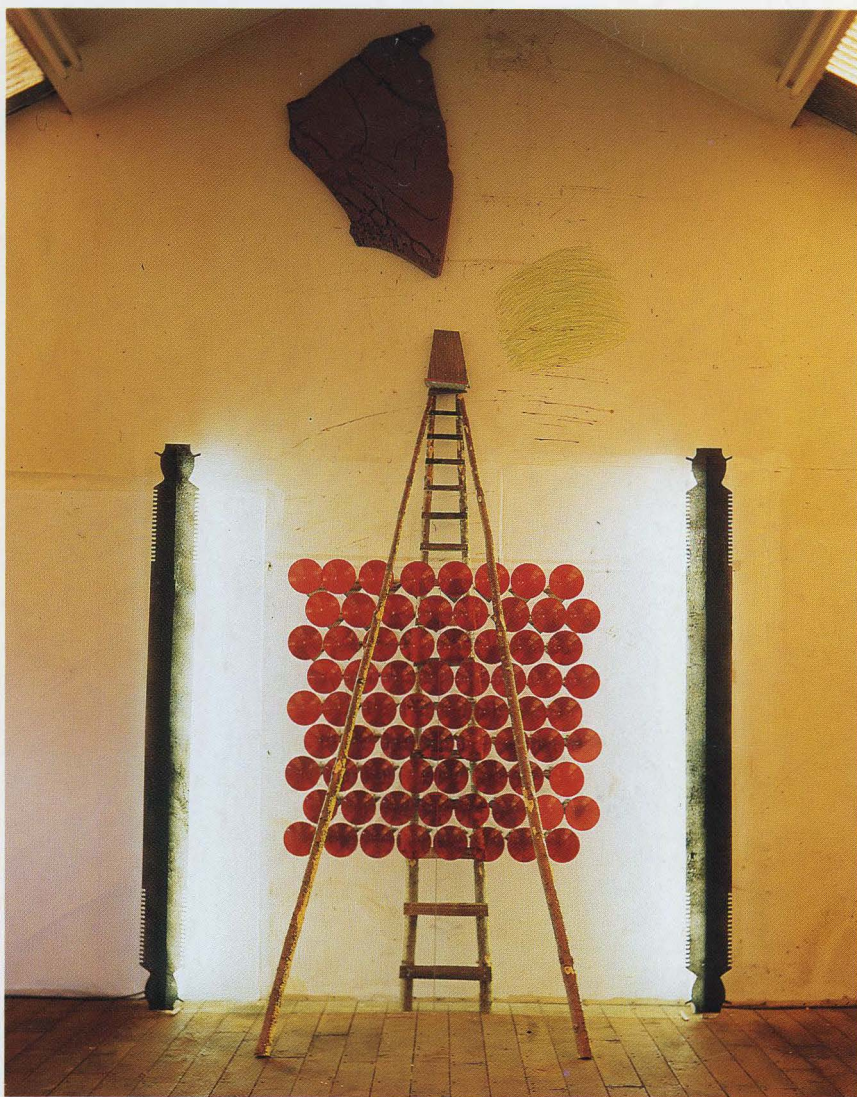


# THE CAPILANO REVIEW



The waste of the world  
becomes my art.

—Kurt Schwitters



Editor Pierre Coupey  
Assistant Editor Barry Cogswell  
Managing Editor Leslie Savage

*The Capilano Review* is published from Capilano College, 2055 Purcell Way,  
North Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada V7J 3H5.

We gratefully acknowledge the assistance of The Canada Council,  
the Capilano College Humanities Division, and the Government of  
British Columbia, through the Ministry of Municipal Affairs,  
Recreation and Culture.

*The Capilano Review* is a member of the Canadian Magazine Publishers  
Association and COSMEP. Microfilm editions and reprints are available  
from University Microfilms International, Ann Arbor, Michigan.

*The Capilano Review* does not take responsibility for unsolicited manuscripts.

Printed in Victoria, British Columbia, by Morriss Printing Company Ltd.

Second Class Registration Number 4593

ISSN 0315-3754

# THE CAPILANO REVIEW

Series 2, No. 1

Fall 1989

A special double issue to inaugurate the 2nd series of  
*The Capilano Review*

## PUTTING THE PIECES TOGETHER Six West Coast Artists

Preface	5	
<i>Visionary Assemblage: A Builder's Psychosis</i>	7	Al Neil
<i>Three Masks for Al Neil</i>	15	Scott Watson
<i>On Assemblage</i>	23	Carole Itter
<i>Carole Itter's Uncanny Recuperation of the Meaning of Wood</i>	36	Annette Hurtig
Notes & Images	43	Tom Burrows
<i>Contradiction &amp; Doubt: Some Notes on Tom Burrows</i>	50	Peter Culley
<i>Only Make Believe</i>	57	Joey Morgan
<i>Joey Morgan: Pieces of Mind</i>	81	Ann Morrison
Notes & Images	87	Al McWilliams
<i>Visions in the Blood</i>	97	Jerry Pethick

*Voluminous Luminosity: Some Scents  
of Jerry Pethick's Work*

99 Bill Little

Selected Colour and Black & White 113

Al Neil  
Carole Itter  
Al McWilliams  
Jerry Pethick

Postscript 131

*Prague Fraught*

FRONT COVER  
Jerry Pethick

*Detail, work in progress,  
Dollarton, BC*

BACK COVER  
Al Neil w/ Carole Itter



## PREFACE

To inaugurate the second series of *The Capilano Review* we've chosen to focus on six West Coast artists whose work is often concerned with the literal and metaphorical reconstruction of the fragmented, with *putting the pieces together* — pieces culled from the material world, from personal narrative, from cultural history. For all their differences in method and focus, Tom Burrows, Carole Itter, Al McWilliams, Joey Morgan, Al Neil and Jerry Pethick have much in common, not least of which is their antagonism to programmatic thought, which their work undermines with intelligence and wit.

As did Schwitters and others before them, these artists transform “the waste of the world,” but with particular attention to how materials reveal the splintering of our personal and political lives. Each uses photography in one form or another to question what we know of images, and some also deploy language to question the relationships between perception, feeling and thought. But each has particular concerns: Itter's totems of resistance register the deepening conflict of world and earth; Morgan's distressed images of Hollywood stars make transparent the alienations of fantasy; McWilliams' wall pieces of lead and wax investigate the deceptiveness of mediated images; Burrows' sculptures attack the brutal indifferences of affluence and stereotyping; Neil's rescued objects explore fragilities of cultural identity; Pethick's temporal and spatial layerings of perception celebrate the interplay of order and disorder. And more.

As you will see. Come in, take a look, puzzle the pieces yourself. In *Admonitions* Jack Spicer says, “Things fit together . . . it is the principle of magic. Two inconsequential things can combine together to become a consequence. This is true of poems too.” And of collage, assemblage, installation. What is this thing called *composition*

Pierre Coupey

## AL NEIL

*Now the whole essence of a good assemblage is in the connections. Strength and beauty of the overall image, or again, pataphysical humour or ambiguity to jostle the linear left brain, a mandala for meditation: all of these presentations can be aimed for, but total success lies in the basic connection, how one element is joined to the next, not only visually, but physically.*

—Slammer

## Al Neil / VISIONARY ASSEMBLAGE: A Builder's Psychosis

Antonio Gaudi's great church, Sagrada Familia in Barcelona and the crazy soaring junk towers at Watts, Los Angeles, of Simon Rodia (who took the consumerism of the coke bottle to unassailable heights), were structures formed by a certain beatific specific of mind known only to paranoid schizophrenics. With Sam of Watts, as Rodia was locally known, the paranoia was dominant because *he* alone built the fence keeping away intruders while he was building, ever upwards, his strange lifetime work of genius. The magnificent edifice he created, now known worldwide as the Watts Towers still stands in the black ghetto among memories of fire and blood of the riots of 1968. Rodia had skills, bravery and dedication of an unknown nature.

The conjunction of form, content and found material actualized in the object has always been a goal of us latter-day collagists and assemblagists; in my case to work within and overcome my well-founded paranoia and schizophrenia.

In music, when tones roll they split into configurations of waves called the sine, either out of the throat or from sublime ancient instruments such as the flute. From this meditation comes the timbre, the sounds of the body in relation to the spirit and the aether.

What we like-minded musicians are intent on is worrying the airwaves by inserting other sine waves into the aether to boost up the world sound timbre into the positive skull or carapace of the heavens where it could reflect back positively from blue or red planets and contribute to the saving of the earth. By these means, the forensic dissolution of the sound waves are once and ever controlled and into the bounds and charter of the right to beauty. So, in sound I practice gathering the castoff junksounds around all of us and bring them into the power of the combine.

I think great store should be put in the appearance of anomaly. The twisted and conjoined space between evil and perfection is manichean and will never be reached, but there is a slim opening in collage music for the Klangfarben to lustre; a sun ray through a crystal. When playing music in this manner, after long minutiae of



tautology, one can see or feel a blinding light and hear it: then there is nothing and a return to tautology.

Here's to Gaudi, Sam of Watts, Hieronymus Bosch, Paolo Soleri. Indeed, to all the members of the paraschizoid gang who did not die before leaving their brief signature of all things, just as did the great mystic, Jakob Böhme. Those masters of art and spirit are always in my mind and hold me to the earth, in the midst of wars and pestilence.

Finally, let's hear it for Kurt Schwitters, who had no trouble with his psychic demons. The great master of Hanover simply ignored the international art racket and worked daily with his psycho-pathological energy on his MERZ house, caverns of plaster and junk.

Anyone in his right or left mind would have to say that Paolo Soleri's earth-silt dwelling and sculpture in the Arizona desert at Arcosanti fit right in there with the idea of the pathology of the builders I am writing about.

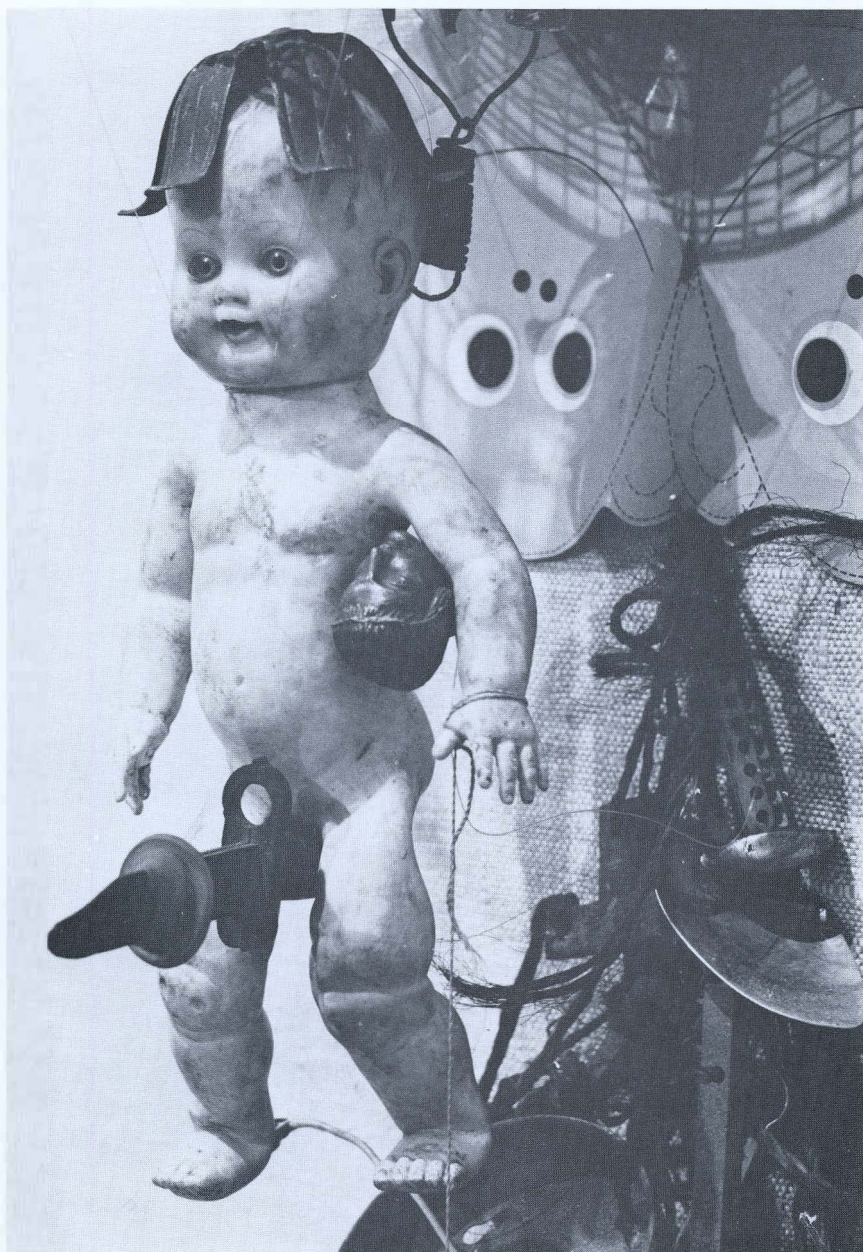
The dream of building one's own habitat with castoffs and built to the summit of confusion to all but the artists themselves justified finally the bizarre spirituality of their work and, of course, the longevity of the work and the wonder of its being.

The amazing structures at Hanover, Barcelona, Watts and Arcosanti were and are ornamented with useless fabrics of spiritual quest. That is to say it was a pathological and manichean quest by Schwitters, Gaudi, Rodia and Soleri to back off evil and destruction they could see every day, and design and assemble huge spaces where only the good, bright and beautiful could survive.

I'm not a philosopher, I'm an artist. But as a paraphrenic, I would have gone straight inside walls as a basket case, or into the ground, kill or be killed, stared doubly at walls, if it hadn't been for the examples of Soleri, Schwitters, Gaudi and Rodia who dedicated their pathologies to, in some cases, useless assemblages to the human spirit.

It is no new insight to speak of schizophrenic art saving the mind of man, or woman or even child from disintegration, atrophy, catatonia, or pills, dope, electroshock, the looney bin. I've known since the early '60's that I am paranoid schizo, and in hindsight much earlier. This is no big deal to harness the split or divide the line between the I and the thou, the manichean and the perfect, to form up the disparate into the One.

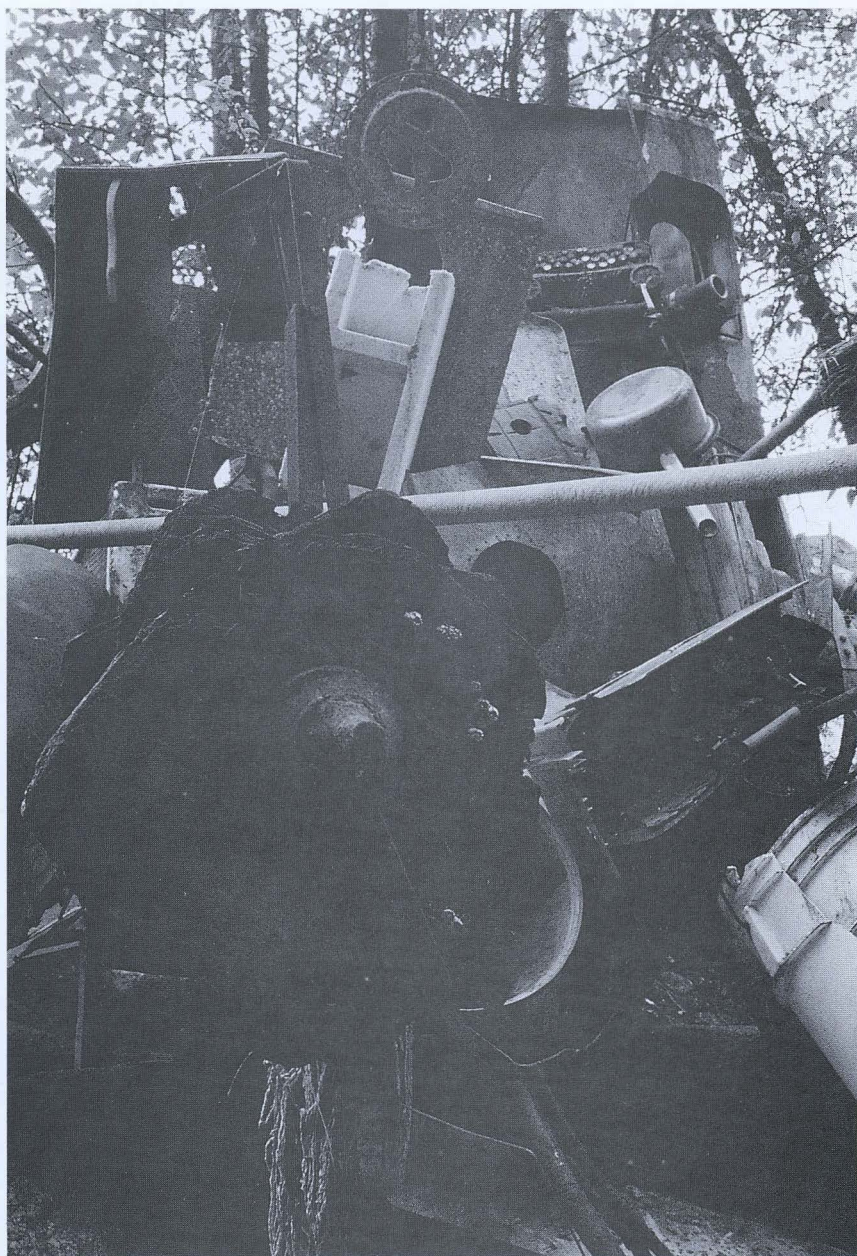
So what can be said: the psychic visionaries of architecture, of assemblage, extend their vision to retrace their psychic past and extend it into first, the real, the time of the time and then, beyond that to hint at infinity.



Detail, *Existence (dedicated to Alfred Jarry)*. 1972. Installation view, Vancouver Art Gallery.

Photo: Todd Greenaway





Detail, *assemblage on beach rock*. Work in progress, Dollarton, B.C.





Al Neil & Carole Itter  
Detail, *assemblage between trees*, 1989. Work in progress, Dollarton, B.C.





Detail, *assemblage in progress*, 1968- . Dollarton, B.C.

Photo: Carole Itter



## Scott Watson / THREE MASKS FOR AL NEIL

Al Neil isn't a famous artist, a situation which disappoints me more than him. Just why an artist who has had the influence Neil has had is not part of the Canadian canon is a potentially bitter subject — certainly his anti-authoritarianism has something to do with it. If he were more well-known, validated, legitimated, whatever, there would be an institutional frame and a history of that legitimization: that acceptance and reception would be "history." But this hasn't happened. Neil's career is a pile of debris with much of the work lost and undocumented. Although Neil is emblematic of a stance and a point of resistance for generations of Vancouver artists, an affirmation of the value of that stance might be quixotic and fake because the work and the career are negative antagonisms.

Al is sort of a cult figure in Vancouver, so the work does have an audience. In our context Al is seen as a voyant-shaman, the heroic actor in a drama of avant-garde dissolution, a deviant whose deviance puts him in touch with spirit worlds and the well-spring of myth. In the art world we like to think that such figures appear in response to the demands of art itself. That is, Al represents the truth-value of art and the possibility of the authentic expression of an authentic self as resistance. However, this way of figuring Neil is, if one thinks about it, but one term in what Walter Benjamin would have called a dialectical image. The other is that figure in the dominant culture who corresponds to the voyant-shaman of the avant-garde — the entrepreneur. There is a parallel between the anarchic individualism of the entrepreneur, the "magical," dare-to-be-great attempt to construct identity not from ethical standards or a relationship to one's fellows, but from inner resources alone, and the projection of the figure of the artist as a figure of isolation working against the norm.

Thus one can, if one wishes to be unsparingly reductive, dissolve the figure of Neil in a critique that will describe him as a reflection of what is dynamic and determining in the economy at large. There are, after all, many points of interchangeability between the entrepreneur and the voyant avant-garde artist. One is also the

obverse of the other. If both are fascinated with psychic technologies, ancient and modern, the uses to which these technologies are put constitute a real polarity. The entrepreneur builds a megalomania, a narcissistic and infinitely greedy ego in pursuit of power and material wealth. He stands at the very centre of capitalism today. The voyant sets out to destabilize the ego, and derange the self in order to assume a pathetic powerlessness. "I am another," declared Rimbaud. The voyant artist allies himself with the outcast. The entrepreneur manipulates the system and the voyant refuses it.

But Rimbaud, the archetypal voyant, who is a model of sorts for Neil, is highly problematic in just this area. He is both voyant *and* entrepreneur, poet and gun-runner, alchemist and slave-trader. The spiritual exploration of the unknown that Rimbaud announced as a poet became the literal exploration of Africa as an agent of European imperialism. Thus the two figures are found conflated in one life at the site of origin of the theory of the voyant.

The figure of the shaman, which also attaches itself to Neil is equally problematic. A host of questions are raised when avant-garde practice becomes identified with shamanism, and certainly the case of Neil is not unique. It involves the identification of the artist with a cultural "other." This identification ought to be seen against the background of reality; that is, actual relationships between the dominant culture of Canada and its native peoples. This polarity is larger than the one between avant-garde artists and mainstream culture; the real situation of native people in Canada is hidden by the appropriation of cultural practices, such as shamanism, into the lexicon of the avant-garde. On the surface of it, shamanism and native cosmologies are brought forward as correctives to the empirical/imperial outlook of western culture. But beneath the surface, along with the long and shameful history of Canada's treatment of its native people, lies the use of "culture" to ignore social reality. Thus, the use of this figure to describe someone like Neil is contaminated with an unwitting imperialism. Neil operates within and without these figurations: voyant, shaman and entrepreneur, as well as many others (soldier, junkie, patient, be-bop pianist, come to mind). The collages which Neil has been working on for the past seven years are a series of disguises, "masks," as Neil calls them. The masks, if they relate to the typologies I bring to them, are not worn in order to be animated, but to be erased.



Nonetheless, these figurations have guided the work and determined its development. There is an early (1982) collage on the wall in my study. It is a portrait of Proust, called *Proust (fake)*. It is this gesture of cancellation which dominates Neil's work.

●

I'm looking at a letter I received from Al about 15 years ago (we first met in 1957—I don't recall the meeting). The text is a scrawl, evidence of some extreme distress, delirium or ecstasy, some awful and terrible recognition. The text on one page, written over a network of vaporous and ghostly scribbles, reads, "We are here we are here we are where????? where?" A diagram is superimposed over this script of chattering voices, arrows point this way and that, three cancellation crosses over the words "where," "we," "are," are stacked, spine-like in the middle of the page. The letter was admonitory. I had published a review of Ed Sanders' book on Charles Manson, *The Family* (because Sanders was a member of The Fugs, a poet in the Olson circle, etc.), and Al took exception. I can't find the review, and it doesn't really matter; what was irritating about it to Al can be seen in his response. "There is no proof," he wrote, "in your few brilliant paragraphs as to any 'ultimate evidence against drugs.' You know this without me calling up Poe, Baudelaire, de Quincy, Rimbaud, Artaud, St. Aquinas, etc." Then in faint pencil and parentheses, his own name is added to this list. The list is a list of writers. Al has always been more at ease seeing himself as a musician first, secondarily as a writer and only an artist if you say so. (The three artistic roles—writer, musician, artist—correspond to the metaphorical constellation that is used to mythologize them; voyant, shaman, entrepreneur.)

