake, specifically the kind that marks, with icing ink, the age of the recipient. As a child the birthday cake is offered as a celebration of growth and change. If you "are what you eat," or absorb the power of the meal as in some cultural traditions (specify), then a child devouring the cake marked "Jennifer, 11," symbolizes an acceptance and internalization of a different stage of life. I have grown up knowing an older generation of adults, particularly women, who have shied away from acknowledging their number. Certainly it is in contrast to the brazen declaration of age that the worded birthday cake presents. The birthday cake is a relic of childhood and may be considered a childish thing to receive and celebrate around. And the fact that we attempt to mark the complex change, growth, and decline of a human being by assigning numbers speaks to a limitation in our thinking.

Generally, the cake is an object to celebrate passage and transformation. That may be what defines 'cake' for us, given that we've given that name to sweet festive baked goods in other cultures that don't resemble the typical western idea of a flour-based frosted cake. In Chinese culture, the moon cake, a dense concoction of lotus paste and salted egg yolks, is an inseparable part of the mid-autumn festival. It is a harvest festival that celebrates the change in seasons as well as changes in the lunar spectacle. Other state changes include aging from 10 to 11, a decision to marry two people and their families together, the passage from employment to retirement, etc. The occasions which we choose to celebrate also reveal our norms and priorities.

Increasingly food, particularly desserts, don't have to be eaten in the traditional way at all. We "eat" plenty with our eyes as we scroll through our instagram feeds, without having to experience any longer term physical change of state in our bodies or in the object we are visually consuming. The trendy, visually spectacular dessert that gets photographed and then destroyed (possibly as food waste) is something that the influencer culture (obsessed with youth and class signifiers) enables. Regardless of the fate of the actual physical cake, the images that are produced stay preserved on social media platforms, their contents no longer subject to decay or any other form of transformation. Like the written word, this kind of photography and culture around images is an attempt to make permanent and static a reality that is actually in constant change. The only dynamism present on these images is the upward tick of likes and other easily numericized social media interactions.

The decadence of a cake may be what limited it to a food for ceremonial function. A well presented cake is a labour of love, that also doesn't serve much in the way of nutrition. Not an everyday food. Nowadays, concerns about health - or concerns about appearance in the guise of concerns about health - also positions cake as an occasional celebratory treat. A treat, like what we use to train dogs, is of course gifted to the deserving, either as a victory prize or a reward for practicing some asceticism. Warnings about one's heart health pull us away from cake. Warnings about one's waistline may be more effective. Women are under particular pressure to maintain a certain flat-bellied physique, represented by BMI numbers. Ironically then, it is women who are associated with the domesticity of cake baking. She lives to serve cake, but the cake is not meant for her (how would she keep the wasp waisted silhouette of the 50s housewife?). She offers a part of herself up, all dressed in draped frosting and pearls of sugar. She may appear the housewife but she is divorced from her appetites. Her labour and her body are one, and receive no nourishment.

The relationship of women to cakes isn't just one of being the one to bake and serve, women are also served as cakes. While now it would mostly be frowned upon, it wasn't unusual for powerful men of influence to mix a celebratory meal, with entertainment spectacle by stuffing various living creatures into food. Of course, a popular choice for stuffing would be a live young woman. An unusually large cake would be presented and appreciated, then -surprise!- a woman pops out the top, presented, and appreciated amusedly as if she were a flock of distressed blackbirds

escaping a pie. The borders between cake and woman blur.

If a budget bachelor party were to replicate this show of power, they would forgo the cake entirely, opting for a flimsy and cheap cardboard approximation as necessary set decoration around a young scantily clad woman. The men who gaze are, really, terrified that she will likely die wrinkled and bloated and accompanied by a bedpan, in the same ugly fashion of their own likely deaths; they would rather no reminder of that. It is better if she is consumed while young and beautiful, like the ideal last days of a cake. Women do not benefit from this wilful ignorance.

Considering the guilt around cakes and the dangers they pose to our waistlines, perhaps they are better off as beautiful inedible spectacles. A dessert could be an immaculately crafted fake and it may still serve its modern function. If we aren't really interested in the eating of cakes (in every survey I've read on the matter, the majority of people would prefer to consume pies anyway), then what is the function of the cake as representation?

