

16.11.2018 — 3.02.2019



TALLINNA KUNSTIHOONE  
TALLINN ART HALL

## ONE MONTH IN CANADA

Its 1978. Kaljo is 42 years old and works on a fishing trawler in the ESSR. He has never travelled outside the Soviet Union, but now he is going to Canada for a month. Thirty-four years earlier, in 1944, his father Karl escaped from Estonia and eventually reached Canada. For years Kaljo didn't even know if his father was alive. But he was, and was remarried and living well in Toronto. In fact, around 90,000 people escaped Estonia during the Second World War, mainly through Sweden to Western Europe as well as North and South America, Australia and elsewhere. The Estonian community in Toronto rose to 10,000 strong, establishing their own schools, sports clubs and congregations.

The exhibition *One Month in Canada* is an emotional yet witty journey into a Soviet boy's memories of his father's trip to visit his grandfather in Toronto – what happened there and how his father spoke of his experiences so that they became family legends. The real historical story is manipulated by the relationship between East and West – Western democracy and its rampant consumerism, collides with ideological oppression and East-block shortage economy. The result is a jumble of values, where the expected and the exceptional can change places.

*One Month in Canada* is a meeting of two experientially different worlds and three generations with culturally different backgrounds. Grandfather Karl is a European guy through and through – he grew up, received his education and manners in the Republic of Estonia and continued his way of life in Canada. Marko also has a comparatively carefree life as a Soviet youth, if only the clothes were better and the felt-tipped pens lasted longer. The most interesting and complex of these three is father Kaljo, who fits between these two distinct characters: his early childhood memories reach back to the Republic of Estonia and the subsequent Soviet occupation. But it was better not to remember the former republic; resistance was futile, adapting ensured survival. All three generations are different in terms of their culture, values and goals, which come both from their objective life paths as well as their environments.

Marko Mäetamm tells the stories of his father and grandfather through his eyes; in other words, those of an obviously politically as well as empathically immature teenage boy. Canada became – in his eyes – a land conjured through fantasy, where everything was very different. There were cool things: music, youth culture, clothing and colourful pictures. Teenage Marko didn't think about why his grandfather lived in Canada, why his father had to grow up without a father and what that life must have been like. It was all pretty much normal for Marko – his grandfather lives in Canada, always has. They only started to discuss and analyse the meaning and background of this fact as a family during the Singing Revolution, when news of Estonians in exile and the ESTO days reached the everyday media.

Thanks to his father's trip, the collision between the two fundamentally different worlds becomes fully visible. We cannot find out how his grandfather's escape went, how he acclimatized to Canada and got his life on track. Or what it is like to live in Canada, where instead of one or two beers it is customary to buy at least “a six-pack and a small mickey” for a sauna night, go to the summer house, go fishing, buy the necessary consumer goods and even allow yourself a reasonable level of luxury. We can only find out how life in the West seemed to a person whose everyday environment was something completely different, where decisions regarding self-determination or a potential

purchase in a shop, travel opportunities and style of clothing was restricted. And this Western life seemed ... absurd. Everything was simultaneously so modern and interesting, but also deeply unfamiliar; culture shock is clearly visible behind the awe.

What was his father's trip to Canada and his meeting his own father like – traumatic, healing? It is respectively 74 and 40 years since the critical events. There are stories and family legacies, which have been stabilized and made acceptable in the rhythm of one's own life. It is human that we all want to avoid complicated contradictions in terms of our heritage and existence. Although *One Month in Canada* presents itself simply as a little story about one family, a digest in which the great events of history are reflected, it is not so simple. One cannot expect anything rational to come from travelling back in time in this way. Such historical inevitabilities, human activities and omissions inadvertently bearing such ideological undertones cannot be explained or solved rationally. More truth can be found via humour and the absurd; through the reflections of the Soviet era as seen by the West today.

Who should we believe through these reflections? I don't know. The common thread in much of Marko Mäetamm's work is the use of autobiographical stories as source material. He has a knack for using disarming simplicity to highlight the discomfort of intruding into the intimate sphere: he builds his narrative using only a few verifiable facts, and hence the whole story appears to be true. In this story nothing and no one actually tells the truth; not the family legacy, his father's memories nor the artist's assumption as how things could have gone in 1978 in Toronto.

The trio of artists Mäetamm–Bozi–Cameron have combined their strengths and moved into unfamiliar territory. Since a playwright, novel writer-performer and artist have come together, the show is not an exhibition of completely separate works, but something similar to a performative journey. The pieces don't have separate titles or labels. The main part of the narrative is conveyed by three primitive photo-films in which the most important events of the story are told. Stylistically, the artists use different methods; there is a meeting of fan-art, clip art, retro, souvenir kitsch, pop-comics, documentary shots from family archives, found materials from the internet and second-hand shops. The same objects, symbols and stories come to the viewer repeatedly in various forms and throughout the work – the storyteller's memory is limited and some objects have received disproportionately important roles in the creation. Repetition and parallelism is characteristic to oral traditions.

