REMAINS

Marie-Soleil Provençal

MFA Thesis

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Thesis Committee

Kim Morgan

Professor and Co-Chair, Fine Arts

Program Advisor (Fall 2020 – Winter 2021) and Studio Advisor (Winter 2021)

Karin Cope

Associate Professor

Director, Master of Fine Arts Program

Chair, Art History and Contemporary Culture Division

Angela Henderson

Regular Part-Time Faculty, Division of Design

Research Supervisor (Summer 2020 – Fall 2020 – Winter 2021)

Guests

David B. Smith

Professor, Division of Fine Arts

Studio Advisor (Winter 2020)

Thierry Delva

Associate Professor, Division of Fine Arts

Program Advisor (Fall 2019 – Winter 2020) and Studio Advisor (Fall 2019)

Table of Content

Acknowledgment

This thesis has been written in Mi'kma'ki, the ancestral and unceded territory of the Mi'kmaq People. This territory is covered by the "Treaties of Peace and Friendship" which Mi'kmaq Wəlastəkwiyik (Maliseet), and Passamaquoddy Peoples first signed with the British Crown in 1726. The treaties did not deal with surrender of lands and resources but in fact recognized Mi'kmaq and Wəlastəkwiyik (Maliseet) title and established the rules for what was to be an ongoing relationship between nations.

This thesis would also not have been possible without the contribution of many others. *Merci* (thank you): Family and friends who supported my good ideas and were not shy to comment on the bad ones. Fellow MFA and MAED students for their generous philosophical contributions. Professors at NSCAD for their kindness and wisdom while I was struggling to adapt my practice to multiple new studio spaces, a global pandemic, and a growing environmental consciousness. Sculpture technicians at NSCAD Port Campus for sharing my excitement and their expertise with materials and techniques. Finally, the patient reviewer of this thesis who went over 5000 words of rambling about waste and found the perfect quote to conclude it.

Introduction

Work glove found on a trail behind Otter Lake and landfill, Nova Scotia, 2020.

In their books, *Vibrant Matter* and *Waste*, both Jane Bennett and Brian Thill start by listing things washed up on the shore. In the case of Bennett, the author's collection included a worker's glove. During the two years I have been living in Halifax, I have found plenty of discarded gloves: work gloves, winter gloves, rubber gloves. The one glove that triggered this introduction was a work glove found on a muddy trail by Otter Lake, Nova Scotia. I went there because I wanted to see how the lake was affected by the Halifax landfill, situated a mere 300 meters away. While completing the Master in Recycling and Composting Program offered by the city, I had heard that the landfill was conceived to protect the surrounding environment. I had to see that with my own eyes to believe it. I noticed when I went there that the water in the lake was clear, the rocky bottom was clean, and the trail, which was originally a road, had been reclaimed by the surrounding forest. However, on my walk, I stumbled upon discarded things like this glove, and also an abandoned rusty shopping cart, a broken fishing rod and an empty plastic vodka bottle. None of them had crawled out from the landfill by themselves. Rather, they were like waste from an overflowing trash can. As innovative as this landfill is in terms of preventing leakage into the soil and water, the preserved landscape around it is already a "wastescape", as Brian Thill wrote, a land scarred by waste.

This glove acts as a reminder that there is “no magical place called “away””, as said by Timothy Morton in an interview, and “If there’s no “away” then there’s no Nature” (Wash Magazine). In other words, trash does not disappear into a parallel dimension when removed from its original owner’s view. In fact, “away” is here. Nova Scotia, like many colonized territories, has a troubling history of making Indigenous and Black communities their “away” (watch documentary *There’s something in the water*). Garbage poisoned the water, soil, air, and as a consequence, affected lives kilometres away from where it was discarded. The concept, called environmental racism, expands to a global scale with wealthy countries, like Canada, exporting waste in developing countries (or watch documentary *Trashed with Jeremy Irons*). However, as those in marginalized communities often know all too well, waste finds its way back home; it washes up on shores, infiltrates our food chain, pollutes our lungs, mutates genes and develops into cancers. Living organisms and waste have mingled like the guts and plastic trash in the infamous albatross photographed by Chris Jordan. I cannot stress how close “away” is.

Albatross,
Chris Jordan, 2017

These days, I not only notice waste while walking, I take these discarded things with me. A hiker’s mantra is to not leave anything behind. Because of neglecting to follow this simple rule, Mount Everest has become a dump for camping equipment (National Geographic). In addition, a belt of useless space debris has formed around the Earth (NASA), oceans are contaminated by human waste, including large accumulations of plastics in the oceans (The Ocean Clean Up) and tons of fragile chemical bombs from both World Wars in the Baltic and North seas (Lœuille).

In no way can this thesis address all of the various kinds of waste: medical waste, toxic waste, excavation waste, nuclear waste, digital waste, organic waste, electronic waste, climate change waste (e.g., debris after a hurricane), and many more. Instead, this thesis is composed of reflections I made during my journey as waste collector and investigator of the

life cycles of discarded things. Some of the solid rubbish I collected and facts about each of them are cumulated in the exhibition REMAINS, presented at the Anna Leonowens Art Gallery in April 2021.

Thesis exhibition

REMAINS, 2021

Crooked bicycle wheel collected on the sidewalk in 2020 and part of the online collection developed for the thesis exhibition and installation REMAINS.

Remains

What are we leaving behind? REMAINS is composed of a wall installation of solid rubbish. These objects are presented like museum artifacts rather than being piled, buried or hidden, so their existence after being discarded can be acknowledged. Viewers are invited to visit the physical exhibition and/or the virtual collection of the project to learn about the surprising life of waste objects like a broken sewing machine, damaged foam lobster buoy, single-use paper cup, crooked bicycle wheel, used motorcycle tire, broken chair, crushed teapot, and parts of a dismantled piano.

“La-la land” stands for “landfill”

The artist Edward Burtynsky photographs landscapes ravaged by human exploitation: “wastescapes” of used tires and discarded piles of rusty metal, brilliant orange river contaminated by nickel mining and smelting. There is contrast between the subject and the aesthetic quality of the shots. In photography, this movement is called “ruins photography” or “ruin porn” (Thill, 75). In this case, this aesthetic quality acts to remove the environmental catastrophes from the viewers’ reality. It is why is it possible for viewers to see the beauty in those photos without any remorse.

Nickel Tailings #34, Sudbury, Ontario Canada 1996,
Edward Burtynsky, 1996

Photo: Nicholas Metivier Gallery

With this same approach, the waste presented in REMAINS is organized like artifacts in a museum rather than presented in the environment where it was found. The artists, Mark Dion and Louise Nevelson, also used a similar strategy. Dion displayed in a wood cabinet a collection of waste dug from the bottom of the Thames river (Tate Thames Dig, 1999) and Nevelson presented in sterile galleries or museums sculptures made by assembling wood scraps found on the curb (Black Wall, 1959). This decision to remove waste from its previous environment influences how those objects are perceived by viewers. Similar to Burtynsky’s shots, it creates a distance between those discarded things and the viewers: they are not from the viewers’ world, but artifacts in an anthropological exhibition.

Value in order(ing)

Knolling is the process of arranging different objects at right angles from each other, then photographing them from above. In my case, it is how I assess materials in my studio. I start all my projects by laying materials in a grid—on a table, wall or floor—with a distance

between each of them so I can assess them individually. I will research them and in certain cases, count, measure and weigh them (the last one being a hiker's reflex to make sure that my backpack is not too heavy). Only after I know each of them separately will I be able to connect them. It is a strategy I use to understand my surroundings.

Example of knolling.

1 Pound Art, 2019

My first studio at NSCAD was on the fifth floor of a building with no working elevator, no access to power tools and no ventilation; a bad fit when you are known to work with heavy dusty construction materials. So, I adapted by putting together this toolkit enabling me to create anywhere with site-specific materials.

There are multiple definitions of "Value", including "monetary or material worth, as in commerce or trade" but also "relative worth, merit, or importance" (dictionary.com). Separating waste for collection is a weekly practice for many citizens. In Halifax, domestic waste is organized into three categories: organic, recycling and landfill waste. What goes where is determined by the municipality, based on the economic resale value of certain materials. Although the first two categories are put through a complex sorting process, the last one goes directly to the landfill. Order is only applied to materials considered of monetary value by the city. But what if there was a value to landfill waste that couldn't be measured with a dollar sign? For example, this value could be personal, cultural or environmental. By organizing the discarded things in this exhibition, I intend to suggest that they are worthy of attention and care no matter what their value as capital or resource.

White waste

The exhibition REMAINS was created with this space in mind: with its white walls, white ceiling, and white plinths. Perhaps noticeable in this exhibition is the presence of the colour white. I wrote "perhaps" because the viewer may not have noticed it at all. White is a colour which we associate with purity and cleanliness. It is meant to erase, bleach the undesirable. But why do we perceive white in this way?

As suggested by the art historian James Fox in BBC documentary “A History of Art in Three Colours” (episode 3): Europeans’ obsession with the colour white started with washed-out marble Greco-Roman sculptures. It is hard to imagine these busts covered in colours. Still, they were originally painted. Only time washed away the paint and left them bare white. But why is this idea of coloured marble so troubling? Because our brains have been “bleached” to perceive white as pure and clean. For example, historian Johann Winckelmann influenced popular taste with his praise for sculptures such as the Apollo Belvedere. He associated white with the apogee of perfection. Architect Le Corbusier believed that covering surfaces in white was the moral way to get rid of excess.

