

THE LAKEVIEW VILLAGE INSITU MULTI ARTS FESTIVAL 2024



THE
Lost
Edition

MARCH 21, 22, 23

*Here you will find things
you will not find anywhere else...*

PRESENTED BY:

CreativeHub 1352
connect | collaborate | create



Cover Photo: Noelle Hamlyn
All other photos: Michael Lemiski

Welcome to The Lakeview Village InSitu Multi-Arts Festival 2024

“THE LOST EDITION”

The Lost Museum is not a linear story.

It is about things that have gone missing: socks, umbrellas, glasses, library books; or about that vague sense of losing something important - childhood, a best friend, or a first tooth. Or sometimes The Museum is just an echo of a shared loss, lost hope, language, culture, or memory.

The artists who built The Lost Museum began by asking “Where do things go when they are lost, forgotten, abandoned or discarded?” The installations, collections, performances, and characters in The Museum represent the answers to these questions. Some curators imagined the humor of lost socks, or the annoyance of a forgotten umbrella; others considered the lore of abandoned spaces, or the mystery of lost letters. Other artists believed The Museum to be powered by the narratives of forgotten books, or possibilities of discarded bicycle parts. Some curators responded in deeply personal ways in homage to a lost loved one, the loss of innocence, or a lost art.

We hope you find something in this vast collection that triggers a memory or reminds you of something or someone ... perhaps a favorite toy, a special person, or long-lost memory. As Co-Creators of The Lost Museum, we like to believe that the objects, the people, or the time

we have lost go somewhere mysterious and magical. We like to imagine that these forgotten ‘treasures’ are cared for and remembered long after we have lost them. So please feel welcome in this place of loss and hope. We invite you to explore, imagine, consider, and contribute. The objects in the collections will be so happy to see you again.

Our deepest appreciation to The Curators and Artists of The Lost Museum.

Thank you to the Creative Hub, Ken Snell, Jo Yetter, Anee Brockenshire, Michael Lemiski, SAIB staff, and Lakeview Village. Thank you to all our sponsors and volunteers. Special thanks to the amazing teachers and emerging artists from Cawthra Park High School, Humber College, Oasis Alternative Secondary School, Queen Elizabeth Middle School, Rosedale Heights School of the Arts, St Joan of Arc High School, and The Woodlands High School.

And to you ... dear audience! We hope you enjoy being ‘lost’ with us here at The Lost Museum. We do hope you ‘find’ something ...

Jill Hollingsworth & Heather Snell
Co-Creators
The Lost Museum



Land Acknowledgement

Creative Hub 1352 wishes to acknowledge and honour the significance of the land upon which the Small Arms Inspection Building is situated, as the historical and traditional territory of First Nation peoples. We recognize and thank the Anishinabek (Ojibway), Huron-Wendat, Haudenosaunee (Iroquois) and

Mississaugas of the Credit First Nation for their stewardship of these lands over millennia and are grateful to have the opportunity to work here and continue to honour the heritage and build community on this territory.

List of Participants

ARTISTS

Andrea Josic
Ashley Aalto
Christine Bellerby
Colleen Snell
Fausta Fracciponte
Fehn Foss
Jo Yetter
Joel Ong
Kadeem Dunn
Kat Honey
Keitha Keeshig-Tobias
Ken Snell
Kim-Lee Kho
Liz Tsui
Mina Vancardo
Michael Lemiski
Noelle Hamlyn
Richard Posa
Shannon Pirie
Sid Gideon
Spark Box Studio:
Chrissy Poitras & Kyle Topping

PERFORMERS

Blueheel Dance Studio
Callahan Connor
Clarke Blair
Dance Arts Institute
Hilary Wear
Jeffrey Lapira
Leo Dragonieri
Passion For Parkinsons
Rob Feetham

SCHOOL GROUP PARTICIPANTS

Cawthra Park Secondary School
Dance Arts Institute
Humber College
Oasis Skateboard School
Port Credit Secondary School
Queen Elizabeth Sr. Public School
Rosedale Heights School
of the Arts
St Joan of Arc Catholic
Secondary School
The Woodlands School

STORYTELLERS

Brandon Lista
Dan Yashinsky
Diana Tso
Lo Humeniuk
Mariella Bertelli
Misia Robins
Ness Spence
Walquiria Ribeiro Reis

MUSICIANS

Callahan Connor
Dhaivat Jani
Muffin Hat Music - Paul Carter
and Lisa Hartl
Siobhan Kerr
Tangi Ropars
The Savoy Band

THE LAKEVIEW VILLAGE INSITU 2024

Schedule of Events (ALL DAYS)

*Time & Space are a little mixed up here,
but the objects tell me things might happen about:*

7:00ish:	The Savoy Band & Grand Parade – South Hall
7:15ish:	Storytellers – North Speakeasy
7:30ish:	Rosedale Heights School of the Arts Dancers – South Hall & Musicians – North Speakeasy
7:55ish:	Something Unexpected – South Hall
8:00ish:	Musicians – South Hall & New Storytellers – North Speakeasy
8:20ish:	Dance Arts Institute Dancers – South Hall & Musicians – North Speakeasy
8:40ish:	A Long Story – North Speakeasy & Musicians – South Hall
8:55ish:	Rosedale Heights School of the Arts Dancers found again – South Hall & New Storytellers – North Speakeasy
9:00ish:	The Savoy Band again – South Hall & New Musicians – North Speakeasy
9:30ish:	Dance Arts Institute Dancers found again – South Hall & New Storytellers – North Speakeasy
9:55ish:	Another Surprise – South Hall & Musicians – North Speakeasy
10:15ish:	Pay Attention! Something is about to happen throughout...
10:30ish:	LAST CALL
11:00 pm:	The Museum closes its doors. The objects find themselves & the Museum Staff get lost.



