

ART GALLERY OF MISSISSAUGA

905 Art Chat

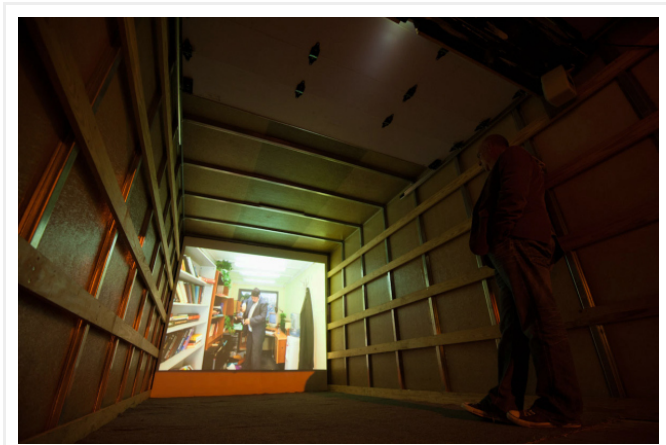
The Gaze | Joy Ride by Francis LeBouthillier

Posted on [April 5, 2013](#)

What do we look at – and why? In *The Gaze*, an exhibition of experimental, or narrative-based, interactive short films, eight artists present engaging and thought provoking interpretations of “looking.” View the videos on the digital screens in Mississauga Celebration Square! Screening schedule is on the [AGM website](#).

Over the next few weeks, the AGM blog will feature guest posts by *The Gaze* artists, revealing the conceptual framework behind their videos.

Joy Ride by Francis LeBouthillier



— Francis LeBouthillier, Joy Ride 2012

Is the everyday bump and grind getting to you? Well, it got to me. *Joy Ride* was inspired by the experience of being employed in a middle management position. By the end of my term, I learned that there was only so much that one could do within a given situation. It became very apparent that what was happening in my environment was beyond my control. As with most of my art projects, the motivation for a work comes out of a need to represent and make tangible a given situation that has challenged me. The process of making art allows me to gain a better understanding of

aspects of my life that otherwise would reside in a state of the unresolved. It is my hope that the subject matter that I engage with moves beyond the idiosyncratic impetus and begins to resonate and have meaning with the broader public as they interact with the work.

Joy Ride invites you into an office cubicle to observe the actions and reactions of a bureaucrat in a peculiar environment. The video is shot in a way that locates the audience as an invisible presence in the room. Are you secretly spying on this person or are you upper management reviewing a surveillance recording? In slapstick fashion, the bureaucrat attempts to go about his daily routine. In the viewing of this work, does the audience allow themselves to vicariously experience the absurdity of this character's roller-coaster world with joy and laughter by allowing the visual and experiential queues to transport them into this unsettling world of skewed equilibrium and uncontrolled inertia? Or does the audience choose to maintain the stance of "just looking"; not engaging with these office antics and reside within the position of the critical observer?

In order to create the *Joy Ride* video, I constructed an office (walls, ceiling, & lighting), furnished it and installed it all in an actual cube van. I hired a stunt driver to drive the cube van around while I was inside, performing as the "bureaucrat". The dynamic movements and gravitational shifts within the office were real-time occurrences and documented by a video camera that was fixed into the back portion of the van. When we began shooting the video, I must say that the whole experience was quite frightening; the chaos and being out of control was terrifying. As the shoot progressed, I became quite accustomed to the goings on and it became much like riding public transit. The window view sequence was recorded separately and was digitally inserted into the background.

Joy Ride was originally produced for LEITMOTIF, an exhibition of artist projects in cube vans that was curated by Stuart Keeler. This exhibition was part of the 2012 Nuit Blanche, an all-night art event in Toronto.

+

About **The Gaze**

The Art Gallery of Mississauga, in partnership with the City of Mississauga's Culture Division, publicized a Call for Artists to submit proposals of experimental, or narrative-based, interactive short films. A total of 8 works were selected that helped define, broaden and contribute to the philosopher Jacques Lacan's concept of distinguishing between the eye's look and THE GAZE.

View the schedule on our [website](#).

BLOG AT AGOG



Francis LeBouthillier's
"Waistline"

Art displayed in non-traditional spaces is certainly nothing new. And the idea of a gallery only visible on the internet seems an inevitable gesture. As part of Guelph's month-long visual and media arts celebration AGOG, an international exhibit called *moblog:enter*, allows artists with a connection to Guelph to display work in this new media/web based art exhibit.

The show plays on the recent phenomenon known as blogging, which consists of posting personal diaries and photo albums on the internet. Presented here are mobile logs, which utilize wireless technology (mobile camera phones,

laptops, and handheld computers) to produce virtual art projects. The artists inhabit a venue that is typically restricted to photographs of people's pets and children. The only reason a person with no connection to the people presenting the work would want to view these banal images is, presumably, to fulfill a voyeuristic desire.

As curator Susan Douglas notes; "bloggers embrace the conventions, beliefs, and practices associated with art, and extend them through new technology; they enhance our already existing power to see, and with that to find ourselves coming into view before others.

Guelph, and took photographs of their progress each day. This documentation is available on the project's website, and their snapshot-like quality gives the viewer the impression that they are looking at something very personal. The choice of a welcome mat alludes to the fact that they are inviting people to see a glimpse of their lives.

In "Moblog Copan," artists Eduardo Aquino and Karen Shanski offer views of 24 hours of life in the Copan building in Sao Paulo. They act not only as artists, but as participants, and living in this structure allows them access to a world that outsiders cannot see. Images included range from shots of empty storefronts to people sleeping on the street outside the building.

The project "Waistline" features a 360 degree view from a camera that roams around Francis LeBouthillier's belt, creating a perspective that is as bizarre as the camera device itself. The artist hopes to use these views to gain a deeper connection with the space he inhabits, and to break away from the self-constructed reality he produces in his mind.

The exhibit allows individuals from anywhere to gain access to these projects that lie somewhere between reality television and performance art. *<moblog:enter>* is currently on view only at www.mobilelog.ca.

[opinions — comment@echoweekly.com]

ART <MOBLOG:ENTER>

(Part of AGOG)
October 1 to October 31
www.mobilelog.ca
www.agogfest.ca

Moblogs acknowledge the ebb and flow of the world that surrounds us; thus they solidify random moments from life in calling attention to them as important."

Michael McMormack and Adair Rounthwaite's contribution to the show is a photo documented performance of the creation of a welcome mat. For "Welcome" the artists worked separately on two hooked rugs in Toronto and



PLUNGE INTO WET, BY KATHARINE HARVEY

EXPRESSIONS MULTIPLY ON THE CHANGING LANDSCAPE OF OUR LIVES

Landscape is on the gestalt's mind this fall. My review of the Edward Burtynsky show at the MAC was followed by a happenstance visit to Art Mûr literally the day after, where I discovered a whole other spin on the subject. And then yesterday, I get an e-mail from Maclean from the Group of N about their own exhibition on landscape. Spiffy.

The Group of N show I haven't yet seen, but I can vouch for its worthiness of a visit just by the description. It explores the geography of nowhere, or in other words, "replacable, interchangeable landscape experiences from city to city, particularly typical of the Western, North American experience." It's a subject of growing interest in the increasingly internationalist homogenization we're living in: Airports are the typical nowhere spaces, undistinguishable from one major city to another; elevators, cement parks and high rises are others.

The exhibition at their usual home in the Belgo's Galerie 303 includes the work of Charles Tyler, Christine Charette, Steve Topping, Iga Janik, William Brewer, Mary McKenzie, Sarah Graham, Justin Stevens, your friendly neighbourhood graphic artist Billy Mavreas and Hour's own Dylan Young.

The show at Art Mûr, which I have seen, I can confirm is wonderful. Titled *A Group of Seven*, it shows seven artists' interpretations of the Canadian landscape today. Pan-Canadian in its design, at least stylistically if not through the birthplaces of the artists, the exhibition is rich and varied and impressive. Works by Lois Anderson, Lucie Duval, Sylvie Fraser, Katharine Harvey, Francis LeBouthillier, Monique Mongeau and Mark Vatnsdal include water scenes by Harvey you could actually fall into, and the odorous and mesmerizing mechanical wheat field by Anderson that is the show's pièce de résistance.

ISA TOUSIGNANT

A Group of Seven runs until Nov. 6 at Art Mûr (5826 St-Hubert); the Group of N's nowHERE runs at Galerie 303 until Nov. 25.

ARTS ET SPECTACLES

ARTS VISUELS

Ma cabane au Canada

JÉRÔME DELGADO
COLLABORATION SPÉCIALE

Les chutes Niagara, les paysages enneigés, la cabane dans la forêt : difficile de ne pas susciter à l'étranger autre chose que ces clichés lorsqu'on évoque le Canada. Encore de nos jours, les peintres du dimanche et les galeries marchandes entretiennent ces stéréotypes en continuant à offrir des dérivés de Krieghoff et autres Groupe des Sept.

Quand un espace commercial, mais quand même sérieux, comme la galerie Art Mûr, se lance dans une exposition intitulée *Un groupe de sept*, on peut présumer que l'affaire sera teintée d'ironie. Et ça l'est : si les chutes Niagara, les montagnes enneigées et la cabane dans la forêt font en effet partie des vues exposées, les sept artistes réunis sont loin de simplement les magnifier. Car ce n'est pas tant la représentation d'un lieu qui les intéresse, que le traitement de tous ces thèmes plus vastes dont la nature n'est que le prétexte.

Ainsi, dans une installation de 1997, Francis LeBouthillier se sert des célèbres chutes comme décor pour parler de sensibilité masculine et revendiquer le droit de pleu-

rer des hommes. Dotée d'une bande-son et d'images empruntées à cette destination touristique, l'œuvre *Onion Skins* a comme élément central un très réaliste télescope, qui révèle des choses... disons, non publiables.

L'ironie est aussi palpable chez Lucie Duval, reconnue pour son habile usage des mots. L'artiste, native de Mont-Laurier, présente trois œuvres similaires, composées à partir d'une image fragmentée et visibles à travers un mur formé de pots de conserve. La plus petite d'entre elles, *Série mettre en pot (érable)*, n'est pas la moins sarcastique : ce petit bois bien encadré serait-il en voie de disparition ? Sinon, la plus spectaculaire, *Saint-Jean-Port-Joli, octobre 2001*, fait partie d'une série créée et exposée en Italie, à partir d'une collection de récipients de produits de la marque Quattro Stagione (quatre saisons).

Sylvie Fraser a aussi été remarquée en Europe par une série renouvelant le paysage canadien. Ici, photographe urbaine, elle a complètement mis de côté le « beau » : ses trois *Protecteurs : icônes du commun* s'attardent à ces arbres des villes qu'on revêt, l'hiver, d'une couverture. Cette coutume, paraît-il propre au Canada, au Québec surtout, a quelque chose de paradoxal.

Non seulement Fraser donne à ces végétaux une allure humaine (les sans-abri ont-ils droit à autant de soins ?), elle montre avec justesse les rapports pour le moins frileux qu'on entretient avec le climat. L'hiver, quoi qu'en pensent les étrangers, est mal accepté, sinon mal compris, au Québec.

Mark Vainsdal, lui, ne fait pas autant dans la charge cynique. Même que son triptyque *Landscape* relève de la tradition paysagiste basée sur des études chromatiques, et en particulier, sur les théories voulant que les tons d'une couleur varient selon ce qui l'entoure. Reste que les petites compositions au centre de ses tableaux monochromes ne sont pas exaltées.

Ce groupe de sept, inusité, est complété par Lois Andison, la protégée de la galerie Art Mûr, qui fait dans la robotique, par Katharine Harvey et ses peintures aquatiques, et par Monique Mongeau et son obsessionnelle nomenclature végétale, la série *L'Herbier* se poursuivant depuis plusieurs années.

UN GROUPE DE SEPT. UN REGARD CONTEMPORAIN SUR LE PAYSAGE CANADIEN. galerie Art Mûr, jusqu'au 6 novembre. Ouvert du mardi au samedi. Info : 514 933-0711.



FRIDAY DECEMBER 5TH



MIND CONTROL GALLERY

42 GLADSTONE AVE UNIT 5

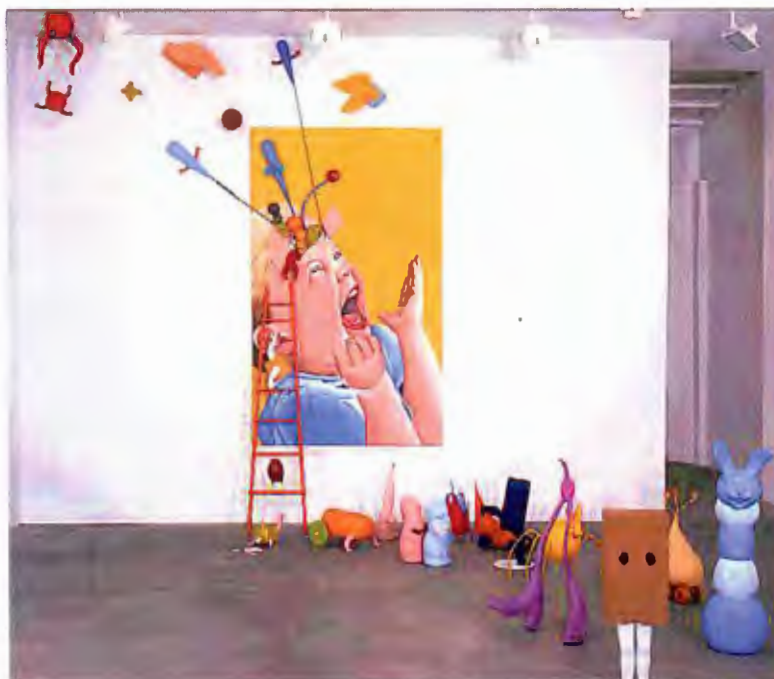
JEFF ALTEN
JOSH AVERY
DOVG BACK
MAT BROWN
GEORGIA DVNNE
TOM KING
BONNIE KING
CHRISTY LANGER
FRANCIS LeBOVTHILLIER
KATHLEEN McCARTNEY
SCOTT McGOVERN
JENN NORTON
PHIL SNELL
NORM WHITE
YAREK WASZVL
LUCAS WINTERS
ERIN ZIMMERMAN

PERFORMANCES BY

SHAWN MCPHERSON
LORRIE BAKKER AND ALANA DIDVR

PARTY.....DECEMBER 5TH, 9PM
GALLERY HOVRS.....DECEMBER 6TH AND 7TH, 12-9PM
WINDOW GALLERY.....NOVEMBER 29TH-DECEMBER 11TH





Sean Mellyn "It's a Beautiful Day", 2002

"TV Influenza"

18 janvier - 1er mars

Vernissage samedi 18 janvier 15h à 19h

David Acheson

Mario Côté

Robert Duchesnay

Claude Ferland

General Idea

Francis LeBouthillier

Cartoon Logic

Nam June Paik

Sean Mellyn

Galerie
Art Mûr
encadrements

5826 rue St-Hubert
514.933.0711

avec l'appui du
Conseil des arts
et des lettres

Québec 

TV Influenza, an exhibition of sculptures, paintings and mixed-media works at Galerie Art Mûr, takes a critical and fascinating look at the impact that television is having on modern society

A threat to innocence

HENRY LEHMANN
SPECIAL TO THE GAZETTE

Perhaps more than any other invention aside from fire and the wheel, TV has changed the way we live. Now Galerie Art Mûr is featuring an exhibit wittily titled TV Influenza, which includes sculpture, painting and mixed-media installations having to do with TV. The real theme is how we relate to TV, or how TV relates to us.

This is depicted in almost cartoon fashion in the oil titled *Series: Home sweet homeless Show: Star for a day Scene #12*. It is by the Toronto group calling itself *Cartoon Logic* and shows a sick man, oozing slime and littered with bottles. Pinned at a cardboard box, obviously the homeless abode of a homeless person, is a TV camera. Here, TV exploits the homeless.

That TV creates a reality of its own, superceding all other realities, is asserted by Robert Duchesne's black-and-white photographs: three images lined up to suggest a narrative. In one picture, we see a TV, its screen filled with obvious pornography. In another picture, there's a man in an easy-chair set out on a lawn; he is riveted to the TV. Meanwhile, in the final picture, there's a woman looking at the black wall of a house. What we get is an updated version of the standard, adulterous triad, except that here the interloper is a machine.

Irony aside, the wave of influence of TV is the focus of Claude Bernard's video installation *Les Enfants évadés du monde moderne II*. The long window of the gallery could be that of a mystery novel; indeed, the darkened setting of the installation, a special room in the gallery sets the right tone. Along the wall are small, glowing apertures, keyhole-size windows in which there are video monitors. But when we approach, it seems as though we are approaching a strange house or, when looking into another such window, crossing a garden. There's also a good live video projection on the gallery floor suggesting we just might step uninvitedly into the void.

On the other hand, the future is the ostensible subject of General Idea's two short videos done in the early 1980s. It should be noted that General Idea, an artist trio consisting of Jannis Kounellis, Felix Pappas and H.A. Brown, is the only one of the three still alive. Was in the 1970s and through part of the 1980s, Canada's leading maker of conceptual art.

Certainly their 1977 video in the current show, titled *Shut the Door*, has much to do today. It is a 1977 video, included in the show is an old film clip of a 1977 video, which is a 1977 video.



A detail from *It's a Beautiful Day*, a large installation by Sean Mellyn on display at Galerie Art Mûr

the creation of one of his paintings. Rather than brushes, he uses the live bodies of beautiful female models to get the paint on the paper or canvas. The scene is oddly hilarious, all the more so because General Idea's video also includes the group's trademark: a poodle. Here, however the poodle is a pathetic stuffed object dipped partly in blue. All this is accompanied by the kind of ponderous voice-over explanation associated with news reels of the 1950s.

While *GI ventures* into satirical surrealism, both Mario Côté and the internationally famous Nam June Paik, a kind of Marshall McLuhan of art, transform TV into sculpture, a form of materialization that, paradoxically, results in a deconstruction of virtual reality. Côté's painting is, in fact, strips of film glued onto

wood that suggests materialization of image. In Paik's work, TV has become a frame and a drawing a minimal face done with a few intentionally slapdash brush marks on a silvery background. Paik's work seems at once incredibly profound and simple as child's play.

There's also a naive innocence about David Acheon's dog relative dog, consisting of a humidifier nosing dog-like up against a TV screen filled with static.

A giant child is the centrepiece of the large, extravagant installation of Sean Mellyn titled *apparently with no sarcasm intended: It's a Beautiful Day*. The child, his mouth stretched to the limit with a joyful smile, ponders, as only a child can, the vastness of life. His innocent imaginings burst almost literally from

his head, in the three-dimensional form of such things as a baseball bat complete with arms and a lime-green milk carton. Its pale contents indicated by cut-out shapes on the gallery floor. There's no TV in the picture, though we can't help but get the foreboding feeling that the joyful curiosity will ultimately be dulled by hours in front of the idiot box.

For his installation, titled *It's a Beautiful Day*, the artist, serving as his own model, does the mechanical dance of those already brainwashed by TV. In fact, this work includes a small TV improbably built into the upper part of a real weighing scale. The "program" features a plump man exercising or flailing to the tune of pop music, it self emanating from speakers built into an actual antique case.

As we watch, the man puts on a girdle, thus assuming quasi-female identity. It should be recalled that the work was done in 1992, when exercise gyms were still mainly the province of women and not, as now, packed with men.

All in all, this fascinating, funny, unusual show raises a number of major issues, the main one being simply whether we can survive TV intact as rational human beings.

Also on view at Art Mûr are Montreal artist Jinny M. J. Yu's works collectively titled *Modules*. These consist primarily of vast grids drawn and painted and recalling the impersonal facades of modern skyscrapers. However, as in the especially lovely module (3, 8, 6), they are subtly embellished with texture and colour, so that form is not just function but also sensual delight.

TV Influenza and Jinny M. J. Yu remain on view at Art Mûr, 5826 St. Hubert St. until March 1. Call (514) 933-0711.

The focus is on childhood development at the Galerie Clark in a show titled *Stretchmarks*. In Cynthia Edora's series of three colour photographs, we see the same little girl, same pose, in three different, people-to-people settings. It seems nothing like the influence of nature, at least, in the nature of this child.

Changing places is also an aspect of Cynthia Clark's three colour photos titled *Georgia*, featuring a little girl with cerebral palsy. We see her, variously striding nimbly in the country holding a tawny cat on her lap, at therapy and vigorously splashing in spray in all of the images.

Two owners of the slightly less-than-ideal corners of the little girl's body. Yet, while she is in some ways marked by her disability, she is also remarkable for something else we see in each picture: her humanity and the emotions, common to all of us, written on her face and in her hands reaching out to possess all that life has to offer.

Finally, in Marlène Charles's three colour photo series titled *Angels*, anything that might have seemed angelic has been buried; the invisible skin surfaces are all that's left in the new models, fitted in elite boots, mean shades and growl hats, all astride big motor cycles. Indeed, the women are just extensions of their bikes, splendid chrome-studded jewelry with which anyone might fall in love.

Stretchmarks remains on view at Galerie Clark, 5455 Gaspé St. Room 114, through today. Call (514) 288-4972.

• FALL 2000 •

IDEAS

radio.cbc.ca

CBC  radiONE

OCTOBER 2000
WEDNESDAY THURSDAY

HANDS ACROSS TIME

1170

Great Gothic cathedrals are rising all over Europe – Archbishop Thomas à Becket is murdered in one of them. Muslim holy wars are led by Saladin, and Christian crusades led by men like Redbeard.

1389

Death, pope a conflict the – the Battle Ottoman Tur on the Field

on when Marx Communist Cady Stanton n's Rights con- tes; the potato sh poor.

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century the ur characters or nurture overbial s ago, we was largely e rise of the t movements king shifted: portant in mes. But gain in c advances many that genes from ompulsive oks at the obes the philosophical ng we're

GROWING HOUSES

Architect **Tony Paginton** asks: Why make square buildings from squared boards when genetic engineering could produce "trees" in the shape of comfortable and economical dwellings?

ANCIENT V

Ti of North Am a rock in Ne original ma BC. Until re hard to belie travelers set crossing bot the excavati in New Mex in Chile. Th Guatemala ideograms t Chinese. We Peterboroug Scandinavia Allen revisi tions from 1 adds new e visitors" a m

DIGITAL STORYTELLING

Storytelling is leaping from print to the computer screen. E-books and interactive TV are just the beginning of a revolution in the way people tell, listen to, and watch stories. **Lise Ann Johnson** looks at the impact of the digital revolution on narrative.

THE INEXPERIENCE OF TIME

The pace of life is so perpetually fast it flows through us, turning human experience into data trash. **Heather Menzies** takes a critical look at our speed of light existence.

NOVEMBER 2000

BODY

to clothes the body. Two the business anging room as. CBC n introduces wakubo.

CALCUTTA CALLING

When **Piali Roy** was growing up in the Toronto suburbs, her Indian-born parents often warned her not to forget and lose her culture. But can you find a home in a place that was never really yours to begin with?

