

Territories are often demarcated by rivers and water. The garden in the margin is a thickened border, inspired by the adjacent to the St. Lawrence and Métis Rivers.

A river of tall perennials:

-  Yarrow
Achillea millefolium
-  Red Columbine
Aquilegia canadensis
-  Palm Sedge
Carex muskingumensis
-  Canada Wild Rye
Elymus canadensis

The shady river banks:

-  Maidenhair Fern
Adiantum pedatum
-  Wild Ginger
Asarum canadense
-  Pennsylvania Sedge
Carex pensylvanica
-  Blue Woodland Phlox
Phlox divaricata

The gardeners choice:

-  Lily
Lillium sp.
-  Delphinium
Delphinium sp.



1" = 4' 4'

Stories from the Margin

Stories from the Margin invites visitors into a fictional world of climate-driven borders where a desire to control the movement of water, people, plants and animals creates an emergent ecology within the neglected margins. The installation embraces storytelling as a tool for imagination and human connection in the face of global crises. The two sides of the garden are built around memories of the border landscape; a stream-of-consciousness account of a patrol flying the length of the margin, and a young woman's reflections on excursions beyond the wall.

Visitors enter through either side of the installation where they are confronted with a wall, a seat, a story, and a door. After reading the short story, visitors navigate a threshold to the garden at the installation's center. The garden is framed with curving walls that conceal its length, containing a mixture of native and ornamental planting and industrial refuse that allude to the stories on the walls. The two sides are similar in shape and arrangement, but distinct in material and content, encouraging complex and conflicting experiences of the garden in-between.

1. Northwest

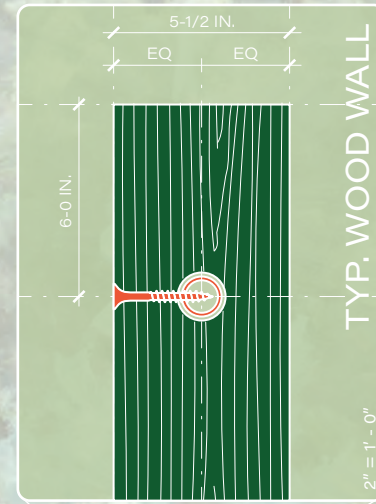
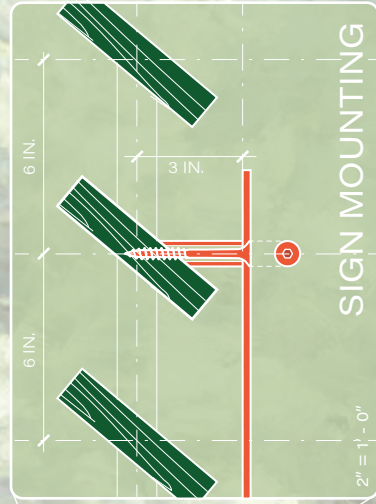
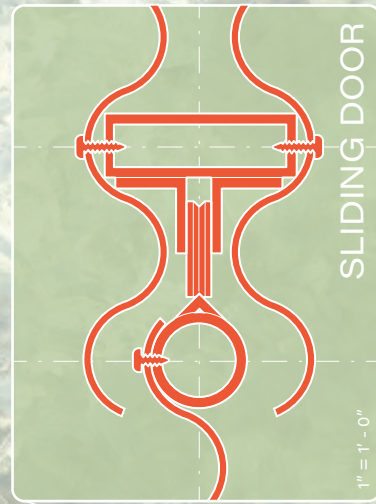
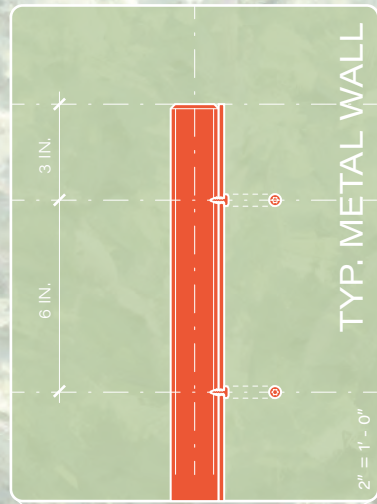
- 1a. Free-standing aluminum chairs
- 1b. 'Northwest' story mounted on wall
- 1c. Operable opening into The Margin

2. Southeast

- 2a. Log bench
- 2b. 'Southeast' story mounted on wall
- 2c. Opening into The Margin

3. The Margin

- The garden, inspired by the border condition in the stories on either side.
- 3a. Salvaged concrete chunks



Northwest

What happened to all of the fish? When the river dried up, did their fins carry them fast enough on the tails of the receding water?

I suppose it was probably a slow decline. In all of the textbooks, it's described as an 'event', so I always envisioned it happening over the course of a day. But it was probably one of those sorts of events that drags on for ages; the sort where your distant aunt and uncle can't take the hint.

These days, they only talk about the deer. Those pesky browsers. No fish talk. I almost never actually see the deer from the cockpit - I only know them by their shadows.

I'd probably be too high to look into their eyes anyways. The fence does a pretty good job at keeping them to their own territory.

Huh, that's funny.

What's a deer's territory? They probably don't even understand. Can it even be your territory if you don't know what territory is? I suppose it's not territory if you can't control it.

I wonder if the deer got stuck. When the two fences went up about the river.

They could have it. The margins could be their domain, no complaints here. Why do they even keep sending us out here? What do they expect us to find? I'm looking. No secret stash here. Water dried up ages ago.

Nothing here. Nothing worth a lick of my time. What's that? That almost looked like...

a kid?
In this dump?

That's no good. God, not the paperwork.

Maybe... maybe it was nothing.

Deer shadow. Must've been.

Southwest

When I was a child, I would run up to the wall and shout. I would call out for anyone who might listen, hoping to finally meet someone from the other side. I had never seen someone pass through the crossing, but I had heard adults talk about the border in the way that adults do when there's something hidden laced beneath their words.

When I was a teenager, much of my free time was spent exploring the margin; the place in-between our wall and the other wall. When I asked around about who was in charge of maintaining the margin, no one seemed to know. It was just left - vacated and abandoned. Ostensibly no thought was given to what would become of it. This appealed to my adolescent desire to push against whatever perceived 'authority' was in my life. I obsessed over turning over every new rock, surveying the vast unkempt expanse of volunteer vegetation and dried up mud banks. I would encounter memories of past intervention; a mountain of jagged stones that felt alien to the smoothness of the worn old river banks, litter of aluminum food wrappers, masses of old concrete infrastructure that made me feel small.

One day, I observed a small prop plane flying overhead. Thoughts racing through my still developing mind, I was unexplainably excited by the prospect that someone else might know this place, too. There was a sense of camaraderie, and deeper, a tinge of possessiveness over what had always been mine. The plane glided along the fencing, confident but not crossing. What were they doing? Did they know what was down here? Were they even looking? After recounting this to my family, I was warned against returning.

As I grew older, my visits became less frequent. Rather than my youthful days of conquest, I spent my limited stolen time in the margin trying to create a refuge. A garden. Each year was an uphill battle. Between the increasingly harsh climate conditions, the tenacity of the invasive flora and fauna, and my own aging body, my garden was an improbability. Years ago, the margins were sealed off. Frequent patrols deployed as if walls were not enough. I often think back to my time spent in the margin, my garden left as a memory for future people to wonder at.