

# The Drawers - Headbones Gallery

*Contemporary Drawing, Sculpture and Works on Paper*

## Headbones Anthology 2006

Commentaries by Julie Oakes

RICH FOG



Micro Publishing  
Toronto, 2006

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## Headbones Gallery, The Drawers - 2006

### Contemporary Drawing, Sculpture and Works on Paper

More of an anthem than an anthology, *Headbones, The Drawers, 2006* cites praise. The writings seek to expand the congregation of the already converted by clarifying and granting a resonant stature to the works. *Headbones, The Drawers* is concerned primarily with The Works and the first impression upon opening the book is of phenomenal works on paper. The commentaries serve as a convocation; gathered together, they deepen the mysteries like a holy writ where the magic of perception stays intact but is made more accessible through the witnessing of words.

Having spent significant time in New York City, living and working alongside of art luminaries, we decided to validate and share the knowledge we had gained with a commercial venue and moved to Canada in order to fill a need that we had researched and found to be wanting here – a works-on-paper gallery. Works on paper provide portability and affordability, both for the artists and the collectors for the pristine page on which to place a mark easily accepts a quick take or a labored opus. On December 14, 2005, *Headbones, The Drawers* opened in 202B, a second floor loft space at 260 Carlaw on the east side of Toronto. The artists were drawn from the original stable of *Headbones Gallery* in BC (1994-2000) and artists we knew from New York, London and Europe. Once the doors opened, the generator belched a puff or two of dark smoke (probably choking on the realization of the commitment) and then maintained a steady chug of well oiled energy. *Headbones, The Drawers*, moved to the present location at street level, Unit 102, in May.

The project thrived as artists found their way to *Headbones*, from Montreal, London, Ontario, Owen Sound, and other parts of Canada, The United States and Europe. *Headbones*, as well, went to great lengths (across Canada) to search for work. *The Drawers* was both inclusive and selective, with a proactive approach. We continued a practice that we had in New York of hosting dinners in the studio and invited artists, writers, collectors, intellectuals and personalities to bi-weekly sit-down dinners in the gallery. Surrounded by the work and with time to contemplate the choices with lively conversations lending feedback to the coalescence, we furthered the concept of *Headbones, The Drawers*. The main component in the work accepted was evidence of the hand, the touch, the track that the artist had left on the paper. For this reason, *Headbones* shied away from photography or

digitally based work - with a few exceptions.

We discovered (a pleasant epiphany) that sculpture lent itself to the exhibition of works on paper and supported the awareness and appreciation of the two disciplines. As a synergistic relationship developed with the master sculptor, Gord Smith, who is the sole artist that Headbones represents (the others are featured), the presentation of three dimensional work (also by Catherine Hahn, Stephen Bircher and Kerry Stevens) enhanced the myriad applications of paper.

The catalogues and book projects that Rich Fog Micro Publishing produced have been an essential component of the Headbones model. They have served as an introduction of the artist to collectors and curators, an opportunity for the artist to have the work noticed by an independent commentator and a liaison between the viewer and the work. The catalogues strengthen the historical presence of the art work that passes through Headbones, the Drawers, and in themselves become collectibles.

This anthology presents Headbones, The Drawers, 2006 and offers this documentation work to collectors, libraries and archives as a testament of potent works.

Julie Oakes and Richard Fogarty

## Inaugural Drawer's Selection, December 14 - February 2, 2006

On December 14, 2005, *Headbones, The Drawers* introduces the first ten Canadian and International Artist's to its drawers in Toronto. Exhibition dates are December 14 – February 2.

In existence in British Columbia since 1995, now, "*Headbones, The Drawers*" will be focusing on contemporary drawing and works on paper.

"*The Drawers*" will exhibit ten Canadian and International artists every month. Following the exhibition month, the works will be placed in the drawers for on-going viewing. This will make space for up to ten new artists to be exhibited in the gallery space.

The mandate of the gallery is to encourage collecting at an entry level by offering works for sale that are both affordable and of a high caliber.

Based on the models of Pierogi Gallery and The Drawing Center in New York, the concept for *Headbones, The Drawers* is inspired by the recent interest in drawings and works on paper in the contemporary art market.

Managing Director of *Headbones, The Drawers*, Richard Fogarty translated his interest in collecting artwork into Rich Fog Micro Publishing, printing and publishing art catalogues and art books. He is producing catalogues for each of the artists represented in the *Drawers*.

*Headbones, The Drawers* manages the storage, exhibition, and sales of drawings and works on paper of approximately one hundred visual artists in a one-year period. Collectors have viewing access to about one-thousand catalogued drawings or works on paper at any given time. Gallery hours are from Wednesday to Saturday, 12-6pm.

Richard Fogarty, Director



## Zachari Logan

### Inaugural Drawer's Selection

Although there is diversity, a consistency rules with unflinching surety. There are no women. There are only men and each man is an archetypal, perfect specimen of maleness. Zachari Logan's man is a prince among men. He has an Apollonian body. He is in the process of discovering the New World. He is a man among men even when wearing a ballgown.

Zachari Logan depicts with graphite in a manner reminiscent of romantic illustration. He has created a neo classical narrative of modern men with hip goatees, Little Lord Fauntleroy curls, baseball caps and sideburns dressed in the costumes of centuries previous or flaunting a Spartan nakedness. They inhabit a focused world, each figure realistically modeled with dramatic shadows adding clarity and dignity. Each man is concentrated on his task. They are busy doing the work of men, exploring the world in ships or scaling, mining and exploring mankind. In "Gulliver," Jonathan Swift's character is beached. The Lilliputians climb and claim the burly male body. They stand on his head, they peer into his anus, they truss his testicles. Zachari has lassoed masculinity.

The drawings are larger than the normal concept of drawing. Drawing has a history of being preparatory work, secretive intimate recordings, unfinished, undeveloped and partial ideas that have been given a cursory life on paper. Zachari Logan transcends both the physical and the conceptual limitations of drawings. He blows up an intimate statement of homoerotic yearning and grants the subject a monumental, dignified bearing.



Voyage  
graphite on paper  
86 x 96 in, two panels  
2005

## Katia Santibanez

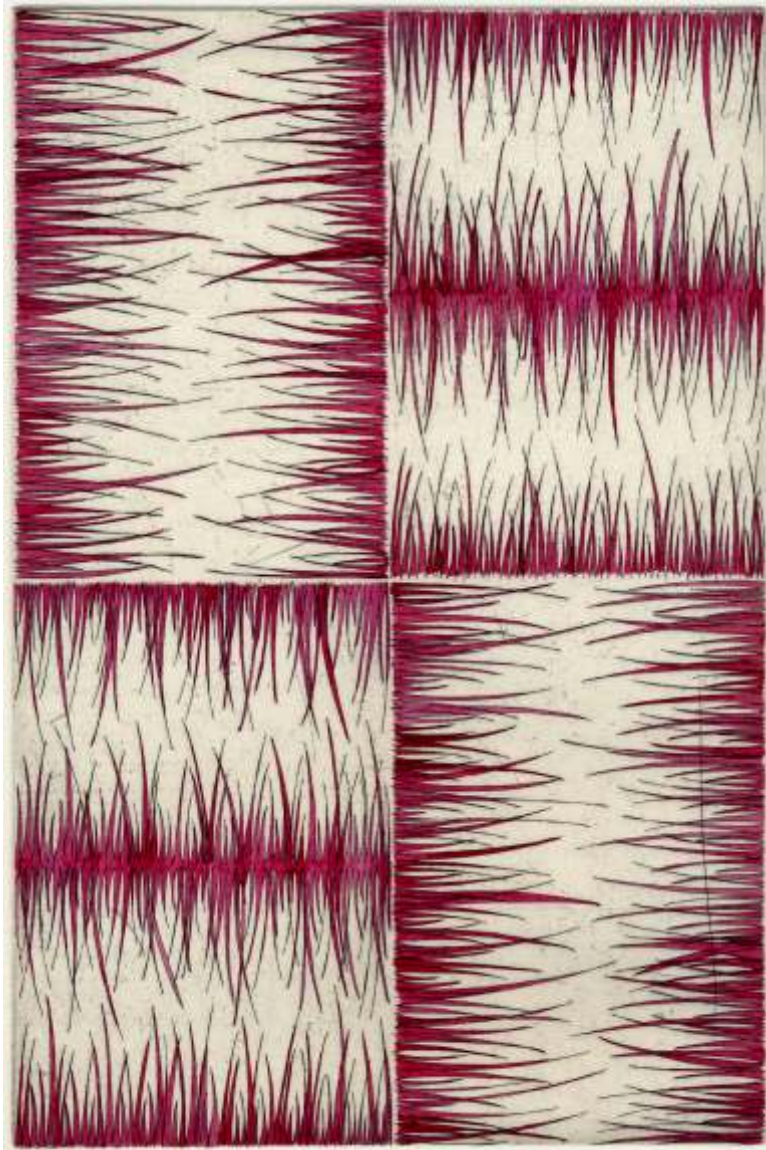
### Inaugural Drawer's Selection

"...as there are blades of grass" - A biblical quote to describe the importance of each presence.

The incomprehensibility of the miniscule and of the miniscule in large numbers, in particular, is a reference for philosophical musing. It can be connected to the sublime for it goes outside of normal understanding, transcends the quotidian (and grass is common), and turns it into a statement from God. An expanse of grass and the number of blades therein, or the realization of the single blade to the lawn – this is the intersection between that which is 'of the earth' and that which is 'made in heaven'. This is a grandiose and loaded notion.

Katia Santibanez has physically understood the relationship between the fine and individual perfection of a blade and the lawn. She has brought it into comprehension by organizing the individual components and by physically rendering and capturing each one. Considering, first, the individual blade, it is a pristine blade. The shape is similar to a knife blade as it narrows to a point. The edges are sharp. Each one is as close to the other as the human hand is able to accomplish. Katia has paid equal and undivided attention to each component, has focused on the blade, and then has ordered it. Katia relates not only to the organic but also, with a firm commitment to the architectonic. She lines the little blades up, places them in squares and ordered rows. She controls them. She exerts her logic on an organic system. There is, arguably, always a component of playing "The Creator" in the making of art, and in art that derives subject matter from the natural world, the metaphor is strong and extrapolates to references of sexual and sensual elements such as hair or eyelashes.

The act of drawing, painting or etching the single component and then repeating it almost as often as naturally occurs also creates awe when looking at the work. Within relatively small formats (in an art world that tends to oversize), Katia Santibanez inspires the respect due to a monumental task. There is a palpable awareness of the labor that went into executing each precise blade over and over and over again. We are amazed at her vision. Her eyes are keen instruments. Her patience and attention - great. The works are awesome, with the strength of the original, rather than the cliché derivation, definition of the word.



Red & Black (diptych) Red. 4/15  
etching with hand painted watercolor on paper  
14" x 11 in,  
2006



## Drawer's Selection, February 4 - March 11, 2006

On Saturday, February 4<sup>th</sup> Headbones, The Drawers introduces ten new Canadian and International Artist's to its drawers.

