Duncan MacDonald

Little Revolutions

Rodman Hall Art Centre/Brock University

Contents

This catalogue documents *Little Revolutions*, an exhibition of work by Duncan MacDonald that was presented at Rodman Hall Art Centre through the fall of 2010. In early 2009 I met with MacDonald for the first of many studio visits—both formal and spontaneous, at the gallery, in his home studio, on campus, and at coffee shops in between—and invited him to develop an exhibition for the Hansen Gallery in historic Rodman Hall. Our early email exchanges are a mix of his sketches for new works and scheduling details of the art classes his daughter Lily took at Rodman Hall that year.

MacDonald's son, Sebastian—or Seb—was born in late 2008. In May 2010, when MacDonald squared off against artist Graeme Patterson, his friend and former Nova Scotia College of Art and Design classmate, in *The Main Event*, an artists' wrestling match at Rodman Hall, Seb cheered from the ropes alongside MacDonald's partner, Melissa, who was eight months pregnant with Violet, their youngest daughter. At the end of the night, Lily "The Pink Destroyer" emerged victorious from the royal rumble and took the championship belt.

When we opened *Little Revolutions* the following September, baby Violet was there alongside Lily and Seb. In the gallery's comment book, Lily spoke for her siblings when she printed her name and her evaluation of the exhibition in the creaky, all-caps hand of a nine-year-old: GOOD.

The intervening years allow for hindsight, and in his creative text MacDonald pairs a piece written in 2010 with his present-day reflections on the intersection of art, work, and family life. While his artworks focus on fleeting moments of the everyday, they are thoughtfully and rigorously executed. My essay considers the layers of art and personal histories that are embedded within them.

MacDonald's work and family are closely entwined, and both have been a part of our lives at the gallery for many years now. We have worked alongside him as an artist, as a professor, and as a father. It is fitting that Rodman Hall, a university art gallery occupying what was once a family home, should document this significant period in MacDonald's life and practice. Though the exhibition may have run its course, the little revolutions continue, both at home and in the studio.

Marcie Bronson
Curator

As an artist, I view everything
in and out of this world
as potentially part of my
art practice. The process of
“making” artwork is one
of conceptualization, research,
practice, trial and error, etc.
…In fact, I find it difficult
to describe what is not work.

Duncan MacDonald

Composition for 3 Voices

For an artist interested in details of the everyday, each action is research and each encounter holds potential for a new project. Ultimately, a question arises: where does life end, and where does work begin? Duncan MacDonald's answer emerges, fittingly, in the domestic-turned-artistic space of Rodman Hall, in *Little Revolutions*. Inspired by the birth of his son, Sebastian, MacDonald reflects on his experience negotiating the sometimes competing roles of father, artist, and professor by taking up the concept of revolution in its many forms. Defined as "a circular movement around a central axis," or "a dramatic and wide-reaching change in conditions, attitudes, or operation,"[1] the term is both physical and ideological, and can suggest consistent routine or radical change. For MacDonald, the word captures the mundane and profound ways that his son's birth altered his life, and he embraces the polyvalence of the term as a reference to his materials and processes, and the narratives that inform his work.

Much like life, MacDonald's artwork is a balancing act; here, the calculated, objective structures of conceptual art intersect with the unpredictable and emotional realities of family life. Strategically blurring the lines between life, art, and work, MacDonald engages those around him in the creative process, using personal exchanges and materials from his immediate surroundings to consider how sound is connected to experience and memory. Through processes at once poetic and absurd, MacDonald

merges the professional and the personal to explore the sonic stuff of daily life.

Though he is often characterized as a sound artist, it is notable that MacDonald's work, while fundamentally about sound, is not confined to aural formats. Working in a range of media, he seeks alternative ways to record, or "package," sound to give a tangible presence to auditory events. As the title suggests, *Aluminum Drop* began with the simple action of MacDonald dropping a solid aluminum rod on the floor of his studio. He recorded the sound and imported it into an audio application to generate a decibel waveform, made a drawing from that form, then auto-traced the shape and used a computer-aided design program to render a digital file that he sent to a machinist who fabricated the sculpture out of the original rod using a specialized metal lathe. The outline of the form corresponds to the frequencies particular to that rod of 6061 aluminum, measuring twelve inches in length by four inches in diameter, hitting the floor of the artist's studio at a particular moment. In this way, it is a record of itself.