Membat *Saba Saba*
TIERI *JRS*
Wiang *Menehary*
Kerangja *Uma Suan*
Weshrachaka *SAGIAT*
Langulu *Sarasran Bli*
Narinyan *Jingulu*
Mamara *Suslao*
Andaa *ToBali*
Mocadi *Waony*
Miboo
Ji *Tepunan M*
Karyandi *Amiga Botta*
Kohá *Krislano bir*
Yne
Timi *AK*

Learn
The Pin Blanket





Welcome to the North Hall

Lost Sound

Joel Ong

Title: Memory machines #1: Tuning

“So, put your ear next to my temple and listen”

Milosz, 1924

Memory machines: Tuning is an archival project exploring the entanglement of oral narratives and the physical storage devices within which these exist, age and percolate. Beyond an ornamentation of the archive, the project considers ways they move in the new machinic present and speak (again) within emerging systems of aesthetic immersion and poetic exchange. In an age that moves increasingly away from analog storage, what might a recalibration to the slowness and depth of ‘vintage’ media reveal as treasured portals for the imagination in situ?

For this exhibition, we considered forms of ‘lost’ technologies as places where stories are rediscovered. Voice machines, tape recorders and cassettes collected from thrift stores, marketplaces, auction houses and donations are revived and brought in acoustic conversations with other machinic elements. Radios enacting a never-ending auto-tune attempt to locate stations in the ether that approach childhood memories of our urban space.

Lost Art of Letter Writing

Heather Snell

The art of writing a personal letter now belongs to an era when the written word moved at a gentler pace – before writing desks disappeared; before the personal computer nudged the typewriter, pen, blotter, and vellum out of the way - before the desk itself became obsolete.

Now “correspondence” happens through an impersonal hand-held device - text, twitter, or ‘whatever’ moves fastest using the least number of characters.

No rush of anticipation spurred by the sound of letters dropping in the mailbox, no delight at the design of a stamp. No sigh of pleasure at the tactility of an envelope, or the cursive script of a lover. No more putting pen to paper.

Writing by hand is laborious, but it can be an act of virtue. The flesh, touch, and thingness of writing by hand remind us that, however frequently we lose ourselves in the digital vortex, we still do inhabit a corporeal world. Handwritten letters are an intimate act of sharing more than a message. More than just content, when we write a letter we share time, place, and person.

We intentionally use our hands to record our own distinct markings. Our script.

Sit here for a moment and consider the lost art of letter writing. Practice with pen, paper, hands, time, and ideas.

Perhaps you might post your letter in the adjoining Lost Letter Office?

Who knows the journey your letter will take; whose eyes it will moisten, or whose mouth it will curl into a smile?

Burnt Offerings

Kim Lee Kho

Grief is the shadow of love.

Grief is about love and loss. In 2021 I lost my beloved father, in the thick of the pandemic.

The project Burnt Offerings was and is my way of honouring him while processing my own grief. The title alludes to the

ancient human practice of ritually burning things whether as offering or sacrifice, as purification or prayer.

Burnt Offerings was built around two core ideas: first my curiosity about my own experience of grief which led to a series of photographic self-portraits, Sackcloth + Ashes, in turn forming the basis for many, varied pieces. Secondly, what I consider the heart of the project is the traditional Chinese funerary practice of burning paper offerings, facsimiles of currency and practical goods used during life, for a loved one's use in the afterlife.

Using photography, textile, sculpture, and other media, to find poetic ways of examining what I felt and lost, when I lost my father. Who or what have you lost? How do we mourn? How does grief change – and connect – us?

The Atelier of Lost Buildings

*Ken Snell, Christine Bellerby,
Michael Lemiski*

In the Lost Museum, the afterlife of Lost Things, there is a room where memories and feelings for buildings that were lost to us are cared for and kept alive. We care for the memories because we feel diminished by the physical absence of these precious buildings. This collection is PROOF that Lost Buildings are not 100% gone from the world. They exist now as emotional FRAGMENTS that “break off” when buildings vanish. Though it has disappeared from the physical world, we keep it alive in our collective memory through this installation. This is an important task because if no one remembers it, then it is truly lost for all time...

List of Participants:

Christine Bellerby
Audrey Cherevaty
Doug Johnston
Param Khosa
Michael Lemiski
Hilary Ottley
Genevieve Patchell
Nettie Seip
Harry Wayne Snell
Ken Snell
Garry Weiler

Lost in Thought

Heather Snell

Silence. Breath.

When the past seems to exist as the present.

When the known and the unknown exist only in the presence of each other.

The moment when we know the most important things can never be proven.

We feel them.

A silence left intact.

The long fuse of memory.

This is a place to be still.

To silence the incessant tick of thought...

To be Lost in the moment.

Lost: The Pox Blanket

Keitha Keeshig-Tobias

The Returning is an educational experience curated by Keitha Keeshig-Tobias Biizindam that uses video display and brightly coloured beadwork to impart some of the hidden truths about the founding of Canada.

The Canadian Repatriation Bundle is a piece that returns the historical significance of selected artifacts to Canada. Repatriation is the ceremonial act of returning cultural property to the originating country, family or individual. The artist has carefully developed this collection over the past few years to educate people on some of the atrocities that need to be reconciled.

An audio-visual display will explain the historical significance of photographs that make up the Canadian Repatriation Bundle and beadwork on iconic Canadiana items. The beautifully beaded medallions of Smallpox and Tuberculosis on the HBC 4-point blanket and HBC Coats, capture each beadwork artist's energy on this collective trauma.

This exhibition aims to give difficult conversations a starting place, build a new community through a deepened understanding of our collective history and ask “At what point would you feel reconciled if this had happened to you?”

