

Bad Sport

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# C'mon be a bad sport!

Genevieve  
Flavelle

**Bad Sport:**

someone unwilling to play along, to accept the status quo, bad attitude, feminist killjoy.

This small publication brings together a mix of artist projects and writing fueled by themes of personal conflict, material and immaterial labour, identity, and refusal. I asked contributors for submissions loosely based on generational negotiations of feminist politics and activist labour in the digital age, that would be produced and released within the context of Good Sport, a small artist-run space in London, ON.

Some of the pieces in this collection are reflexive, others flow raw from charged fingers. All authors negotiate the complexities of embodied immersion in contemporary social relations of power. In *THIS IS A BAD TRIP* M.G. shares a personal encounter with two musicians who solicit her intellectual labour and then proceed to waste her day and reward her with feeling demeaned and degraded. The Queens of Haters (Barbara Scheed and Tess Griebel) funnel their rage at artworld egos and the phallic artist/

genius construct into the Dumpster Gallery, a space mandated to represent the underrepresented literally in the space of a dumpster. This project, which had its first life in a NSCAD University dumpster, calls attention to the lack of exhibition opportunities accessible to many artists and the ways in which artists, particularly non-male artists, often feel that their work is not “good enough” to be shown in formal art spaces. Constant struggle for productivity and success is the subject of Ashley Bedet’s Goal-State, a flowing chart that maps the emotions, affects, and labour of doing vs. being. In *XO Planet* Emily Davidson and Nicole Marcoux give us the perspective of an alien outsider attempting to understand the gendered dynamics of food production on earth. The sparkly observer astutely calls attention to the ways that women provide unwaged labour preparing food at home, and underwaged labour serving in the food industry, while male chefs are glorified and made rich by feeding a privileged few.

Samra Habib, Parker Dirks and Shellie Zhang share personal accounts of negotiating and embracing their multifaceted identities. Samra recounts meeting Leila, a participant in her *Just me and Allah: a Queer Muslim Photo Project*, and how Leila’s self styling made her reconsider her own presentation as a young queer woman. In *Origins* Parker sketches out the tangle of complexities that is the negotiation of their identity for themselves, in their workplace, and with their family as different identity politics and histories collide and layer in their daily existence and movements. With *Queer. Asian. Suburbanite* Shellie takes us back to the small cityscape of her teenage years in Windsor, ON. She shares her coming of age experiences as a queer asian woman and her continuing considerations and artistic negotiations of identity. Rubi Iniguez’s drawings *Exposure* and *Exploring a Space of Possibilities* expressively explode new possibilities of representation. In these

drawings, bodies open and transform past essentialisms. They mobilize new lines of connection.

Collectively, Bad Sport is about lived experience, embodiment, practice based feminisms, intersectionality and complexity. It’s about connecting, affirming each other’s bad attitudes, rage, frustration, and sorrow as acts of resistance. It’s about affirming each other’s creativity as a mobilization of new visions and resources for feminist futures.

# THIS IS A BAD TRIP

## m.g.

BUT I AM WET FROM SCHOOLING WHITE MEN & THERES RECORDING OF ME MY FACE AND I SCHOOLING WHITE MEN WHO ASKED ME TO COME IN FOR MY “SINCERE AND SOPHISTICATED”—“NOT BITCHY”—“SUBVERSIVE” “ABSTRACT” CRITIQUE THEN ROAST ME FOR “NOT ASKING THE RIGHT QUESTIONS”  
ARE THEY CONSPIRING TO CUT ME OUT “ITS ALL ABOUT OUR BROMANCE BUT WE CAN FIX THAT I FEEL LIKE ITS ALL GOOD” I GAVE THEM ALL MY TIME FOR FREE “I KIND OF AVOID ART SPEAK ESPECIALLY WHEN YOU MISUSE IT” wth IS THIS BACKHANDED COMPLIMENT SHIT  
IS THIS WHITE GIRL BEING OVER SENSITIVE DO THEY THINK I CANT HEAR THEM “ITS BC I WAS ADDICTED TO ALL DRUGS. FOR TWO YEARS. OR THREE YEARS”  
I HATE WHITE MEN AND THERES MEMEABLE VIDEO EVIDENCE THAT I DO AND THAT I AM DEEPLY DISAPPOINTED IN THEM EVEN THE TOWNIES WOWWOOW GOTEEEEEM  
WAS AN ORGY ABOUT TO HAPPEN BC I HAD THE MOST EARTHSHATTERING ORGASM WATCHING WITH INCREDULITY AND SMUGNESS THAT THESE WHITE DUDES WERE SUCKING MY DICK  
THIS WHITE GUY SAID “FINITE DETAIL”  
I THINK I FEEL ASSAULTED LIKE IM BORDERLINE ON THE VERGE OF ERUPTING INTO WHIMPERS OR INCREDULOUS LAUGHTER  
DID THIS WHITE WOMAN DRIVING OUT OF GARAGE YELL “COME ON HONEY HURRY UP” AT ME THIS WHITE MAN WALKING BY CAUGHT ME CHECKING OUT A WOMAN THEN LOOKED AT ME LIKE HE WAS EXPECTING VALIDATION BUT MY EYES WERE DEAD TO HIM ILL BE SAFE WHEN I GET TO THE MALL  
EVERY TIME I FEEL A MAN PASSING ME BY THE HAIRS ON THE BACK OF MY NECK ERECT AND MY SHOULDERS CLENCH AND I FEEL MY CHEST TIGHTENING  
“THIS SONG IS ABOUT INADEQUATE MEN” {#notallmen}  
“2016: ME MYSELF AND I”