Many know the content of the exhibition down to the finest details before they enter the exhibition because it is the story of a large number of Estonians. That said, and as Ken Cameron writes, it is universally human. On the other hand, such events and the remembering of them is a litmus paper for exposing the differences in experiences; young adults today probably don't think about Estonians in exile or the wrappers of banana chewing gum.

Anneli Porri, Curator

Hello!

I am Marko Mäetamm. I am an artist. I grew up in Nuia, which is a small town 35 kilometres outside Viljandi, almost on the Latvian border. My grandfather lived in Canada though, and I never met him. In 1978 my father visited my grandfather in Toronto for the first and last time. This trip left such an impression on him that for the rest of his life everything he spoke about eventually returned to his memories of Canada. Therefore, I too have grown up with these memories.

Ken Cameron and Rita Bozi are also from Canada. Rita writes novels, Ken writes plays. Both are also connected to theatre and performance. We met in 2015. Ken and Rita had been to my exhibition at Kumu and contacted me on Facebook. From there it somehow progressed that we started to work together. The fact that they were from Canada seemed to me a somewhat symbolic coincidence. I had then just started searching for an exhibition format for my father's and grandfather's Canada story and it needed some kind of way forward. It seemed that the story of a man from Saaremaa who lived in Nuia and who spent 30 days in Canada, along with his impressions from that trip, can't just disappear. And so, the exhibition was born in collaboration with Ken and Rita.

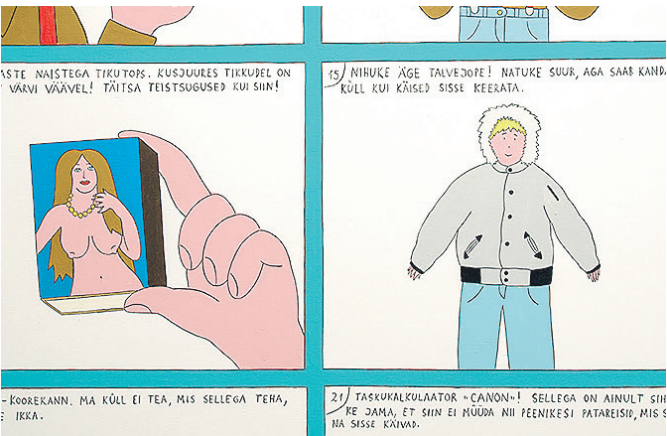
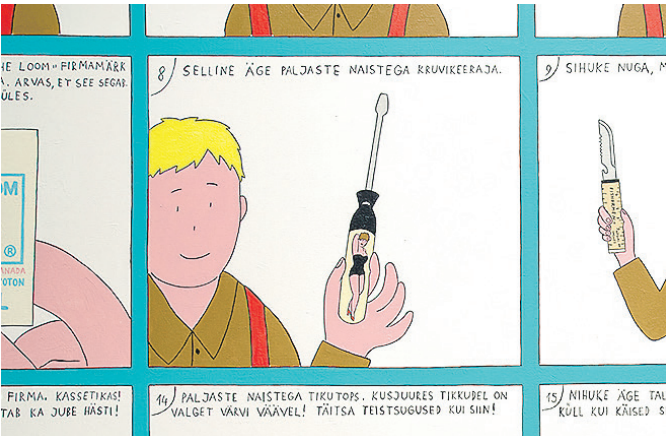
It is a little difficult to introduce the works at the exhibition. They aren't exactly works in themselves. They are all part of my, my father's and grandfather's story. As we worked with Ken and Rita, we tried to present the known stories and restore the missing pieces from my father's timeline. Truth is, there are some parts that we didn't find out, some that we guessed at and some that are castiron indisputable facts. However, in the end, is not important.

Marko Mäetamm



COMIC STRIP

This comic strip is about me, completely sincere, as I was as a 13-year-old. A boy in Nuia whose grandfather lives in Canada. To be honest, I never investigated why my grandfather was there. That was just how it had always been. It was normal. Especially, because he would send cards and packages every now and then. My father also brought many things back from his trip. Jeans, a cow shaped milk jug, a cassette player, chewing gum, all very important stuff. It was stuff to be proud of, to help you stand out. New design, strange words, the meanings of which weren't at all important. These are the things I am showing here.