Abandoned: The Red Dress

Keitha Keeshig-Tobias

In honour of my missing & murdered sisters. I ask you to remember them today and how they have been willfully ignored, and discarded by Canadians in the garbage. Those women who are the backbone of Indigenous Nations have been targeted for this very reason. Everyday Indigenous Women, Girls, Two Spirit, Trans are stolen, enslaved trafficked and murdered with impunity – some of their names are listed on the red dress. It has nothing to do with poverty, addictions, risky lifestyle, or lack of education:

THE BIGGEST RISK FACTOR IS THAT SOMEONE KNOWS YOU ARE NATIVE.

Think on that for a minute...

The Lost Arts

SALTED TEXTILES

Noelle Hamlyn

Sweetness of the Work is a collection of pieces created in homage to hand work – usually completed by women. I sought to embody the accumulated stitches, labour and hours invested in traditional women's hand work that go unseen, therefore oddly, the hours become lost. Many of the pieces in the collection have been washed, exposed to saline solutions and nurtured to encourage the formation of salt crystals. These crystals are like the sweat labour and salt tears of the seamstress – a gentle meditation on the loss of traditional hand skills. The intensity of the embroidery and the sheer lengths of spun paper thread speak to me about the repetitive nature of hand work, and hint at the political importance of cloth and the social role of women.

Preparing for Sweetness of the Work, I researched three women in particular – Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos – known as the Three Fates. Clotho - the spinner, of the thread of life is represented by salted spools and the bobbins of hand spun paper. Lachesis is responsible for the creation and measurement of the cloth, represented by a traditional floor loom, that sits awaiting salting. Finally, Atropos as the cutter of the thread and cloth is represented by paper cast and embroidered scissors. Collectively, these three women, referred to as the Moirai in Greek

mythology, inspired me in my work as they model the responsibility, beauty and relational nature of women at work.

Lost Material

ABOVE DOOR TRANSOM

Mina Vancardo

Collecting material is a continuous activity for my art and it begins long before I sit down to create. Choice materials range from entire books to handwritten notes to discarded scraps of textured paper.

The creative process is just as much deliberate as it is dictated to me by the materials themselves. The finished product is a result of this symbiotic relationship between conscious choices and submissive governance. If there is any certainty to my art, it is to anthropomorphize material into a second life, or at least into a life worthy of notice.

To wit: the encyclopedia. At one time, it was the symbol and historical record of human achievement. But with the advent of the technological revolution, the printed word has become an ancient relic of days gone by. "The New World of Knowledge" A-Z collection that sits atop my bookshelf may appear to be a dusty museum of the old world. But the words remain as new and as fresh as the day they were conceived. The knowledge they impart - whether in print, or digitalized, or through art - will never age.

Lost, but Not Forgotten

BULLETIN BOARD IN NORTH HALLWAY

Claudio Ghirardo

Those Moment(s) of Being Lost

Do you ever feel lost? Do you remember moments that you felt lost? When your frame of reference is empty, maybe lost to you? Or did it abandon you? And it just reflects what is around you and you just feel lost in it?

The pieces you see before you are the physical manifestations of those moments when one feels lost.

And if you ever did feel lost. Yeah. I feel that way too. And it's okay to feel that way.

Lost Bicycles

Fehn Foss

This installation was conceived of and put together by Fehn Foss and the students at Oasis Skateboard Factory with the help of their instructors, Erin Zimmerman and Lauren Hortie.

As your eyes adjust to the light, metallic objects wink at you—spinning from above and looking up from below. Spray-painted tire vines brush your shoulder leaving a dusty residue. You know you are not in Mississauga anymore.

To get here, you began your wild goose chase to find your stolen bicycle in the city but soon departed the familiar concrete paths and emerged somewhere strange. First, you climbed across the mountainous range of ill-kept bike lanes, then hiked through the forest of swinging car doors, and finally you emerged out of the deflated inner-tube tunnel, at the place where lost, abandoned, and stolen bicycle parts go to rest.

Mind your step and take your time. Bend down carefully to enter the bicycle wheel dome, lay down your head, and stare up at the patterned wheel walls.

Lost Childhood

Fausta Facciponte

The Lost Childhood Room is a site-specific installation that invites viewers to contemplate the passage of time, specifically focusing on the loss of childhood. The manifestation of this loss takes various forms; while some undergo a natural progression into adulthood, others have had their childhood abruptly taken away through distressing encounters. The toys in this installation have been collected from diverse sources. Some of these objects bear the traces of a past life, having developed their unique personality through play, while others remain untouched, serving as poignant reminders of unfulfilled pasts and stolen moments of innocence.

In The Lost Childhood Room, a delightful, oversized arrangement of plushies hovers above a desolate bedroom. The fusion of maximalist and minimalist aesthetics aims to elicit a complex emotional response; the excessive ball rekindles a surge of fresh childlike wonder, in stark contrast to the simplicity of the room, which evokes a profound sense of loss.

Preservation Portal: The Speakeasy

Brandon Lista

What happened in that time, so long ago? Who was truly the hero of that story? Why did they keep their word? When did I forget who I wanted to be?

They say if you wear leather on your feet, the whole world is covered in leather. So it follows that the stories we carry in our hearts must shape our reality. They are the lens through which we see the world, even when we can't notice how they shape our perspective.

Imagine a hundred million thoughts stretching across a lifetime, each one contributing to a story, no matter how briefly they are held. A moment in your heart is long enough to change your mind, so what becomes of us and the stories we keep for life? What are you holding in that hidden place within you, that no one can know but everyone can see on your face?

And what have you become from that which barely touched you? Where did it go once it was lost?

We keep them here, in the Preservation Portal. Once-told stories, saved from expiration by passing tongue to tongue.