A foil to the biographical content of the works surrounding it, the austere, highly polished form of *Aluminum Drop* reveals the conceptual underpinning of MacDonald's practice. A graduate of the Nova Scotia College of Art and Design, he is indebted to such conceptual art practices as procedural strategies, truth to material, and chance operations. Yet, unlike his predecessors, who sought to dematerialize the art object, MacDonald employs these tools to create form from the ephemeral, often inverting the traditional hierarchy of the senses in order to do so. By positioning the visual in service to the aural, MacDonald enables the viewer to engage with sound in a corporeal way, an approach that calls to mind the work of John Cage, who wrote, "My intention has been, often, to say what I had to say in a way that would exemplify it; that would, conceivably, permit the listener to experience what I had to say rather than just hear about it."[2]

Experiential, rather than didactic, MacDonald's works pause the transitory experience of hearing, permitting the viewer to meditate on sound long after it has dissipated. This is particularly

significant for *Love Taps from Lily*, a work that addresses a deeply personal narrative of sibling rivalry through a procedural strategy, and illustrates how MacDonald's role as a parent and his work as an artist practically and poetically intersect in the day to day. His daughter, Lily, was eight years old when Sebastian was born in late 2008, and her jealousies manifest in a series of nicknames for her younger brother such as "chub breath," "poo pot," and "cheek-head." In an effort to quell this behaviour in a compassionate and constructive way, MacDonald began recording Lily's taunts. Importing the sound files into an audio software program, he recognized the data as sculptural forms that encap-

sulated the gravity of their origin. As he describes: "The inflections and pronunciation of these obnoxious terms were matter; they were form; they were weight; they were meaning."[3]

As in *Aluminum Drop*, digital waveforms serve as a template for the sculptures that comprise *Love Taps for Lily*, but like the content, the fabrication process for this work is more complex and intimate. Rather than outsourcing production, MacDonald

shaped dozens of the sounds, one by one, on a second-hand manual lathe in the workshop behind his home and studio, using pieces of a silver maple tree felled in his neighbourhood. The repetitive and labour-intensive process of sculpting the forms involves a series of precise measurements to replicate the peaks and valleys of language, and much physical effort to manually turn them on the lathe. In the digital age, it would seem unnecessary and counter-intuitive—perhaps even futile, or regressive—to translate content from a digital to analog format. But for MacDonald, the deliberately hand-wrought process of making is a means of working through to understanding. His revolutions on

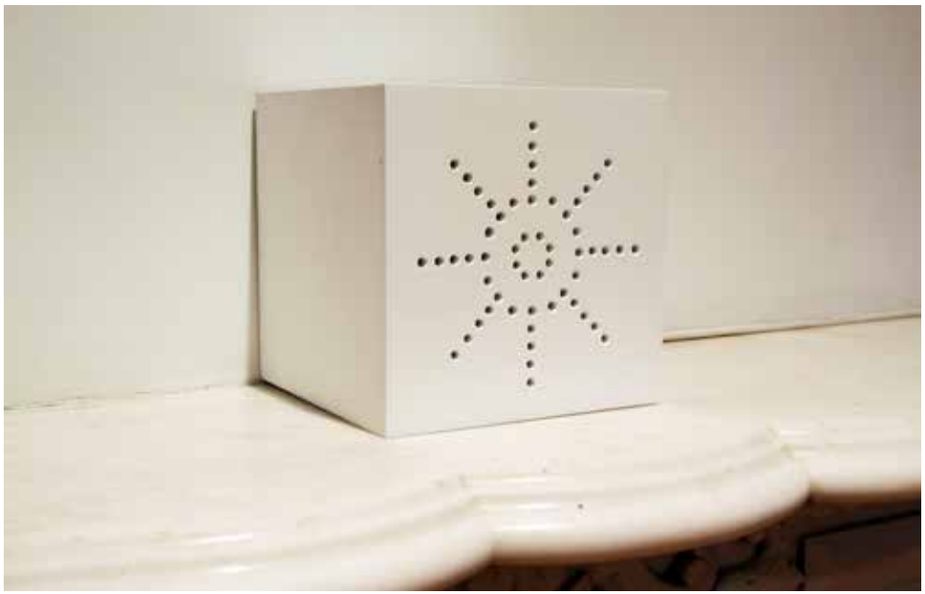
the lathe make sense of the revolutions in the family, and it is a work of endurance for both the artist and his subjects.