ENDLESS D

TI people in E maintained thousands o goes north o find out how in the mode

KE

, Louis Edwin, leaders reform eed with a John Ralston of moderation

THE ROSE PEDDLERS

This digital audio production with poetic visual effects by sculptor and video artist **Francis LeBouthillier** chronicles the rose-vending night people and their customers.

DEADLOCK

In invaded the Canadians v UN Peace O of 50th anni **Ted Barris** o on the war t

2000 MASSEY LECTURES BY MICHAEL IGNATIEFF: THE RIGHTS BEYOND

PANDORA'S BOX

The first international interactive encounter
with art using remotely controlled robots.

March 4 to 18, 2000
InterAccess, Toronto and Fylkingen, Stockholm

Artworks by Christian Bock, Joe Davis,
Vera Frenkel, Francis LeBouthillier, Thomas Liljenberg,
Dinka Pignon, Victoria Scott, and Kent Tankred

Exhibition design by Amanda Ramos

Curated by Graham Smith

Opening Reception Saturday, March 4, 12pm

Artists' Talk Saturday, March 18, 12pm

INTERACCESS ELECTRONIC MEDIA ARTS CENTRE
401 Richmond St West, Suite 444, Toronto, ON
www.interaccess.org/pbox

Gallery Hours Tuesday to Saturday 12pm to 3pm
or by appointment 599-7206

CANADA-SWEDEN
ELECTRONIC ART EXCHANGE



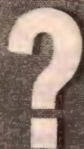
1999
TORONTO
ARTS
COUNCIL
AN AFFILIATE
OF THE
CITY OF TORONTO
25 YEARS

ONTARIO ARTS
COUNCIL
CONSEIL DES ARTS
DE L'ONTARIO

POSTCARD DESIGN: LISA KISS



ART



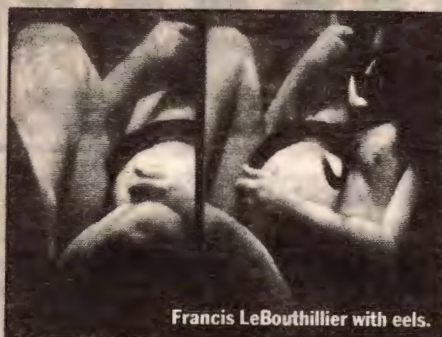
FRANCIS LEBOUTHILLIER

IN PANDORA'S BOX THROUGH MARCH 18 AT INTERACCESS

By DEIRDRE HANNA

Robots rock. Just ask Francis

LeBouthillier, one of seven Canadian and Swedish artists responsible for creating a virtual environment for Pandora's Box. The interactive encounter using remote-controlled robots is the latest instalment of Graham



Francis LeBouthillier with eels.

Smith's Cybercity Project. Visitors transport themselves to the Royal College of Art in Stockholm through a robot's video eye. The robot operators' experience of the space in Sweden is mediated through digital interfaces created by artists, such as Christian Bock, Vera Frenkel, Dinka Pignon and Kent Tankred. LeBouthillier has exhibited site-specific, interactive, performance-based technological art everywhere from Toronto's Power Plant to Paris, France. Eels figure prominently to his cortical space. We had to ask.

What does it feel like inside Pandora's Box?

Slippery, very slippery. The demons are quite friendly.

Myth or game?

I guess it's myth, because I don't play games. Pandora touches on values and judgment and good and bad. I just try to fix, repair, adjust, take apart, do my part.

Volvo or Saab?

I drive a GMC Astro van. I like it. It likes me.

Site or sight?

For me it's gotta be both. The content and the technology are in bed together, creating a spectacle and a dialogue that lasts longer than 2.5 seconds.

Why interactive media?

Accessibility. It's what I had to do to get a response that lasts longer than 2.5 seconds.

Is it as sexy as the hype?

There's nothing like the (r)eel thing, baby. Remember, nobody in the world is doing this outside of NASA on Mars.

2000

INTERACCES

ELECTRONIC MEDIA ARTS CENTRE

1.28 - 2.18, 2000

INTERCOURSE

>>> AN exhibition of interactive video-sculptures
by Istvan KANTOR

Friday, JANUARY 28-Saturday, FEBRUARY 18

The digital age didn't kill the old hardware of information technology, and metal office furniture is now part of the new electronic communications network.

In the most recent manifestation of The File Cabinet Project, artist Istvan Kantor links his ongoing exploration of the sculptural system and kinesonic potential of the file cabinet to the abused and eroticized human body.

Istvan Kantor (aka Monty Cantsin) is active in the fields of robotics, sound, video, performance, and new media. He has exhibited and performed in Europe, Mexico, Japan and Canada.

3-4 3.18, 2000

PANDORA'S BOX

>>> CURATED by GRAHAM SMITH

INSTALLATIONS CREATED by:

CHRISTIAN BOCK, JOE DAVIS, VERA FRENKEL,

FRANCIS LeBOUTHILLIER, MATS LINDSTROM,

VICTORIA SCOTT, KENT TANKIÉD

Saturday, MARCH 4-Saturday, MARCH 18

Pandora's Box is an artwork that uses robots and video conferencing to explore remote presence and the creation of inhabitable space.

Gallery visitors in Toronto and Stockholm become active operators, controlling the movement of small robots that wander through the artist-designed environments located in a remote location. Each robot displays the face of its operator on a mounted video screen and records the shape, the actions and the face of the other robot. Working in pairs to navigate the remote space, the robots become vehicles for virtual travel and long-distance relationship as two people from different parts of the world are able to meet, talk, and together explore their environment.

Pandora's Box builds on two earlier projects curated by Graham Smith: Cybercity, 1993 and The Electric Skin, 1995.

1.12, 2000

ARTISTS & CURATORS INFORMATION EXCHANGE

Wednesday, JANUARY 12 - 7:30 pm

>>> Want to know what projects artists working in new media and electronic art have in the making? Want to meet curators and programmers who might be interested in your work? Want to get some critical feedback, audience response or advice about your project? Plan to attend this casual networking event at InterAccess.

>>> Artists can choose to do a 10 minute show and tell (with or without AV), or informally distribute proposal descriptions. Curators are also welcome to do a presentation of their current projects. This event is intended to bring together emerging and established artists with curators and programmers in an effort to increase awareness of what's brewing beneath the surface, and facilitate a better understanding of the types of work being done in the realm of new media art.

1.15 - 1.16, 2000

FLINTSTONES ELECTRONICS:

TOOLS FROM THE STONE AGE OF THE INFORMATION AGE

Saturday, JANUARY 15-Sunday, JANUARY 16

This workshop is for anyone who wants to be able to build simple digital control circuits suitable for interactive artworks. We will start from the basics and build toward an understanding of simple logic circuits and how to connect these to sensors, motors, lights, and other devices.

No prior electronics experience is required. Lots of hands-on time to explore, build things, and ask questions.

>>\$30 members/\$60 non-members - call to register

>>> Rob Cruickshank is a Toronto-based electroacoustic composer and installation artist. His work has been aired and exhibited in Canada, Europe and Japan. Most recently he has been part of the Art and Robotics Group (ARG) at InterAccess, participating in three recent group shows. www.interlog.com/~robcruc



INTER ACCESS

exhibitions, events, workshops

>>>> JANUARY >>>> FEBRUARY >>>> MARCH >>>>>>>>> 2000

1.28 2.18, 2000

INTERCOURSE

>>> AN EXHIBITION OF INTERACTIVE VIDEO-SCULPTURES,
PART OF THE FILE CABINET PROJECT
BY ISTVAN KANTOR
Friday, JANUARY 28 - SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 18
Opening Reception: Friday, JANUARY 28 @7:30

3-4 3.18, 2000

PANDORA'S BOX

>>> AN INTERACTIVE ENCOUNTER WITH ART USING
REMOTELY-CONTROLLED ROBOTS
CURATED BY GRAHAM SMITH
INSTALLATIONS CREATED BY:
CHRISTIAN BOCK, JOE DAVIS, VERA FRENKEL,
FRANCIS LeBOUTHILLIER, MATS LINDSTROM,
VICTORIA SCOTT, KENT TANKIED
SATURDAY, MARCH 4 - SATURDAY, MARCH 18
Opening Reception: SATURDAY, MARCH 4 @NOON



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of our funders and our membership

THE TREE MUSEUM

CURATOR: E. J. LIGHTMAN

PERMANENT INSTALLATIONS BY

1998:

Anne O'Callaghan
Tim Whiten Badanna Zack

1999:

Lynn Campbell Gwen MacGregor
Anne O'Callaghan Tim Whiten
Robert Wiens

2001:

Lois Andison Simone Jones
Reinhard Reitzenstein

DIRECTIONS:

HIGHWAY 400 NORTH PAST BARRIE

HIGHWAY 11 NORTH, PAST ORILLIA, PAST GRAVENHURST
EXIT AT DOE LAKE ROAD-THIS IS MUSKOKA ROAD 6, GO
8 KILOMETERS. STAY ON DOE LAKE ROAD/MUSKOKA RD 6,
TILL YOU SEE THE TREE MUSEUM SIGNS ON YOUR RIGHT

BUS TRANSPORTATION:

PLEASE RSVP BEFORE THURSDAY SEPTEMBER 21ST
E.J. LIGHTMAN 416-638-5082 -LEAVE YOUR NAME
& TEL. #. ON ANSWERING MACHINE.

THE BUS WILL LEAVE FROM WILSON HIGHTS PARKING LOT,
WILSON SUBWAY STATION, AT 11:00 A.M.
(FREE PARKING-SUNDAY)

PLEASE WEAR HIKING BOOTS/RUNNERS-THIS IS A WALK
IN THE WOODS, WITH ROCK CLIMBING

THE TREE MUSEUM GRATEFULLY ACKNOWLEDGES
THE SUPPORT OF MENTOR COLLEGE

The Tree Museum

Curator

E. J. Lightman

New Outdoor Installations

Jocelyne Belcourt Salem Dieter Hastenteufel
Francis LeBouthillier
Tim Whiten "Danse" 1998-2000

September 24 to October 30, 2000

Opening Reception, Sunday September 24, 2000—12 noon to 5:00 p.m.

Artist Talk, Saturday October 1, 2:00 p.m.



THE TREE MUSEUM

DO NOT TAKE WHAT IS GIVEN TO YOU

The Tree Museum is an outdoor art gallery of site specific sculptures established to support and promote contemporary art. The Tree Museum provides the community with free access to a museum without walls and is an environmental synthesis of innovative art and landscape.

Located on 200 acres of mixed woodlands and Pre-Cambrian shield, it is an undeveloped site that includes both waterfront and forest. There is an unpaved trail that guides the spectator through the museum. The location itself creates a more interactive exchange between spectator and artwork, than most galleries. The physical energy is focused on walking and climbing and the sculptures themselves provide opportunities for pause and contemplation. Both activities become part of a whole. The surround sound of bird song, the chatter of small animals and the setting of the sculptures reminds one that culture and nature can coexist.

For information on our educational program for High School students please contact A.O'Callaghan at 416-537-3627, or email anneoc@calumet.yorku.ca.

The Canada Council for the Arts and the Ontario Arts Council funded The Tree Museum in 1999 and 2001, and the Ontario Arts Council in 2002. The Tree Museum Project is sponsored and supported annually by Mentor College, a private school in Mississauga, with an outdoor educational campus outside of Gravenhurst.

The site is open year round to the public. Though July through October is the best time to visit. Admission is free of charge. An annual exhibition of new work and a reception is held each year in September.

For further information:
anneoc@calumet.yorku.ca www.thetreemuseum.ca

© Harbourfront centre

THE TREE MUSEUM COLLECTIVE: AN ALTERNATE SITE

September 20 to November 3, 2002

Opening Reception: Friday, September 20 at 6:00 to 9:00 p.m.

YORK QUAY GALLERY AT HARBOURFRONT CENTRE

235 Queens Quay West

Toronto, Ontario M5J 2G8

T: 416-973-5379

www.harbourfront.on.ca

A live performance by artist

Wilson Chik Wai Chi and

music by Barry Prophet and

Janice Pomer will follow the

7:00 p.m. opening remarks

in York Quay Gallery.

Isaac Applebaum
Jorelyne Belmont Salem
J. Lynn Campbell
Wilson Chik Wai Chi
Ellen Dijkstra
Dieter Hastenteufel
Francis LeBouthillier
E. J. Lightman
Gwen MacGregor
Anne O'Callaghan
Janice Pomer
Barry Prophet
Reinhard Reitzenstein
Lyla Rye
Robert Wiens
Tim Whiten
Badanna Zack

DIRECTIONS TO THE TREE MUSEUM

Hwy 400 north past Barrie; Hwy 11 north past Orillia, past Gravenhurst; exit at Doe Lake Road/Muskoka Road 6; continue 8 kilometers on Doe Lake Road/Muskoka Road 6 until you see 'The Tree Museum' sign on your right.

To book Free Bus transportation for Sunday September 22rd, reserve before Thursday September 19th. Bus is booked on a first come basis. Bus leaves from Wilson Station Parking lot at 11:00 a.m. on Sunday September 22. Leaves Gravenhurst at 4:30.p.m. to return to Toronto.

Tel: E.J. Lightman (416-638-5082) e-mail: anneoc@calumet.yorku.ca



THE TREE MUSEUM

I Believe in Miracles

A Performance by
Francis LeBouthillier

Presented by
The Tree Museum

Sunday September 23, 2001
12:00 - 4:00pm continuous

Location: on the pathway into The Tree Museum

The Tree Museum is located on Doe Lake Road (this is Muskoka Rd #6)

For directions see reverse or contact <http://rhen.com/treemuseum/>

Transportation will be provided on the day of the opening. Please RSVP before
Wednesday September the 19th to confirm a place on the bus call: 416-638-5082
(please note there is limited space)

"I Believe in Miracles" is a playful work that addresses the need to believe



THE TREE MUSEUM

Art grows in a forest

A unique museum invites artists to create works that flourish and decay with the trees that surround them, writes **SARAH MILROY**

GRAVENHURST, ONT.

There is something wonderfully perverse about the name of the Tree Museum. Neither a museum (doesn't the term conjure images of security guards and thermally sealed underground vaults?) nor simply a collection of trees (a vision Joni Mitchell immortalized in *Big Yellow Taxi*), this is, rather, an experimental outdoor project in which art is placed amid the trees — or carved into rock, or hidden away in busted-down tool sheds. And it doesn't cost a dollar and a half just to see it.

In fact, it's free — and not hard to get to. Heading north from Toronto, just turn right off Highway 11 onto the Doe Lake Road, north of Gravenhurst, Ont., and start looking for the sign. Not that it's screamingly obvious. The Tree Museum is all about hunting around in the landscape; the experience starts even before you get there.

A white, weather-beaten plywood sign announces the entrance. You turn in, park the car, and head into the bush on a rough little road, which at times deteriorates into open swaths of pre-Cambrian granite. At the end, a little clapboard building comes into view, and inside it the project's co-curator, E. J. Lightman — clad in laid-back, up-north attire and a baseball cap — waves hello from the window.

What I saw over the next two hours was various and quietly haunting: a scattering of spherical bales of white plastic, nestled amid the goldenrod in a grassy meadow, like giant cocoons (Ellen Dijkstra); a little pioneer shed with a tree growing through it (Reinhard Reitzenstein); a thick bundle of sticks in the shape of a felled log (Robert Wiens); a pile of abandoned car chassis and parts, dug into an embankment in sedimentary layers (Badanna Zack); a disconcertingly merry consort of skeletons playing drums, horns and bagpipes, all sandblasted into a granite outcropping (Tim Whiten).

Without Lightman and her co-curator and fellow artist Anne O'Callaghan, none of these works would be here. This is one of those grassroots projects that has evolved through good luck, good karma and, from time to time, little injections of cash to keep a good idea aloft. The 80 hectares of land belong to Mentor College in Mississauga, Ont., a private school with an outdoor-education focus (Lightman's husband, Ed Steinberg, is one of the principals). The Tree Museum, now in its fifth year, has the run of the land and the little house, where the artists stay while conceiving and constructing their works.

"We were always up here all summer," says Lightman, who has a cottage across the lake, "and my



Part of Tim Whiten's consort of musical skeletons: Quietly haunting.

kids were growing up. One of them had moved out, and the other one was off at camp. It could get kind of isolated. Now there is always this wonderful activity."

Only now are the Canada Council and the Ontario Arts Council chipping in on the costs. (Together, the two agencies provided \$16,000 last year.) Though she squirms to confess it, it seems that the start-up came out Lightman's own pockets, and those of a few like-minded friends.

She should stop squirming, and take a bow. What they have created is a most unusual platform for the creation of new works. Wiens, for one, who has been involved in a number of outdoor sculptural commissions over the years, says one of the most interesting things about working with the Tree Museum was the possibility of exploring art's relationship to time in a new way.

Some of Wiens's earlier works had consisted of startlingly real sculptural facsimiles of logs, made out of wood and painted, and exhibited in art galleries — forays into the idea of fake nature. "I saw those as antimonuments," he says,

"something you would trip over rather than look up to. I look at this piece as a continuation of that."

But what happens when the work is subjected to the seasons and begins to change? Wiens's bale of twigs is starting to settle, looking less like a log and more like, say, a beaver dam, or a cache of firewood — a more generalized sign of human or animal industriousness, hidden away in the forest.

For Toronto artist Lyla Rye, a commission from the Tree Museum was her first opportunity to make art for an outdoor location. (Artists are offered \$1,200 to complete their works, a lean fee that includes material costs.) "I make video," she says with a laugh. "What do I know about outdoor sculpture?"

In fact, Rye had made a number of sculptural works based on architectural ideas, some relating to makeshift shelters, before she turned to electronic media, but it seemed wrong to turn back the stylistic clock to find a ready solution. Despite her preparatory readings — which included a Grimm's tale about a juniper tree (she had become interested in a juniper that

she had found on the property) — nothing was coming of her efforts.

Then, on one visit to the museum, while driving in with her mother and tiny daughter, she got stuck in the mud. There was nothing for it but to head out in search of help. Across a nearby field, she found a farmer with a tractor willing to help. Their conversation turned to the changes in the landscape and the animals that live in it; Rye had spent her childhood summers at nearby Fairy Lake. He told her about the mysterious disappearance of frogs in the area some years back, and how they later returned, after the outlawing of DDT.

The conversation reminded her of the themes of regeneration in the Grimm's tale. "It all sort of came together," she remembers. She incised the farmer's story into a flat ring of black rubber, and laid it out on the level ground beneath the tree. To read the text, you must walk a circular path.

Rye says the landscape exerts a sort of seduction that she was at pains to resist. "It's really easy to slip into this pastoral, beauty, romance thing," she says.

Like Wiens, she revelled in the distinct quality of the setting. "Usually, when an artist is doing an outdoor work in the city, you have to always be thinking about how you can make the thing vandal-proof." The audience is the enemy. Here, the vandal may be of a gentler and more insidious type. In the upper rafters of Reitzenstein's shed, a wasp nest is quietly blooming. Lichen is spreading a grey veil over Whiten's cavorting skeletons.

Sometimes the mischief begins before the work is erected.

"Originally," says Rye, "the juniper tree was going to be like a sort of throne. When we first went up in the spring, there was this incredible view. The juniper stood out, all on its own in the middle of this beautiful, elevated place. But when we came back to make the work at the end of July," she adds with a laugh, "the view was gone. The grass that had been a foot high was now four feet high. You couldn't see anything."

The flexibility demanded of the artists is likewise required of the viewer. "People are used to coming to an art gallery and spinning around and leaving," says Lightman. "But this is two hours of working, and it's physical."

For Wiens, that's the best part. "The viewer comes upon the art," he says. "They are searching it out. That just doesn't happen on Spadina Avenue."

Artists who have made works at the Tree Museum will be showing their plans and related pieces at the York Quay Gallery at Toronto's Harbourfront Centre, in an exhibition that opens on Sept. 20. On Sept. 22, the public is invited to a special event at the Tree Museum from noon to 5 p.m., to mark the launch of new pieces by Lyla Rye, Ellen Dijkstra and Wilson Chik.

February 26 - May 7, 2000

Opening Reception: Saturday, February 26, 2:00-5:00 pm

Niagara celebrates 300 years of Europeans and Euro-Americans looking at, and thinking about, Niagara Falls, one of the natural wonders of the world. It features approximately thirty works of art borrowed from twelve public and private collections, including paintings, photographs, prints, and installation works, as well as memorabilia and souvenirs borrowed from residents of this area.

Father Louis Hennepin was the first European explorer to see Niagara Falls. His description, published in 1697, exaggerated their height to 500 feet (they are actually 170 feet) and their sound ("more deafening than the loudest thunder") so as to emphasize their fearsomeness. "One is seized with Horror, and the Head turns round, so that one cannot look long or steadfastly upon it," he wrote. This response, and the engraving that accompanied his book, became the model for images of the Falls for the next several decades. In this exhibition, two engravings, *The Falls of Niagara* by Herman Moll from 1732 and *Cataracte de Niagara* by Meer from 1772, are based on Hennepin's description.

By the late eighteenth-century, the sense of fear associated with Niagara was enhanced by a quasi-religious sense of grandeur and awe giving rise to an experience of "the sublime." Harriet Beecher (later Stowe) wrote, "I felt as if I could have gone over with the waters; it would be so beautiful a death; there would be no fear in it. I felt the rock tremble with a sort of joy." With the arrival of British topographical artists, images of the Falls became more "realistic," but were flavoured by the attempt to capture notions of the sublime.

© Annmarie on the Edge Photography



Unknown artist (British)
Untitled (*The Industry of Canadian Beavers*) c. 1799 (details)
etching and engraving on paper
23.2 x 23.2 cm
Collection of the Winnipeg Art Gallery

With railroads linking Niagara to other towns by the mid-1830s, tourism became a major phenomenon. In 1855, the world's first railway suspension bridge opened, linking the American and Canadian Falls. It seemed interest in this feat of engineering overtook interest in the Falls themselves, as suggested by the Currier & Ives lithograph *The Railway Suspension Bridge Near Niagara Falls* (c. 1869). When the first tightrope walker crossed the gorge in 1859, the Falls also became a backdrop for the carnivalesque activity that culminated in 1901 when Annie Edson Taylor became the first to go over the Falls in a barrel.

At the beginning of the twentieth-century, the Falls were harnessed to produce electricity. No longer either to be feared or held in awe, the tamed site



became the honeymoon capital of the world. This is the subject of a painting by Dennis Burton, *Niagara Rainbow Honeymoon #1: The Bedroom* (1968), in which a pin-up girlie in a garter belt is a backdrop to the Falls.

Recent responses by artists to Niagara Falls have become more complex. For instance, Gerald Ferguson argues that advertising and tourism have so alienated the artist from nature that it is no longer possible to paint the landscape. His painting, *Niagara Falls - View from Below The Falls* (1984), was taken from a postcard and produced by an assistant. Fern Helfand addresses tourism in her photomural made up of individual shots of tourists photographing one another with the Falls as the background. She also includes reference to the dark side of the Falls ignored by tourists. Electricity = industrialization = pollution. The shelf of reading material that accompanies her mural includes studies of Love Canal, a toxic waste dump.

People of the First Nations have been living near the Falls for two thousand years. The British



negotiated a trading agreement with Native societies in 1764, acknowledging their sovereignty in the area. Alex McKay made *Treaty Canoe* (1998), in his words, "to address a point of honour and to speak of dishonour and complicity."