Assistant director, previous owner of Headbones Gallery, visual artist and art writer Julie Oakes brings her established career and expertise to guide selection and programming. For the past six years, Oakes has been living in New York City where she acquired a Masters in Art and Art Professions from NYU, a Masters in Social and Political Science (Cultural Theory and Criticism) from The New School for Social Research and maintained a studio.



*Alphonse van Woerkom, Bagdad Video Club II, charcoal, charcoal powder, conté & white pencil on paper, 14x17 in., 2005 (detail)*

## Phyllis Godwin

### Drawer's Selection

Phyllis Godwin has always been a drawer and her fanciful dolls and fairies co-existed within the milieu of The Regina Five (she is married to Ted Godwin). This form of fanciful, flat, yet detailed depiction of figures with an invented ethnicity and style have come under scrutiny and garnered significant recognition recently in the work of the new drawers. The Royal Art Lodge and Marcel Dzama for instance. Phyllis Godwin's stylized and decorated females, enduring with admirable consistency as the rest of the art scene changed several times around her, ring with a truth that is as honest as Ukrainian eggs and braided bread.

There is an implied narrative but only the initiated can completely decipher Phyllis Godwin's secret story line. There is an aura of lore with ritual practices that these spindly sprites partake in for they are dressed up and either ready to go or well on their way. There is a common sense of costume, but it can't be traced to a specific culture. Phyllis Godwin has invented a cross between fashion and protection, a feminine armor. There are leg pads that seem to button behind, protecting the long legs so that they can continue to perform amazing contortions, twisting upon themselves like Celtic knots or macramé. Ropes, ribbons, laces, braids, florets and baubles form patterns with symmetry and ordered design displayed in absolute repetitive perfection. There is a perspective akin to the shallow dimension that was understood when the shift was first made from medieval to renaissance - a Giotto-like space. There is a formality that holds the flitting, happy, whimsical dolls in check with the order imposed by formal gardens where trees are trimmed into circles or the world is held in place by meticulously rendered borders.

There is no sense of time, no historical definition for these airy females. The dress is a mixture of ancient and modern, the stylization is as contemporary as comics and yet seemingly rooted in traditions. It is a world occupied by feminine delight.



Three Little Maids Are We  
watercolour and graphite  
24 x 18 in  
1984

## Malcom Poynter

### Drawer's Selection

A close-up of the pieces from the 1998 series, *Autistic Cocoon*, by Malcolm Poynter, reveals the admired detail as a blanket covering of cars like a parking lot from nightmares or the traffic jam of the twentieth century. This is common man, stuck going to work or coming home. These heads are occupied by vehicular congestion. The eyes, that from a distance read as television screens are also cars, this time seen from above with the roofs forming rows of blank boxes with slightly rounded corners. The associations are numerous: mankind lost in the business of his comings and goings, the eventual choking pollution of progress, the scurry to stay in the game or, just like the never-ending background of motor vehicles - the impossibility of comprehending modernity. And this is only the ground, the skin on the head. The eyes are clichés, open or closed, the nose - a cartoon slash and with a tongue lolling out - or is it a deflated balloon? - man's dehumanization is capped. Yet, these are not overly depressing pictures. The childlike rendition of a big simple head, in story book colors or black and white with newspaper-transfer blur make it palatable (as it is, simply there). Mankind is caught in his ability to get there.



Malcolm Poynter - Autistic Cocoon  
*mixed media*  
58 x 36 in  
1988

## Tom Wren

### Inaugural Drawer's Selection

Tom Wren is a bad boy. He makes fun of people. He puts beards on ladies and dresses men up in polka dotted dresses with yellow knee highs. Sometimes, he's even mean to his characters - scratching out their faces and spattering blobs of muck on them. Tom Wren's surfaces in the developed works reference the patinas of time, stressed and seemingly dirtied. They appear to have been left out in the rain or soiled by the oily touch of ancient fingers.

Living in Vancouver East, near the denizens and misfits, he harnesses the fringes and spans. He also empathizes and it is in his ability to grant dignity that his work touches us, much as the classic comedies lent relief to the tragedies and gave voice to feelings too tender to speak of seriously.

Studies for Fashion Victims pokes fun at the industry, but not at the people. The little blue-gray characters are proud of how they look - insanely proud. Their clothes, the fashion, are inconsequential. They know that they look terrific and their faces, as the focus of Wren's attention, declare it. Whether it is a sultry one eyed 'come hither' glance, a gleeful, skipping run for the picture, a smiling declaration of individuality, or the humble, stooped pride of an aging profile; these Fashion Victims provoke ardor. They're doted upon.

An avatar of alternative imagery, Tom Wren's work resonates (his characters are all too familiar) and serves as a reminder of our unsubstantial posturing.



Study for Fashion Victims #1  
watercolor on paper  
6 x 4 in  
2005

## Attila Richard Lukacs by Patric Lehmann

### Drawer's Selection

*Boy With Green Glove*, 1998, by Attila Richard Lukacs was printed in New York City over a sixteen month period by Alexander Heinrici at Fine Art Printing. The works are silk-screened in eighteen colors in an edition of forty. Each of the prints have been extensively hand-painted by the artist with varnish, oil paint and tar, making the print completely unique. The works are on four ply museum board. This image of a nude boy wearing only one bright green glove casts a shadow. This shadow has been executed in a deep layer of hand applied tar. The tar has been etched with prose which reads as follows: "The boy looked at the angel. The boy fell in love with the angel's face." Prominent in the upper right quadrant of the work is a bright red oil imprint of Lukacs' right hand. The red hand-print is a prominent and frequent leit motif found in Luckacs' more important works and is a reminder of the Reagan era where AIDS, already having killed millions of people, was the unspoken word. Several protest groups during the Reagan era used the red hand as their sword stating, "Reagan has the blood of millions on his hands". Protestors would often paint their hands red.

The edition was published by Lehmann Leskiw Editions, Toronto, *Courtesy of Lehmann Leskiw Fine Art*



Boy With The Green Glove  
Edition of 40 unique, 18 color silkscreen, varnish, acrylic paint and tar  
76"x60"  
1998



## Narrative?, March 18 - April 22, 2006

Interrogating narrative has been the concern of art historians ever since the end of the Renaissance when the meaning of the religious iconography was understood by everyone laymen and the initiated alike. Now, as we attempt to grab a handle of commonality in the many diverse narratives that run through our multi-ethnic/racial/gender/political/ fantastical contemporary story telling, *Headbones, The Drawers* assembles a selection of works on paper and questions the narrative intent, the couching of the tale and the interpretation.



Ruth Waldman, *Yellow Monster*, pencil on paper, 24x18 in. (61x46 cm), 2002

## Jen Dyck Narrative?

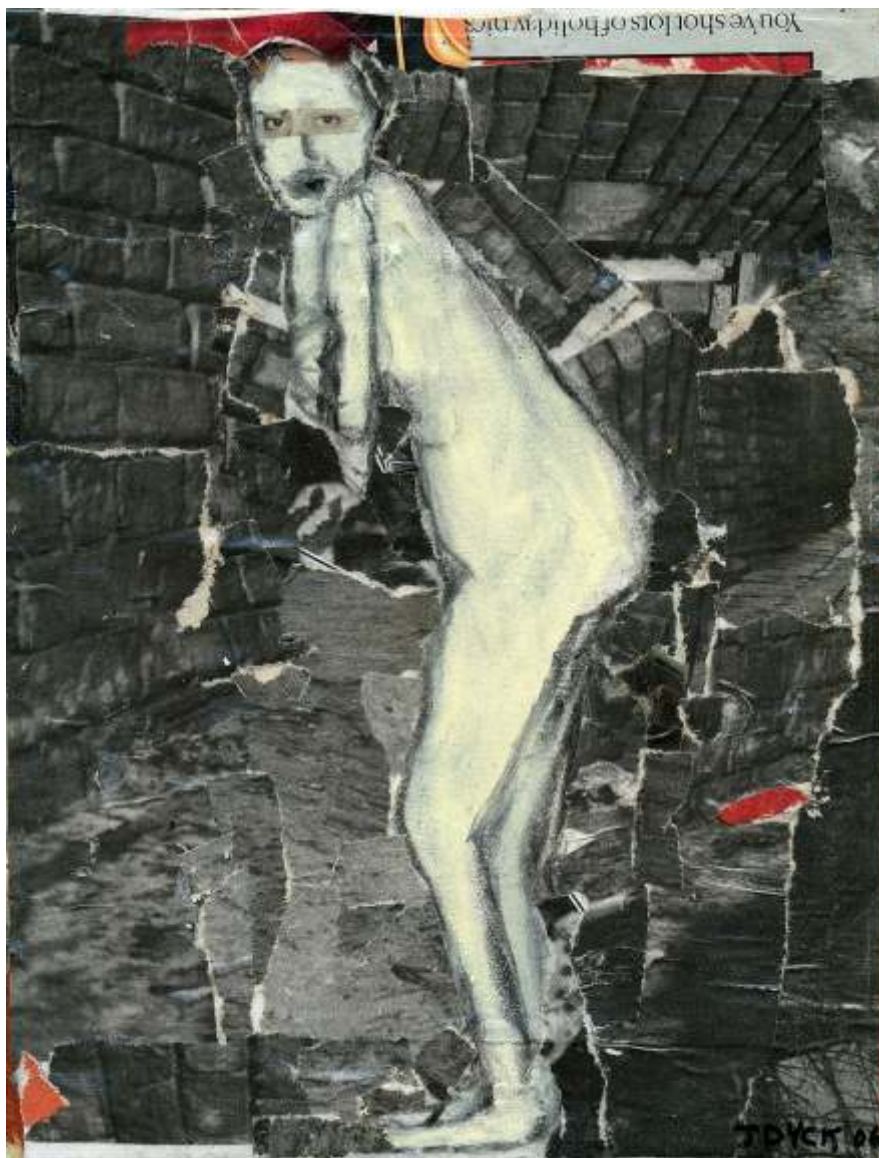
Jen Dyck's work remind us of the human condition, slightly rickety, unsure and trembling with anticipation. The surface is a tad messy. Pieces wrinkle, flip up at the edges and the layering is patched. Variables of textures, patterns, rips and tears echo the contemporary overload of stuff. Throughout the confusion of dealing with surface, the figures go about their lives with simple descriptions as titles. In *Carrying* a man holds a woman in his arms with the antecedent of having picked her up (past) inextricably attached to the inevitability of putting her down (future).

Jen Dyck's figures sport the patina of living. Caught in the moment as if in a snap shot, they are surprised in their acts and look out of their smeared existence with vulnerable emotions. These are the photographs that are discarded, that never go to press or are filed at the bottom of the box where private moments, once recorded, are left out of the album. Jen Dyck, retrieves them, pays attention to them, scrubs and scribbles them back to life and passes the abandoned passage of time over for fresh inspection.

The handling of the surface is extreme; bashed, blurred and blowing. Dyck's attempt to get to the bottom of existence appears frantic. She uses an energetic line, a free and loose stroke. She paints with collage using the ripped paper as strokes and even modeling with the application. She pastes on her paint using an approximation of placement so that the figures feel as if they have shifted during her capture. The subdued colors are complex, a riot of depth, a painterly pleasure field, like a de Kooning painting.