Douglas Kahn observes that "sound inhabits its own time and dissipates quickly,"[4] and this truth is, in part, what MacDonald works against by turning audio into visual, essentially fixing sound in space to reveal its enduring presence, which is often unseen. The term "love tap" denotes a "gentle blow,"[5] an act of

aggression against a friend or family member that is excused through affection, and captures the complex essence of the narrative that informs the work. Though playful and humorous, Lily's terms also possess an underlying sense of malice. The rippling profiles of the forms are a lovely translation that belies their origins and conveys more than could be expressed through language alone: they are a visualization of the nuance in MacDonald's daughter's tone and inflection, encompassing her fear and desire. In this way, they speak what is inexpressible for Lily. As objects, her words are like weapons; haphazardly piled in the centre of the gallery, the accumulation of forms makes plain the consequences for Sebastian.

Chair Disciplining Itself is a readymade that, like *Love Taps from Lily*, is bound up in layers of conflicting impulses. Both drawing on the aesthetic of the gallery, the two are companion pieces of sorts: portraits of Sebastian and Lily through which MacDonald engages questions of power and authority to reflect on the history and nature of discipline. Sensitively responding to the domestic

history of the space, he strategically places a found Victorian-era doll chair in a dim, overlooked corner of the gallery, turned toward the wall as if it is facing a "time out." MacDonald brings together past and present to establish an uncanny encounter that is oddly unsettling for the viewer. Vulnerable and forlorn in its diminutive, solitary state, the empty chair draws attention to the fine line between discipline and punishment. Hinting at the myriad ways children rebel as they grow and find their way in the world, here MacDonald grapples with positioning himself as the one who disciplines, recalling all too well being on the other end of the stick.



In this work and others, MacDonald draws out the social and performative dimension of sound to explore power structures in the home and in the art world. The gallery MacDonald occupies, formerly the double drawing room of historic Rodman Hall, is marked as a domestic space by Italian marble fireplaces, pocket doors, ornate plaster moulding, inlaid hardwood floors, and bell-levers once used to summon servants. These ornamental

elements and details also designate the site as one of privilege, a characteristic often associated with art galleries and museums. These layers of meaning intertwine in *Pedestals to put your kids on*, a pair of found limestone plinths that consider how scale and presentation connote authority. Only six inches tall, the sculptures are sensitive to a child's eye view of the gallery and to the experience of learning by doing, inviting visitors to climb atop and strike a pose. They acknowledge the potent equation of size and power that is understood from a young age. "I'm taller than you!" is the familiar refrain of children perched on chairs or steps, seeking the abilities and autonomy that seemingly go hand in hand with height. Within the space of a gallery, plinths connote value and importance, elevating an object as a work of art by distinguishing it from its surroundings. Here, MacDonald references those conventions of display and humorously alludes to the tendency of parents to idealize their children.

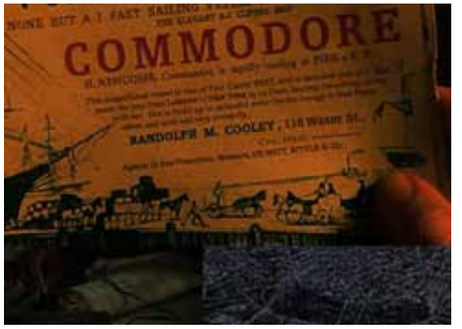
In *The Ears Have Walls*, MacDonald further conflates the two worlds to consider the balance of power between gallery visitors and staff. At once unassuming and enigmatic, a small, white modernist cube, perforated with a starburst pattern of holes, rests on the mantel in the gallery. Unbeknownst to visitors, it conceals a baby monitor that is connected to receivers situated in the offices of the gallery director and curator. The two-way system allows the director and curator to privately communicate with each other or address visitors, prompted or not. Here, the technology that enables MacDonald to monitor his daughter Violet, born just months before the exhibition opened, permits senior gallery staff to listen in on personal exchanges and potential critiques of the artist's work and their own. In this way, viewers unknowingly engage in the work. In fact, their participation is essential to its existence, as their sounds and the attendant implications become both the form and the subject.