Francis LeBouthillier, in his video installation *Onion Skins* (1998), juxtaposes images of men cutting onions to simulate sadness with images of Niagara Falls. Within three hundred years, the terror experienced by Hennepin has been reduced to crocodile tears.



(top to bottom)

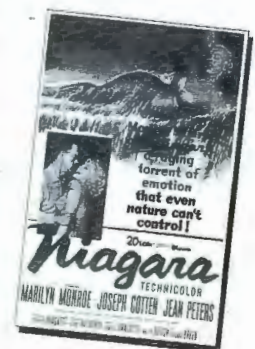
Francis LeBouthillier
Onion Skins 1994/98 (detail)
multi-media installation
Collection of the artist

Claudius Thomas
View of Niagara Falls 1842
watercolour, graphite on paper
22.9 x 33.0 cm
Collection of the AGW
Gift of James D. Candler, 1983

Fern Helfand
Tourists at Niagara Falls 1987
(detail)
photocollage, graphite on paper
127.0 x 914.4 cm
Collection of the artist

Please join us for the opening reception on Saturday, February 26, from 2:00 to 5:00 pm. The artist Fern Helfand will be present to discuss the exhibition.

To celebrate *Niagara*, there will also be a cocktail party and walk-through tour led by curator Robert McKaskell on Thursday, March 9 at 6:30 pm., followed by a 16mm screening of *Niagara* (1952), starring Marilyn Monroe, at the AGW at 7:30 pm.





francis lebouthillier: onion skins

28 August ~ 10 October, 1999

Opening Reception:

Wednesday, 8 September,

7:30pm ~ 9:30pm

Curated by Clint Roenisch

Francis LeBouthillier, *Onion Skins*, Video still, 1997/98

KITCHENER-WATERLOO ART GALLERY

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T 519.579.5860 F 519.578.0740

Hours: Tuesday to Saturday, 10am to 5pm;
Thursday, 10am to 9pm; Sunday, 1pm to 5pm

The Kitchener-Waterloo Art Gallery gratefully acknowledges the financial support of the cities of Kitchener and Waterloo, Region of Waterloo, Ontario Arts Council, Waterloo Catholic District School Board, Waterloo Region District School Board and our many individual and corporate members.

kw|ag

ENTERTAINMENT

● Bonnie Malleck A10 ● Next week's soap plotlines A11

HE RECORD, Kitchener, Ont.

RELEVANT PILGRIMAGES

Triad of diverse exhibitions at K-W Art Gallery examines emotional, sexual and spiritual Self

The examination of Self — emotional, sexual and spiritual — ties together three diverse exhibitions at the Kitchener-Waterloo Art Gallery featuring works by Francis LeBouthillier, Claude Cahun and Lupe Rodriguez.

Interestingly, all three artists use some form technology — whether camera, camcorder or computer — in the investigation of Self.

An opening reception for all three shows will be held at 7:30 p.m. on Wednesday. LeBouthillier and Rodriguez will both attend.

You hear it before you enter the gallery — the thunderous rumble of rushing water. The first thing you see is a oil painting of Niagara Falls by 19th century Brantford artist Robert Whale.

After you enter the gallery housing Toronto artist Francis LeBouthillier's installation, you see a wide-screen video of Niagara Falls projected on to the back wall. The video places you at the brink of the falls, as if you're in a barrel about to plunge over the edge.

When you get your bearings, you notice a steel platform on which is mounted two scenic viewfinders through which to look at the falls.

As you approach the viewfinders, you hear sea gulls squawking. When you look into one of the viewfinders, you observe a series of images of fathers and sons cutting onions superimposed onto images of the falls.

What LeBouthillier is investigating, among other things, is the ritualistic



At Toronto artist Francis LeBouthillier's installation of the exhibit, through viewfinders you see a series of images of fathers and sons cutting onions.

way in which fathers hand down to sons inherited emotional values most specifically, the repression of emotion

as embodied and enacted by crying.

Men don't cry, don't you know.

The installation — which is on view in a public gallery for the first time until Oct. 10 — works on various levels and all that.

simultaneously, thus the title Onion Skins. The installation drips with irony and paradox.

The huge volume of water represented by the falls contrasts with the small volume water represented by the tears streaming down the faces of father and

son. The tears don't come through emotional release, but as the result of cutting onions — a domestic chore usually done by mothers who, as a result of social conditioning, express their emotions more freely.

Just as Whale represses the raw power of the falls by creating a placid, picturesque picnic scene, so men distort their own natures by suppressing emotion. The answer, however, doesn't lie in contemporary Niagara Falls which has transformed the falls into a tacky, smaltzy symbol of commercialized emotion. The honeymoon capital and all that.

Claude Cahun had four strikes going against her: she was a woman, she was a Jew, she was a lesbian and she was an artist. Born in 1894 in Nantes, France into a wealthy family of Jewish intellectuals, she studied at Oxford University and the Sorbonne before aligning herself with the Surrealists as a writer, polemicist, translator, performance artist and photographer.

In 1932, she moved to the Isle of Jersey with her life-long lover Suzanne Malherbe.

After the Nazis invaded Jersey in 1940, the couple became involved in the Resistance movement as propagandists. In 1944, they were arrested by the Gestapo and condemned to death. Although later reprieved, they remained imprisoned until the island was liberated in 1945.

The Nazis destroyed much of Cahun's art — a sentence crueler than death for an artist — and she never recovered from her incarceration. She died in 1954 at the age of 60.

Although she swirled around the vortex of French intellectual life in the late '20s and early '30s, Cahun was intensely private and she kept much of her self-portraiture under wraps throughout her lifetime. Thankfully, Don't Kiss Me, an exhibition organized and circulated by Vancouver's Presen-



Toronto artist Lupe Rodriguez used a camera, sketchbook and diary record her 32-day pilgrimage of the Camino de Santiago she made in fall of 1998.

tation House Gallery and on view here through Oct. 9, provides an introduction to Cahun's compelling and captivating photographs.

The small black and white self-portraits are as poignant and as relevant today as they were when they were made over a period spanning 1915 to 1948. In fact, Cahun may well be the first in a line of outstanding 20th century feminist photographers.

Combining the theatricality of performance art with the self-examination of autobiography, the self-portraits deal with issues that have preoccupied feminist artists for the past half century, including sexuality, gender identity and socially assigned roles.

The photographs are by turns playful and edgy, witty and disturbing — even perverse, at least according to the social norms of Cahun's day.

In the self-portraits Cahun assumes a variety of poses and adopts a variety of roles, both male and female, as well as androgynous. This is more than simple cross-dressing or gender-bending; the masks and costumes reveal more than they conceal.

In a 1920 photograph, she assumes an austere, ascetic profile, where she sits cross-legged, draped in a heavy shawl. In contrast, she plays a campy Betty Boop in a 1927 photograph, in which she wears a sweater containing the words: "I am in Training: Don't Kiss Me."

Her head is closely shaven in a 1929 photograph in which she strikes a masculine pose in dress shirt, tie and suit jacket.

The photograph that perhaps best

symbolizes Cahun's art is a 1928 image in which the artist is looking into a mirror, producing an evocative doppelgänger.

Toronto artist Lupe Rodriguez combines the roles of artist and pilgrim with A Santiago, an exhibition of mixed media works on paper, acrylic paintings and giclee prints on view until Oct. 9.

Through her chosen media, Rodriguez chronicles a 32-day pilgrimage of the Camino de Santiago she made in the fall of 1998, tracing the route of the historic 800-kilometre journey in the medieval town of Saint Jean Port, in France, to the city of Compostela, in Spain.

Rodriguez used a camera, sketchbook and diary to record her pilgrimage experience. When she returned to her studio, she worked up colourful expressionistic paintings of the landscape and cathedral interiors she visited on her journey. She also made a series of giclee prints — a new process printmaking which, in a transfers 35mm slides that have been digitally manipulated in a computer on to high-grade watercolour paper.

In addition to documenting the landscapes, cathedrals and sacred spaces, the prints record fellow pilgrims and people encountered along the way. They also contrast the ancient tryside with modern urban spaces which dramatizes the central question raised by the exhibition: Why do ancient pilgrimages remain relevant as we trip headlong into a new millennium?



ROBERT REID on art



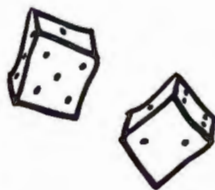
The photograph that perhaps best symbolizes artist Claude Cahun's work is a 1928 image in which the artist is looking into a mirror, producing an evocative doppelgänger.



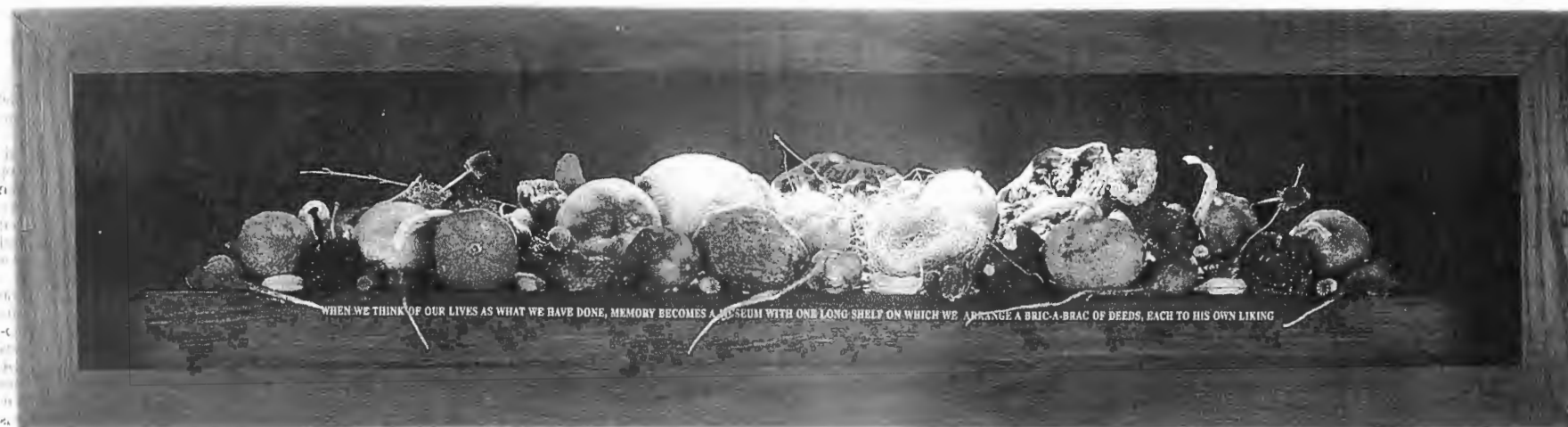
Claude Cahun, in her time, had four strikes going against her: she was a woman, she was a Jew, she was a lesbian and she was an artist. This is a self-portrait.

No fun without you

John Abrams
Mark Adair
Shary Boyle
Catherine Daigle
Gail Geltner
Tim Howe
Francis LeBouthillier
Warren Quigley
Adrienne Trent
Kate Wilson



425 Adelaide Street West
May 1 to 29
Opening reception: Saturday May 1, 7-10 pm.
Tuesdays through Saturday 12:00-6:00 pm.
Phone: (416) 503-4467
email: eidetics@idirect.com



Daigle's work includes a line from a 1992 novel, 'When we think of our lives and what we have done, memory becomes a museum with one long shelf on which we arrange a bric-a-brac of deeds, each to his own liking.'

Meditations on the vitality of life, the certainty of death

No Fun Without You is the welcoming title for an invigorating new exhibition by the collective with the challenging name of Torontonians. The show ranges widely and inventively through an eclectic jumble of art-making ways and means. John Abrams's three huge, impressionistically soft, black-and-white oil paintings on canvas, from his ongoing *Rethinking History* series, form a large scroll of quintessential Canadian images: a radiant polar bear paddling in the sea, a dark, lugubrious map of Canada and a Pierre

GALLERY GOING

GARY MICHAEL DAULT

Trudeau-Rene Lévesque vignette, based on a news photo from the period of repatriating the Constitution. The fact that Abrams begins all his paintings in red and then gradually muffles them with black and white means that there is always a hot, furnace-like glow coming up from underneath — which makes the paintings seem rawly edged with the demonic. Catherine

Daigle's exquisite tableaux, by contrast, are quiet and even elegiac meditations on the vitality of life and the certain followup of death. Her *Stilleven*, a horizontal light-box full of sumptuously arranged dried fruits and vegetables, is a three-dimensional Dutch 17th-century still life, celebrating sensuousness while reminding us of its eventual cessation. Kate Wilson's paintings on vellum and mylar of women with big hair, positioned against insistently odd backgrounds, are as fresh and as pointed as always (*Nostalgia: the Sugar Coated Ver-*

sion of Amnesia is a typical title). Mark Adair, Shary Boyle, and Adrienne Trent offer witty constructions while Warren Quigley's *Companions*, generalized furry pet-like bundles in cages, are endearingly creepy. And Gail Geltner's disturbing photo-essay, *The Other Family Album: a Chronicle*, charts — in perilously invasive detail — the decline and deaths of her parents. There are two brilliant installations in No Fun Without You. Tim Howe's *Uncle Salty in plainclothes, our finest flowers*, is based on a feverish childhood dream and features, among other images, a video of familiar cartoon characters burning in the flames of hell. Francis LeBouthillier's awesome *Onion Skins* offers the viewer a panoramic and vertiginous projected view of Niagara Falls — with an engulfing soundscape of thundering water and shrieking gulls and a steel platform with two scenic viewfinders. When you look through them, you see the Falls and the Maid of the Mist, over which float, in close-up, video footage of two guys sitting at a table peeling onions and weeping. Real men don't weep, appar-

ently, even with the Falls as encouragement. But when they do, they cry you a river. \$385-\$24,000. Until May 29, 425 Adelaide Street W, Toronto. 416-503-4467.

Sunday November 21, 1999 1:30pm

A special musical presentation by **The Glitter Sisters** precedes the screening (see page 17).

A man recognizes a brother's worth while psychiatric survivors carve out a place for themselves in the workplace, making a positive impact on society.

ME TWO 7.5 min. betasp CANADA 1999



Director Francis LeBouthillier uses his relationship with his older brother to explore notions of family, relationships, being different and societal constructions of normalcy. Through makeup techniques, costumes and the computer, LeBouthillier appears as himself, his brother, mother and father.

Director Francis LeBouthillier is a visual artist who produces provocative, interactive installations involving sculpture, technology and performance. He teaches at the Ontario College of Art and Design.

WORKING LIKE CRAZY 54 min. betasp CANADA 1999

Most psychiatric survivors who've been through the mental health system face poverty, housing challenges and unemployment. But the six who are profiled here have survived by creating their own jobs, training and support systems. These productive people are part of a unique community overseen by the Ontario Council of Alternative Businesses.



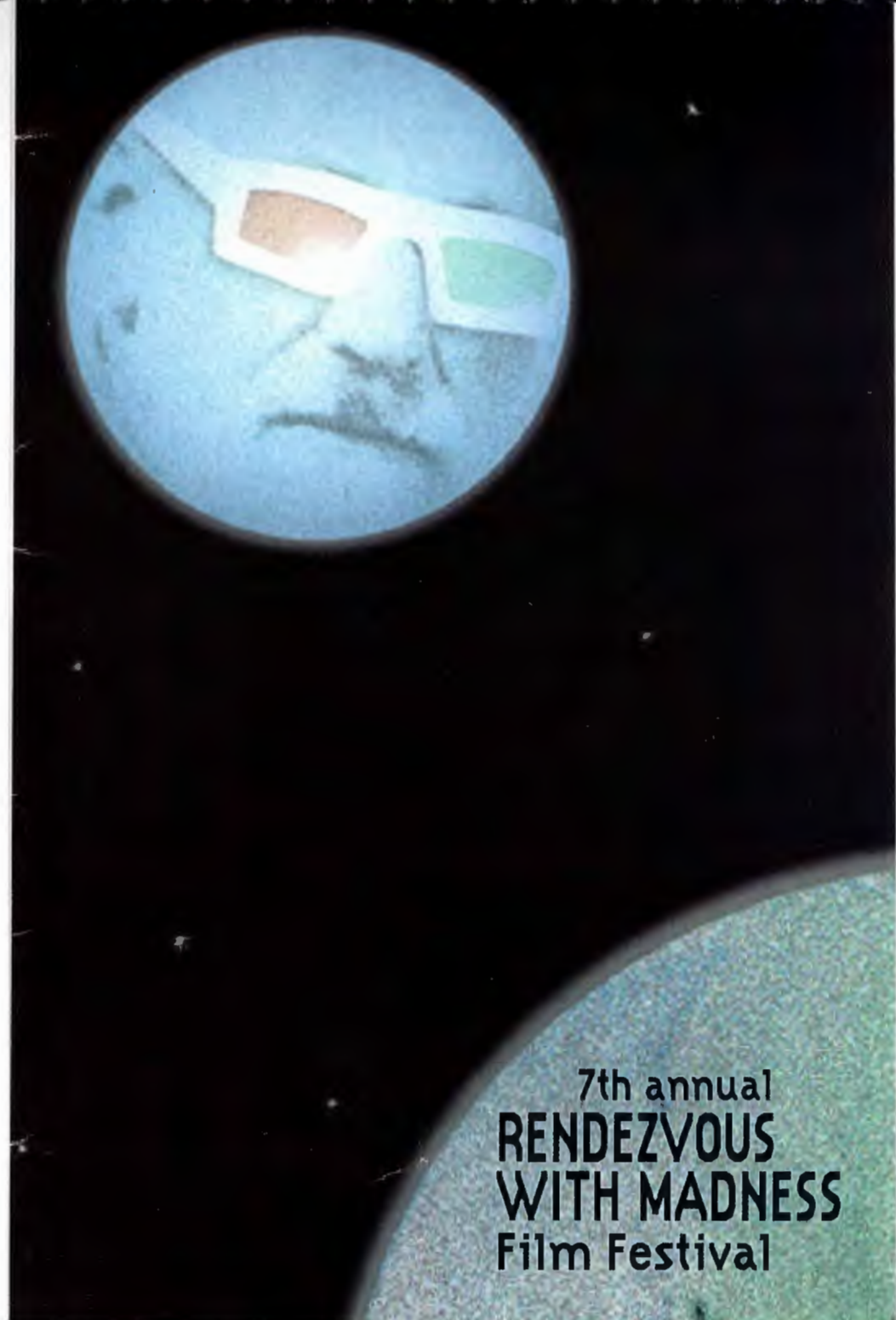
Co-director Laura Sky has been making independent documentary films and teaching film studies since 1972. She established Sky Works Charitable Foundation in 1981 to produce educational films and adult education videotapes. Sky has produced and directed three feature-length documentaries about health care issues. **Co-director Gwynne Basen's** directing credits include the award-winning, two-part series **ON THE EIGHTH DAY: PERFECTING MOTHER NATURE** (1992) that examined the implications of the new reproductive and genetic technologies. She lives in Montreal.

Special guests include:

Gwynne Basen, co-director, **WORKING LIKE CRAZY**

Francis LeBouthillier, director, **ME TWO**

Laura Sky, co-director, **WORKING LIKE CRAZY**



7th annual
**RENDEZVOUS
WITH MADNESS**
Film Festival

Unique festival's for those just mad about movies

BY PETER GODDARD
ENTERTAINMENT REPORTER

Forget the bikinis and heat at the Cannes Film Festival.

The winter film festival season is now upon us, with the Toronto Italian Film Festival running last night through to Saturday, and the Toronto International Film Festival announcing its Dec. 17 deadline for submissions to its annual Sprockets kids' flicks festival, next April 8-16. The Reel Asian International Film Festival starts next Thursday at The Bloor and the "Rights on Reel" Toronto Human Rights Film and Video Festival is gearing up for Dec. 9-12 at the Art Gallery of Ontario's Jackman Hall and John Spotton Theatre.

Then there's the, something-completely-different Rendezvous With Madness Film Festival. Its seventh season starts tonight at Workman Auditorium, 1001 Queen St. W, with the Toronto premiere of *The Living Museum*, a documentary about New York's Creedmoor Psychiatric Center where the patients are encouraged to be artists.

In its annual exploration of "the facts and mythology" surrounding mental illness, *Rendezvous* has also explored the relationship of the arts

and mental illness.

In 1996, the festival had the local premiere of *Shine*, about the fragile mental state of Australian concert pianist David Helfgott. Last year's world premiere of *Completely Cuckoo*, a documentary on the filming of *One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest*, showed how the line was blurred between the actors and the patients they were playing.

The visual arts are one of this year's subtexts with tonight's gala, which also features Carol Halstead's short, *Why?*, where a 60-year-old woman has answers for why she's in art school.

With *The Living Museum*, the festival starts in an up-beat mood. "Rarely do we find films in the mental health area which celebrate mental health," says festival director Lisa Brown. "This year the films are much more targeted at specific mental health issues."

The 23 films being presented through to Sunday are also positioned to be starting points for panel discussions, with tonight's featuring *Living Museum's* director Jessica Yu as part of a panel being moderated by CBC Radio producer Karen Wells.

Each day has its own theme. Tomorrow

evening shows society's impact on individuals. Friday afternoon looks at all our pleasure-providing, with *The Last Cigarette* offering a satirical look at the ciggie wars. Friday night is freak-out night with films about people going "around the bend, and over the top."

Saturday afternoon features the screening of *The Fishing Trip*, a fea-

ture from Amnon Buchbinder, who teaches screenwriting at York University.

Saturday evening gives the city a rare opportunity to see *Hombre Mirando Al Sudeste* (Man Facing Southeast), the magical 1986 Argentine film that won the critic's prize in 1986 at the Festival of Festivals — the mother of all our film festivals.

Sunday is wind-down day with music from The Glitter Sisters before a screening of the Canadian short, *Me Two* from director Francis LeBouthillier and Laura Sky's *Working Like Crazy*.