By making use of the visual language whitewashed objects hung in a white-walled exhibition space, REMAINS points towards the illusion that it might be possible to make waste disappear, as if by magic in Timothy Morton’s “away”. I am reminded of a quote from anthropologist and filmmaker Elizabeth A. Povinelli: “The people who created this embankment of purity around themselves have to be told that everybody has to drink their fair share of the shit. Maybe then they won’t produce so much of it. Until that happens, nothing changes” (Canadian Art).

Collecting waste

Tinker legacy

I am from the geographical location of the Appalachian Mountains, between Montréal (Québec) and the United States border. While my family used to camp and hike outdoors on weekends, we were living in the downtown of a city that prospered during the Industrial era. I remember abandoned factories by the river, and many shop windows, broken or blacked out with newspapers. Our first apartment was next to my grandparents, uncle, and great aunts’ two story house. What was unexpected about this downtown property was the backyard full of engine parts, heavy machines, diverse tools, wood, and metal scraps. Only from the side window of our small apartment could we see my grandfather and uncle working every day in the middle of those piles of discarded things: repairing engines, welding parts, carving wood, and inventing non-existing machines from scrap metal. I visited the place with the big eyes of a child, marveled by this mix of things and their potential to become something else. I considered the surrounding

nature and this scrapyard as two different spaces, but looking back at them now, I realize they were actually one: there is no grass on that property, gasoline, paints and other chemicals had killed everything. The soil would need to be decontaminated for anything to grow there.

Maybe this family history is why I don't shy from discarded objects; I don't mind people's raised eyebrows when they notice me, a tall jogger holding a crooked bike wheel, a cyclist with dirty PVC tubes hooked to my bike, a camper picking up plastic trash on the beach in the early morning, a person walking a dog with a broken sewing machine under an arm. Those are only a few examples of the things left by people that I collected in the past months. It does not include the rusty paint cans, empty propane cylinders, slashed lobster buoys, and many other undesirable things left behind by their previous owners under our apartment stairs. As the English proverb says: one's man trash is another's treasure.

Value, 2020

Quick intervention to question the value of things. I painted in gold the most common objects that I found left in the street and put them back where I found them.

Undesirable things

Do not get confused: I do not like picking up waste. I enjoy picking up things. As explained by Brian Thill, the difference being that waste consists of undesirable things while things can be desirable. Another way to understand this concept: individual desire is the difference between somebody's trash and somebody's treasure. There are things, such as a disposable face mask, cigarette butt and paper cup, that I could not perceive as desirable when I collected them for the exhibition. But then are those things that crossed my path which inspired me, like a box of piano parts. Popular between the end of the 1800s and the beginning of the 1900s (Kallmann), pianos are now chopped, burned, or buried. Now, a piano is too bulky and loud for our modern way of living in small spaces, surrounded by strangers. (On a personal note, I played piano during my entire childhood on a rubbish instrument that no one wants anymore.)

Looking at my collection of solid rubbish, I notice what I first collected: the vintage things (piano parts, polaroid photo, and wood squash racket), the artisanal objects (wood table legs, chair, and painted lobster buoy), and the industrial products (cooking pans, sewing machine, rubber inner tubes). Then, I notice the discarded things that I collected last: single-use objects (plastic bag, coffee cup, foam block) and personal belongings (cloth hanger, ruffled toothbrush, expired medication). I also notice my collection lacks outdated electronics, children's toys, and has few organic or recyclable waste products such as cellphones, broken dolls, food scraps, and metal tins. Because waste is so abundant, there is plenty to choose from: somebody else, at a different time and location, would have developed a different collection. The installation REMAINS is imprinted by the Canadian coast during a global pandemic, with a Tim Hortons disposable coffee cup, lobster buoys and a discarded medical mask. It reflects my nostalgia for handcrafted things and interest in manufacturing processes. It also reflects my few personal possessions, my disdain for fast consumption and (naive) belief in our capacity to convert waste back to resources. I have a love-hate relationship with waste. Going back to the introduction of this thesis, I can connect with the glove found on the beach by Jane Bennett. But I am struggling to develop any attachment for petroleum-based waste because it is so disconnected in appearance and nature from the millions-years old organism it was made from.

Hoarder or collector?

There is this strange tendency that I noticed while visiting and working in other artists' studios: many artists tend to keep things around that may look worthless to many. We gather and keep those in our studio for reasons that are, sometimes, even elusive to most people. For example, I kept for a long time two pieces of foam from a package because their corresponding shape reminds me of a minimalistic sculpture. I cannot ignore the fact that keeping many undesirable things may be considered a mental illness. But what is the difference between a collector and a hoarder if it isn't that the last one just cannot manage this collection of things?

As argued by Brian Thill: "One class of hoarders is adept at policing its garbage, while the other fails" (Thill, 108). For example, a collector would be praised for keeping newspapers carefully framed on the wall while a hoarder would be shamed for keeping a musty pile of them. The reason I never considered keeping discarded things as a problem may have been because I grew up in a family of tinkers and became an artist. I learned from a young age that discarded things could be valuable material used to create and I was never ashamed as an artist to keep unusual things in

my studio. However, what I learned about discarded things during the last year—from collecting, researching and creating with them—has changed my perception, relation, and awareness of them, to the point that they became the material and subject of this thesis. In the case of REMAINS, I collected but also cleaned, photographed, stored, painted, investigated, wrapped, transported, organized, and displayed them. Does that make me a collector or a careful hoarder?

Found objects

I am influenced by the French readymade artists who integrated found objects into their work such as Marcel Duchamp with his famous urinal (Fountain, 1917), and Pablo Picasso with his bronze cast of a bicycle bar and seat (Bull's Head, 1942). Being a cyclist and artist, I cannot list those elements without thinking about the crooked bicycle wheels in my own work. From the neighbouring United States, I was inspired by Louise Nevelson's stacked scrap of wood furniture (Black Wall, 1959) and Robert Rauschenberg's stuffed goat stuck in an old tire (Monogram, 1955-59).

From the other side of the Atlantic, I salute artists of the Italian Arte Povera movement such as Michelangelo Pistoletto who combined a reproduction of a classic sculpture of Venus with a pile of colourful rags (Venus of the Rags, 1967, 1974). There is a similar hidden clash in my practice that only few may notice: a confrontation between my classical eurocentric sculpture background and the discarded material I am currently working with.

More recently, Ai Weiwei's stool composition (Grapes, 2011) loops back to Marcel Duchamp's bicycle wheel fixed on a stool (Bicycle Wheel, 1913). Closer to the subject of this thesis exhibition, I was influenced by artists such as Mierle Laderman Ukeles' arch made of trash (Ceremonial Arch Honoring Service Workers in the New Service Economy, 1989-1994), Tim Noble and Sue Webster's shadows made from trash (Dirty White Trash, 1998), and Mary Mattingly with her trash strung into a ball (Life of Objects, 2013). The list of artists working with found objects is endless, reflecting the obsession of our times with consumer goods.

Venus of the rags,
Michelangelo Pistoletto,
1967, 1974

Legacy of an Artist, 2020

Compositions made from discarded objects collectied in my studio. My eurocentric background appears in the form of the table legs, structure of the painting sheet and colour scheme dominated by white.

Maintenance Art,
Mierle Laderman Ukeles, 2017

Institutional retrospective focusing on the practice of the artist.
Photo: Hai Zhang

Life of Objects,
Mary Mattingly, 2013

Human remains

Fossil of a tree found on a beach
in New Brunswick in 2020.
(Gift from Angela Henderson)

Anthropocene

The Joggins Fossil Cliffs, situated in the Bay of Fundy in Nova Scotia, holds an important record of fossils. The tides erode the side of the cliffs, revealing fossils of organic matter—plants, invertebrates and vertebrates—of the Carboniferous period, 100 million years before the dinosaurs (Joggins Fossil Cliffs). Like time capsules, each geological layer of the Earth represents a distinct period of our history.

Since the last ice age, about 11,700 years ago, we have been in the Holocene epoch. However, humans' impact on the climate and ecosystems in the past five centuries—possibly beginning with the European colonization in 1610, the 1800s industrialization, and the 1950s Great Acceleration (Yusoff, 19)—has been significant enough to alter the geological layer and suggest a new epoch called Anthropocene. "Anthro", because for the first time, the action of one species can determine the fate of all others (Davis).

I am writing about fossils and geological layers of time because I wonder what our geological layer would look like if we were extracting a core sample of it like we do for ice, rock and soil analysis. When I ask myself this question, I imagine a layer of compressed trash or stone as dark as tar and marbled with the most toxic chemicals.

Studio Core, 2020

Ephemeral work made of materials used during the past five years of my sculpture practice, compressed in cylinders similar to geological cores. The cylinders are presented in a wood bed used to display mining samples. It shows, in chronological order, a shift between more than 70 different materials—from traditional materials (such as plaster, clay and wood) to alternative materials (including wood ash, seaweed and eggshells)—mostly influenced by a eurocentric sculpture foundation and growing environmental concerns.