1. My name is Marko and I'm 13 years old.
2. I live in Nuia. It's a small town 35 km beyond Viljandi. Almost on the Latvian border.
3. My grandfather lives in Canada. And my dad was just there visiting him. For a whole month. In Toronto!
4. The jeans I have on are wearing out, they come from there. They're a little large and don't stay up without suspenders. And they don't wear well. But they are still really cool.
5. He brought all kinds of awesome stuff from there. I'll show you.
6. This cool shirt with pigs on it that says 'TRY A LITTLE TENDERNESS'. On the back it says 'PORK'.
7. And this had a label saying FRUIT OF THE LOOM on the inside, but my grandmother cut it off. She thought it would bother me. Luckily, I found it in the trash can.
8. This awesome screwdriver with a nude woman.
9. This knife that becomes a ruler when you fold it.
10. Two cool magazines. One is about MAMMALS and the other about FISH.
11. These super cool corduroy trousers are from there. With really thin stripes. And the studs too!
12. When he brought them, they were a bit long, but grandmother shortened them. Now they're becoming a little too short. For some reason, I keep growing.
13. This is a tape recorder and radio. By AIWA. A cassette player! Plays really well! And also records really well.
14. A matchbox with a naked woman! Whereas the tips of the matches are white! Totally different than here!
15. This really awesome winter jacket! A little big, but I can wear it if I turn up the sleeves.
16. A pack of Chiclets gum! There were 15 pieces, but now it is all empty. But the pack is super cool!
17. This awesome wooden lion. Supposed to be a trophy!
18. A folding umbrella. You press the button and...
19. ... and it opens automatically! Actually, dad even brought two of these!
20. A cow-shaped pitcher. I don't know what I'll do with it, but it's still cool.
21. A CANON pocket calculator! The only problem is that our stores don't sell the narrow batteries that go in it.
22. You can't use the cord either, because the wall sockets are different. Actually, the same problem exists with the AIWA tape recorder, but at least the slightly smaller round Russian batteries fit in it.
23. Dad also brought an awesome department store catalogue, but it was lent to the neighbours. There are some super cool things in it. Tape recorders and bicycles and clothes and sports equipment. Everything.
24. I've made drawings of some of the cool stuff in it. With a blue pen.
25. Oh, there are more cool things, all kinds of keyholders and disposable lighters, you'll have to throw away after they're empty.
26. And a Zippo lighter with a maple leaf on it, it uses normal gas.
27. I can't even list them all.
28. I think the others here in Nuia are really jealous of me now.
29. It's just a pity that dad didn't bring me a pair of running shoes.
30. I'd really like to go to Canada myself.

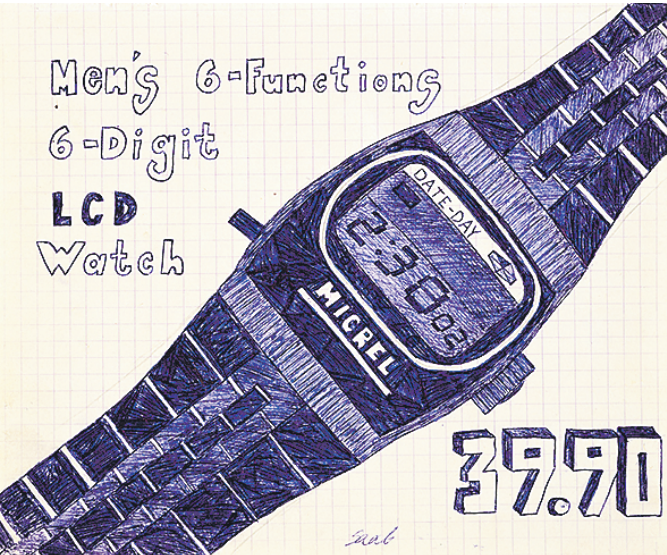


FIRST GOODBYE

Everything starts with this farewell in 1944. My grandfather Karl lived in Saaremaa from where he was mobilized into the Soviet army during the Second World War. He didn't want to fight in a foreign war and he deserted. After a time he was mobilized into the German army. In the final stages of the war, he also deserted from there and because the punishment for desertion was death or at least imprisonment, he had no alternative but to escape from Estonia. Along with some other men they found a fast motorboat, went from the mainland to Saaremaa in the cover of night, dropped in on his family and continued on to Sweden the next night. My father was 8 years old, when he bid farewell to his father. No one thought it would be forever.

BALLPOINT PEN DRAWINGS

The ballpoint pen drawings are authentic, made at the end of the 1970s. The main source I copied from was a deparment store catalogue brought from Canada. Entire days at a time I would draw in this manner, with a blue ballpoint pen in a notebook with a grid of ruled lines. I just chose cool things to draw. At that time, I even lacked the imagination to think I could actually own those things. My aim was a thoroughly filled page. At times, my compositional instinct forced me to add some elements. Sometimes I made things up, for instance the man taken from an Ottawa beer jug was combined with a Californian highway patrol man and some of the writings on the cars are cooler than they actually were.





# PLANET CANADA

Planet Canada summarizes the understanding of a Soviet-era boy, that somewhere there is a place known as 'abroad'. Foreign countries were as mystical as life on other celestial bodies. Reaching Canada seemed as impossible as travelling to another planet. Fantasy and a fragmentary knowledge of geography created a concept of a planet, which is filled by a single continent – an undiscovered land, which consists of brand names, the names of cities, ice-hockey and famous landmarks.