Marxist theorist Guy Debord's *Society of the Spectacle* opens with this: "Everything that was directly lived has moved away into representation."^[1] The traditions of recognizing change through ritual and celebration, which almost always involved the consumption of symbolic foods, occurred before the demands of economic growth and productivity forced us to operate under a standardized and globalized concept of atomized time. To grow the wheat and other ingredients for a cake, or practically any kind of

food product, we depend on detecting and responding to physical changes in the environment, like the change of seasons. What was a change that was lived and physically sensed, has receded into specific numerical representations like that on a calendar. So it is for measurements of age, and of health. Our attempts to order, control, and commercialize our universe have separated ourselves from the experience of it. That experience is in truth about change, whether it be growth or decay.

The reduction of the lived experience of something like gathering together to eat cake, into shared images of people gathering together to eat cake, has been used to by those entities with the most power over distribution to consolidate more power. To these corporate entities, scale and the ability to grab a large audience are crucial. Something that cannot be distributed en masse, is unlikely to dominate a global market.

In Robin Sloan's "An App Can Be A Home-Cooked Meal"[1], he describes the experience of building an app meant for an extremely small audience - his family. Today it is hard to imagine hearing someone talk about developing an app without some goal around distribution and profit. But Robin compares his process as similar to home cooking as compared to large scale commercial cooking. He writes:

"The exhortation 'learn to code!' has its foundations in market value. 'Learn to code' is suggested as a way up, a way out. 'Learn to code' offers economic leverage, a squirt of power. 'Learn to code' goes in your resume. [...] But let's

substitute a different phrase: 'learn to cook.' [...] The list of reasons to 'learn to cook' overflows, and only a handful have anything to do with the marketplace."

That sort of human experience is difficult to distribute, but images and other half-baked replicas are easy and long lasting. Accepting decay is antithetical to the goals of profiteers, who perform such acts of life support (or necromancy?) like keeping franchises such as Star Wars alive forever. The only sense of change to be acknowledged by these corporate entities is growth, so they celebrate with cakes covered in numerical data points, as if they were children, as if they were human.

Those who lose are people like those, often women, who labour at home in their kitchens. That which is small scale and localized - and what's more local than the domestic sphere - has not been the recipient of capital. Even where it seems to be, in the instagram feeds and youtube channels of home bakers, their capital still depends on those higher powers that govern distribution. That's only after compressing the domestic sphere into easily distributable images. And unfortunately the powers that be behave similarly to those men who entertain by hiring a young woman to fold herself into a cake, before popping out in her so-called birthday suit. Women's participation in this mass market image culture - or, as Guy Debord puts it, the Spectacle - is mostly to be seen, and consumed.

Those powerful distributors would then claim that they've followed the set rules of the universe and this is the

natural hierarchy of money and power. They will point to their datasets and algorithms (of their own design), and claim that this clockwork (more objects of our own design) universe has spoken: the labour that is local and human scale is not actually valuable. And like the change in seasons and shifts in weather that actually govern the cycles of life on our planet, the value of that human scale work is not really accurately reducible to numbers and data.

Neural networks can now "see" the images we've created and reproduce incredibly convincingly the energetic brush-strokes of painters, or chimeras of human faces that pass very well as human. When one's face is represented by pixels, each of those pixels can constitute data. The ease of further reducing an image into data, results in the use of that data to justify the spectacle itself. The consequence for the spectacle's losers is an evolution of what was already a poisonous refrain. What was once, "her earnings are low because her cakes are ugly," is shifting to "her cakes are ugly because her earnings are low." There is no critical analysis of quality here.

The cake may be ugly, but was it edible, or delicious, and did it bring people together cozy and nourished? It's difficult to tell when measuring a number of hits and likes, from a copy of a picture of a picture, of a cake whose physical form has been forgotten. What is hidden in a visual culture that fetishizes objects and representations of objects, is who stands beyond the margins of the picture frame. Who baked the cake, who ate the cake, and what happened to those people? Those material concerns

become immaterial and fade in time, swept over by layer after layer of glistening, ever fresh white icing.

Debord, Guy (1967). "Society of the Spectacle"

Sloan, Robin (February 2020). "An app can be a home-cooked meal". <https://www.robinsloan.com/notes/home-cooked-app/>

Christopher Alan Slater

@sornambulant

Collective Member

HOT TAKE, CUPCAKE
Live Performance,
6:30 P.M., ~3.5 hours

Food for thought, political chicanery and bullshit as inedible food for thought. Attaching painful burning sensations with these thoughts.

