The Postcard Places
Lisa Hirmer with Laura Knap

In August of 2009, Dodolab was invited by the Confederation Centre of the Arts to Prince Edward Island to respond to issues surrounding the Experimental Farm in Charlottetown. During our discussions about the future of this large parcel of picturesque land, the concept for the Postcard Places project developed out of an interest in the relationship between iconic landscapes and a place’s sense of identity.

The Postcards Places were created from landscape photographs taken on the island during the artists’ visit and turned into the format of a tourist postcard – a device that often propagates particular ideas about place through iconic landscape imagery. But the postcards of the project are different in that they do not present a unified sense of identity that can be easily presented to visitors as a singular idea. Captivating titles are conspicuously missing – partially as an acknowledgment of our status as visitors to the landscape, but also as a question that provokes the naming of these places by individuals for themselves. The captions on the back of the cards – a place usually devoted to interesting bits of historical fact – are taken up by obvious fictions. These poetic fragments are thus newly stitched onto the landscape by the postcards in a playful, almost surreal, way that explores the relationship between narrative and place.
The postcards were given to both residents and visitors of the Island so that the project would quietly disseminate beyond its place of origin as the cards were taken and perhaps even sent away. And though they may have been used much like regular postcards, the postcards carry with them a more complex and ambiguous sense of the Island's identity that goes with them as they travel, thus spreading questions about landscape, place, and the stories that are told about these things.

Buoy measures the changing distance between the seer and the sea.
When the bees took over the garden it grew wild with yellow flowers.

On the island, trees are worked into rows by the flight patterns of birds.
Trees dressed in their finest for the afternoon tennis match on the green.

When the scientists left the greenhouse, the plants continued experimenting.
As the first inhabitants left, they stacked memories on window sills.

Red earth slathered with green lawn.
At 1:16pm each day the sea and sky switch places.

Every night the beaches are shrouded in black to mourn the passing of time.