We are the place where the lost tales are kept, cherished, and shared with you, the visitor, should you stop for a listen.

“Here’s a long night – and endless night – before us,
And yet no time for sleep, not in this hall.
Recall the past deeds and the strange adventures.
I could stay up all night until the sacred Dawn
As long as you might wish to tell your story.”

– Homer, *The Odyssey* (trans. Robert Fitzgerald)

Lost Letter Office

Andrea Josic

In a collaboration between Lost Letters and The Woodlands School in Mississauga, 35 students between Grades 9-12 created individual pieces over the course of multiple workshops on the themes of lost, forgotten, discarded, and abandoned – ideas that the Small Arms Inspection Building is home to. First,

students wrote a letter to someone, something, or some place that they once treasured most but has somehow slipped away. Then, they were inspired to elevate and structure their ideas into a physical form using materials like aged paper, old stamps, coffee/tea dregs, and paint. Participants used the following questions as a catalyst: What is something you once cherished but have since lost or forgotten? What would you say to someone if given one more chance? How can the world around your words express anything left unsaid? This exhibit will take audiences on a journey through all of the messages, emotions, and experiences that were almost left behind.

Lost in Conversation:

THE TELEPHONE OF THE WIND

Heather Snell & Ken Snell

The Telephone of the Wind originated in Japan. Its creator Itaru Sasaki purchased an old telephone booth, set it up in his garden, and installed an obsolete rotary phone not connected to wires or any 'earthly system.' He used it to speak with his dear cousin who had passed away the previous year. Itaru found comfort when he spoke to his cousin

through the wind. He named his phone, Kaze No Denwa (風の電話) - The Telephone of the Wind.

The following year, Itaru's community was destroyed by a tsunami. Thousands were killed; the town and the survivors were left in ruins by grief. Itaru managed to salvage his phone, rebuilding it on a windy hill overlooking the Pacific Ocean. He welcomed mourners use the phone to call to friends and relatives lost in the great tsunami, hoping this connection would support them in their enormous grief.

The original Telephone of the Wind is now a symbol of healing and resilience; a reminder of the importance of holding space and time for those we have loved. There are now hundreds of Telephones of the Wind all over the world – public, private phones, and event phones. The Telephone of the Wind in The Lost Museum found its way here one February grey day. My daughter, a dancer, had called me wishing she could "call Grandad" and tell him she finally understood the rhythms he sang to her when he used dance her on his feet. The same day, speaking with a dear friend we shared how much we missed the

daily phone conversations with our mothers – "every evening at 5:00pm for over forty years". The next day – The Telephone of the Wind appeared in The Lost Museum.

You are welcome to step outside, pick up the old phone and feel the connection of the wind. I think humans have always felt this; have always known what science cannot explain – how our love, our longing and our memories can conjure the past to make it Present.

Thank you for respecting the privacy and quiet meditation of those 'talking with the wind.'

Lost Images - Shadows in the Dark

THE LOST ART OF FILM PHOTOGRAPHY

Mike Scholz

The lost art of film photography evokes a sense of nostalgia and admiration for a bygone era. In an age dominated by digital technology and instant gratification, film photography stands as a testament to patience, skill and anticipation. Each click of the shutter captures a moment of time, infused with the unique characteristics of the camera, lens and film: From loading the film, to developing prints, every step in the process demands attention to detail and technique.

The darkroom, with its soft red glow, is where the unpredictable nature of film meets the photographer's intention. Where images through alchemy, magically emerge on paper, and where imperfections are celebrated as part of the story. The dance between exposing, developing, stopping, and fixing is a testament to the craft's nuanced allure, a deliberate process that fosters a unique bond between the creator and the creation.

This installation is a tribute to the tactile richness of film and darkroom, an invitation to engage or support the deliberate artistry of analog creation. In the darkroom, we find a space for patience, skill, and the human touch, a place where the act of making becomes as important as the image itself.

Forgotten or Abandoned?

Shannon Pirie

When I see a lone mitten or glove lost in a parking lot, lying on a hiking trail or dropped on the sidewalk, it makes me feel sad. Do I pick it up because it's now become litter, or do I leave it there in the hopes that its owner will double back and get it, reuniting it with its better half? I don't know... Most people probably don't even think twice about it... but I do—all those lonely mittens. So I've started gathering them and attaching them to a woollen cord to create this collection. A piece of wool and some safety pins is how my mom kept my mitts from getting lost when I was little – I piece of yarn connected to each mitt and threaded through the sleeves of my winter coat. Also attached to that yarn was my house key... I wonder what I did for a key come Spring? Thankfully I was from Northern Ontario and oftentimes it snowed through May.

Abandoned Landscapes

Shannon Pirie

Forgotten Landscapes is part of a larger, ongoing Research-Creation project entitled Invisible Landscapes by Shannon Pirie, PhD. Shannon is interested in how we make good communities. Shannon also has an ongoing disdain for poorly laid out suburbs and cheaply constructed homes with dysfunctional designs that don't serve user needs. The collages and prints in this new reflection piece are created from photos and drawings from the former company towns built by the Domes Mines, near South Porcupine, Ontario. Shannon's father's family lived and worked in this community, underground in its gold mine since before WW2. When extraction changed from shaft to open pit, the townsites disappeared, leaving the landscape unrecognizable. The community has remained vibrant in virtual and narrative form because engrained in those who lived there are the memories of the activities and of the people who made up the day-to-day – not all is lost. For Shannon, the Dome reminds her of many things including pussy willows, paint-by-numbers, green carpet and Frankie Yankovic...