# TREASURE ROOM

There are things that are certain and things that are less certain in connection to my father's trip to Canada. Either way, he brought with him a lot of souvenirs as well as consumer goods. Regardless there was a lack of consumer goods, but the value of souvenirs that looked strange and had even stranger uses was immense in the household. They exist to this day, some even in their original packaging, as if new – no one ever used them, but neither did anyone throw them out.

The most important was the Eaton's department store catalogue – it had all sorts of things. Even some that were never available here or the use of which we didn't understand. I copied pictures, typography, English phrases (the meaning of which I couldn't comprehend) from the catalogue. Our acquaintances and neighbours borrowed this catalogue. In the end, someone stole it from us.



# THE AIRPLANE TRIP AND THE STEWARDESSES

Flying in an airplane, especially outside the borders of the Soviet Union, was a huge event during the 1970s. First my father had to fly from Tallinn to Moscow, from Moscow to Montreal and finally from Montreal to Toronto. It seemed unlikely that these cities were on the same continent. The world was so different, comparing here to there.

Travelling itself was a luxury experience. No cheap flights, narrow seats or luggage restrictions. It was expensive in-flight food. And you could smoke on board the plane! The stewardesses who greeted my father on the Aeroflot and Canadian Airlines flights would have looked something like this. Again, a completely different world, isn't it?

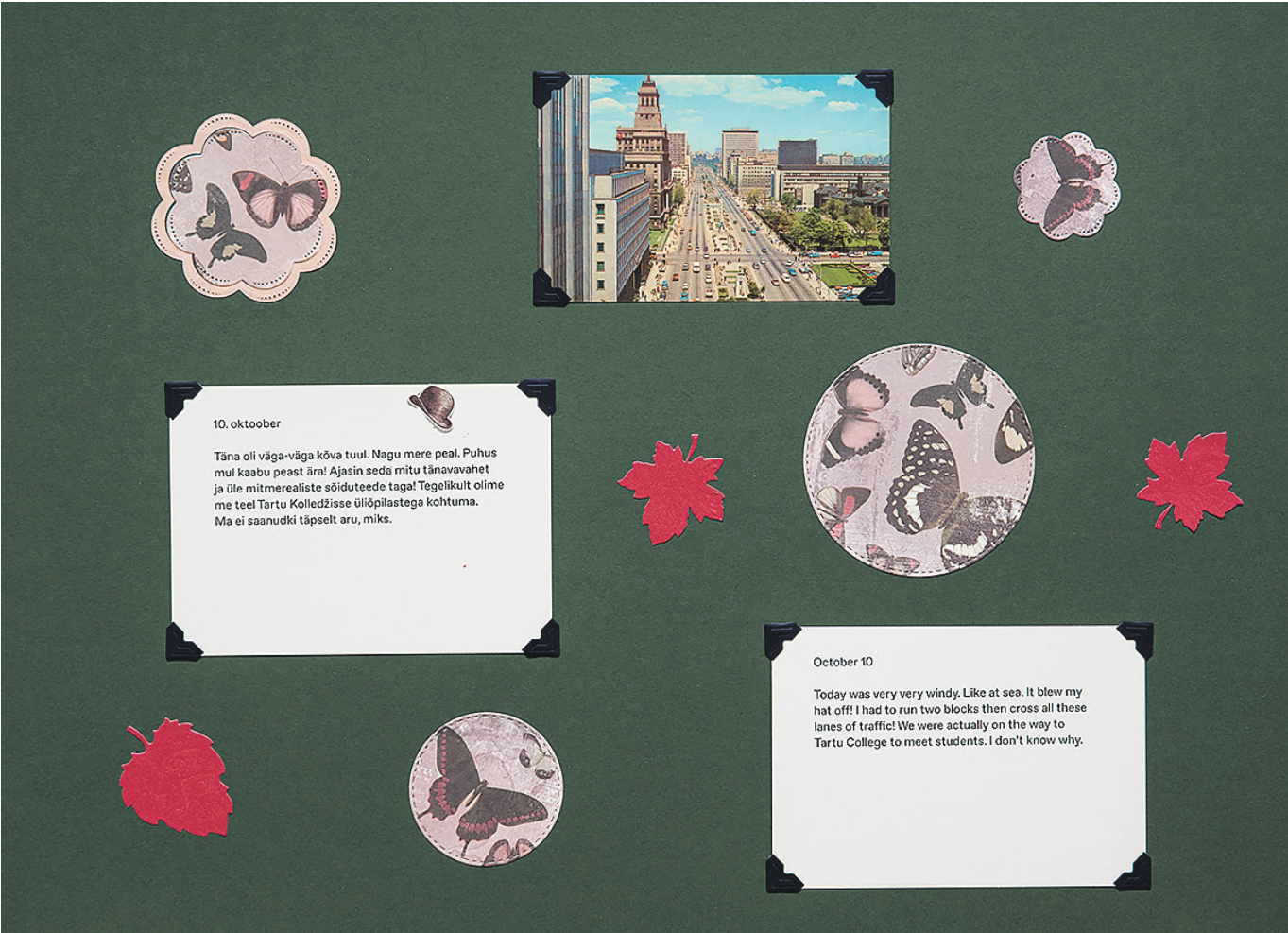


# NOTEBOOK

My father had a notebook with him on the trip. It was a very important notebook because it had only very important things written in it so as not to forget to purchase them.