Modern artifacts

The Mmuseumm in New York, with its collection of modern objects, gives a glimpse of what kind of relics may be excavated from our geological layer. Part of the collection is a shampoo bottle, floppy disk, styrofoam piece, fake identification card, toothpaste tube, plastic figurines, watches, tip jar, and more. We are producing, consuming, and discarding more goods than ever before in human history. Some people are buried with objects (first Chinese emperor Qin was buried in a mausoleum with an army of terracotta soldiers and on a personal note, my great aunt was buried with her wooden rosary). But the excess number of undesirable things that we have discarded in our lifetime may be what represents us when we are gone, like those objects on display at the Mmuseumm.

To get a sense of the rubbish left behind, consider the average annual 688 kg of non-diverted waste generated per Canadian (Canadian Government). Now, multiply by 70 to account for the amount of industrial waste generated upstream to produce those things (Story of Stuff). This amount of waste is hard to grasp because it is regularly sent “away”. Because we are producing so much waste that will outlive us, an American organization has been mandated to find a way to label toxic waste sites to protect whatever life may stumble upon them after humanity ends. My favourite option: create an aggressive landscape, such as a field of spikes, to discourage wanderers. While I was discussing labelling toxic waste sites with others, a darker human-centric question emerged: if humanity ends, why should we care about the waste we leave behind? To answer: because we should also care for the non-humans affected by our actions.

Dissonance

Cognitive dissonance refers to a situation involving conflicted behaviors. Waste is a major source of conflicted behaviors. For example: we may still buy a coffee in a single-use cup, even if we know the environmental harm it causes. How can we overcome this behavior? I recall the conclusion of Jane Bennett's book *Vibrant Matter* which states that self-preservation may be the best argument for humans to start caring about the environment (Bennett, 111). In other words, we must care for our surroundings (human and non-human) because we depend on them to survive. I started being interested in the subject of waste when I realized that my art practice was generating more waste than the average desk job. I may not produce as much waste as an industry but I already discarded more than my weight in concrete, silicone, fiberglass and resin. But even confronted with this fact, it only started being a concern when I acknowledged the entanglement between everything; how my decisions may affect others and others' decisions may affect me. For example, when I clean acrylic paint from a brush in the sink, particles of plastic may not be filtered and end in somebody's drinking water but I do it anyway because it is common practice.

At first, discussing sculpture and environment with other artists, curators, technicians, and professors at NSCAD was difficult because it meant admitting a problem which we were part of. As a professor told me, we tend to look away from the waste produced in the classroom under the pretense that students need to create waste in order to learn. If they were told how experimenting was harming the environment, they would stop making art. Professors and technicians are taking this environmental burden on their shoulders so students can create guilt-free. I experienced it: only after graduating, when purchasing and/or disposing of materials, did I realize how bad for the environment some materials or techniques used in sculpture were, but it was too late. I did not know how to create differently. On the wall over my working table, I wrote this scary question: "can I do environmentally responsible sculpture?" Answering "no" would have meant stopping making sculpture. So, I started researching alternatives.

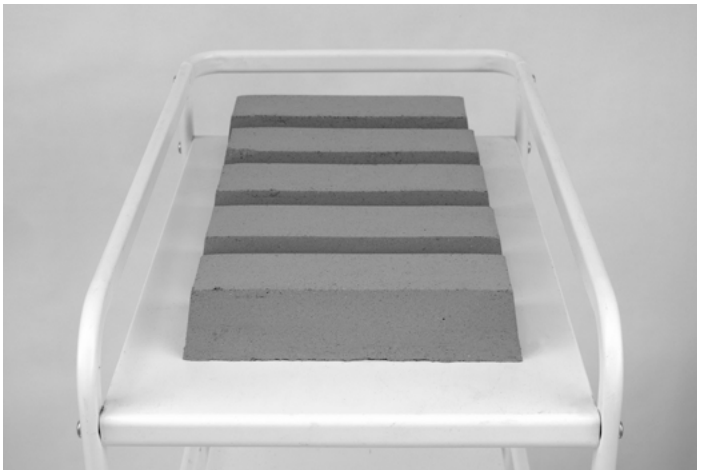
Precious waste

It was during this period of questioning that I was recruited as a research assistant on sustainable materials made from household waste. I studied the properties of material such wood ash, eggshells, oyster shells, and sawdust. This experience changed my way

of dealing with waste. My perception of waste shifted the more I learned about them; it took me months of carefully collecting these discarded items (cleaning eggshells, storing wood ashes, freezing apple peels), to realize that I was treating them like sculpture material. Wood ashes, for example, may be considered domestic waste but it may be valuable in agriculture because it reduces the acidity of the soil. This made me consider: what if we collectively considered waste as a precious resource rather than a disposable commodity?

Weight of the World, 2020

Ephemeral sculpture made from eggshells and waste. It addresses the effect of air pollution on eggshells. Toxic gases are making shells thinner, more vulnerable to their surroundings and by consequence, endangering birds such as the peregrine falcon.



Matter, 2020

Installation made of wood ashes compressed in precious metal bar shapes. It started with the speculative question "what if waste were considered precious?"

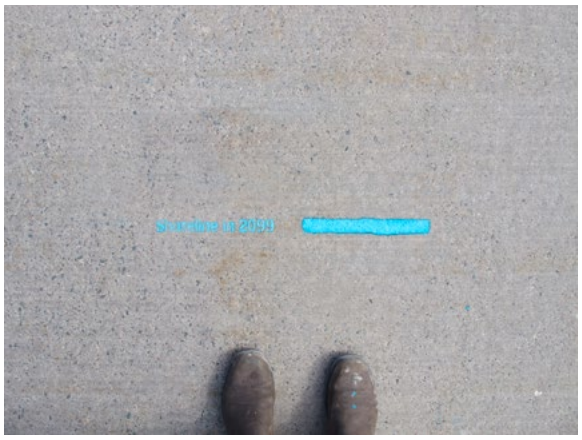
> “But what should we do with this fear that comes from living on a planet that is dying, made less alive every day? First, accept that it won’t go away. [...] Next, use it.”
>
> (Klein, 31)

Naomi Klein, author, social activist, and filmmaker

Conclusion

I research waste with enthusiasm because it is the only way I have found to overcome my grief at the loss of a landscape not affected by excesses of human pollution, a familiar way of making sculpture, and the loss and messes bound with the discarded things presented in the exhibition REMAINS.

Right before the start of this thesis, before I knew that I would be collecting waste for months, I was interviewed about my installation Shoreline 2099 (Mullin). The work was an alarming illustration of the most recent research released concerning the rise of sea level due to global warming (Canadian Government). The journalist asked me “do you make art to overcome your climate anxiety?”. It initially took me aback. I finally replied with a firm “yes”. And with time, my anxiety was paired with what I later recognized as grief; walking in the littered trail behind the Otter Lake landfill, I grieve the loss of our landscapes, transformed into “wastescapes”.



Shoreline 2099, 2020

Intervention presented at the Nocturne Festival, Halifax.

Shoreline 2099 has been labeled as activism art, which was not a term I was comfortable with at that time. Labelling my work as activism art felt like I could not go back to my non-activist way of making sculptures. And it is right in a sense: during the past months, my practice shifted to a more sustainable one, mainly including ephemeral sculpture and installation. Like many habits that we shall let go to save the planet (our dependance to crude oil being one of them), I grieve the loss of my capacity to create like I used to but know that going back to it would be a great dissonance.

Finally, I grieve the discarded things that are displayed in the exhibition REMAINS in a way that may seem irrational to many. Few viewers of this show will consider where these objects will go after it is dismantled, but I wish they would. I collected, cleaned, investigated, photographed, and organized those discarded things. By caring, I developed an attachment. While their previous owners will live in blissful ignorance of their fate, I shall see them buried in the mass grave that is the Halifax landfill. The photos available in the virtual collection are their last portraits. I shall be forever haunted by their ghostly appearances, knowing they will never leave us, they will never go “away”.

First test made of solid rubbish painted in white and presented on a white background for the wall installation REMAINS.

This last section is for the journalist who asked me if recycling really matters when industrial waste is not regulated, and my friends who are worried about bringing children into this “wastescape” (Greta Thunberg’s discourse has marked many adults). Similar to how I am dealing with my grief, I believe that individual actions—ethics of care for small things taught by individuals such as Thom van Dooren, who writes about his time with endangered birds, and artist Jennifer MacLatchy, who photographs ocean garbage—still matter because they can create bigger waves.

The work accomplished during the last months is not contained in this MFA thesis exhibition alone. It is accompanied by individual initiatives outside of its frame, tangled with others' initiatives to become collective actions. This includes contributions to open-source materials for common advancements; conversations with students in architecture from Dalhousie University on sustainable construction materials; discussions with local non-profit organizations, natural museums dedicated to conservation and education, and specialists from multiple fields about materials and waste; participation in a round table with MFA students on reciprocal ecology at the UAAC-AAUC conference; proposal for an *Outdoor Art and documentation* course focused on the awareness of local surroundings at NSCAD University and NBCCD University; exchanges with MAED students about art and environment (NSCAD, course Contemporary Issues in Art Education / Art and the Environment); enrollment in the city's waste management program (Master Recycling and Composting Program) and more recently, organization of a presentation of local waste management facilities by a specialist in waste management (from Halifax Solid Waste Resources Educator) titled "Landfill Virtual Tour" for the online opening reception of the exhibition REMAINS.