\*RE: ANXIETY OF INHALING PHALLIC-SHAPED FOODS IN PUBLIC\*  
me in 2015: “hmmmmmm oh no does it look like I’m sucking a dick”  
me in 2016: “I CAN SUCK 4 DICKS IF I WANT”  
[i just whispered “that’s beautiful” to myself]  
ALL THESE WHITE MEN ARE CRITICISING MY EFFUSIVENESS AND ALL OF THESE WHITE MEN ARE SET OUT TO OBSTRUCT ME FROM HEARING EVEN MY OWN VOICE  
NOW I SEE WHERE BELIEVING YOU GOT ME GAVE YOU THE WHEEL BUT YOU CANT DRIVE ME  
IM STARTING TO BELIEVE THAT IM WAY TOO MUCH FOR YOU ALL THAT TALK BUT IT SEEMS LIKE U CANT COME THRUUU TAKE ME OUT SO DEEP WHEN U KNOW U CANT SWIM  
GET TO STEPPIN  
CAN YOU KEEP UP  
SMH I CANT EVEN HANDLE THE TRANSCENDENT PHYSICAL MANIFESTATION OF THE FEELING OF VICTORY OVER WHITE MEN BC I NEVER THOT THE DAY WOULD COME ITS SO WORTH IT FOR THESE BATTLE WOUNDS I THINK IM BORDERLINE VERGING ON MISANDRY I SWEAR TO GOD

DO NOT FUCKING MAKE COMMENTS ABOUT MY POSTURE AND MY Demeanor DO NOT  
FUCKING INCITE / INVITE ME TO BE CRITICAL THEN ROAST ME FOR BEING MORE  
CRITICAL THAN YOU CAN HANDLE HOW DARE YOU NOT THANK ME FOR THE TIME I  
GAVE YOU FOR FREE WITH EVEN JUST AN OUNCE OUT OF THAT PILLOW THEN PROMISE  
ME YOU'LL DO SOMETHING YOU HAVE NO INTENTION OF EVER DOING LITERALLY SMH  
I THINK IM HAVING A FOURTH WAVE OF FEMINIST REAWAKENING TAKING OVER MY  
BODY AND MY BEING

YOU BETTA ACT LIKE YOU KNOW N!GGA ITS NICKI MINAJ

BITCHES AINT SHIT BUT HOES AND TRICKS

WHITE MEN ARE THE SCUM OF THE EARTH

OH? POOR WHITE MAN THINKS HES A MISUNDERSTOOD MISFIT

WOULD I GET ARRESTED IF I TWEETED THESE

I WANNA SEE WHATS ON VIEW AND WHATS IN THE FOODCOURT (\*GASP\* A&W \*I LITERALLY  
JUST SQUEALED OUT LOUD\*)

WHITE MEN ARE ALL CLOWNS

STARING AT BRYAN CRANSTON STARING DEAD BACK AND ASSERTING HIS INDIVIDUAL  
MALE GENIUS" WHO IS, TRUMBO? "SOME DEAD FUCKING REVERED WHITE MAN DUH"

EVERY TIME I MAKE A 🔥 SCORCH I GET GOOSEBUMPS AND AND I PAT MY OWN BACK  
LIKE "SING IT SISTER"

WHITE MEN SHOULD KNOW THAT I HATE THEM

DONT YOU DARE SLATHER OVER YOUR MEDIOCRITY

BEHIND EVERY GREAT WHITE MAN IS A WOMAN ANTICIPATING THE OPPORTUNE TIME  
TO STAB HIM

FROM A YOUNG AGE THE WHITE MALE IS TAUGHT THAT EVERYTHING HE HAS TO SAY IS  
OF UTMOST COMMAND & VALIDITY & URGENCY

THEY DONT WANT MY LOVE THEY JUST WANT MY POTENTIAL

I JUST WALKED AHEAD OF A WHITE MAN WALKING IN THE SAME DIRECTION WHO  
WALKED TO THE ESCALATOR THEN REALIZED IT WASNT GOING IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION  
THEN REDIRECTED HIS ROUTE TO FOLLOW MINE THEN DIDNT ACKNOWLEDGE IT DONT  
ACT LIKE YOU FORGOT