The figures lack perfection. They need orthodontic work, a fitness schedule, new clothes, money, a comfortable place or help carrying their load. This is Dyck's formidable talent: her work identifies individuality as well as imperfections on all levels through the choice of subject, materials and handling.

She's refreshes the homily "for all your faults I love you still, but you're never still."



Surprised Nude  
collage & mixed media on board  
9"x7"  
2005

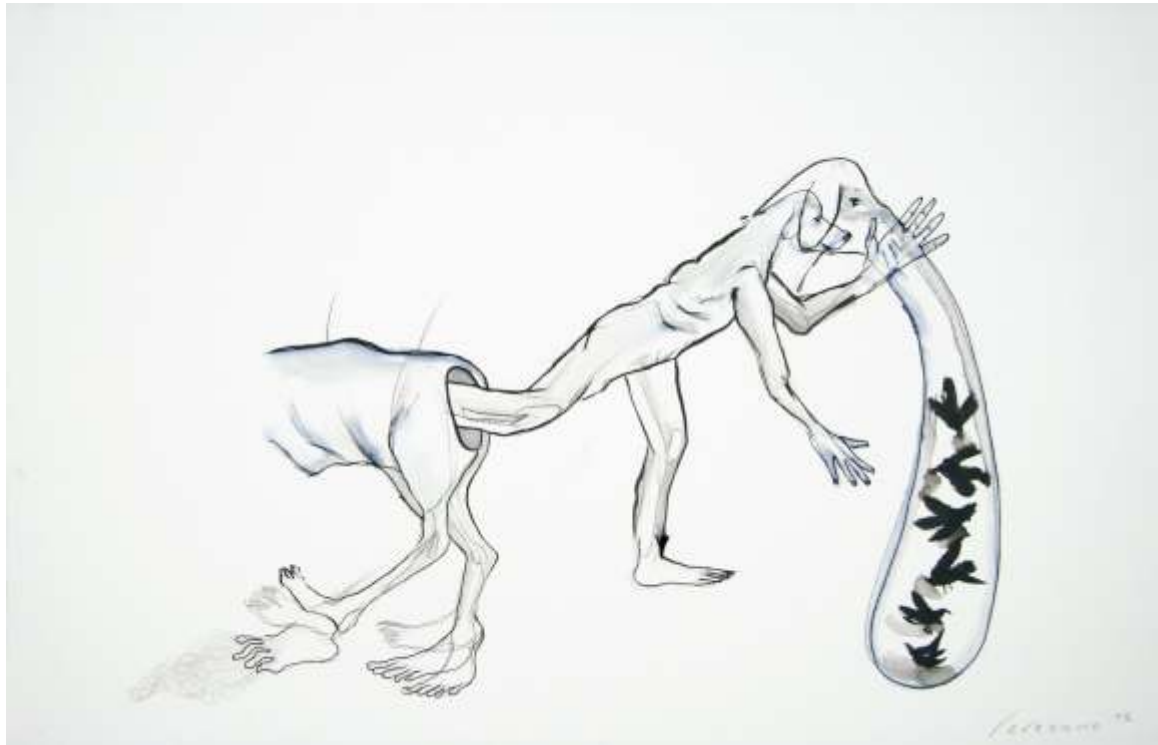
## Erik Jerezano

### Narrative?

Eric Jerezano made them up. He brought forth memories from his image bank and gave them physical presence. He gave form to hybridized creatures, bred from another culture and birthed through a channel that extended from his Mexican roots to present itself as an adoptable creation. Then he made them do things. He allowed them to develop right before our eyes, to transform from one fantastic being into another. Like a masterful shaman who guides the uninitiated through a transformation rite, Jerezano hints at how they came to be but like smoke before magical mirrors, the line, modeling and tints obliterate the exact manner of change. The perception is fogged so that what has transpired is not a surety. Jerezano remains the grand magician who holds the secret knowledge. The way these new creatures appear remains a mystery known only to the initiated.

Alakazam! A mediumistic evolution took place. Ritual magic, with the attendant masks, is coupled to the wonder of making marks on paper. With second sight, Jerezano communicated from the subterranean depths of the psyche. We had been invited to view the rites of passage but we are left with a feeling of suspense as if their may be yet another change.

There is a purity to the private tales of wonder that are played out upon the paper, as if a child had become so involved in his fantasy that it grew beyond his proportions and spoke back to him. This is a visual language a few steps removed from hieroglyphics and although the reading allows us entry into a narrative, the meaning is not clear. Jerezano offers us more information than can be ordered as he awes with the mutations of his characters.



Untitled 2: Fables Without Morals  
pastel, ink, pencil  
13"x20"  
2005

## Shauna Oddleifson

### Narrative?

Shauna Oddleifson's little girl has no guilt. Nor does Shauna as she scratches onto an etching plate or onto the oil stick ground and produces the images of innocence gone awry. Art when it voices violence serves the function of informing as well as clearing the conscience, much like the role of the confessional. This is not to imply that Shauna has left in her wake a myriad of dead little girl-friends but she may nonetheless have helped to clear the cosmic unconsciousness of some of the repercussive strain caused by our collective sins. The little girl wants more than she can have (greed) and connives into position (avarice) so that she is able to kill (murder) to get (steal) what she wants. Then she walks away from her crimes with the same smile on her face that she had when she walked in. This detached perpetration of wrong-doings is paralleled in wars, politics, business and numerous social situations so that the metaphoric allusions are blaringly relevant.

The work raises questions on many levels. Psychologically, the little girl by killing a female (a rival in Freudian terms as is 'the mother' to every little girl) gains first place in the hierarchy and is then able to command the attention of the male which leads to reproduction and hence the furthering of the species. Is this little girl that complex or is she simply *mean*? The competitive nature of mating with all of the trappings of beautification and wealth is cut to the quick with one foul swoop by Shauna Oddleifson's predatory female. There is a push off a slide, a knife in a belly, hair snipped or a tie to a tree as the little girl stands with a hammer in hand or digs the grave with a benign look of satisfaction. Is the gender pertinent? Since it's always a girl, it is. Does this say that women are wicked and conniving? The artist is a woman. She is simply using her own voice. This is where the simplicity lies and it is reinforced within the depiction a naïve primitive drawing style.

The psychological clearing is through a 'safe' medium. It is better to draw the fantasy than act it out. It is also mentally healthy to observe. As observer, the reaction is not one of disgust, but a hearty, somewhat maniacal glee. The acts are absurd. This little girl is just *too bad*, *too outrageous*. Identification is through a comic reaction. These little art works of little girls doing naughty, bad, nasty things are fun.

Perhaps it is because of the innocence implied in the child-like rendering, the timorous scratches, that Shauna Oddleifson's little girls don't alienate but rather - they draw in. The viewer becomes complicit in the bad girl's world for they are given the idea for the nasty act and then watch as the naughty child carries it out. The aftermath is the crowning evil, however, for the act is rarely fulfilling. There is more often than not just sheer waste as the outcome. A visual parable of cupidity with an eerie echo in our times.



Teddy Bear (part 1,2,3)  
oil stick on paper  
three panels, 5.5"x7.5" each  
2000

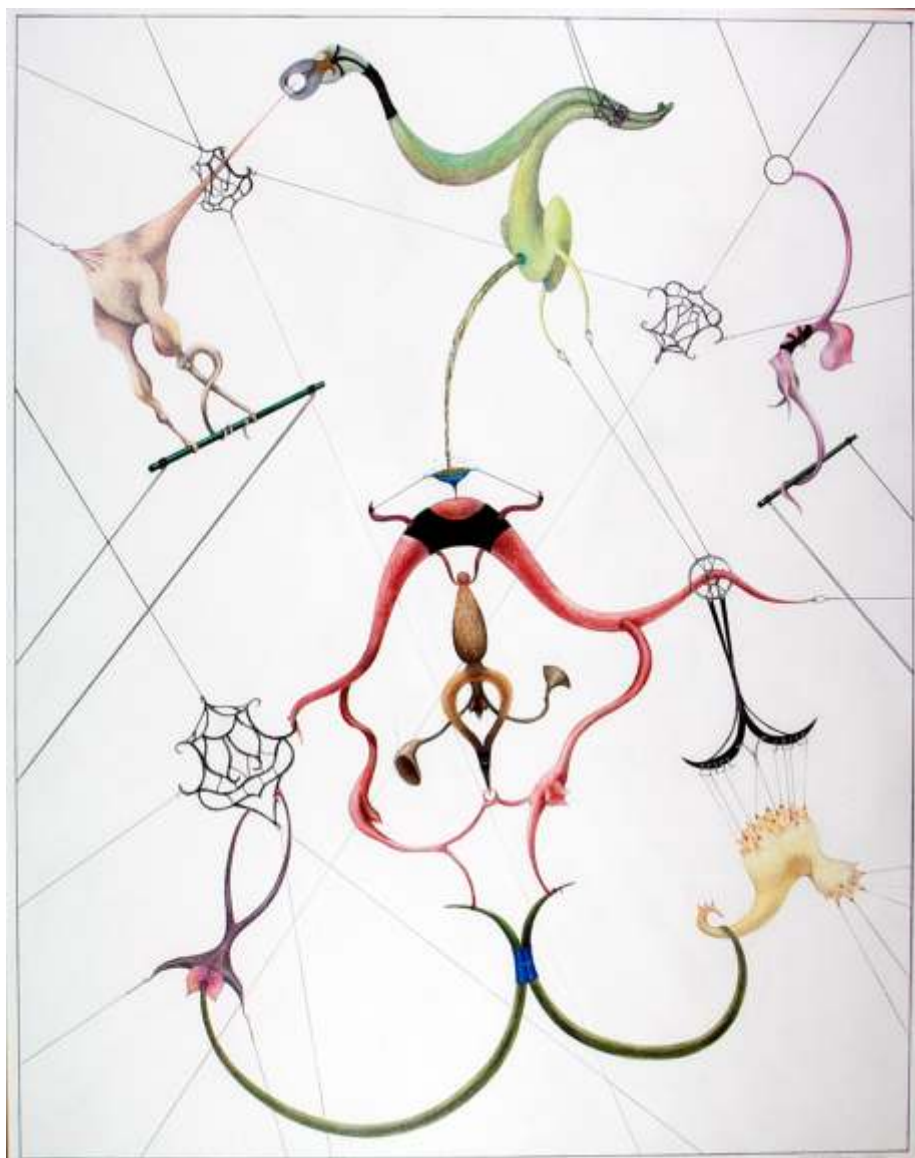
## Ruth Waldman

### Narrative?

With allusions to bondage, Ruth Waldman's trussed biomorphic forms are both playful and memorable like a good session of bondage carried out by an ardent lover. The forms, unattractive beings, provoke a fascination with their grotesqueness that is tempered by the range of colors (melon, mauve, tangerine, turquoise and pink). The saccharine tints, fine trussing, filigree couplings and curvaceous shapes draw one in for closer inspection, trusting that there will be pleasantries. But on inspection, the harnesses, pierces, lacings and pricks appear tighter and sharper. The colors describe flesh, filtered to fool and attract so that the plight of the misshapen is examined with delighted curiosity and titillated wonder. Having examined the strung-out little beings (even on large formats the characters are small), the residual taste is still not bitter; if anything it is sweeter, a near-morbid fascination. The delicate treatment of the rendering creates awe rather than revulsion despite the bulbous extrusions or stretched and wrinkled flaps.