The writers are all voyant. As Rimbaud described it, "To arrive at the unknown through the disordering of all the senses, that's the point" (Letter to Izambard, May 13, 1871). The point being to dismantle the bourgeois construction of self and identity and to explore unproductive being. (I have already noted that the entrepreneur is, in turn, constructed out of the voyant.) This "systemized disorganization," as Yves Bonnefoy calls it, is the quest, the motive energy for Al the collager of indexes, sacred maps, old and discredited cosmologies, and the broken categories of the Enlightenment.



This disorder is in dialectical relationship with an invisible order that is called into appearance and then swiftly cancelled out again. One thinks of two opposing volumes in the large library that informs Al's work. The surrealist Kurt Seligmann's book on the occult is one source for the heaps of ruination in Al's collages. The dislocated aping of kabbalist signs, maps of the cosmos fragmented and inverted, are "systematic" challenges to the void, to the absence of the sacred. This absence is voiced in Samuel Beckett's plays and novels which register modern consciousness as emptiness. (I remember Al gleefully brandishing a letter from Beckett's agent denying him permission to perform *Krapp's Last Tape*, which of course, he had already performed.)

As theoreticians of disorder, nihilism, and the aesthetic of dissonance as new consciousness, the artists of the Dada movement have been important to Al since he read Robert Motherwell's anthology in the early 1950s. (Al comes to this material at about the same time as his contemporaries, Robert Rauschenberg and Cy Twombly.) Although his name does not appear in Motherwell's book, through German Dada Al would have met the ideas of Freud dissident Otto Gross, an early critic of gender roles and self-declared enemy of patriarchy. It was Gross who so impressed Raoul Hausman with his sociopsychanalysis before the senior Herr Gross, a criminologist and also a friend of Freud's, had him committed to an asylum. (Jung signed the commitment papers, but this is another story.) Gross disputed Freud's construction of the self-contained individual whose psyche was determined in infancy by inner libidinal hydraulics that responded to familial stimuli. He thought, more modernly, that moderns were made out of each other and contemporary history — that we are dynamic centres absorbing and rejecting, constructing and dismantling provisional selves from the information overload that washes over us every day. We are socially constructed and therefore can only reconstruct ourselves through social change and resistance to norms rather than by adjustment to them. This heretic psychoanalysis was adopted by the artists and writers who became German Dada. It informs the way they collage and montage, dismembering and reassembling the human figure with newspaper headlines and mass-produced consumer products. This is part of what Al's imploding, exploding heads are all about, although superimposed over them are dense images from heavenly maps and an attempt at cultural biography.

Elsewhere Al has written about the importance of René Dumas, another surrealist voyant-visionary, and about his relationship with Kenneth Patchen and the jazz greats of the fifties and sixties. Suffice it to say that jazz and collage are interchangeable for Al. He refers to "collaging at the piano," and to both music and collage he brings the same inclusive but disordering strategies to produce dissonant "fields," (a term Al uses and which calls to mind Cage and Black Mountain), to record "what's going on."

Besides the global influences of Dada and Surrealism that circulated even so far as this coast in the fifties, the local figures, Malcolm Lowry and Emily Carr, count for a great deal in Al's own arrangement of a personal tradition. There are the obvious interests in alcohol as a consciousness-expanding drug and in the *Kabbala* which tie him to Lowry. Since 1966 Al has lived in a boathouse beached on Dollarton's intertidal flats, choosing to reside in Lowry territory, as it were. The intertidal zone is the location from which Al views nature. (It is there, more than anywhere, that one is reminded of the gravitational pull of the moon and the origins of life.) Carr serves as Al's *anima*, a complementary and interiorized feminine other whose pagan pantheism (which she, in turn, derived from Whitman) is the paradigm for an idealized, but culturally stripped, rapport with nature.

As a kind of regulating force for all these influences, and in the quest for truth through a disorganization of the senses, there are the Tantric practices which have guided Al for close to thirty years. Sometime in the early sixties he read, "under the influence of speed," *The Tibetan Book of the Dead*, and, in his words, came "in a flash of misunderstanding" to the science of Kundalini management. The correct alignment of the chakras which join the body and soul to the world in Tantric somocosmology, became the basic, if broken, order of composition in practically every collage and assemblage Al has made. The proper management of Kundalini energy, which has its seat in the genitals and can be used to heal the mutual denial of body and spirit or be dispersed in acts of lust, power and/or evil, has come to be his image of order against which the disorder of the world is measured. It is an order superimposed on anti-modernist Dada disorder as a trace or vestige of a redeeming anti-enlightenment body of knowledge which exists only as ruin, debris and fragment, and which can only be had through "misunderstanding." Thus the view of "history" in Al's collages is a battle



between good and evil, demons and angels; at least that is the metaphorical cast implied by the image.

●

The current collage activity began in 1982. (A previous period of activity resulted in the body of work, now largely lost, destroyed, transformed, that he showed at the Vancouver Art Gallery in West Coast Lokas, 1972.) I remember seeing the new works at Carole Itter's house and how excited I was by them. They registered something rare. They reminded me of Michaux, Wols and Artaud—desperate recordings of an “other” language. At the time I was having a long conversation about Bataille with Roy Arden and he was also excited by Al's work; we both saw it in the context of Wols war-wounds and Bataillian excess. Roy went on to write “Music, Medicine and War: Al Neil Collages,” (*Vanguard*, April 1985). Al seemed, at the time, to be uncomfortable with my, our, willingness to locate what he was doing in a “ready-made” sensibility of disorder and excess which was, for him, contained by art historical description. He showed me his mocking satiric drawings, hopelessly inept (Klee, Kandinsky, etcetera) pastiches which he presented as “fakes.” Al was also nervous about the collages being considered as “art.” Whenever he talked about “art” it was as an entrepreneur who stood outside a game that was already “fixed.” He understands the amorality and gangsterism of the art world and sees himself as a poor player. He realized that it would be through some sort of “construction” that related him to whoever—Rauschenberg, Wols, Bataille—that a context could be provided for the legitimization of the collages. The point was, was it worth it? When does mastery of the game turn into mastery of the player by the game? The works relied on a delicate management of energies. The look of them reflected this tension between a refined modulation of delicate distinctions and forces of wreckage, ruin and struggle. Another way to put it is that they relied on a balance between the real and the fake. The “context” of art history was “fake,” the autobiography “real.” Aesthetic manipulation of the materials for effect was “fake,” registration of acceptance and resistance to “what's going on” was “real.”

New collages were shown at the Western Front in 1983. He sold all the work there and then began showing annually at Bill Jeffries' Coburg Gallery. The early collages (1982-83) contain material from

personal archives and are mounted on crummy, at-hand papers. Sometime after the Western Front show Al began to use large sheets of Fabriano paper as the ground for the collages. And, to be frank, he began a process of aestheticization that has, on the one hand, allowed his collages to snuggle up beside Robert Motherwell's (which they do in one local private collection) without making the Motherwell's look "fake," which they are. On the other hand, their claim to "authenticity" is diminished as they incorporate more marketing-style decision-making processes, like xeroxes of archival material (which allows duplication of the reference to meet market demand). Imagery is now hunted down for *a priori* themes, self-citation appears more and more as parody. It is a development that doesn't make the work less interesting or important. Rather, it is impossible to imagine how this could not have happened. But the voyant is becoming the entrepreneur. As time goes on and the number of existing collages increases (300 is a rough guess), the weight of the existing works bears down on present production. Whatever they add up to threatens to appear. (I haven't asked, but I imagine death itself will close the project.) "I think of them as pages of a book," Al says now. They always were manuscripts, pages of a biography. Thus, for the better part of a decade Al's been engaged in a project with a single summary trajectory—to gather together the strands of his life and knowledge. They weave together a long history in Vancouver, his experience as an enlisted man in the last war, his life as a musician, his comic interchanges with the administration of the world as it diagnoses his body, his preparations for death, origins, indexes and lists that contain the potentiality of the name and the demolition of enlightenment reason, and all framed by the bloodbath of modern history and the incantation of useless tantric spells which save the man but do not dispel the terror.

Scott Watson has recently been appointed Curator of the University of British Columbia Fine Arts Gallery.

This essay first appeared in the catalogue *Origins* (Vancouver: Western Front, 1989). It appears here, with some revisions, with the permission of the author.



## AL NEIL

### *Selected Exhibitions and Performances*

#### *Solo*

- 1989 *Correspondences*. Atelier Gallery, Vancouver.  
      *Origins*. The Front Gallery, Vancouver (Catalog).  
1987 Collages. Coburg Gallery, Vancouver.  
1986 Collages. Coburg Gallery, Vancouver.  
1985 Collages. Coburg Gallery, Vancouver.  
1983 Collages. The Front Gallery, Vancouver.  
1972 *West Coast Lokas*. Vancouver Art Gallery (Catalog).

#### *Group*

- 1989 *Rezoning*. Vancouver Art Gallery (Catalog).  
1987 *From Sea to Shining Sea*. Power Plant, Toronto (Catalog).  
1985 Multi-media collaborative performance. Coburg Gallery, Vancouver.  
1984 Collage and multi-media performance with Carole Itter. Coburg Gallery, Vancouver.  
1973 *Canada Trajectoires*. Museum of Modern Art, Paris.

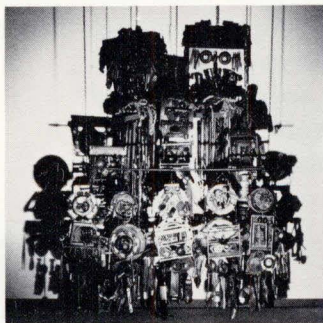
### *Selected Bibliography*

- Neil, Al. *Changes: An Autobiography*. Toronto: Coachhouse Press, 1975; Revised edition: London (Ontario): Nightwood, 1989.  
———. *Slammer*. Vancouver: Pulp Press, 1980.

#### *Collections*

Canada Council Art Bank  
Vancouver Art Gallery

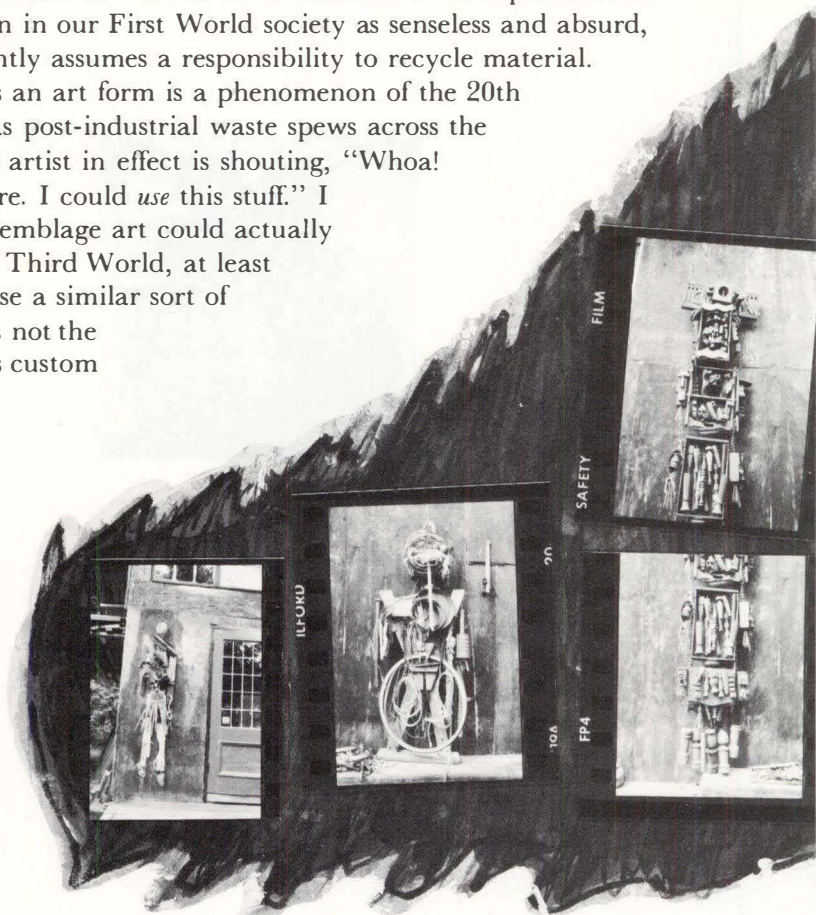
## CAROLE ITTER



*Assemblage as an art form is a phenomenon of the 20th century, and as post-industrial waste spews across the landscape, the artist in effect is shouting, "Whoa! slow down here! I could use this stuff."*

## Carole Itter / ON ASSEMBLAGE

Artists who make assemblage understand the necessity of making-do; the materials on hand are used for what needs to be done. Its roots are not only in the art making but also in daily living and this runs basically against consumerism/capitalism. Assemblage making is a political statement—the artist is conscious of the opulence and overproduction in our First World society as senseless and absurd, and consequently assumes a responsibility to recycle material. Assemblage as an art form is a phenomenon of the 20th century, and as post-industrial waste spews across the landscape, the artist in effect is shouting, “Whoa! Slow down here. I could *use* this stuff.” I doubt that assemblage art could actually happen in the Third World, at least not yet, because a similar sort of squandering is not the Third World’s custom or option.

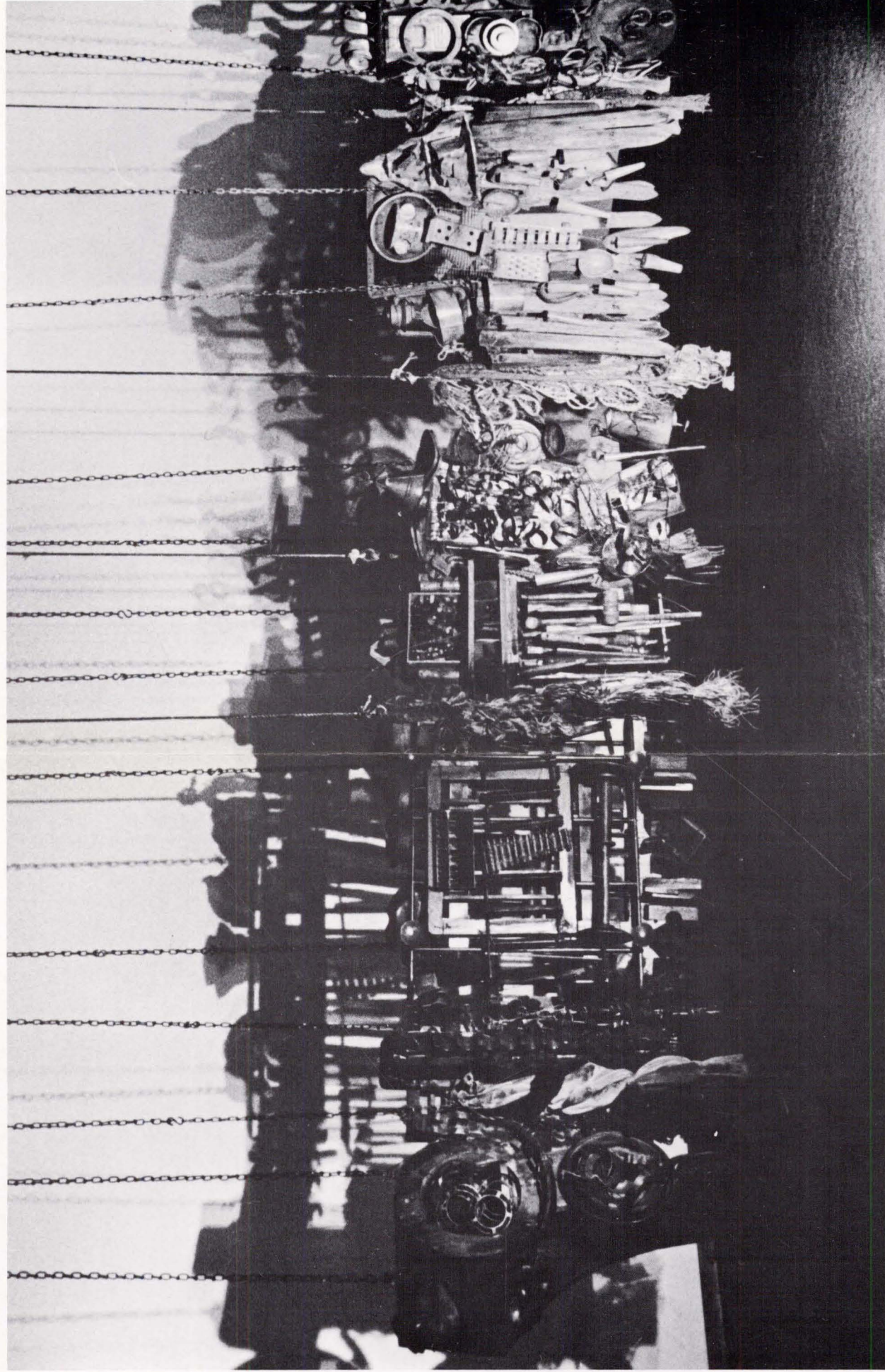


*Rattle #1*, 1982.  
Mixed media, H:74".

*Untitled Rattle*, 1983.  
Mixed media, H:70".

*Black & Red Rattle*.  
Mixed media, H:144".

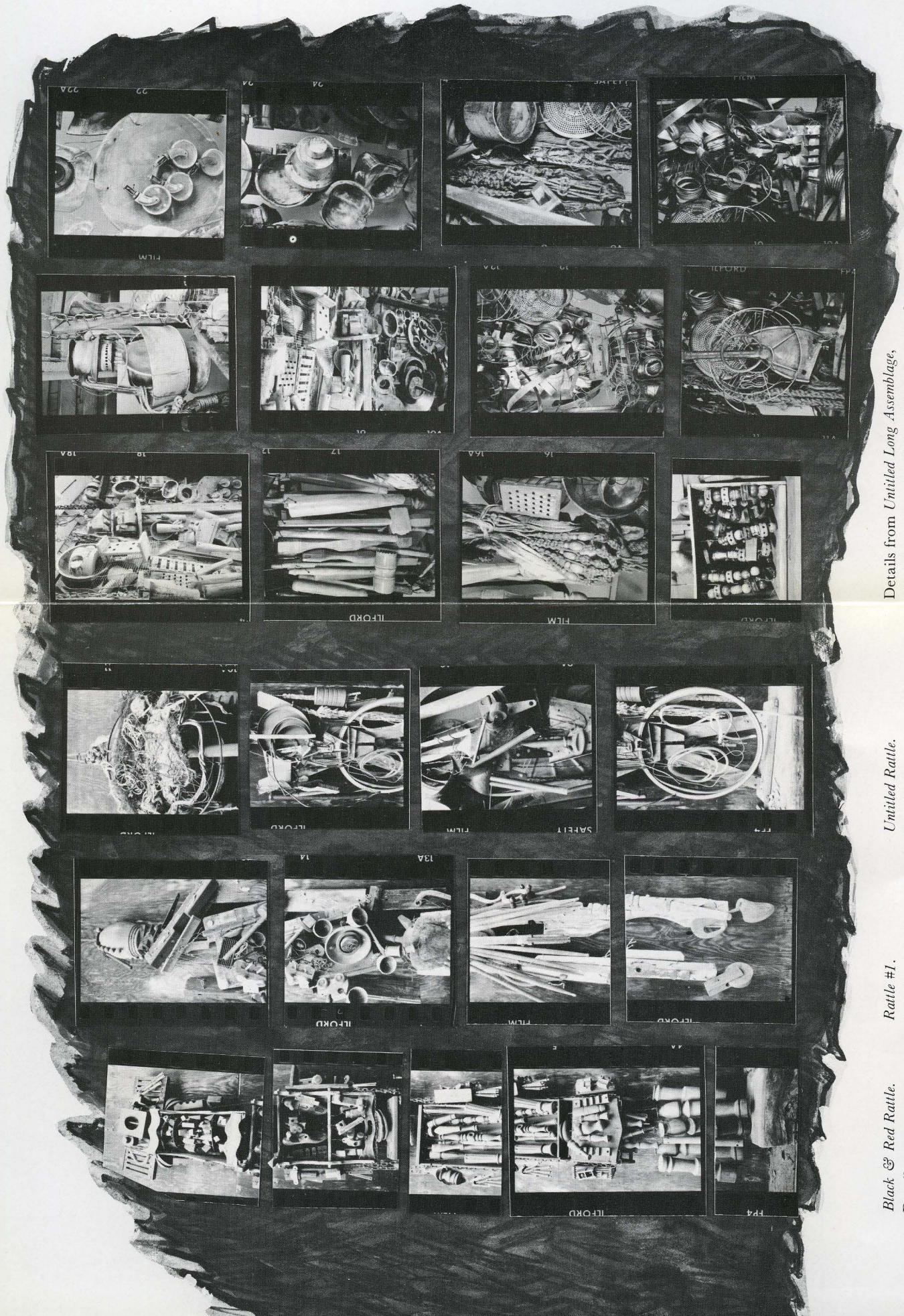




*Untitled Long Assemblage, 1987. Installation, Surrey Art Gallery.*

Photo: Susan Stewart.





Details from *Untitled Long Assemblage*,  
1987. Mixed media, 5½' x 27' (see overleaf).

*Untitled Rattle*.  
Details.

*Rattle #1*.  
Details.

*Black & Red Rattle*.  
Details.







Earlier European and American assemblage artists share some particulars in common. One is location. Most live in one place for years and years and know that location very well. Often the locality has a large influence on the art. Many have worked in other media, in particular experimental theatre and performance art. Most have experimented with language. With an exception here and there, artists such as Marcel Duchamp, Jean Tinguely, Kurt Schwitters, Louise Nevelson and Robert Rauschenberg adhere to the common particularities of location, performance and an interest in language.

I find parallels in my own life: I've lived in one neighbourhood of Vancouver, the Downtown Eastside for 18 years and I have a small share in a beautiful piece of forested land up the coast where I've summered for about 18 years. I stay put. And carry a really comfortable sense of who I am by where I am. I recall leaving the West Coast when four of us packed our gear into a 2-door 1965 Volks and began driving across Canada, camping out en route. About halfway across the country, I realized it was one of the stupidest things I'd ever done and vowed never again to leave here in the summer. Nowhere did I see anything as magnificent as this coast line on a summer day. Ideally the summers are spent squatting over an outdoor firepit — an old refrigerator rack propped up on four stones — and cooking meals for a small collection of growing children and dear old friends. The afternoons (again, ideally) are at the stretch of sandy beach usually swimming in the clear cold ocean. What I do does not directly relate to my art making but undoubtedly feeds it: deadfall is collected and used as fuel, masses of fall leaves are collected and used as an annual mulch on our huge vegetable garden; all the garden waste is collected and layered into the ongoing rotation of compost heaps; ashes from the firepit sweeten the outhouse odours; water hauled from the creek then heated as soapy dishwater is finally dumped over flowers as a deterrent to aphids.

When the actions of life are simplified and extremely meaningful, and the gentle twist of the wick turning up the kerosene lantern soon after dusk becomes routine, then what manifests is not the making of visual art but an involvement with language. Something is triggered by the softly flickering light of either fire or lantern that locates my sensibility into the mode of writing. I can't pinpoint it exactly, but the evenings of silence and isolation added to the physical tiredness must be the practical reasons that make that place a paradise.

In my Vancouver neighbourhood, I have moved around from one old rented wooden house to another, so often that sometimes I think I'll throw up the next time I look at a gallon of white latex. But what these antiquated generally drafty places have always provided is a history, a mess, a vast collection of other people's junk, discarded but not tossed out, just left behind. The more dilapidated the outdoor storage sheds the better. Being a consummate collector, I can't help but regard junk as material, filled with possibilities. Living in an area of the city that is rich with thrift shops, I increase my collection of stuff on a weekly basis. I collect string, mending wool, cloth of all kinds, lace, kitschy ornaments, broken picture frames, vests, junk jewellery, homemade ceramic pieces, and I come home loaded with stuff that "you never know, might be useful someday."