SO LIKE LITERALLY THIS WHITE MAN WHO I ASKED OUT TO COSTCO 3yrs ago BUT SAID  
I HAVE A GF IS SITTING BEHIND ME AND PRETENDS TO NOT SEE ME (me earlier before  
I told him "gtg spend some time alone bYe now": "FUCK TRADITION, WHITE BOY") AND  
THEN THIS WHITE WOMAN WHO PEOPLE TELL ME SHOULD BE MY "PEER" JUST POWER-  
WALKED RIGHT PAST ME DESPITE BEING WITHIN A FOOT OF MY LINE OF SIGHT

MY FATAL FLAW IS MY INCONSISTENCY

IVE REACHED THE END OF MY WIT WITH YOU ON MY NEWSFEED

SAVE SOME FACE AND JUST GHOST ME, WILL YOU

BY THE TIME YOU GET WELL—THE HUNK I HAVE DESIRED SINCE 2012 WHO HELD MY  
HAND OBSTRUCTED BY A BLANKET TO CONCEAL US STROKING EACH OTHERS HAND  
FROM YOUR BREAST-FEEDING SISTER IN LAW AND YOUR COUSIN SHOWING ME  
MINECRAFT AFTER HAVING TOLD ME YOU WISHED YOU HAD WHEELED ME WHEN I SAID  
WITH THE FEWEST POSSIBLE WORDS THAT I WANTED A 4-WAY AND YOU REFERENCED  
A COVER PHOTO I POSTED 3 YEARS AGO WHEN I FIRST BECAME AWARE OF YOU AND  
YOU ASKED ME IF YOU WERE TOO MUCH OF A TOWNIE FOR ME TO WANT TO SPEND  
TIME WITH YOU—I WILL BE ON MY PERIOD AND YOU DONT EVEN DESERVE TO GET A  
LICK {insert: "CAN YOU EAT PUSSY LIKE DAT")

'FUCK OUT MY FACE

MY PRESENCE IS A PRESENT KISS MY ASS

# Queer. Asian. Suburbanite.

Shellie  
Zhang

"Non-white gay and lesbians face a double-edged sword: the racism of the general society as filtered into the gay community and the sometimes-vicious sexism and homophobia of our own "ethnic" communities. These two factors alone have kept us isolated."

– Richard Fung, *Asians Gay and Proud* (1980)

Having immigrated to Canada at the age of eight after living in China, the US, and then China again, I was already made frankly aware of the differences in how the two worlds in my life saw me. In China, I was destined for another land. Pressures to succeed were lighter on me given that I had already made it – I was moving to the West. In many ways, I was already seen as a foreigner even though at that time I had spent the majority of my life in Beijing. In the numerous places I've lived

in the West, one thing was constant: I was the Asian girl in the class, the one who was introduced to her schoolmates as with the addendum, "she just moved here from China". Both cultures dissociated themselves with me due to my association with the other, as I became lost in the generalization that is "Asian".

When reflecting on the burden of representation and how he was assimilated with the term, Richard Fung states that he "learned that [he] was "gay" before [he] learned that [he] was "Asian"". While there are moments in my childhood where my queerness is blatantly obvious, it wasn't until my teen and preteen years in Windsor, Ontario that I came to understand the significance and weight of identifying as such. After spending most of my early life negotiating with my Asian identity, I was confronted with another spectrum on which to locate myself. Although my high school had a large Asian student body that was drawn in by the gifted math and

Near the end of my senior year, a friend and I were hatefully suspended by my school for retaliating against a straight couple that called my friend a faggot. At the time, it seemed as if my actions were done solely in support of my friend, through in retrospect, the anger that fueled my vengeance came from the frustration that I felt within. This attack was a direct reminder of the existing powers structures. I was angry that I had lived in a place where occurrences like this took place, and I was angry that the hate, bigotry and ignorance I experienced had suppressed a part of me.

Though I have been in a long-term relationship with a cis male-identified partner, I have never been questioned about my queerness in the city. I wonder how and when queerness will begin to infiltrate and dominate the everyday aggressions that still occur away from the influence of large metropolitan areas.

This past week, my old high school announced that they would be ringing in Pride month by raising the rainbow flag. The GECDSD is one of the first school boards to raise the Pride flag throughout their secondary schools for the month of June. Looking through photos online, I also discovered that my school is now host to its own Gay Straight Alliance. Has neo-liberalism, the Trudeau government and PC culture changed the playing field for today's queer suburban adolescents? While my reserved skepticism makes it difficult to imagine the battlefield of high school as being completely accepting of queer issues, gradual progress is hard to argue with. My only hope is that notions of plurality are equally welcomed in this development. At times, I see LGBTQ\* rights brought to the forefront of popular culture, garnishing a high level of support and exposure while queer topics involving race remain untouched. The art stream has become my selected venue in tackling and discussing these issues. In my work, I will continue to strive/ hope/ fight and wish for the day where hybridity is embraced and when my cultural identity ceases to be a precursor to my many other identities.