- Coffee, instant and regular
- Vanilla and cinnamon (if you happen to find it)
- Jeans in varying sizes
- Felt tip pens (at least 6 colours, or 12 better)
- Running shoes for Marko
- Fine striped corduroy
- Teardrop-shaped sunglasses
- Polyester sweatsuits (with zippers!)
- Curtains, suitable for living room (in blue or brown)
- Chewing gum





## POSTCARDS

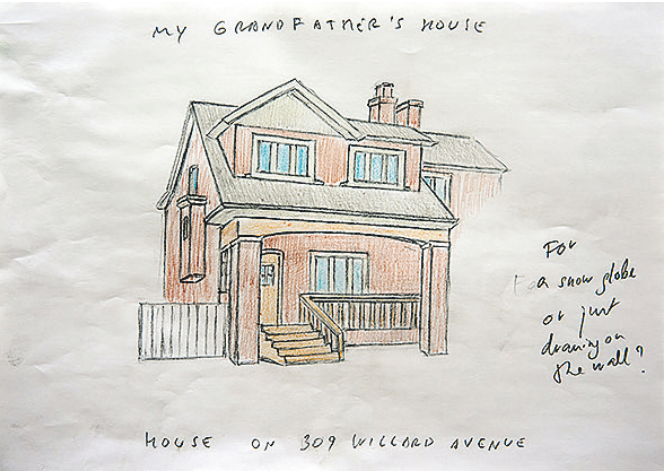
It was customary to send postcards at that time. This way the folks at home could see that everything was going well on the trip, and they could even play a small part in it by reading about everyday experiences. Now, we are used to sending texts, Facebook messages and photos quickly, but back then even sending a card by airmail took days and weeks. Usually, the postcards were displayed in a place where they could be looked at – on a chest of drawers or in a glass-fronted cupboard. The more diligent among us collected the nicer postcards in an album.

Whether everything worked out for my father as these messages convey, I am not sure, but the postcards from Toronto were indeed brought by him.

## GRANDFATHER'S HOUSE ON WILLARD AVENUE

This is my grandfather's house, which is located on Willard Avenue. It is a beautiful Canadian style house made of brown bricks. I have only seen this house from the outside.

I haven't been able to enter, because strangers live there now.



## EL MOCAMBO

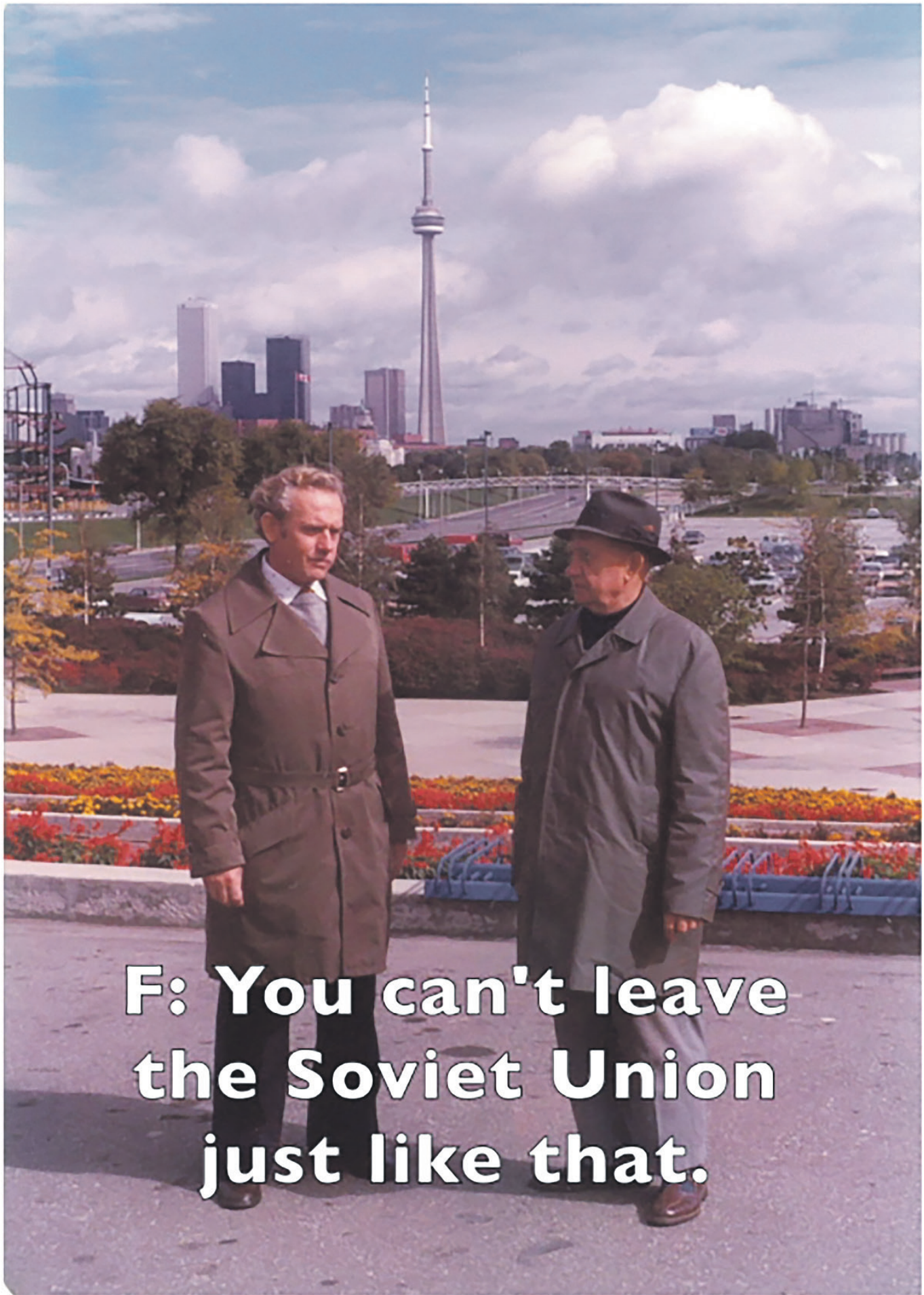
El Mocambo is a legendary rock club in Toronto. It is especially famous because the Rolling Stones performed there in 1977. And Margaret, wife of then president, Pierre Trudeau, partied with the band. A relative took my father to a rock club during his Canada trip to get a taste of youth culture. To be honest, he didn't enjoy it at all.