MacDonald describes *The Ears Have Walls* and *Pedestals to put your kids on* as "subtle performances" in which he establishes a scenario that frames viewers' expected interaction as an art action, though they may not realize it is perceived as such. In this

instance, viewers are unaware of their engagement unless the arrangement is revealed by a member of the gallery staff. While MacDonald wryly points to the necessity of monitoring infants and the contents of a gallery, he also calls attention to the increasing lack of privacy in contemporary life, raising broader social concerns regarding surveillance. And what about silence? Like parents, gallery staff question the absence of sound: is it a sign of engaged visitors, or an indication of an empty gallery?

Through these works, MacDonald ruminates on how the body generates sound and how it is also powerfully affected by it. Jim Drobnick explains: "The act of listening is not an activity done remotely; it inevitably invokes corporeality, it envelops listeners, and...it resounds within the body."[6] This is at the very heart of MacDonald's inquiry and comes to the fore in an ongoing series of short videos titled *Reveries*. To create these works, MacDonald samples cinematic cross-dissolves that have a soundtrack component and reworks them into new, multilayered compositions of sound and images. In film, sound serves a secondary function; it is employed in cross-dissolves to bridge a transition between two scenes, often those representing disparate times or spaces. Here, MacDonald subverts that relationship, privileging sound over image by composing a new arrangement from a series of audio fragments that were likely overlooked in their original contexts. The score becomes the focus of the work and the images take on a supporting role, moving in and out of view as their respective tones sound and fade.

With *Reveries*, MacDonald "imagine[s] film to be dreaming itself into a constant montage of random images."[7] Because the excerpts are edited together to create a unified audio composition, the succession of images and any narrative continuities are accidental, a product of chance that exists as a result of their relationship to the sounds that previously served them. Coupled with his ethereal instrumental compositions, these unintentional narratives create what MacDonald describes as "intentional daydreams"—transformative moments that encourage the type of free association they suggest visually. It is a resonant



encounter removed from the practicalities of living in the world, but also informed by experiences of it that are stowed away in the conscious and unconscious mind, where there are no clear divisions between life and work.

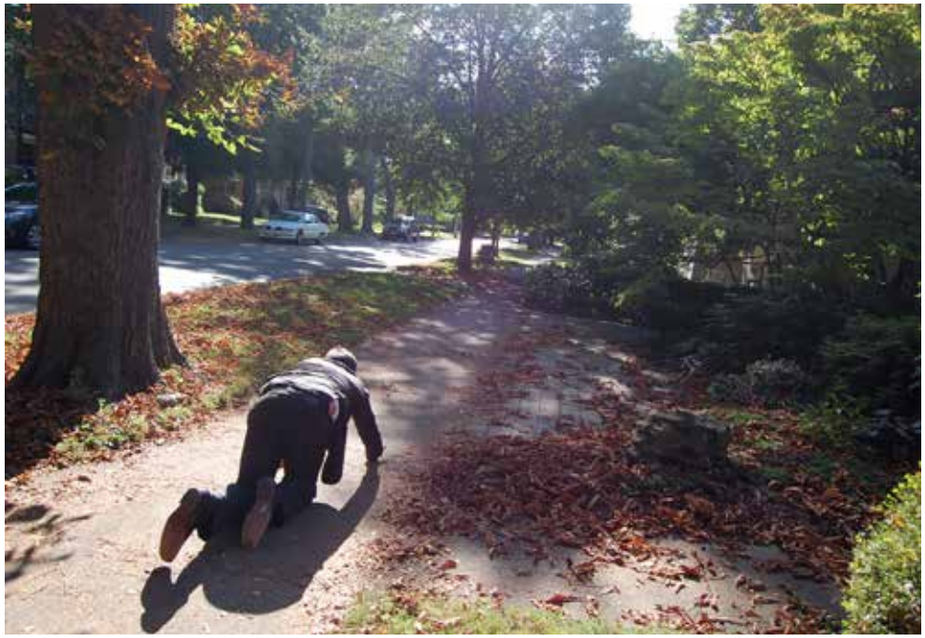
Throughout these works, MacDonald deliberately mediates his physical mark by employing assistants, tools, and found objects, and uses conceptual strategies to conceal the layers of personal meaning that inform each. The clean, precise façades reveal no trace of the artist's hand or the emotional weight of their making and meaning. When we do see his hands in *Work, Work* and *Practice, Practise*, the two videos bracketing the exhibi-

tion, they are engaged in acts at opposite ends of the spectrum. One, gruelling and painful, speaks to labour and physical exertion; the other, refined, is associated with the intellectual mind and notions of artistic creation. Though each video reveals one side of the coin, both work and practice can be used interchangeably in reference to the artistic process, and MacDonald draws out the pluralistic interpretation of the terms to emphasize the

nebulous division between them.