\*I use this abbreviation purposely without the additional QIP2SAA to show the distribution of focus.

[illegible]



Leila

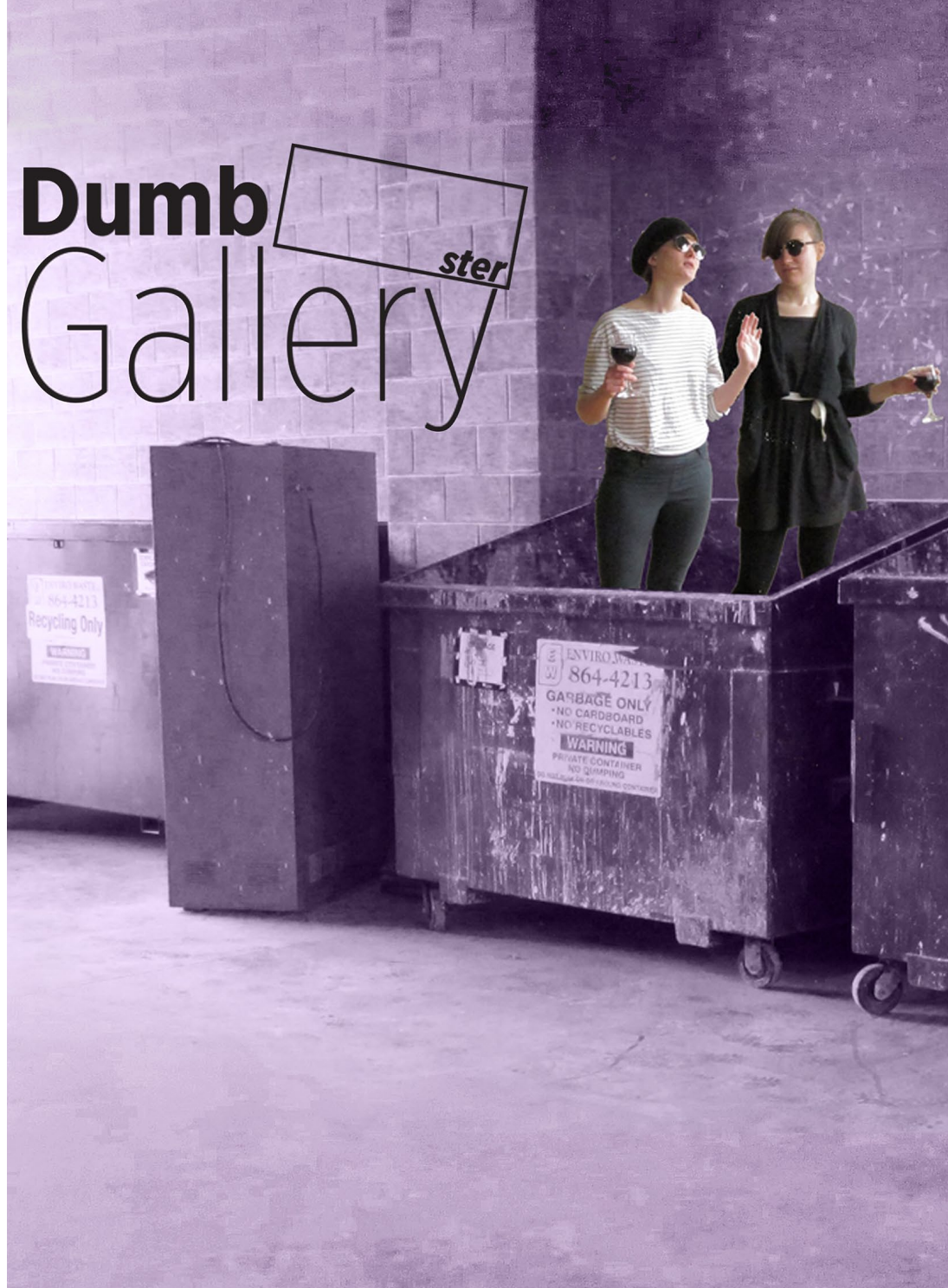
Samra  
Habib

I decided to forego the hijab at 19, hightailing it to the salon to get my locks chopped off *à la* Joan Jett and announcing my new identity as an aspiring feminist icon. Although I no longer wear the hijab, I recently reconsidered when I met a heavily tattooed, hijab-wearing Muslimah named Leila in Berlin. I was there to photograph queer Muslims for my photo project *Just me and Allah: Photographs of Queer Muslims*. She was wearing her hijab like a turban, and her sleeveless denim dress revealed tattooed biceps that honour her black feminist role models. She talked about how wearing the hijab was a political statement for her and that she wanted to change people's perception that every Muslim woman who wears one is oppressed. Meeting her made me wonder if I could have ditched the Joan Jett 'do and created a gutsier identity for myself as a hijab-sporting, motorcycle-jacketwearing 20-year-old.