## RICE LAKE NEWS

My grandfather took my father fishing in Canada. My grandfather was from Saaremaa and my father worked on a trawler, so fishing was something that connected them. Coincidentally, they met a reporter from a local newspaper. The reporter was inspired by the idea of a real Soviet citizen in Canada; my father not so much. They had to get out of an uncomfortable situation.







## SAUNA DOOR

In addition to experiencing many new things in Canada, for my father there was also something familiar: a sauna. That said, a simple visit to the sauna was not quite the same in Canada as it was in Nuia.

## HAT

My father bought this hat specifically for his trip to Canada. A Czechoslovakian hat. Although he couldn't really wear it in Canada because it was hopelessly old fashioned and even ugly by Canadian standards. He has never worn it again since.

## THE LAST WEEK

My father spent his time well in Canada. He went fishing with my grandfather, walked around Toronto, went to the sauna and drank beer. Stuff fathers still do with their sons. The more days past, the more uncomfortable the situation became. Whether or how they would discuss what came next; staying or leaving. But eventually they did speak about it.







## THE LAST GOODBYE

My grandfather had cancer. But he responded well to treatment and his health improved. According to the doctor, he had quite a few years of worry-free life ahead of him. When my father and grandfather said farewell at the Toronto International Airport, both felt that they would meet again soon. Pretty soon afterwards, however, my father received a telegram in Estonia saying that my grandfather was dead.

## LADA

In Soviet Estonia you were generally lucky to have a car. A Moskvitch was OK, a Zhiguli was very good. It was sold to the west under the name Lada for some reason. The first shipment of Lada 1500 sedans reached Canada in 1978, when the Soviet Union was desperately trying to sell products to the west to acquire foreign currency. It was the cheapest car in Canada.



## THE AUDIO GUIDE OF MANY CONFLICTING IDEAS

The audio guide at this exhibition is not like a normal audio guide. It tells stories that don't talk so much about the work, but is a work in itself. Some things will probably be familiar because they are parts of the narrative, but many details from the stories of what happened to my father are also new. Stories seem to develop like that; every re-teller might add a new detail and forget others, sometimes on purpose, sometimes by accident. Either way, you can hear about what made my father anxious in Canada, the actual reason why he didn't wear his hat and what actually happened to my grandfather ...

9. *Father Liked the Canadian Stewardesses....* 1:01

10. *Father couldn't fully enjoy himself because...* 1:44

11. *On the way home ...* 1:56

12. *Back in the Soviet Union ...* 2:03

13. *Grandfather's House on Willard Avenue was a nice house and ...* 2:19

14. *Some cousin took Father to the El Mocambo to hear Canadian music ...* 1:23

15. *We have many conflicting ideas about what Father didn't wear his hat ...* 0:33

16. *There is some speculation on whether Grandfather died of ...* 0:40

[1–8 audio guide in Estonian]

was about as far away from reality as Marko's vision of Planet Canada.

From our twenty-first century perspective, this nostalgia for "something that never was" seems to drive our political agenda. It permeates our social media. It propels demagogues into power. It divides us from our fellow suffering humans.

My fellow Canadians harbour a nostalgia of our own. In our case, it is for this cultural blossoming, a simpler time when we were more sure of ourselves, before all this "messy immigration business."