Wood scraps are the main material I have collected for the past 10 years, and on the West Coast we have a plethora of these useless knick-knacks. Some of the items are borderline antiques, maybe 40 years old. I've found larger wooden pieces in back alleys and municipal garbage dumps. These collections keep growing and I don't question the space they take up or need to know exactly what their use might be. Sometimes life's purpose seems to be to pack-rat stuff into my dwelling, day after day, year after year.

The integrity behind collaging and assembling stems from this obsession of amassing these cast-off items. As an assemblagist, I don't decide to make a work out of early toy cars and then go out and look for them. That would be working ass-backwards. An assemblagist is a collector, a recycler who hauls something home trusting that it will be useful somewhere, somehow, sometime. I don't begin a piece until I have an enormous amount of material on hand. I try to allow the materials to generate the concept. Pre-determined plans that are already fixed usually fail; they lack the conscious spontaneity that assemblage making requires.



Only a few years ago, I realized that despite years of art training, and very likely a fairly sophisticated eye when looking at art, that my work aligns closer to folk art than to any other mainstream definition. Part of that comes from a love of detail, of using many many things, and believing that time is irrelevant in terms of transforming these found pieces. One of the first questions I am





*Western Blue Rampage*, 1989 (detail). Mixed media, 106" x 106" x 26".



asked by those viewing my work is "How long did it take you to make it?" and I always answer evasively because it's simply not a factor. These pieces are made out of love of making things and whatever does time have to do with that? Yet in the process of putting together these large complex units, I am aware of the boredom, of the long hauls of repetitive work when tedium hopefully turns to trance. I get sick from the smells of oil paint, varnish and turps yet continue to stain each individual piece, sometimes with 2 or 3 coats, meanwhile acknowledging the ethical contradictions of using these environmentally-unfriendly agents.

The older I get, the larger my hands seem to grow and increasingly I value their strength and their breadth. I work on the floor in a squatting position, that same archetypal squat that balances me over the firepit or between rows of vegetables. My focus is only arm's length from what I am working on, yet conceptualizing the overall piece comes easily, perhaps from years of working on stage sets as I was going through school. The initial plans have often materialized not in daylight but at dusk or in darkness while gazing at the piles of stuff. On rare occasions, a solution has originated from dreams in which the work has emerged out of the ocean or the forest and then I don't look for explanations or analyses, I just accept it as a gift and get to work.

I know that the work I make is inextricably connected with my geographic locality, this Northwest coast. And because my ancestry is white European, I am acutely sensitive to not being indigenous to this place, of being an immigrant albeit about sixth generation. For some years now, my reading has centred around the Northwest Coast Indians. I don't take an academic or methodical approach to this study—I borrow from local libraries anything that's available—and I read anthropology, mythology, ethnology, a little archeology and certainly every picture book I can find. The provincial museum in Victoria, the Museum of Anthropology at U.B.C., and a few in out-lying areas are resource centres as important to me as art galleries. I have a responsibility as a newcomer to find out all I can about the original peoples. I have learned an enormous respect for their use of this land over 20,000 years, and of their overwhelming acceptance of the essential unity of all living things. I carry a horrible guilt over the rapacious exploitations of these same resources, which we have plundered in 200 years of white occupation. I have no trust in technology as rescuing us from these dilemmas.

For example, prior to the introduction of firearms, alcohol, venereal diseases and smallpox which decimated Indian populations in the 1800's, very likely more people lived in the Sechelt area where I spend my summers than are presently there. And they didn't need highways, ferry systems or shopping malls; their lives weren't uncomfortable — their holidays (winter season) were far longer and more invigorating than our holiday season; their art and culture were integral to their daily lives and locality; their ceremonies had nothing to do with Expo '86, Tourism, B.C. or the CBC Newshour. Spirituality wasn't pursued with the same degree of anxiety and frantic energy we see today. Granted, there were menstrual huts which gave women a few days' retreat each month, but these were a far reach from the expensive meditation centres that are currently popular. With a little mathematics, I figured that one large village could move all their inhabitants (say 1500 people) at one time to another village more quickly and far more efficiently than our cumbersome fleet of ferries do now. Probably each inhabitant saw, in his or her lifetime, far more of this coast than most of us will ever see.

Thanks only to a travel portion of a Canada Council grant in 1988, I had my first opportunity to spend 10 days on Queen Charlotte's Moresby Island chain exploring intricate passages and islands. As a visual artist, I feast through my eyes and here was a banquet spread out in all directions. The looking and the thinking contra-indicated one another as I gingerly stepped into abandoned Haida villages, questioning my right to be there yet hopelessly curious. I adhered to the rules of the road to TAKE NOTHING, and pondered the damage caused by thousands of second-fractions that emulsified Fuji and Kodak film may eventually leave behind. In mountain and low-level bogs, I lay down in the sphagnum moss then stood up to watch the moss reclaim the space my impression had briefly occupied. I got an inkling, for sure, of a grand and gracious and dramatic coast line and of the people who occupied it.



The process of assemblage is not unique to the visual arts; and art forms that are lineal in time also bind disparate units together. Certainly the writers, William Burroughs and Brian Gyson's early cut-up methods of writing were assemblages. Kurt Schwitters in Hanover prior to World War II did remarkable typographic cut-ups



with language. Locally, Daphne Marlatt's writing (in particular, *Zocalo* and *Ana Historic*) has an assemblage sense—the layering and layering of language folds intricate processes into an arrhythmic circling of thought. Unquestionably, Al Neil, the master West Coast musician, artist and writer is the senior collagist/assemblagist, and his work has been a great inspiration to many artists, including myself. His music is a complex synthesis of his multi-faceted background and training on the keyboard. I am in a privileged position in terms of hearing his music since, for the past 12 years, he and I have had a close and supportive relationship. As a visual artist with no musical training, it is through watching as well as listening that I have begun to understand his approach to the keyboard, which is an assemblage of finger movements as well as a layering of lyrical patterns woven into a mess of chordal complexities. Especially in the upper register of the keyboard, he plays visually rather than acoustically; he watches how his fingers move and works on their visual configurations. Sometimes his fingers take the music into concentric spirals during which the sound, to make a visual parallel, comes close to fracturing crystal.

One assemblage at his Burrard Inlet beach cabin, where he has lived for 22 years, straddles a huge rock. Full of suggested motion, the collected industrial scrap sits most solidly on this rock, obviously going no place. During the very high tides of the solstices, the rock base is almost covered with water and then the assemblage takes on another dimension. I've watched the piece change; some parts fall off, more are added, and as it settles, one part isn't relative in the same way to the whole piece. I first looked at this work with something very particular in mind—I wanted to know *how* he held the pieces together, because the connections an assemblage artist uses are all important and I had a lot of learning to do. To my surprise he used *nothing* to hold it together: it was neither welded nor wired nor bound. The objects interlock and that is what holds them together, hence the precarious fluctuations over the years.

The connecting agents of assemblage, (wire, screws, nails, rope, glue, solder, etc.) are intrinsic to the art and it is a point of view from which we examine each other's work. Robert Rauschenberg's earliest works seem to have more integrity *in terms of the binding methods* than his recent work. Louise Nevelson's connectors, on a very close look, are screws and probably wood glue. In Al Neil's other assemblages, he has collected the binding materials as he has



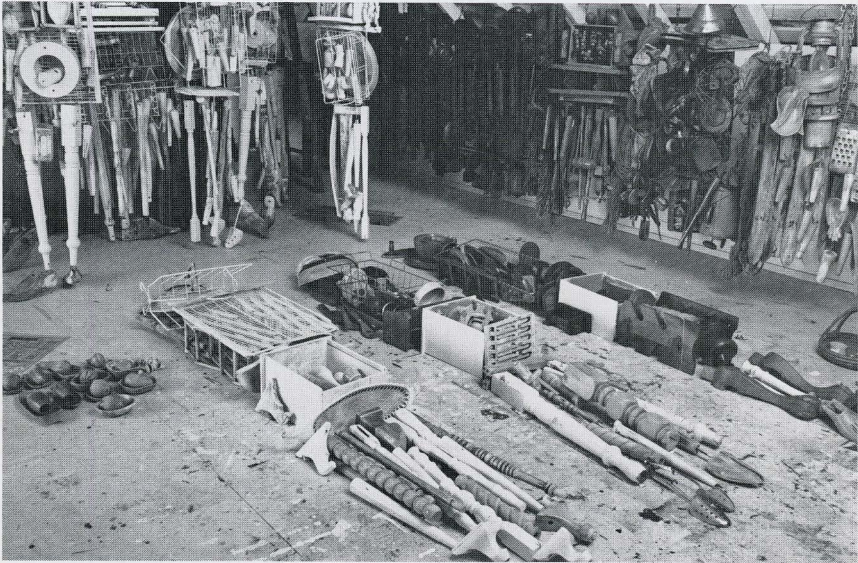
collected the objects; they have washed in on the high tides. I use rebar wire and 1" link chain, almost weaving the many little pieces together. I am always on the lookout for durable yet malleable wire; plumber's thin copper tubing is beautiful to handle, but doesn't have a high enough mechanical stress. Baling wire has too solid a memory — once the bend is made, it stays there. The coastal Indians used the bark of the wild cherry tree to bind their fishing weirs together. It's extremely tough, as anyone knows who has tried to split a piece of cherry wood without first scoring the bark. West Coast artists such as Jerry Pethick, Joey Morgan and Rudy Zator have moved the binding material (glues, guck, ropes, thin sheets of metal) one step further so that they become larger aesthetic parts of the work.

One of the first figurative pieces I put together in 1980 is still a favourite, partly because what happened to it triggered a direction to take. Once it was connected together, I hung it from a tree and stepped back to look at it. Al Neil strode over to it and without saying a word, grabbed it and began shaking it vigorously. A few poorly-wired parts went scattering. I was stunned by what seemed a violent action and wondered if he was quite mad. Then he stopped shaking it, walked away and said non-committally, "Well, it makes a few good sounds." It was an easy step from there to connect each part so that the whole unit indeed stayed flexible, allowing one part to knock against another and from this came the general title, *rattles*.

In 1984, Al and four other musicians, David Lee, Howard Broomfield, Lisle Ellis and Greg Simpson used about 6 of these early rattles in a multi-media performance at the Western Front. Hanging my rattles in a performance setting allowed me to try theatrical lighting rather than the standard overhead lighting used by galleries which tends to be conventional and boring. At the Surrey Arts Centre, I had advice from Neil McCauley, a professional lighting technician with their theatre who popped into the gallery and asked me 5 to 10 questions on what exactly I wanted from light. That assemblage was 5½' high, in 7 sections and 27' long. Six baby leico's mounted on the floor did the job. Lighting designers seem to think that anything can be done with light and I am beginning to believe it too. In February, 1989, the Karen Jamieson Dance Company borrowed the 10-piece conglomerate, *Choir of Rattles*, and installed it in the Playhouse Theatre. During the set-up, the lighting director kept the *Choir* on stage as he set the light cues for the entire

performance. I counted about 200 lamps which bathed the *Choir* in various modes of light and I was positively salivating.

*Winter Garden* is a 16-piece, hanging assemblage which I stained, painted and urethaned up to white. That they should take on a ghostly, skeletal quality is not my intention, rather I see them as receivers of light, a sort of mite's-eye view of a gigantic projection screen. Continuously dissolving images from 160 slide transparencies of botanical growth are projected across this clump of white rattles. Superimposing the photo images from the West Coast forest back onto the found wooden objects allows me to collage photography and sculpture, using the photo projections as the subject content as well as the illuminating device.



*Winter Garden*, 1988. Mixed media, H:11½'. Studio view, work in progress.  
Photography: Carole Itter, unless otherwise noted.



## Annette Hurtig / CAROLE ITTER'S UNCANNY RECUPERATION OF THE MEANING OF WOOD

Wooden objects gathered from refuse are Carole Itter's obsession, and in her recent assemblage works, her primary media. Itter's friends and family assist with the collection of material. Bows, spoons, book ends, balusters, picture frames, shoe trees, and so forth are rescued from back alleys and thrift shops. Carole Itter eventually transforms these discards. Her pleasure in reviving this detritus of the city constitutes her mode of opposition to the various forces of alienation at work in the dominant culture. Her assemblage practice denies the market place—its endless production and consumption of goods, insatiable desire for spectacle, and fascination with shiny impenetrable surfaces which are heralded as emblematic of technological and therefore social progress. Carole Itter's choice of material makes her assemblage works inherently subversive; they are statements of concern for local and global ecologies, as well as indictments of corporate hegemony.

The scale and configurations of her assemblages evoke something totemic suggesting pre-industrial landscapes resplendent with fertile soil, towering forests, benevolent winds, replenishing water and a nourishing sun. But, paradoxically, they can also seem mechanistic and evocative of a bloody futurist revivalism. In the context of late-capitalist consumer culture, Carole Itter's assemblages are uncanny reminders of opposing realities. They are simultaneously celebration and lament: ceremonial transfigurations in honour of mother earth in a state of grace prior to our contemporary environmental crises.

As a product of her time and locale, Carole Itter is exemplary of the vital collaborative and interdisciplinary traditions which flourished in this region during the late 60s and the 70s. In that era Vancouver enjoyed a flurry of cultural activity that welcomed and explored international currents, while evolving those strains and schools we now recognize as important regional inflections. From this specific history, Carole Itter developed into a multi-disciplinary artist whose accomplishments include: published prose and poetry in monographs, periodicals and anthologies; the gathering and publication of aural histories; participation in community projects



and interventions; voice improvisation and sound poetry collaborations; film and video productions; photography; costumes and slide projections for multi-media performances with her companion and colleague, Al Neil; as well as collage and assemblage works.

In his seminal essay "Terminal City: Place, Culture And The Regional Inflection" for the *Vancouver Art and Artists: 1931-1983* catalogue, Scott Watson singles out Itter's early performance piece *Personal Baggage* (1972) as

key in defining what has been particular about Vancouver art. This piece involved the transportation of a cedar log from Roberts Creek [British Columbia] to Lockport [Nova Scotia]. Many artists were involved in the project, as were townships, trains and post offices. The image was innocent, but the piece was not. The work's importance lies in the working people who were modified by having to deal with a benevolent irrationality and a non-confrontational subversion. Whatever [this] work owe[s] to international strategies, such as minimalism and conceptualism, [it] remains passionately contextual.

Itter subsequently produced *The Log's Log*, a publication that documents in photos and text the log's preparation and progress across the country. Her choice of material then, the west coast's ubiquitous cedar beach log, prefigured her current use of wooden objects as signifiers for this locale in particular, but also as symbols of concern for the global elemental environment.

In the 80s Carole Itter's visual art has been the construction of large scale assemblages made from the wooden objects she collects. In her assemblage works individual articles retain their material essence while also functioning as indices of the domestic realm, earth's natural resources, and a conscious economy of production. And, in congregation, the recuperated wooden objects' multivalence includes: irreverence for traditional high art tenets; reaffirmation of the importance of pleasure in process and materials; and an implicit critique of and resistance to the forces of commodification and consumerism. Moreover, there is a call for active engagement in environmental conservation. Even in methodology — the long processes of collection and construction — these works eschew current notions of value assessed in exclusively economic terms without regard for long term or residual consequences. Carole Itter's assemblage projects are labour intensive meditations on the meanings of wood.

Whether in vertical form (*Choir of Rattles* 1985 and *Winter Garden* 1988) or horizontal (*Long Assemblage* 1987 and *Western Blue Rampage* 1989), her assemblages have a fantastic quality generated by their ability to evoke both an idyllic past and a dismal future. In his essay on literary fantasy and its psychological implications, Freud argued that the fantastic exposes what is usually obscured due to cultural constraints; and, that by doing so, it transforms the familiar into the vaguely disconcerting.<sup>1</sup> Thus *das Unheimliche* (the uncanny) describes inherent alienation from a world perceived as sinister, and also the act of unveiling that which is normally hidden. In psychoanalytic terms, this buried realm consists of desire itself, essentially insatiable and necessarily grounded in absence. The antonym, *das Heimliche*, could therefore be applied to the combination of the familiar (such as domestic comfort) with a reference to something concealed. Carole Itter's assemblages function as alluring mises-en-scene which contain the dialectic of heimliche/unheimliche. They are full of associations with absence: ecological extinctions and depletions that are real physical absences; and constructed voids, the fictitious absences contrived by advertising in order to create desire. Itter means to reveal the fictions while implicating the viewer who is called on both as witness to the complex and often absurd processes of environmental destruction, and as accomplice in an indictment of the perpetrators.

Consider *Winter Garden*, perhaps Itter's most haunting assemblage to date. The domestic and bucolic comfort it might at first conjure is eventually displaced by an uncanny prediction for the future. Of variable dimensions (depending on the installation site), it consists of sixteen vertical stained white rattles, together with 200 slides, two slide projectors and a slide dissolve unit. Absence of colour makes the rattles look like conglomerations of bones. Their anthropomorphic shape suggests larger-than-life human skeletons. Installed in close proximity to each other, the cluster would seem to be a family or tribe. Details of individual objects are muted, indecipherable from a distance, so that the gathering is ghostly, insubstantial, a little menacing, but also seductive in its mystery. The projection devices throw dissolving photographic images of botanical growth onto the rattles; when in operation, they effect a boundary that keeps the viewer at a distance from the sculpture. The slide images

<sup>1</sup> Sigmund Freud, "The Uncanny," in the *Standard Edition of the Complete Psychological Works of Sigmund Freud*, Vol. 17, ed. and trans. James Strachey (London: Hogarth Press, 1933), 217-251.



encompass the rattles and the walls and ceiling beyond it. Indeed, each set of images completely transforms the rattles while encasing them, as in a habitat or *situ*. The slides vary in content from deep green coniferous branches which effect a cool meditative environ, to marigold blossoms which transfigure the rattles into blood-soaked avenging warriors. *Winter Garden* thereby incorporates a dialectic of effects. Its antitheses run parallel, but in direct opposition to, the appearance/reality dichotomy advertising plays on in its bid to construct the uncritical consumer. By pointing to those actual absences attributable to the corporate hegemony's construction of a global culture characterized by unbridled consumption, Itter works to reveal advertising's fabrication of desire.

Itter's most recent project, *Western Blue Rampage*, similarly recalls Freud's account of the mind's dream mechanisms, namely condensation and displacement.<sup>2</sup> As in previous works, the visual economy of this assemblage operates on the basis of memory and association. In *Western Blue Rampage* a spill of wooden objects painted forest green is backed by a sky blue wall. The irregular surface of the spill reads as landscape: hills, mountains, valleys. Plastic-laminated colour laser reproductions of photographs of west coast forest are doubled back to front, stuffed, and bound with green garden twine; they resemble the kitsch souvenir pillows collected by tourists. The pillows are intentionally awkward and obviously disparate. Their inclusion signals the contemporary human presence in, and out relationship to, the natural world. The pillows also function as metaphors for sleep and dreams, and thereby as signifiers of the unconscious. The hyper-mediated images refer to cultural industries and mass media's pervasive influence—a phenomenon to which cultural theorists attribute the dissolution of previous criteria defining reality and artifice:

Life in the societies hegemonized by modern conditions of production presents itself as an enormous accumulation of spectacles. Everything that was once directly experienced now recedes into representation. . . . Spectacle isn't a group of images, but a social relationship mediated by images. . . . Spectacle is the moment in which merchandise achieves the total occupation of social life. Our relationship to merchandise ceases to be visible since it is the only thing in fact we see: the visible world and the world of merchandise become totally identified.

(Guy Debord, *Society of the Spectacle*, Paris, 1967)

<sup>2</sup> Sigmund Freud, *On Dreams*, ed. and trans. James Strachey (New York: Norton, 1980), 41-63.



*Western Blue Rampage* suggests that advertisements depicting “nature” are such simulacra, dark spectacles which lull us into insouciance.

With this conjunction of a nostalgic blue mood and a nightmarish vision of the present and future, Itter intends the assemblage to awaken us from somnambulism into conscious action. She shares with other artists a desire to encourage thought and affirm the possibility of change, in spite of contrary value systems and enormous economic forces. Without rhetoric or political polemic, Itter engages the humble found wooden object as her most significant asset in this challenging task.

Annette Hurtig is a freelance writer and the curator of The Front Gallery at The Western Front.

## CAROLE ITTER

### *Selected Exhibitions*

#### *Solo*

- 1988 *Winter Garden*. The Front Gallery, Vancouver.  
*Winter Garden*. Sechelt Arts Centre, Sechelt.  
1984 *Choir of Rattles*. The Front Gallery, Vancouver.

#### *Group*

- 1987 *Artropolis*. Vancouver's Annual Warehouse Exhibit.  
*Moved by Other Cultures*. Surrey Art Gallery, Surrey, B.C.  
1986 *Vancouver Now: Vancouver 86: Insertion*. Walter Phillips Gallery, Banff, Alberta;  
London Regional Art Gallery, Ontario; Powerhouse Gallery, Montreal;  
Winnipeg Art Gallery (Catalog).  
1984 Two-person exhibit. Coburg Gallery, Vancouver.  
1983 *Vancouver Art & Artists: 1931-1983*. Vancouver Art Gallery (Catalog).  
1973 *Bodycraft*. Portland Art Museum, Portland, Oregon.

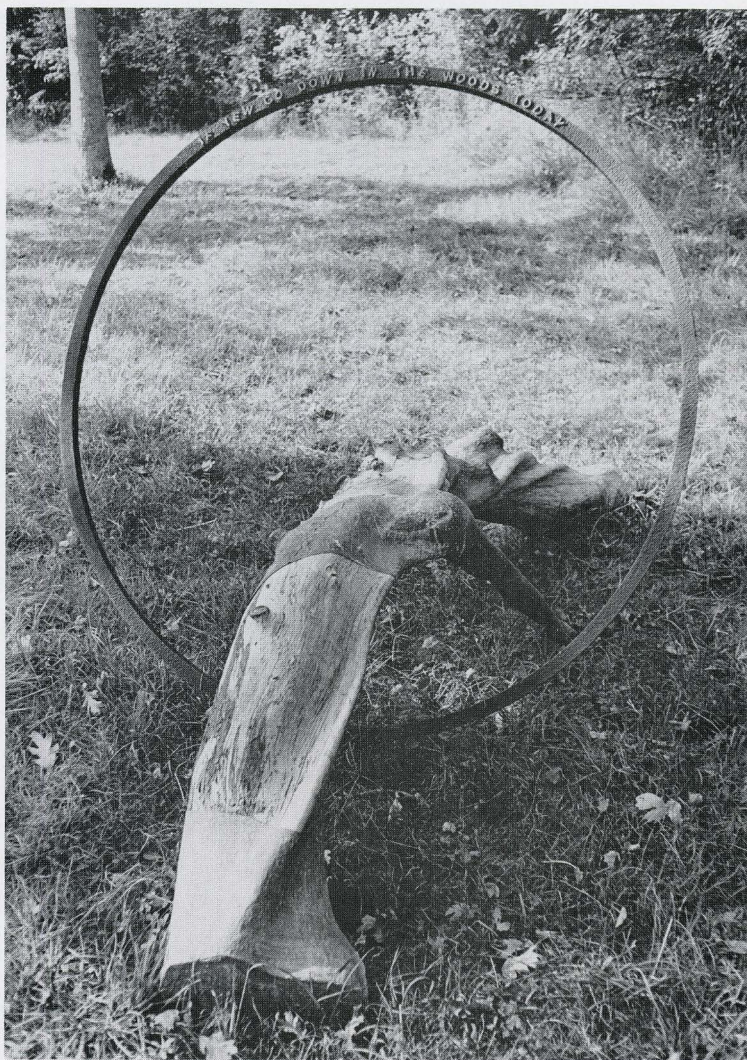
### *Selected Bibliography*

- Itter, Carole. *Barnyard Stories*. Toronto: Coach House Press, 1975.  
——, with Gerry Gilbert. *Birthday*. Prince George, B.C.: New Caledonia Press, n.d.  
——. *Cloud in My Eye*. Vancouver: HeShe&It Works Press, 1972.  
——. *Fresh Brown Egg*. Vancouver: HeShe&It Works Press, 1972.  
——. *The Log's Log*. Vancouver: Intermedia Press, 1973.  
——, and Daphne Marlatt, eds. *Opening Doors: Vancouver's East End*. Victoria:  
Sound Heritage, Provincial Archives, 1979.  
——. *Whistle Daughter Whistle & other stories*. Vancouver: Caitlin Press, 1982  
——. *Word Work*. Vancouver: Intermedia Press, 1972.