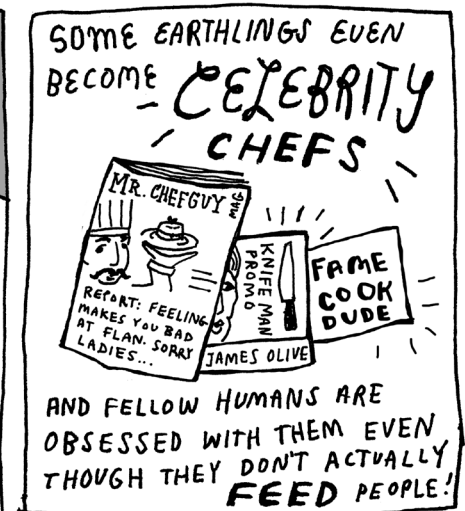
# Dumbster Gallery Manifesto

## By Queens of Haters

We are the Queens of Haters.  
We are the glorified curators.  
We are frustrated with the capital A artworld.  
We hate art that sells.  
We hate egos and hate the phallic artist/genius.  
We are out of the art school dumpsters  
We see glamour in trash.  
We work hard, fakin it to make it.  
We take ourselves and you seriously when no one will.  
We represent those who aren't represented.  
We work for lost dreamers and their lost dreams.  
We answer to no one.  
We are the Dumbster Gallery.







# Origins

## Parker Dirks

Everyone has origin stories. These stories position us within society and create points of intersection with other identities. I listen to origin stories so that I can form the foundations of my agency on the thoughts and actions of others. I do not believe in an economy of space; that there is a limited amount of room for identities within activist movements and communities. Recognizing and resisting one form of oppression does not detract from another. My experience is intersectional because I come from multiple places, cultures, genders, oppressions and privileges. I feel these identities crashing into each other in ways that make it difficult to form a cohesive origin story because the oppositions complicate articulation. Intersectionality has taught me that validating a multiplicity of experiences is vital to creating activist movements that are successful. To understand that revolution always comes from the most oppressed. That true radicality exists in remembering where we come from.

My understanding of where I come from is confused. My origins as a white settler and a Mennonite are tangled by also being trans. These intersections in my identity feel at odds. I know my Mennonite cultural history well and the origins of my feminist ideology. I have spent time reconciling the two until they have become a combined identity that is dependent on its duality. However, the voices that often speak loudest for these two communities strive to sustain power structures that exclude my trans identity. I'm not a believer anymore or a woman, but who I am as a trans person is based on these loci of thought.

I identified as a feminist before I identified as trans. My trans self was always there pushing my feminism to be broader, more soluble. Now my identification with feminism pushes me to be critical of the systems and privilege that my new physical appearance gives me access to. It also complicates how I consider my voice within feminism. It feels easier to think about

intersections and theory as an observer; always cognizant of the space I take up because I newly pass as a man.

In my personal life I am openly trans. I want people to know that I'm not just a dude, that in no way would I want to be a cis man. In my community arts work I do not talk about my trans identity with the participants I spend time with. I do this because I do not want to take up space or make participants uncomfortable because they come from marginalized communities and it seems like being open with my identity could shift focus in ways that are more trouble than it is worth. I also do it because I was told to. I've been thanked in advance for keeping quiet about my identity. It stung, but I did not think much more about it. It was not ideal, but maybe it was the way it had to be in order to do the work. Now I have realized that is not the case. Everyone has multiple intersecting identities and being openly trans has to exist alongside other identities and does not threaten people's access to safe spaces. It makes spaces safer overall.

So I've been getting mad about it. I've been thinking about the ways that some feminists and Mennonite communities who claim to be focused on anti oppression ask trans people to be quiet. How often feminists aligned with the second wave suppress or refuse to adjust their feminism to include trans experiences. Systems of oppression that feminists and Mennonites resisted against are being recreated to serve white and cis people who occupy positions of power. How agendas are formed to be of service to the people in power. That the utopias they envision are incomplete.

I went on vacation with my parents for the first time in ten years last week and I did some thinking. I usually bring a pal or use my twin as a buffer when I see them. It protects me from direct confrontations

about being trans, from abandoning religion. This time I intentionally went without protection. I spent four days alone with my parents in the woods. I came out with these new thoughts about how communities reflect each other and how hard it is to change the way we think and act when we are personally connected to someone facing oppressions that are not our own but are intentionally perpetuated by the communities we are part of.