But that's just a story we tell ourselves about ourselves. My mother's ancestors were refugees, loyal to the English crown escaping in the aftermath of the American Revolution in 1783. My Father's ancestors were economic migrants, leaving an economically stagnant Scotland for the promise of a better life in "the west" in about 1810. They came to a country that was already home to a majority of francophones. The francophones had themselves come to a land that was already home to scores of First Nation tribes.

In 1978 Toronto was already home to the largest Estonian population outside of Estonia. Canada celebrated its 150th birthday in 2017, followed by Estonia's 100th this year.

What else do we share? Do you Estonians see yourselves in my story of a nation that has grown up in the shadow of an empire? Do you see yourselves in my description of an uneasy tension between linguistic groups? Do you share my discomfort with nationalistic stories that accompany such anniversaries?

The stories we tell ourselves about ourselves shape ourselves. One Month In Canada is, in many ways, a wry and humorous cross-section of the stories Marko, Rita and I have told ourselves about this curious foreign land in our shared imagination.

And this shared story has shaped us into the curious people we have become.

The 1970s were a glorious time in Toronto. A cultural blossoming was underway in English Canada's biggest city as authors, musicians and actors rediscovered and embraced our history after years of living in the colonial shadow of Britain (it's dominant fatherland) and the USA (it's over-bearing big brother).

Not that I'd remember. I wasn't there.

I grew up on a farm. To a young boy who ached for the wider world, it felt as isolating as a prison. The good stuff was always happening "over there" or had happened "back then". The epicentre of excitement and verve that was Toronto was so far away and so inaccessible that it might as well have been taking place on another planet.

As a teenager in the 1980s I moved to a bedroom community north of Toronto. That's how I became familiar with many of the landmarks that feature so prominently in the exhibit. I was able to walk those streets, see those landmarks up close.

I was now physically a little closer, but still the gulf was maddeningly wide. Actually getting into Toronto was a long commute. And even when I was there, I still felt I was missing out on "real life". I didn't have the money to buy the expensive clothes I saw in pictures. Because I was not of drinking age, I couldn't get into the El Mocambo to see the popular bands. I was too frightened to even go down to the funky section of the city on my own. And most of the good stuff had already happened a decade previous anyway. I was born too late and in the wrong place.

But I could imagine.

This is why I identify so closely with Marko's story.

I too was a teenager peeking out through the thick veil of the iron curtain. I too clipped photos from magazines and created a collage on my wall. It was a collage of the life I someday wanted to lead. It never occurred to me that the photos weren't reality, that my idealized world was just that: an idealization. In imagining, I created a version Canada that

In Marko's telling of his family's history I was immediately drawn to the story of separation between father and son. What son doesn't look to his father as his life-long guide? What son doesn't get excited by the prospect of father and son activities: initiations into adolescence and then manhood?

When this fundamental connection is disrupted, particularly in early childhood, it can have profound and lifelong impact on the development of these boys and in turn on the health of their offspring – as I have encountered in my own family – resulting in devastating and often traumatic relational and developmental consequences. We see the global impact of this today, with the refugee crisis reaching proportions not seen before. The actions of the Trump administration, separating toddlers, even babies from their parents, have far reaching implications we cannot even fathom at this point.

All this to say, war tears families asunder, leaving marks on the generations to come.

Once I reconciled with the sadness of this story I was able to focus on the bizarreness of a son, trapped in the Soviet Union being granted a visa to visit his father in Toronto in 1978 for an entire month. How strange this world must have looked for him. Coincidentally I myself moved to Toronto in 1979, having experienced firsthand the cultural, social, political and geographical landscape of the time. This gave me a particular advantage in terms of viewpoint when it came to exploring what Marko's father might have seen, felt, heard and tasted in this strange land of Canada.

I am excited to see how the marriage between visual art, story telling and narrative through video, play out in this immersive exhibition. And lastly, in the face of tragedy we are invited to laugh through the imaginings of fanciful scenarios that may or may not have happened.





Rita Bozi, Ken Cameron, Marko Mäetamm at Tallinn Art Hall, November 12, 2018. Photo: Karel Koplimets

RITA BOZI (b 1965) is a writer, performer, retired dancer, playwright and somatic relational trauma-informed Facilitator. Her co-written play 52 Pick Up, translated into French and Icelandic, has received productions in six countries. She is co-artistic director of Productive Obsession, a multidisciplinary performance company that has presented work in Calgary, Banff, Vancouver, Whitehorse, Ottawa, Estonia, Iceland and Hungary. Rita wrote and starred in The Damage is Done with Dr. Gabor Maté. She has published in The New Quarterly, FFWD Weekly, Pages of Stories, WritingRaw.com, Unlikely 2.0 and won 3rd Prize in THIS Magazine’s Great Canadian Literary Hunt in 2012. She has completed her first novel, When I Was Better.

