

SHI

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20
14

**WELL WOULD YOU LOOK AT THIS!
IT'S THAT TIME OF YEAR AGAIN
ALREADY. TIME SURE DOES FLY
DOESN'T IT? WE'RE ALL GETTING
HUDDLED TOGETHER AGAIN TO
SHARE SOME SWEET MOMENTS
AND MAKE A FEW MEMORIES.
HOW LOVELY!**

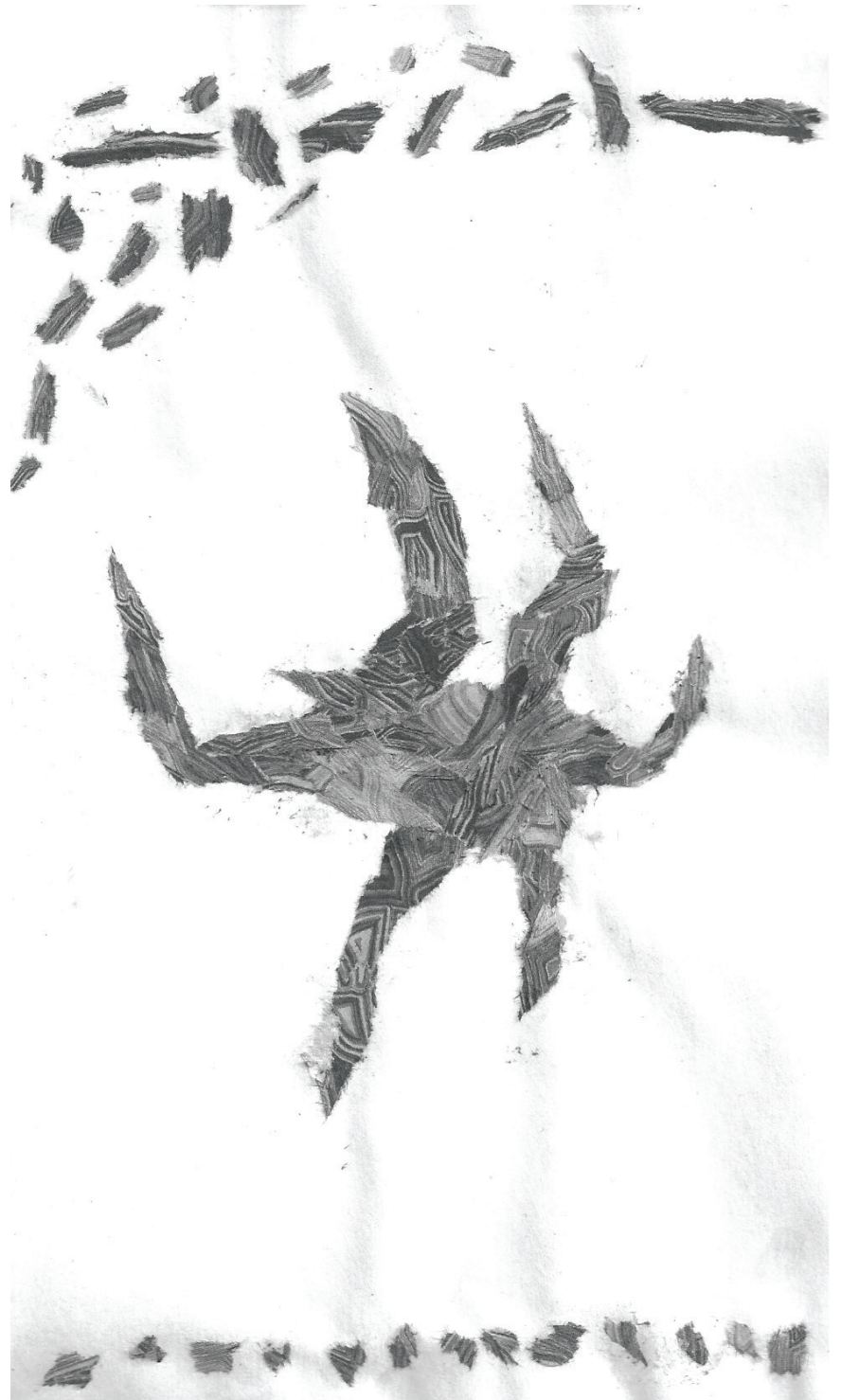
We'll enjoy a tale or two. We'll hear some old and new favourite tunes. We'll see some friends we haven't seen in a while. We'll catch each other smiling at that thing we hoped someone else noticed. We'll chat about who we're most excited to see and who surprised us the most with excitement. We'll be glad that we're here and not in our homes complaining that there is nothing to do this time of year. We'll make some new friends. Let's promise each other that. We are more than thrilled to spend this lovely weekend with all of you fine folks in this church. In this bar. In this market. In this cafe. We've been waiting patiently for this moment and we hope you have as well. Welcome to Shivering Songs 2014! Enjoy every moment of it.