There is risk in allyship. What do you do when recognizing the humanity of individuals whose identities diverge from the entrenched values of a community is seen as a rejection of foundational ideologies? Who does the responsibility of creating inclusive communities fall on when speaking up creates schism? My understanding of the communities that I am from is that they are fundamentally inclusive. That feminism and Mennonite ideology has a lot more to do with inviting people in than keeping people out. However I also recognize that others see them as fundamentally insular and that they view that insularity as vital to the survival of their communities.

I also began to have questions about taking up space and the responsibilities of visibility. How we protect people from the hard stuff we experience, but how maybe that increases gulfs of understanding. Being upfront about the tough things I experience because of having a marginalized identity takes so much emotional labor. It often feels like I have the responsibility to make people feel better after I tell them they are directly contributing to oppressions that make my life harder.

When is it ok to say as someone facing some sort of marginalization that the people in your community have at least some responsibility to make life easier for you but maybe that brings some uncertainty and suffering into their lives, but there is no other option because life's not fair

unless it's fair for everyone? How do you talk to people about the things that you kept secret and you have now rendered visible? How do you let them know that it was their shame that made you a secret? What do you do when they ask you to be patient and support them on their journey to becoming understanding and supportive when you could only come out at the point at which you knew you could support yourself without them? What do you do when they don't ask questions or they ask too many questions? What can they say unless you put the words in their mouths? To know better is to do better, but what do you do if the people who should know better are the same ones that prevented you from understanding yourself in the first place? How do you ask them to recognize and congratulate you for surviving through this and ending up ok when that congratulation is also an acknowledgement that they could have done better by you. That you made it without them, despite them.

I think that people who are marginalized live a bunch of lives simultaneously. We edit and revise constantly. It's hard to find the balance in being vocal about our experiences. There is a conflict between saying too much and not saying enough. Here's the thing though, it's not possible to say too much. Existing power structures tell marginalized people to reign in their desire to be treated equally, that the system was made to work for them. We know that is a lie.

The work that I do brings me into contact with a lot of individual ideas about what it means to be a feminist and what feminists do. What I do not see a lot of is intergenerational communication or engagement with intersectional feminist practice from people whose feminism is entrenched in second wave ideologies. It is my understanding that feminist ideas and practice exist on a continuum into which everyone needs an entry point. To

allow for new entry points, feminism must be continually readjusting and questioning and those actions are what drive feminism to be a movement that can continue to resist oppression. However, what I keep hearing from the cis, white, straight people who are the boss of me is that intersectional thought processes are unnecessary because second wave feminists already thought of that so they should be respected and not criticized. The problem with this claim is that it is not true. Historically prominent feminism has a bald faced problem with including voices of marginalized people who either identify as women or have been identified by society as women. Just because some feminists thought of listening to and in some cases were women on the margins doesn't mean that there is not room for new, radical iterations of feminist praxis. Struggles and oppressions evolve. When society changes and allows more room for marginalized identities more room is also created to reveal the multiplicities of oppression. Folks need to recognize that it is possible to live in a world where there is enough space within feminism for new voices. There is infinite space and it is possible to recognize that new movements with energy and focus are not taking space from others. Instead, they are adding to the conversation by creating new ways of deepening and strengthening resistance.

## Ashley Bedet

Ashley Bedet came back to Calgary, where she was born. Bedet is the product of many very different worlds reproducing, growing/imploding, and then reproducing again. That makes her the product of at least four distinct separate paths. She graduated from NSCAD University in 2014 and has been slowly making and showing work since.

## Elise Boudreau Graham

Elise Boudreau Graham is an interdisciplinary artist living and working in Montréal, QC. She thinks a lot about the politics of interpersonal relationships, private versus public spaces, and the navigation of feminine bodies. Graham is a graduate of NSCAD University (BFA, Interdisciplinary Major 2013) in Halifax, NS. Her work has been exhibited and featured in publications in both Canada and the United States.

## Emily Davidson

Emily Davidson is a queer activist, artist and musician working in Halifax, Nova Scotia. She primarily makes artwork about queer and feminist histories and how capitalism is the worst. She dreams of starting a drag king country band.

## Parker Dirks

Parker Dirks is a ceramicist, artist, and community arts worker living in Toronto ON.

## Genevieve Flavelle

Genevieve Flavelle has been known to curate exhibitions and write about art. After completing her Art History BA at NSCAD University in Halifax NS, she has been pursuing an Art History MA at Western University ON. Genevieve's research and curatorial interests include queer feminist art practices, feminist curatorial strategies, contemporary art, and queer theory. Genevieve views her academic, artistic, and activist practices as interconnected and she is interested in art as a meeting ground for politics, theory, creation, imagination, and action. She is currently living in Toronto ON.