Practice, Practise is a forty-minute video of one continuous shot tightly framed on MacDonald's hands at a piano as he practises a series of compositions he has written but struggles to play. We see and hear his slips and restarts—those moments typically hidden in the artist's studio. The video was inspired by a fellow artist who uses a high-definition camera to compose stop-motion animations and record his golf swing to improve his game. MacDonald adopts this teaching strategy to identify his own errors in form, but purposely misuses it by presenting the unedited footage as a finished work that exposes his errors rather than disguising them. The video reveals the labour of practice and artistic production, and speaks to the human condition and the fallibility of memory, even when it comes to our own creations. A metaphor for the trials of life and the cycle of failing and retrying that is characteristic of a child's or student's way of learning and navigating the world, it remains bound up in MacDonald's responsibilities as a father and a professor.

A corollary to *Practice, Practise*, *Work, Work* distils MacDonald's attempt to integrate art making, parenting, and teaching, and captures the confusion of these roles. The stop-motion video documents MacDonald's commute from his downtown St. Catharines home to Rodman Hall, where his work is double-pronged: the gallery is the site of his solo exhibition and of the studio in which he teaches as a university professor. That he moves from one domestic space to another, and his camera operator is his student, assistant, and sometime babysitter, further complicates the experience of going to work. In a nod to the morning routine of fathers leaving for the office, MacDonald is dressed in a suit and polished dress shoes, but unexpectedly, and humorously, his mode of transportation mimics that of his young son, Sebastian: he is crawling. Less than a ten-minute drive, the 2.5-kilometre distance expands into a six-hour slow-motion crawl, which is then reduced to a twelve-minute video in post-production. The comedic sense of this action is heightened by the medium of stop-motion animation and the accompanying light-hearted



piano soundtrack (a perfected version of the compositions featured in *Practice, Practise*), which call to mind the staccato movements and irrational behaviour of characters in early slapstick films. Yet there is a disconnect between the humorous conceit and the reality of the arduous act. As MacDonald moves over gravel and pavement on his hands and knees, the viewer can imagine his blistered, bloodied palms and the excruciating experience of each crawling step, a physical toll that is confirmed by the worn-down toes of his dress shoes, set on the adjacent mantel. Heartfelt in his empathy for his son, the absurdity of the effort touches on the futility and struggle of juggling personal and pro-

fessional responsibilities, and speaks to the utter necessity of merging these realms.

Rosemary Heather has suggested that, "because it begins with an idea, the conceptual artwork is necessarily anchored in the person of the artist."[8] An inherent part of MacDonald's conceptual framework is that each of his production strategies also serves a practical function in his personal life. By employing assis-

tants and engaging his children in his process, MacDonald shares the workload, which enables him to accomplish more and doubles as time spent parenting or teaching. For his children, participating as creators is empowering; for MacDonald, sharing authorship with them makes his labour highly personal, combating the alienation of work. In its emphasis on structure and repetition, MacDonald's process-oriented approach bears a resemblance to the routine of family and work life. Conversely, embracing indeterminacy infuses the work with an element of play, a fitting strategy for collaboration with children that forces MacDonald to negotiate what he can and cannot control, parallel-

ing the unpredictability of parenthood and the prevalence of chance and change in life. The works straddle two worlds—the conceptual and the personal—never solely existing in either, much as the lines blur between MacDonald's roles as an artist, an educator, and a father.

At the end of *Work, Work*, when MacDonald arrives at his destination, he enters the front door of the gallery, leaving us outside

to wonder where he goes from there. In part, that is the substance of the exhibition: the ongoing reconciling of who we are as individuals, who we are to our families, who we are in our jobs, and how these facets come together. We are never static. For MacDonald, each work represents a point along a continuum. Taken together, they function as a sonic self-portrait of the artist through his interactions. And through Lily, Sebastian, and Violet, MacDonald speaks to the continuing revolution.