For ticket and screening information call 583-4606 or go to www3.sympati.co.ca/rendezvous.



www.cineplex.com

PRESENTED IN DIGITAL SOUND AT SELECTED CINEMAS

BARGAIN MATINEES at participating theatres for performances prior to 6 p.m. (except Tuesday)

CENTRAL	NORTH	WEST	EAST	REGIONAL
VARSITY Bloor at Bay 2nd Fl. Manulife Ctr. 961-6303 AMERICAN BEAUTY (AA) Wed. & Thu. 1:30, 4:30, 7:30, 10:20 FIGHT CLUB (R) Wed. & Thu. 1:10, 4:10, 7:10, 10:10 THE BONE COLLECTOR (R) No Passes Wed. & Thu. 12:50, 3:50, 6:50, 9:40 ANYWHERE BUT HERE (PG) No Passes Wed. & Thu. 1:20, 4:20, 7:20, 10:10 THE MESSENGER: THE STORY OF JOAN OF ARC (R) Wed. & Thu. 12:30, 4:50, 9:50 AMERICAN BEAUTY (AA) No Passes (On 2 Screens) Wed. & Thu. 12:35, 1:05, 3:35, 4:05, 6:35, 7:05, 9:35, 10:05 FIGHT CLUB (R) No Passes Wed. & Thu. 1:25, 4:25, 7:25, 10:25 THE MESSENGER: THE STORY OF JOAN OF ARC (R) No Passes Wed. & Thu. 12:55, 3:55, 6:55, 9:55 YORK Eglinton 2 1/2 Bk. E. of Yonge 486-5600 THE BONE COLLECTOR (R) Wed. & Thu. 1:15, 4:15, 9:15 THE BONE COLLECTOR (R) Wed. & Thu. 1:35, 7:40 CANADA SQUARE 2199 Yonge St. 12 Bk. S. of Eglinton 483-9428 PROMENADE Bathurst & Centre St. 886-0181	THE GRANDE & SHEPPARD CTR. Yonge & Sheppard (416) 590-9974 AMERICAN BEAUTY (AA) Wed. & Thu. 1:30, 4:30, 7:30, 10:20 DOGMMA (R) Wed. & Thu. 12:40, 3:40, 6:40, 9:40 FIGHT CLUB (R) Wed. & Thu. 12:30, 3:30, 6:30, 9:30 ANYWHERE BUT HERE (PG) No Passes Wed. & Thu. 12:50, 3:20, 6:50, 9:20 THE BACHELOR (PG) Wed. & Thu. 12:35, 3:20, 9:45 THE BONE COLLECTOR (R) Wed. & Thu. 1:10, 3:50, 7:10 BEING JOHN MALKOVICH (AA) No Passes Wed. & Thu. 1:50, 4:40, 7:40, 10:10 MUSIC OF THE HEART (PG) Wed. & Thu. 1:40, 7:10, 9:50 THE MESSENGER: THE STORY OF JOAN OF ARC (R) Wed. & Thu. 2:50, 8:30 LIGHT IT UP (AA) Wed. & Thu. 1:20, 4:05, 9:55 FAIRVIEW Don Mills at Sheppard 490-0190 NEW LOW PRICES \$6.50 ADULTS (12:30 TUESDAYS, CHILDREN, SENIORS, & MATINEES) LIGHT IT UP (AA) Wed. & Thu. 1:30, 7:20, 9:50 ANYWHERE BUT HERE (PG) No Passes Wed. & Thu. 1:10, 4:7, 9:40 THE BONE COLLECTOR (R) Wed. & Thu. 12:40, 3:40, 6:40, 9:20 THE BACHELOR (PG) Wed. & Thu. 1:20, 4:30, 6:50, 9:10 POKEMON THE FIRST MOVIE (PG) Wed. & Thu. 12:30, 2:45, 5:15, 9:30 THE MESSENGER: THE STORY OF JOAN OF ARC (R) Wed. & Thu. 1:30, 5:30, 9 THE BONE COLLECTOR (R) Wed. & Thu. 1:30, 5:30, 9	SHERWAY CINEMAS Opp. Sherway Gardens Mall 620-5178 Que's Chicken Tenders & Popcorn Shrimp POKEMON THE FIRST MOVIE (PG) Wed. & Thu. 12:35, 2:45, 4:50, 6:50, 8:50 BEING JOHN MALKOVICH (AA) No Passes Wed. & Thu. 1:15, 3:55, 6:40, 9:15 DOUBLE JEOPARDY (AA) Wed. & Thu. 1:50, 4:20, 7:25, 10 AMERICAN BEAUTY (AA) Wed. & Thu. 1:35, 4:15, 7:9:50 THE INSIDER (AA) Wed. & Thu. 12:45, 4:30, 8 THE BACHELOR (PG) Wed. & Thu. 1:20, 3:50, 7:20, 9:45 THE BONE COLLECTOR (R) (On 2 Screens) Wed. & Thu. 1:15, 3:45, 4:45, 6:45, 7:30, 9:20, 10:20 FIGHT CLUB (R) Wed. & Thu. 3:9:20 THE HOUSE ON HAUNTED HILL (R) Wed. & Thu. 12:40, 7:15 THE MESSENGER: THE STORY OF JOAN OF ARC (R) Wed. & Thu. 1:10, 4:25, 7:50 DOGMMA (R) Wed. & Thu. 12:50, 3:45, 6:55, 9:40 LIGHT IT UP (AA) Wed. & Thu. 1:30, 4:7, 9:30 ANYWHERE BUT HERE (PG) No Passes Wed. & Thu. 12:30, 3:20, 7:10, 9:35 WOODBINE CENTRE 500 Rexdale Blvd. at HWY 27 674-5502 POKEMON THE FIRST MOVIE (PG) Wed. & Thu. 1:3, 15, 5:30, 7:40, 9:50 LIGHT IT UP (AA) Wed. & Thu. 1:40, 4:10, 7:10, 9:40 ANYWHERE BUT HERE (PG) No Passes Wed. & Thu. 1:50, 4:20, 7:35	401/MORNINGSIDE 785 Milner Ave (416) 281-2226 NEW LOW PRICES \$6.50 ADULTS (12:30 TUESDAYS, CHILDREN, SENIORS, & MATINEES) POKEMON THE FIRST MOVIE (PG) Wed. & Thu. 12:25, 2:40, 4:55, 7:10, 9:20 THE BEST MAN (AA) Wed. & Thu. 1:15, 4:10, 6:45, 9:45 DOUBLE JEOPARDY (AA) Wed. & Thu. 1:05, 4:05, 7:05, 9:50 DOGMMA (R) Wed. & Thu. 12:50, 4:55, 9:40 LIGHT IT UP (AA) Wed. & Thu. 1:20, 3:35, 7:35, 10:10 ANYWHERE BUT HERE (PG) No Passes Wed. & Thu. 12:35, 3:45, 7:15, 10 THE HOUSE ON HAUNTED HILL (R) Wed. & Thu. 1:30, 7:30, 10:05 THE BACHELOR (PG) Wed. & Thu. 12:45, 3:40, 6:50, 9:30 THE BONE COLLECTOR (R) Wed. & Thu. 12:55, 3:50, 7:9:55 THE INSIDER (AA) Wed. & Thu. 12:30, 4:30, 8:30 THE MESSENGER: THE STORY OF JOAN OF ARC (R) Wed. & Thu. 1:10, 5:8:45 WARDEN POWER CENTRE 725 Warden Ave. at St. Clair 759-1036 EVENINGS \$6.50 CHILD, SENIOR TUESDAY AND MATINEES \$4.25 BLUE STREAK (AA) Wed. & Thu. 9:40 THE BEST MAN (AA) Wed. & Thu. 6:50, 9:20 THE HOUSE ON HAUNTED HILL (R) Wed. & Thu. 7:15, 9:20	GRANDE & ORION GATE Highway 410 at Steeles Ave. Brampton 505-355-1555 THE SIXTH SENSE (AA) Wed. & Thu. 12:10, 4:10, 7:20, 10:10 ANYWHERE BUT HERE (PG) No Passes Wed. & Thu. 1:10, 4:7, 30, 10:15 DOUBLE JEOPARDY (AA) Wed. & Thu. 1:30, 4:30, 7:40, 10:20 POKEMON THE FIRST MOVIE (PG) (On 2 Screens) Wed. & Thu. 12:10, 2:35, 5:7:15, 9:30 THE HOUSE ON HAUNTED HILL (R) Wed. & Thu. 7:25, 9:50 THE BONE COLLECTOR (R) Wed. & Thu. 1:3, 40, 8:30, 9:10 THE INSIDER (AA) Wed. & Thu. 12:3, 15, 6:35, 9:45 THE BACHELOR (PG) Wed. & Thu. 12:50, 3:20, 6:55, 9:20 LIGHT IT UP (AA) Wed. & Thu. 12:30, 3:7:05, 9:40 THE MESSENGER: THE STORY OF JOAN OF ARC (R) Wed. & Thu. 12:15, 3:30, 6:45, 10 410 & 7 CENTRE 150 West Drive BRAMPTON 455-9878 DOGMMA (R) Wed. & Thu. 6:45, 9:30 THE BONE COLLECTOR (R) Wed. & Thu. 7:15, 9:50 THE BEST MAN (AA) Wed. & Thu. 7:9:40 FIGHT CLUB (R) Wed. & Thu. 6:30, 9:20 SHOWCASE BURLINGTON BURLINGTON 637-5678 FIGHT CLUB (R) Wed. & Thu. 9:10 MUSIC OF THE HEART (PG) Wed. & Thu. 6:40 THE BONE COLLECTOR (R) (On 2 Screens) Wed. & Thu. 7:20, 9:20 THE MESSENGER: THE STORY OF JOAN OF ARC (R) Wed. & Thu. 8



FESTIVAL WIND-UP: Canadian short, *Me Two*, from director Francis LeBouthillier, wraps up festival on Sunday.

july 2nd → august 22nd

in lieu

in lieu

july 2nd → august 22nd **installations in public washrooms**

From the protected space of the gallery to the protected space of the washroom. 8 installations, 4 places. Obsessive, ironic, sexy, naive, provocative, disruptive and amusing.

opening at Swan Restaurant 5-7pm [17→19h], Thursday July 2nd
following at Ted's Collision

→**Swan Restaurant**, 892 Queen Street W. [tue→fri 12→24h, sat 11→24h, sun 11→21h closed mon]
→**Vienna Home Bakery**, 626 Queen Street W. [wed→sat 10→18h sun 11→16h, closed mon + tue]
→**Barcode**, 549 College St. [everyday 11→2h]
→**Ted's Collision**, 573 College St. [everyday 13→2h]

**Karma Clarke-Davis, John Dickson, Nestor Kruger,
Francis LeBouthillier, Euan Macdonald, John Massey
& Becky Singleton, Sally McKay, Kika Thorne**

in lieu is a satellite project of Public Access curated by Eileen Sommerman

in lieu has been generously supported by: Capital Vision Inc., First Republic Securities Corp., Kuwabara Payne McKenna Blumberg Architects, Northam Construction Corp., Paul Bain, lawyer, Rosen Group, Segal Communications, small/Andrew di Rosa



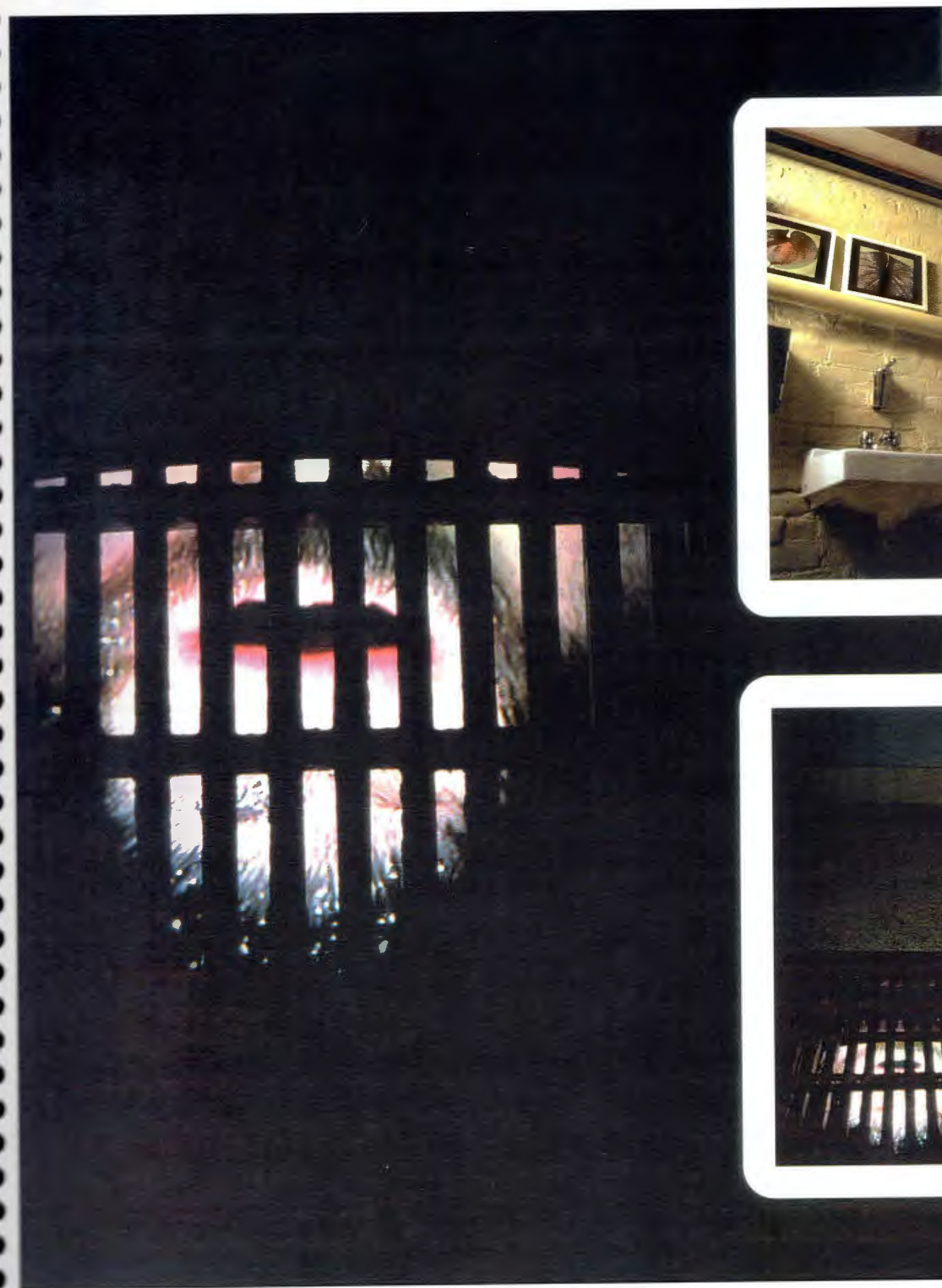


in Lieu

Gary Michael Dault on art installed in washrooms



John Dickson, installation view and detail of *Crying Eye* (1998), plastic eyeball, plaster w/ taps, distilled water All photos by Francis LeBouthillier



The pun – simultaneously inventive and irritating – seemed more wholly enjoyable during the sweltering seven-week period last summer in which this ambitious show actually took place. Curated by Eileen Sommerman as a satellite project of the non-profit arts organization Public Access, “In Lieu” (July 2 until August 22) deliberately turned its back on the respectable gallery scene and, *in lieu* of galleries, installed work by nine artists in the washrooms of four downtown-Toronto restaurants and bars.

The exhibition provided, as Sommerman so puckishly put it, “a rare opportunity to experience artwork in private.” A rare opportunity, that is, to experience public art in private (setting aside for the moment, art viewed, for example, in the relative privacy of the home). It also provided the slightly transgressive thrill of poking about, respectably, in the *other*, gender-forbidden loo.

Sommerman’s press release was as antic as some of the art she mustered for the WC. “The public washroom,” she noted with deadpan earnestness, “is a site as banal as it is glamorous, as decent as it is lurid, as natural as it is contrived: you relieve yourself and then make yourself look good.” Lurking within this sentence lie the parameters within which Sommerman built her diverting if uneven exhibition.

Suppose we re-walk the show, beginning on Queen Street at the Vienna Home Bakery and heading west. If you started seeing “In Lieu” here, you’d encounter two of John Dickson’s remarkable *Crying Eye* works – uncannily realistic plastic eyes imbedded in and slightly emerging from the bathroom walls, each eye provided with a concealed pumping system so that, like tiny tragic fountains, the eyes regularly weep – tears trickle sadly down the walls to the floor beneath. The walls, which traditionally have ears, now – alarmingly – have eyes as well. The whole room is headed for sentience. In the woman’s washroom is a female eye (surely it is a female eye: all its representational cues point that way), heavily lashed, its glance delicately and modestly averted from the ablutions and voidings and evacuations potentially taking place nearby. In the men’s perhaps-male eye looks up towards the ceiling in an elaborate attempt to avoid eye-contact. (Though when I met John Dickson on the street recently, he said that, for him, the roll-up ascension found in the eye enacted sentimental representations of the crucified Jesus.)

Nestor Kruger’s *Corridor*, in the hall outside the Vienna’s washrooms, presented six small black-and-white photos, each depicting a portion of the basement hallway as it was when Kruger, sometime in the recent past, had carefully painted large words like *odeur* or *presque* (why the French?) on the walls. The words, freshly painted over, were now re-presented only by these recollecting photographs.

A few blocks west, at the Swan Restaurant, the women’s room had been wallpapered by artists Becky

Singleton and John Massey with their digitally altered, colour photos of innately eroticized flowers (the wildly phallicized Anthurium and the presumably vulvic Passion Flower – the “passion” of which has to do, it must be remembered, not with sex but rather, apparently, with the theologically significant numbering system that its botanical structure seems to embody: twelve disciples, the Holy Trinity, etc.). Singleton and Massey have shown these floral photos before, in gallery settings, where, I always felt, the conceit by which blossoms are offered as sexually provocative artifacts was frequently stretched further than it could handle. Here, as washroom wallpaper, the flowers work better – as sexualized decor. Sometimes a bloom is just a bloom, as well as a banana.

In the men’s at the Swan, there was a video installation by Karma Clarke-Davis, during which, as you stood before it urinating (the equipment was atop the *pissoir*), you could gaze upon the artist, who has been, all the while, leaping and jumping and laughing as she, herself, turns – rather clumsily but not ineffectively – into a swan (form follows location). This beauteous Leda is not, in Clarke-Davis’s version of the tale, ravished by the phallo-necked swan/Zeus, but instead, in an act of mytho-feminist empowerment, becomes the swan herself. Screw Zeus. Food for male thought.

Tucked into an alcove under the stairs at the Swan, Kika Thorne’s video projection, *Brother*, created a life-size image of an androgynous young man sitting on the floor playing his CDs. The boy doesn’t do much, but he has presence. Indeed, he’s almost an embodiment of Gaston Bachelard’s suggestion in *The Poetics of Space* that “an imaginary room rises up around our bodies, which think they are well hidden when we take refuge in a corner.” The space of our immobility, Bachelard suggests, becomes the space of our being.

Up on College Street, at a bar called Ted’s Collision, Euan Macdonald had installed, in the men’s room, an audio piece (how quaintly refreshing a pure audio piece seemed after all the more information-rich video) titled *Filthy Lucre*: a tape of (maybe) the dispiriting but funny sound of (maybe) your change falling out of (maybe) your pants and (maybe) onto the john floor. (Freud had a lot to say about money-and-feces and about “spending” money and “spending” generally and about losing things.) Next door in the women’s, Sally McKay had mustered her characteristically antic sensibility and *Beauty Toy* proclivities and peppered the place with little stickers, mostly showing purple monsters wielding pink hairbrushes. Is cosmetic beauty worth the monster risk?

Further along the street at Barcode, was Francis LeBouthillier’s claustrophobic video installation *Bouche d’Egout*, a work that falls into what the curator has ascertained to be her “obsessive, ironic, vain and solipsistic” category – a category it shares with the pieces by Clarke-

Opposite: Francis LeBouthillier, straight-on view of *Bouche d’Egout* (1996), 15-min video loop installed under floor grating
Inset, top to bottom: John Massey & Becky Singleton, partial installation view of *After/Life* (1998), electrostatic prints on adhesive vinyl and framed prints; Francis LeBouthillier, installation view of *Bouche d’Egout* (1996)



Davis, and Sally McKay. The other categories, if you're curious, were: sexy, naive and provocative (Macdonald, Massey & Singleton, Thorne), and my favourite, just as description, "silently disruptive" (Dickson, Kruger). Makes you long for a Mostly Harmless category.

Anyhow, there's the beleaguered close-up head of Francis LeBouthillier, life-size (or slightly larger) on a video screen positioned horizontally down into the floor, beneath the finality of a metal grate. LeBouthillier is remarkably awash, his sparkling black beard and hair glistening wet, his fleshy pink lips all a-splutter, and this is because he appears to be almost fully immersed in water (given the placement and attitude of the installation, it is hard not to read the water as engulfment by city water/underground water/sewage/seepage water). LeBouthillier alternately ingests and expels the water in a rhythm and with a truculence that never seems entirely desperate but which nevertheless still manages to suggest crisis. It always looked to me as if the wet, bedraggled artist were in fact quite near to drowning, but the process – which was eerily and suffocatingly fascinating to watch – seemed continually to achieve that narrative-defeating, looped, steady state you come to expect from video installation – the eternal, tidal, water-in/water-out kept on until exhaustion set in (the viewer's, not the artist's). The LeBouthillier piece was installed, it is worth noting, not in but rather near the washrooms in Barcode, a placement that made for more easily achieved, casual chats in the course of LeBouthillier's skuppering. I was amused to find, for example, that for one Barcode waitress, who stood and gazed down with me upon the aqueous scene at our feet, *Bouche d'Egout* was entirely about oral sex. This, she said, was really very clear to her. So much so, in fact, there didn't seem to be much left to say. The rest, except for the gurgling, was silence.

What was there to be gained, for curator Eileen Sommerman, in repairing to washrooms for her exhibition? There was, perhaps, the nostalgic procedural pun implicit in the literal remaking of an art underground. And there was, as noted earlier, the harnessing of the energies of transgressiveness (one of the spin-offs of which was a new kind of focus on the works by the viewer who, trained not to linger in the washroom, wanted to see clearly and then get out). But washrooms or no washrooms, some of the works of "In Lieu" simply looked better in the confinement provided by the loo than they would have above-ground: the Dicksons, for example and the Clarke-Davis. Some were subversive enough and sufficiently memory-evocative that they touched chords better played in the boundaries of the spaces structurally equivalent to id-forces hidden in the basement of the psyche – the Euan MacDonald, for example, and the Nestor Kruger. All in all, Sommerman's subterraneans came off strongly as site-specific works given an increased environmental push by the oddness/everydayness of their ablution-installations. And of course the initial, generative wit of her decision to place them there inevitably lent the entire exhibition a playful vitality.

Gritty art show can fill your mind as you drain your body

BATHROOM BREAK

Toronto artists have found exhibit spaces where we all must, well... go.

BLAKE GOPNIK
The Globe and Mail, Toronto

In the chaos of nineties living, there aren't many moments set aside for the quiet contemplation of art. That's why young Toronto curator Eileen Sommerman, in carving out a space for her first exhibition, called In Lieu, chose a spot where we tend to linger silent a little longer, and where nothing much demands our very close attention: In Lieu is set in public loos. Modern lifestyles may have speeded up most things, but it still takes the same few thoughtful bars of whistling to answer the call of nature.

"In a bathroom," said Sommerman, loafing by the toilets at a hip College Street hangout called Barcode, one of four Toronto hot spots hosting her scattered show, "you don't have to be conscious of your behaviour, or your reactions. You can respond naturally to a work of art." Drop your pants, and your guard falls, too.

And patrons heading for the toilet at Barcode will certainly be caught off guard by the work of Francis LeBouthillier. A heavy sewer grate is set into the terrazzo floor in front of the washroom doors. Strange sounds and flickering video light emanate from the murky

depths below it. Glancing through the bars under their feet, diners see the artist's giant red-gulleted mouth almost submerged in water, gurgling and choking and spewing as fluid runs in and out and around his bearded lips. We all pretend that a trip to the lavatory is just a pleasant stroll, but LeBouthillier viscerally reminds us of the coming together of flesh and drains that the visit entails — and maybe makes us long for Roto-Rooter to flush him out.