The sexual innuendo is pointed. Corsets finely sculpt the bulbous forms. Skirts are parted, legs are spread and organs exposed. Veins reveal the pulse of excitement. Swellings plump up with juices. The manipulation of body parts is carried out with elegant trappings of torture, clean and precise.

The illusions to art history are many. There are flat floating memories of Paul Klee's zany creatures, Bosch's organic sprouting tendrils minus the moral overtones, Kandinsky's curves or medieval tapestries. Dr. Seuss is invoked with his illustrative charm gone wild in an orgy. Mechanical guy wires hold the balance in place within a white pristine space that suggests more beyond the borders of the paper. Who or what is exerting the tension?



Circus  
colored pencil on paper  
24"x18"  
2002

## Srdjan Segan

### Narrative?

It is such a long expanse - a magnificent stretch of paper like a royal welcome into drawing. The figures appear light for they are made of paper. They can be suspended by tape despite the monolithic proportions.

There will always be a part of these figures that is beyond focus so that the comparison of the sublime to a giant where human capacities cannot perceive his head is apt. Srdjan Segan's monochromatic giants require a physical exertion on the part of the viewer in order to comprehend them. A focused reading of the figures from any one point is impossible. Standing at the feet, the head will constantly be a blur. The body of the viewer must enter into the process of realization. It is necessary to move around or along these pieces, to walk the length of them, or if they are hung from the ceiling, to circle around their backs as if they were a piece of sculpture. Since Srdjan Segan is also a sculptor; it is not by accident that the roundness of perception has been acknowledged.

In the smaller works, the scale works similarly. The lankiness of the figure, slung like a bungee cord or a taut bow, because it has become so long also expands the imagined space that the paper represents. Srdjan creates a room for the preposterous elongations.

These figures are not comfortable. Vises and screws confine like medieval instruments of torture. The belly spills outside of the skin. The man or woman rumbles with the pain of sentience. It is an oppressive contrast to the thrill of the size. Monuments usually celebrate the grandeur of man not the amplification of man's failings. But that which is visceral and potentially unpalatable, having grown, becomes acceptable, even admirable. It is impossible to be ambivalent as the visuals physically project into space to connect.

A master of illusions to the sublime, Srdjan Segan shares his Eastern European roots. Within these bold black and white pieces, there exists a testimony to the enduring struggles of mankind, an affirmation of monumentality and an exhibition of a natural draftsmanship.



Installation  
*Headbones*, The Drawers project room was generously provided by:  
The Jain Family and Gykan Enterprises as part of Atria Developments  
2006

## Scott Waters

### Narrative?

A boyish commentary covers the floral wallpaper with insistence. It is an adamant insertion of masculinity onto domestic fussiness. The submarines, planes, burning fields and black clouds of smoke with the seemingly strategic placement of the visuals (as if they are engaged in battle) are energetically more important than the back drop. Even the birds and animals feel rugged as if they were a memory from a boy scout outing. The overlays are brilliantly painted and the admiration of a facile hand creates another layering as the adept rendering connotes talent and practice. The military imagery upon the feminine patterns manipulates our gender precepts with the slight confusion of a confrontation with a cross-dresser. The work has an out-of-sync component that doesn't quite allow the allusions to the hallucinations of a bed-ridden boy to rest in the land of simple imaginative ruminating. There is social commentary behind the juxtapositions.

Based on his life as a soldier and accurate to the extent of verging on illustration, the loose handling of the ground (taped and ragged edged wallpaper) with its imperfect familiarity sets up the scenes. It is an invitation to further the narrative. The individual pieces can be placed strategically as well. There is room for a second creation, a pitting of machines with the wilderness as they are hung. Unlike the solidity of a mural or fresco and yet not quite a picture hanging on a wall, the wallpaper panels further the metaphors as they act, as wallpaper was intended, as wall dressings.

Whose room is this? A schizophrenic psyche is present.



Death From Above  
acrylic and tape on wallpaper  
17"x23"  
2004



## Results Of The Headhunt, April 22 - May 23, 2006

### A Selection of Heads

There are artists who are known for their heads - Chuck Close, Alex Katz, Angus Bungay, Cynthia Karalla or Ann Kipling where a primary source of their research and practice has been the human physiognomy. They are hanging on our walls, a result of the headhunt. This generation of heads came after the tradition of portraiture where egoism and historical record-keeping motivated the use of heads as subject.

*Headbones, The Drawers* presents a portrait attributed to Sir Joshua Reynolds and documents the search for it's authenticity, but this is not a portrait show. *The Results of the Headhunt* brings forward a selection from artists who have succumbed to the irresistible urge to headhunt, to have a head to hang up, 'a head of one's own' to examine with all of the ramifications of expression, execution, subject, and association that they embody.



Harold Klunder, Untitled, gesso, ink watercolor, 32x23 in., 1983



Gord Smith, Untitled, ink on paper, 23.5x18 inches, c.1950

## Sergio Finamore

### Results of the Headhunt

Within the spirit of the wild west and with a hint of Picasso's deft execution, Sergio Finamore, who comes from the group of edgy Vancouver artists associated with the Grunt Gallery and the original Headbones show "Golden Memories," delivers a deep visual commentary with a minimum of well placed, lucid components. With elegant expressive lines, he wows with the physical twists and turns of figures that are heads from back to front and head to toe. These dominant heads mutate within their own bodies as well as joining in with other heads. Mentally pertinent and boldly secure in the right to contort, Finamore's drawings cut to the chase.

The action of the heads is the focus of Finamore's discussion although the way that they are depicted acting out places the whole scenario in a far more sophisticated context. On a pristine, snowy-white sheet of paper, manufactured to support elevated imagery, surely, if the barely-cream bed is any indication of who should lay on it - Sergio draws with controlled, spare lines. They are so rarified as to insinuate that to say more would be uncouth and that to say just this much is in extremely good taste. On some, he carries this heightened status a step further into a quantifiable obfuscation with a restraining black wash firmly cutting down on any voyeurism that might be provoked by his cavorting heads. By setting the action in this elevated arena of appreciation, Finamore seemingly presumes that no matter how refined, the action still revolves around inanities - the head dipping into the underwear for a peek or the prance of a self conscious head with the tongue of another in tow. With muscular thighs, square jaws and well toned arms (what more could an active head need?) the determined yank of the leader on the squirming tongue of the led, can be a metaphor for many relationships. Read literally, the voice of one is held under control by another. Read metaphorically, there it is - the sexual power elements to most human dynamics striding towards the picture plane. If they seem about to cross over into virtual reality, well, really, there's little cause for apprehension for they've already done so! The identification is easy for the rendition is succinct with just enough tongue-in-cheek to make the statements of compromise and bewilderment, palatable. The embarrassment is ameliorated by a "there, but for fortune goes you or I" sentiment.



"Happy Time"  
ink on paper  
22 x 15 in  
2006

## Harold Klunder

### Results of the Headhunt

Solidly rooted in the abstract, secure with traditional mediums and referencing historical precedents as part of his daily art practice, Harold Klunder's work, despite this directness, is as mysterious as the masks of primitive people.

This selection of heads exudes a mysterious attraction like the gut wrenching pull of an impossible seduction that comes with a love affair. Because the works are seated within familiar formats of modernism and because this is a route best understood by other artists, the appeal of a Klunder is tinged by a particular brand of narcissism parented by creativity and intellectualism. To 'catch' a Klunder requires the initiation that comes from inclusion in the rarified club of those who understand the language of abstract expressionism. If this comprehension is intuitive it is the subjective response of a creative mind to the piece of art. If the understanding is intellectual, it is swayed from the pursuit of unnecessary objectivity towards a more visceral understanding of the work through the adamant physicality. Either approach or, more likely a combination of both, brings about the same result - a touch that awakens areas in the psyche that needed the robust brush stroke or the painterly gesture in order to be roused. Once wakened the draw to cross over from the confines of individualism and into the realms of the rich unknown are hard to resist. All that is part of the world of painting and drawing - the messiness, the joy, the working out, the past imperfect that cries out to be held down with a definitive "yes!" while the smell of oils and charcoal affect reason - becomes irresistible.

Harold Klunder is an artist's artist. Standing in front of a Klunder is an opportunity to understand the urge for abstraction. It is summed up simply as 'freedom of expression'. A "Klunder" makes an artist out of a viewer for he introduces a complicit atmosphere. Within these heads, there is the visual documentation of a searching mind. There is the wrapping up of the discovery, the point when the search has been satisfied and the case can be closed, for this time, in this drawing, before the next search takes place.

Consumed by expression, Harold Klunder creates works on paper that are rife with spirits, demons and psychological phantoms that present haunting auras and leave a memorable after draft.



Untitled  
gesso, watercolour, ink, oilstick on paper  
22 x 22 in  
2002

## Judith Page

### Results of the Headhunt

The title 'Finalists' suggests a group near the end of a competitive process that will eventually reveal who are at the top of the list - the real prize winners. Their faces are adolescent, a period when insecurity reigns as the body plummets into the changes brought on by unaccustomed adult physiques. The dress and demeanor of adulthood is adopted while the small pleasures of childhood are quashed in order to prepare for assimilation into the adult world of getting and winning. It is a time when competition, with the attendant awareness of measures of worthiness, takes over from the self consumed assurance of childhood needs.

These finalists were competing to be Mouseketeers. Walt Disney searched the public schools of America to find them, insisting that the Mousketeers be 'regular kids' and not actors. With a best-foot-forward look on their face, these kids locked horns in order to see who would score the highest in contests of talent, articulation and charm so that they might have the honor of wearing mouse ears, appearing on television and becoming the admired idols of their peers. What an American dream! What a measure of value! What an honor, to don vermin ears and profess allegiance with a rousing military chorus to a cartoon mouse.

Judith Page translates sixties' phenomena into images of beauty and beastliness. Her renditions of proud competitors hoping to please invoke a nostalgic examination of American myth making. The glamorization of childhood fixations is paired with the culturally driven desire to deconstruct and make sense of things. When Page places a ghostly pale, pepto-bismol glaze over the faces of the American hopefuls of yesteryear, she clarifies the differences between the expectations of a nation programmed to believe in success and one that has had to accept the embarrassments of not making it to the last round untainted. The banner that was to be held 'high, high, high, high' is fluttering limply. The stuffed toy pride is sticky and if these are the finalists, the losers might be in pretty poor shape.

The adolescent pride of the Mouseketeer contestants reflected the comparative innocence of the sixties. These faces invoke compassion and pity rather than contumely. However, to look into the eyes of dreams and see the gawky reflection of an ironic present glazing the pupil is an awkward revelation.



Finalist #25  
gesso, acrylic, tar gel and graphite on paper  
9.75 x 7.75 in  
2005/06

## Gord Smith

### Results of the Headhunt

Gord Smith scribbled and muddied these heads like the creator in an 'off' or even flippant mood. This slip in omnipotence encompassed the breadth and width of being human. Like a mouthful, masticated and regurgitated, the senses discombobulate. Despite the thorough painterly pummeling, the images don't give cause for worry. They are, instead, amusing, like a pie in the face. This is not a statement reflecting victimization but empowerment. The drawings strike with the totalitarianism of a grand freedom gesture. Gord Smith, in a mental release of frustration messed up these faces and with the inherent right of a young man to let go of strictures, was liberated. The drawings cross over the lines of social restraint. The act is indulgent. The artist, being true to himself, gives back a statement of integrity.