1 The title of this essay is borrowed from John Cage's 1934 work of the same name. *Oxford Dictionaries Online*, s.v. "revolution," accessed January 3, 2014, http://www.oxforddictionaries.com/.

2 John Cage, *Silence: Lectures and Writings*, 50th anniversary ed. (Middletown, CT: Wesleyan University Press, 2011), xxix.

3 Duncan MacDonald, email message to author, July 26, 2010.

4 Douglas Kahn, *Noise, Water, Meat: A History of Sound in the Arts* (Cambridge, MA: MIT Press, 1999), 5.

5 *Merriam-Webster Online*, s.v. "love tap," accessed January 3, 2014, http://www.merriam-webster.com/.

6 Jim Drobnick, "Listening Awry," in *Aural Cultures*, ed. Jim Drobnick (Toronto: YYZ Books, 2004), 10.

7 Duncan MacDonald, email message to author, July 26, 2010.

8 Rosemary Heather, "Kelly Mark: Always Working," *Canadian Art* 24,4 (2007): 52.

Little Revolutions

Part I

The rate at which I am spinning away from you on Earth is not important. What is important is the fact that we are all spinning, stuck in cycles. Whether heliocentric or egocentric, these motions often intersect one another—creating space for gravity. It is here where the revolution can begin. Let us lose gravity. Let us float into tomorrow and forget about sense. Let's get dizzy.

The first revolution I witnessed as a kid was just a dream. I remember a cloud pushing me along from the backyard in my family's bungalow in lovely Fernie, BC. A hand attached to mist gently nudged me towards a manhole on the street in front of our house. A quiet drop (and then a thud), I was stuck at the bottom of a sewer. Luckily, entertaining circus performers showed up. I remember being confused as to who was performing and who was watching. I remember not knowing where money came from (and how I might pay for the show). This is probably when I woke up. What I learned from all this was that I was not totally in control of my own life. The next logical step was to host a revolution.

With this in mind, I can imagine where we are now. We are probably in different places, commiserating about ontology. You might even question how and/or why I, as a writer, might implicate you in this damned text—and for that I am not sorry. I am more than happy to steal the light from your eyes. On a sunny day,

the centre of our universe can smile at us (eight minutes till we feel the effects). On a dark day, nothing revolves in the universe… floating bodies buoyant in murk.

The ancient Greeks believed that the world was visible due to light emanating from our eyes. Now, nearly 2,500 revolutions of our planet later, we know that light reflects off surfaces.

Spin-tops, dreidels, moons, worlds, records—all these things centrifugally move around some sort of centre. This is the heart of my story.

I remember watching a documentary about Thelonius Monk: *Straight No Chaser*. Clint Eastwood produced it. At one point in the film, our protagonist, Thelonius, started spinning onstage in a Parisian concert hall. The French audience laughed at him (his bipolar disorder not yet diagnosed). This was a different kind of revolution. It is sadder than these tiny little words could ever try to express.

There are two kinds of motion used in the fabrication of virtually all things mechanical in this world: reciprocation and/or spinning. I believe most of the world spins and waits for reciprocation.

When my son, Sebastian, was born I blurted out, "You gotta be kidding me" (he was a big guy at birth). He rolled, he cried, and he was healthy and alive. If I could have done more than coaching, I would have. Back to revolutions… he cried, rolled back and forth; the doctor passed me shiny scissors and the umbilical cord simultaneously (a nurse carefully holding Sebastian). My goal was to not faint. I cut the cord and stayed conscious. Sebastian stayed in the hospital a couple of days for monitoring. We eventually left the hospital with one more person in the car.

Once my daughter Lily has a chance, she will host a revolution. There is no question that she will find followers. Her keen use of the English language, acting skills, and charm will prove attractive to children hoping to overthrow the current adult-centric governments of the world. She has about another ten years to accomplish this, before she herself becomes an adult.

My neighbours have shown great interest in a recent endur-

ance performance (shot frame by frame) in which I crawled to Rodman Hall from home—six hours of self-induced pain. I did not get the "why?" question, nor the "what does it mean?" question. Instead, they asked "when?" and stated, "I want to see this." I probably should start an art collective with these neighbours.