Biography: Writer and mobile game designer. GM/DM/Storyteller & host of a monthly tabletop game day. He/him/his. Pineapple on pizza is great and pie is greater than cake. I've worked on AR games, a card/board game, live game events, rpg games, mobile games, and a kid's game featuring my poetry.

Note: The Papercut Arcade takes

the health and well being of our audience seriously. Please practice self-care in digesting both the written content of this work, and be sure to sign our waiver if you choose to physically digest the work (hot sauce can cause physical harm and symptoms such as increased heart rate, severe indigestion, nausea, or cause faintness. To eat a HOT TAKE, CUPCAKE is to acknowledge and agree you are doing so at your own risk.

**RAGE BAKING THE HOT
TAKES AWAY**
Essay
Christopher Alan Slater
February 2020

Before I write about my thought processes leading to my work, I would like to take a moment here to recognize that it is Black History Month and to recognize Tangerine Jones, the original Ragebaker. My own experiment was less about healing than Jones' practice, but I did use baking as a way to do something about my own negative emotions. As Jones herself puts it ragebaking is:

"A way to center yourself and others in the midst of Supreme F**kery and turn anger or sorrow into something beautiful."

I like to think I did something akin to that with HOT TAKE, CUPCAKE.

When I heard that "Inedible Cakes" was going to be our theme for the show, my mind was drawn immediately to two things: Marie Antoinette & Over the Edge (one of

my favourite tabletop role-playing games, published by Atlas Games).

Marie Antoinette was not a surprising first thought. She's a famous historical figure known for sticking not just her foot, but perhaps her whole fashionable leg in her mouth, by saying, "Qu'ils mangent de la brioche." In English, "Let them eat cake." No wonder the french proletariat only took two days to try, convict, and execute her. I acknowledge that there's no evidence that she actually said those words, but I'm not sure it matters. Though she was a figure of great taste and a setter of aristocratic trends, the opinion of a great many people was that for the Revolution to end successfully, she had to lose her head. She was a symbol that had to die. The inedibility then, of the cake, in this historical context represents an incredible lack of awareness. One's privilege left unconsidered, or worse flaunted, in the face of those without.

In the Over the Edge game, our characters frequented an ice cream parlour that had several fantastical flavours. It was there where my character and his compatriots discovered the wondrous (if deadly) Razorblade Surprise. Each tub of this stuff contained a deadly sharp razorblade. Only one lucky winner would get the "prize". Again, not so much inedible per se, but wholly unrecommended for personal health and safety reasons. The inedibility of the dessert in this case becomes something more like the ultimate hipster foodie challenge for the suicidally bored. A dare to play the dessert version of Russian roulette.

But while there were arguably more pressing (and depressing) food issues (food waste, the declining bee population etc.) to consider, I was not drawn to them at first. Why was I avoiding the more topical issues? Was it simply because they were depressing? Was I angry about it?

It was then that I noticed my resistance to my own thought processes. I felt like I was drifting too far from the theme.

The great thing about having an agreed upon theme or topic is that it immediately gives you an anchor to keep you from drifting too far out from the safety of the shore. It gives you a ready-made dinner of food for thought (I know, that's not that clever, but I won't apologize). And when I thought that, my resistance crumbled and I had a bit of a breakthrough: What if I considered not food for thought, but thoughts as food.

Looking back at Marie Antoinette and the class disparity of the French Revolution; it wasn't that the brioche was inedible (there was no brioche for the poor to eat), it was her shitty take on the situation. Her ideas and beliefs are an Inedible Cake. Turning my attention next to the surreal ice cream from the imaginary ice cream shop in *Over the Edge*, one might argue that an ice cream named *Razorblade Surprise* is logically rendered inedible by default. And yet, it was its inedibility that made it so tantalizing.

Thoughts as the inedible cake. But then what are inedible

thoughts? Surely they're different for everyone. But what can I do with them? Rather than attack Marie's poor decisions, I felt like I needed something a bit more topical. I also wanted to make something tangible, ostensibly edible, but also inedible. I knew what I wanted to do. I wanted to take bad takes, the supposed "hot takes", and dress them up as cupcakes. Give them an edible form, and then give them my own version of the razor-blade.

Then I discovered Tangerine Jones and Ragebaking. She created Ragebaking as a way to deal with the ugliness in the world. Bake the hate away. It was the final piece I needed.