Down the road at Ted's Collision, another trendy College Street bar, women visiting the ladies' room after a few too many may not even realize they've become gallerygoers. (Sommerman hopes her mundane settings will catch a new audience, to achieve "a broader intersection of the general public and contemporary artwork.") But, as unwitting art lovers contemplate the stall's plentiful graffiti, they can't miss the strange hairbrush-wielding space aliens that, with the help of Toronto artist Sally McKay, have populated the spaces between the scribbled ribaldry. (This male writer, who was chaperoned into the unknown world of the powder room, was pleasantly surprised at the high quality of

Please see **BATHROOM** on page D2



In Lieu's bathroom art gets down and dirty

BATHROOM from page D1

women's wall jottings, compared with men's.) Maybe these monsters are meant to inspire a viewer to show her fangs and bare her claws, even drip a bit of venom in rebellion against our beauty-centric culture. Or maybe they're just cautionary reminders of the importance of good grooming.

Down at the similarly groovy Swan Restaurant on Queen Street, Karma Clarke-Davis's video monitors will let male visitors know they're in the

presence of art — what else asks, and begs, so many questions? — but, in the privacy of this one-man john, we'll never get a chance to see how they react to the artist's unnatural video metamorphosis from woman to swan and back again. Will they be inspired to Tchaikovskian flights of fancy, or will they figure she's just taking the piss out of their romantic clichés?

Further along Queen Street, the Vienna Home Bakery is a more contemplative venue that caters to a tea-time crowd. And downstairs in its tidy

little loos, both women and men come eye to eye with the work of John Dickson, unnerving art that's good to look at even as it looks at you: A single life-sized eyeball socketed smoothly into the bathroom wall weeps real watery tears — of shame, perhaps, at all the things it's forced to see.

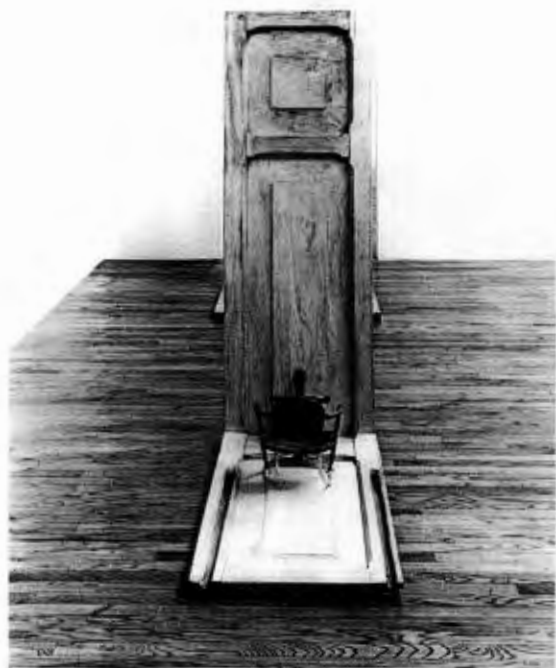
After a round or four of drinks, and going to see art at Sommerman's four venues, you suddenly realize how dull and lonely most bathrooms are, and how well they suit a bit of grooming by the avant-garde.

Our messy human flesh requires

frequent emptying, but there's no reason eyes and minds can't be topped up, even as what's lower down gets drained.

In Lieu features works by Karma Clarke-Davis, John Dickson, Nestor Kruger, Francis LeBouthillier, Euan Macdonald, John Massey and Becky Singleton (in collaboration), Sally McKay and Kika Thorne, until Aug. 22 at four Toronto venues: Swan Restaurant (892 Queen St. W.), Vienna Home Bakery (626 Queen St. W.), Barcode (549 College St.) and Ted's Collision (573 College St.).

Karma Clarke-Davis's video monitors at Swan on Queen Street, above left, and Sally McKay's brush-wielding monsters at Ted's Collision on College Street. TIBOR KOLLEY/The Globe and Mail



DORIS SALCEDO, LA CASA VIUDA VI, 1995, INSTALLATION DETAIL, WOOD, METAL AND BONE, 190.2 X 99.1 X 47 CM; PHOTO: COURTESY ART GALLERY OF ONTARIO.

hence the name of the exhibition. For the work here tries to keep memories alive by giving material form to their traces, thus holding amnesia at bay. As curator Jessica Bradley notes in the catalogue, the temporal dimension of this work – its use of specific lived time and space – “insists on histories and memories, which are increasingly fragmented and rendered incidental in today’s relentless flow of information” (p. 28).

Of the works in the show, Mirosław Balka’s realizations of this principle of art as mnemonic trace are the most personal. His sculpture 190x400x70; 190x260x70; 190x400x70 (1997) consists of three rectangular steel frames of the dimensions (in centimetres) given in the name. This arid title, along with the shapes, repetitions and materials, gives the work a sense of being a greatly belated take on minimalism (a sense shared by many of the works in this show). But deeply personal mnemonic traces invade the supposedly transcendental forms of minimalism: terrazzo plaques; a steel replica of a child’s stool fastened to the frame at an odd angle, as if frozen while tipping over; a rubber ball, cut in half and placed on the gallery floor so that it seems to sink into the ground.

These details seem foreign to Balka’s impersonal minimalist forms, but in fact those shapes themselves are informed by Balka’s person: the frame, for example, is Balka’s height. The mnemonic links to Balka’s past are strengthened by the details, such as the terrazzo plaques, which refer to the daily use made of that material by Balka’s father and grandfather in their trade as tombstone carvers. Other particulars make the effect more haunting – literally, more ghostly. What remains of the body that upset the stool, for instance, is only a trace of its agency suspended impossibly in mid-action.

The memories referred to in Doris Salcedo’s *Casa Viuda* (“Widow House”) series are hers in a more mediated sense than those hinted at in Balka’s work. A Colombian, Salcedo travels through her country with humanitarian groups, following militias that spread death and destruction and “disappear” victims en masse. The remaining traces of the victims – the possessions of the deceased as well as the memories of the survivors – become the key elements of Salcedo’s art.

The head and foot of a “disappeared” person’s bed, for example, form the major components of *Casa Viuda III* (1994), facing each other across a hallway about two-and-a-

half metres wide – roughly the length of a bed. The hallway invites the viewer to pass through the space demarcated by the ends of the bed. While doing so, it is difficult to avoid the feeling that we are invading that person’s territory – as, literally, did the soldiers who abducted him or her, perhaps smashing the door now standing forlornly behind the headboard – even though this space, here in the gallery, never belonged to that person. The traces – which evoke the knowledge that someone, now dead, used to lie between the elements, on the mattress that we mentally add to the piece to “complete” it – make the work desolate, mournful and, like many of the other pieces in the show, elegiac. Salcedo’s work creates suggestions of this victim’s presence that are strong even for those of us who never knew that person, thus countering the military attempts to displace memories of their victims with enforced amnesia.

The traces embodied by the work of Rachel Whiteread are the most literal and least personal in the show. *Untitled (Black Books)* (1996-97), for example, is a black, plastic, wall-mounted sculpture cast from a shelf of books with their spines to the wall. Initially, these books seem generic, their identity effaced by their uniformly black covers and hidden spines. But their individuality is partially restored by the extraordinary level of detail reproduced by the casting process, which captures the minute differences between the sizes of each book’s pages, the dents and wrinkles in their covers and the distorting effects of dampness on their shapes. If these books were people, we would feel we knew their faces but not their names: not

anonymous, but not acquaintances either.

Whiteread’s slightly battered volumes make us curious about the history both in and of these books: we wonder not only about what is in them, but also who read them. Are they worn out because the pleasure they instilled overrode the appropriate sense of care? Or because they were tossed negligently in the corner of a damp basement? Each volume both contains and has a history, but both histories are lost to us now. The missing pasts of these books are similes for the irretrievable histories that existed once of people whom we never knew but cannot allow ourselves to forget. This theme, which runs through much of Whiteread’s work, is particularly pointed in *Untitled (Black Books)* since these poignant rows of volumes will form the exterior of Whiteread’s Vienna Holocaust memorial.

Lost histories tie this exhibition together: in each case, memories about someone or something have been lost: childhood, parents and grandparents for Balka; men, families and villages for Salcedo; books, the people who held them and the names that were in them for Whiteread. The show suggests that our collective memory – the totality of human remembrances – is being drained and should be recovered. What would we become if, losing those histories and their traces, we slipped into an amnesiac future in which we could no longer remember who we are and in which, having effaced our memories of the most horrific events of the past, we became, as Santayana observed, doomed to repeat them?

— CHARLES REEVE

IN LIEU

Various Locations, Toronto, July 2 – August 22

Public art went to the toilet last summer in Toronto, but not without just cause. Curator Eileen Sommerman’s exhibition featuring eight Toronto-based artists tastefully entitled “In Lieu: Installations in Public Washrooms,” placed temporary installations in the bathrooms of

four bars and eateries around the downtown core.

Similar to the potency of the bedroom, the bathroom teaches us at an early age how to be self-conscious and aware of ourselves, our bodies, and our bodily functions. Perhaps its insularity as a

space specifically designed to facilitate the body's needs is what reduces us to our essence, and how messy this process can be. Using qualities inherent to the loo, "In Lieu" questions how one negotiates private acts in public space, and challenges how successfully contemporary art integrates into this sphere.

Sommerman substituted the public washroom "in lieu" of a traditional gallery setting and challenged artists to respond. With its function already pre-determined, situating art in this environment demanded consideration on a sensory level. Euan Macdonald's audio installation at Ted's Collision, *wasted days, wasted nights* (1998), emits the sound of a fallen coin inadvertently activated by opening the door to the men's washroom. Looking for change proves fruitless except to raise questions about Macdonald's choice of audio imaging. Associating value to private acts manifests through a public exchange of currency as telephone booths, sanitary napkin dispensers and condom machines are in direct proximity. Only Macdonald circumvents the impulse to commodify our privacy by making his work intangible, slipped quietly into one's brain rather than into one's pocket.

At times, given a broader, but not necessarily "art-savvy" audience, subtly playing on unobtrusive surroundings highlighted the difficulty of installing publicly. *Corridor* (1998), Nestor Kruger's transformation of the walls adjoining both bathrooms at Vienna Home Bakery, proved less effective in this context. Six digitally altered images hung on the walls highlighting words like *odeur*, *laval*, and *laissez-faire*, (re)placed in the specific location where the artist took his image. These mimicked the actual space (also altered by grey paint), revealing an inch-and-a-half "unfinished" border along the wall around existing architectural elements. Only a keen eye could discern the unexpected presence of artwork in this context.

Other artists in the show successfully utilized spaces just outside both washrooms, without straying too far thematically. Kika Thorne's video projection *Brother* (1998) at the Swan Restaurant, offered a vir-

tual companion for patrons en route to do their private business, while at Barcode, Francis LeBouthillier's video installation *Bouche d'Égoût* (1996) lay underfoot. A metal grate

stance, John Dickson's *Crying Eye* (1998) is twofold. A single eye carved into a wall of both male and female restrooms slowly shed a steady stream of tears. As another



FRANCIS LEBOUTHILLIER, BOUCHE D'ÉGOÛT, 1996. VIDEO INSTALLATION; PHOTO: THE ARTIST AND EILEEN SOMMERMAN.

inserted right into the floor revealed a close-up of the artists' mouth intermittently swallowing and choking on an incessant amount of water. Cleverly referencing our body's drainage system, LeBouthillier's cleansing ritual provokes self-examination in relation to our bodies by shoving it down our proverbial throats. Swallowing, regurgitating and recycling what lurks just below the surface, LeBouthillier simultaneously suppresses and exposes what lays hidden within.

In fact, artists used the washroom as a metaphor to touch upon various issues related to the body. At Vienna Home Bakery, for in-

basic bodily function most people suppress in public, Dickson highlights how the bathroom acts as a retreat from outside pressures, providing a safe hiding place for alleviating what one only reveals in private. Positioning this private act away from public scrutiny, *Crying Eye* inadvertently revealed the dynamic in having a witness present, eye-to-eye given the company of the viewer.

Female artists exhibited more of an aggressive stance against powder room politics. Sally McKay's *Make Me Pretty* (1998) sent a strong visual message to any woman who has spent time fixing herself up.

Affixed to the walls of the women's washroom at Ted's Collision, small stickers reveal images of digitally-altered cartoon monsters angrily clutch combs or brushes, more as weapons than any pruning tool. Graffiti near one beast reads, "This is not a trick mirror, you are beautiful." The trick is, McKay "toys" with the idea of how something as functional as a public washroom infiltrates our psyche. The washroom becomes a testing ground for how we fare in front of the mirror, held up for public scrutiny.

The show demands that viewers take a closer look at themselves in the mirror as part of the washroom's inherent cleansing process. However, infiltrating the private world of male and female washrooms proves difficult when set in a public location, since who is let in literally gets written on the wall. Both the works between collaborators John Massey and Becky Singleton in *After/Life* (1998) and Karma Clarke-Davis in *Swan Song* (1998) at the Swan Restaurant reworked the specifics of site. Massey and Singleton used traditional floral motifs in referencing male and female genitalia decorated as photographs and wallpaper. Surrounding the walls and ceiling of the women's washroom provoked a keen awareness of the body's physicality within a desensitized zone.

Also raising body consciousness in her video installation, Clarke-Davis' persona verges more toward black Odette than white Odile in a less-than-magical toilet water fantasy. Strategically placing two perpendicular monitors on top of one another just above the men's toilet proves effective in one scene where Clarke-Davis cocks her head back and forth in a fit of uncontrolled laughter. Her actions hardly constitute a final bow. Instead, *Swan Song* reaffirms her life force, along with men's discomfort seeing this "bird," and not quite knowing what they have just witnessed, or are afraid to ask. Clarke-Davis transforms what is an exercise in relief into an innate test of strength.

Through time, "In Lieu" proved more effective as the works became naturalized to their environments, showing how temporary installations can have lasting effects. Using the lavatory is only one answer to

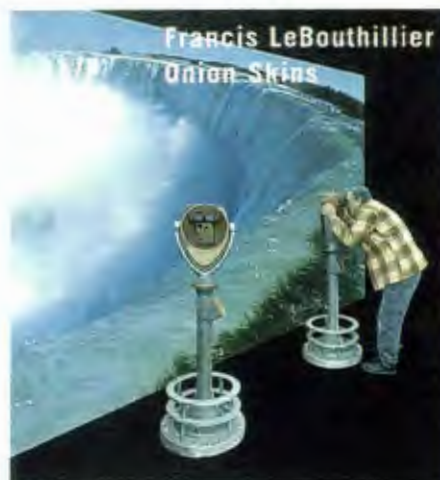


Geneviève Cadieux. Dialog Catherine Heard - Peter Neuchs
Projekt af Francis LeBouthiller
Johan Grimonprez: Dial H-I-S-T-O-R-Y

Kunstforeningen, Gl. Strand 48, København
29 november 1997 - 11 januar 1998



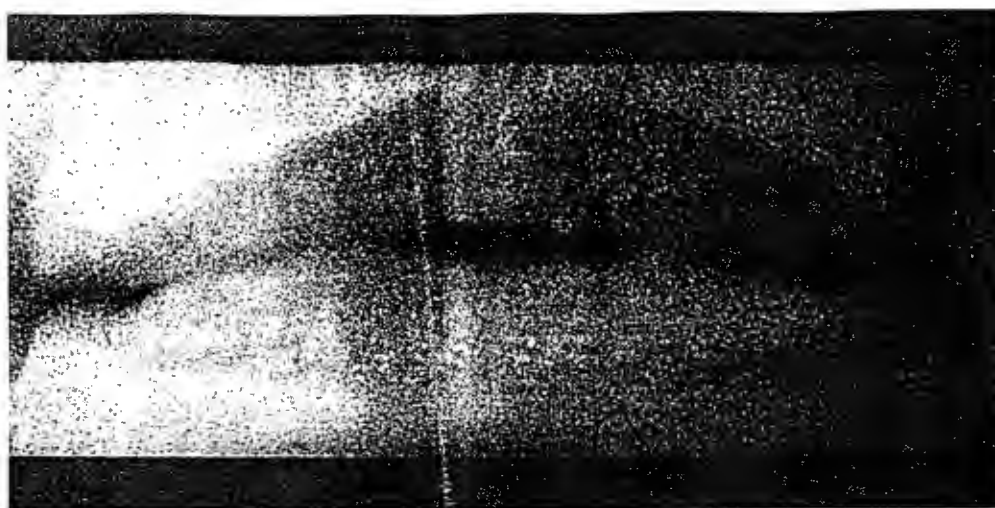
Geneviève Cadieux,
Sans titre (sien), detail, 1994.



Francis LeBouthillier
Onion Skins

GENEVIÈVE CADIEUX Menneskets krop er i centrum, når den fransk-canadiske kunstner Geneviève Cadieux i sine biograf-lærred store fotografiske værker undersøger flygtige og uhåndgribelige begreber som begær, identitet, sprog og blik. Gennem en overraskende brug af beskæring og en næsten filmisk close-up afprøver hun beskuerens evne til at genkende og identificere kroppens forskellige steder og former. I en tid hvor få tror på store politiske eller religiøse ideer, og hvor man kan sige, at kroppen er blevet en slags sidste bastion, dokumenterer Geneviève Cadieux på raffineret vis, hvorledes kroppen fortæller om vores identitet, vores relationer til andre og til samfundet. Geneviève Cadieux er født i Montréal, Quebec i 1955. Hendes værker har været vist på store internationale udstillinger, bl.a. Venedig Biennalen (1990), ARS 95 i Helsinki (1995) og Sydney Biennalen (1990), og hun har udstillet på museer og gallerier over hele verden. I Kunstforeningen viser Geneviève Cadieux 7 værker fra 1987-1997. Seks af dem er store fotografiske tableauer, heraf et helt nyt (1997), som ikke har været udstillet før. Desuden viser Geneviève Cadieux skulpturen *Souffle* fra 1996, som tilhører en række af glasarbejder udført gennem de seneste år.

FRANCIS LEBOUTHILLER I sin overraskende og humoristiske installation *Onion Skins* vil den unge canadiske kunstner Francis LeBouthillier bringe Niagara Falls ind i Kunstforeningen. Værket rummer såvel metafysiske og poetiske dimensioner som en konkret eksistentiel bevidsthed: Det er ganske vist menneskets relationer til naturen, den fysiske verden og hele universet der står centralt i Francis LeBouthillers installation, men samtidig perspektiveres disse metafysiske og abstrakte relationer til det konkrete og mere hverdagsagtige ved kroppens gennemgående tilstedeværelse i værket. En tilstedeværelse der tilføjer en eksistentiel dimension til poesien og filosofien i *Onion Skins*. Der venter betragteren en ganske særlig oplevelse i Kunstforeningen.



Den fransk-canadiske kunstner Geneviève Cadieux skaber med sine biografælreder store fotografiske arbejder hud over hud. Her »Blindet kærlighed« (Detalje).

Sårbarhedens skønhed

Dragende og spektakulær canadisk kunst i Kunstforeningen kan få beskueren til at føle sig psykoanalyseret. Geneviève Cadieux overbeviser med fotografiske værker som hud over hud, mens Francis LeBouthiller lader Niagara Falls strømme.

Kunst

AF EVA POHL

Det, der drager mest, er ofte det, som truer med at forsvinde mellem fingrene på én. Kroppen kan vakle mellem skønhed og ophør af samme. Og hvem ved, om det snart er sidste udkald til sublime naturoplevelser.

I de senere år har kunsten og litteraturen i udstrakt grad kredset omkring kroppen. Menneskets krop synes at være noget af det sidste, vi kan samles om. Den fransk-canadiske kunstner Geneviève Cadieux hjælper med til at udvide vores oplevelse af kroppens udtryk og relation til omgivelserne. Med biografælreder store fotografiske værker, som nu kan opleves på Kunstforeningens udstilling, der åbner for en dialog mellem canadisk og dansk kunst, henånder Geneviève Cadieux en kroppens dobbelttydige sang. Sårbarhed og skønhed hænger sammen. Med de fotografiske værkers overflade skaber hun en udglattet hud over den menneskelige hud.

Geneviève Cadieux, som blandt andet har udstillet på Venedig Biennalen (1990), går tæt på det intime og er ikke bange for at blæse det private op i gigantformat. Dele af kroppen bliver i close-up til landskaber. Kropsbehåring til

noget, der ligner plastic. Det slørede menneskemotiv og omgivelsernes farvehav i »La mer et l'enfant« (1997) virker som en slags erindringens hud. Geneviève Cadieux' poetiske skildring af længsel og begær, med let foruroligende undertoner, er både fremmedgørende og poetisk ekspansiv.

Tematisk sammenhæng

Udstillingen med de tre canadiske kunstnere og danske Peter Neuchs følger op på en udstilling med Christian Lemmerz, Peter Land og Peter Neuchs, der i sommer blev vist på Canadas førende udstillingssted for international samtidskunst The Power Plant i Toronto. Udstillingen i Kunstforeningen hænger tematisk godt sammen. Sårbare menneskelige relationer, krop, følelser, tvivl og usikkerhed synes at være gennemgående temaer. Foruroligende sygdomsangreb som tema i den unge Cathrine Heards installation »Efflorescence« (dobbelt betydning: blomstring og udslæt) med barnekroppe, syet af håndbroderede barne- og dåbskjoler, lægger sig i forlængelse af Geneviève Cadieux' fokus på huden. Det sygdomsrelaterede bringer desuden tanken hen på Hannah Wilkes sidste selvportrætter. Cathrine Heard, der spiller på en æstetik med for-

bindelse både til det museale og til den medicinske verden, rammer præcist ned i en grundlæggende frygt og måske især ned i typisk møderangst. Det er en installation, der flænses sig vej ned i beskuerens sårbarhed i en sådan grad, at man nærmest føler sig psykoanalyseret.

Børn og forældre

Vekselvirkningen mellem det skrøbelige og det livskraftige i Cathrine Heards værk indgår i en dialog med Peter Neuchs' installation med fokus på båndene mellem forældre og børn og den kærlighed, som kan være krævende. Peter Neuchs skildrer tvivlen, blandt andet i patinerede følelser, som er hængt til tørre. Beskueren mindes om, at det, der er bygget op, kan krakelere. Denne dialog mellem dansk og canadisk er seriøs, men kunne godt have været udvidet. Hvorfor har man ikke inddraget flere danske kunstnere?

De canadiske kunstnere i Kunstforeningen kan dét relativt sjældne at skabe noget iøjnefaldende, som har dybde. Francis LeBouthiller holder ikke igen med virkemidlerne. Han lader Niagara Falls strømme i Kunstforeningen. Det spektakulære værk giver beskueren mulighed for at lade sig rive med af den sublime vandstrøm. Videoprojektionen i storformat er ledsaget af humoristisk åbne close-

ups i udsigtskikkert - her skærer man løg. Et væsentligt psykologisk tema dukker imidlertid op, nemlig far/søn-forholdet. En relation, som i en periode har været overset på grund af al den tale om opslidende mor/datter-forhold. Francis LeBouthillers værk drejer sig om mandlig identitet og mere omfattende om menneskets dels begejstrede og dels skræmte forhold til naturen. Værket fremstår maskulint i sin opbygning, men med vandets strømmende kraft træder også det kvindelige frem. Et energifyldt og perspektivudvidende værk.