I think that today
I will be this man:



— lovely
weather
we're
having.

JENNAH BARRY



PETER MCLAUGHLIN

BACK TO LAND

Out here we don't move too much
Unless we're playing proficient machines
(Poorly of course)
Joints stiff, but still bending

In spring
We sow and mend fences
In summer and fall
We revel and preserve

Late winter -
The wood box has splinters
And the garden
Is dead
And buried
Beneath a season's quota of snow

At least our cellar has spirits
We waste days
Nicking our lips on the chips of aged tumblers
We laugh more
Than we
Used to care

HEATHER OGILVIE

MONTREAL

The sidewalks are icy madness.
Girls cast sidelong glances, but for what,
Who knows?
You can tell the long-time lovers
By the way they wear matching tuques
That don't match their clothes.

Here I am, all alone.
Here I am, all alone.

I took a north-bound metro
To a part of town I don't know
And I roamed and roamed
'Til I found what I had come for
At a basement non-descript door
Where I rang the bell.

I was treated very well.
I was treated very well.

MARC BRAGDON



INTERVIEW WITH MARY PRATT, JANUARY 4, 2013

BY JOHN LEROUX

One of Canada's most respected and successful living artists, Mary Pratt is revered for her realist paintings depicting the often mundane, but strikingly beautiful, domestic scenes of food, dishware, diverse still lifes and portraits that have marked her work for over four decades. Her work is in the most prominent art galleries in the country, including the National Gallery of Canada, the Art Gallery of Ontario and the Beaverbrook Art Gallery, among many others. In 2007, her painting "Jelly Shelf" (1999) was featured on a Canada Post stamp. She was born in Fredericton as Mary West in 1935, living with her family on Waterloo Row, and attending church every Sunday here at Wilmot United, where the experience and architectural beauty had a significant impact on her becoming an artist ...

JL: I realize that Wilmot United Church has a long connection to you and your family. What is your earliest memory of being in the building?

MP: The first time I remember being brought to the church was as a very young girl, I would have been around 3 or 4 years old, and apparently during the hymns I stood right up on the pew seat and was told that I "sang lustily!" (she laughs).

JL: What aspects of Wilmot United Church fascinated you as a young child, and can you remember what attracted you to them?

MP: It was mostly the strange shapes of the smaller coloured round windows along the top of the upper balconies. They were all different each to the other, and I found them very interesting in that they didn't seem connected with anything else in the building with its gothic architectural style. They seemed very modern and fresh.

It was before Alex Colville had redone the interior of the church in the late 1940s, I must have been 12 or 13, and as we always sat on the left-hand side of the space on the lower floor, I was always interested by these upper windows the most.

JL: So you were interested in abstraction and simple colour even at such a young age?

MP: I was. I didn't think that the narrative pictures in the lower windows were that interesting — although they were more interesting than the service — the more abstracted "designed" ones seemed to me to be the best.

JL: I've heard many stories about Wilmot's stained glass windows being catalysts for getting you engrossed in art as a young girl. Are they true?

MP: When I was around eight years old and getting interested in art, my mother told me "There are two things you can't paint: a sunset and stained glass." I, of course, didn't agree with her as I felt that if you could see it, you could paint it. So it became a challenge at an early age.

I used to sit quietly in the pews during the service — and if you sat quietly no one would bother you as they thought you were being good — and I would watch as the light changed and the colours changed as time passed. I would wear these small leather gloves and I'd make shapes with them along the pews and I'd see them change under the light. It was

in Wilmot Church that colour became a “thing” to me. I didn’t think of it as a simple addition to the interior walls of the church, but a palpable thing that was completely interwoven with its character and its very being.

JL: Tell me about your family’s connection to getting Alex Colville hired as the designer of the church’s new interior colour scheme in the late 1940s.