HOT TAKE, CUPCAKE is a response to the shitty, cynical, racist, misogynist, ignorant, INEDIBLE thoughts one can find... not just in the dark corners of the internet, but lamentably in plain view on mainstream news sites, videos, and even on the street corner. All the racism, misogyny, transphobia, etc. Thoughts I find not just unpalatable, but inedible. They shouldn't qualify as food for thought. And yet there they were being discussed... not difficult to find, just hard for me to stomach.

After coming out of that dark hole, I had my Hot Takes. Each of them was used as a name for one of my flavours of cupcakes in my own fantastical cupcake store HOT TAKE, CUPCAKE. They're enticing with their sugary, rich chocolate and vanilla forms, they have a cute little label that once you pick one up to eat you can read the bad take but once you take a bite you realize there's something

isn't quite right, and you realize you've eaten one that has been given a dab of one of the hottest spicy hot sauces available.

My intent is to form a negative association between the shitty take and the participant's mind. A sort of negative Pavolovian response where they experience the fiery burn of the hot sauce when they think of these things.

I think I'm going to ragebake more often.

Chris Slater, February 2020

Kay Slater

@kdotca

-025

Collective Member & Curator

ZERO SUGAR
Sculpture,
10" x 10" x 36", NFS

Zero sugar draws from conversations around perfect food presentation and marketing, our obsession with (and against) sugar, and compulsive eating/drinking. The alluring nature of the three-layer cake asks that we question what is truly on display. The ever present Coke logo is distorted and translated into familiar decoration, and yet is so burned into our brains that we cannot disassociate it with the conveniently available, ever-present brand.

Crates of cola tower over us in the entrances of grocery stores, often stacked in creative and figurative ways, evoking the sublime and awe in those who pass by and through. It is ever present, manipulating us to buy with each impression, and has so successfully overcome its opposition such that it is considered almost ridiculous to question it today. It's a symbol for the cool, the youth, the overworked, the thirsty, the thrifty, the beautiful. Drink Coke, and would you like a diet Coke with that (but you're beautiful baby), but really you should be drinking Coke Zero (for your health) and if you absolutely must, drink caffeine-free Coke (we're sorry and hope that, as you soon you can, you drink Coke). Those who have an addiction, openly admit it without fear of secure or repercussion. It is far more rare to not have a caffeine or sugar addiction, and is likely to invite more questions and examination of character than to accept the offered drink or sweet in social environments.

Like a bride or groom who must have the iconic cake or else their wedding be ruined, heaven help those who bring a crate of Pepsi or diet generic cola to the workplace of a "Coke Zero office". Designated driver? The bar will give you a free coke. It's so adaptable that it exists with such (planned and purchased) synchrony into our lives, that it's become almost ridiculous to comment. It has the dollars to be so omnipresent to keep it from suffering from the effects of becoming a generic trade mark, and whose hopelessly addicted champions charge to defend its importance to their own personal identity.

The glass of water invites the local viewer to consider, what the artist views as ludicrous, the way we choose to hydrate ourselves with the mountains of waste it creates (pre and post-consumption), when we are fortunate to live in an area with free, drinkable water on every street corner in the city. Even acknowledging the deep roots that the drink manufacturing companies have in our everyday lives, to be so fortunate to have access to unbottled, drinkable water and to still choose to consume obsessively and defend aggressively the decision to buy, serve, and drink cola to excess in our offices, community centres, children's parties, restaurants, hospitals, and at home is astonishing.

THE SOUND OF CAKE
Mixed Media,
9" x 10", \$270

The Sound of Cake was created originally for #Inktober, an online event that was originally intended to encourage artists to dedicate the month of October to a daily practice using ink. While many prompt lists were used by participants in this initiative, the popular progenitor of this event released an "official" prompt list that was primarily used by folks online. After 3 successful years, the artist decided to trademark his success and has since started to go after any creators who have benefited from the prompts, hashtag, or brand. While he and his legal team argue that they

are protecting their rights to profit off of their IP, I am saddened by this sudden shift away from an invitation to inspire and help artists (regardless of their skill or career status) grow, to a greedy grab for self-promotion. I am still struggling with the whiplash from this about-face by an employed, and established artist to take ownership of a thing that was supposed to be open and community driven.