Lost Rituals

Ashley Alto

"Lost Rituals" was created as a confrontation of the erasure of pagan beliefs throughout history. Crafted to pay homage to the oft-forgotten customs of those who have come before us, this experience invites you to step into a timeless realm, engaging in an ancient, mystical ritual; The Finnish sauna. Dating back centuries, the sauna served as a sanctuary for spiritual reflection and communal bonding, encompassing essential facets of human existence such as birthing, healing, and funerary rituals. Due to its strong connection with spirituality as well as its believed mystical qualities, the sauna is regarded as a sacred place that should be treated respectfully by bathers as a place of worship. Saunas are traditionally taken in the nude to symbolically and physically strip individuals of status markers, fostering both equality and unity while also returning bathers to a natural and pure state. Through carefully crafted woodwork and reimagined traditional folk art, this installation offers a glimpse into the mythologized Finnish sauna while highlighting the significance of ritual practices in cultural identity.

Lost Library

2 ROOMS

Kim Lee Kho

Moving through space and time, The Lost Museum has made a home for entire libraries lost to fire, neglect, and the course of human history.

As you can see inside these rooms, The Lost Library is yielding up a number of treasures for you to enjoy, showing how it not only embraces grand libraries from history (e.g. Alexandria!), but all the individual books and small collections people have lost through the ages.

What happens when a book is lost? Some of them find ways to grow and transform. Some books look for creative agents of change, as these ones did, in the form of first year students in Visual and Digital Arts at Humber College (Prof. Noni Kaur), and Grade 12 art students at Port Credit Secondary School (Mr. Patriciu Calimente), with the support of Kim-Lee Kho, Visiting Artist and Special Curator of the collection.

Our books love visitors!
Please come in and enjoy this unique library.

Lost Waterways

Tricia Fitzpatrick

Grade 11 Environmental Science, Cawthra Park Secondary School

The students of Ms. Fitzpatrick's Environmental Science class have collaborated to bring together Science and Art in their exploration of human impacts on water and waterways and our role in listening to the stories of the past to secure a better future for our planet. We invite you to share your stories and become part of our project.

Sabrina, Julianne, Rowan, Claire, Lily, Faaria, Oliver, Olivia P, Alina, Angel, Ashleigh, Bree, Bridget, Erik, Jaidev, Katherine M, Katherine C, Maddy, Martina, Odette, Olivia S, Oscar, Sam, Zain and Ms. Fitz.

Waterways: What Is Missing?

What have we lost? How can we protect what we don't know is missing? What can we learn from voices of the past in order to protect the future?

For millennia, Indigenous Peoples have connected with the water, passing on stories of what was, in order to preserve it for those who have yet to come.

Western Science asks questions, gathers data, analyses, concludes. We seek to learn about ecosystems in order to save what we may have already lost. The scientific method has much to learn from those who came before us.

Through interviews with older generations as well as scientific testing, our class is exploring how our waterways have changed over time and our role in preserving the health of our water for the future.

Water is never lost. Let's listen to the stories of the past in order to preserve it for generations to come.

The Cloak Room

Heather Snell

We refer to the Cloak Room as the Bureau of Found Objects because we do not know if these articles were lost, abandoned, forgotten, discarded or perhaps ...gasp ... stolen?

We know only that they have been found. It is our mission to care for these items and release them only to their rightful owners. Ah ... there is our genius as we respect that no one can truly 'own' an object? How is one to know if the object has lost itself on purpose; or perhaps lost its purpose? Mistreatment? Boredom? Wanderlust?

Whatever the motive, hundreds of jackets, coats and garments arrive here.

Spring brings light jackets of pink and yellow pastel, with tourist guidebooks stuffed inside. Summer pockets are filled with sunglasses and the scent of coconut. Fall brings wet wool and a austere colours of impending doom as if the frost has stolen the colour from the very threads. And the winter months send in mufflers, mittens, missing buttons, strange ear garments and even stranger jackets without arms? The strangest of all was a wedding dress. Legend has it was left in the back of a cab after a quarrel.

Offcuts and Misprints

Jo Yetter

Working with cast away paper scraps, detritus of the print-making process, the installation highlights the discarded and abandoned. The work cares for what is deemed unworthy of artwork status (misprints) or that which is cut away. Registration marks become the imagery and thin slivers of colour are read as obscured texture. The work cares for the useless, creating space for purpose. Taking the scraps and discarded paper fragments, time is spent and consideration is extended to the overlooked. Small gestures of the hand care for the paper scraps as they are worked into sculptures. These paper fragments are brought together to envision becoming whole. The abandoned claims power in place as fragments are stewarded by the artist, making them into a whole, giving purpose to the discarded. The paper works are placed in response to what the room has to

offer, bringing the background forward and into the compositional space. A hanging wire, an open panel and outlets interact with offcuts and misprints.

Loss of Innocence

FAIRIES UNDER THE STAIRS

Heather Snell

The gap between innocence and knowledge is endless - like a gap between teeth.

Innocence is to believe in the irrational - fairies, tea parties and monsters under the bed.

The myth of the infinite power and goodness of parents.

But now, as if by some mysterious operation of the imagination, I can no longer enter that portal.

A simple, slow dimmer switch of time has darkened by imagination.

The fairies no longer invite me to tea.

My innocence is now some shadow crossing the night sky.

A deep and ancient truth ... a dark star whose effects I feel each day.

Knowing the Cottingley Fairies had to have been a hoax.

Innocent of me to have believed clever men could ever be fooled.

It is never the men.

Always, the devious fairies.

The Hallway of Lost Languages

NORTH HALLWAY

Heather Snell, Humber College artists

Every 40 days a language dies.

By the 1920's half of all the Indigenous languages in Australia, North America South Africa and South America had vanished.

UNESCO estimates half of the 7000 languages currently spoken will be extinct by the end of the century. The death of a language is often the result of a direct assault on Indigenous communities, or the covert exclusion of people speaking with a strong accent. When a language is lost, the thought, the culture, tradition, and knowledge it held vanishes.