Atmosfæren af fascination, poesi og ængstelse har tråde ned til det basale i livet. Det er en udstilling, der giver mulighed for svømmetag i komplekse følelser.

Geneviève Cadieux, dialog Cathrine Heard og Peter Neuchs samt Francis LeBouthiller. Kunstforeningen, Gl. Strand 48. Tirsd.-sønd. 11-17, mand. lukket. Til den 11. januar.

images

festival of
independent film
and video

APRIL 23-MAY 2, 1998

at The Music Gallery, 171 Richmond Street West
The Royal, 406 College Street
Jackman Hall, AGO, McCaul Street entrance



WRITTEN ON THE BODY: Flexing Muscle Memory (7 works)

Works about gesture and movement -
'the body remembers what the mind forgets'.

SHORT CUTS: Transforming Narratives and Bodies (11 works)

Finnish work from the 1990s created with various technologies, play with the tension between experimental practice and the mainstream media. **Imaging Male Bodies (2 works)** is the second programme of Finnish works featuring, *Daddy and the Muscle Academy* documenting the life and work of gay cult artist Tom of Finland - back in Toronto by popular demand.

Deep



TRINITY SQUARE VIDEO 1998 PURCHASE COLLECTION (5 works)

Trinity does it again - check out their latest acquisitions.

Alien
Tree Thinkers

THE MYSTERIOUS EAST AND THE LITTLE KNOWN WEST (25 works)

Cow town and lobster land come together to strut their stuff: Canadian animation at its BEST.



Deadpan

INSTALLATIONS

This year's installations include the highly acclaimed *Deadpan* by UK artist Steve McQueen and the longest work ever made on super 8 film, *Cinematron* by Gérard Courant (120 hours screened 12 hours a day every day of the Festival).

Cinematron has 'starred' more than 1850 people, some known (Jean Luc Goddard), most not, but all fascinating. We also have *Onion Skins* by local visual artist Francis LeBouthillier and *Love & Death* by Detroit's Robert Andersen.

WORKSHOPS

16 mm, video and animation will be held. Call 971-8405 for details.

installations 1998

CINEMATON: THE LONGEST FILM IN WORLD HISTORY

Gerard Courant, France

Video (original Super-8), 120 hours, 1978-present, silent
Toronto premiere

This marathon cinematic portrait, named Cinematon after a passport photo machine (fr. "photomaton"), was begun in 1978 and continues today. The year 2000 is planned as a temporary halting date, when Gerard Courant hopes to shoot his 2000th Cinematon - presently he is at number 1850 which constitutes about 120 hours of material. In theory, this project will continue forever.

The filming process is constant: a camera mounted on a tripod at a fixed angle with a close-up of the subject's face. The film runs the length of a Super-8 film roll (3:25 min.). The person filmed decides on their

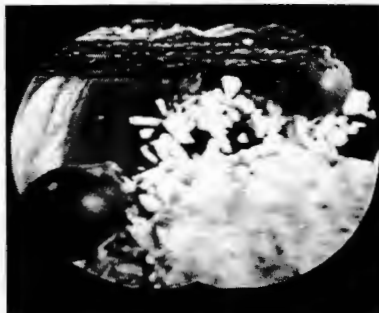
own choreography, as long as it remains within the given rules of the game. The film is one shot, neither edited in camera nor on the editing table.

The purpose of Cinematon lends itself to wide interpretation. But beyond a doubt, it is the most unique documentation of people coming out of the international art scene.

Because the shooting rules are so standardised, the people filmed inadvertently reveal elements of their private selves. The range of subjects is from unknown people to such famous persons as Jean-Luc Godard, Olivier Assayas, Derek Jarman, Margarethe von Trotta, Michael Snow, Terry Gilliam, Jean-Francois Lyotard, Wim Wenders and Ultra-Violet.

Visible from the street, the installation is set up in the lobby of the Music Gallery. It will be projected 12 hours each day during the 10 days of the festival. Gerard Courant will be coming from France to continue this project, asking stars and festival goers alike to spare a few moments of their time. Courant maintains that he turns the unknown into stars, so this is your chance to grab your 3 minutes and 25 seconds of fame.

Born in Lyon, France, Gerard Courant moved to Paris and was actively involved in the vibrant independent film scene of the 1970's. Among his many feature-length films, *Coeur Bleu* (1980), *She's a Very Nice Lady* (1982) and *Les aventures d'Eddie Turley* (1986) were shown at the Cannes Film Festival. He was crowned by the French Academy for his project "Carnets filmes", an elaborate portrait of contemporary authors.



Onion Skins

ONION SKINS (INSTALLATION FRAGMENT)

Francis Le Bouthillier, Toronto
Video installation, 1994-98

In this installation I am layering a humorous representation of male emotions against the spectacular natural phenomena of Niagara Falls. This version of the work consists of one modified scenic viewfinder which contains a video display with sound. When the participant looks through the eyepiece of the viewfinder they will observe a video depicting men cutting onions superimposed onto details of Niagara Falls. In *Onion Skins* I am focusing on male gender constructions in our culture, particularly on men's expression of crying and sadness. Why don't men cry or when can they?

Francis Le Bouthillier is a Toronto based visual artist who works with interactive installations involving technology and performance. He received his AOCA from the Ontario College of Art in 1986 and his MFA from York University in 1993. Presently, he teaches at the Ontario College of Art in the Faculty of Art's Sculpture, Installation and Integrated Media programmes.

Onion Skins and Love and Death will be on exhibition April 23rd thru May 2nd at InterAccess located at 401 Richmond Street West Suite #444, Gallery Hours are Tuesday's thru Saturday's, 12pm-5pm or by appointment.

LOVE AND DEATH Robert Andersen, Detroit 90 minute film loops, 1997

Disturbing in the manner by which it confirms our worst fears about relationships, *Love and Death* expands the meaning of life, love, hate and fear in this 2 screen 16mm film installation. *Love and Death* takes the primordial form of the film noir and weaves endless stories between a couple who come together in the night to both win each other over and send each other under.

Robert Andersen is a filmmaker and fine artist from Detroit, Michigan. Currently, he is completing his MFA at the University of Michigan, School of Art and Design. He is also president and founder of the Detroit Filmmakers Coalition, Detroit's only non-profit media arts center. Over the last several years, his projection/installation works have been seen in galleries, theaters and on buildings.



Love and Death



Ultra Violet, Roberto Benigni,
Sandrine Bonnaire

naked state

A SELECTED VIEW OF TORONTO ART

16 september -
6 november 1994

Lois andison
michael belmore
michael euchanan
millie chen
john dickson
michael downing and dancefront
michelle gay
catherine heard
greg hefford
karen henderson
marla hlady
francis leaouthillier
teresa marshall
janet morton
carl skelton
max streicher
corneil van der spek
robert windrum

The power plant

contemporary art gallery
at harbourfront centre

sponsored by **ROGERS**

Communications Inc.

image: michael euchanan (detail) design: adams + associates

Anatomy, surgery, illness — it's all raw material for Toronto's new young artists

by
Lisa
Balfour
Bowen



Body language

Just because the Art Gallery of Ontario is grabbing headlines with its Barnes Collection blockbuster doesn't mean that other worthy Toronto shows should be ignored. One such exhibition is *Naked State: A Selected View of Toronto Art* — a perfect counterpoint to the Barnes — on at Harbourfront's Power Plant, 231 Queen's Quay W.

On view 'til Nov. 6, it showcases 30 groundbreaking and unorthodox creations dreamed up by 18 young and emerging artists who are producing some of the most compelling art to be found anywhere in Canada today.

Although they now live in Toronto, these artists have come from or been trained in cities across Canada. Ranging in age from early 20s to early 30s, they use materials as unconventional as human hair, glass eyes, surgical instruments, plastic dolls and aromatic spices.

Power Plant curator Louise Dompierre explains she chose *Naked State* as the title for this often bizarre yet exhilarating exhibition because much of its art reveals a "heightened awareness of the vulnerability of our physical bodies and of our mortality." Indeed, the subjects of anatomy, deformity, surgery and illness — particularly the horror of AIDS — are never far from the surface of this show.

To discover this new generation of artists, Dompierre visited well over 60 artists' studios. She is convinced the Toronto art scene is experiencing a whole new resurgence. She sees the emotionally charged work as a reaction to the narrowly focused, highly intellectual and theoretical art produced over the last two decades. "To animate themselves, many emerging artists now feel the need to look internally, in a distinctly personal way."

Despite the undeniably depressing themes evoked in *Naked State*, there is much humor too. It's a display that presents all sorts of weird and wonderful, funny and frightening contradictions, tensions and ambiguities.

Imagine making artworks out of a barber's chair. Or an ordinary briefcase. Or a physician's scales. Yet this is exactly what Francis

UNTITLED, 1994 ...

Above, this is a detail of a photographic self-portrait by Michael Buchanan, with a carpenter's spirit level replacing the eyes' irises. We view the world through technology now. How do we keep things level and in balance?



ALCHEMIST'S TONGUE, 1993 ... Above, Calgary-born artist Max Streicher has created a composite work of sulphur, glycerine soap and light bulbs. This emotional and romantic piece looks like a cluster of small stalagmites lit with a warm interior glow. "The tongue is a threshold organ," Streicher says. "It stands between inside and outside, between the mind and the gut. A tongue tastes, it speaks, it screams, it screws, it sings."

LeBouthillier has done in two witty installations which use video equipment to project ironic gestural performances on miniature screens.

Then there are the oversized mitt and monumental sock hand-knitted by Janet Morton on needles the size of drumsticks. And the menacing surgical instruments whose threatening shapes are softened by the embroidery floss with which Michelle Gay has attached them to pristine pieces of pure white damask.

Crown of Thorns, a dramatic and fragile sculpture by Lois Andison, possesses obvious



TEMPLATES FOR MALE PATTERN BALDNESS, 1993 ... Above, Scarborough's Francis LeBouthillier's materials include a barber's chair and two video monitors — one on the ceiling and one on the wall — showing images of shaving. The work, which includes a child's chair superimposed on the adult barber's chair, comments on the social ideal of masculinity.

religious connotations as well as irony stemming from the fact that the red blood of Christ is simulated by iodine — a healing substance — in the glass thorns which Andison has so hauntingly created.

Several other memorable items are floor pieces, one being a group of snake-like, rice-filled men's ties on which portions of the Indian Act are screened. Created by Teresa Marshall, of First Nations ancestry, these ties carry a clear political message as well as possessing an attractive, sinuous, decorative appeal.

Dompierre has made sure that *Naked State* appeals to every one of our five senses except taste. Even that elusive sense is evoked by a series of stewing spices — such as cloves, cinnamon, ginger and licorice — which Millie Chen has stuffed into wall crevices beside the Power Plant's stairs.

Chen has also created a coat constructed from human hair and silicon. On the back, the word NAKED appears in a clear and ironic reference to the show's title. The body is also evoked by Greg Hefford who, using five revolving light projectors, makes male and female sex symbols — of the type found on public washroom

doors — dance around the ceiling like fireflies.

Several other works emit distinct sound effects. For example, Harla Hlady's *Beauty* consists of a gallery full of wall-mounted plastic dolls resembling the heroine in *Beauty and the Beast*. Activated by sensors, timers and electric motors, these are mechanically forced to whiz around like whirling dervishes.

Another, much sadder piece by Max Streicher, consists of three oversized white figures whose shapes expand and deflate with a soft sighing sound when their balloon-like forms are set in motion by a foot pedal.

Carl Skelton is responsible for *Diorama*, an unusual floor-to-ceiling installation made of what look like hoses or branches stuffed with glass eyes. These glint and gleam and almost seem to spy upon the viewer from their darkened chamber.

Only three paintings made it into this show. All are by Corneil Van der Spek and depict the bulging, vein-articulated muscles of oil-skinned body builders.

If all this sounds weird, funky, grotesque and unsettling, it is. But *Naked State* is also full of fresh inventions and unexpected entertainment.

Naked State show illuminates dark new age

Darkness falls and the only signs of life are sounds of sirens and the scurrying of rats. Wind that once cooled now feels fetid and unhealthy.

People huddle indoors, or in designated areas where they are protected by high-tech security and an army of police.

Closer encounters, mediated by layers of Latex, are no less dangerous.

Not even daylight brings relief; the very sunshine has turned deadly and must be avoided.

The signs are everywhere, all of them bad.

Superstition, plague, ignorance, religious fundamentalism, tribalism, violence and fear.

Art

CHRISTOPHER HUME

We have entered a new age, an age of darkness, a new Dark Age.

The occasional pinpricks of light that shine through the night come from artists and those other "cultural producers" who, like so many monks busy illuminating manuscripts, toil away obscurely.

These self-appointed guardians of the humanist tradition work without recognition or recompense to keep alive the distinction between civilization and mass society.

Though their efforts are largely futile, artists gather ev-

ery so often to participate in exhibitions through which their sense of disquiet can be expressed communally. Strength in numbers and all.

The latest such expression is a group show at Harbourfront's Power Plant, titled *Naked State*, which includes works by 17 Toronto-based artists, most of them on the young side and unknown.

Their cries from the urban wilderness take many forms and incorporate many media — there's even a painter in the show.

What binds the elements of this most disparate exhibition is a common preoccupation with the body.

That can mean a lot of different things, too. In addition to being a place we inhabit physically, the body is a foreign country, full of mystery, pain and threat as well as pleasure.

In the aftermath of AIDS, the body has been turned into the ground zero of divine retribution, the vengeful male God's punishment for our sins.

Robert Windrum's *AIDS Schmoids* laughs defiantly in the face of the disease.

His tiny precious embroidery, hand-sewn on a man's undershirt, sums up the hopelessness of our position towards AIDS.

By contrast, Catherine Heard's embroidery is deliberately repulsive. Her detailed depictions of human penises are made of human hair which hangs in long strands.

Look, but certainly don't touch.

Hair also appears in a coat — you'd rather freeze than wear this — by Millie Chen.

Her piece forces a confrontation with what she calls "an economy of the body."

In the exhibition catalogue she says she is "analyzing the history of representation of the female body, and its journey from object to subject."

The male body's journey from subject to object might be the subject of Max Streicher's offering, *Boiler*.

These huge inflatable shapes — embellished phall — rise when activated by visitors then inevitably fall.



NAKED STATE: Untitled work by Michael Buchanan part of body-obsessed show.

Up and down, aroused and apathetic, his transformative work adds a reassuring note of humor to a show that's generally grim.

Lois Anderson fills her glass-tubed crown of thorns with iodine to resemble blood.

Teresa Marshall inflates neckties so they become snakes and turns a man's coat into a straightjacket.

Michelle Gay sews surgical instruments into damask panels.

Along with their corporeal preoccupations, these artists bring an unnerving degree of obsessiveness to their work — those monks again — as if the fact of art's irrelevance had freed them from any consideration beyond the work itself.

Like illuminated manuscripts in a time of widespread illiteracy, it is intended for the most exclusive of audiences.

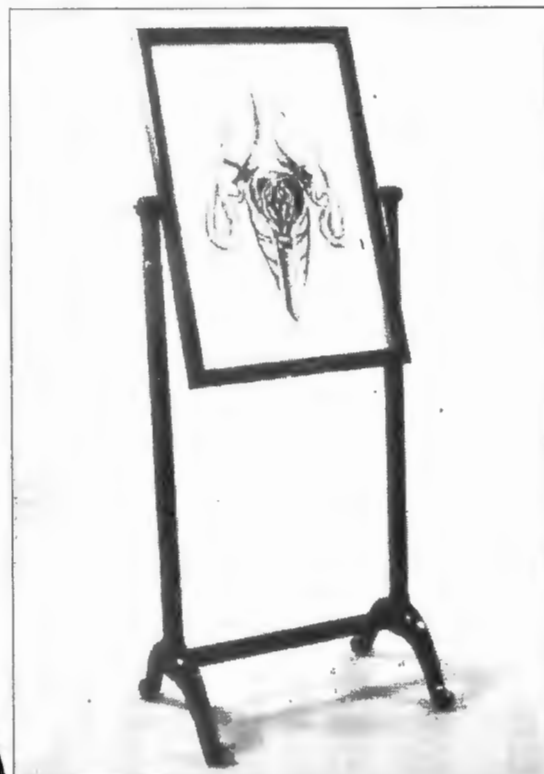
Holy fools that they are, these artists are determined to extend the borders of contemporary art beyond Modernist dogma.

They remind us of art's lost power to remove the darkness and help humanity find its rightful place in the light.

The show continues until Nov. 6.



FRANCIS LeBOUTHILLIER uses mirrors, VCRs and barber chair in his *Templates For Male Pattern Baldness*.



CATHERINE HEARD embroiders human hair into detailed penises that are deliberately repulsive.

Naked State A selected view of Toronto art

Janet Morton
Memorial 1992
hand-knit acrylic wool
Courtesy, the artist
Photo, Janet Morton



Most of all, Naked State suggests that the sense of entrapment we may feel about the world and such issues as health, beauty, medical and scientific research, sexual and cultural identity, gender and so on extends through our bodies and psyches.

— Louise Dompiere, Power Plant chief curator

Royal LePage Gallery, Fleck Clerestory, and J. S. McLean Gallery

Sponsored by Rogers Communications Inc.

16 September - 6 November 1994

Gallery Talk: Louise Dompiere, Sunday, 18 September, 2 p.m.

Naked State is The Power Plant's first exhibition to examine the work of a new generation of artists based in Toronto. The exhibition was prompted by recent collective exhibitions that suggested the emergence of a new, vital group of artists.

As chief curator Louise Dompiere and curatorial intern Arthur Renwick viewed the work of more than 60 artists (both within and outside the collective framework), the thematic structure for an exhibition presented itself. The works in *Naked State* refer to the human body although, in most cases, the body is absent; instead, a sense of human fragility emerges through the use of clothing and objects.

The works in the exhibition represent a shift from the cool, detached form of presentation of the now-familiar image/text genre. The emphasis is on the use of unusual techniques and materials; there is a re-awakening interest in the process of making things by hand. Distinguished by the generally obsessive nature of their production, the works are also linked by contradictory materials that induce tensions, and by their reliance on such common yet highly expressive materials as human hair, glass, cloth and wool.

The 18 artists in the exhibition are Lois Andison, Michael Belmore, Michael Buchanan, Millie Chen, John Dickson, Michael Downing (Dancefront), Michelle Gay, Catherine Heard, Greg Hefford, Karen Henderson, Maria Hlady, Francis LeBouthillier, Teresa Marshall, Janet Morton, Carl Skelton, Max Streicher, Corneil Van der Spek and Robert Windrum.

A catalogue with essays by Louise Dompiere and Arthur Renwick accompanies the exhibition.



Francis LeBouthillier
It's A Girl (x) 1992
mixed media, electronics
Courtesy, the artist
Photo, Francis LeBouthillier

Welcome to the

ELECTRIC

SKIN

Doug Bark
Simone Jones
Francis LeBouthillier
Johanna Householder
Jeff Mann
Steev Morgan
Catherine Orfald
Nancy Paterson
Kathleen Richardson
Victoria Scott
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An Interactive Robotic Artwork
September 14 to October 14, 1995
401 Richmond Street West, 240 & 444
978-7026

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ARTCITE INC. AND THE HOUSE OF TOAST PRESENT

MEDIA CITY II

**INTIMATE INSTALLATIONS
NOVEMBER 17-25, 1995**



DAVID GELB • CHRIS LAWSON • FRANCIS LEBOUTHILLIER • GRAHAME LYNCH

ARTCITE INC. 109 UNIVERSITY AVE. W. WINDSOR, ON

MEDIA CITY MADE POSSIBLE THROUGH THE GENEROUS SUPPORT OF THE OAC PHOTOGRAPHY, FILM & VIDEO OFFICE AND BY THE CAPITOL THEATRE AND ARTS CENTRE, THE METRO TIMES, AND THE TERRADACTYL LOUNGE. ARTCITE IS SUPPORTED BY THE FUNDRAISING EFFORTS OF ITS MEMBERS AND VOLUNTEERS AND BY THE CANADA COUNCIL, THE ONTARIO ARTS COUNCIL, AND THE CITY OF WINDSOR

ECOLOGE

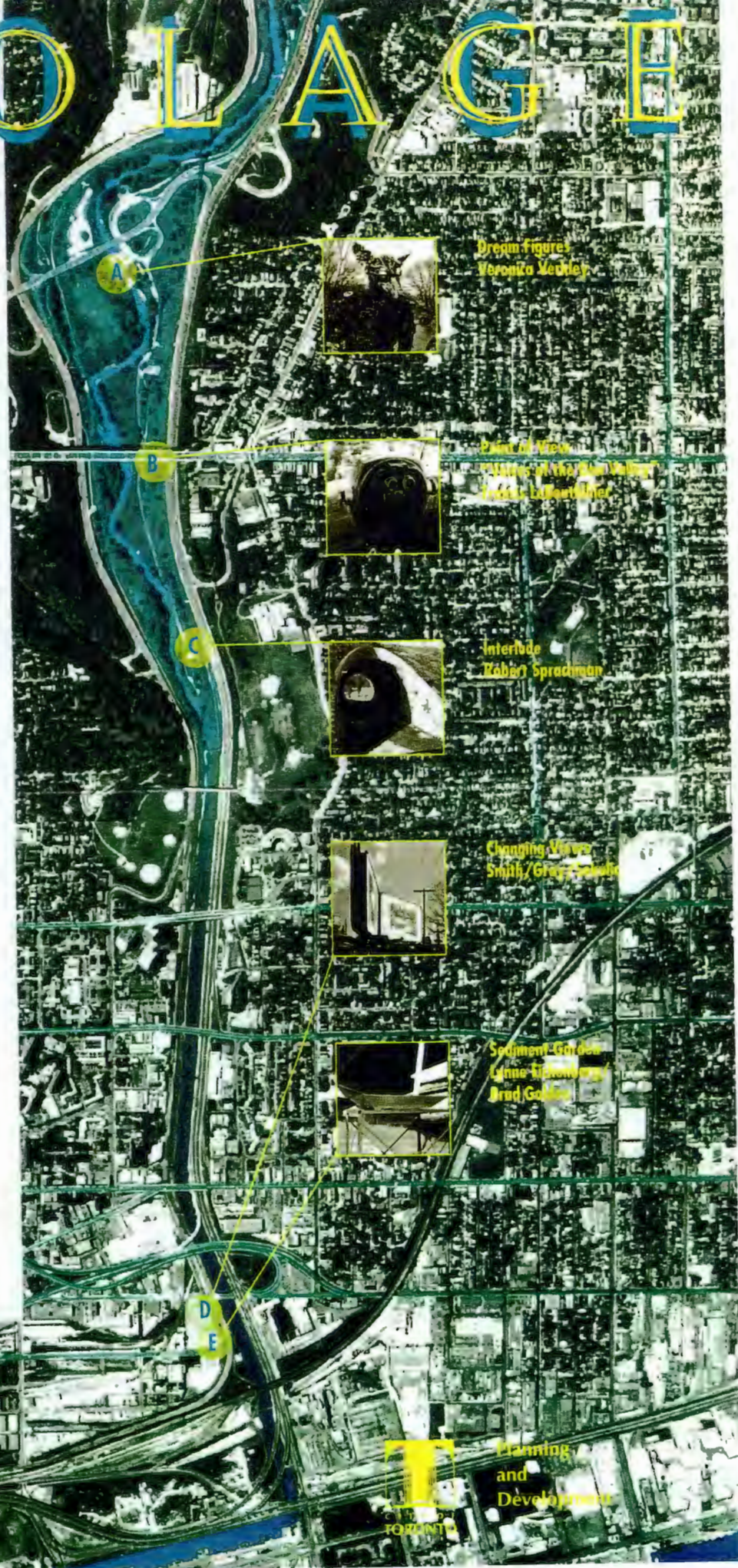
Cities across North America, as a means of remaining viable as a place to live and work, are grappling with the complex challenge of enriching and preserving the quality of their respective public realms.