### *Collections*

Canada Council Art Bank  
Vancouver Art Gallery

## TOM BURROWS



*All About U*, 1984. Lead, wood, iron, ferro-concrete, 6' x 6' x 10'.



## Tom Burrows / NOTES ON RECENT SCULPTURE

My recent sculpture adopts the guise of the totemistic object as a support structure for an interplay of meanings. Initially, the work presents a hook for its audience by the ease with which it can become the anecdotal property of the viewer. The obvious imagery of the sculpture can become a verbal commodity to a general public and thus disseminate beyond the limits of a static object fixed in space.

Behind and beyond this initial image hook are layers of meaning set in point and counterpoint through a series of devices. The poetry of material is expressed through the metaphorical qualities of lead, salt, tar, xerox and steel, through the tension of these media in combination with one another and through the level of craft allotted to their manipulation. The poetry of the applied written word, a form of self-inflicted graffiti, both ridicules and clarifies the material and visual content. The metaphor of the visual imagery itself and the force inherent in its particular totem is set by the site on which it's placed. Beyond all is an intangible humour that teeters on the edge of hyperbole of image and intention.

These sculptures are polemic in that they refer to contemporary dialectical anxieties. I encase the anxieties with a primordial conceptual tool, the totem. In this way, I attempt to look at them, to touch them, to ridicule them, to render them with empathy, to be objective.

These works represent a return to a traditional form of gallery sculpture similar to *The Temptations of Mao Tse-Tung* pieces exhibited at the Pender Street Gallery in 1977. My other sculptural involvements were with concepts that lent themselves more successfully to photo-text, i.e., *Squat Doc* in 1981, or site specific works, i.e., the early 70's Mud Flats sculptures and *West Berlin/South Bronx Transfer* in 1984.

This recent work is as much an extension of my photo-text experience as it is a return to the sculptural object. This is evident in both the use of text and the social-political context that it refers to. Two of the pieces, *Out of Site*, *Out of Mind*, and *Bhopal Tar and*

*Feather*, use photos from *Squat Doc* and become almost 3D frames for the 2D image. The use of text also reflects on *West Berlin/South Bronx Transfer*. I am tempted to label the recent work, text-sculpture.

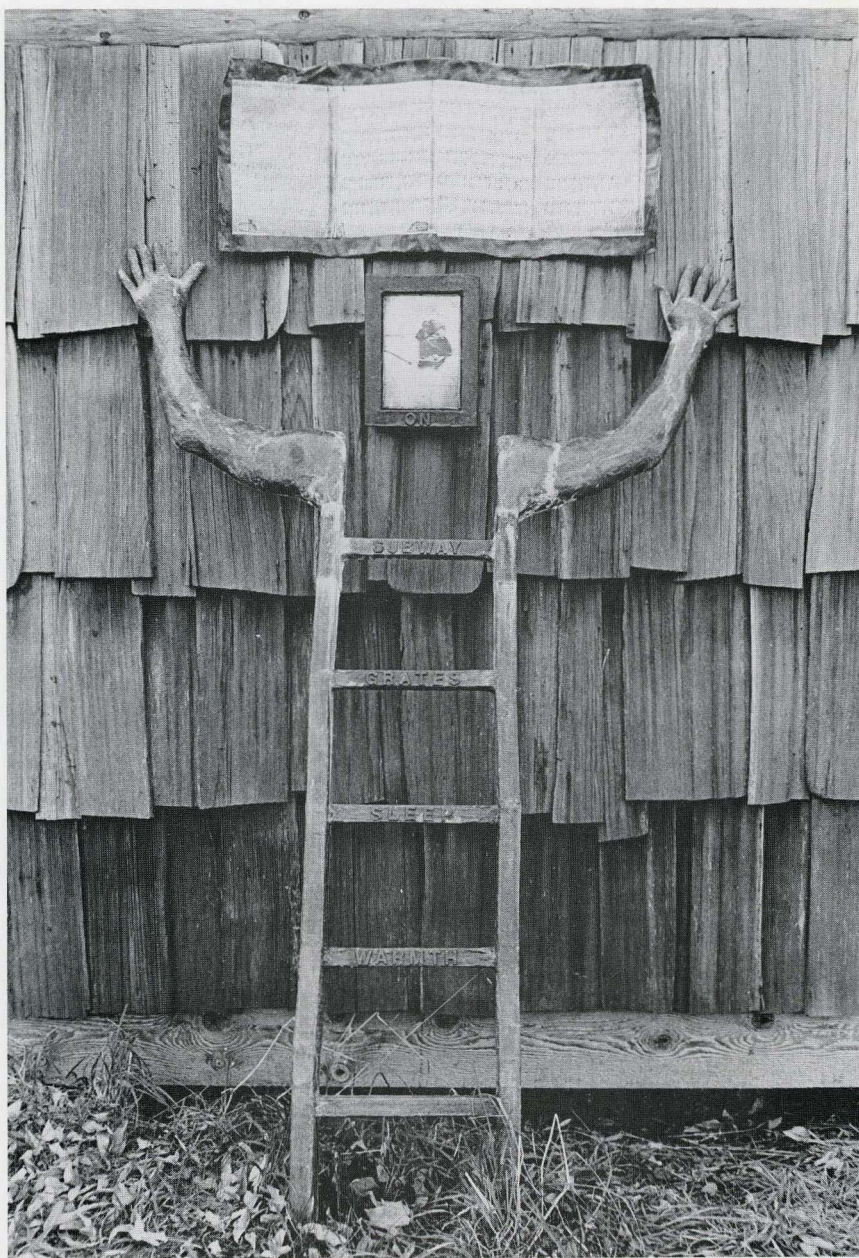
Since the mid-1960's, with works like *Homage to the Draft Card Burners*, my sculpture has been involved with specific social issues: admittedly at times on an abstract level. In this recent work I feel I have achieved a clear amalgam of my aesthetic, political and geographical affiliations.



*Story of "Oh"*, 1983. Lead on ferro-concrete, 3' x 3' x 4".

Photo: Tom Burrows.





*Out of Site, Out of Mind*, 1983. Lead and xerox on ferro-concrete, 8' x 3½' x 1'.





*Lead Roses for a Blue Lady*, 1985. Lead, cobalt-blue salt on ferro-concrete, 3' x 4' x 5'.

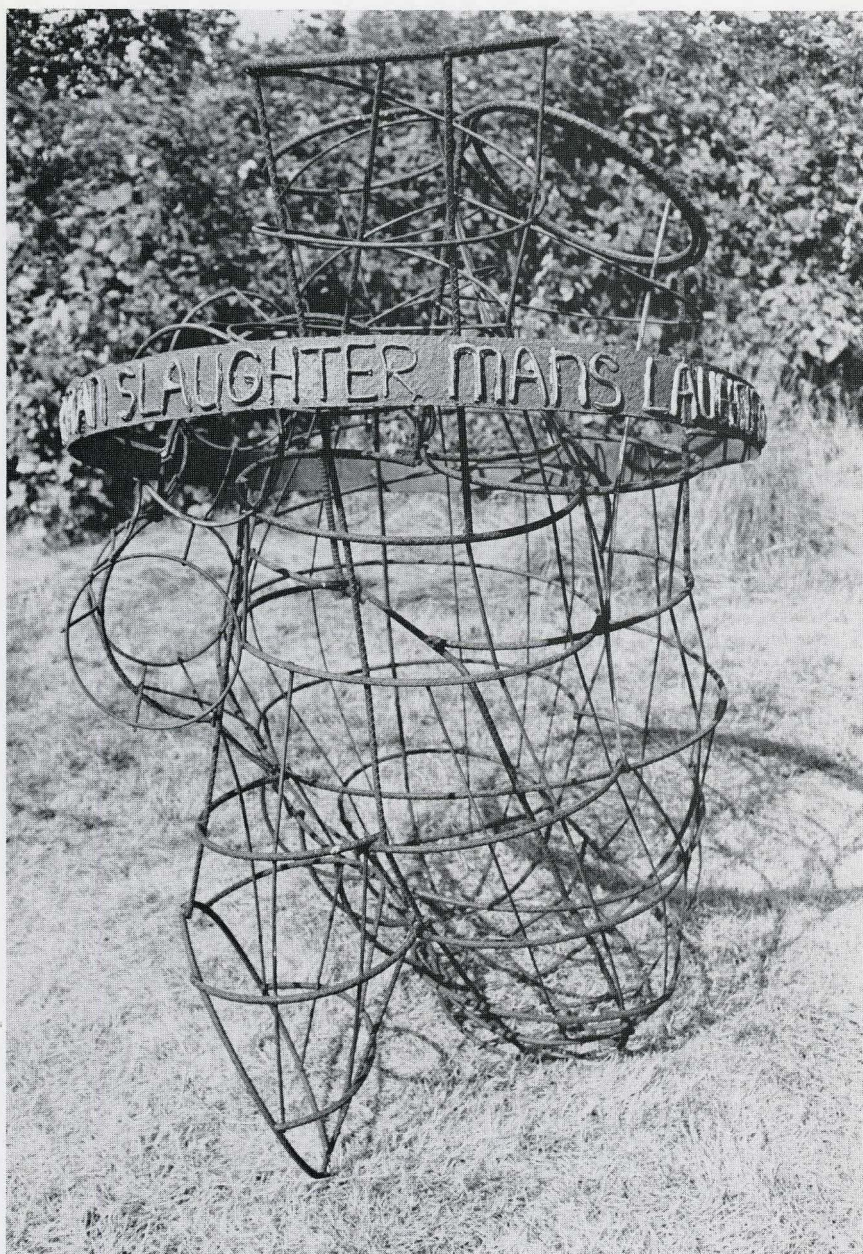




*Ewe Guise*, 1985-86 (details). Lead, sheep-skin, salt, iron, 3½' x 3½' x 2½'.

Photo: Tom Burrows





*Organ Transplant*, 1987. Lead, welded steel, 6' x 4' x 3'.



## Peter Culley / Notes on Tom Burrows: CONTRADICTION & DOUBT

Through a deceptively simple set of strategies, the recent sculpture of Tom Burrows negotiates a provocative and complex circulation of images and ideas. Moving from the iconic to the personal, from the alchemical to the political, the works oscillate within a charged frame of reference located between the sculptural traditions of totem and metonymy. In sculptural metonymy, an object "stands in" for another object or concept; in this way, for example, a horse can "mean" military power, gold mean wealth, a certain physical gesture represent "temperance" or "grace." In a Marcel Broodthaers construction, for example, mussel shells might represent both the waste product of material culture, and through its national dish, the Belgian soul. But in either case, the shells *as objects* are secondary to their place in a system of interpretation.

Conversely, the totemic in Burrows' work insists on the immutability of the object itself. All references and significations which are able to be derived from it are secondary to the sacredness of its corporeal reality. Like the alchemists, who did not recognize the atomic fixedness of matter, Burrows does not recognize the need for the elements of his sculpture to adhere to any formal principle of objecthood. In this way the viewer's choices and emphases become conduits through which the final construction of the work takes place. The work itself remains an open system.

Burrows' *Ewe Guise* is a construction devoted to a brutal subversion of personal iconography. The work consists of a stuffed sheep, its face replaced with a lead life mask of the artist, which rests on blocks of salt inscribed with both the title of the work and a redundant "explanation" of its bad pun. This self-portrait of the artist as sacrificial victim seems at first to heap ridicule upon an entire genre. From the groan-inducing pun of its title to the obviousness of its reference to Rauschenberg's goat, the work scores its satiric points early and well. But at the point where the joke begins to wear off, one is drawn to the genuine anguish on the face of the life mask. Whether it was the discomfort of the process or a genuinely enacted gesture, the expressiveness of the mask seems at odds with the facile irony of the work.

A similarly ambivalent vision of artistic and personal masochism underlies *Story of "Oh,"* which is basically a life saver constructed of lead and concrete. Lead here undergoes one of its many transmutations within Burrows' oeuvre; from base metal to "art" material to dead weight. The genteel, literary masochism of Pauline Réage's book is brought to a bizarre, if somehow fitting, conclusion: capitalist culture's ultimate gift to the artist, the last Canada Council grant. One begins to await the appearance of lead balloons and zeppelins in Burrows' work. But the title's doubling of the letter "O," underscored by the words "RIGHT, RIGHT, RIGHT, LEFT" inscribed on the work bring into focus the work's stolid circularity, and circularity's promise of comfortable eternity. Once again one enters a joke only to emerge with one's laughter strangely qualified, hollowed out. The circularity of *Story of "Oh"* suggests a deeper one within the work as a whole—a continual circulation within systems of apprehension and belief.



The "victims" in the two works just mentioned—the sacrificial sheep in *Ewe Guise* and the drowning masochist in *Story of "Oh"*—are both identifiable as female. A male artist grafting his melancholy onto images of female suffering—however gnominically—is problematic, to say the least. But Burrows forces this issue even further in *Lead Roses for a Blue Lady*, *Norma Genes* and *Transverberation*. In these works Burrows transforms an iconography of female suffering into a transcendent historical principle.

*Lead Roses for a Blue Lady* consists of three blocks of blue salt resting on a small bed constructed of concrete and lead strewn with lead roses. The shade of Duchamp, never very far from Burrows' work, is invoked by the "Appollinaire Enameled" inscription at the bed's head. The foot of the bed is just that—a jutting lead foot. There is a lot of dense punning, both linguistic and sculptural, going on here, but perhaps that arch punster and clown Duchamp can offer a way through. Lot's wife, in turning to salt, seems also to have been transformed into Duchamp's bride, and no bride could be stripped more bare than this one—three chunks of blue salt and a disembodied foot. The roses scattered for her reception seem a hollow gesture of conciliation until one recognizes them as an *hommage* to Rose Selavy, Duchamp's "female" alter ego. If in



Burrows' sculptural transvestism there is a broad element of Duchampian play, the dark, mechanistic sexuality of the *Large Glass* bachelors is operative also, giving the humour in *Lead Roses* a bitter, sardonic edge.

In *Norma Genes* the icon of female suffering is Marilyn Monroe, whose image is inset into a lead ironing board. An enormous bone is draped over the ironing board. The words THE BONE IS PLASTIC are inscribed on the construction, the word BONE appearing on the object it signifies. This sculpture becomes a device for articulating different orders of imprisonment; the plastic bone a symbol of fakery and stifling male sexuality, the ironing board the domestic drudgery from which "Norma Jean" was "rescued" when, transformed into "Marilyn Monroe," she offered herself on the altar of stardom. Monroe's own masochism is muted in this work, subsumed within the paralytically narrow set of choices it was in her power to make. Once again, Burrows is able to make sculptural gestures respond to social realities. Disjunctive orders of objecthood (a lead "ironing board," a plastic "bone") are reflective of social orders that are similarly arbitrary.

In *Transverberation* Burrows subjects Bernini's *Ecstasy of St. Theresa* to a complex set of interrogations and disruptions. The figure of Theresa, revived in the counter-reformation, is one whose hyper-sexualized vision of Christianity-as-penetration was in direct contrast to the austere, body-denying edicts of Luther and Calvin. Nowhere was her ecstasy more vividly enacted than in Bernini's great work, which besides being an icon of masochism is a central work in the history of sculpture. Bernini's use of sculptural space to depict extreme emotion reverberates throughout the Baroque and presages Mannerism.

*Transverberation* uses sculptural space to undercut emotion, to reveal it as constructed and administered. Mounted on modernist brass stands, emerging from the U of the word BUT, Bernini's Theresa is represented by five glass plate transparencies of different details of the work, each surrounded by a halo of wire. A tiny print of two opposed skeletons rests ominously on the floor. Thus emotion is geared to mechanical reproduction, ecstasy reduced to a discrete series of transparent gestures, transubstantiation becomes transverberation, the soul becomes the body. Burrows' recasting of female masochism as a hidden but persistent cultural force ends by being a rejection of male melancholy—an insistence that pain is out there,

other, that patriarchal systems insist on the masochism of others as an assertion of power. Lot's wife, Norma Jean and Theresa's desire for pain is merely the diminished echo of dominance.

●

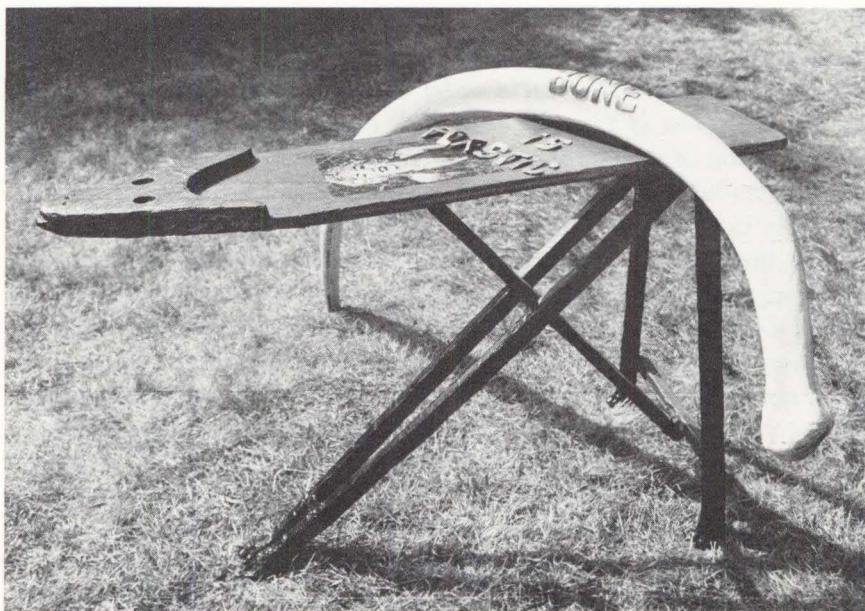
Burrows also makes assemblages that address issues of social justice unambiguously. He uses a complex vocabulary of materials to express simple social truths in order to render the didactic reverberant. *Out of Site, Out of Mind* is a ladder made of lead, the top rung of which extends into two outstretched arms framing a framed xerox of a man stretched sleeping on a subway grate, his crutches beside him. The ladder is reminiscent of those Renaissance hierarchical charts with hell at the bottom, heaven at the top, with the temporal world fixed with certainty between. Inscribed on the rungs are the words ON/SUBWAY GRATES/SLEEP/WARMTH. Burrows forces us to imagine a world where temporal certainty does not exist, where mere warmth can take the place of heaven, where the outstretched arms of help belong to no one and nothing.

*Bhopal Tar & Feather* is a diptych, one half of which is a backlit transparency of some Indian youths taken near the site of the Union Carbide disaster. One of the youths wears a plastic "leather" jacket of which he seems quite proud. The jacket, transformed by Burrows from "leather" and plastic to lead and tar, is re-imagined as a dark spread of angel's wings and inscribed with the words ANGELS CAN FLY BECAUSE/THEY MAKE THINGS LIGHT. The plastic of the jacket is linked metonymically with the products of the chemical factory, which inevitably dispenses death along with "better living." The angelic youth are innocent of the horrifying consequences of industrialisation, content with its shoddy offerings of fake style. In this work, Burrows reveals our pact with the material world as alchemical, Faustian, with no gold and no trip to heaven before the final curtain.

But Burrows can also offer a temporary, if ironic, respite from the darkness of the preceding works and something of a summation of all of them. *Organ Transplant* is a model of the human heart, constructed of welded steel. The dense interior muscle becomes an airy vessel of light. A lead band surrounds the heart with a typically Burrowsian pun — MANS LAUGHTER MANSLAUGHTER — describing at least two of the events said to issue from it. Positioned thus in contradiction, it is all the heart can do to stand upright. In



its dense punning of language, image and material, the work of Tom Burrows inhabits contradiction and doubt, allowing the viewer the painful luxury of choice and discovery.



*Norma Genes, 1987. Lead, tar and xerox on wood and plastic, 4' x 3' x 1½'.*

Peter Culley is a poet and freelance writer living in Nanaimo, B.C.



*Transverberation*, 1988. Brass, hydrastone, glass-plate transparency, 6' x 6' x 6'.  
Photographs: Bob Cain, unless otherwise noted.



## TOM BURROWS

### *Selected Exhibitions*

#### *Solo*

- 1988 Recent Sculpture. Isaacs Gallery, Toronto.  
*Skwat-Doc* (Photo-text). Art & Culture Resource Centre, Toronto.
- 1986 *Installation: Ewe-Guise*. Eli Grin, Vancouver.
- 1984 *West Berlin/South Bronx Transfer* (site specific installation). Fashion Moda Gallery, New York.
- 1983 *Out of Site, Out of Mind*. Carnegie Centre, Vancouver.
- 1981 *Skwat-Doc* (photo-text installations in progress). Bauhauf, West Berlin; Cafe Reodoma, Amsterdam; Sailors Mission Gallery, London.
- 1977 *The Temptations of Mao Tse-Tung*. Pender Street Gallery, Vancouver.
- 1973 *Gravity is only Geometry*. Vancouver Art Gallery.
- 1970 *Space Program*. Bau-Xi Gallery, Vancouver.

#### *Group*

- 1986 *Recent Art of the Pacific West*. Vancouver Art Gallery.
- 1984 *Art and Photography*. Vancouver Art Gallery (Catalog).
- 1983 *Vancouver Art and Artists: 1931-1983*. Vancouver Art Gallery (Catalog).
- 1979 *The Vancouver Island Sculpture Invitational*. Greater Victoria Art Gallery, Victoria, B.C.
- 1977 *From This Point of View*. Vancouver Art Gallery.

### *Selected Articles / Reviews*

- Daniels, Barb. "Tom Burrows at the Carnegie Centre." *Vanguard* (December 1983): 35.
- Lee-Nova, Gary. "Our Beautiful West Coast Thing." *Arts Canada* (June/July 1971): 22-38.
- Lowndes, Joan. "Sculpture 67." *The Province* 7 July 1967: 9.
- Keziere, Russell. "Mowry Baden, Tom Burrows, Elza Mayhew, Greg Snider." *Vanguard* (February 1980): 27-28.

