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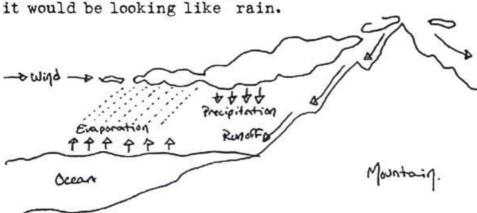
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The Influence of a Maritime Climate

I was born on a self-sufficient back to the land farm in rural Nova Scotia. And as if that wasn't enough, we also ran a fishing boat off the Bay of Fundy. Everybody down at the wharf worked hard, day and night, according to the tides. Their hands were big and calloused and their skin was white as surf. Over this particular fishing village where we docked out boat, there was never any sun. To get there, we'd go driving along past the fire station and past the Sterling's place and we'd reach the crest of the hill and go plunging down into absolute fog. The temperature would drop about three degrees and, more often than not, by the time we parked the van by the fish house, it would be looking like rain.



"In our world, where the land is no longer fertile except for thistles and weeds, idleness is the fault par excellence." *ibid*, p 56.

Sometimes on the farm, when I was supposed to be out doing my chores, my father would find me dawdling in the chicken coop or laying on my back in a field. When I went to elementary school, the teachers had a heck of a time trying to keep me from staring out the window. Everyone was always telling me that I had my head in the clouds. I didn't understand them. I always thought that by "the clouds", they ment the fishing village, because it was always so cloudy there. Everyone down at the wharf had their head in the clouds all day. Heck, they had the clouds in their boots and they worked hard and did just fine.



Josée Bernard, *Ombre au jardin* (détail), 1996. Photographie.











Barry Allikas, *Test Pattern*, 1996-1997. Collage; 40 x 24, 5 cm.



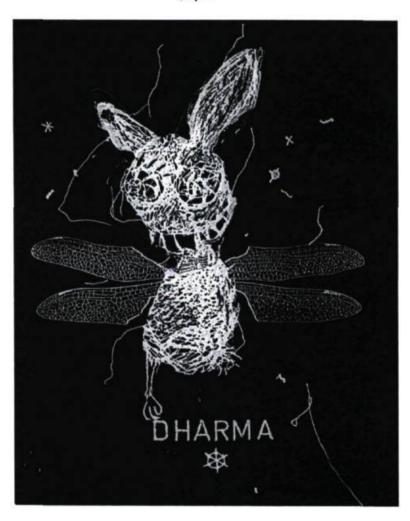
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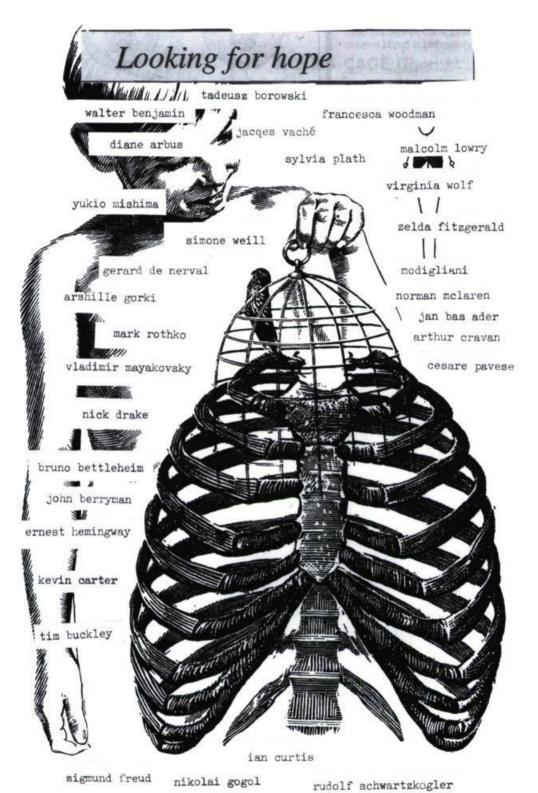
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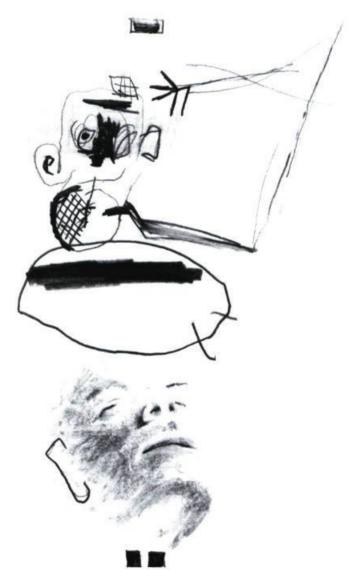








thomas chatterton gilles deleuze maximilian beryozovsky ludwig II



Marc Séguin, *En-tête*, 1996. Graphite, sang sur papier; 28 x 21, 5 cm.







Andrea Szilasi, Hanging Figure, 1996. Photo-collage; 193 x 91 cm.