Part of the solution in striving to meet this challenge lies in undertaking public projects that serve to reaffirm, preserve and restore important natural and cultural characteristics of the city in which they are located.

In Toronto, the city's rich endowment of ravines and valleys provide in part, an excellent proving ground for the City to demonstrate its commitment to achieving a sustainable future. With this thought in mind, "Ecologie" an environmental public art ideas competition for the Lower Don Valley, was initiated as a means of increasing support for the revitalization of this unique natural system.

Toronto City Council, the Planning and Development Department, the Task Force to Bring Back the Don, the City of Toronto Public Art Commission, and the Artists would like to extend appreciation to the following for their support and assistance in the implementation of five temporary environmental public art projects in the Lower Don Valley.

Black and MacDonald Electrical Contractors
City of Toronto Legal Department
City of Toronto Parks and Recreation Department
City of Toronto Department of Public Works and the Environment
MediaCase Inc.
Metropolitan Toronto and Region Conservation Authority
Ministry of the Environment and Energy's Environmental Education and Awareness Program
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Municipality of Metropolitan Toronto Conservation Authority
Municipality of Metropolitan Toronto Parks and Culture Department
Municipality of Metropolitan Toronto Public Art Advisory Committee
Municipality of Metropolitan Transportation Department
Ontario Arts Council Design Art Program
Toronto Economic Development Corporation
Toronto Hydro



Planning
and
Development
TORONTO

ECOLAGE

B Point of View "Voices of the Don Valley"

From its launch in 1997, the Don Valley Park has been a place of discovery and learning. The park's mission is to provide a place where people can learn about the environment and the history of the Don Valley. The park is a place of discovery and learning. The park is a place of discovery and learning. The park is a place of discovery and learning.

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C Heritage Aerial Spectacular

The aerial spectacular is a unique experience that offers visitors a chance to see the park from a different perspective. The aerial spectacular is a unique experience that offers visitors a chance to see the park from a different perspective. The aerial spectacular is a unique experience that offers visitors a chance to see the park from a different perspective.

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A Devon Figures Museum Workshop

The Devon Figures Museum Workshop is a place where visitors can learn about the history of the Devon region. The Devon Figures Museum Workshop is a place where visitors can learn about the history of the Devon region. The Devon Figures Museum Workshop is a place where visitors can learn about the history of the Devon region.

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E Serpentine Garden Aerial Golden

The Serpentine Garden is a beautiful garden that offers visitors a chance to see the park from a different perspective. The Serpentine Garden is a beautiful garden that offers visitors a chance to see the park from a different perspective. The Serpentine Garden is a beautiful garden that offers visitors a chance to see the park from a different perspective.

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D Changing Views Smith Group Studio

The Smith Group Studio is a place where visitors can learn about the history of the Smith Group. The Smith Group Studio is a place where visitors can learn about the history of the Smith Group. The Smith Group Studio is a place where visitors can learn about the history of the Smith Group.

Photo credit: Stefan Ebert

The Don's eccentric visitors

By PAM DAVIES

In Europe, cities receive lavish love and attention. For example, some bright urban planners in Belfast and Baden-Baden have come up with the notion of Linear Parks to replace the ugly blankness of extinct railway lines.

Similarly, in Toronto, some way had to be found to celebrate the possible beauties of the Don River.

The pollution of the Don is one of our saddest stories. Nevertheless, there are few nicer ways to mark summer's end than walking or cycling on the river path of the Don Valley. Toronto City Council, the Planning and Development Department and two volunteer groups (the City of Toronto Public Art Commission and the Task Force To Bring Back The Don) came up with a series of five artists' environmental sculptures nestled along the path. Intended as pausing points for thought and meditation, they will be here for two years before another competition's winners replace them.

Unfortunately, if you blink you'll miss them. Almost none is labelled, there is no map locator nearby and a pamphlet, map and guide available from City Hall are so badly designed that they don't make things much easier.

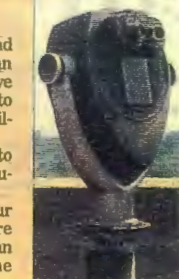
Also unfortunately, most of these juried works, once you find them, are bewildering, inaccessible and incoherent. It's a good idea to maintain the paths and enhance them with art, but in an effort to create city spots that are more relievers. But was this the way to do it?

TIME: AND A CLOCK ... by Eldon Gamet is a public art project initiated by the Queen Broadview Village Business Improvement Area with money from the federal and Ontario governments and the City of Toronto.

A sturdy industrial-like bridge spanning the Don River on Queen Street has a fragile crown on it now. Its jewels are letters making up a sentence over the centrepiece — a clock. It's good to see a forgotten part of Toronto having its face washed.

The bridge now states, "THIS RIVER I STEP IN IS NOT THE RIVER I STAND IN." It's not a signpost — plaque nor a billboard — it's an enigmatic phrase above a clock. Does the clock say time is running out on the river? Words have now become something more than a shape, a graphic, against the backdrop of sky. But they don't appear to mean much.

Walk a little further east to Broad-



2. POINT OF VIEW "Voices of the Don Valley" by Francis LeBouthillier

... This piece/device provides an aerial view of the Don from the Bloor Viaduct, accompanied by an audio tape of people's candid comments on what they thought about the place. The work is probably missed by a



4. CHANGING VIEWS by Smith/Gray/Sekulic

... This piece uses the back of an already existing billboard to display two images of the Don of the past, the idyllic Don. Printed around the enlargements are thoughts about the river by Elizabeth Simcoe from 1793. One reads, "Salmon which the rivers and creeks abound with are best

lot of people because bridge traffic drowns the audio. But if you happen upon it, the piece grabs you, making you stop and realize in all this mad rush of

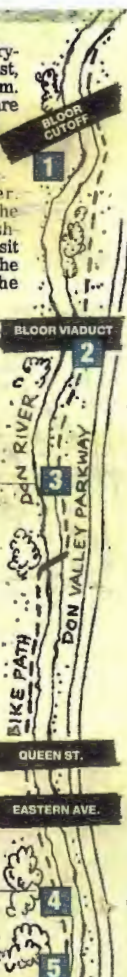


3. **INTERLUDE** by Robert Sprachman ... Yes, this is a concrete tunnel emitting from a loud speaker the sounds of frogs and birds, pumped up to high volume. Seriously. Surely the crickets, birds and sounds of the Don's natural habitat are what the hiker is looking for. The graffiti on the walls is just as arresting. "Weeds will survive" declares one scribble.

in the month of June. Large torches being carried in the boat attract the fish which the men are dextrous in spearing." Two new superimposed images bring us quickly back to the present. One is deliberate, of the old railway bridge, and the other is the usual graffiti, forcing us to face a sad reality. The graffiti is still visible, despite efforts to erase it.

5. SEDIMENT GARDEN by Lynne Eichenberg /Brad Golden

... This series of three demonstration gardens, part science experiment, part sculpture suggests that art can be practical. Here, a filtered system uses runoff from the Gardiner ramp above to produce a small garden. However, it seems to have fed a ridiculously small patch of greenery in exchange for an ugly structure.





Suitable attire
in the closet



ATLANTIS BASEMENT GALLERY, 146 Brick Lane, London E1 6RU
October 9–November 6, Private View October 9, 1–4PM
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SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION

Artists' collective from Canada

Barbara Balfour, Michael Buchanan/Jennifer Hamilton, Panya Clark, B. Crane, Caroline Langill, Francis LeBouthillier, Gwen MacGregor, John McLachlin, Tony Tavares, Greg Woodbury, b.h. Yael.
Artists in the gallery Wednesday October 12, 3–5PM

SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION gratefully acknowledges the financial support of The City of Toronto through the Toronto Arts Council, The Ontario Arts Council, and The Ontario Ministry of Tourism, Recreation and Culture, External Affairs and Canada House, the LAB's Cultural Capitals programme.

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These are also questions for much of contemporary art, where relationships of site and performance are increasingly central. But rather than pursue such a revised "reading" of the drawings, it is more crucial to support ongoing Native-centred reinterpretations that are not filtered by outside experts and that reflect the reality of the multiplicity of (Native) perspectives, purposes and strategies. It is these emerging processes of contemporary 'Nlaka'pamux reappropriation and place-making that the book, unfortunately, negates.

The most problematic aspect of both the film and the book is the lack of non-Native focus on the site-based nature of 'Nlaka'pamux culture and knowledge. Zex'tko was constantly framing her experience from within the landscape, and the recording tends to remove this from the respective narratives—information that makes "land claims," with their many implications, more compelling. An achievement of these projects is how these two diametrically opposite experiences of culture and territory are so poignantly illustrated. It is a testament to the personal dignity of Annie and Arthur that the contemporary politics remain secondary to the disclosure of rich lore that may take generations to be fully appreciated and understood.

The "codes" have not been broken in these two treatments, nor may they ever be outside of the shamanic and familial contexts of the 'Nlaka'pamux. But non-Native obfuscation, the vestiges of a colonially cultivated blindness to site and cultural memory, emerges as the primary obstacle to deeper understanding. In the wake of this, more specific and critical strategies are inevitable, particularly for 'Nlaka'pamux-defined linkages between land claims, conservation, cultural observance, and yes, the making of art.

Brent Ingram teaches environmental planning and photography at the University of British Columbia.

Spontaneous Combustion

One Queen Street East, Suite 610, Toronto

November 20–December 15, 1993



Like Ancient Pots..., Panya Clark, mixed media installation, 1994. Photo: Ian Smith-Rubenzahl

In 1989, disillusioned with the lack of prospects to show their work locally, the members of the provocatively named Spontaneous Combustion collective rented the stunning former industrial showroom of the Massey Ferguson complex and wowed the Toronto public. Remarkable for its independence from the gallery system, the exhibition of predominantly technology-based work was one of the first to represent a generation of artists who had been virtually excluded from solo and curated exhibitions, critical attention and even individual grants. A decade earlier, arts councils had provided funding to similar artists' collectives to programme art in their own centres.

In November 1993, with the recession now hitting the financial district, the collective rented a suite of rooms in the Confederation Life building at Richmond and Yonge Streets. With its plush offices, shining washrooms, hushed board rooms and twenty-foot-high ceilings, it made for an unusual location in which to view art, especially work examining a cross section of issues such as family, technology, representation, tourism, homophobia and the media.

In a corner office, Gwen MacGregor's installation *Body of Knowledge*, a consideration of women's relationship to technology, incorporates rotting fruit and text engraved on brass strips. Across a wall of windows, dozens of

FUSE
MAGAZINE
SPRING 1994
P 39-41



Loofa-suit, Barbara McGill Balfour, loofa, 1991. Photo: Ian Smith-Rubenzahl.

mouldy oranges are suspended in a grid of Plexiglas cases, like somebody's science experiment gone mad. Each orange is unique in its degree of velvety discoloration and deterioration; their funky smell fills the room. Facing the oranges on the opposite wall are two quotes engraved on the brass stripping used for nameplates on office doors. The artist tells us of a dream in which she was so thin she could move inside the wires of her computer and, for the first time, felt in control of the technology. In the dream, the power gained is subversive, a result of being small enough to infiltrate the technology. In the text below, an NEC executive declares that the fact that technology is getting smaller is good news for women and that soon, "we will be able to wear computers like jewellery," preferring that women relate to technology as harmless doodads, rather than as something to understand and use to any advantage. The night I visited the exhibition, the fluorescent ceiling panels of the office building across the street reverberated beyond MacGregor's rotting grid, over acres of darkened computer screens.

The title and concept for Panya Clark's installation *Like Ancient Pots...*

began with a metaphor in a caption to a *National Geographic* photo, "Like ancient pots spilled from a drowned ship, tube sponges bulge eerily...." In the entrance foyer to the exhibition, above two leather couches, a museum-mounted colour photo of tube sponges faces a case containing reconstructed clay urns. The photo and the pots serve as a reference that we remember further on in the exhibition when we pull back a black velvet curtain and enter a small room. There on the floor are the sponges, lit by an underwater simulator (a moving variegated light source), which turns the room into the bottom of the sea. Visible through two glass portals built into the base of a corner couch, more of the ancient vases appear to be submerged far below on the seabed: perfect, theatrical, bathed in cloudy blue light.

We know that the floor couldn't be excavated that deeply, and if we are familiar with Clark's previous work we know that she is a master fabricator of objects. Is it a hologram? Is it an optical illusion? Actually a trick done with mirrors, and we sit and contemplate "nature" from our comfortable seat on a glass-bottomed boat, the sponges as warm and inviting as a flickering fire.

This isn't Disney World and it isn't a museum, but Clark's skilful recreations demand that we contemplate the world, both natural and constructed.

The installation of Barbara McGill Balfour's *Loofa Suit* features tissue clothing-pattern pieces pinned to the wall, a revolving pattern rack with pattern envelopes for the suit, a doll-size loofah suit, a businessman's pinstripe suit and an actual loofah jumpsuit rotating slowly on its hanger. A drawing referring to the act of wearing a loofah suit — "to toughen my skin and make it less sensitive to touch," seems particularly apt given the surrounding business environment.

In Tony Tavares' *Two Dozen Traveling Landscapes*, an automated, dry-cleaning clothing rack parades twenty-four 1'x 6" oil paintings. In this ironic painting factory, the scenes of exotic postcard locales, painted in thin photo-realist fashion, pass by in a solemn procession of sites. Vaguely familiar, we recognize a marketplace in Latin America, the Great Wall of China, the rooftops and the Duomo of Florence, a snow-covered Canadian barn; the brilliant blue skies of all postcards is the only common feature. While I would agree with Tavares that the tourism industry reduces the *image* of famous locales to a cliché, I wouldn't want to negate the value of travel and visiting natural or historic sites.

Francis Le Bouthillier has chosen an interior boardroom with twenty-foot ceilings and no windows for his multimedia work *The Language of Silence*. A huge black-and-white video image soundlessly repeats the disturbing image of someone manipulating the mouth of another, forcing them to chew or speak. In the middle of the room, an overhead projector scrolls enormous line drawings from public school workbooks. Banal images of alarm clocks, diaper pins, a pair of socks, a candle appear on the wall facing the videotaped indoctrination session.

Bill Crane found the book *On Becoming a Man* by Harold Shryock, M.D., and, interested in the patently absurd notion that a child could become engendered simply through instruction, uses the book in his installation *Harold's Question*. Like health-class books from

the 1960s that mixed information on sex with etiquette, one chapter depicts an older man approaching a young boy, a not-so-subtle warning of homosexuals. In *Bedtime Stories*, Crane lines the entrance hallway of the office with heraldic shields or plaques featuring images from the book. Dozens of white, middle-class, earnest American children study and do chores in their neat and tidy homes. Like icons of a code of ethics of constructed male identity, we see how orientation is read visually.

John McLachlin has several works scattered throughout the offices, washrooms and corridors of the exhibition. In *Edition*, the artist has remade pages from *The Globe and Mail*, featuring sports, entertainment, AIDS reporting and the stories uncovering the federal government's test used to identify and rout out homosexuals, known as the "fruit machine." Examples of the ridiculous list of words used in RCMP tests to identify homosexuals are circus, bagpipe, blind, camp, fish, sew, house and restaurant. McLachlin repeats these words subversively throughout the exhibition, using barely visible white Le-traset on white walls, silver on wash-room mirrors.

In an office at the far end of the exhibition, a row of wooden theatre seats faces a corrugated tin, outhouse-like structure. The sound of a woman crying comes from within—soft yet desperate, but the door can't be opened. On the seats the phrases such as, "You watch the news," "She wishes she could help," and "I collapse memories" appear. In her installation *Bomb Shelters*, b.h. yael has successfully recreated the helpless, panicky feeling of watching the 6 o'clock news. A witness to pain, you can't help or change anything, and the sound of crying follows you into the other exhibition rooms.

Greg Woodbury's unsettling video installation *Requiem for a Suburban Housewife*, is cleverly installed in a vinyl siding-clad room. One enters the kitchen via a screen door that reveals the gold colour scheme familiar to escapees of any Canadian suburb. A strip of plastic-wrapped pink insulation pokes out through an unfinished wall. The kitchen window and the stove-door window are actually monitor screens. A

middle-aged woman appears on the lower video "screen," calling her husband to breakfast while above, home-movie footage shows a man mowing the lawn endlessly, marching back and forth. In the woman's monologue, she whines about her children, and nags us to eat—a stereotype of a martyred mother trapped in a claustrophobic kitchen, with the constant drone of the lawnmower in the background.

The quiet subtlety of the works by Caroline Langill and Michael Buchanan seems oddly out of place here. Langill's suspended, cast steel shapes and Buchanan's convex colour photo work are lost amongst the predominantly large-scale, multi-media installations.

While it is always exciting to see the work of a variety of artists in a large group venue, it is important for artists to show more of their work, more often, in either solo or smaller group shows.

The lack of curation is felt in this show; and by that I refer to the curation the artist carries out when grouping works for a solo show, as well as the thematic or issue-based grouping of works by an outside curator. Most of the artists in Spontaneous Combustion have worked consistently at their practice for ten years now and they deserve the chance to show often and in a variety of situations. Getting together to rent space and show together shouldn't have to be the only answer.

The works shown here by Spontaneous Combustion will be exhibited at the Atlantis Gallery in London, England, in 1994.

Jennifer Rudder is a writer who finds living in Toronto requires using a loofah.

Edition. John McLachlin, photolithographic plates (installation detail), 1994.

Love thy neighbour



Cruisin' for kicks

**Seria
killer
feare**

The Pressing of Flesh

a photo-based investigation of the male nude

at *Gallery TPW*

**Daniel Collins, Simon Glass, Doug Melnyk,
Robert Pasternak, Brian Piitz, Susan Turner**

at *Gallery 44*

**Edward Brenkman, Hamish Buchanan,
Hutch Hutchinson, Marcus Miller,
Chuck Samuels, Diana Thorneycroft**

Curated by **Lisa Gabrielle Mark**

Circulated by The Floating Gallery, Winnipeg

February 18 - March 25

Opening reception: Saturday February 18, 2 - 5 pm

Video Program:

Pressing On...

February 18 - March 25 at Gallery TPW

opening screenings: February 18, 2 pm & 4 pm

curated by **Ian Smith-Rubenzahl**

Works on Video by **Colin Campbell,**

Mike Hoolboom & Wrik Mead

Video Installation by **Francis LeBouthillier**

Curatorial Discussion:

Thursday February 23, 7:30 pm, at Gallery TPW

with curators *Lisa Gabrielle Mark*
and *Ian Smith-Rubenzahl*

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Gallery TPW

Toronto Photographers Workshop

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Toronto, Ontario M5V 2J3

Phone: 416-362-4242 Fax: 362-6510

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Gallery 44

Centre for Contemporary Photography

183 Bathurst Street, 1st floor

Toronto, Ontario M5T 2R7

Phone: 416-363-5187 Fax: 360-0781

Gallery hours: Tuesday to Saturday 11 - 6 pm



Brian Piitz,
from series
Male/Self,
1988-89,
colour prints,
34x54"

The Pressing of Flesh

by Debbie O'Rourke

The Pressing of Flesh, a photo-based investigation of the male nude curated by Lisa Gabrielle Mark, was co-presented by Gallery TPW and Gallery 44 last spring. It was accompanied by a video program, *Pressing On...*, curated by Ian Smith-Rubenzahl. The exhibition was first shown at the Floating Gallery and the Plug-In Gallery in Winnipeg. Participating photographers: Edward Brenckman, Hamish Buchanan, Daniel Collins, Simon Glass, Hutch Hutchinson, Doug Melnyk, Marcus Miller, Robert Pasternak, Brian Piitz, Chuck Samuels, Diana Thorneycroft, Susan Turner. Video artists: Colin Campbell, Mike Hoolboom, Francis LeBouthillier, Wrik Mead.

Since Europeans began to occasionally trade the sword for the recording pen, men and women within Euro-based culture have not been sharing the same planet. They have instead occupied never-never-lands at opposite psychological and sociological poles. At least as old as the written word in European tradition, this condition has not changed significantly in modern times.

Feminism has breached but not destroyed the barriers to womens' participation as speakers in cultural life, and the feminine frequently (and not without reason) positions itself as the antidote to the masculine. While we more often share physical and economic space with our brothers the sexual chasm, especially in the absence of comforting rituals for meeting and greeting, often seems deeper than ever. Female initiators and drivers of the modern experiment in sexual equality would

perhaps be surprised to discover that some cultural relief can be found in an exhibition of male nudes.

It is as rare for a woman to walk into a roomful of male nudes, as it is common for a man to enjoy the spectacle of female flesh. My immediate realization that my status as a hetero female would colour my thoughts and writing created yet another opportunity to muse on the "objectivity" of art criticism, and the predominance of the female nude in Western art. Before experiencing this role reversal, I had not heard the eloquence beneath the silence of the thousands of female nudes that I as a student of art had viewed. The conversation goes like this:

Art historian, critic, male artist: "It's not about sex. It's about the perfection of the human form, eternal aesthetic values embodied in studies of human proportion, the search for the ideal..."

Odalisque: "Yeah, right."

Those boys were having us on all along. It bloody well is about sex, as every odalisque knows. Chuck Samuels' cheeky parodies of classics in the genre of female figure photography blow away the sociological fog surrounding this ancient con, with results are eloquent and funny. Samuels' nudes seem oddly clothed; it is the parodied photographer who has been stripped—of his pretensions.

The two female contributors to the exhibition carry on the tradition of one sex projecting its fantasies onto the other. Susan Turner's images lifted from pornography and the classics seem to

be no more or less than a layering of cultural veils. while Diana Thorneycroft's male models function merely as a site for sensual-psychic explorations of her own gender-identity. One survey show cannot begin to compensate for millenia of repression. It will be interesting in the future to see a greater number of female treatments of the male form, both as a counterpoint to centuries of men-looking-at-women and as an exploration of the projections which the human gaze struggles to penetrate as we flounder toward reconciliation.

"Hutch" Hutchinson's gaze, both inward and into the realm of relationship, is a troubled one. The sensuality of his work embraces three dimensions: an anarchic free-association is created between his terse compositions and their plaster frames, set with miniature toys. Their small size belies their power: the male nude under a mattress upon which female feet dance and the suicidal angel wearing a stocking mask have emerged from intensely personal psychic locales: original, but bearing the aura of archetype. Hutchinson reveals to those who might take a simplistic view of relations between the sexes that fear and vulnerability are not the sole province of the female. The softness of his nudes gives a classical rendering to modern nightmares: elegantly arranged toy ballerinas, gorillas and pigs also recall classical framing while lending a modern, absurdist touch. If Hutchinson and Thorneycroft represent the poetic subconscious of the exhibition, he is T.S. Eliot to her lush, mythic Tennyson.