Would it be cliché to end this thesis with a walk on a beach on the Atlantic Coast? Maybe. But it seems fitting to conclude in a loop, back to the introduction by joining again authors Jane Bennett and Brian Thill on a walk on the beach. And on our way, to collect the remains of our legacy as a dominant species of the Anthropocene, acknowledging, with a different eye, a discarded thing such as a working glove.

> "Never doubt that a small group of thoughtful, committed citizens can change the world; indeed, it's the only thing that ever has."
>
> (qtd. in Lutkehaus 261)
>
> **Margaret Mead, anthropologist**

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Appendix

Photos of the thesis exhibition REMAINS

Photo: Installation presented at the Anna Leonowens Gallery in April 2021.

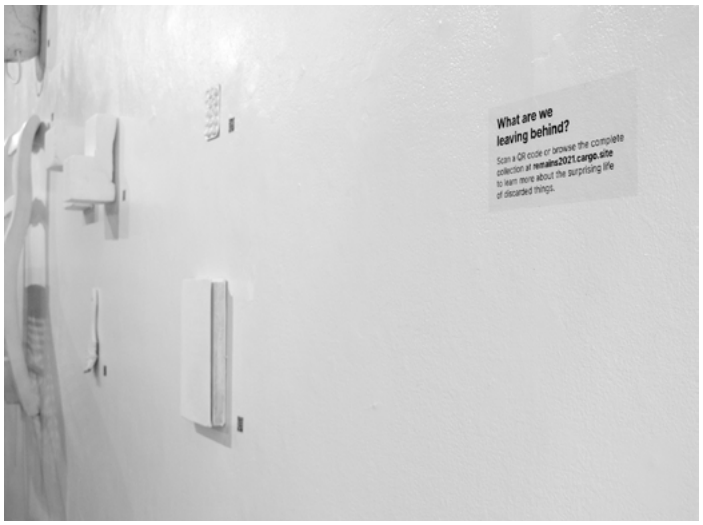


Photo: close up of instructions to scan a QR code with a smartphone to access the online collection and learn more about discarded things.

Photo: close up of a lost leather glove with its individual QR code.

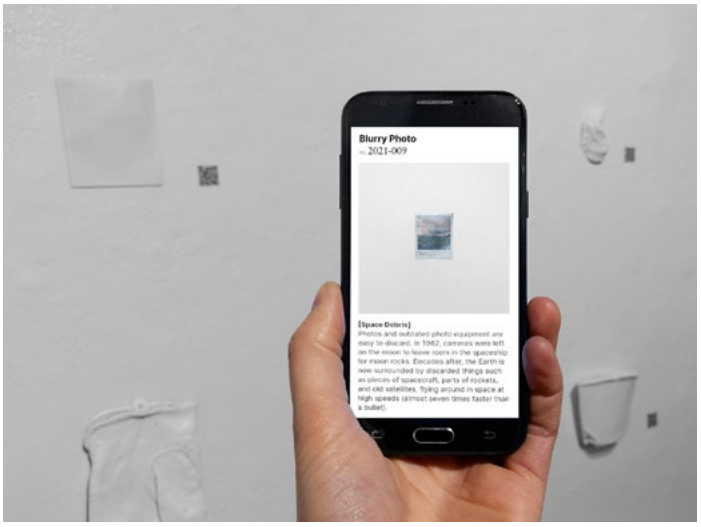


Photo: Web page accessed by scanning the QR code of a discarded blurry photograph.

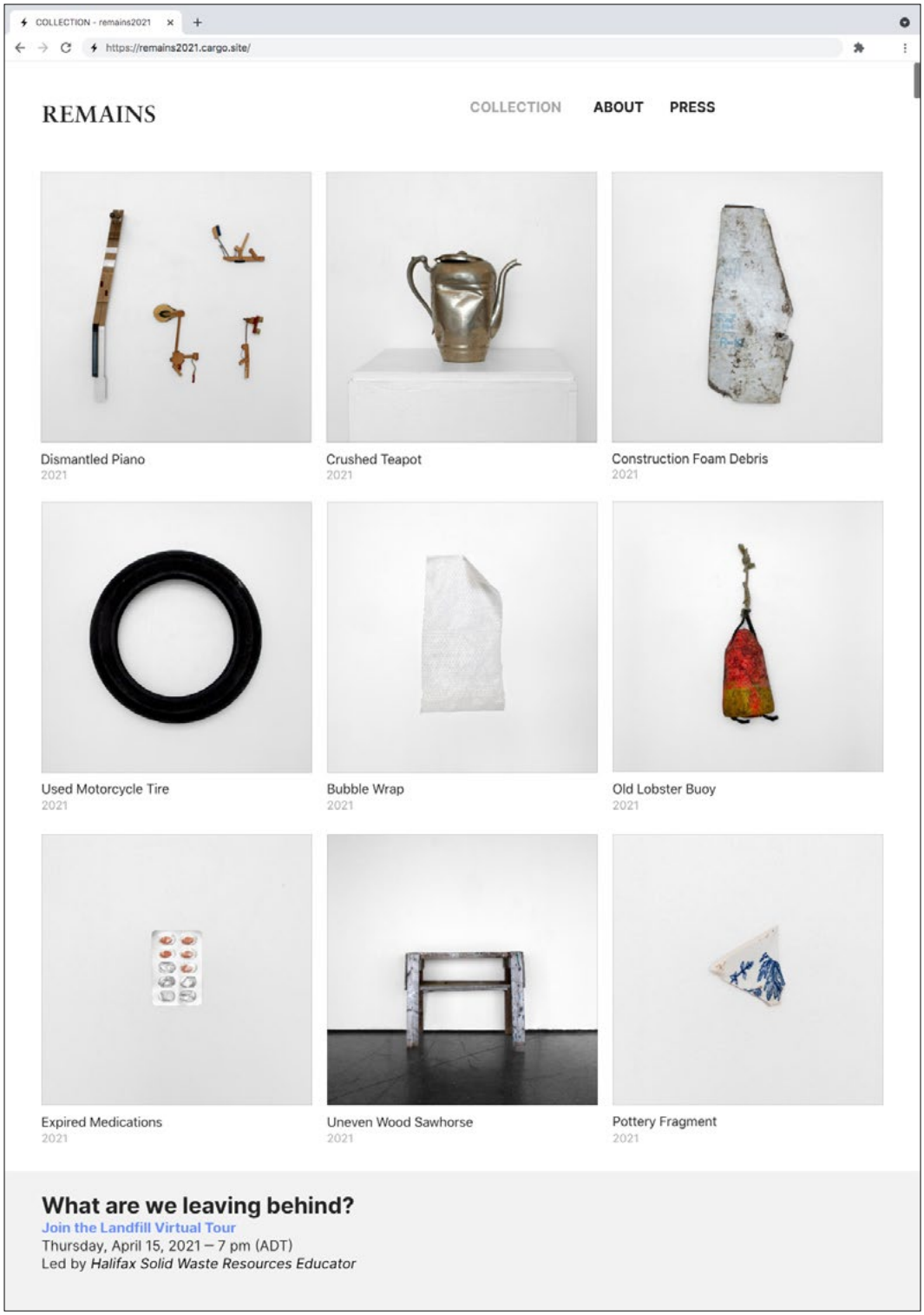


Photo: screenshot of the online virtual collection, containing over sixty discarded objects.

