One week in May 2011.

Somewhere in Montreal…

Two guys on bikes at an intersection on 9:30 p.m. Saturday, asking me in French if I'm deaf.

A little girl (10 y.o.) on a terrace in what I think is public housing wearing brilliant red Salwar Kameez (tunic & pants). We smiled and waved at each other. Noon Sunday.

1 out of 5 lamps were burnt out at this outside patio bar.

In an unexpected moment, an unexpected person rarely unlocked a state of mourning that has been in the shadows for over a year.

Coincidentally, I was able to visit a close friend in the hospital who had a terrible accident last week.

The waitress who stopped mid-stride because she saw three of us writing quietly at one table.

A man struck up a conversation when I was taking a pic of a billboard. He wanted to know why I was interested in such a mundane thing.

We rode bikes from the Biosphere to the Grey Nuns.

Beer & writing session with Denna & Margo.

Seeing someone wearing my husband's band's t-shirt on the Metro. (The band was popular 20 years ago.)

Rui derive from Expo to Grey Nuns.

Teenagers kiss passionately in the Metro station. Spurs memories of youth, and thoughts about what it means to be in a decades-long relationship.

Walked the street on Saturday to find all porches filled with kids, mothers & fathers sitting together. Men were in fur hats and black asymmetrical coats. All watched as we walked by Hasidic community. Women were in long gowns. They were beautiful. Maybe they thought we were, too.

See a French-speaking young man in the Côte des Neiges station wearing a Washington Nationals baseball cap. Is he making a statement?

Mick Jagger's doppelganger is riding the Blue Line between Université De Montréal and Edouard Montpetit.

PARC MONT ROYAL

Run (jet lag), 6:00 a.m. 10.5.11. Grey Nuns>Mont Royal.

Having a delicious Alt beer at the Dieu du Ciel brewpub on Laurier St.

Walking along St. Denis with artery & John. We noticed a particularly steep & dark staircase. They talked about staircases in Japan, and enlightened me.

Portuguese roasted chicken & fries at lunch, eaten in a sunny park in solitude on St. Laurent after our "food" walking tour.

The inventive use of the soda can opener as a support for bouyant straws.

Meat sandwich.

Food. Walk

Olympic Park. Standing on the "Podium," a ways away from the odd stadium. Seeing a scattering of DI "Inquirers" from different angles, looking down. A sense of what "design & inquiry" could mean emerged at that moment. I felt happy, grateful to be exposed to these wonderful people. I took a picture, but it wasn't really representative.

Impact Montreal Goal. 8:12pm Saputo Stadium. 11.5.11. The game!! The stadium. The crowd cheering & singing at the soccer match near Olympic Stadium.

Photographic the Olympic Stadium from the South point of the park with two teenagers performing mating rituals in the distance.

On the bus: Overheard a woman talking about how much better Ottawa was than Montreal because they have fewer potholes.

Volunteer STM Metro employee helping DI participants acquire passes; watching the group "discover" how to enter turnstiles.

Getting bagels the first morning. LeFaubourg. The mall was deserted.

Encountered a friend from Calgary who happened to be driving on the street, heading out of Montreal to Ottawa. Her name is Olga. We were walking along the sidewalk. The meeting was pure coincidence.

People photographing the same sign on the way to Cité.

Arriving at the train station, going to the address on the email, & determining that it was the wrong place & walking to where I thought it should be.

Riding on the subway between Lionel-Groulx and Guy-Concordia stations: there was another passenger that coughed guttorally the entire duration of the trip without covering his mouth even once. I began imagining a bloody mucus flowing in a steady stream from his mouth to my nose. GROSS.

Porsche 911 used as construction's pickup truck at the Atwater market.

Bike ride from Expo to Grey Nuns, following the Lachine Canal.

At the Grey Nuns

A great sense of possibility & excitement. 11:30 am Wednesday (in our meeting room).

Dropping my new DI button high up on the fire escape. Hearing it go *ping ping ping* as it bounced on the metal stairs on its way to the ground.

Lunch discussion with Gal, Jennifer, Florian, John.

I was happy to find my necklace at the wooden picnic table outside the Grey Nuns.

Trying to leave Design Inquiry on Day 2.

On Ste. Catherine, outside the Guy-Concordia Metro station: the group had splintered into 4 "packets" of people — each with their own interpretation of "meeting at the Metro." It was a humorous, nice moment, especially as everyone in the end miraculously converged as the Metro arrived.

Lounge singing, Hotel de la Montagne

Stopped at an art installation. The artwork consists of about 40 swings that make sounds when you use them and together form an orchestra.

The melancholy stripper. Mural on side of Wanda's Strip Club.

Sitting in a fire escape patio at "Brutopia" with two other DI women my age, recalling teenagehood in the 70's— then writing with them, reading back, getting response. I felt I belonged not exactly to DI, but to this small island within DI.

Quiet traces of St. Jacob's Church.

I lost my glasses, somewhere on or around Alice's tour of Griffintown.

Going inside the "CN Tower" in Griffintown & seeing the decay and layers of paint and graffiti, and then running into two young men smoking up on the top floor.

Two Francophones doing bong hits in the CN Tower in Griffintown.

Visit Habitat 67.

Walking to visit a place to meet Habitat. Go & Habitat.

Interpreting Alice's intervention in the Eads-67 playlist. Margot & Tom & Stuart.

Ruins of Place des Moines

Karina Cutler-Lake, 2011.