This project considers the volume of this loss. If each language contains only one crucial concept that cannot be translated,

then the loss of thousands of languages equates to thousands of lost concepts. Consider the French 'déjà vu': a word perfect and crystalline in its own language but requiring clumsy paragraphs of explanation in translation. Or the Inuit Yupik concept *elluam yua*: a spiritual debt to the natural world, a way of moving through the world with generosity, a way of living that acknowledges the soul of another human being ... meaning soul, or life but meaning neither. What is the measure of the loss when this concept disappears?

Together with student artists from Humber College, curator Heather Snell have recorded the English name of only a thousand of the languages known to be already extinct or in critical danger. As you walk the Hall of Lost Languages, consider each brick carefully. It may leave you lost for words.





Welcome to the South Hall

The Arrivals Zone

ORANGE TUBE AT STAIRS

Everyday objects come from somewhere. We hold umbrellas over our heads, write postcards, open books. We know objects exist because we can touch them, pick them up, toss them into the air. We believe these objects do not disappear when we turn our backs. They know their place - the bedrock of our moment-to-moment existences, the material things upon which our senses, our emotions, our imaginations, and our memories feast.

But the Arrivals Zone in The Lost Museum suggests things are not so simple. How do we explain objects that move without us noticing. Objects that travel through time -existing in our memory when we can no longer see them, touch, or taste them. Look at the objects here at Arrivals. These objects appear to be still, to be inert. And yet ... science tells us objects are merely arrangements of restless atoms. The objects before you are not what they seem. Objects are never really still. Atoms move. Objects are always in motion even if we do not see them wavering, dancing, readying themselves to move on.

Objects change. They have temporal depth. Some objects carry their past and future on their face - the travelled suitcase, the lost letter. Look closely here at the Arrivals Zone - an object may reveal itself. Invite the image of the object's busy atoms into your mind. Hold this image in your memory. I think memory is a place filled with the buzzing of objects. The buzzing of the objects ... not the object itself. And memories are lost when the buzzing stops.

The Arrivals Zone at the Lost Museum is a time and place where the laws of physics break. It exists in the exact moment when everyday objects are looked at in ways that enable them to pass through time and space. Einstein suggested gravity

warps space. He taught that space is not empty. Perhaps space is filled with the buzzing of objects, our memories as they pass through time, and space. Perhaps these objects, just like our memories, twist time and space into structures and stories - shaping new forms that are fanciful, mercurous, joyful, and mysterious. Everything we have even known then must eventually Arrive Here. Welcome to Arrivals Zone at The Lost Museum.

The Memory of a Building

WEST PROJECTION WALL

Maggie Thomas

THE LOST SAIB

Students were encouraged to discover the lost narratives embedded in the weathered property of the once abandoned Small Arms Inspection Building. The challenge was to immerse themselves in the rich history of the site, drawing inspiration from the lost tales, remnants left behind, and nostalgic details of bygone eras. In many works, emphasis was placed on the often overlooked and forgotten contributions of women who, amidst the factory walls, laid the groundwork for advancements in women's rights and workplace equality within their expanding community and beyond. Special thanks are owed to both Heritage Mississauga and artist Jeremy 'Jerm IX' Bertrand for generously allowing creative use of their photographs—perhaps also once lost, abandoned, discarded, or forgotten—for students to transform and further enrich their exploration of the past.

Nothing is Lost: The Wabi Sabi Collection

FORGOTTEN SMALL ARMS INSPECTION BUILDING

In 2016, working with visiting painter Jane Mothersell, and teachers Don Ball, and Susanne Robinson, grade 11 Visual Arts students at Cawthra Park Secondary School explored the Small Arms Inspection Building creating paintings for InSitu2016. Their approach was inspired by the Japanese idea of Wabi Sabi –the Japanese art of finding the beauty in imperfections. Rather than find faults in the cracks and imperfections of the then abandoned and forgotten building, the students searched to find and appreciate that nothing is truly perfect or permanent. These extraordinary paintings by such young artists inspired the volunteers to work to save the SAIB from demolition. These volunteers along with the Lakeview community knew there was innate strength and beauty in this ‘wreck’ of a building with its broken windows, leaking roof, demolished boiler, and flooded rooms. student work embodied this sense of value in the broken, lost, forgotten, and abandoned. The volunteers raised funds to purchase these student works hoping that one day they could be part of a permanent exhibit here. While we still wait for that opportunity it is an honor to bring these works back to their place of origin.

The original artists are adults now. Eight years is a long time in the life of a person under the age of twenty. But in the life of this building 8 years is nothing. The Wabi-Sabi collection reminds us that we are all transient—that our politics, bodies, buildings, indeed the world around us, are in the process of returning to dust. Nature’s cycles of growth, decay, and erosion are present in the frayed edges, cracked concrete, rust, and broken glass of these paintings captured so beautifully by young eyes and young hands. Lost ... perhaps. But thanks to the inspired perspective of these young artists seeing through the lens of Wabi Sabi these works will stand the test of time, recording the SAIB at its time of most need – embracing the glory and the melancholy as they record the marks of passing time.