MP: My father (provincial judge James West) was a very respected man and an active member of the church. It was his idea to hire Colville to propose a completely new colour scheme and ornament design for the church, and he even paid him out of his own pocket. You have to remember that at the time, Colville wasn’t well-known at all. He was a War Artist and saw much of Europe with the Canadian Army, and I remember that my father chose him because he thought that he would have visited many of the decorated churches in Holland and because of this, he’d understand how colour could and should work in a large gothic church.

JL: Considering that when Colville died last year, he was almost universally described as the greatest living artist in Canada and an artistic treasure of incredible integrity, what did the congregation think of his decorative ideas at that early point in his career?

MP: To tell you the truth, people hated it at first and were slow to get used to it. Before it was repainted under Colville’s instructions, I remember the interior of Wilmot being very dark and dingy. The walls were dirty beige and dark brown — very boring. His new colour palette was based on the Tantramar Marshes: Cerulean Blue and an orangy red. I loved the colours. I know that the colours there now are slightly different from the ones he painted originally, as they were repainted about 20 years ago.

JL: You’re right. The general idea is there, but the diamond shapes are way more pink than they used to be even when I remember them. Maybe they can do some restoration investigation and match the original paint that’s gotta be under there somewhere?

MP: That would be good if they could.

JL: Do you have any memories of meeting Colville then, since you’d get to know him really well much later when you went to Mount Allsion’s Fine Arts Department later in the 1950s?

MP: I remember when Alex first came to Fredericton we had him over for lunch at our house on Waterloo Row. I would have been a teenager at the time, but my father heartily said to him that “Mary can paint anything; go do a drawing for Mr. Colville.” While he was probably right in that I was always drawing all sorts of things, I remember being quite embarrassed, although I did do a drawing for him. I can’t remember what it was. I’m sure he was very polite about it all.

“IT WAS IN WILMOT CHURCH THAT COLOUR BECAME A “THING” TO ME. I DIDN’T THINK OF IT AS A SIMPLE ADDITION TO THE INTERIOR WALLS OF THE CHURCH, BUT A PALPABLE THING THAT WAS COMPLETELY INTERWOVEN WITH ITS CHARACTER AND ITS VERY BEING.”

JL: Do you have any final thoughts on what you hope the public feels when they’re in the church during the festival?

MP: I think you can really feel the space; it’s big and powerful. It goes way up. You can feel the stretch up at the top of the arch and the colour in those upper windows. The wonderful space seems to get fatter as it goes up, although I know that it really doesn’t, but as it goes up it encloses you. It’s just wonderful to be there in this painted gem.

NOTHING- NESS

Nothing will undress you
Take what you lack
There is no hour for
The taking back
Landed without purpose
Haven't you seen them beneath a dark white blanket
the wasted-colored eyes
Nothing is fine

MCKAY BELK



In 2011, I moved home to take care of my grandmother who was suffering from Alzheimer's disease. One of our favorite pastimes was coloring velvet art at the kitchen table. This was one of hers.

JACOB AUGUSTINE

Rob MacPhee
7 Walthen Drive, Apt. 4
Charlottetown, PE
C1A 4T7
(902) 367-5570
(don't do email)

Skills:

Really computer literate; can type up to 77 words per minute
A good work ethic, with 17 years experience in the workforce
Personable, enjoy working with people
Adapt to new situations quickly
Enjoy working in a team, as well as individually
Punctual, dependable and responsible
Able to perform well in high stress situations

Education:

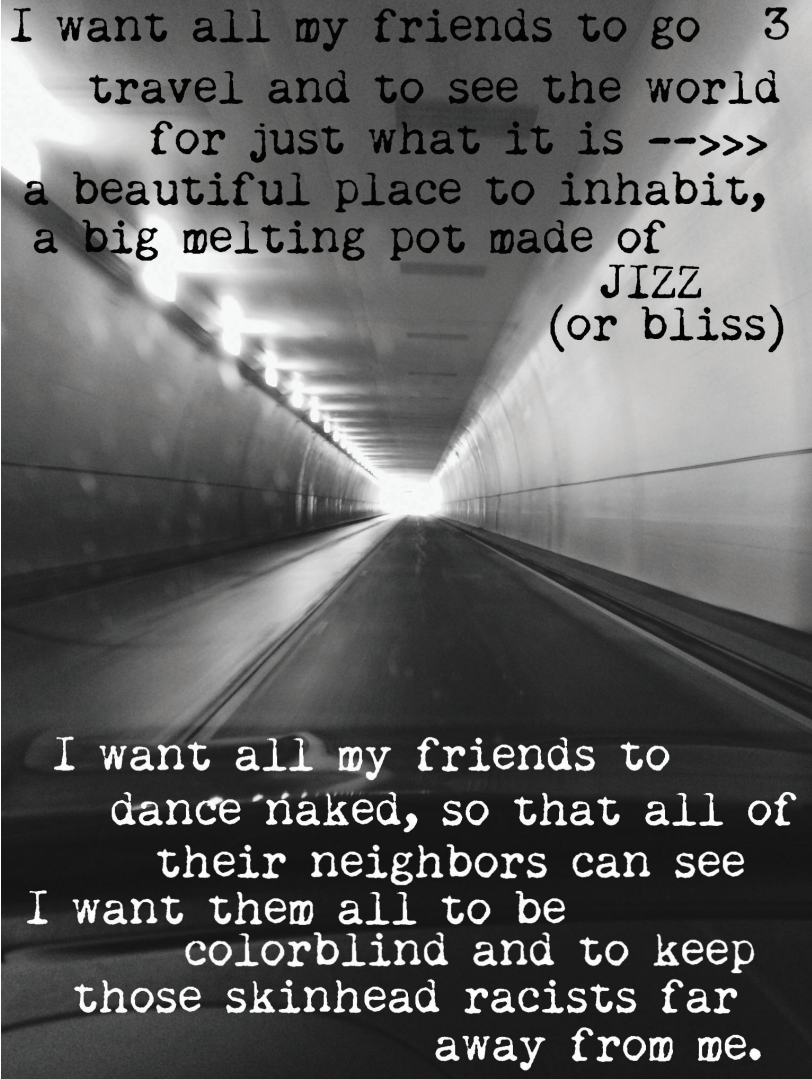
Completed one year at the University of Prince Edward Island (10 credits);
2001 - 2002
Received graduation diploma from Montague Regional High School; 1997 - 2000
Successfully completed the Responsible Beverage Server course; 2003

Work Experience:

Fluff N' Fold Laundry and Car Wash; Charlottetown, PEI
Work the cash register as well as general maintenance of the building and grounds. Duties include doing cash, customer service, doing laundry, cleaning and painting. Responsible for opening and closing the store; January 2010 - present

New Glasgow Lobster Suppers; New Glasgow, PEI
Worked as a bartender and a server. Duties included taking and serving food and beverage orders, mixing and serving alcoholic beverages, taking cash and credit card payments and setting up and cleaning the dining room and bar; July 2005 - October 2005, July 2006 - October 2006

Canadian Tire; Charlottetown, PEI
Worked as a shipper/receiver in the warehouse and a salesman in the Sports department. Duties included receiving and inputting merchandise into the store computer system, stocking and arranging merchandise for sale, delivering goods to customers, assisting customers with their needs while using suggestive selling techniques and opening and closing the Sports department; February 2004 - June 2005



I want all my friends to go 3
travel and to see the world
for just what it is -->>>
a beautiful place to inhabit,
a big melting pot made of
JIZZ
(or bliss)

I want all my friends to
dance naked, so that all of
their neighbors can see
I want them all to be
colorblind and to keep
those skinhead racists far
away from me.