Gord Smith is best known for his sculpture. Based on theoretical constructs that he has perfected throughout his formidable career and with a head of modernistic steam, he has forged a three dimensional legacy. The strength of the sculptural work is founded on a life long practice of two dimensional work such as these heads, works on paper from the fifties. They bare the true grit of the times, when the plastic surface was being explored with uncommon ferocity. Dark, intense depictions, they reveal a gamut of emotions, from ludicrous to enigmatic.

These are the drawings of an artist who has since passed beyond the moments that inspired their creation to arrive at a more logical, less emotional expression. They are like fertilizer, messy and scatological; they contributed to healthy growth. They are infantile - honest, uncontrived, immediate and impossible to duplicate at a later stage in life. They cleared out the stuck matter of an emotional moment and plopped it upon paper, freeing the psyche and passing the dross on to be viewed, a testament to humanness. They are an aesthetic turn-around for they read as powerful, strong, commanding, mature and wise beyond their years. They reflect uninhibited visual understanding and unabashed frankness.



Untitled  
India ink on paper  
24 x18 in  
circa 1950

## Jenny Wing Yee Tong

### Results of the Headhunt

The placement of a donkey's head on a human body is imbedded in the western lore of fairytales, enchantment and children's stories. For example, Shakespeare had Oberon, king of the forest, bring the fairy Queen Titania back under his amorous sway by placing the braying beast's head upon a player's shoulders and tricking her into an embarrassing liaison with the donkey. Pinocchio was pulled from a path of wrong living by the example of truant boys transformed into donkeys. A brash voice, far from mellifluous, stupidity, slowness and stubbornness are the poor beast's attributes. Its position within the beastly hierarchy has been that of a peon - one of toil and basic portage. But there is also a magical aspect to a donkey that might be based on its potential for transformation. Being so lowly, like frog to prince, the donkey, from its rung down the ladder of evolution when it comes to human enchantments, might be raised and transformed.

The subjects are fabulous, fable-lesque, from fables that Wing Yee has spun from a combination of eastern and western legends. When the butterfly's wing, dusted by fairies, reflects the light of the moon or sun shine bounces on the back of a beetle, Jenny Wing Yee Tong's colors were created. With the pastel overtones of Degas' palette, filaments of luminosity describe fantasies. There are many layers of translucent paint on thin membranes of paper. The Wing Yee palette is primarily pastel. The dense dark fur and solid structure of the donkey when placed in more ethereal contexts stands out as a firm reminder of the propensity to ignore the humble animal. While Jenny's donkey heads maintain their footing within the ephemeral, gossamer environments where candelabras are the pivot for décor, allusions to tales yet untold abound. Wing Yee, with a surefooted delicacy wends her painterly way through nuances of conciliation and the cares of existence dissipate with the flutter of an eyelash or a butterfly kiss preserved on paper, still fragile and dewy with belief, dispelling all of our excuses of superiority. Wing Yee embraces the donkey and in doing so is a catalyst for the frog to turn princely.



The Fatalist  
Mixed media on vellum  
36 x 24 in  
2005

## A Selection of Heads

### Results of the Headhunt

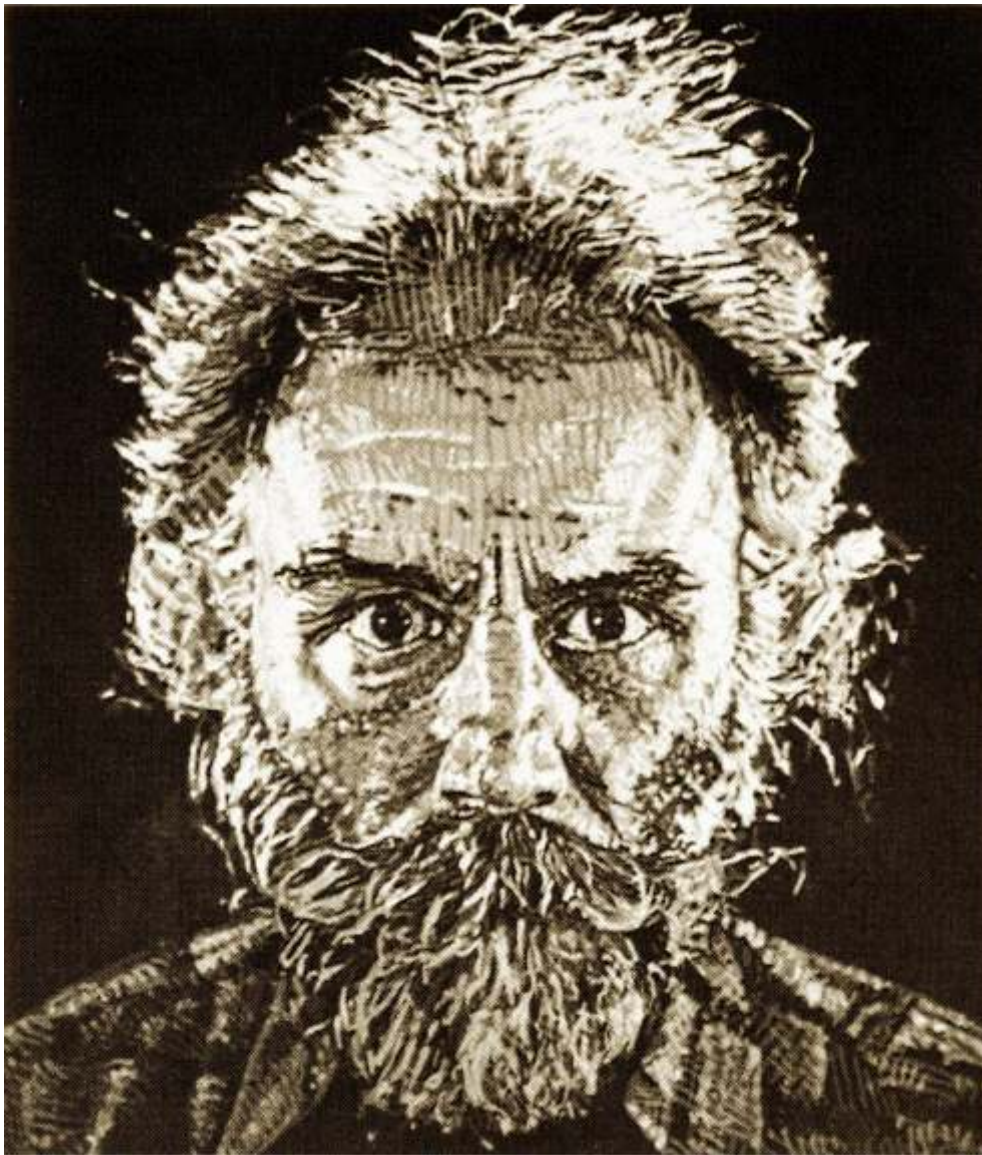
It feels important, as if the grand art historian is taking notes from on high. There are heads that are already in the limelight. Chuck Close is present with his hand having cut the lino blocks for a self portrait and a frizzle hair rendition of Lucas Samara.

Mehrad Meraji, with Chuck Close bravado, has rendered himself staring out with more confidence than his young years would signal. Hanging beside him, his father, also an artist, confronts with the same uncompromising gaze.

Gertrude Kearns, known for her strong abstract work, turned to portraits with commitment this year with the John Bentley Mays portraits. The well recognized visage of the art critic, whose eyes have scanned so many Torontonians art works, now locks with frontal formality.

Cherry Hood is another luminary. Her large watercolor heads of bleary eyed children clutch at the heart strings.

In many respects Oliver Girling's "Smoke and Mirrors" sums it up. The recognizable artwork, Picasso-esque lines, Matisse patterns, a woman (the muse) and the whole practice of making art - is it substantial, essential, virtually pertinent or is it smoke and mirrors?



Chuck Close - Lucas, 1988

*Reduction block linocut*

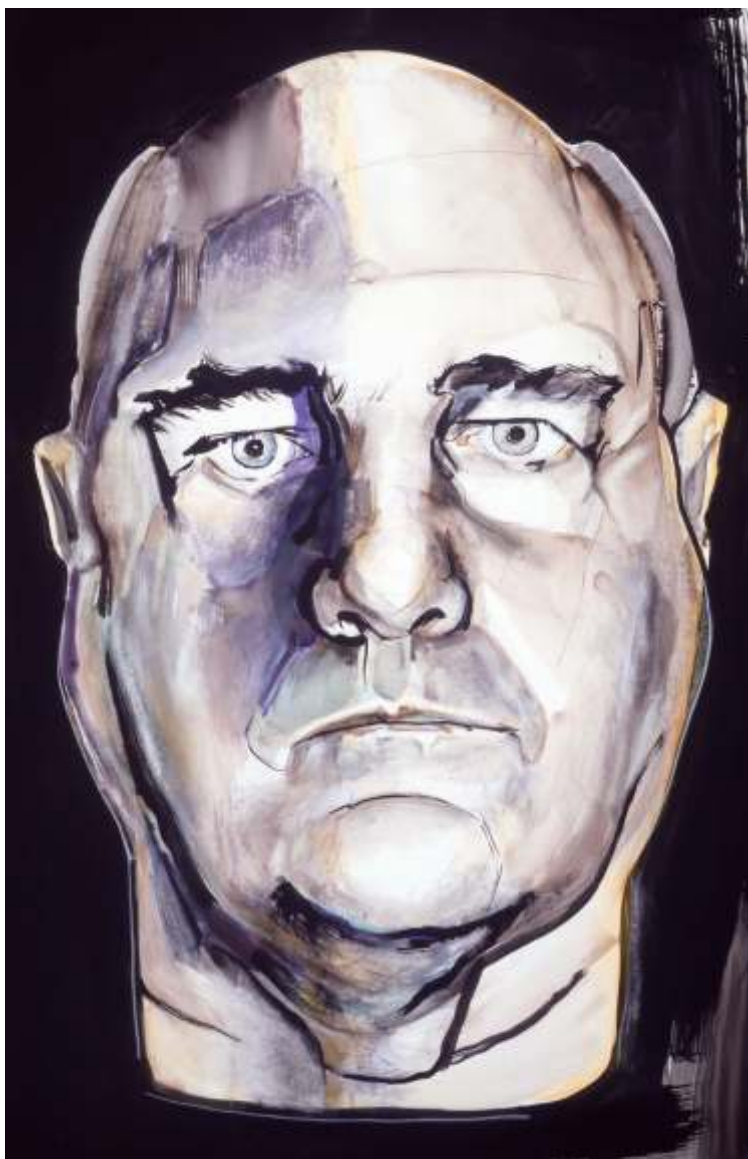
Paper Size: 31 x 22 inches

Image Size: 14 1/4 x 12 1/4 inches

Edition of 50, Published by Pace Editions, Inc.