### *Collections*

Canada Council Art Bank  
Vancouver Art Gallery

ONLY MAKE BELIEVE

shooting script  
introduction to a work in progress

September, 1989



Joey Morgan. PO Box 15334. MPO. Vancouver, BC Canada V6B 5B1



EXT MEDIUM SHOT DOCK GAYLORD MAGIC HOUR

Gaylord Ravenal, preoccupied and restless, paces slowly along the dock beside the SHOWBOAT muttering to himself:

GAYLORD

It's real quiet around here-too quiet.

CAMERA PANS and we see MAGNOLIA HAWKS, a dark haired beauty in the first bloom of her youth, wiping away a tear as she gazes towards the sunset.

MAGNOLIA

(full of longing)

I've been blind, simply blind.

Gaylord hears her, looks up and their eyes meet.

GAYLORD

(astonished)

But you're so beautiful without  
your glasses.

MAGNOLIA

Haven't we met someplace before?

GAYLORD

Only in my dreams.

(tentatively singing)

We can make believe I love you  
Only make believe that you love me  
Others find peace of mind in pretending  
Couldn't you, couldn't I, couldn't we?  
Make believe-

DIRECTOR (VO)

Cut!





# How to Write for Hollywood

## a guidebook to the stars

No one can teach you how to be creative, but you **can** learn about creative techniques and the professional approach to creative forms:

Begin with the **premise**.

If you can't describe the premise in a single sentence you're probably trying to handle too many things and the premise is confused.

Example: The premise of MacBeth is Ambition Leads To Destruction

Example: The premise of King Lear is Blind Trust Leads To Destruction.

Example: The premise of Romeo and Juliet is Forbidden Love Leads to Destruction.

### **Remember**

Don't confuse art and life

Art is not Life

They're different.

All subplots relate to the main conflict.

The story ends when the conflict is resolved.

## Conflict, Plot, Crisis, Climax, and Resolution

If the **conflict** is purely intellectual, it may very well be fascinating, but it will lack high drama and action.

Primal conflict means family conflict, and family conflict is the stuff of high drama.

Even the quiet scenes must have conflict hanging over them. Ideas, dreams, visions and love should only be discussed if the audience is kept aware that the happy characters are still involved in some unresolved conflict that could tear them apart or kill them or destroy all their plans for the future at any time.

The **plot** orders the emotions. Change the order of the scenes, and you'll change the plot.

Remember, an unresolved **crisis** leaves the viewer unsatisfied, but a crisis at the wrong time can ruin the whole script.

A **climax** that takes place inside the main characters' head lacks drama. Talking out the problem is inadequate.

Death is not necessarily a **resolution**.



*They told me  
how much they really like my stuff  
and about how rare it is to see  
real talent these days, but that  
we just couldn't afford to make a movie  
without the box office guarantee. Except  
if it's already all there anyway  
in between the lines,  
why would they even bother  
saying no?*





*and then they told me  
that I wasn't really an actress  
and so I couldn't read the lines.  
But my mother was an actress  
and she'd already told me all  
about how to do it,  
and anyway,  
if I'm just a voice  
off camera  
how would anybody know?*





*If you're an actress they used to tell you that you had to make yourself believe in your character until that character was a real person with a particular history which may or may not be what the playwright had in mind but which still fits in with how the story should go.*





*And if you're a psychiatrist they used to tell you that you had to make yourself believe in your patient's story and his peculiar way of looking at things until you were just crazy enough in the same sort of way that you could start to figure out what was really going on.*





*So if you're a psychiatrist and you're trying to help several actors who are all involved in some big long tangled up sort of soap opera both on and off the set— Would that be a conflict of interest?*

*But then what if everybody just happens to end up at the same party all together. Then all those stories they had you believing in would be completely different out there in the real world, maybe even in four or five ways at the same time. And so without your own point of view you'd be helpless, like the super-ego of their collective audience, and it could trigger a large psycho-emotional crisis.*

*Then again it could make a good movie.*





*But then again maybe it's already been done enough already.*

*Like maybe if you were to take apart your 10 favourite movies and jumble up all the pieces, you could come up with another 10 movies that would all be the same except that they'd be completely different.*

*Like all those parallel universes in the old comic books.*

*Of course they'd have to be the right 10 movies to begin with and maybe you could only come up with another 5—but even a couple would be interesting.*

*It would be like all those stories were there all along, slipped in between the parts we all already knew. Like how sometimes an old conversation changes into something else because of something that's happened in between.*



*And nothing ever really changes but  
nothing ever really looks the same again.*

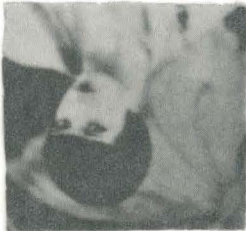






nothing ever really looks the same again

And nothing ever really changes but



something else because of something that's happened in between

but we all already knew. Like how sometimes an old conversation changes into

It would be like all those stories were there all along, slipped in between the

could only come up with another 2—but even a couple would be interesting

Of course they'd have to be the right 10 stories to begin with and maybe you

Like all those parallel universes in the old comic books

except that they'd be completely different

the pieces, you could come up with another 10 stories that would all be the same

Like maybe if you were to take about 100 10 stories and jumble up all

but then again maybe it's already been done somewhere already.

## Character & Dialogue

Your **character's** name can make him memorable and give him added dimension. Check the phone book for ideas. Ask yourself if the name fits the character.

Remember to use the "faithful friend and good companion," a minor character whose primary function is to be spoken to.

re stereotypes and clichés:

The Artist, the Poet, and the Married Woman are not people but symbols. If you must use them, make them interesting, not grotesque.

Your audience doesn't want to spend time psychoanalysing the character. They want to see him in action.

Psychopathic characters have limited value. Psychopaths are irrational. They can do anything they want without establishing a proper motivation.

**Dialogue** is not conversation.

Conversation is random.

Yes and no are rarely used.

Avoid soliloquy.

Avoid asides.

Avoid overheard dialogue: The maid and the butler revealing information while cleaning the parlour is passé.

Avoid these verbal clichés: It's quiet... too quiet.

I've been blind I tell you — Blind.

You're beautiful when you're angry.

Haven't we met someplace before?



## Some Practical Tips:

Stock footage such as a nuclear blast can save money.

A rear projection of the Eiffel Tower is less expensive than sending a second unit to France.

Dawn and dusk, the magic hours, mean extra money for overtime crew.

If a film doesn't earn back its investment plus a profit it is a failure. To break even the film must make back three times the cost of the negative. Therefore few important decisions can be left to the discretion of the people directly involved.

Don't bother to specify particular music. The producer may well prefer to deal directly with a composer and arrange for a new set of tunes from which they can both earn additional royalties.

A 120 page script has 25 scenes and yields 100 minutes of finished film. This doesn't mean that every film has to be 100 minutes long, but a 100 minute film does allow for audience turnaround in the theatre and fits into the 2 hour time slot on TV.

The idea of the script as a work of art is the idea of an amateur.

It is neither literature or art.

Art is not Life.

They're different.

FIRST ASSISTANT DIRECTOR  
Quiet on Set...Camera!

CAMERA  
Rolling!

SOUND  
Speed!

SECOND ASSISTANT CAMERAMAN (VO)  
Showboat. Scene 5 Apple.  
Take 2. (CLAP)

DIRECTOR (VO)  
Action.

MAGNOLIA  
Sing it again, Gaylord.

GAYLORD  
(tentatively, then with conviction)  
Others find peace of mind in pretending  
Couldn't you, couldn't I, couldn't we?  
Make believe our lips are blending  
In a phantom kiss or two or three  
Might as well make believe I love you  
For to tell the truth, I do.

FADE OUT









## Ann K. Morrison / JOEY MORGAN: PIECES OF MIND

*Joey Morgan's work is all in the mind.*

—An anonymous viewer.

Revealed in this viewer's response is one aspect of the fascinating and unsettling enigma that permeates the artistic production of Joey Morgan, an American-born artist who has lived and worked in Canada since 1974. In her complex installations she places objects that carry the dust and encrustations of another time and place. As perceptual focal points, they become symbolic representatives of the missing whole, transformed into artifact by separation and displacement. The enigma floats in the intricacies of implication, ungraspable because of the unpredictability of personal memory. Thus Morgan's works become orchestrations of systems and rituals of process which are intensely autobiographical, but call up our own past experiences in a peeling away of layers as we uncloak meaning. They provide the opportunity to discover selected cross-cuts of Morgan's past merged with our own, and to find commonality of experience.

The term "viewer" is too limiting for Joey Morgan's work. Full participation is required. Time must be spent to reflect and to link the fragments together. The "participant" cannot remain a passive observer, able to click the switch on and off, then walk out unaffected. A journey must be taken so that perceptual change can take place. This is not the mythic search for sanctuary and refreshment of spirit, but an internal involvement with one's own past as released and revealed through Morgan's collaborative processes. The trip can be traumatic and disorienting, for a Pandora's box of ghosts and demons can surface as memories flood the consciousness. This happens with most works of art to some degree, but Morgan's obsession with choreographing the ritual of reaching back into time touches on all the senses. It is as if the past melts away too quickly for her. References must be preserved and her objects take on this role.

These objects can range from the tangible to the intangible,

depending on the systems she has employed. Morgan's installations are caught up in the process of reordering memories: the memorabilia, records, documents and sensory materials associated with the performances and activities of the ritual are of great importance to the hidden narrative. The complexity in her work is thoroughly entangled in the layering of memory and forgetfulness, and its subsequent release through associations with the objects.

Morgan's fascination with the relationships between the objects she installs and the space itself indicates an increasing awareness of the gallery as a separate, closed-off area for contemplation, with its own referential time. In the process of separation, however, an artificiality enters as part of the refining and formalizing of the work. The whole space is perceived as a contained, single sculptural piece divided into parts linked by their placement. Ambiguities and raw edges tend to be minimized and the meaning changes as the formal qualities of the materials, their surfaces and the construction, take precedence over the ambivalent status of each element.

In an interview with Diana Nemiroff in 1985, Morgan describes this subtle change as an attempt to capture "the specialness of the moment." She suggests that in her past work she has dealt with the idea of making "artifacts," but now her concerns are more to do with the context and the interrelationships of the different elements within the work.<sup>1</sup> The piece she was describing was *Souvenir: A Recollection in Several Forms*, an installation first presented on the 31st floor of Park Place, an office building in downtown Vancouver. (It was later seen at the National Gallery of Canada in a 1986 group exhibition called *Songs of Experience*.)

Yet Morgan's formalist concerns persist. She is profoundly affected by the materials she uses. Everything from muslin, wires, latex, wax, photographs, tape recordings, broken glass and countless other bits and fragments from everyday existence are brought together. Imprinted with experience, each has its own history. There is no neutrality possible for either Morgan or the participant/viewer. Within each installation, the wide range of materials includes the visible and the invisible, the real and the abstract, sound, words and music, and silence. The materials with all their layers of experience are there to trigger associations through confrontation, reflection and remembering, and much as Morgan

<sup>1</sup> *Joey Morgan, Songs of Experience*, artist's statement in exhibition catalog, National Gallery of Canada, Ottawa, 2 May-1 September, 1986, 118.



orders and formalizes the process, the unique personal experiences evoked change the meanings for each individual. Morgan's incorporation of objects that touch on senses other than the visual and the tactile increase the associative impact, for among our earliest memories are those of smell and sound, and perfume and music are perhaps the most haunting.

The separation from original sources through distance and time parallels the processes of mind with which Morgan is ultimately concerned. With each memory, another layer is added, obscuring the clarity of the whole in the stratification of experience. With each spiralling back, the accumulation of blurred edges shifts memory to a selection of vivid events, feelings, happenings; the context is gone. Each of those memories is sharpened with the meaning of the lost whole, recorded in the senses as Morgan has taped her events, her narratives and her music. Clinging to what will disappear through memorabilia, preserving the past, the mind fights for self-definition. We are our past and with the destruction of each moment of present-become-past, reaffirmation is essential. Joey Morgan's work is not all in the mind, but the processes of consciousness, remembering, forgetting and understanding are her most important but elusive materials.

## JOEY MORGAN

### *Selected Exhibitions*

#### *Solo*

- 1988 *have you ever loved me?* Presentation House, North Vancouver (Catalog).  
1987 *nO fiXeD aDrESs*. Mercer Union and CITY TV, Toronto (Catalog).  
*Almost\*Dreaming*. Vancouver Art Gallery (Catalog).  
1985 *Souvenir; A Recollection in Several Forms*. Installed on the 31st floor of Park Place office tower, Vancouver. (Souvenir bookwork).  
1984 *Fugue: A Two Part Recital of Direct and Circumstantial Evidence*. Installed in a derelict warehouse, 1230 Hamilton Street, Vancouver.  
*Fugue StateMent*. A documentary exhibition concerning the Fugue Project, Charles H. Scott Gallery, Emily Carr College of Art and Design, Vancouver (Catalog).  
1982 *TideCatchers*. Jericho Wharf and Main Exit Gallery, Vancouver.  
*Jericho Detachment Project: RCAF Hangars #5, #7, #8*. Open Space Gallery, Victoria, B.C.; Southern Alberta Art Gallery, Lethbridge, Alberta (Catalog).  
1979 *Breathings*. UBC Fine Arts Gallery, Vancouver (Catalog).

#### *Group*

- 1989 *Biennial of Canadian Contemporary Art*. National Gallery of Canada, Ottawa (Catalog).  
*100 Days of Contemporary Art*. Centre International d'art Contemporain, Montreal (Catalog).  
*On Paper*. Charles H. Scott Gallery, Emily Carr College of Art and Design, Vancouver.  
1986 *Songs of Experience*. National Gallery of Canada, Ottawa (Catalog).  
*Making History*. Vancouver Art Gallery.  
*VancouverNow/Vancouver 86: Insertion*. Walter Phillips Gallery, Banff, Alberta; London Regional Art Gallery, Ontario; Optic Gallery, Montreal; Winnipeg Art Gallery (Catalog).  
*Blackie Spit Project: Six Projects For Surrey*. Surrey Art Gallery, B.C. (Catalog).  
1984 *B.C. Women Artists*. Art Gallery of Greater Victoria (Catalog).  
1983 *Vancouver Art & Artists: 1931-1983*. Vancouver Art Gallery (Catalog).  
1980 *A New Decade, Vancouver*. Alberta College of Art, Calgary.



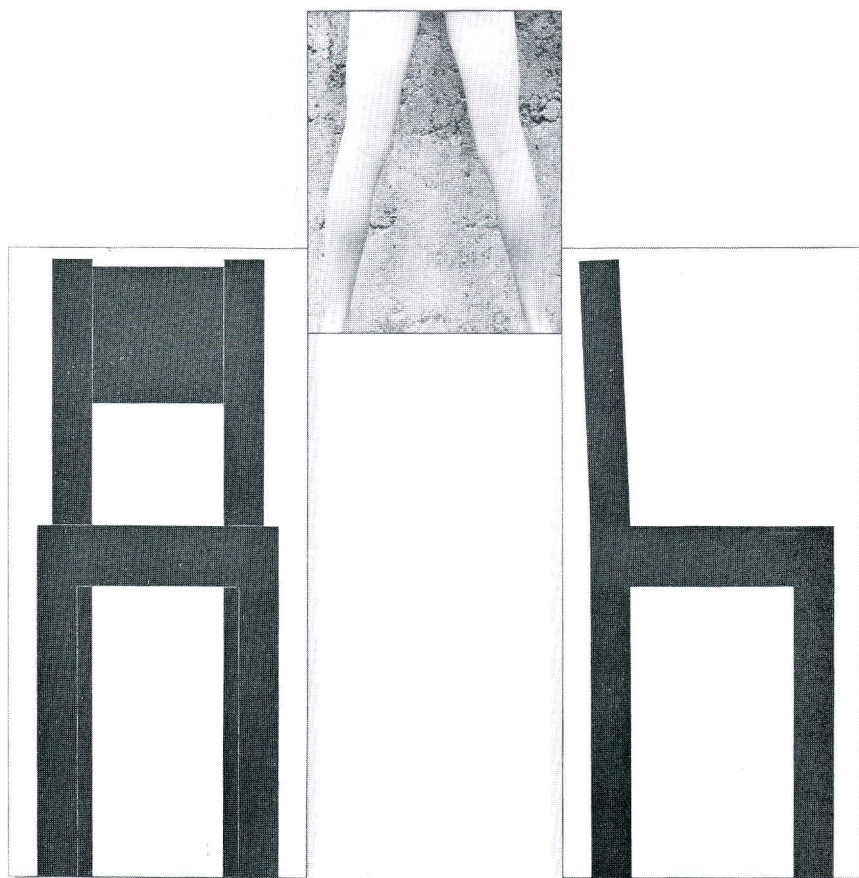
### *Selected Articles/Reviews*

- Hurtig, Annette. "Joey Morgan, Have You Ever Loved Me?" *Parachute* 55 (1989): 51-52.
- Keziere, Russell. "Hermes in The Agora." *Vanguard* (Summer 1987): 18-24.
- Murray, Joan. *The Best Contemporary Canadian Art*. Edmonton: Hurtig, 1987.
- Perry, Arthur. "Joey Morgan, Intermittence & Memory." *Vanguard* (April/May 1986): 14-18.
- Talve, Merike. "Joey Morgan, Fugue." *Parachute* 36 (1984): 64-65.
- Thompson, Ellen. "Joey Morgan/Jericho Pier/Main Exit." *Vanguard* (Dec. 82/Jan. 83): 26.
- Watson, Scott. "Joey Morgan/Open Space." *Vanguard* (November 1981): 40-41.
- Wood, William. "Skinjobs." *C Magazine* 11 (1986): 78-87.

### *Collections*

Canada Council Art Bank  
Musée d'Art Contemporain  
Vancouver Art Gallery

AL McWILLIAMS



*Portrait*, 1987. Charcoal on paper, photograph, 85" x 84".

Photo: Stan Douglas



## Al McWilliams / BETWEEN PROXIMITY AND DISTANCE

The images I use come from a variety of places: some are found, some are of my own making. Some are images of represented worlds—stills taken off films, of architectural structures—and others are photographs of people who are close to me. Each image has a particular appeal or meaning for me and at times that meaning or value is not entirely clear until I start working with it, until I put several images into a space where they can relate to each other. But I put them into that space because, from the beginning, I have a sense that there exists a prior relationship between them. And quite often when the images have been put into a play of relations what results both exceeds and falls short of anything that could be called my own intentions.

The images in my work are not essentially different from the other materials I use. I don't want to draw particular attention to the image as such but rather try to orchestrate *all* the materials in a way that no single element assumes priority over any of the others. A piece of lead, its surface, can carry as much information or weight as a photograph of my son's face. What interests me is the connective tissue between the materials, all of which have their own histories of use, of value and of meaning. I like to use materials that bring with them complex stories so that when they are put together they generate the possibility of layered readings.

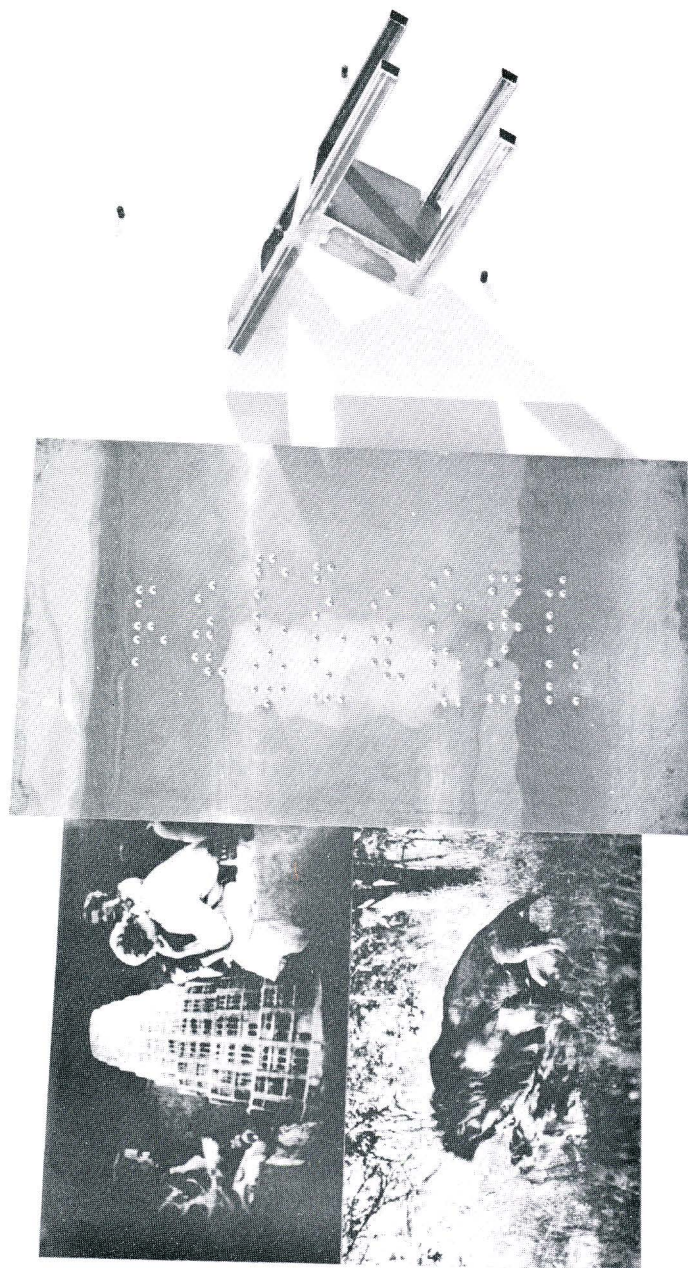
I use braille because its materiality as a writing system is so obvious and palpable. One's involvement with braille is primarily physical. You have to use your body, your fingers, to read it. It is a sculptural or spatial writing system and I am interested in finding out what happens when that system of writing is enlarged as it is on my panels, where it is still visually recognizable as braille text, but where it also becomes an abstract sculptural component to be apprehended independent of its function as a meaning carrier.

When I have used images of the human body (my son's legs, or the portrait of Simonette Vespucci) I have done so in order to displace in some way our habitual ways of apprehending gendered images—in order to look at the ways I have been looking at the





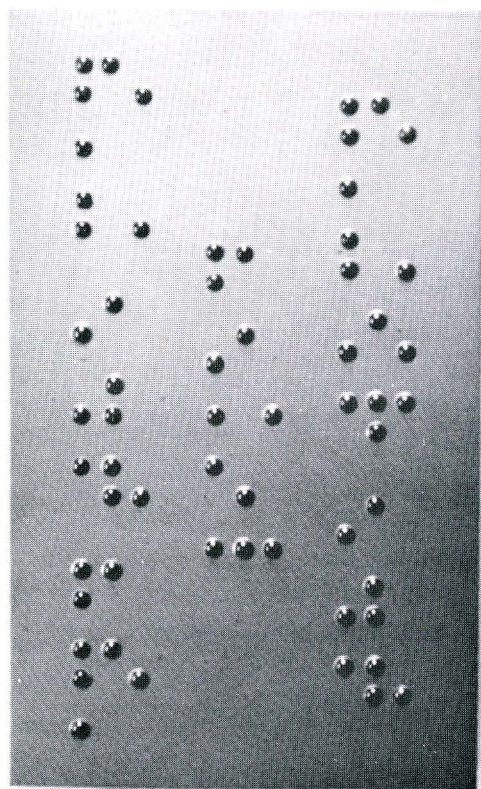
body. When you look at something you are always implicated in the something that you look at. You cannot separate the self that scrutinizes from the self that hides. In my view, you are both inside and outside of the thing you observe. In the case of the photo of Mathew's legs with the drawings of the chairs, I am simultaneously very far removed (when I suggest the materiality and structural shape of his legs vis-à-vis the materiality of the concrete in front of which they are posed and vis à vis the two chairs) and very close (when I suggest their vulnerability, the tenderness of the backside of my son's knees). This play between flesh and furniture, between proximity and distance is present in most of my pieces and can translate, I think, to a level where the viewer is equally involved in such a movement. The pieces can draw the viewer into a close or intimate relationship, and what will be seen there will be quite different from what can be seen at some remove. I don't mean this in the obvious sense of seeing detail up close and seeing comprehensively from a distance. What I am trying to get at is the sense of understanding intimacy from a distance or distance from a point of view of intimacy.