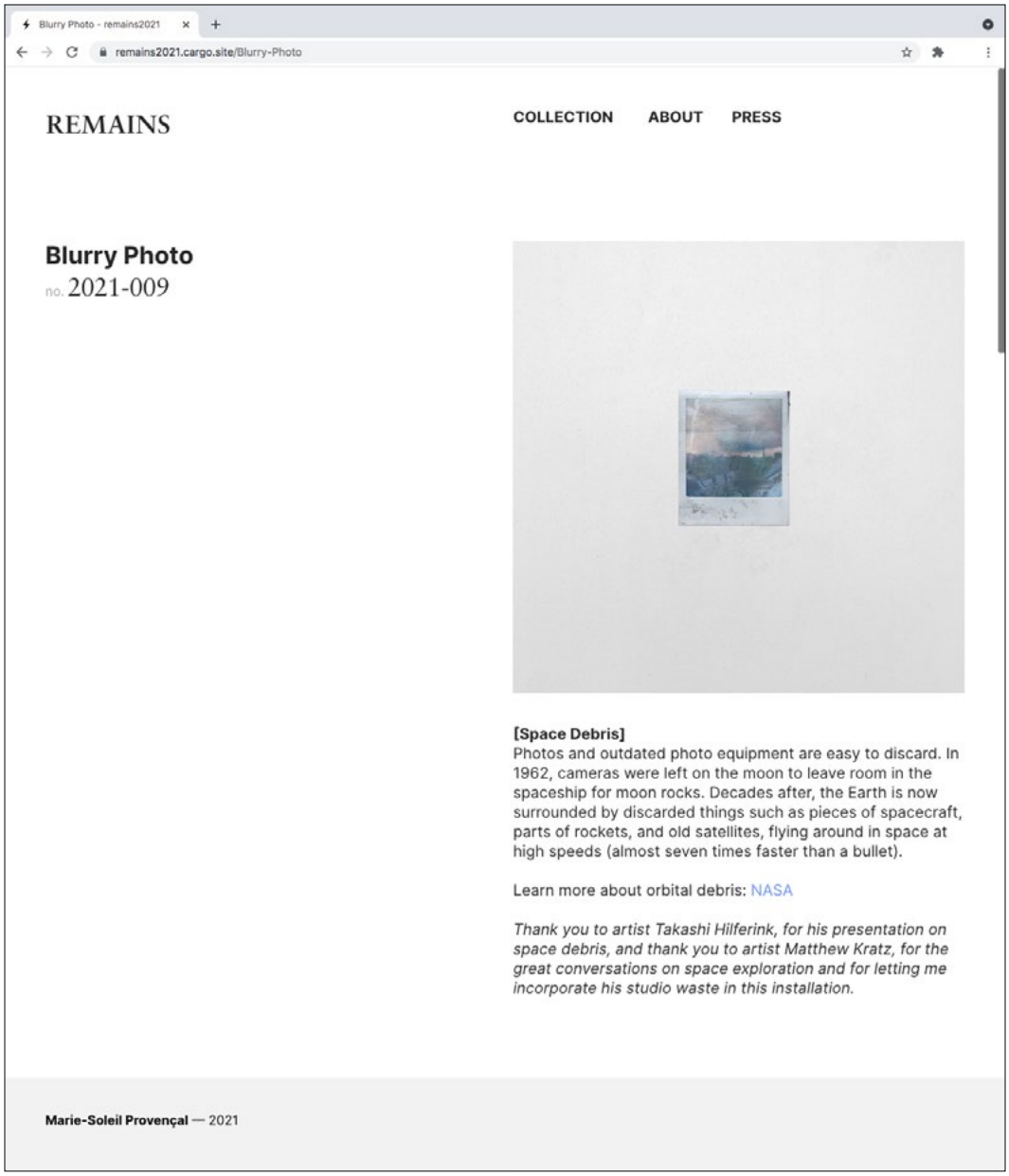
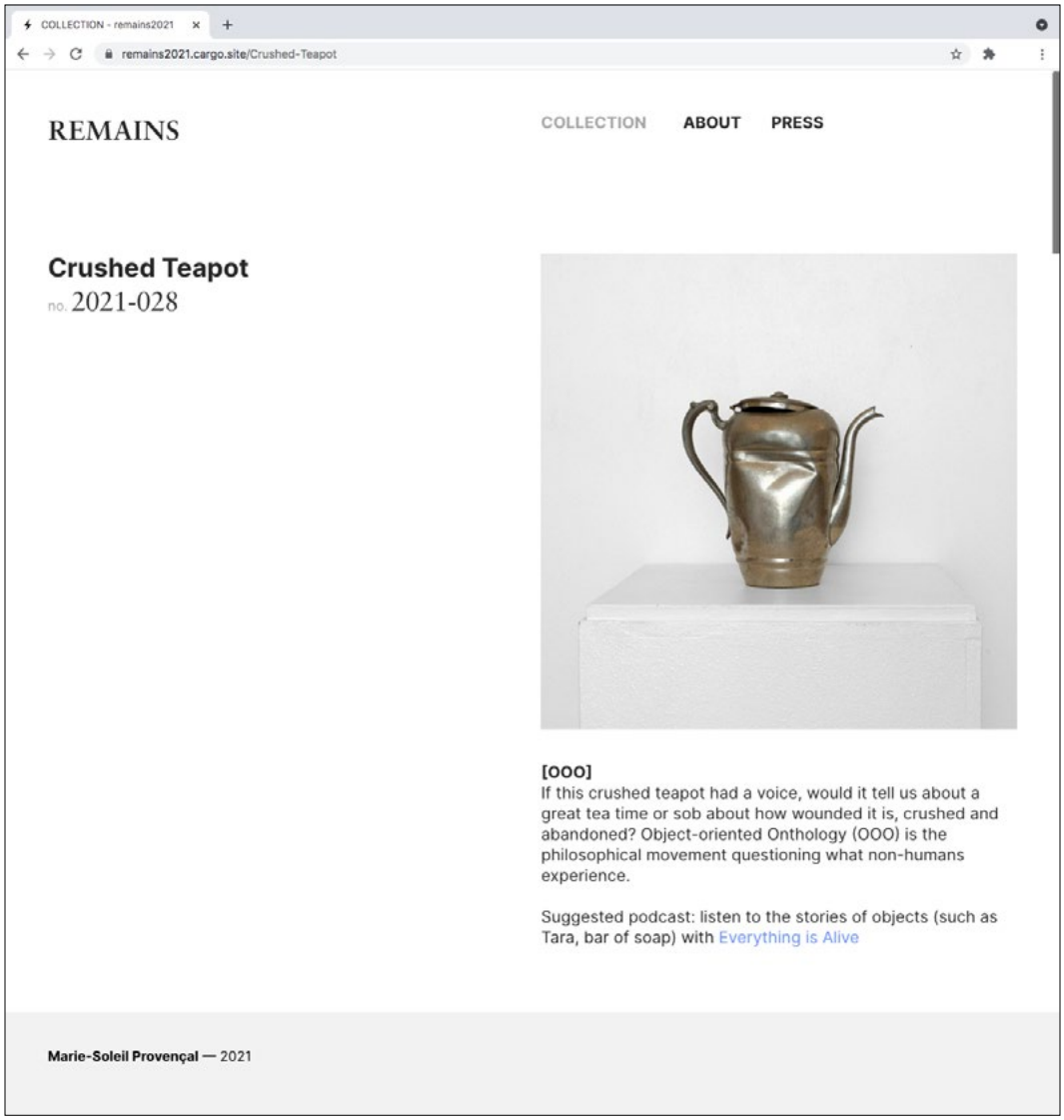


Photo: screenshot of the online virtual collection, containing over sixty discarded objects.



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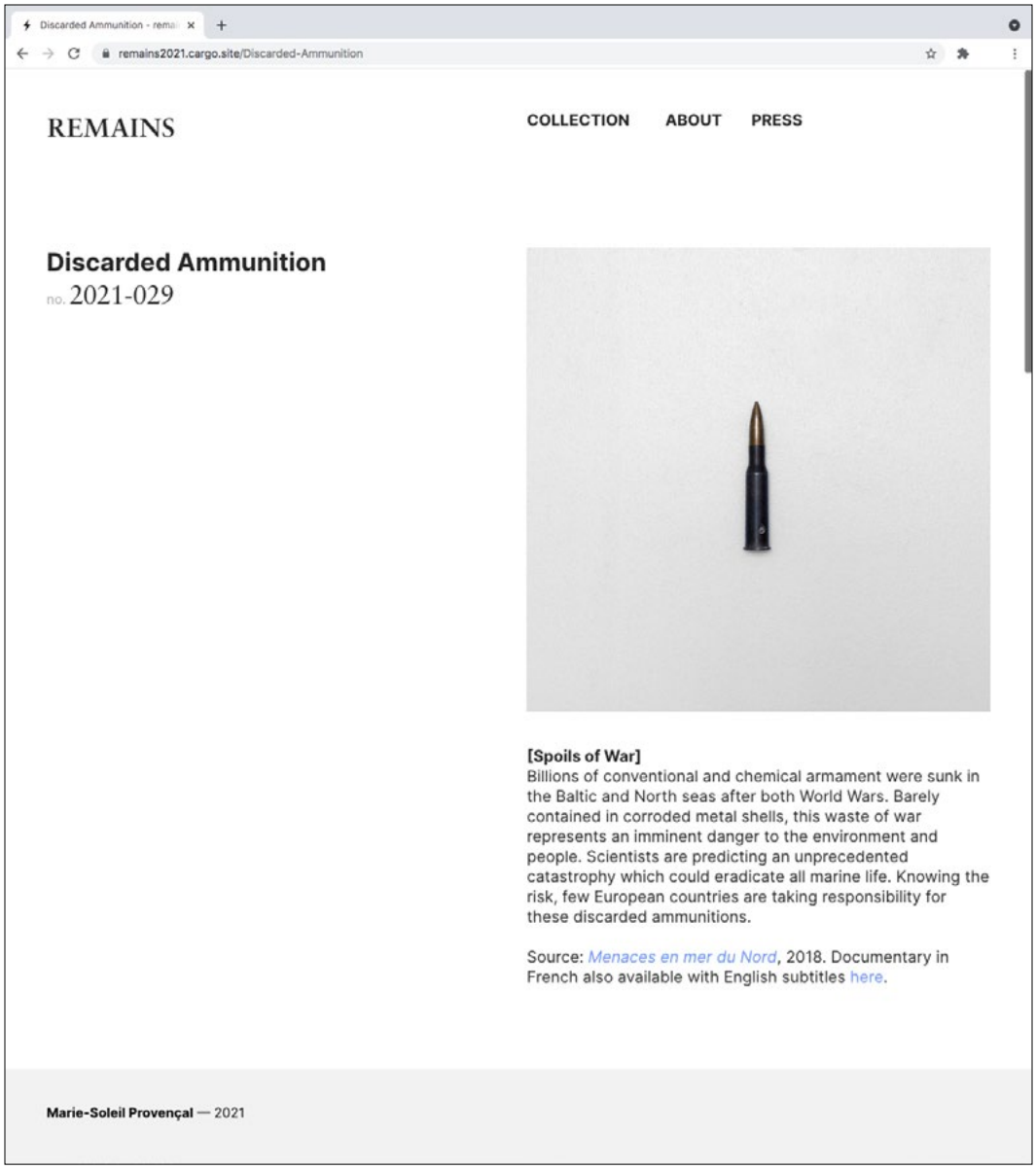