Mehrad Meraji - The Father  
Charcoal on paper  
38 x 28 in  
2005

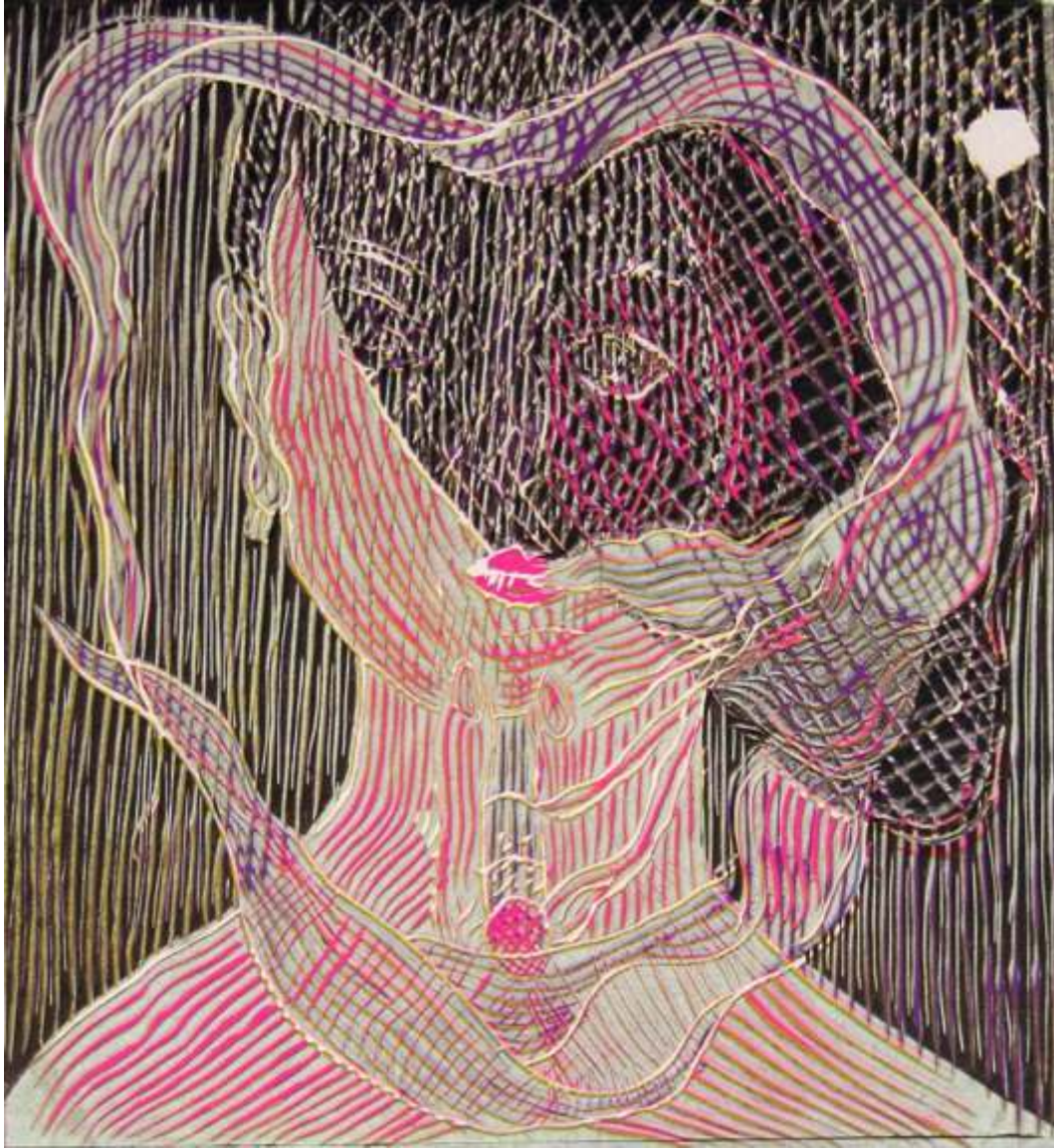


Gertrude Kearns - #9  
The John Bentley Mays Portraits  
Ink & acrylic  
60 x 40 in, 2005  
Courtesy: Lehmann Leskiw Fine Art



Cherry Hood - Untitled  
Watercolour on paper  
30 x 24 in  
2004

Courtesy: Lehmann Leskiw Fine Art



Right - She Smokes My Brand  
*Multi-colour wood block print, Edition Proof*  
14.5 x 15.5 in  
1988



## Situation, Positioning, Location, May 25 - June 24, 2006

As summer approaches and the nomad movements of urbanites seek their country respites, *Headbones, The Drawers* traces the imagery that comes from our personal situations, which affected through positioning, results in location. Primarily landscape based, this exhibition extrapolates on an essentially vague theme and links the works of ten diverse oeuvres.



Front: Daphne Gerou, *Scout Party*, graphite on paper, 30x40 in., 2005

## Daniel Anhorn

### Situation, Positioning, Location

Everything is allowed and all is possible when the hand is accomplished and the future bright. Borrowing from everywhere, the world is a treasure trove of images and meaning easily embedded in the disciplines of fine art. There is a transmittable thrill in Anhorn's Volkswagen vans, in the rendition of Gollum holding his ears, even in the straight and precise architectonic renderings of snow fences or show jumps.

The Volkswagens, bigger than a toy, but not quite as big as the real thing, offer the opportunity to peruse the ability to cruise. What could be a more succinct way to encapsulate the freedom of being on the move than to use the visual of a Volkswagen van? Ripe with nostalgia, wearing the badges of adventure in every knick and dent, the Volkswagen van is a signifier of a time when the weight of responsibility was light enough to be able to shed it from the shoulders and flee for greener pastures. There is wobbliness in the execution, a shimmer of movement or the nearness of anthropomorphic transformation. The vans have character. Their slightly fuzzy windows, bouncy wheels and wonky accessories grant them personalities. These are the vans that were named by their owners with a "good old" used as the term of endearment.

The clear and aloof precision in the fences and howitzer pad are proof that the allowance for characterization is granted only with permission from the artist. The discipline required to detail the howitzer pad, although constrained and an evident labor to execute, is delivered with such a mechanical semblance that the effort doesn't get in the way of the appreciation of the visual. The admiration at work-well-done remains intact, doesn't impart strain but rather, a fascination with the strange superimposition of construction on the landscape - a "what a piece of work is man" sensation. That the fences are designed to hold back avalanches is an example of exercising control over natural phenomena, yet the presentation is unburdened by didactics. There isn't a point of view, but a visual affirmation of the right to curiosity.

Anhorn can draw - tight, cool and precise or with wit and embellishment. The way to change the situation, in Anhorn's work, comes from the object utilized to facilitate the change.



Volkswagen (Red)  
watercolor pencil on paper  
26 x 40 in  
2005

## Peter Reginato

### Situation, Positioning, Location

With a cartoon-like rendering forming bulbous profiles that appear to have been morphed from reason into realms of fancy, Reginato melds the lightness of being into the weighty resonance of sculpture. Despite the biomorphic associations, Peter Reginato's work stays solidly rooted in the plastic realms. He builds perspective into the drawings so that certain elements appear to recede into the distance (small goes back, big forward because they are juxtaposed to do so). When turned into sculpture he retains this perspective so that not only is there the three dimensional, *actual* receding into space but also the implied. This makes for playfulness, a hip trickiness that lends character to the forms.

Modernist design with the freedom of combinations between hard edge and organic, bring to mind the historical masters, Brancusi, Calder, Arp, Kandinski and Paul Klee. There is a surrealist notion present with the landscape relationship a dream one, not necessarily attached or bound by gravity - an affair rather than a marriage. The outlines and candy colors are pop. Reginato has managed to encompass the most important influences of this age and brand the combination without losing freshness. Conversely, within the gaiety of the forms, there is a very large presence implied. The confidence of a confirmed modern style supports the bursts of fun with the virile implications of a masculine hand.

By presenting his vision as sculpture, often massive, he commands serious attention that recycles back into the drawings for once acquainted with Reginato's work, it is difficult not to think of sculpture. Twists and turns traversed through space, juts, holes and architectonics - all inherent in the third dimension - bring the conversation that the artists has engaged with the work into the concepts of situations, positioning and location. From his bank of relevant knowledge of art history and an awareness of his fashioning, Reginato has gathered diverse trends under an umbrella so styled that it declares it's maker on first glance. The work is firmly located amongst the mass of contemporary fine art. It is easily located. It has inspired a nomenclature. A 'reginato'. Clearly positioned.



8-28-03  
tempera and charcoal on matteboard  
32 x 40 in

## Robin Tewes

### Situation, Positioning, Location

Robin Tewes has been on a dogged pursuit of understanding with a Zen persistence that interprets her research with the simplicity of a Koan. As in a Koan, the original question posed has an element of the nonsensical and yet the answer is an illumination. What makes up the domestic environment? Since the rooms that Robin Tewes draws represent an interior where the majority of North American women spend their days - the furniture is mid-range, even the size seems 'normal' - and noticing that she has drawn and painted these typical spaces for years - what has her search revealed? The pieces speak the answers in the aberrations from normality that occur within the picture frame, like a message read between the lines or a subliminal voice-over.

To have recorded these spaces connotes that she has observed and documented them. Has she invented rooms, or are they rooms remembered where the details are specifically tied to impressions that were large enough to leave a mark on her consciousness? The insignificant details would have faded away so that the import of the room leapt forward and assumed the attention. To read the messages scribed on the walls (or in an instance on a table top) requires an attention to detail. Often the words have been written and then erased as if the significance of the message is not worthy of being viewed or, if it is a visual, the relationship to the environment is tangential as in the ink blot images. A timorous stance has been taken to the intrusive presence. It is revealing and necessary to spend the time reading, for this is not a loudly proclaimed declaration of being. The walls are whispering. What do they whisper? They say that they have forgotten something, they ask why he is always late, they list the groceries and they talk about art. At the same time as the Cy Twombly-like scribble registers, the words themselves communicate the artist's thoughts about her discipline.

Within quiet domestic environments, aesthetically arranged, chosen with a particular eye for order and cleanliness, in the intact, pristine expressions of place - Robin Tewes is firm and exact in her presentation of her world. She turns the potential to be picayune, the nonsensical aspect of her Koan, into a dignified illumination. It is the skew in the picture that heightens the revelation - the scribbled insistent messages, often confused and muddled like the niggles of things lost or a reminder to focus - on art, on love, on anything outside of the perfect pristine, seemingly normal, room.



"Pink on Pink"

Robin Turner '96

Pink on Pink  
gouache on 29x23 inch paper  
Image size 10.75 x 9.5 inches  
1996

## John Torreano

### Situation, Positioning, Location

“Lucy in the sky with diamonds”, “like a diamond in the sky”, or “diamonds are a girl's best friend” are popular well worn phrases. Gems have powerful associations. In Torreano's paintings and sculptures there are three dimensional facsimiles of emeralds, sapphires, rubies, topazes and other precious gems whose names are exotic and conjure visions of wealth and grandeur. In the works on paper, Torreano's watercolor gems are unattached, floating free and where there is a dark blue background - constellations and their relation to the signs of the zodiac, birthstones and destiny is an obvious reference to clairvoyant research.