PARTICIPATING ARTISTS:

Adam Wilde	Amy Bian
Anandith Nair	Angela Yang
Angie Surjanto	Anna Hillar
Ariana Fraser	Arumitha Sasiharani

Camille Lin	Catherine Cha
Cherissa Greenidge	Christina Talle
Christine Servidad	Connor Scoffield
Cynthia Hua	Devin Plaatjes
Emili Franklin	Emily Gomes
Emily Kung	Emma Chudoba
Erica Rippon	Faiza Chowdhury
Hesam Hosseini	Jacob Bland
Jessica Nummi	Jonathan Vlahiotis
Kanishk Ramesh	Kristen Vlahiotis
Lauren Fox	Martin Chan
Mathew Cavasinni	Maya Reingold
Mei-Anne Hills	Megan Vlahiotis
Michele Peszor	Nancy Nong
Nikolas Papastathopoulos	Rui Shi
Serena Seow	Sasha Shevchenko
Simony Stock	Steven Cheung
Sydney Sidoriak	Victor Khounvisith Tse
Virginia Lone Garcia	

Lost In Flight

Multi-Artist Collaboration

A kite.
A swatch of colour.
A faded balloon,
Paper news....
A bench and me.
All lost in flight.

The Umbrellatorium

Kat Honey

We are the umbrellas. We once had owners, but... that stage is over now.

Whether Lost, Forgotten, Discarded or Abandoned – we find ourselves here – in the Lost Museum.

We have such varied stories to tell! So many of us are thriving — as umbrellas or parasols – or by transforming ourselves into completely new entities. But undeniably, others of us have struggled: too broken or exhausted to yet summon the strength for transformation... sometimes forging defensive exteriors to

protect our inner vulnerabilities. We all adapt as best we can.

We are united in our gratitude for your visit – thank you! We invite you to explore our many manifestations – for it is in sharing our stories with you that we find love, connection and hope for our futures.

All umbrellas created by grade 9 artists, Cawthra Park Secondary School.

Arlene San Agustin, instructor. Kat Honey, visiting artist.

The Space In Between

THE ARCADE

Kadeem Dunn

I hope you don't mind that I've gone ahead without you. My body and mind are somewhere else ... but if you are in the Arcade this will not come as a surprise. The liminal world of game design exists outside of time and space. You don't even need a body to get here – so getting lost is way too easy! As players we are visitors who roam new worlds – exploring the in between spaces rich in ideas, opportunities, and possibilities where we can hear the whispers of the world. When we get lost in these in between spaces we become immersed in what we don't know, and reconsider what we thought we knew all over again.

Thanks to the people who have designed the liminal worlds of The Space In Between. They are happy to be lost with you here in The Arcade.

Forgotten Art of the Hand

CARVING PERFORMANCE

Richard Posa

Sculpting wood is as intuitive as foraging or flexing a muscle and is the process of perceptively shaping to discover new form within an ancient plant to give it a second life.

In the cold darkness of my studio in the winter of 2022/23, I sit alone under the light grumbling about life. In my chair older than I am for endless hours I file a way to my old school music honing my old school skills inherited from my father.

I have no child to pass on my family's indulgence and insight

into creating forms with and from nature.

So how will my Lost Art be passed on in a world of addicted clicking, AI and CNC robots?

Environmental Loss

TREE BRANCH

Sid Gendron

Sidney Gendron is a Nationally known Indigenous artist and sawyer of environmentally sourced trees that have fallen due to storm or disease. This 200+ year old red oak branch (fallen in the year of 2000) section was known as a marker tree that trackers and explorers used on maps to know where they were. The hemp rope is over 100 years and originated from a cargo ship from the Toronto harbour.

Lost Sleep

Noelle Hamlyn, Heather Snell, Ken Snell

Sleep by Charles Anthony Silvesti 2000
The evening hangs beneath the moon
A silver thread on darkened dune
With closing eyes and resting head
I know that sleep is coming soon.
Upon my pillow safe in bed
A thought pictures fill my head.
I cannot sleep, my mind's a-flight.
And yet my limbs seem made of lead.
If there are noises
In the night
A frightening shadow
Flickering light
As I surrender unto sleep
Where clouds of dream
Give second sight.
What dreams may come both dark and deep?
On flying wings and soaring leap
As I surrender unto sleep
As I surrender unto sleep
As I surrender unto sleep
Sleep
Sleep
Sleep

Lost Memories: A Carousel

SPARK BOX STUDIO

Chrissy Poitras and Kyle Topping

Buildings hold a history within their walls and in the right hands these histories can tell the story of a place, its people and their resilience. With “A Carousel of Memories” we celebrate the history of CreativeHub 1352 through a visual story held within the framework of a pop-up book.

Our project amplifies the spirit of InSitu through the magical lens of a pop-up book, evoking the whimsy and wonder associated with children’s literature. Visitors are invited to immerse themselves in the joy of unfolding stories about the key phases of the Small Arms Inspection Building history. From its beginnings as a wartime factory, to its short period as a Hydro facility, to the moments of abandon and mischief and finally to its revival. “A Carousel of Memories” is not just a pop-up book; it’s a celebration of history, culture, and the shared experiences that make Mississauga unique.

Lost Time

Bill Thoms, Noelle Hamlyn

The Grade 12 Visual Arts students created this collection of 24 time-based projects that are currently installed in Mississauga’s Small Arms Building as a part of the The Lakeview Village InSitu Multi-Arts Festival: The Lost Edition. Working with artist Noelle Hamlyn, the students crafted these pendulums to compliment the Museum of Lost Time.

The students were asked to create visual records of their wasted time. Keeping tools and supplies on their person, they knitted/ crocheted/ braided/ twisted/ macraméd the cords as they waited in lines, streamed movies, had down time during the school day, etc. Each rope has been personalized to indicate how their time was spent. Viewers might notice the homage to snacks eaten or the sites of cord production.

This site-specific contribution connects to the more recent history of this site. The Small Arms Inspection Building was built in 1940 and used as a large munitions plant for the Canadian Army through the Second World War until 1974. Today, it serves as a reminder of the changes made to the lives of its employees, mostly women. Handiwork was set aside as women

left their homes to take up jobs in military manufacturing positions while their husbands were employed by branches of the Canadian military across the country and overseas.