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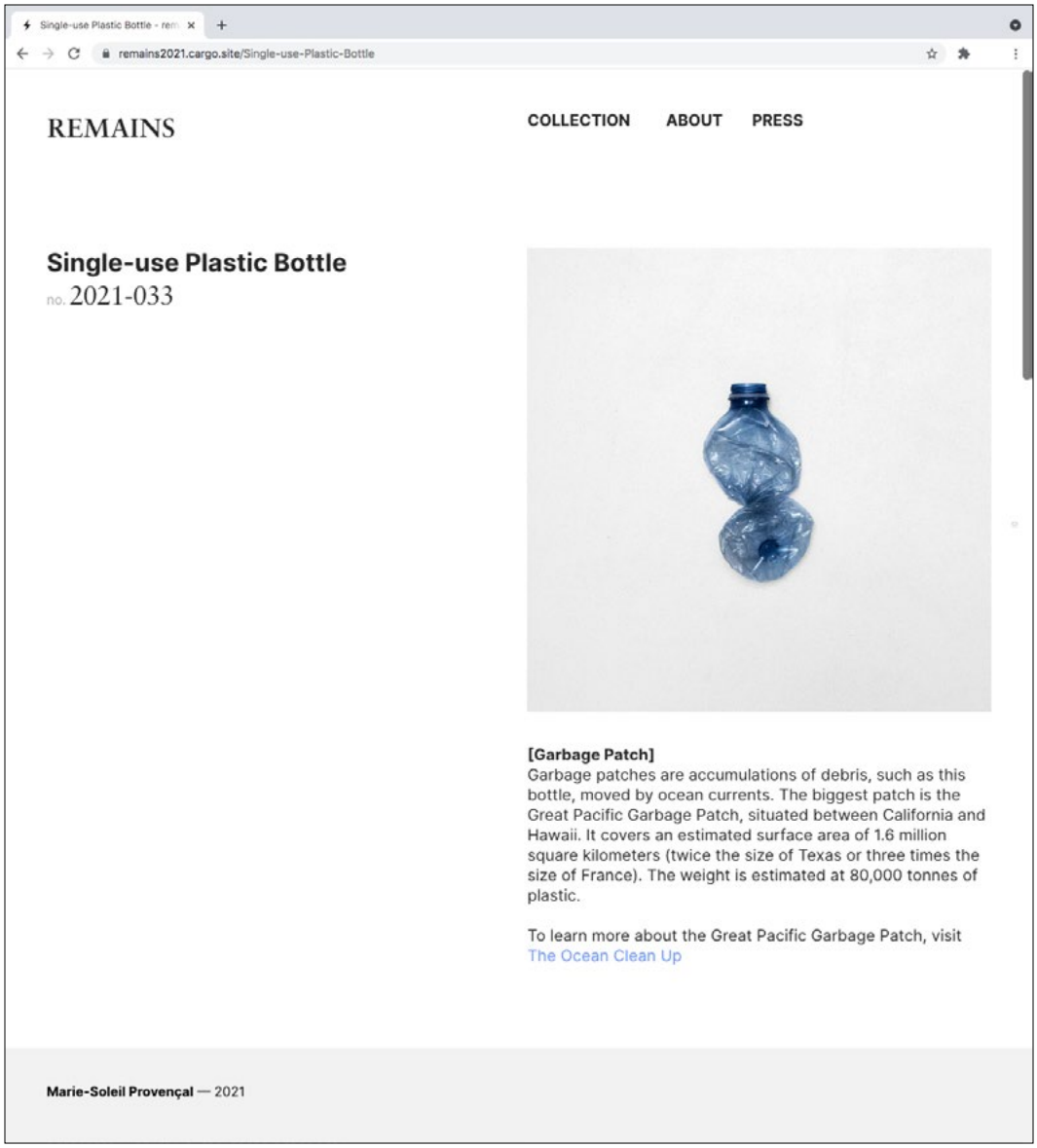

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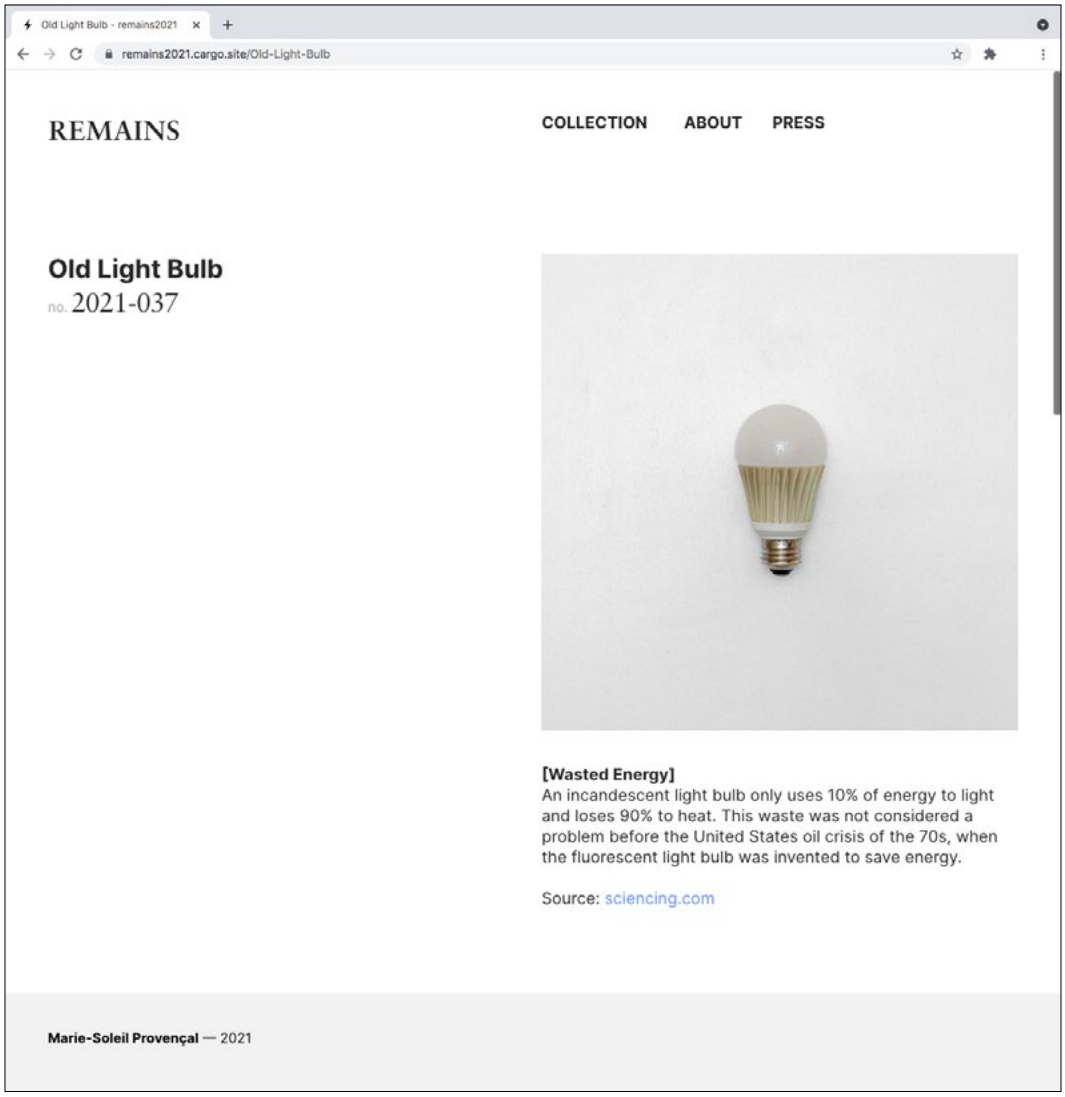

Photo: screenshot of the online virtual collection, containing over sixty discarded objects.