The work, *The Sound of Cake*, responded to the 2019 prompt: Tasty. My synaesthetic brain posed the question "can I express the stress, noise, and indecision I feel when confronted with CAKE (as something I'm compelled to make, hate, or eat)?" My struggles around weight, body positivity, the social act of eating in public (compounded with my challenges to hear in noisy spaces), and sugar addiction are hardly unique. It's being discussed by folks far more educated, affected, and connected to these issues than me on a regular basis. Even those who perpetuate these systems of oppression publish and shame the framework that encourages eating disorders, obsession with perfect food and diet, and body dysmorphia. Folks who are struggling with their own relationship to food and diet, often lash out and shame the efforts of others who commit to loving their bodies, eating and lifestyle changes. It's a huge, ever present thing. I'll be the first to admit that within a 24-hour period, I have encouraged someone to see themselves as human and loveable, only to then berate and spiral down a list of food items that I shouldn't have eaten that day, followed by a proclamation that I'll never eat again.

EAT THE PRIVILEGED
Live Performance,
6:00 P.M., ~4 hours

"Eat the rich."

I have a place to live and can pay my rent. My presence isn't questioned in most public spaces. I have a community that accepts me and trusts me to use their spaces. I do not go hungry. I invite you to take up this space and to share your thoughts and ideas. Fill yourself up with exposure to the opinions of others besides my own. I own a chair and will sit down while you make your voice heard.

Take what you need, because I have something to give.

Lisa Smedman & Kit Maloney

www.lisasmedman.wix.com/author

[@kit.maloney](https://www.instagram.com/kit.maloney)

-031

Collective Member & Guest Creator

POP GOES THE...
Sculpture,
12" x 8", NFS

Six women, contorted inside a cake. What are they thinking as they wait to "pop out" for the amusement of the men?

Pop Out Cakes trace their history back to 1895, when "the girl in the pie" leaped out of a decorated cake made of galvanized iron for the amusement of Stanford White and his male guests. White was later shot by another man, whose fiancée had been raped by White at the age of 16 while she was

unconscious from champagne.

Despite its notoriety, the pop out cake continued. An 18-year-old Debbie Reynolds popped out of a cake in the 1952 musical *Singing in the Rain*. The 1959 movie *Some Like it Hot* gave the tradition a twist, by having a tommy gun-toting mobster pop out of a cake.

"Pop Goes the..." also takes inspiration from the jack-in-the-box toy, known in France as the "diable en boîte" (devil in a box). The crank turns, the spring tightens, and anticipation builds – out pops a surprise.

Our cake features six chambers for six women. As the crank turns and the music plays, the cake revolves like the cylinder of a pistol. Who will be revealed? In this sweet game of Russian roulette, will the woman who emerges be pretty and en pointe... or will she pop out a surprise of her own?

Biography:

Kit Maloney has a BFA in design from Pratt Institute in New York. Kit lives on Mayne Island, BC, and works in ceramics and mixed media.

Lisa Smedman is a game designer, writer and teacher living in Richmond, BC. Her work often focuses on the intersection of history and story. She is a founding member of the Papercut Arcade.

Heather Bell

Guest Creator

**EDIBLE AND MEDICINAL
INDIGENOUS FOODS OF
THE CHILLIWACK RIVER
VALLEY**

**Illustration,
6" x 11", NFS**

"For me, in this modern world, we have become so disconnected from our roots, particularly in relation to food: where it comes from, how to grow it, and how to harvest it in a respectful, harmonious way. We are divorced from the ancient knowledge of the natural world and the rich wisdom and healing to be found therein. This piece, Edible and Medicinal plants of the Pacific Northwest, represents wild and edible plants traditionally used by the Coast Salish and Sto:lo

Indigenous peoples for their powerful medicinal and life-sustaining properties.”

Biography: Heather Bell is an artist and storyteller with a deep love of nature, fantasy, and children’s literature; many of her works are steeped in magic realism and feature elements of the natural world. Heather has studied illustration and collage at Emily Carr Institute of Art and Design. She currently lives in the small town of Yarrow, BC with her husband, two children, and many wild edible plants.

Jillian Brooks

@jlb_artist

Guest Creator

BLACK REEF CAKE
Illustration,
8" x 5", \$50

[JJB] The Octopus looks too happy for anyone to eat this cake. (He's eating a black forest cake, if you are wondering.) In my mind it was his first time encountering cake and was delighted by it so as a human in passing it would be wrong to break up his happiness.