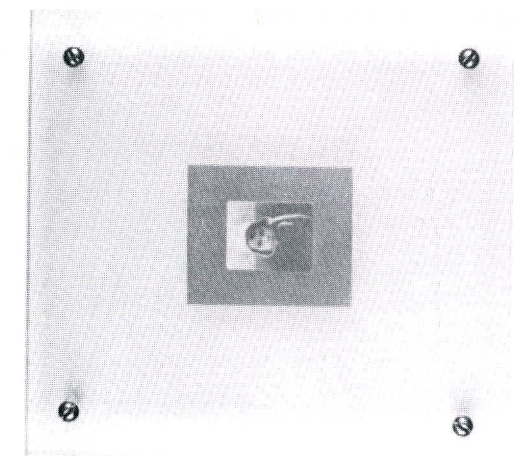
*No Title*, 1987. Photographs, copper, steel, glass, 7' x 14'.  
Braille: "and the woman liked the snake very much".

Photo: Peter McCallum





"*And the Man...*", 1987. Steel, jade, photograph, 16" x 44". Braille: "and the man liked the woman very much".



No. 1988. Photograph, glass, silver leaf on lead, 14½" x 35".

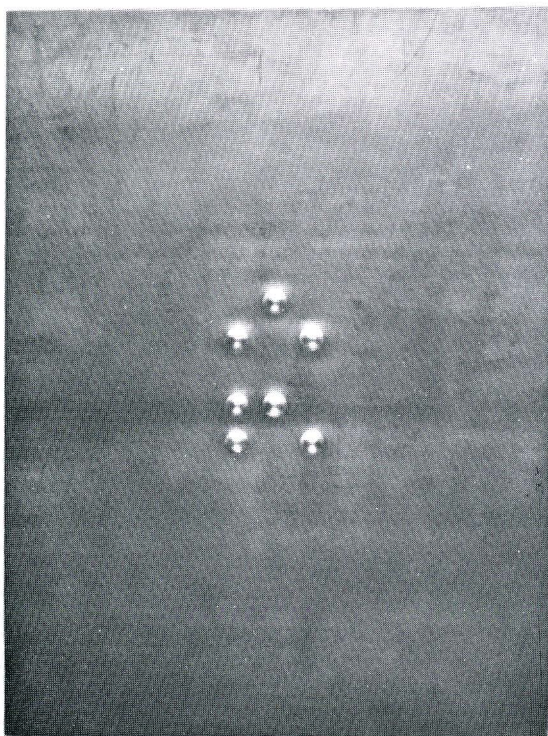
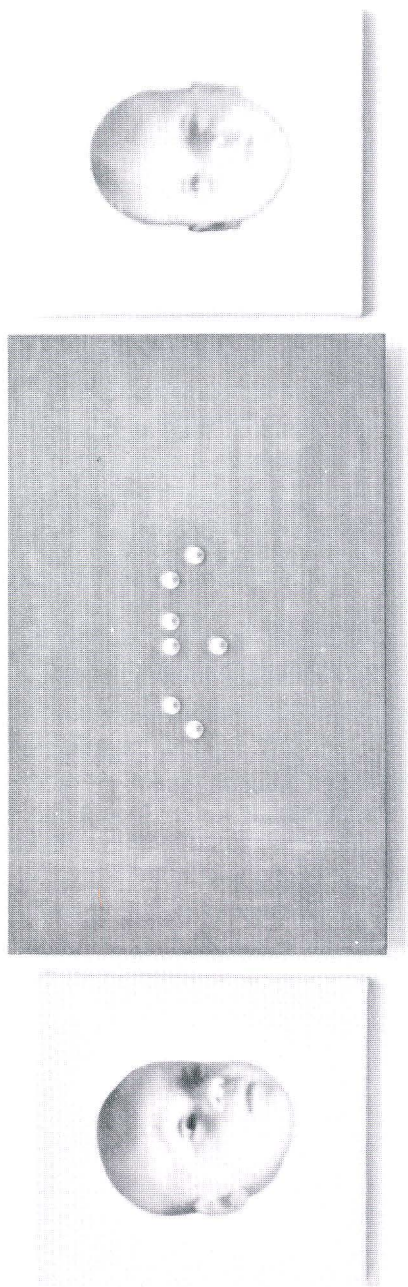


Photo: William Cupit





*I/Me*, 1989. Beeswax over photographs, silver leaf on lead, 16" x 54".

Photo: William Cupit

## AL McWILLIAMS

### *Selected Exhibitions*

#### *Solo*

- 1990 Solo shows scheduled at Equinox Gallery, Vancouver and Cold City Gallery, Toronto.
- 1989 *New Work*. Southern Alberta Art Gallery, Lethbridge, Alberta (Catalog).
- 1987 Cold City Gallery, Toronto.
- 1981 *Al McWilliams*. Art Gallery of Greater Victoria (Catalog).

#### *Group*

- 1989 *Body is a Loaded Word*. Evelyn Amis Gallery, Toronto.  
*Cold City Artists*. OR Gallery and Contemporary Art Gallery, Vancouver.  
Installation Art from the Art Bank Collection. McMaster Art Gallery, Hamilton.  
*Works on Paper*. Charles H. Scott Gallery, Vancouver.  
Cold City Gallery, Toronto.
- 1988 The Utsukushi-ga hara, Open Air Museum, (invitational). Hakone, Japan.
- 1987 Cold City Gallery, Toronto.  
*Traces: Contemporary Canadian Drawings*. Fonds Monetaire International, Washington, D.C. and U.S.A. travelling (Catalog).
- 1986 *Vancouver Now/Vancouver 86: Insertion*. Walter Phillips Gallery, Banff, Alberta; London Regional Art Gallery, Ontario; Winnipeg Art Gallery (Catalog).
- 1985 *Aurora Borealis: Installations D'artistes*. Centre International D'art Contemporain de Montréal, Place du Parc (Catalog).
- 1984 *Matter for Consideration*. The Art Gallery at Harbourfront, Toronto (Catalog).  
*Kunstler aus Kanada, Raume und Installationen*. Kunstverein, Stuttgart, West Germany (Catalog).  
*Chicago: Sculpture International*. Navy Pier, Chicago, Illinois (Catalog).  
*Vancouver Art and Artists: 1931-1983*. Vancouver Art Gallery (Catalog).
- 1982 *Mise en Scène*. Vancouver Art Gallery (Catalog).
- 1978 *Obsessions, Rituals and Controls*. Norman MacKenzie Art Gallery, Regina, Saskatchewan (Catalog).
- 1977 *From This Point of View*. Vancouver Art Gallery (Catalog).
- 1976 *Spectrum Canada*. Complexe Desjardins, Montreal (Catalog).  
*West Coast Waves*. Winnipeg Art Gallery (Catalog).



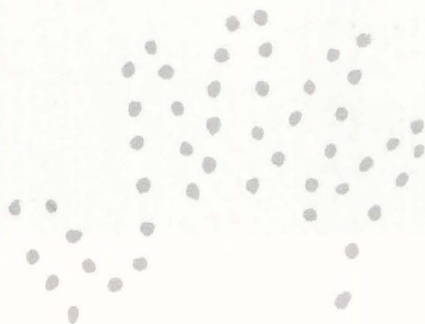
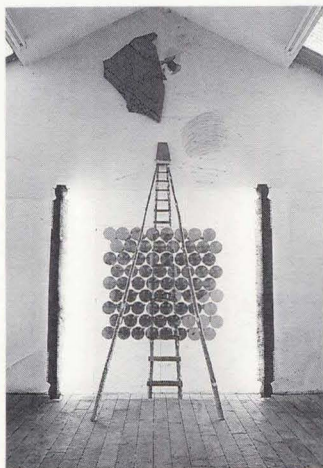
### *Selected Articles/Reviews*

- Carr-Harris, Ian. "Ironie Disguise." *C Magazine* (Winter 1987-88): 72-73.
- Glowen, Ron. "Six Perspectives: *Mise en Scène*." *Vanguard* (September 1982): 8-9.
- Gottlieb, Tom. "Al McWilliams at Cold City." *Art Post* (Winter 1987-1988): 38-39.
- Keziere, Russell. "Al McWilliams." *Vanguard* (November 1981): 42-43.
- Lowndes, Joan. "Modalities of West Coast Sculpture." *Artscanada* 190/191 (Autumn 1974): 68-73.
- Morris, Fred. "Al McWilliams: A View from the Threshold." *Vanguard* (November 1977): 8-10.
- Nemiroff, Diana. "Identity and Difference/Canadians at Stuttgart." *Vanguard* (Summer 1983): 18-21.
- Payant, Rene. "*Aurora Borealis*." *Parachute* (Fall 1985): 48-49.
- Rosenberg, Ann. "*West Coast Waves* at Winnipeg Art Gallery." *Vanguard* (November 1976): 10.
- Snider, Greg. "*Mise en Scène*." *Parachute* 28 (Autumn 1983): 45-47.
- Wittenberg, Clarissa K. "*Aurora Borealis*: Avant Garde Installation in Montreal." *Washington Review* (Aug./Sept. 1985): 10-11.

### *Collections*

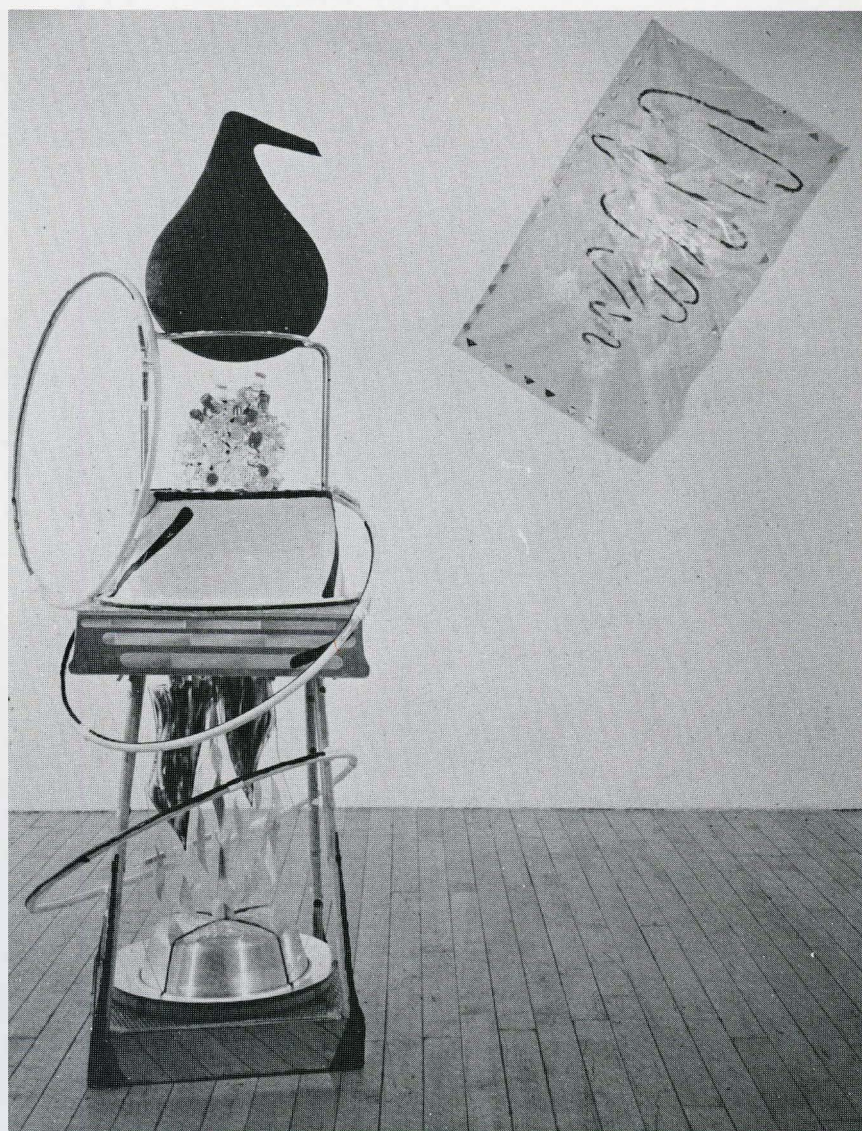
- Art Gallery of Greater Victoria
- British Columbia Government Art Collection
- Canada Council Art Bank
- City of Vancouver
- Department of External Affairs, Ottawa
- Simon Fraser University
- University of Lethbridge
- The Utsukushi-ga-hara Open Air Museum, Hakone, Japan.

## JERRY PETHICK



*... the West Coast has put me in touch with a soft, allusive presence of Pacific rim influence... and a growing awareness of place within nature. But I periodically must go elsewhere so that other people and society, art and technology can have their turns pouring into me.*





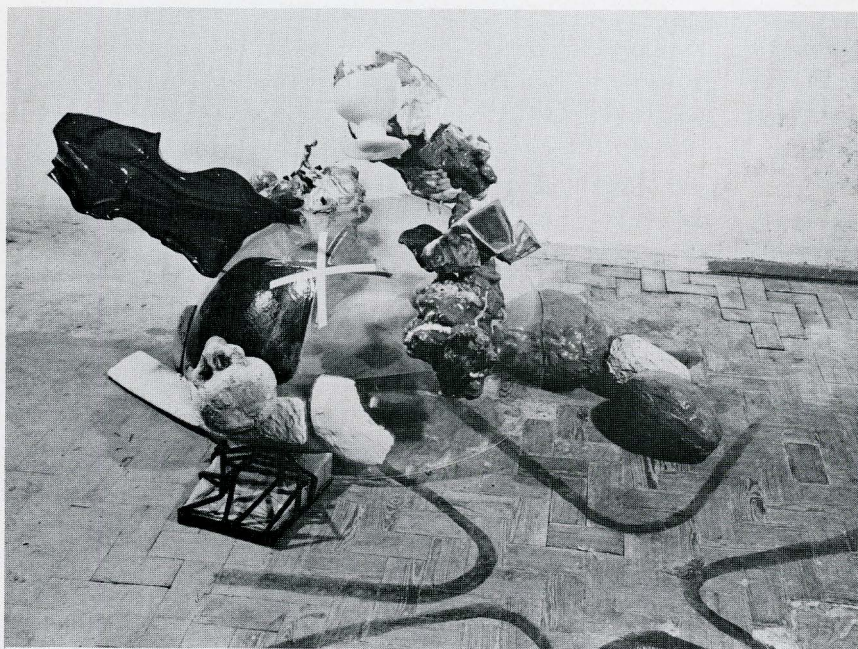


# Jerry Pethick / VISIONS IN THE BLOOD

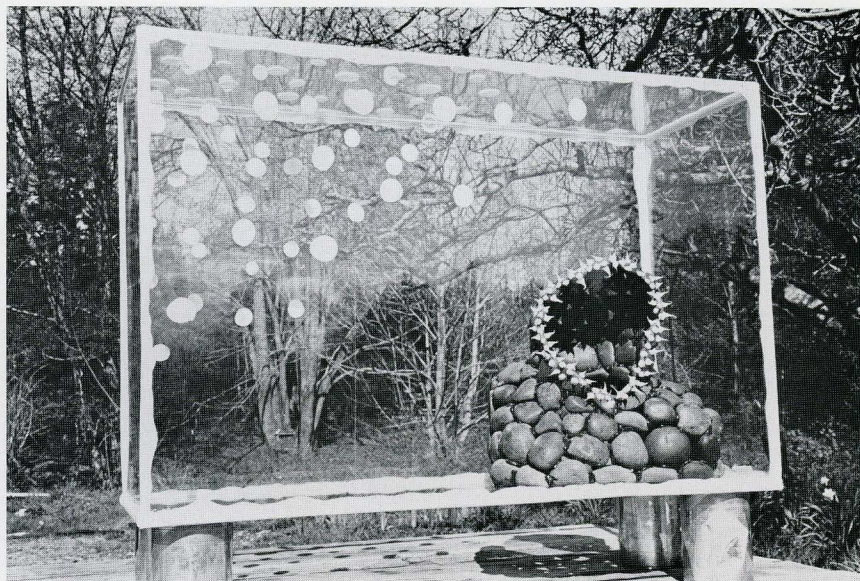
What I think I'm doing remains somewhat constant, but the emphasis as well as the means changes all the time. Certain details of the whole picture are heightened, like sitting in the sun of my attention for a span. Now the autonomy of space as an entity is in rapport with tangibility and density; but

# Billy Little / VOLUMINOUS LUMINOSITY: SOME SCENTS OF JERRY PETHICK'S WORK

*The work of world master prestidigitator of glass and plastic and firewood visionary image-systems Jerry Pethick has a universal appeal; cowpersons and cognoscenti alike are drawn to his brilliant and startling conglomerates. The satin-shirt-shitkickers, the Orphics and Dionysians, delight in the shiny, raw and surprising nature of his*







earlier capsulated attempts tended to be looking for a structure that would allow the fragmentary elements to cohere as a composite. A unifying search that would revert to a linear portrayal, like the wire in barbed wire, the fragments sharp and separate refusing to find their niche, but at best being strung along a line (washing line, gordian knot or spaghetti strands), with nodes of periodic clarity. (This structured perception was entirely outside me, the facets of content gleaned from within; frustrating separation started to transform itself slowly when I became interested in intersecting lines.)

*materials, the playfulness of the composition and the fluttering light. The très raffiné Apollonians, the theorists, the semioticians, can fully employ their analytic apparatus and hermetic discourses; deconstructing his narrative, synthesizing his oppositions, illuminating his double and triple entendres, the recurring geometries and archetypes, not to mention the winking lumen.*

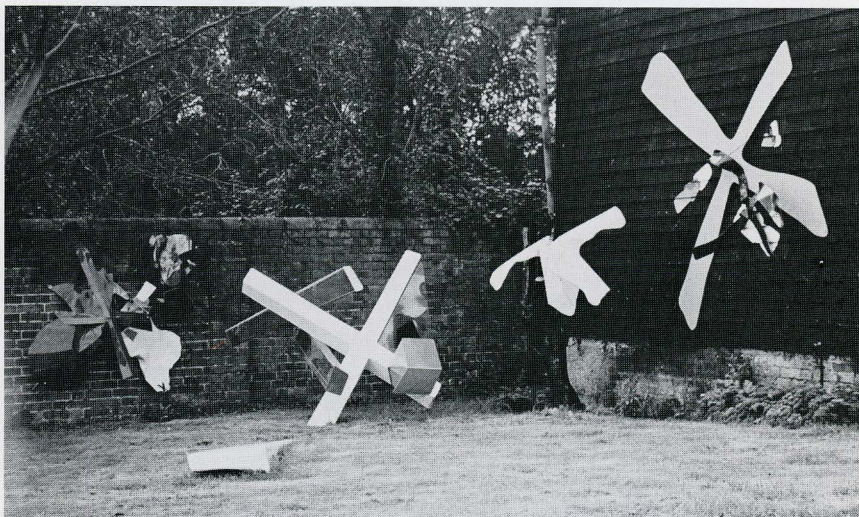
*Thinker, inventor, sculptor, poet, crate-maker, potato digger, Pethick silicoes his genius piece by piece: light bulb, picture tube, retort, meter cover, washer agitator, wine bottles, frypan lid, 6cm black stones, grey stones, blown glass stones, automobile tires, glass beehives, sheetmetal cat, tin panda, propane tank, washer*



It started as a grounding, an earthiness, the feeling of orientation when seeing two sidewalks meet and continue along the pathways after intersecting. Gradually for me it came to mean different viewpoints, literally positions of view in space along those tracks. A

*tumbler, marbles, stove lids, mirror shards, cardboard tubes, lawn chair parts. Seriously funny materials metamorphose in his anti-gravity masterpieces, his radiant transparent space (relation)ships.*

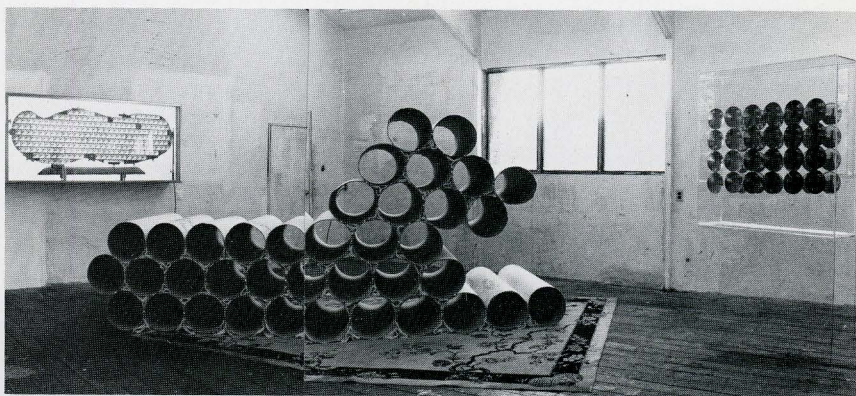
*Born in London, Ontario, his work is as Canadian as ice — the glacial white and auroral defraction*



construct becoming an elaborate and diffused model that turned into a kind of reality because of my extended interest in the nature of light and holographic perception of infinite viewpoints. This turned both the attempts of formal equilibrium of material-based work, and the unifying view for the separated aesthetics and function, dichotomy, to adhere comfortably with

*vibrations dominate his palette; his representations are rooted in the landscape and in family history. Years in London and San Francisco and Paris, synthesizing current ideas and new techniques and experimental optics, have made his work as up-to-the-minute as room temperature fusion. His interests emphasize low resolution technologies to transmit dreamlike reconstructions acting on that fuzzy area between the*





diversity. It helped me discern some differences between knowing and knowledge, observation and learned responses, and to understand phenomena as symbiotic aspects of perception nurturing discoveries in thought and vision which foster personal coherence.