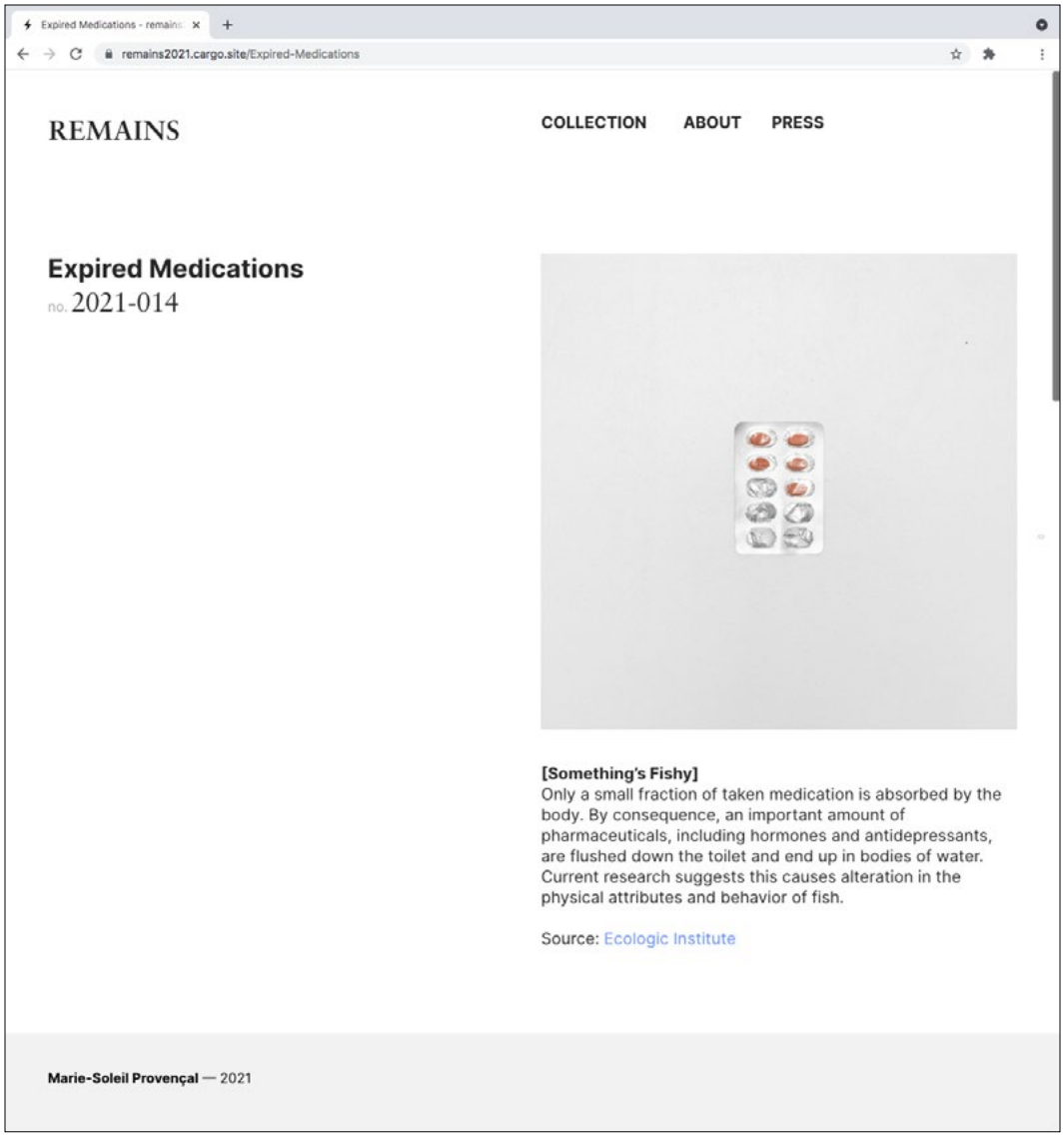

Photo: screenshot of the online virtual collection, containing over sixty discarded objects.

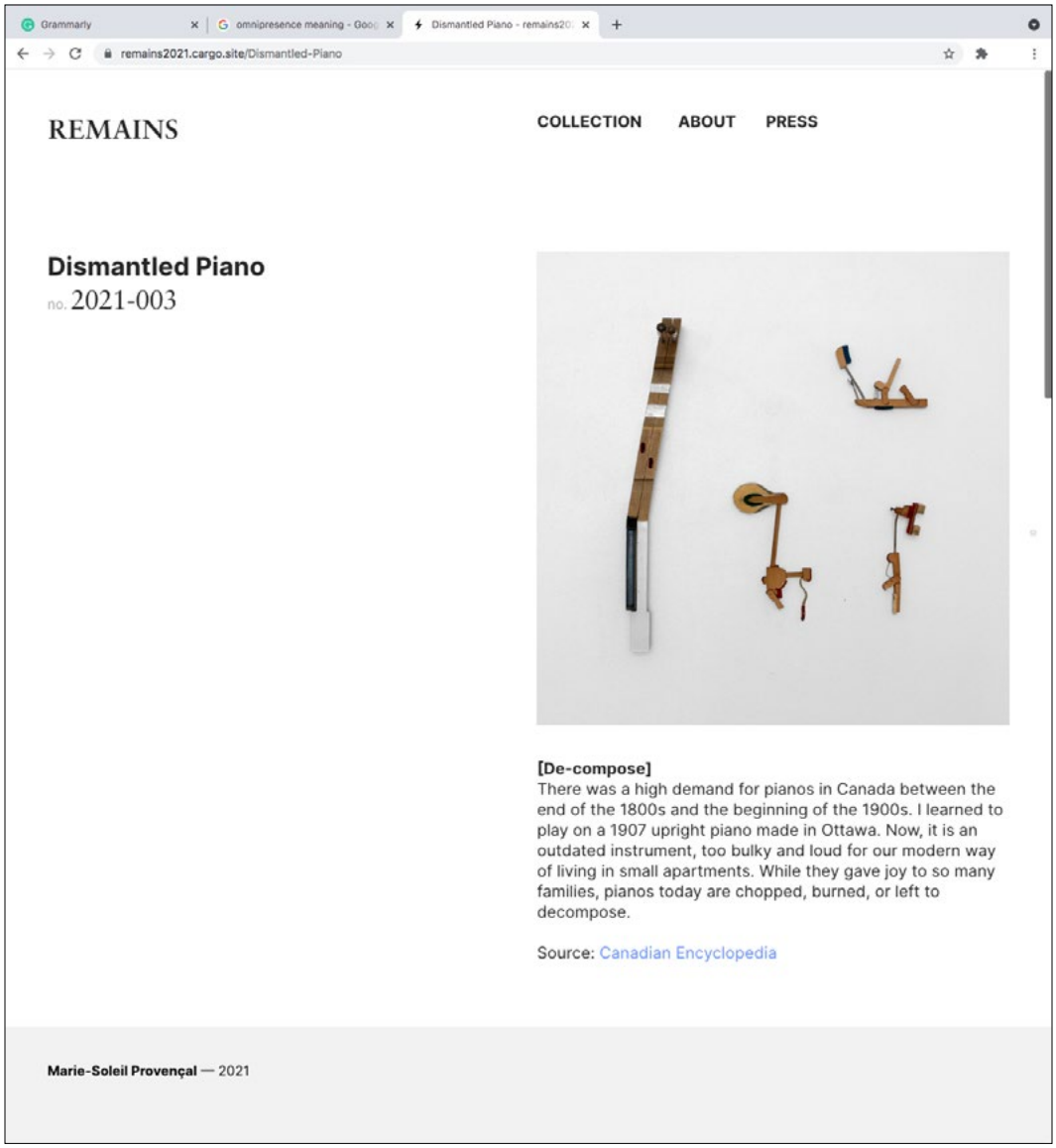

Photo: screenshot of the online virtual collection, containing over sixty discarded objects.

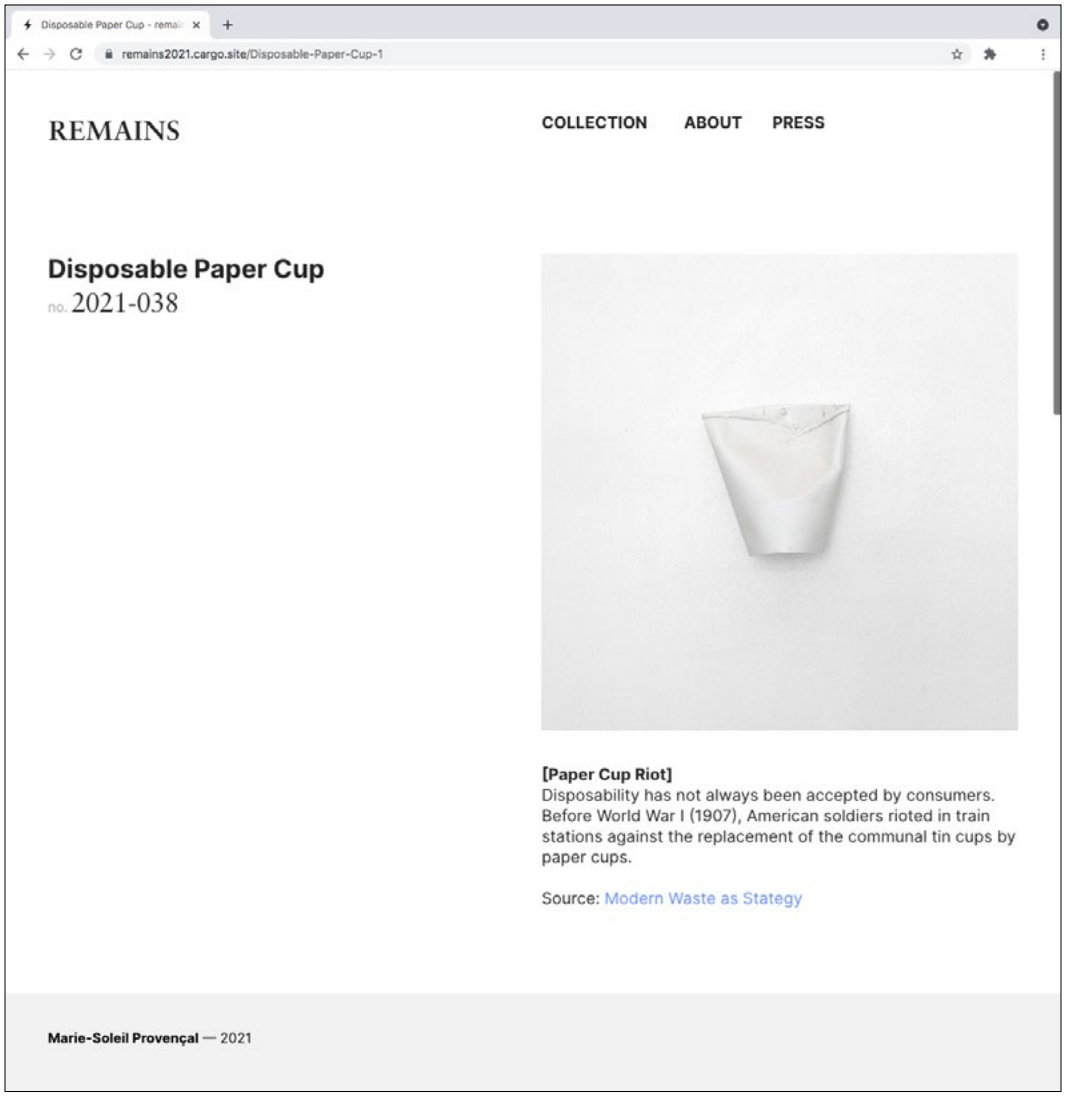

Photo: screenshot of the online virtual collection, containing over sixty discarded objects.