[Curator] The happiness of the octopus seems to be the determining factor for why the cake is considered inedible. Is that something worth considering in the food we want to eat?

[JJB] I think so yes, the choices we make about what we eat at

times are very emotion based. With more thought given I think overall people can make better choices about what we consume and why.

Biography: Jillian Brooks is an artist working in the VFX industry. She creates vibrant abstract paintings inspired by animals and geometry. Jillian is part of the studio-mate collective at The James Black Gallery.

Shanna Cheng

@shanna.cheng

Guest Creator

CAKE MINORITY
Mixed Media,
20" x 26", \$200

"My 12 cakes are a representation of the percentage of Chinese minority groups to their white counterparts in Vancouver. 1 out of 3 cakes have yellow icing to show the Chinese integration into Canadian culture, essentially a "banana", to demonstrate their ability to blend in. However, it shows they are still being perpetuated as "other", hence the yellow tone. I was also inspired by the idea of "perfect cake", so I chose to illustrate a grid of uniformed strawberry cakes to display how we are shaped and groomed to function in society."

Biography: Shanna Cheng is a printmaker and an aspiring curator based in Vancouver, BC. Her practice seamlessly blends in themes of utopia and dreams with silkscreen print media and projection installation. She received her BFA from Emily Carr University of Art and Design (ECUAD).

Shanna was awarded the STMC Artist Prize in 2012 for her accomplishments in fine arts. She has held group exhibitions with the 2014 Langara Grad Show, the Spring 2016 ACAD Print Exchange and Exhibition, and the 2016 ECUAD The Show, as well as curated Unexplored Minds exhibition at Malaspina Printmakers and Curitus: The Exhibition. She has also been given the ArtStarts Community Art Star for her dedication to the arts and community. She is a strong advocate for arts accessibility and engagement.

Tracy-Lynn Chernaske

@tlcartdesign

Guest Creator

POISON YOUR OWN CUP
Acrylic Painting,
7" x 8.5", \$50

"Poison your own cup explores the relationship between using positive (sweet) food-words and the double meaning in English. The more someone fills my cup up with sweet nothings - the more wary I become about their actual motives, specifically in regards to my body."

Biography: Tracy-Lynn has had a love affair with all visual aspects of theatre for over 15 years which started in high school and continued through Capilano University (2007). Though technically a freelance Scenic Artist, Tracy-Lynn has been the

resident Scenic Painter and Set Decorator at Metro Theatre for the last 10 years; designing and creating realistic sets for plays such as "Brighton Beach Memoirs", "Relatively Speaking", "The Hollow" & "Go Back for Murder".

Flirtations with the film and the art industries are interspersed throughout her career. These have led her to photography, body painting, murals and working with acrylics. You also may see her set decor work with big Canadian names such as K-os and Michael Buble.

Tracy very much looks forward to her extended stay with Metro Theatre, and exploring whatever adventure her latest art projects bring her.

Georgia Couver

@georgiaCouver87

Guest Creator

DEMON ON THE MOON
Mixed Media,
9" x 12", \$250

"This piece speaks about embracing the queer side of your identity and your ideal person you embody yourself to be. This fits into the collective and the theme because it's fantasy of our being, rather than the being in fictional works we know."

Biography: Georgia Couver is a Vancouverite, New Westminster based visual artist, violinist, musician, music teacher and composer. She currently runs a non-profit organization, the Autistiquers Collective, for the queer and autistic community in Vancouver that involves with

monthly discussions and social gatherings. She also performs in various venues and participated in theatre performances, as well as orchestral ensembles. When she's not doing music, Couver takes her spare time to sketch new ideas, inspired by the experiences of autism, burlesque, femininity, sexuality, queerness, music and mental health. From July 2018-June 2019, she was part of the Octopus Studios collective and participated in the 2018 Eastside Cultural Crawl as part of the studio resident artists. She also donated her artworks to the Vancouver Burlesque Company for their annual semester student showcase, often held at the Rio theatre. Her specialties are painting with oil and acrylic medium, as well as sketching, inking and pencil crayon sketches with portrayals of Asian mythology, queer femininity, and also gender-based mental health issues. Her creativity is often inspired by centuries of female artists, including historic women of art in sex work.

Livia Du Hamel

Guest Creator

CAKESUMERISM
Mixed Media,
13.5" x 21", NFS

"Cake was once for celebration but has now become a status symbol and as necessary as every day items like soap and tea."