My current work is trying to relate aspects of image and volume of deep illusory space, presently landscape space, to the presence of tangible sculptural elements. These elements exist in proximity to the volume of the integral photo array. The pseudoscopic space that I am working with (which usually is inversed totally back to front) is corrected somewhat by altering the order of the rows of images top to bottom; this manipulation still gives a reverse parallax, but the sensually created volume exists through what corrections the brain automatically makes as

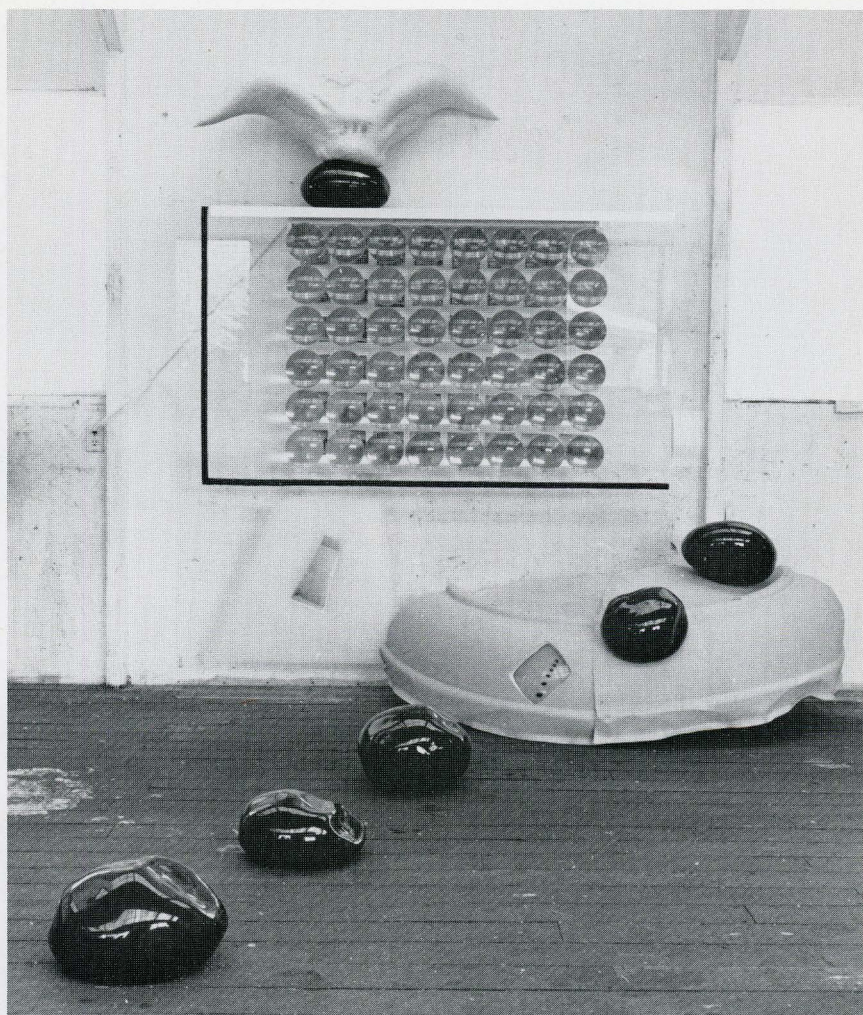
*subliminal and the apparent. When he sees another possible way of seeing it he chases it, this pioneer of holography: he rigs it up so you and I can share the view.*

*For almost thirty years his research has been at the forefront, advancing the technology of photo-representation — some might say all-around-seeing. In his latest work, he's truly an apparitionist, manipulating ghostly visitations from the past through the low-tech timegate of the snapshot and the mass-produced plastic fresnel lens, provoking a vision you can almost fall into, or move into and set up housekeeping.*

*Step toward a Pethick landscape and your focal point will never be the same. Two parallel planes and you alone in your eyesight with this pseudoscopic vision:*

*lens/image lens/image lens/image lens/image  
lens/image lens/image lens/image lens/image  
lens/image lens/image lens/image lens/image  
lens/image lens/image lens/image lens/image  
dozens and dozens of snapshots, the*









it adjusts the composite image to a point of acceptance. I intend a diverse play of solid space created by the illusory system and the real density of object form. The optically tangible, apparent here, attempts to encapsulate the space and sensibilities of landscape and represent it as object. It's the glimpsed space that interacts; the low resolution image is held captive, verifying the reality of space.

The nature of the work I see as a conglomerate of elements without hierarchy, these elements floating or statically held in a medium, a transparent medium like air, water, glass, anti-gravity fields, imaginary situations allowing space a position of

same subject, slightly varying angles of view: a cabin and a meadow, a boat and a bridge, a brewery, a dog's dream, a mountaintop. Even the twenty-fourth letter of our alphabet, the simple seeming *x* resonating with all of its implications; as crossing, as intersection, as interference, as influence, as cancellation, as unknown, as warning, as past, as multiplier, as potency, as location, making his mark on the dotted zone, the lens dotted zone. Of course, the real crossing is the double crossing from the optic nerve to the brain and back out in front of you, the many projecting the one shimmering intangible 36 times (6 x 6) the size. Mirages, imager, imagest. Gertrude Stein told me to say he fills the space with space. Jumpin jehosephat, it's a mini-mirrorkle, he makes new space available, he draws it out of your





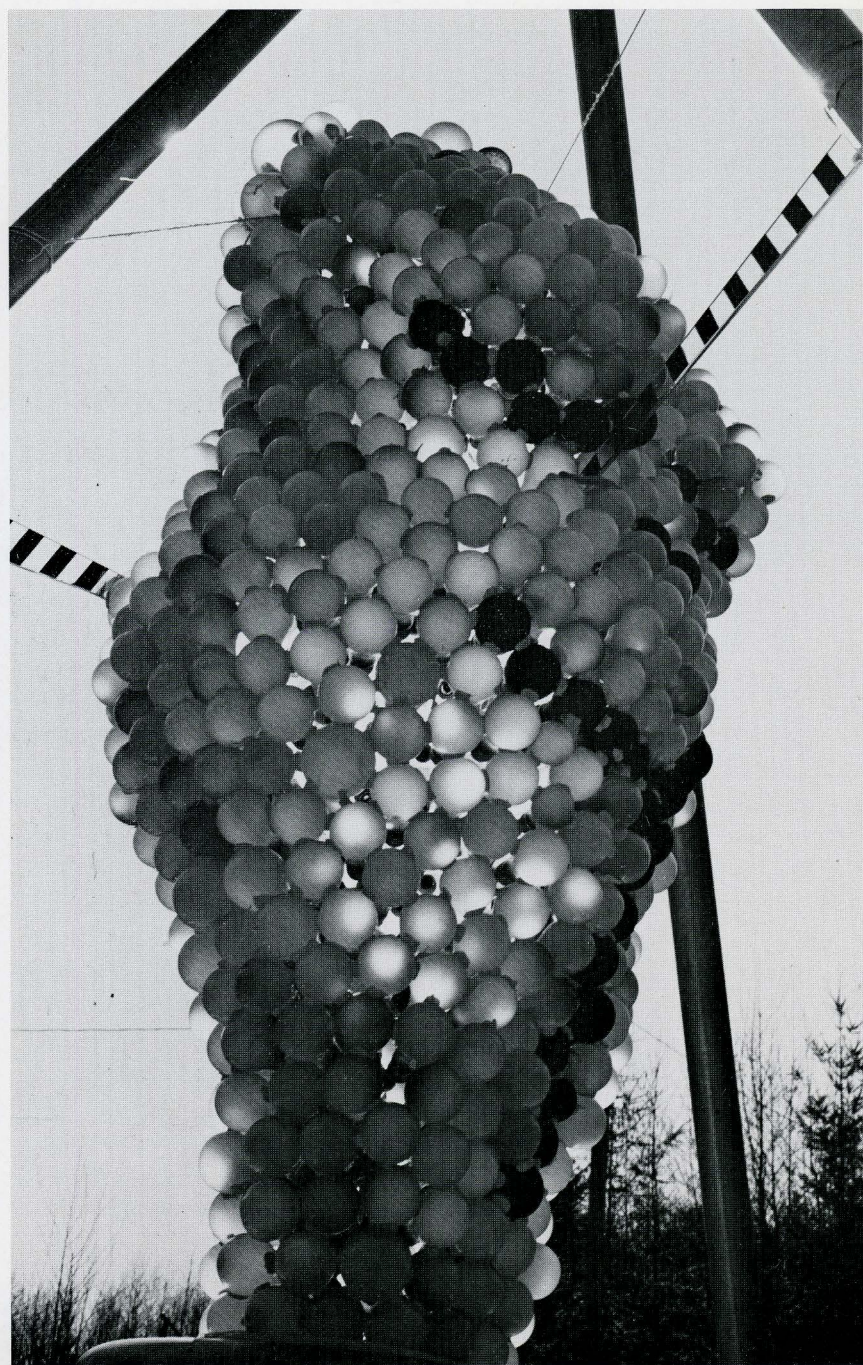
equality: a democracy of only matter and space, both submerged in time without physical structure. These recognitions of the residue of expression, as definite and precise, are one of the specific locations of creative outflow which makes poetic sense of the hard reality of form.

Visions in the blood doesn't refer to genetics or history, nor does it mean vision is in the blood. I think of it as a medium that touches the whole body, the liquid that moves past the liver, through the heart, into the brain, under the tongue. It is within creation, procreation and scepticism. It connects everything with a shared osmosis, nearly a totality. It touches internally like

*optic nerve and lets it loose between... You know the between, the what's-the- difference between!*

*A maker of voluminous intensity his work is phanopoeic, ideogrammatic, incorporates time, he defers and he refers, offering homage through literal and technical reference to the artists and innovators that have opened his eyes and enabled him to carry on: Krieghoff, Pissaro, Seurat, Duchamp, Brancusi, Pitseolak. A story sculpting teller he makes you see through space and into space. Solid and memorable and mammoth space filled with light, flooding your sight. His work might be seen as a visual fugue with images and themes recurring over the decades seen from a slightly different angle or in a different material or in a new setting or time. The tornado, the cyclone of his creative consciousness*





the currents and tides of the global oceans, like long rivers, like the breeze invisibly eddying the air, whispering and moving, glimpses tumbling into water: like vision itself, brushing over reality, caressing and sightless, sensing the space among the snowflakes.



*whips everyday objects out of their predictable relationships and into the dynamic crosscurrents of history, affection and dream, generating his ultra-cool four-dimensional glass and aluminum poems, a tangible music.*

*Chances are, even if you've seen only one Pethick sculpture, you'll remember it vividly even twenty years later. The lightbulb Venus, if you should ever cast your eyes on that (it's part of the Permanent collection at the Vancouver Art Gallery), you'll remember that into your next incarnation. That gorgeous hunk, the bottle man, Le Semeur, is a futurist piece as unforgettable as Nude Descending a Staircase. Duchamp would have danced with that gentle green giant, Boccioni jiggin' the fiddle. Marcel on tiptoes whispers, "Ou va le vin?" Gone to veritas and beauty every one!*

Billy Little is a poet and a former Director of the Pitt International Galleries in Vancouver.

Jerry Pethick /

Drawings: Hand; camera; miner's light; bottle; vortex; "the black river and smoke dead on the table"; spectacles; horseshoe.



Jerry Pethick / IMAGES

*In order of appearance*

*Prague Fraught*, 1987-89

Instamatic prints, red fresnel lenses, tempered glass,  
plastic, silicone, sulphur, urethane foam, pastel,  
double light fixtures, wood  
420 x 255 x 120 cm

Photo: Bob Cain

*Smoking Out the Formulae*, 1985

Porcelain, aluminum, mirror, glass, paint, vinyl,  
circular fluorescent tubes, spectra-foil, silicone,  
urethane foam  
210 x 84 x 84 cm

Courtesy: Galerie Crousel Roblin Bama

Photo: Ken Showell

*Cornucopia Curtain & Boulders*, 1965

Acrylic, polyester, resin, polyethylene, polypropylene,  
urethane foam, buterate, A.B.S. paint  
260 x 176 x 129 cm

Photo: Brian Pollard

*Parka & Snowscreen*, 1978-79

Glass, stones, silicone, tin cans  
66 x 43.2 x 25.4 cm

Photo: Ted Lindberg

*Vowe Land Piece*, 1967

PVC, welded polypropylene, nylon bolts,  
cherry stump, varathane  
837 x 600 x 300 cm

Photo: Brian Pollard

"*Let Sleeping Dogs Lie*" Three components:

*Dog & Carpet*, 1989

Cardboard tubes, burnt lettering,  
Chinese carpet, staples, foam  
450 x 182 x 120 cm

*The Dog's Dream*, 1989

Glass, tempered & untempered; silicone,  
green fresnel lenses, laser printed images,  
tire, drawing  
192 x 115 x 28 cm  
Drawing 127 x 140 cm

*Mt. Tam — Monologue*, 1972-88

Aluminum, glass, duratran, rivets,  
strip lights, wood  
200 x 86 x 34 cm

Photo: Bob Cain

*Roof To Heaven Too*, 1988

Blown glass, glass, tire parts, TV tube,  
stones, aluminum, spectrafoil, instamatic prints,  
blue fresnel lenses, styrofoam, silicone,  
light fixture  
430 x 282 x 190 cm

Photo: Bob Cain

*Panorama of Cabin & Grid*

Photo: Bob Cain, from  
original series: Jerry Pethick

*Replica of Willendorf/Post Pre-Historic*, 1981-1982

Light bulbs, aluminum, foam, silicone, etched mirror  
285 x 275 x 234 cm

Courtesy: Vancouver Art Gallery

Photo: Scott Watson

Represented by Cliff Michel Gallery, Seattle and by  
Galerie Crousel Roblin Bama, Paris.



## JERRY PETHICK

### *Selected Exhibitions*

#### *Solo*

- 1989 Recent Work. Cliff Michel Gallery, Seattle, Wa.  
1988 *Light, Smoke, Le Chemin de Fer, The Dark, Daguerre*. Grace Gallery, Vancouver.  
1986 *La Dot/Transition in Progress*. Galerie BAMA, Paris.  
*Le Dot/Transition in Progress*. 49th Parallel, New York (Catalog).  
1984 *Traces of Discovery: Seurat/Lippman 1909 Air Show*. Vancouver Art Gallery (Catalog).  
1983 *Jeux de lumières et sculptures récentes*. Canadian Cultural Centre, Paris (Catalog).  
1981 *The Polarity Stratagem/Evolved Distortion*. and/or Gallery, Seattle, Wa.  
1979 *The Eskimo/Krieghof Proximity Device: A Cultural Osmosis*. Vancouver Art Gallery (Catalog/poster).

#### *Group*

- 1989 *Biennial of Canadian Contemporary Art*. National Gallery of Canada, Ottawa (Catalog).  
1986 *Savage*. NeoArtism Gallery, Vancouver.  
*Vancouver Now/Insertion*. Walter Phillips Gallery, Banff, Alberta (Catalog).  
*Focus*. Koln, Germany.  
1984 *Reconstituted Elements*. Open Space Gallery, Victoria, B.C.  
1983 *Making History*. Vancouver Art Gallery.  
1982 *Mise en Scène*. Vancouver Art Gallery (Catalog).

### *Selected Bibliography*

- Pethick, Jerry. "Bias Arrays." *Vanguard* (Dec. 1976-Jan. 1977): 3-7.  
———. *Holography and a Way to Make Holograms*. Toronto: Belltower Books, 1970.  
———. "Light Recordings: 3M colour reproduction book." 1972.

### *Selected Articles/Reviews*

Godley, Elizabeth. "This Intellectual Will Have You Seeking Clues." *Vancouver Sun* 22 February 1988: B6.

Johnson, Eve. "Art in History's Grip." *Vancouver Sun* 14 March 1984.

Lindberg, Ted. "The Eskimo/Krieghof Proximity Device: Jerry Pethick." *Vanguard* (August 1979): 20-22.

Mertons, Susan. "Not an Exhibition for Wandering Minds." *Vancouver Sun* 12 May 1982: C1.

Woods, Joyce. "Jerry Pethick: Traces of Discovery." *Georgia Straight* 2-9 March 1984: 17.

Young, Jane. "Six perspectives: Mise en Scène." *Vanguard* (September 1982): 9-10.

### *Collections*

Arts Council, Great Britain

Bibliothèque National, Paris

Canada Council Art Bank

Seattle Arts Commission, Seattle

Vancouver Art Gallery



Al Neil, Carole Itter, Al McWilliams,  
Jerry Pethick / SELECTED COLOUR AND  
BLACK & WHITE

## Al Neil

*Origins: Celtic Series III, #32*

Mixed media collage

30" x 22"

1989

*Origins: Celtic Series III, #30*

Mixed media collage

30" x 22"

1989

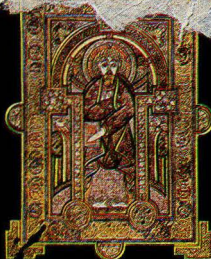
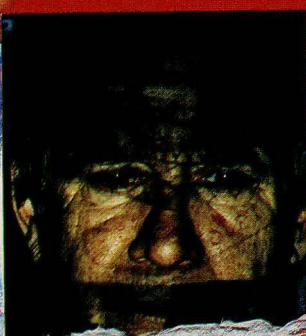
Photography: Stan Douglas

I SAID  
the

rooms  
w-up  
all

Painted

WHITE



20 pps  
89



VARVING

experience

# DYNAMICS

**MORNING  
GROW**

GUSKAHNE  
RICH



H. REMICK & CO'S. Latest Publication.


Chop of the Pine (Pine Tree)  
The Pine Tree  
Shadows This Side of the Moon  
The Pine Tree  
The Pine Tree  
The Pine Tree  
The Pine Tree  
The Pine Tree  
The Pine Tree  
The Pine Tree

**MICK & CO.**  
BLISHERS

Always  
Good

Quidem multa etiam sunt ordinis  
 mutationes quammodis complures  
 regum sunt. Tunc dicitur nobis quod  
 ubi non ipsa indigent. **Commu-**  
 tiat pueri et reges etiam in usum  
 est. **Quidam** aduersus apostrophi-  
 onibus indigent. **Quod** ipse  
 ubi obesse credere dicitur  
 utroqueque eorum utrobique  
 de quibus exaudire utrumque

**CHRISTUS** fideles sacra-  
dos quidam p. omne. Duchanus  
vener. univ. **CHRISTUS** illi deplu-  
bis a. bon. **CHRISTUS** ei. **CHRISTUS**



## Carole Itter

*Winter Garden*

Detail, studio view, cluster of 8 rattles

Mixed media

H: 11½'

1988

*Winter Garden*

Installation detail

The Front Gallery

1988

*Winter Garden*

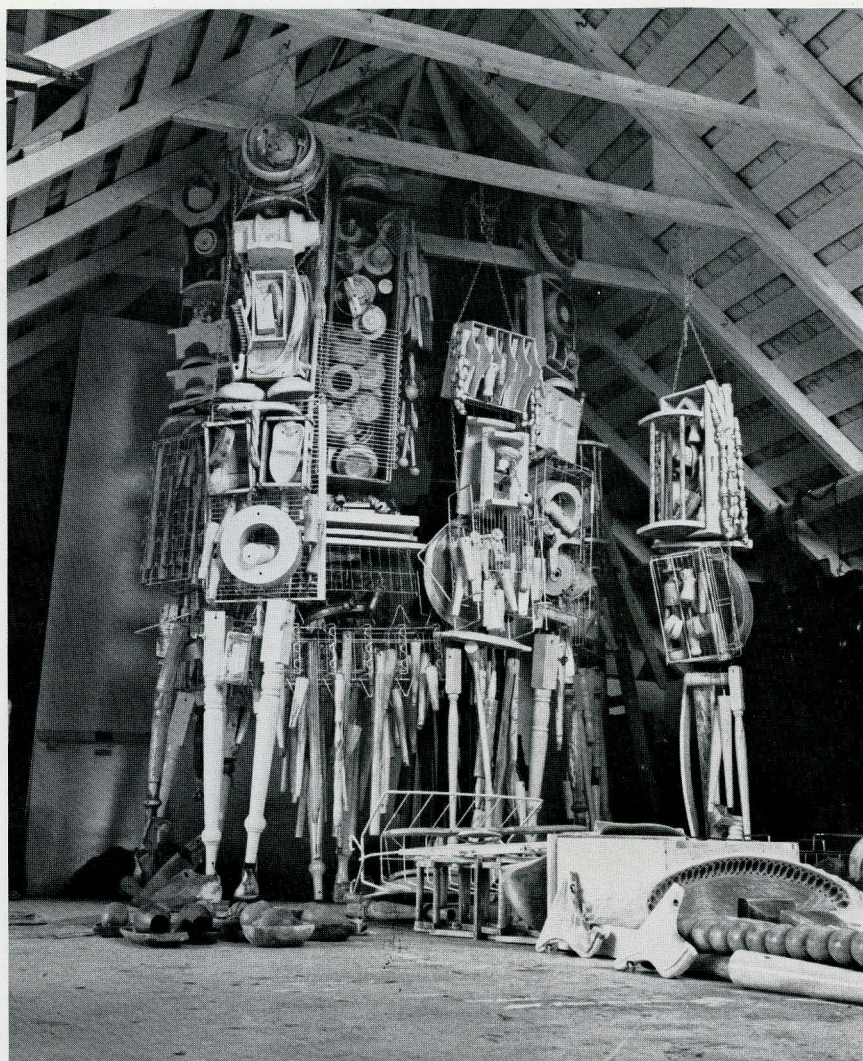
Installation detail

The Front Gallery

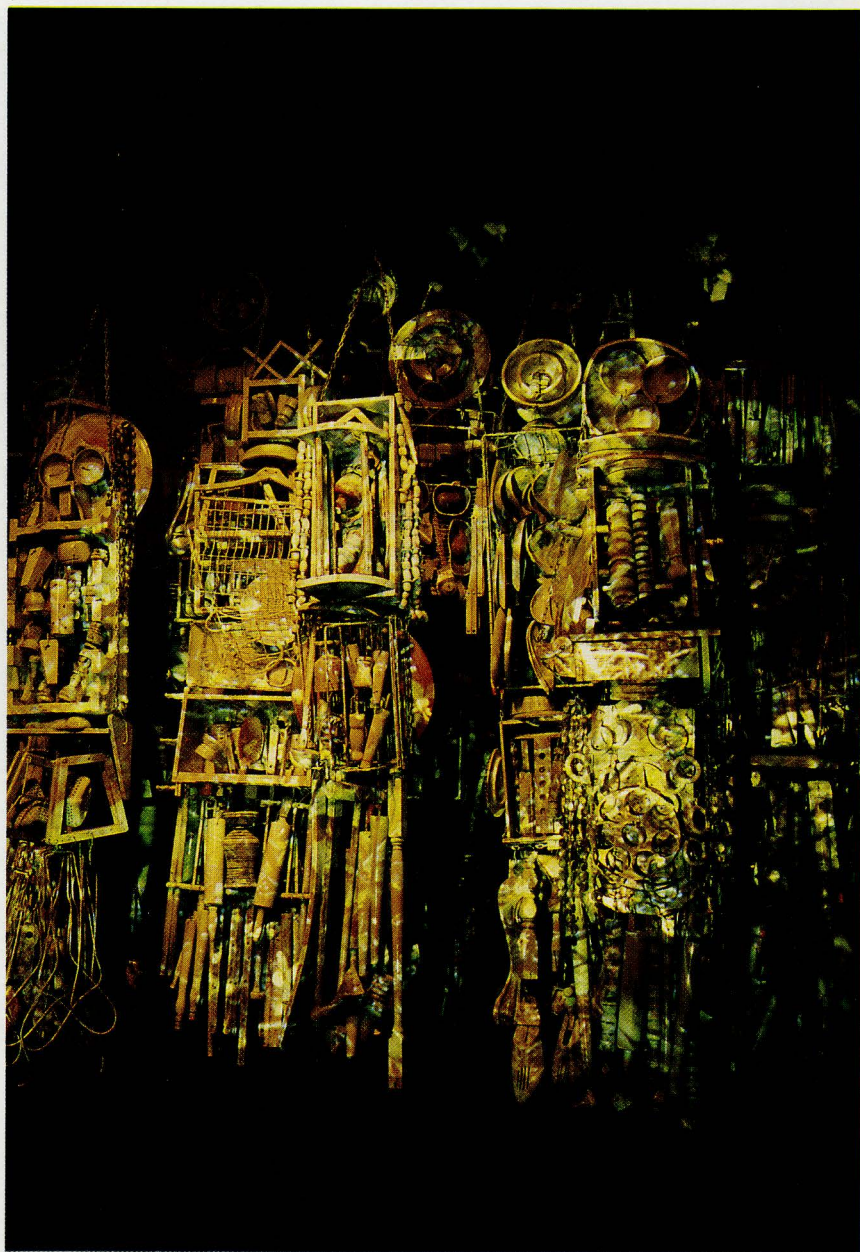
1988

Photography: Carole Itter













## Al McWilliams

*Study for Milan*

Wax over photograph, lead

13½" x 4½"