KEN CAMERON (b 1969) is a playwright, theatre director, festival programmer, arts administrator and business coach. His artistic work fluctuates between commercially accessible plays and alternative art experiments. His play Harvest is one of Canada’s most produced plays and Dear Johnny Deere won the Calgary Theatre Critics Awards for best production of a musical. At the other end of the spectrum his theatre-installation How iRan: Three Plays for iPod, was described in the academic journal Canadian Theatre Review as an experience that “changes the very nature of our interaction with the story.” In addition to his work as an artist, Ken uses his craft to teach leadership workshops across Canada to corporations and non-profit organizations ranging from small entrepreneurial start-ups to giant organizations. This work has been recognized by the International Association of Facilitators and the International Association of Public Participation (Canada). His clients have given him the title “Facilitator of Thinking Differently”.

MARKO MÄETAMM (b 1965 in Viljandi) is direct to the point of tragicomedy and discomfort as an artist in his drawings, videos, paintings and installations – talking about contemporary media, family, a person’s motivations as well as desires and fears often in the form of autobiographical stories. Mäetamm studied printmaking at the Estonian Academy of Arts (MA 1995). He has represented Estonia at the Venice Art Biennale (in 2003 with Kaido Ole; and 2007) and participated at numerous exhibitions. Selected exhibitions: Related By Sister Languages (Ludwig Museum, Budapest, 2018); Doublethink: Doublevision (Pera Museum, Istanbul, Turkey, 2017); Tragic Timing, Marko Mäetamm & Pavel Pepperstein (Odile Ouizeman Gallery, Paris, 2017); Performa 17 Biennial, Estonian Film Program (New York City, USA, 2017); XII Brooklyn International Film Festival, Brooklyn, USA; Hors Pistes (Centre Pompidou, Paris, 2009).

ANNELI PORRI (b 1980 Kohtla-Järve) is a lecturer of art pedagogy at the Estonian Academy of Arts. She studied art theory at the Estonian Academy of Arts (BA 2003) and cultural theory at Tallinn University (MA 2012). Her recent curated exhibitions: “Tell Me. Contemporary Portraits in Photography” (Art Gallery of Narva Museum, 2017, and FUGA Centre of Architecture, Budapest, 2018), Kaido Ole “Nogank hoparniis” and group exhibition “Silence. Darkness” (both at Tallinn Art Hall, 2016) and “From Explosion to Expanse. Estonian Contemporary Photography 1991–2015” (Tartu Art Museum, 2015).

Marko Mäetamm, Rita Bozi and Ken Cameron. ONE MONTH IN CANADA. 16.11.2018—3.02.2019. Curator: Anneli Porri  
Texts: Anneli Porri, Marko Mäetamm, Rita Bozi, Ken Cameron. Exhibition design: Mari Kurismaa.  
Graphic design: Indrek Sirkel & Ott Kagovere. Installation: Valge Kuup. Technical help: Janek Toomikas. Artist’s assistant: Anna Pabērza  
Exhibition team: Sirli Oot. Translations: Aksel Haagensen (Refiner Translations OÜ)  
Public programm: Gerttu Juhkam, Annely Köster, Minni Moyle, Sally Studio; Darja Nikitina  
Thank you: Arvo Pärdi Keskus / Arvo Pärt Centre, Playwrights Guild of Canada Temnikova & Kasela, Silja Mäetamm, Viljar Sard, Maarja Merivoo-Parro, Indrek Spungin, Kiwa



AkzoNobel



KULTUURIMINISTEERIUM



FUGA



Canada Council  
for the Arts

Conseil des arts  
du Canada



Global Affairs  
Canada

Affaires mondiales  
Canada



# WHAT HAPPENED IN 1978

- Very First Video Game: Space invaders, Pong
- Bulgarian defector Georgi Markov assassinated with a poisoned umbrella on Waterloo Bridge in London.
- Soviet Union: 31 nuclear tests conducted, and detonated its first Neutron Bomb.
- Roman Polanski flees to France hours before formally sentence for statutory rape.
- LADA is first sold in Canada.
- Arno Penzias and Robert Wilson are awarded the physics Nobel for discovering cosmic microwave background radiation, the first direct evidence of the big bang.
- Richard Dawkins and John Krebs compare evolution to an arms race for the first time.
- Estonian author Jaan Kross writes *The Czar's Madman*.
- New Scientist, costing 35 pence, reports the discovery of a moon orbiting Pluto and states that Pluto should be reclassified as a "minor planet".
- The first baby conceived by IVF, Louise Brown, is born in London.
- The first online forum – the CBBS – goes online in Chicago. One user at a time can post messages.
- Grease is the biggest grossing film, ahead of Superman.
- The Bee Gees' *Stayin' Alive* and the Village People's *Y.M.C.A.* are two of the year's biggest hits
- US President Jimmy Carter halts production of the neutron bomb. He also legalizes brewing beer at home.
- Russian spies are building up backgrounds, creating new identities and forging Canadian passports.
- Karl Vaino signs secret order to increase Russian language in schools in Estonia.
- Kaljo Mäetamm visits Canada.