Biography: Liv is a local queer who possesses many talents including music, 3D and tactile art, embroidery, prop building, & turning mistakes into successes. Not one to usually display their art, she decided that this would be a good opportunity to show off their ability to make something from very little after watching too many episodes of sculpture and art TV shows. Liv looks forward to the salon & seeing the other works.

Guest Creator

Christer Guillergan

@chrst.r

SERVICE DELUXE
Illustration,
10" x 10", NFS

"A self reflection on my relationship with food and how modern food delivery services are devaluing my connection and appreciation to all parties involved."

Biography: Illustrator currently working in video games running on films and a healthy supply of graphic novels. Hoping to continue artistic practices! Christer invites you to check him out on instagram @chrst.r

Jessie Ilham

@jessanimate

Guest Creator

WANNA EAT THIS?
Illustration,
8" x 8", \$18

"I'm that sad child who made so much mud cakes because I was only allowed to eat real cakes twice a year (too much sugar! Not good for children).

It's very satisfying to imagine you're making the most beautiful chocolate cake with loads of icing though (even though at the end it just looks like piles of mud) "

Biography: Jessie Ilham is Chinese-Indonesian, former Vancouverite, now London-based artist and illustrator. She is an avid traveller who draws detailed inspiration from her experiences in different cultures.

Jay Peachy & Red Harry

pancakesandpuppetry.com

-047

Guest Creator

ECOLOGICAL PANCAKES
Mixed Media,
16" x 20", \$150*

The Ecological Pancakes are a means to raise consciousness around the fact that humans share the land with other animals who have been resident here long before us. If these animal pancakes could speak to you at your breakfast, what would the conversation look like what historical knowledge would they share?

Biography: "I am a contemporary outsider artist who believes in the healing properties of the natural environment. I paint landscapes in abstract as an expression of my connection with nature and its

ability to provide me peaceful inspiration. As organisms on this earth I believe we are interconnected with nature and highly interdependent.

Driven by my own lived experience, I am a self proclaimed arts-based advocate for mental health and strive to demystify and eliminate stigma around these issues. Within this social cause I have been expanding my creative expressions; this includes, writing, performance music and poetry. My initiatives in this regard include being the Vancouver Caucus leader for the Artist Alliance for Mental Health, a collective member (2010) of the artist-run mental health advocacy creative center: Gallery Gachet in Vancouver and the Producer and Host of Sound Therapy Radio an arts and mental wellness show on CJSF 90.1 FM and on VCommunity TV which broadcasts on Shaw Cable 4 Vancouver. I have a true belief in human potential and in the statement; 'art is a means for survival.'"

**includes future scheduled performance by artist at your venue.*

Guest Creator

**REGURGITATING
MARILYN
Egg Tempera on
Hardboard
11" x 20", NFS**

"The gaze is the socially constructed act of consuming through sight. Observation initiates the reactions and reflections through which we construct a narrative about our identity within the context of social structures and cultural permissions. The 'Marilyn Icon' prevails, inviting us to devour this stereotype of women whose appearance is their power rather than their unique existence, intelligence or actions.

Biography: Artist and Tile Designer, Valerie Pugh is a practicing artist, designer and Art Instructor.

Valerie Pugh

Syd Orion Winkler

Guest Creator

**Cake With Traps
Sculpture,
11" x 9.5"
Contact artist for price***

"If you touch the fire, that's a trap!"

[Curator: Syd designed his work with a series of a dangerous traps interspersed with delicious strawberries (red pieces), lemon (yellow), oranges, and blueberries to accompany the flipper, crusher, and fire traps. Watch out!]

Biography:

Born in 2016, Syd Orion Winkler, punk constellation protégé, born & bred in E. Van, is a multi-medium artist who has been studying every aspect of fine arts, music, movement, dance and drama at various fine art preschools, Arts Umbrella, and Colourstrings programs.

His recent foray into the world of deconstructed Lego, has become a new passion surpassing dinosaurs and Transformers. When he's not doing a version of contact improve modern dance moves, he's re-imagining children's classic songs with a lyrical montage of his internal discourse.

When asked what he envisions for the future for himself?
Syd: "Hot Shot"

**Artist will consider selling work, especially if it nets him a bunch of Transformers from the sale. Syd's agent is available to discuss work his behalf.*