Torreano's search in the jewel box also has a scientific, engineering orientation. He relates to cuts and facets. He has chosen a subject that has an infinite number of variables to explore - an inner and outer definition of space, color, reflection, transparency and opaqueness. Monetary association aside, a gem is, with austere physical complexity, challenging subject matter. It is the ultimate still life. As an artist, Torreano takes his comparatively rough tools and with his experience, he undertakes the fashioning of light, the depiction of miraculous substance.

Torreano's gem obsession has not hypnotized his objectivity. He presents the gems with distance. He grants space to his renderings with a conscious displaying of his collection so that each jewel is presented on the paper like a painting on a wall in a white cube gallery. The floating gem next door doesn't interfere with the appreciation of the gem-at-hand. It is, however, somewhat compromised by the attraction of the neighboring jewel with its seductive allure providing fertile ground for new longings. The response is a fervent reminder of the Gollum theory; “my precious” was the term that the lop-eared creature gave to the object that had captured his desire. Torreano's gems are a gentle reminder of our desire to possess, a desire that can overtake reason and stew in the head with smoldering insistence. But as we ponder, the wonder of physical phenomenology quells with the intervention of fine art.



Gems  
watercolor and pencil on paper  
22.5x30 in  
1996

## Lorne Wagman

### Situation, Positioning, Location

The 'bounty of the hunt' paintings that proliferated in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, Jean Baptiste Simeon Chardin, Jean Baptiste Weenix or Frans Snyder turned to dead animals as subject matter with the romanticism of the kill associated with the pride of man in his dominion over the birds and the beasts. Lorne Wagman's "Dead Rabbit", lying as if it had tripped and fallen mid-stride in a playful leap through the field, is the direct opposite. Rather than lording above the bestiary, Wagman's work identifies. It is evident even when it is flora rather than fauna. It requires the dedication of close encounters to understand and record the squiggles and squirms of the bush. With the sensitive lines of a competent draftsman, Lorne Wagman passes over to those not calm enough to spend the time observing the comings and goings of nature or to those not brave enough to endure the outdoor distractions of weather - a complex eco system where weeds have a spot as relevant as death and trees become symbols for the sublime.

Lorne double-lines the miniscule and hence it assumes a greater significance. A blade of grass is outlined rather than rendered with a singular line. There is the memory of a hymn - "God sees the little sparrows fall" in the renderings for there is equanimity in place. Whether it is a weed, rock or cloying lichen, each is treated like an individual. These are crowds of portraits with the identity of each element as important as the mass. Each patch is different from the next attesting to the attention paid in the divine creation. "The humble shall inherit the earth." There are many biblical notions in this work for who but one who is sufficiently humble to listen and look would be granted the particular powers of observation to discern between blades or leaves or branches? With the rigor of a monk-like discipline and unwavering focus, Wagman conducts his practice in sync with his lifestyle and does indeed inherit great riches - the talent to communicate the concerns of the creator through his art.



Rock & Moss  
watercolour on paper  
22 x 30 in  
2005

## Ben Woolfitt

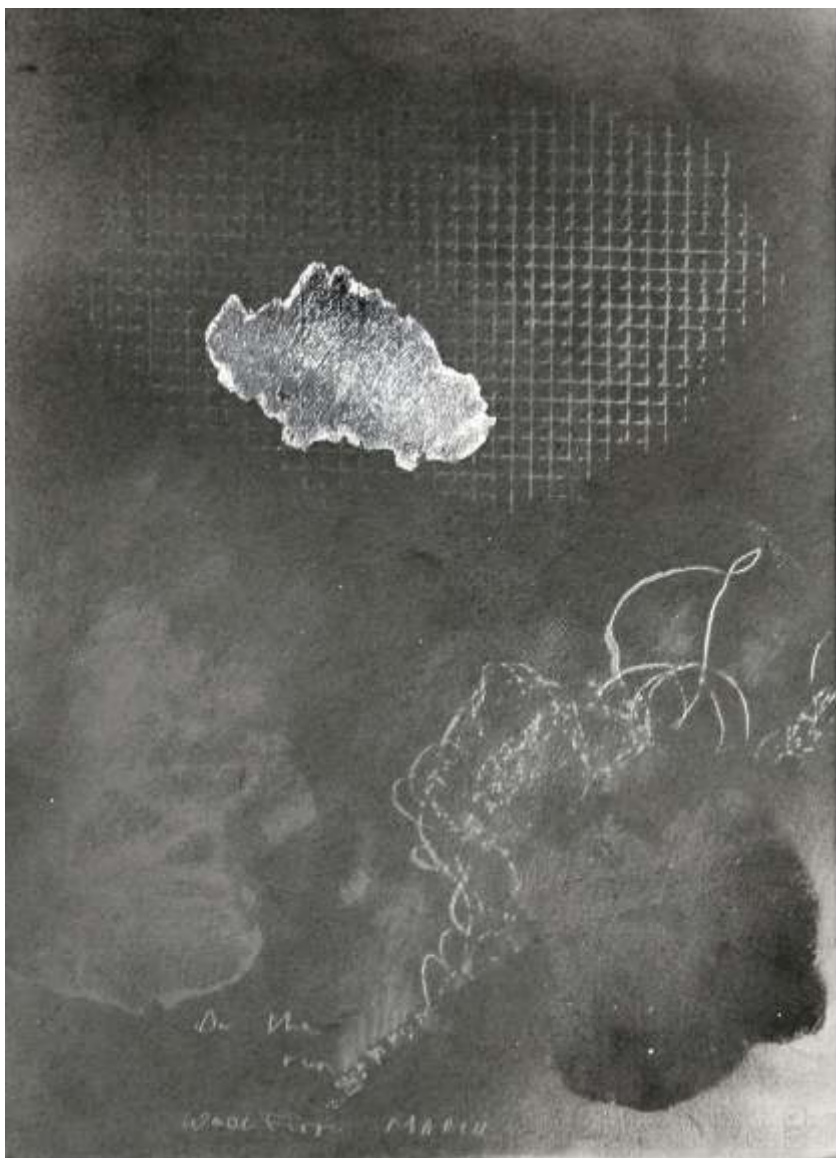
### Situation, Positioning, Location

The drama of a thunder storm with forks of lightening, the dense dark muffle of graphite with the impressions of leaves, netting and threads forming map-like areas over which silver clouds lurk or spinning tornadoes whisk upwards to explode like fireworks - Ben Woolfitt's drawings evoke rather than depict.

When coal dust is rubbed until it turns silver, alchemy is at work. Ben Woolfitt's wizardry runs through his practice. In the early dawn light he opens his great book and sparks ignite with the rubbing and scribing of abstract diagrams. The result begs to be deciphered as if the dark, rubbed impressions are pulsing beneath the surface of the paper, a nether illumination. There are illusions to magic in the imagery as well, the poof of the wand, a strike of lightening as cosmic forces come into play or the faint light cast by an elfin leaf glowing with fairy dust. There are stellar associations, sci-fi and x-ray perceptions. Art, comparable to the philosopher's stone, is the transformative tool that changes base matter into gold. Ben Woolfitt turns graphite into silver. From his early morning consciousness, he plants the seeds of impending dusk. These works, torn from the binding of the daily-kept journals of images (each morning, as the cities sleep, he records the nuance of dreams beginning to cool) are like an anthropologist's link to an undiscovered civilization or the interpretations of a priest as he ponders the resurrection.

The drawings shed. The graphite is still fresh and falls on the handlers. The pages have a brittle aspect as if they have been rubbed enough and can take no more manipulating or as if they are black and blue from bruising. Their surface is nearly reflective for Woolfitt has burnished the surface until it glows like coal before it ignites into flame. They are poetic pieces. They demand a poetic explanation. They beg for protection.

This is an abstract moment, a confrontation with sorcery funneling the inclination to make sense of natural phenomena. The work thrills with the materials. The silver foil glitters. The pencil ensorcells. The situation is difficult to pin down, the positioning is abstract and the location is universal.



On The Run  
graphite and silver foil on paper  
14 x 21 in  
2006



## Beauty & Obsession, September 7 - October 10, 2006

Beauty and Obsession meet each other in the realms of love and art, realms where an allowance is made for the indiscretion of indulgences. *Headbones, The Drawers* addresses Beauty and Obsession through the subject, the technique, the aesthetic and the body in the works of Aleks Bartosik, Carin Covin, Johann Feught, Alan Glicksman, Catherine Hahn, Shelagh Keeley, Jodi Panas, Heidi Thompson, Gord Smith, and Kerry Stevens. Each of these artists has their approach and specific concern where the obsessive nature of creating art is placed at the beck and call of our notions of Beauty.



Gord Smith, *Universe*, wood dowel, 22x10x10 in., 2005

## Aleks Bartosik

### Beauty & Obsession

These are provoking drawings, rebellious stances that push unconventional beauty into our face. They are pugilistic with the boxing gloves loaded - clenched fists ready to punch. They're masochistic and appeal to the sadistic side of our psyche, that unacknowledged cry to be beaten and receive the full brunt of nastiness and humiliation. Aleks Bartosik reconciles the opposites of human grossness and glamour with the dramatic brashness of size and theatrical composition. Primarily focusing on fleshy female nudes with bland skin who are caught in awkward positions that suggest a tangential perversity, they, nonetheless, exude a sexy allure and it is in this respect that 'unconventional beauty' comes into play. They appeal to the fascination of a big naughtiness like a Roman overindulgence that is so over-the-top that it is destined to implode but tastes delicious until that final cut is made.

Alice went down the rabbit hole and in Wonderland she met up with grotesques, exaggerations of the world as she had left it. There was always a resemblance to the 'real' world but the skewing raised questions, entrapments, predicaments and drugged perceptions that begged to be acknowledged. Alice, a pretty little blonde girl, confronted the unusual, fascinated with the revelations. Aleks Bartosik is taking a similar trip and allowing herself to be tempted to explore. Whenever "why not?" is asked, she indulges her curiosity and hence furthers the voyeuristic interests of the viewers. The presentation of her compromised females - fat and clumsy, pinioned and stuck, gloved for battle but hung, or small before a beastly headless adversary, allows the contemplation of gothic possibilities without a self-righteous prod. There is no moral. There is no need to rescue. There is only the shock, the recoil, and then the step forward for a closer inspection.