1989

Photo: William Cupit

*Veil*

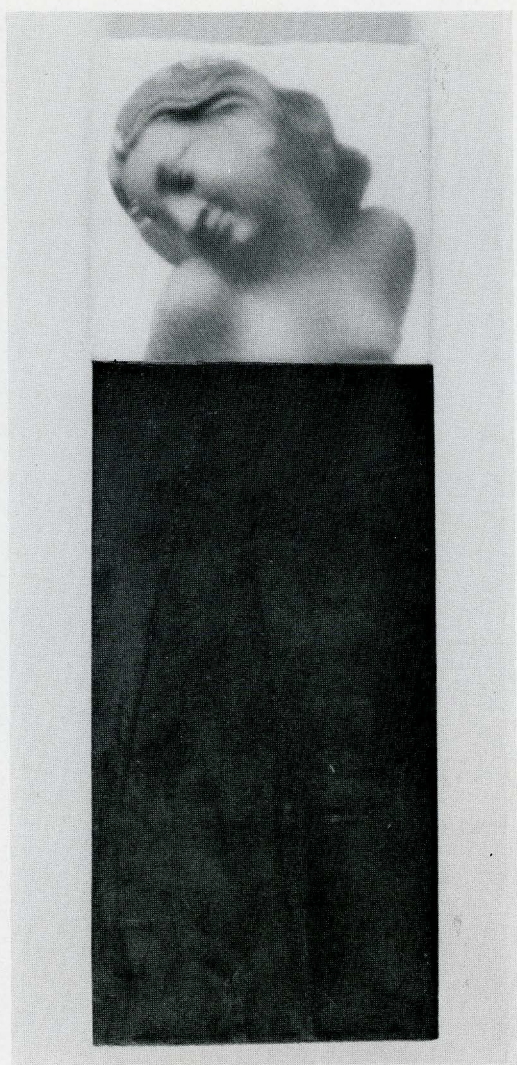
Wax over photograph, silver leaf on lead

60" x 89"

1989

Photo: Robert Keziere













## Jerry Pethick

*Le Semeur, Sunlight & Flies*

Wine bottles, mirror, aluminum, silicone, rubber corks

240 x 122 x 110 cms

1984-85

Photo: Ken Showell

*The Dog's Dream* (detail from

"*Let Sleeping Dogs Lie*")

Glass, tempered & untempered; silicone,  
green fresnel lenses, laser printed images,  
tire, drawing

192 x 115 x 28 cm

Drawing 127 x 140 cm

1989

Photo: Bob Cain

*Wheelbarrow & Cabin*

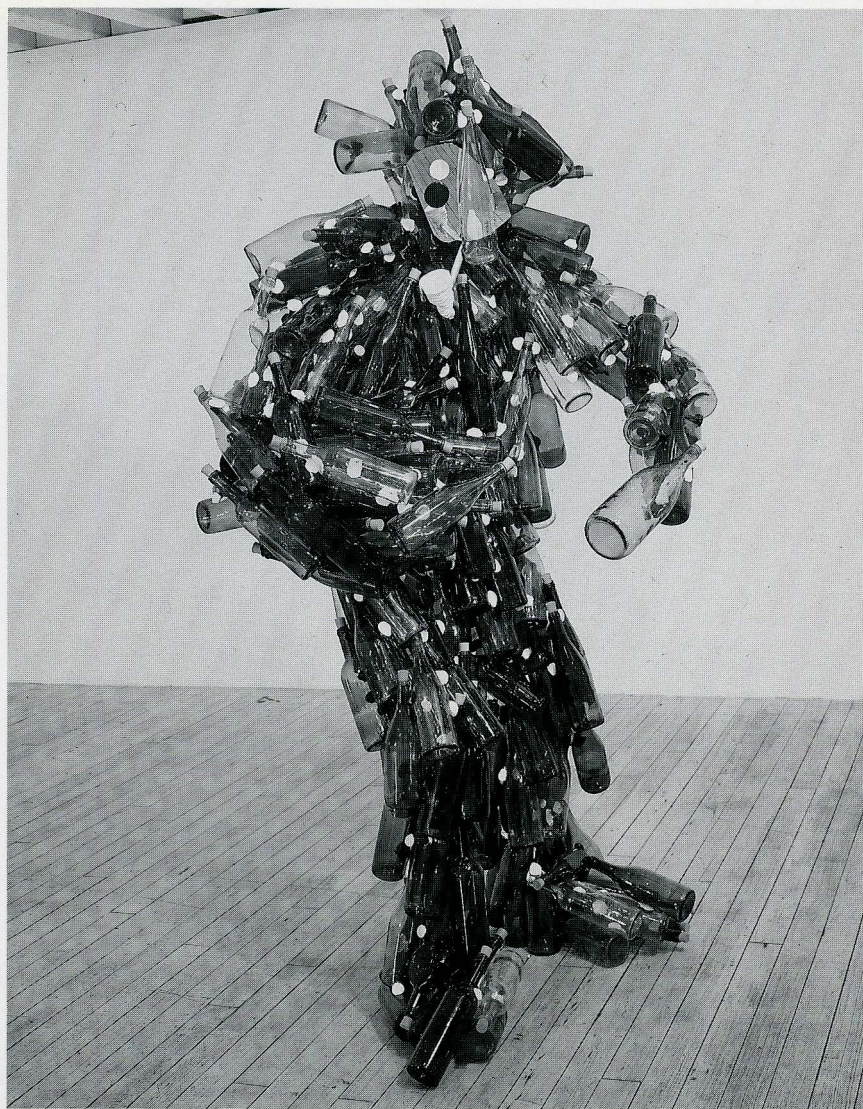
Blown glass, tempered glass, beeswax,  
lead, wood, plastic fresnel lenses,  
instamatic prints, fluorescent light fixtures, silicone

370 x 200 x 300 cm

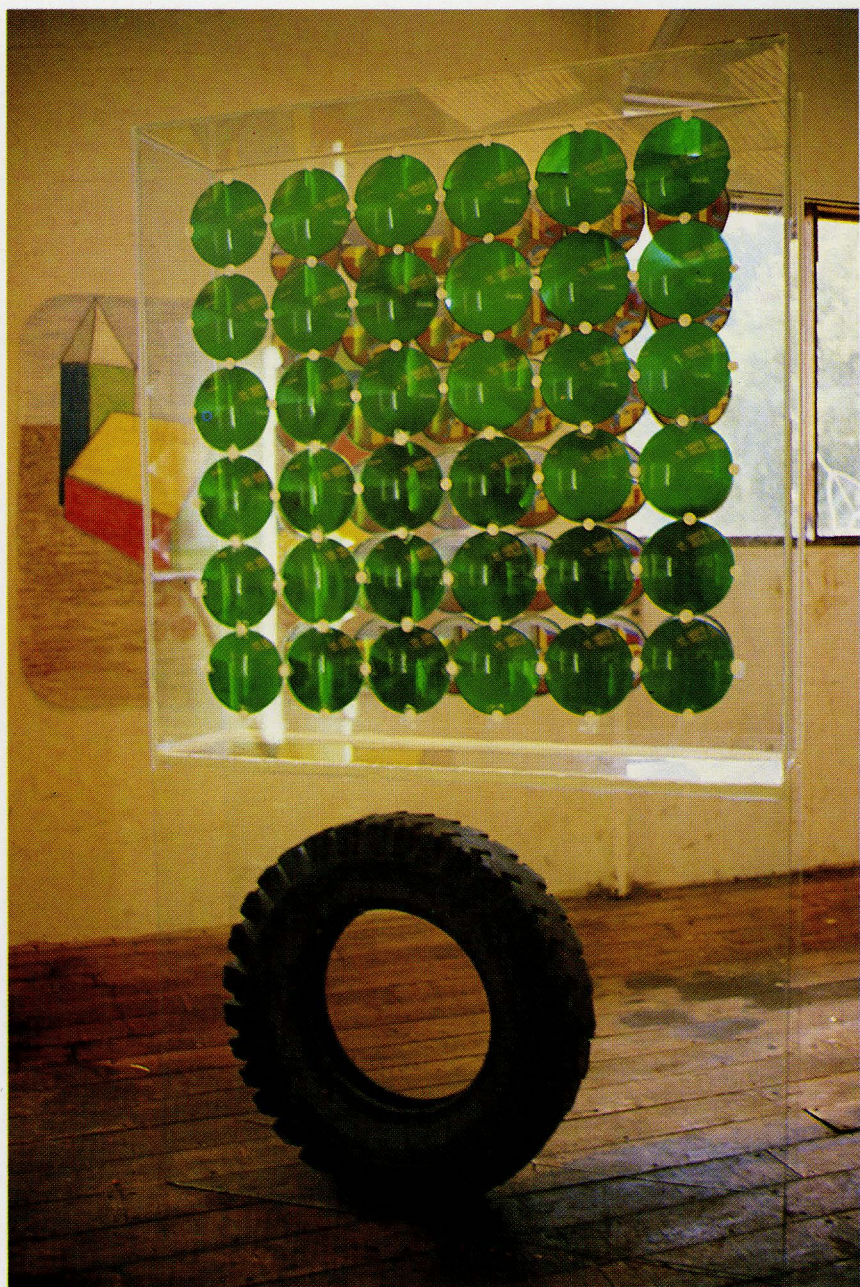
1987-88

Photo: Bob Cain













## Errors Noted

The Editors regret the following errors in *The Capilano Review* #50:

Phyllis Webb, p. 56: "for dessert bloom" should read "for desert bloom".

Gladys Hindmarch, p. 106: The opening paragraph should read as follows:

Beginning and beginning: writing is always (all ways) be(com)ing and be(ginn)ing in the wor(l)d. Once upon a time, she thought she'd write a beautiful book. She thought she was writing about here for (t)here. She thought, thinks almost everything was/is a possibility in writing. Here includes her as does hear which includes ear; she includes he as the (or thee) includes he. Letters and words are presents/present, presences. Sentences: shapes or structures which depend on who the writer is and how she feels when she writes which also depends on how much she loves sentences and what she's been doing with them recently.

Victor Coleman, p. 206: The title of his selected poems is *Corrections*, not *Revisions*.

bp Nichol, p. 207: "1948" should read "1944".



## POSTSCRIPT

A few notes about this issue, future issues, the future of *TCR* in general:

First, we'd like to thank the artists in this issue for their co-operation in numerous studio visits, and especially for their generosity in supplying the photography, which we could not have afforded otherwise. We're also grateful to the writers who agreed to do the critical notes for this issue on such short notice.

•

The next issue, *TCR#2*, is scheduled to appear in Spring 1990 with a special section on Roy Kiyooka: new poetry, photography, and a selection of his unpublished critical writing on photography. We also plan to run the first of several columns by writers such as George Bowering (an expanded *Errata*), Brian Fawcett (a series called *Provocations*), and others who take risks in their thought about contemporary artistic practice. We are also planning an issue with a mix of new poetry, fiction and art by as-yet-unknown younger practitioners (*TCR#3*), and a special issue (*TCR#4*) devoted to the visual poetry of bpNichol. This issue will also double as the first of a Capilano Review Press series of books. This next publishing period should effect our transition into a second series of *TCR*, and establish some new directions for at least the immediate future.

•

An important magazine of visual art is lost to us: for reasons of financial difficulties, *Vanguard* magazine has ceased publication. Over the years Russell Keziere and the Editorial staff have done an exemplary job in producing *Vanguard*: its loss is a profound loss for the country, especially because it did provoke controversy and critical argument.

•

Any magazine's existence in this country is tenuous and difficult. Though *TCR* has lasted 18 years, we still must struggle, and the future isn't guaranteed. Production costs continue to increase, contributors' fees *must* rise, and the competition for government funding grows year by year. Little magazines also face the threats of

proposed postal rate increases and the imposition of an inflationary Goods and Services Tax on all aspects of publishing. Our survival and that of other magazines across the country may well be at risk. In this issue you will find a post card to sign and send to the current government in order to register your protest against such attacks on culture in this country.

•

But we hope you will do more: To help *TCR* directly in the continued production of a magazine dedicated to excellence in the literary and visual arts, we urge you to do *at least one* of the following:

- Renew your subscription if it has expired.
- Take out a subscription if you haven't yet done so.
- Give a gift subscription to someone you care for.
- Become a friend and benefactor of *The Capilano Review*, and make a significant contribution to the vitality of the literary and visual arts. *TCR* is a registered charitable organization, and your contribution is fully tax deductible. The details on this program and on subscription rates appear on the next pages.

Perception and imagination are simultaneous acts. Let's increase the potential for both through mutual support.



## THE CAPILANO REVIEW FRIENDS & BENEFACTORS PROGRAM

To continue publishing excellent new writing and work in the visual arts, *TCR* needs your immediate and generous support. We urge you to become a Friend or Benefactor of *The Capilano Review*. Your gift to *TCR* will also be a gift to yourself in a number of ways: *TCR* is a registered charitable organization, so all contributions are fully tax deductible and you will receive a receipt for tax purposes; your contribution as a Friend or Benefactor will be acknowledged in each issue of *TCR*; as a Friend you will receive an automatic five year subscription, and as a Benefactor you will receive a lifetime subscription.

FRIENDS                      \$100-\$500

BENEFACTORS              \$500-\$1000

---

Please fill out this form and mail it to *TCR*, 2055 Purcell Way, North Vancouver, BC, V7J 3H5:

Yes: I want to help publish *The Capilano Review*, and my contribution is enclosed.

\_\_\_\_\_ I want to help publish *TCR* as a Friend.  
Enclosed is my cheque or money order for \$ \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_ I want to help publish *TCR* as a Benefactor.  
Enclosed is my cheque or money order for \$ \_\_\_\_\_

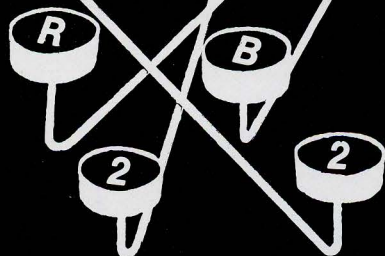
Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

Postal Code \_\_\_\_\_



**R2 B2**

**Books**

literature, art,  
poetry, etc.

**2742 West  
4th Ave.,**

**732-5087**

**C.A.G.**

---

**ARBORA VERSA**

Sylvie Bouchard  
Lorraine Gilbert  
Rodney Graham  
Jerry Pethick  
Rhoda Rosenfeld

January 10-February 10

**TERRY ATKINSON**

"Tourism I & II"

**DON GILL**

"Perils of Leisure"

February 16-March 17

**GEORGIANA  
CHAPPELL**

"Navigating"

March 24-April 21

---

**CONTEMPORARY  
ART GALLERY  
VANCOUVER  
555 Hamilton  
V6B 2R1 681-2700**

We gratefully acknowledge the financial support of the City of Vancouver, the B.C. Government through the Ministry of Municipal Affairs, Recreation and Culture, and the Canada Council.



## THE CAPILANO REVIEW

is available at the following bookstores and galleries:

Amber Bookshop, West Vancouver  
Baron's Books, North Vancouver  
Belly Button Books, Vancouver  
Bidwell Books, Vancouver  
Bond's Book Shop, Vancouver  
Booktique, Vancouver  
Capilano College Bookstore  
Canadian Magazine Publishers Association  
Colphon Books, Vancouver  
Duthie's Books, Vancouver  
Fahrenheit Books, Vancouver  
The Diane Farris Gallery, Vancouver  
Graffiti Books, Vancouver  
Granville Book Company, Vancouver  
Wm. Hoffer Bookseller, Vancouver  
Mayfair News, Vancouver  
Octopus Books, Vancouver  
Peregrine Books, Vancouver  
Presentation House, North Vancouver  
Pages & Pages Books, Vancouver  
Proprioception Books, Vancouver  
R2B2 Books, Vancouver  
Red River Books, Winnipeg  
Spartacus Books, Vancouver  
Spectacular Diseases, Peterborough, England  
University of British Columbia Bookstore  
Volume I Bookstore, Vancouver  
Vancouver Art Gallery  
Yankee Book Pedlar, Contoocook, N.H.




---

## Amber Bookshop

2442 Marine Drive  
West Vancouver, B.C.  
V7V 1L1

Phone 926-1133

Your North Shore Bookstore.

## DUTHIE BOOKS



Downtown Stores  
919 Robson Street 684-4496

Manhattan Books & Magazines  
1089 Robson Street 681-9074

Arbutus Village Square  
4255 Arbutus Street 738-1833

Point Grey Store  
4444 W. 10th Avenue 224-7012

Technical / Professional Books  
1701 W. 3rd Avenue 732-1448

Toll-free number within Canada  
1-800-663-1174



# STEAL

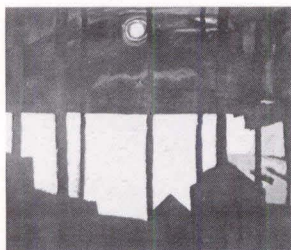
A few moments from your day...



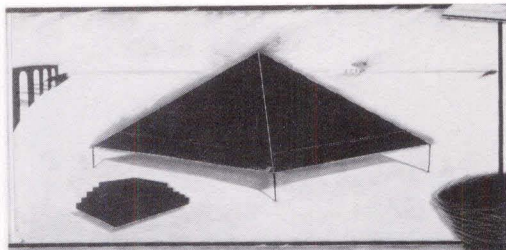
Visit The Vancouver Art Gallery  
750 Hornby Street  
in the heart of downtown Vancouver  
Information: 682-4668

Hours: Monday, Wednesday, Friday, Saturday-10 a.m. to 5 p.m.;  
Tuesday-closed; Thursday-10 a.m. to 5 p.m., and 5 to 9 p.m. FREE;  
Sunday-12 to 5 p.m.

# From the Coast



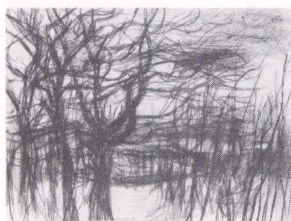
Winter 1984 (White Moon), Landon Mackenzie



Fleeing The Temple, Greg Murdock, 1984



Rock Talk IV, Dennis Burton, 1981



Winter Trees, Bruno Bobak, 1956

Gathie Falk, 1980  
Share Corsault, 1981  
Joey Morgan, 1981  
Terence Johnson, 1982  
Dennis Burton, 1982  
Elisabeth Hopkins, 1982  
Bruno Bobak, 1983  
Karen Chapnick, 1983  
Robert Michener, 1983  
Jack Jeffrey, 1983  
Robert Keziere, 1985  
Landon MacKenzie, 1985  
Greg Murdock, 1987  
Al McWilliams, 1989  
Alan Storey, 1989

Publications available  
Southern Alberta Art Gallery  
601-3rd Avenue South  
Lethbridge, Alberta T1J 0H4  
Tel: (403) 327-8770

**SOUTHERN ALBERTA ART GALLERY**



# THE CAPILANO REVIEW

---

- ☐ One year subscription (3 issues) at \$16.00
- ☐ Three year subscription (9 issues) at \$36.00
- ☐ Institution subscription (3 issues) at \$25.00

*(For subscriptions to U.S.A., same rates in U.S. funds. For overseas subscriptions, please add \$3.00/year for postage.)*

NAME: \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS: \_\_\_\_\_

CITY: \_\_\_\_\_

PROV.: \_\_\_\_\_ POSTAL CODE: \_\_\_\_\_

- ☐ Payment enclosed      ☐ Bill me later

*Please make cheque or money order payable to*

*The Capilano Review, 2055 Purcell Way, North Vancouver, B.C. V7J 3H5 Tel. 984-1712*

---

# THE CAPILANO REVIEW

---

- ☐ One year subscription (3 issues) at \$16.00
- ☐ Three year subscription (9 issues) at \$36.00
- ☐ Institution subscription (3 issues) at \$25.00

*(For subscriptions to U.S.A., same rates in U.S. funds. For overseas subscriptions, please add \$3.00/year for postage.)*

NAME: \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS: \_\_\_\_\_

CITY: \_\_\_\_\_

PROV.: \_\_\_\_\_ POSTAL CODE: \_\_\_\_\_

- ☐ Payment enclosed      ☐ Bill me later

*Please make cheque or money order payable to*

*The Capilano Review, 2055 Purcell Way, North Vancouver, B.C. V7J 3H5 Tel. 984-1712*

# Canada's magazines are a voice of our own. Speak up for them NOW! (Soon it may be too late.)

Canada's newspapers, its book publishers and its magazines — like the one in your hands — are in immediate danger. If the proposed Goods and Services Tax is applied to this country's print media, some may not survive. Those that do may cost you more and be of poorer quality.

Canada's books, magazines and newspapers are unlike any other business or product:

- They provide a stage for our writers, artists and thinkers.
- They link us together and help us define who we are.
- They are a forum for the ideas that underlie our democracy.
- They reflect our unique interests and values.
- They give us a vital voice of our own.

That's why — in many countries that have taxes like the GST — reading remains free of taxation. The GST will leave us with fewer reading choices, fewer options for self-expression. A part of what makes us Canadian will be lost forever. We — our country, our culture — will all be a little poorer.

**Please make your voice heard in the Prime Minister's Office.**

**Or soon we may not have a voice at all.**

**Sign and mail this card today!**

## **Please Mr. Prime Minister: Don't silence Canada's voice! Don't tax reading!**

[ ☒ ] I'm voting for Canadian magazines.  
They are a unique voice of our own, Mr. Mulroney:  
Don't let the GST tax them into silence.

---

Name

---

Address

---

City

---

Province

---

Postal Code



# The disastrous implications for Canada's magazines of the Goods and Services Tax:

The proposed Goods and Services Tax may be only 9%, but Canadian magazines cannot just pass this increase along to their readers. It's been estimated that a 9% price increase could cut sales of some magazines by as much as one third!

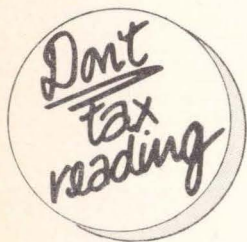
Nor can Canadian publishers absorb the increased cost themselves: the industry's pre-tax profits amount to less than 4% — and most publishers have no profits at all.

So some magazines may have to shut down. Those that survive may have to either charge their readers more or reduce costs by cutting pages, publishing less frequently, scrimping on printing or paper quality, or paying their contributors less.

Either way, Canada's already-fragile magazine industry will be more vulnerable than ever to the foreign publications that already take 60% of the Canadian market, and more than 90% of newsstand sales.

Canadian magazines are a voice of our own. They convey the messages, the images, the ideas that are unique to this country. Applying the GST to them threatens to muffle that voice forever.

Published by the Don't Tax Reading Coalition, 260 King St. E., Toronto, Ont. M5A 1K3



**No postage  
necessary**

**Prime Minister Brian Mulroney  
House of Commons  
Ottawa  
K1A 0A2**

**HELP SAVE  
CANADA'S  
MAGAZINES!**

**MAIL THE  
ATTACHED  
CARD  
TODAY!**



ISSUE No. 1  
AN INAUGURATION OF  
THE SECOND SERIES



\$8.00

ISSN 0315-3754