Part II

Memory is a combination of chemical and physical consistency that inscribes itself into perception. Or, as Saussure stated nearly one hundred years ago, "Memory is the future of the past." It is anachronism in search of relevance. However one articulates a framing or possible understanding of memory, it is actually the content of a memory (and its evolution in time) that is of great value.

In hindsight, these artworks form a constellation of meaning that aims to freeze memories. A succession of *little revolutions* is congealed into objects, video, and sound. The artworks become mnemonics for invisible beauty. They remind themselves of an impossible ontology and long for the ones who inspired such signs.

My current daily routine involves *waking* › *working* › *working* › *working* › *sleeping*. To increase efficiencies in the work place, I have introduced *work*^{unconscious} to my *sleep* regime. The quality of work surpasses what I am able to accomplish in the conscious world, largely because I think so. Pending the quality of sleep, however, the waking phase may stretch out for long durations of time. When this is the case, *work* suffers. However, *work*^{unconscious} thrives within this set of restrictions. It is my goal to develop a set of metrics that allows daily *work*^{unconscious} to be measured and expressed in the waking world.

While this reworking of a daily routine may appear to be mundane, symmetrical, and absurd, it is critical that it revolves around the home as its core.

As I write this, Violet is singing a made-up song. She is thinking through the act of speaking, or as Tristan Zsara stated so concisely, "Thinking happens in the mouth." As her voice changes in timbre, she responds to its possibilities. Listening to herself as she sings, she is her own audience.

Despite being called a Sound Artist by many, I feel confident that I am not. Sound is at the core of my artistic practice, indeed. However, my relationship with this ephermal phenomenon is not the sole artistic means by which I aim to convey meaning in art. Instead, my art revolves around sets of relationships between me, my family, life, audiences, and cultural institutions.

I secretly hope that my son, Sebastian, will be my studio assistant in the near future. He loves drawing, making art, and doing all things handy with me. When I asked him recently what he wants to do when he gets older—be a fireman, a doctor, a race-car driver, etc.—he stated he wanted to be just like me. While I feel deeply honoured by his words, I am confident that he can do this easily and do a better job at dealing with all that life throws at a person than I have ever been able to. In fact, I know that Lily, Violet, and Sebastian will all thrive in this world. I am counting on it. I feel lucky to witness the Little Revolutions that they host daily.

Aluminum Drop, 2010
6061 aluminum
4 × 4 × 12 inches

Love Taps from Lily, 2010
silver maple
dimensions variable

Chair Disciplining Itself, 2010
miniature Victorian chair
18 × 10 × 10 inches

The Ears Have Walls, 2010
baby monitor, wooden shell
9 × 9 × 9 inches

Pedestal to put your kids on, 2010
found limestone plinths
6 × 12 × 12 inches

Work, Work, 2010
high-definition DVD
12:04 minutes

Practice, Practise, 2010
high-definition DVD
40:00 minutes

Reveries 4.0, 2010
DVD
3:45 minutes

Reveries 5.1, 2010
DVD
3:45 minutes

Duncan MacDonald is a contemporary artist and Associate Professor in the Department of Visual Arts, Brock University. His artworks take form in diverse modes such as audio art, performance, video, installation, and drawing, often exploring the corporeal sensorium and its commodification.

MacDonald received a BFA from York University and an MFA from the Nova Scotia College of Art and Design University. His works have been exhibited, performed, and recorded throughout Canada, the United States, Europe, and South America at venues including CRAM International, St. Catharines, Ontario; Mercer Union Centre for Contemporary Art, Toronto, Ontario; Oakville Galleries, Ontario; Anna Leonowens Gallery, Halifax, Nova Scotia; and Centro Dragão do Mar de Arte e Cultura, Brazil; as well as the Tranz Tech Media Festival, Toronto and Nuit Blanche at Musée de Cluny, Paris, France.

He has received numerous awards and grants from institutions including the Humanities Research Institute of Brock University, FedDev Ontario, Ontario Arts Council, Canada Council for the Arts, and the Centre Nationale de la Cinematographie, Paris, France. He has participated in residencies at La Cité Internationale des Arts, Paris, France; Royal College of Art, London, England; and the Danish International Visiting Artist Residency in Copenhagen, Denmark.

MacDonald currently lives and works in St. Catharines, Ontario. He is represented by p|m Gallery, Toronto, Ontario.

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