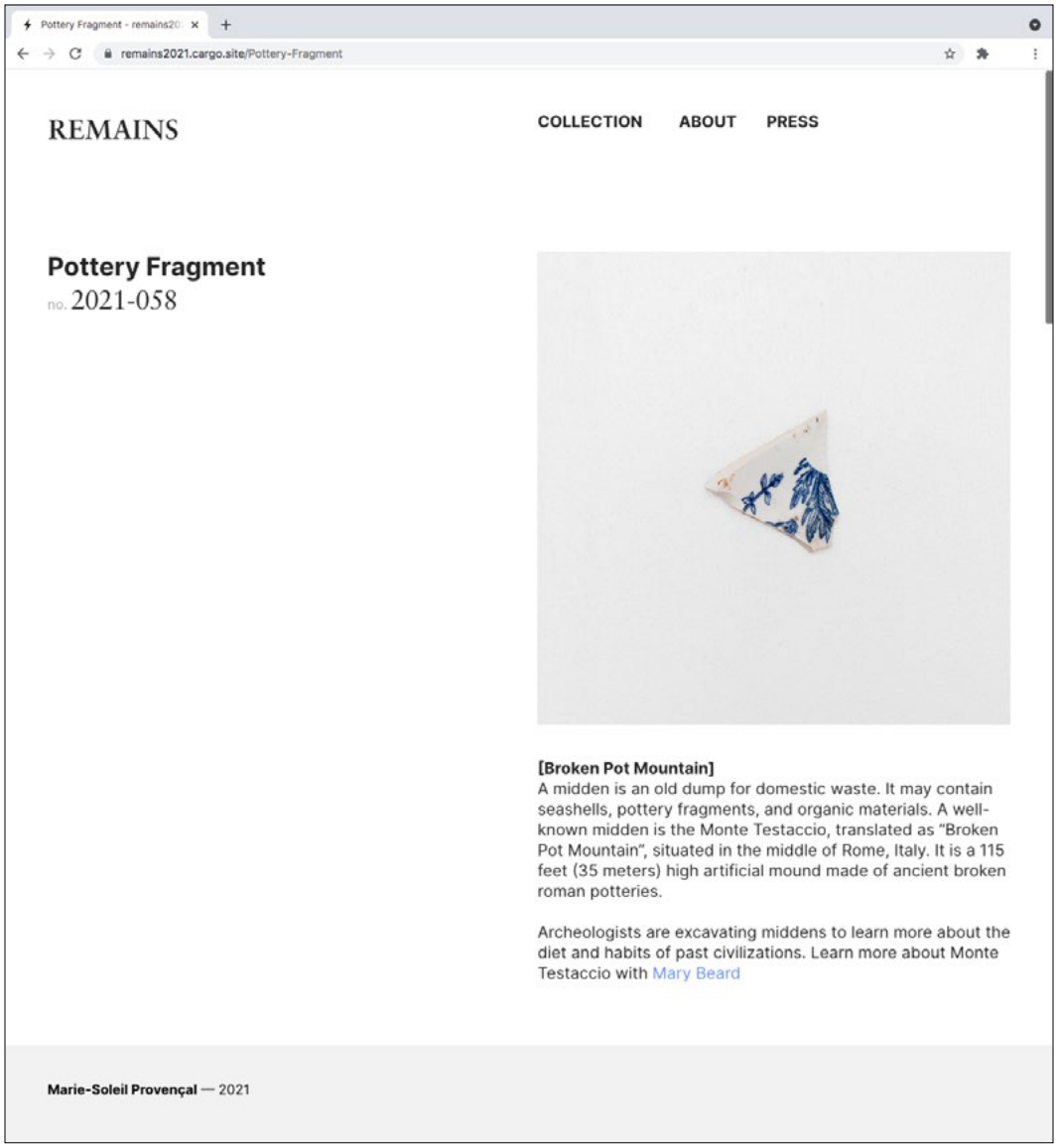

Photo: screenshot of the online virtual collection, containing over sixty discarded objects.

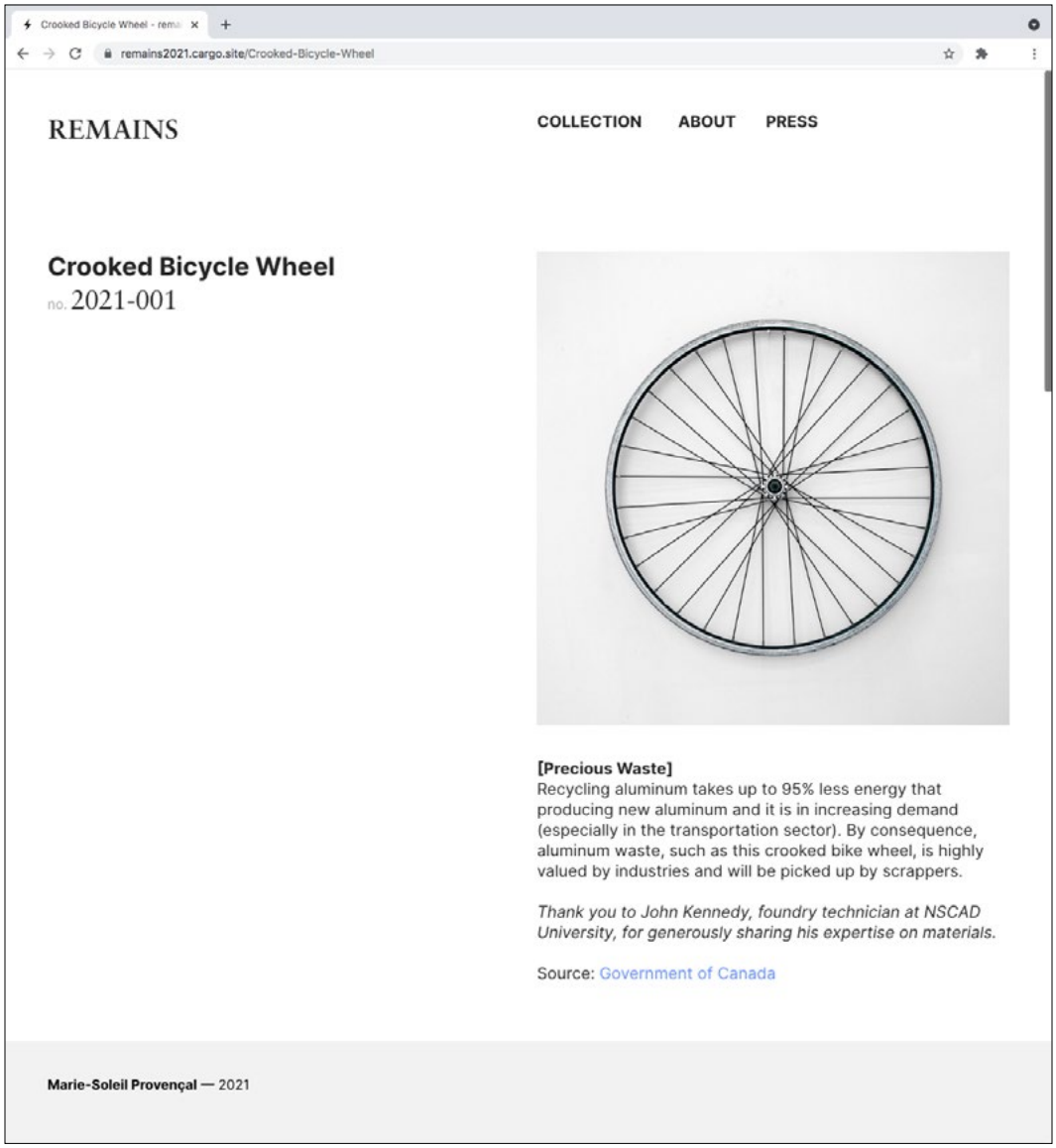

Photo: screenshot of the online virtual collection, containing over sixty discarded objects.

Press related to the exhibition REMAINS

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Read this article or listen to the interview

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