## Samra Habib

Samra Habib is a multimedia journalist. She is Pakistani-Canadian, queer and muslim. She is the founder of Just me and Allah: a Queer Muslim Photo Project and her writing has appeared in the New York Times, Globe and Mail and the Advocate.

## Queens of haters (Barbara Scheed and Tess Griebel)

Queens of haters livin in a dream and a dream of rats and roaches tryin to keep the odds up from Berlin to Algiers. Attached to no universities, nonsense or sense that make no

sense has been our intellectual research for like ever! We live on delusions! You might think were \*jokes\*... and hay as my old bud would say: "only a fool is right" or wtv the fuck other shit someone else said...fuck grander narratives and grander monolithic art-world with a monolithic vision. Like a kissing disease it swells up the throat and numbs the brain. this is not a rant but a pointless bio info on our persons and what i have to say is that we are nobodies. Fakin it to Make it 10 times out of 10.

## Rubi Iniguez

Rubi Iniguez is a visual artist living in Montreal. Their art processes identity, culture, gender and aesthetic form with the traditional mediums of painting and drawing. She enjoys coupling figures, abstractions and patterns to create dynamic compositions.

## Nicole Marcoux

Nicole Marcoux is a cis white queerdo in Halifax, NS. She has worked in food politics for many years and moonlights as a Holistic Nutritionist.

## Shellie Zhang

Shellie Zhang is a Toronto-based artist who was born in Beijing and raised in various parts of China, the United States, and Canada. Her practice addresses the cultural intersections experienced through her identity as a first generation Chinese-Canadian woman. By uniting past and present iconography with the techniques of mass communication, language and sign, her work deconstructs notions of tradition, gender, identity, the body, and popular culture while calling attention to these subjects in the context and construction of a multicultural society.

She has exhibited at venues including WORKJAM (Beijing), the OCAD U Student Gallery (Toronto), Buddies in Bad Times Theatre (Toronto), the Living Arts Centre Gallery (Mississauga), Videofag Gallery (Toronto), and the 2014 Feminist Art Conference (Toronto). Recently, she was the focus of Fairchild Television's New Maple series, which highlights the work and lives of naturalized citizens. She is a recipient of grants such as the RBC Museum Emerging Professional Grant and awards such as the University of Toronto's Student Engagement in the Arts Award.

## Good Sport

Good Sport is a new(ish) studio, exhibition and project space in downtown London, ON. Its residents, a mix of visual artists and academics, share the programming of a storefront gallery space and are dedicated to inviting a diverse range of artists and events to the London area.

*Bad Sport*

Edited by Genevieve Flavelle

Ashley Bedet

Elise Boudreau Graham

Emily Davidson

Parker Dirks

M.G.

Tess Griebel

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Rubi Iniguez

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Barbara Scheed

Shellie Zhang

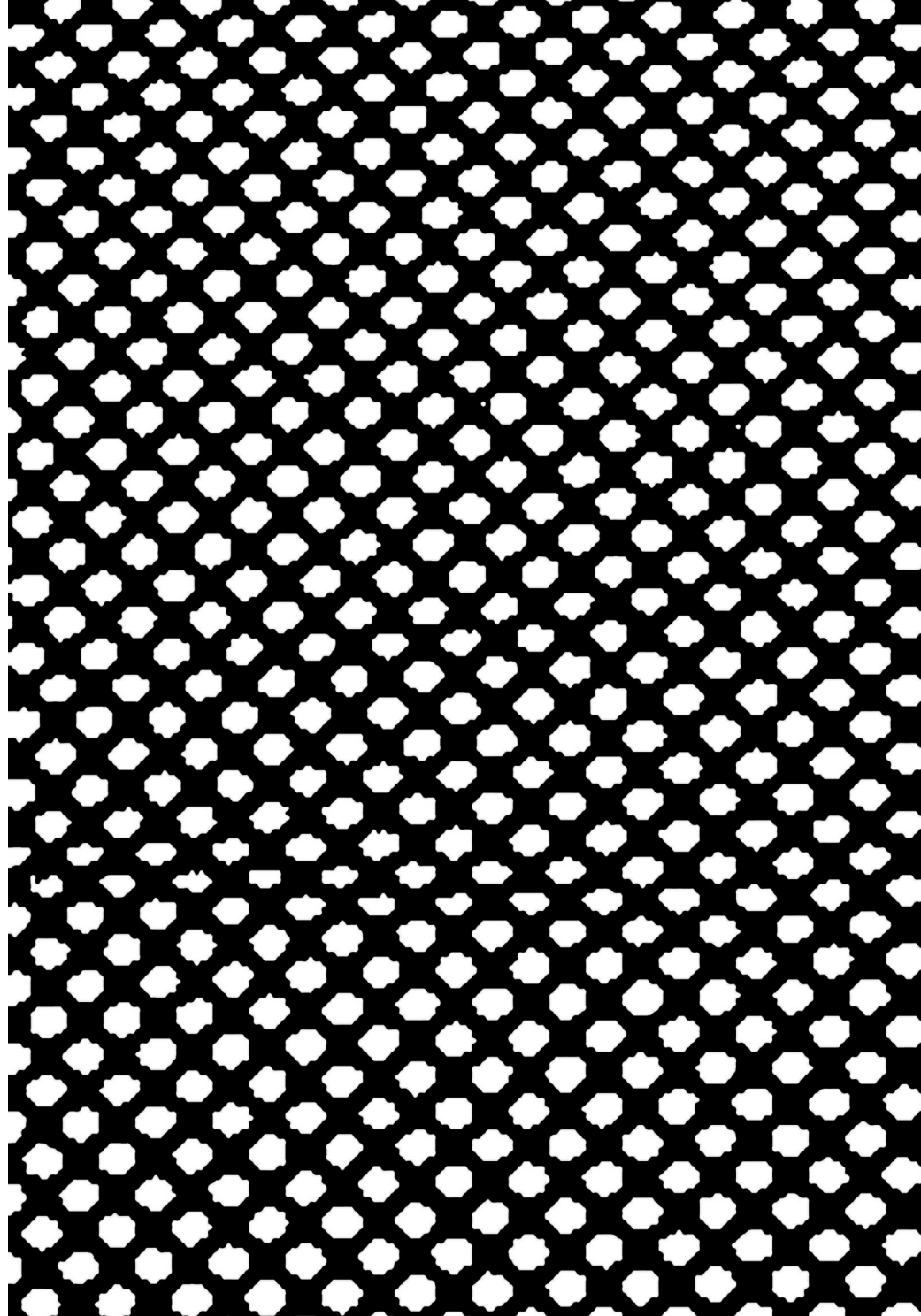
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BEING