Via this project, the contributing students have come full circle as they set aside their electronics, and picked up knitting needles and crochet hooks. Using the traditional techniques of low art they have explored their personal use of a precious commodity, time.

Lost Packages Office

DESK IN THE SPEAKEASY

Andrea Josic

In a collaboration between Lost Letters and The Woodlands School in Mississauga, 35 students between Grades 9-12 created individual pieces over the course of multiple workshops on the themes of lost, forgotten, discarded, and abandoned – ideas that the Small Arms Inspection Building is home to. First, students wrote a letter to someone, something, or some place that they once treasured most but has somehow slipped away. Then, they were inspired to elevate and structure their ideas into a physical form using materials like aged paper, old stamps, coffee/tea dregs, and paint. Participants used the following questions as a catalyst: What is something you once cherished but have since lost or forgotten? What would you say to someone if given one more chance? How can the world around your words express anything left unsaid? This exhibit will take audiences on a journey through all of the messages, emotions, and experiences that were almost left behind.

Lost Packages

Liz Tsui

Lost Packages is a collaborative sculpture project between the young artists of St. Joan of Arc CSS and Toronto-based artist, Liz Tsui. Each youth artist produced a “lost package” and, in dialogue with Liz, developed a story behind their contribution to the installation to reflect its journey before arriving in the Lost Museum. Liz’s lost packages illustrate loss of language through multiple packages that were addressed to “Qiaotouhu Tax Office” her mother’s place of work before she immigrated to Canada. Lost Packages serves as the backdrop to several performances for Creative Hub’s In-Situ Multi-Arts Festival 2024.

Lost Music

Callahan Connor

As a music therapist who works in palliative and long-term care, I have been privileged to witness and work with the profound power of music to reconnect people with memory, meaning, joy, community, or other aspects of self that may become lost. As an artist and human being, I also marvel at the fundamental, ancient, and universal human impulse to make music. I reverently immerse myself in world folk music, to catch a glimpse of that eternal force, heroically preserved in precious fragments through oral tradition, carried through time and migration and loss and cultural suppression into the present moment.

As a musical performance curator for the Lost Museum, I have been fortunate to connect with and invite some tradition-keepers of world folk music to share the 'lost music' that they have found on their own journeys.

'Lost Music' features the music of Tangi Ropars (accordion and voice, Celtic music of Brittany), Dhaivat Jani (tabla and drum kit, jazz, Hindustani classical, Gujarati folk, and other world rhythm traditions), Siobhan Kerr (harp and voice, Celtic traditional music), Muffin Hat Music (frame drum, lute, and assorted medieval woodwind instruments, early and medieval music of Europe), and myself, Callahan Connor (fiddle, guitar and voice, Celtic traditional music, spoken word poetry, and songwriting).

The Inhabitants

Andrew Gaboury, Performance Director

Who are the inhabitants of the Lost Museum? Are they also beings out of time? Do they perform functions, ensuring everything is in its correct spot, making certain the components of this machine are working fluidly, or are they simply lost themselves? Do they hold onto an aspect of childhood many have long given up? Are they the caretakers of lost thought, music, and detail?

As you wander these halls, no doubt you will meet them.

The Induction of the Recently Found

Each night begins with a grand parade to welcome the new ar-

rivals: things once lost, once removed from the stream of time that now find themselves sharing space. It is a ritual of light and sound and movement that signals the opening of the museum.

The Magic of Things Lost and Found

It ends with a celebration of the pure majesty of existence. We dance into the night with one another, aware that tomorrow the hunt for all things LOST - ABANDONED - DISCARDED - FORGOTTEN will resume.

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Creative Hub 1352

CreativeHub 1352 is a not-for-profit organization working in partnership with the Mississauga community to develop unique creative programs, events, and projects at the Small Arms Inspection Building, Arsenal lands, and surrounding community. The Small Arms Inspection Building is owned and operated by the City of Mississauga.

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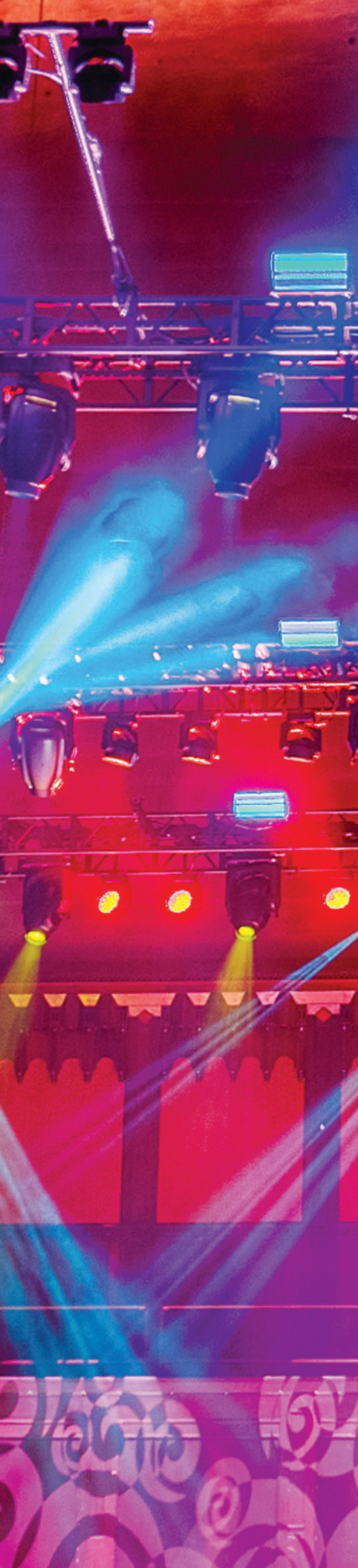
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