Men possess a body part that, due to the independence of its behaviour, has become something of a secondary personality, like a buried twin. Its presence in the exhibition is hardly gratuitous. The penis in this collection is portrayed, in Mark's words, not as "an instrument of world domination" but "an organ, usually limp and vulnerable, sometimes hard and aroused, but always inextricable from its bearer". Yet even this was too much for many viewers, as they stated emphatically in the comment book. Some were even stimulated to repeatedly scrawl the word "penis": emblazoning the cool pristine pages of the TPW comment book with their adolescent graffiti. Cultural apologies and excuses notwithstanding, nudes are always emotional. Renderings of the human face and form create associations that are independent of the artist's intent. The strong reactions the sight of the male form created in many of the viewers of *The Pressing of Flesh* is a measure of the depth of the repression these artists struggle to leave behind.

Except for Thorneycroft's gender-bending manipulations, the few erections in the show seem to

have been taken from porno stills. Their coy presentation in Turner's filmy multiple exposures and in Robert Pasternak's peep-show, *The Package*, is evidence that this cultural veil is yet to be penetrated. Its persistence is another reflection of the state of art and sexuality. Simon Glass directly confronts the bible as the source of this dysfunction. His postures in the suite *Fall from Grace* contain, in their self-consciousness, a poignant affirmation of our awkwardness with our own bodies even when we gather the courage to reveal them. The final image, in which Glass holds the infamous leaf in front of his genitals, has the quality of an instant icon.

Of special interest to a hetero woman were the complex exercises in self-examination undertaken by many of the men: the hetero men seemed exclusively to deal in self-portraits. Such a collection could not have been complete without the inclusion of Brian Piitz. He is the purveyor of a long-standing self-portrait project that somehow avoids the self-absorbed posturing that afflicts the genre. Documenting his own progression from self-conscious youth into the complexities of middle age, Piitz has created an outstanding sustained study of the human male body and psyche. Its protracted gaze doesn't stop at the surface but penetrates deeply into the mirror. The series *Pantomime of Complaint* contains typical examples of his accomplishment: colour photos, taken from the rear, of his nude climbing form. Corpse-pale against a deep black background, the awkward figure unites the seemingly discrepant attributes of beauty, imperfection and vul-

nerability. Piitz's occasional use of appropriated imagery is rigorously selective. Triptychs from his *Male/Self* series juxtapose images of accomplishment—such as a technician creating a precise drawing—with evocations of atrocity: a laboratory monkey with its head screwed into a complex vise, gazing at the camera in full consciousness. This loaded imagery, framing manipulated black-and-white self-portraits, mimics the fragmentation of consciousness that occurs as we gaze long and hard into the mirror: an exercise long recommended by First Nations elders to members of the dominant culture.

Mark's curatorial concept has been enriched



Marc "Hutch" Hutchinson, *Self Portrait with Ballerinas and Pigs*, 1992, C-print, 12x12"

by the inclusion of Ian Smith-Rubenzal's *Pressing On...* This video program was curated in response to Mark's collection and shares its commitment to diverse treatments: ranging from Mike Hoolboom's *Scaling*, an elegant marriage of formalism and Dada, to Wrik Mead's highly emotional *Warm*. Affirming the wisdom of the two curators' collaboration, the yearning of Francis



Edward Brenckman, *Letter from Rick (Gay Male Respondent)*, detail, 1992, photographs and text 30x40"

LeBouthillier's video installation *Simulate* haunts the collection. LeBouthillier sets his monitor invisibly into a wall and covers it with an elegantly crafted mirror that, close up, reflects the viewer in the silvered coils that pattern its surface. At a distance,

the amorphous shadow sighing beneath the reflection resolves into an image of a male torso whose self-caressing is both seductive and pitiful. When a nearby video monitor happens to also be displaying the flaccid attempts of Colin Campbell's *Janus* to extract sexual satisfaction from his own photographic image, their ability to echo but not converse with one another reflects the dilemma of overcrowded humanity: walking lonely within feet of similarly desirous human beings. The hunger of these video creatures transcends gender lines. It informs the vulnerability of Piitz's nudes, and makes poignant counterpoint to Daniel Collin's sassy studies of brassy hunks and Doug Melnyk's collaged party.

The humility with which Piitz and LeBouthillier confront the flesh sets the viewer up for a jarring experience when confronted by Edward Brenckman's *Letter from Rick*. Stripped of our usual psychic armour, we face the chilling admission of Brenckman's correspondent, that he is an "amputee wannabee". Viewed in association with medical drawings of amputation, this light confession of his desire to mutilate his own flesh is yet another testament to the commodification of human life. As "Rick" reveals his own fetishes and attempts to extract those of his correspondent, one is reminded that there are transactions in which no money may exchange hands but people are mere tools for the fulfilment of desire, rather than partners in erotic exploration. The art-

ist's exploitation, for his own creative purposes, of Rick and other correspondents solicited through personal advertisements is both a riposte to and a collaboration with this process.

Hamish Buchanan's collages of personal and appropriated imagery take us channel-surfing through centuries of idealization and sentimentalization into the pathology of information overload. This context even reveals the latent ominousness of Edward Muybridge's motion experiments, as the ultimate visual expression of the scientific method. Buchanan's contribution to this show is coolly cerebral, emphasizing the mind/body split even as it employs images of the body to search into memory and history. Shot with the same coolness but possessed of a strong physical presence is the image frequently employed as the title shot for the exhibition. As mute as a minimalist painting, Marcus Miller's *Fat Boy* has neither been romanticized nor treated with that harshness that often attempts to pass for realism. Reposing on the floor near Buchanan's piece, this flesh makes no apologies: in its flawed sensuality it attempts to solicit neither lust nor mercy.

The joy and humour to be found in this collection seems to be presented largely by members of the gay contingent. Gay men haven't been awaiting their revolution: they have been living it. Through oppression and persecution, in and out of fashion, through bashing and busts and finally, through plague, gay male artists have celebrated the body and its pleasures. The sexual objectification of the female has an equivalent in the gay portrayal of the "boy-toy" represented here by Collins and Pasternak. But appreciation of the body and an assumed mutuality of pleasure is also a strong presence in gay expression, which has not filtered into modern hetero life and art. Yet the confrontation with self is a necessary prelude to acceptance, reconciliation and joy: the self-examination revealed by this selection of work is a cause for celebration.

When a curator takes on a subject which is at the same time so vast and so under-represented publicly, she has a choice between showcasing a few artists whose work interacts to form a cohesive and satisfactory whole, or attempting an exhibition which will give an indication of the range of styles and approaches which have been brought to the subject matter in question. Either approach is valid for reasons of its own. In curating *The Pressing of Flesh* Lisa Gabrielle Mark made the choice that is the most challenging, both aesthetically and administratively. To mount a survey show is an act of courage because even

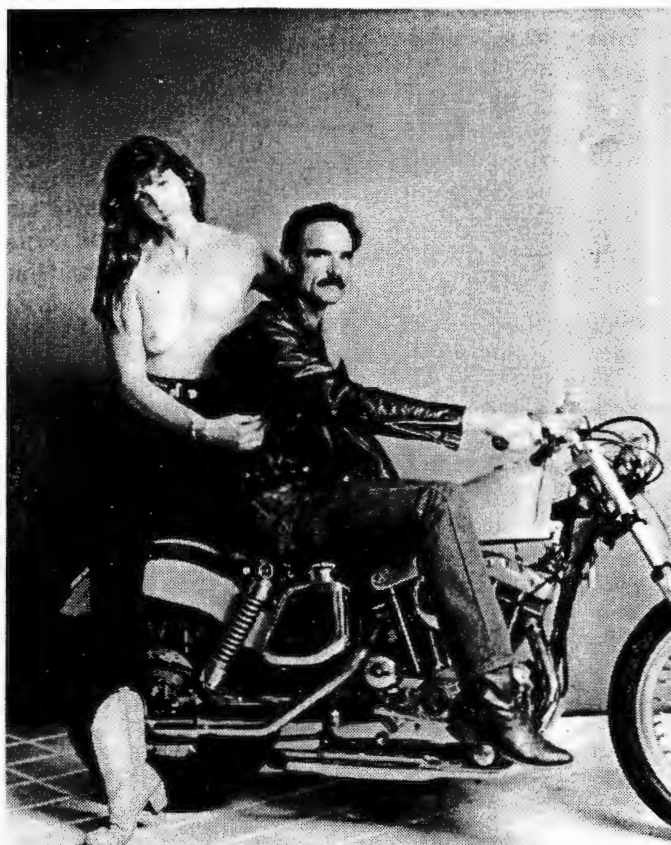
When it is well-chosen and well-hung, the viewing public often finds the inevitable discords unpleasant rather than exciting. This is true even when the public is a sophisticated one.

Curator Mark has reason to be content with her selection and arrangement of artworks. A survey show has accomplished enough when it manages to bring a little-used subject into the light and showcase a variety of under-exposed talents. But *The Pressing of Flesh* has managed a great deal more. No mere administrator, Mark is practising curation as a creative art form. She has fostered conversational interactions among the artworks that render a whole greater than the sum of its parts, and presents an articulate picture of the state of the art with respect to the photographic male nude.

If there are blind spots in her approach, it is a challenge for other artists and curators to attempt to improve upon her work. May her efforts be followed by many more. Hundreds of years of female nudes await their blind dates on gallery walls! ■

Debbie O'Rourke is a Toronto writer and artist.

Photograph by Art Meyers from the group exhibition *A Distinct Grace, Before, During, and After Breast Cancer*



New York Report:

Art as a Social Force

by Joy Walker

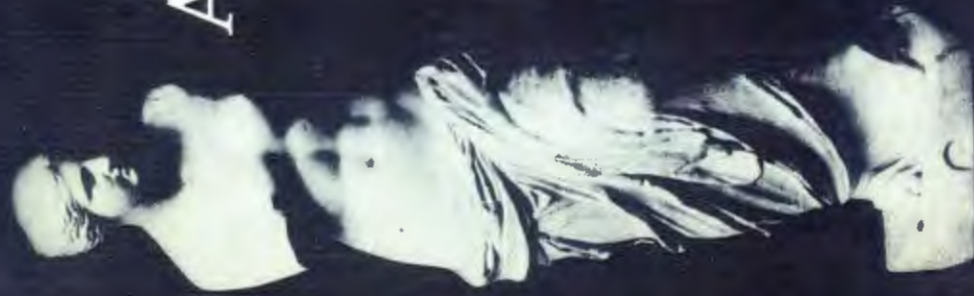
■ New York artists were amazed this year to watch the police artist's drawing of the Oklahoma bombing suspect done from witnesses' accounts, turn very quickly into Timothy J. McVeigh, real suspect, and it looked just like him! Of course, the drawing of John Doe #2 turned into 4 or 6 hapless look-alikes found rambling drunkenly from motel to same motel all over the Southwest. But artistic talent here served a definite social good.

In the NYC Port Authority Bus Terminal, certainly a place in need of social help, flip-bottom benches now keep all but the most determined moving on to their destination — a design decision to ameliorate the physical surroundings of legitimate clients. But more intriguingly, there is now a larger than life-size B&W photo mural of a NYC street scene, with two giant policemen pictured in a large squeegee swipe of color. "We are here to protect and serve you" or some such it says in small print at lower right. Or to "scare you" it might as well say, a very

good reminder when the real thing is not available. The day I saw it, two actual policemen making their rounds, even though they appeared much smaller than the mural police, patted the picture in satisfaction before they turned around to walk back. I still felt safe after they were gone.

■ A lot has been said about art as a deterrent to graffiti, and although it doesn't always work, two poignant examples in Park Slope Brooklyn give me hope — a beautifully painted ivy on brick wall near a store and a simpler latex vine curling across the street wall of the Methodist Church.

■ Which brings me to the May show at Dana Bieff Gallery, "A Distinct Grace, Before, During, and After Breast Cancer." Sara Hutt's long poem about her mother on the announcement engrossed me. "My mother had a paper route My mother liked to tap dance My mother made spaghetti gravy My mother could see through things" for example. But I did not like the



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Surface Tension

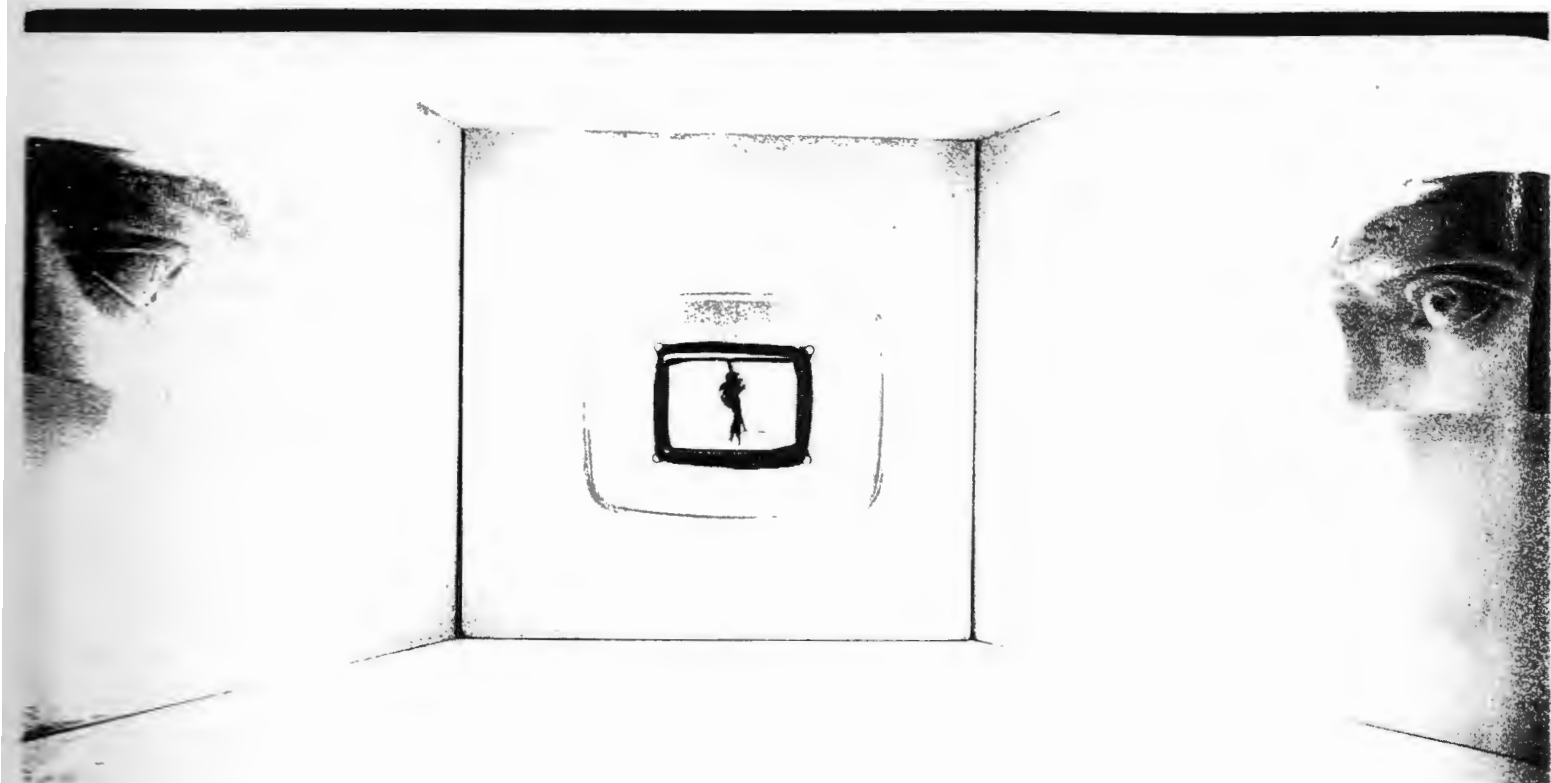
BY ANDREA MACKEAN

THE CONFLICTS BETWEEN IMAGES OF IDEAL MASCULINITY AND IMPULSES OF THE INDIVIDUAL BODY ARE CENTRAL TO THE WORKS OF FRANCIS LEBOUTHILLIER. CAUGHT, TIED UP, GIRDLED, HIS BODY IS AT THE INTERSECTION OF THE INDIVIDUAL, SOCIETY, TECHNOLOGY AND MEDIA, HELD IN THE PERMEABLE, FLUID SPACE BETWEEN SELF AND SOCIETY. WHAT IS A BODY TO DO?

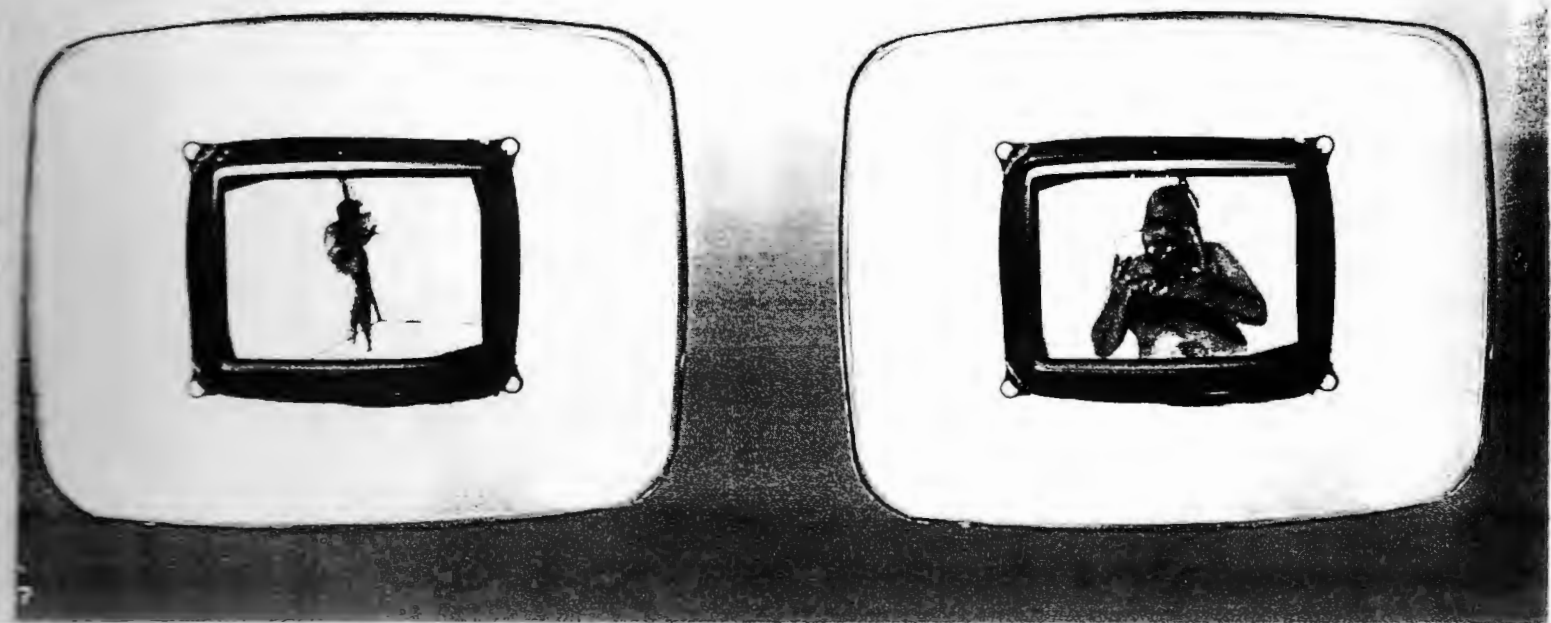
EXPRESSIONS OF FRUSTRATION WITH THE SOCIAL EXPECTATION FOR THE IMAGE OF THE IDEAL BODY AND SELF ARE FAMILIAR FROM FEMINIST CRITICISM, BUT THIS QUEST IS NOT GENDER SPECIFIC. ARE THE CONSTRAINTS OF A SUIT AND THE EXPECTATIONS OF POWER COMPARABLE TO THE CONSTRAINTS THE GIRDLE AND THE LACK OF POWER, AND CAN THESE TWO POSITIONS BE SO EASILY IDENTIFIED WITH GENDER? MASCULINITY IS A SOCIAL CONSTRUCTION AS IS FEMININITY, UNCOMFORTABLY CONTAINED WITHIN FRAMES OF CONVENTION.



SENSORIA FROM CENSORIUM
1994 P 86-90 MANGAJIN BOOK TORONTO



AN ANXIETY ABOUT THE EFFACEMENT OF INDIVIDUAL SENSUALITY, SEXUALITY AND PLEASURE IN NORMATIVE GENDER ROLES PERMEATES THESE IMAGES, BUT WHERE DOES THE INDIVIDUAL BEGIN AND THE SOCIAL LEAVE OFF? THERE IS NO CLEAR DIVIDE. LEBOUTILLIER'S COMPLEX WEAVING OF SELF IMAGE AND CULTURAL IMAGES BRING THE RITES, RITUALS AND WORRIES OF THE MASCULINITY TOGETHER WITH THE TRADITIONS OF BEAUTY, TWISTING THEM IN AN EROTIC DYNAMISM AND SLIPPERINESS.



THE FIGURE IN OUTSIDE IN, COMPLETELY ABSORBED IN HIS SENSUAL REVELRY, IS ISOLATED BY THE VACUUM TUBE FROM THE WATCHING EYES OF TRADITION. BUT THIS IS NOT MERELY SENSUAL EROTICISM, FOR THIS EROTIC BODY IS FORMED IN MEDIA AND TECHNOLOGY, AND THE EXPERIENCE ITSELF THROUGH THE MECHANISM OF ITS OWN GENERATION AND CONTAINMENT.

THE BODY IS THE RESERVOIR OF ACCUMULATED TRADITION, IMAGERY AND TECHNIQUE AS IT IS THE SITE OF IMAGINATION, EMOTION SEXUALITY AND IDENTITY. ACROSS ITS SKIN THESE MULTIPLE SURFACES OF THE SELF ARE DISPLAYED AND FELT. IN THE EROTIC ACTION OF SLIDING SURFACES IN LEBOUTHILLIER'S IMAGES, THE SEPARATE IDENTITIES AND DIFFERENT ASPECTS OF THE SELF MERGE. HIS INCLUSION OF MULTI-DIFFERENTIAL BODY FRAGMENTS OPENS THE BODY INTO A PLAY OF SHIFTING CONTRADICTIONS AND COMPLICATES THE SMOOTH SURFACES OF THE SOCIAL REPRESENTATION.

PHOTO MARBLE QUARRY T&L MANNONI

IT'S A GIR(D)L(E) FRANCIS LEBOUTHILLIER
VIDEO INSTALLATION 1993.

OUTSIDE IN FRANCIS LEBOUTHILLIER
VIDEO INSTALLATION PART OF CYBERCITY
ROBOT BY GRAHAM SMITH 1993.

STATUTE FRANCIS LEBOUTHILLIER
VIDEO INSTALLATION 1992

PHOTOGRAPHER AUML

THANKS TO SUSAN C. MILLAR