attentive  
focused  
present

Self monitoring is not an activity done here -  
monitoring is replaced by awareness and presence.

AGENDA - LESS

Intentional Direction +

malleable to the possibility of a change in direction  
goals + focus

acceptance of moods, things that rise + pass  
like weather are met with:

- + interest
- + openness
- + goodwill
- + compassion

FOCUSING ON  
PRESENT,  
SMALL  
THINGS

peice  
meal  
things  
come  
together

through awareness

YOU PERSIST FROM:  
what  
why  
&  
because  
(EVEN IF IT'S JUST BECAUSE)

YOU ARE ACTIVELY

awake and mindful to what is  
before you. considering and  
reconsidering as your produce  
each step of the way

until finally, you've done  
and made something

GOAL STATE = PRODUCTION

What gets produced?  
Under what conditions?  
There are many  
different approaches  
to bring something  
into existence, some  
are seen as typically  
productive and others  
are seen to be frivolous  
and ineffective by their  
very nature. There is  
no neutral ground, and  
frankly no 'correct' or  
'normal' way of being  
in this regard. There  
is only a conscious  
desicion by a person  
to take a specific tact  
in approaching a goal.  
Neither of these paths  
are mutually exclusive  
because a persons  
attitude can fluctuate  
quite quickly, of  
course we all have our  
dispositions which might  
sway us from one side or  
the other. In the end we  
all choose: which habits  
to form, which thoughts  
to condemn, and how to  
take in stride the hurdles  
and halts inevitable to  
making anything we  
desire to happen.

Both trajectories are  
potential approaches to  
labour or work. It's easy  
to fall into corporate  
rhetoric about this,  
'work smarter', kind of  
thing. I think this line of  
thought is to be avoided  
at all costs. Although  
the DOING side seems  
hardly appealing to  
some, it is the default  
modus operandi for a  
lot of us. 'GET IT DONE'  
being the primary  
motivator, with little  
room or awareness at  
that point to consider  
why something should  
get done. Similarly  
BEING may feel fluffy  
like a crystal seminar,  
but actually, it's just  
being cognizant and  
mindful of what you are  
doing. The intensity of  
the pressure to produce  
is so great that it can  
start to feel like the  
only option in life. This,  
fortunately is not the  
only way to be in order  
to do something, or  
anything for that matter.  
What matters of course,  
is that you follow your  
interest, or what brings  
you joy, as much of a  
cop-out as that sounds.  
That way...

A I M

DOING

signs and motivators of doing

*should*  
*ought*  
*would*  
*could*  
*past*  
*future*

WHAT IS  
(FAILING)

space  
between

WHAT IS NOT  
(SUCEEDING)

(YOU WORK).  
COMPULSIVE HABITUAL  
steadfast > resolute >> absolute in goals

UNCHANGING

can lead to

judgement + condemnation of moods

DISAPOINTMENT

AVOIDANCE  
RUMINATION

STASIS

YOU PUSH  
THROUGH!!!!

the task is done.