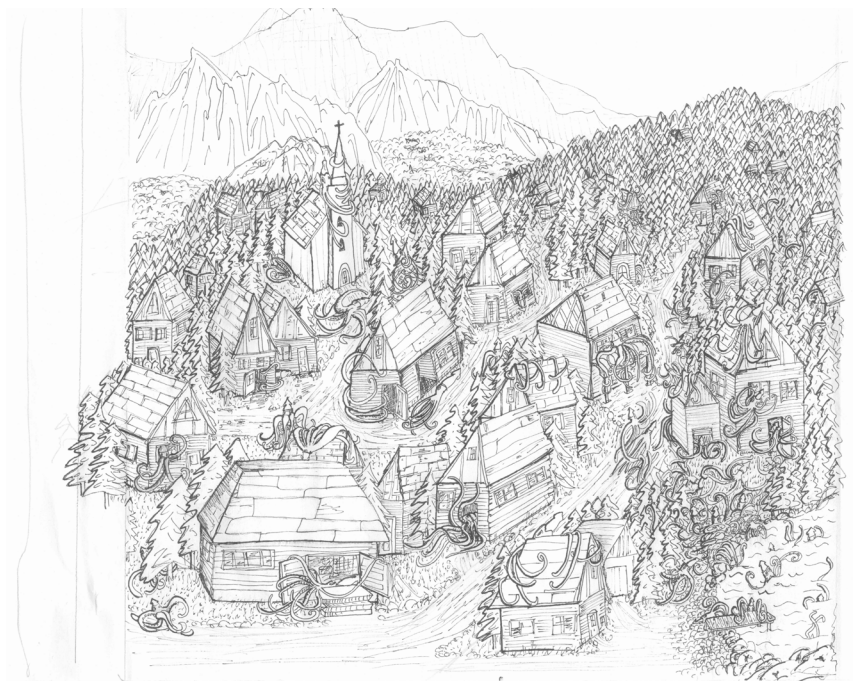
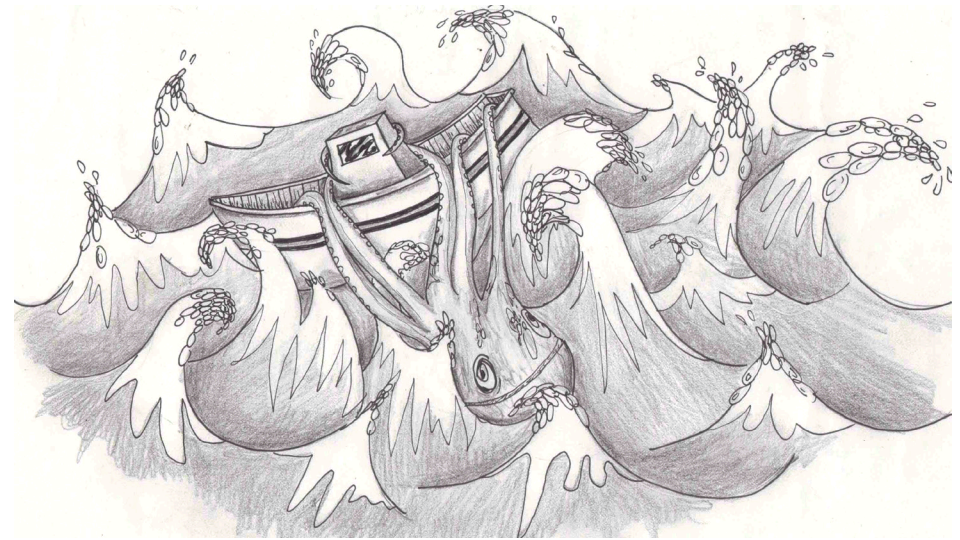
STEVE POLTZ

think of a pond, almost solid green with algae. you are in a rowboat
with Alice Liddell. she is 12. she is wearing a white dress and twirls
a parasol and laughs. But you have undone the oarlocks and have
dropped both oars into the pond. for a moment, the algae parts around
the perimeter of the oars, which sink, but black water remains visible
in their shape, like the image of the sun when you stare and
quickly shut your eyes. you didn't think the oars would sink.
the algae advances.
Alice laughs.

BEFORE WE LOST

Swimming in it. Arms drifting with apparent resistance through the air as his little feet stomp and pivot in a toddler's dance. He has never had a haircut but couldn't be mistaken for a girl because of his masculine chin. His almond shaped brown eyes are half closed as he focuses on dancing with the music. His purity is exposed due to an entire lack of self-consciousness that has yet to be developed in his little brain. I am dancing more ridiculously than he is because I already know that life moves too quickly not to partake in this beautiful moment. You have never felt love until you've danced with your child in a kitchen. My heart is exploding as she walks in the door, tired but smiling, arms full of groceries. He doesn't notice her at first and is still dancing with his entire being so she gets a glimpse of what a great time she was missing. In the bag of groceries is a pregnancy test, the kind that is ninety nine per cent accurate, she will set her things down and lock herself in the bathroom only to emerge 5 minutes later crying.

ANDREW SISK



SUSIE VOKEY

**SCHEDULE
GOES HERE**

**LOGOS GO
HERE**

JAN 23-26 2014, FREDERICTON, NB
SHIVERINGSONGS.CA