Learning To Conform  
*conte, pencil, oil stick on paper*  
225 x 150 cm  
2003

## Carin Covin

### Beauty & Obsession

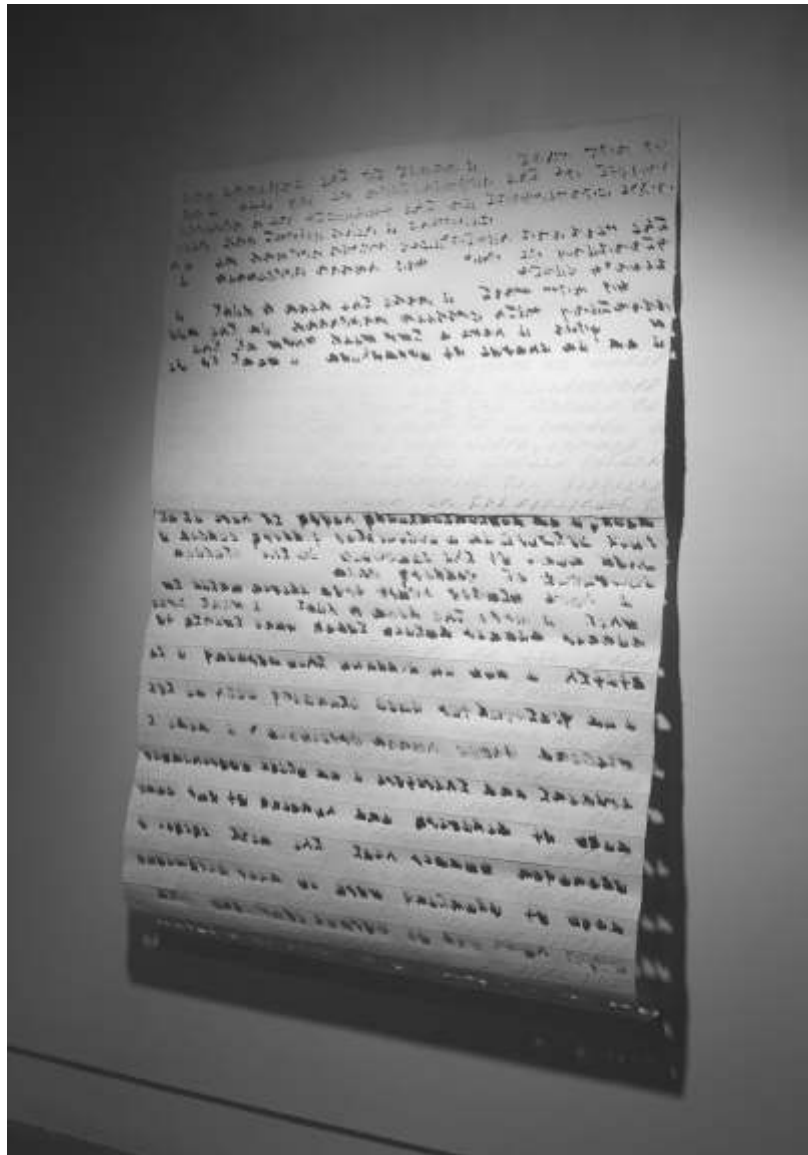
Historically, the first scripts grew out of patterns, simplified shapes that roughly depicted things from the physical world. They were scratched into mud or sand with twigs, gouged onto wood and wall or chiseled from stone. They contained messages, communicating between humans. Carin Covin's work has previously dealt with patterns, repetition of shapes that often formed an all-over field. This new body of work implies messages for although the marks read as shapes - the origin of the shape seems to be letters. On light paper, sewn with white filmy thread or cut away like lace; they, nonetheless, have a weighty significance and the actual profiles of the 'letters' resemble inscriptions from tombs or temples, from the Western or the Eastern worlds, from ancient to present languages, and seem to be derived from familiar yet foreign scripts. The placement of the origin of this muffled talk is impossible without a dictionary to guide translation. There is, however, a sacred tome intonation, a secret spell aura, as if these are magic words that could be a key to understanding and have been strategically placed before our neophyte vision to decipher.

The removal of the letter-like shapes, cut from the paper with precision, pasted on new strips, or sewn on character by character, furthers the impression of a ritualistic handling of the material. Clearly, it was a painstaking task, a labor of love, to make these pieces, like the names of lovers carved as a public announcement of private passion.

Covin's letters are like birds flying in straight lines. They can create shadows, the light can shine through them, they have dimension and they could come loose and drop to earth if they weren't stitched into place.

These pieces have a wondrous effect. The simple white or graphite gray has ceremonious associations; weddings, Far Eastern death rituals, Catholic convocations, christenings, and then there are the natural associations; snow flakes, crystals, icing, spider webs, moths, doves. The dove is very present for there seems to be a peaceful missive delivered within these beautiful pages.

Poetry and song as it veers to the purity of abstraction has similarities with Carin Covin's paper pieces when they take the tangential turn from description to impressionism. These pieces are flights of flocking, feathery, whispers. They bring words to mind and the love of beauty to heart.



Word Spoken  
hand-cut paper collage  
72 x 44.5 in  
2005

## Alan Glicksman

### Beauty & Obsession

The quotidian round is inescapable. It is a task itself, work, to get rid of the niggling characters who constantly converse in the head. Alan Glicksman upsets the apple cart. He spills the beans. He regurgitates the cud. The brainy babble takes shape and the permutations of comings and goings, getting and winning, continue to agitate but from a different vantage point. The characters are frozen in their freaky symbolism on the pristine page. It's up to the viewer to make sense; if that's the aim of the exercise - to make sense. Perhaps it makes sense just to get it out.

Glicksman's work is an intimate disclosure like a telling of secrets that takes a weight off the mind. Yet 'All' is not revealed. It is an overload of information without the key to the map from which to take bearings. Where does one go with all of this? This brings the question back to whether or not the quotation from the Glicksman pen, the confession from the Glicksman brush, has to be dealt with or whether it's physical manifestation, as an art piece, is sufficient. The 'subject', the outpourings of the artist, is now the 'object' and a drawing is presented.

Alan Glicksman uses some symbols repetitively; the light bulb, honey bees, dinosaurs, reptiles with many legs and there are even recognizable Glicksman portraits in the line up. The perspective is either an overall field of characters or a shallow side view, much like a Roman relief. The historical associations are numerous and yet don't logistically jibe; Egyptian papyrus and tomb paintings, Roman temple friezes, aboriginal textiles, Aztec iconography, Picasso's paintings (Guernica-like imagery with the big floating heads on the strung-out necks and the female profiles). The work is as informed as it is referential. It's also pertinent, for even if the exact and precise meaning of the symbolism is missed, there are universal clues; the biggest one being the recognition of the mind space. The world that Alan Glicksman has depicted is the one that most of us live in where variety flickers in quick takes to a crazy cacophonous sound track that almost overwhelms - but not quite! We take it in, daily, and Glicksman puts it out, daily. His work is the testimony of a man who lives as an artist, making art from his life, talking about that which he knows.



Recent Times  
ink on paper, three panels  
40 x 78 in  
1997

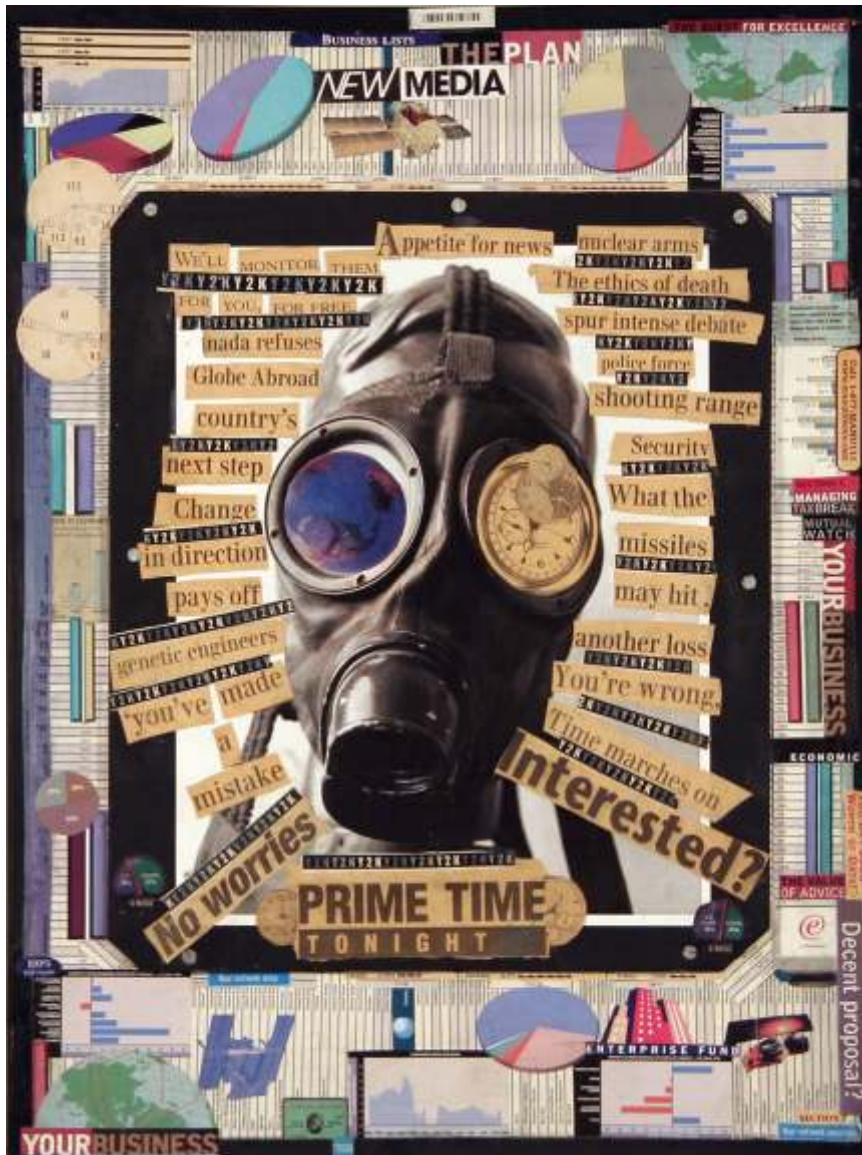
## Scott Ellis

### Headbones Alley Installation

Minding your own business doesn't leave as much room to be your brother's keeper as Scott Ellis needs to continue to edit his understanding of things. He strikes with a dogmatic lash and the resounding snap is hopefully going to cause someone to wake up. How many times does the world have to be told that what is happening is coming through, loud and clear and off center, before reaction sets in and the inevitable revolution begins? Maybe the revolution *has* begun, quietly, in the collaged imagery of Scott Ellis. If the world ends with a whimper rather than a bang it's because the meek have been told that they will inherit the earth and that noise, commotion and rabble rousing will be of no avail when the final tally is made. Scott knows this so he quietly snips and glues, allowing the muffled groan of art, with historical precedent, to once again speak its mind. It is repeating the words of the song of the sixties "Something is happening here and you don't know what it is, do you, Mr. Jones."

Scott Ellis' work is statement oriented, message saturated, obsessively executed and well researched. He has his nose to the ground, his ear to the wall and his artistic discipline intact so that what he over-hears can be retold from a scrutinized vantage point. His work is didactic, opinionated, monomaniacal, and obstinate in regard to the matter spoken of - and proud to be so! It is also open, embracing, tolerant, and consummated within the act of making art, a vested belief. There is heart, soul and passion behind these reconstructed media images. The context has changed. The pictures, accepted by the public relations boards that mediate world events have been cut out, rearranged and pasted into a brand new position with the result being *another* new world order, another dreaded acronym flipped!

It is not a philosophy where 'nothing is sacred' and all can be expropriated. It is a philosophy where *everything* is sacred, needing to be rescued and with the power of one, Scott Ellis, having been given the license to create, is upping the ante with a clarion wake-up call.



Sister Media  
collage & mixed media  
23 x 18.25 in  
1998



## X-Country Selection, October 12 - November 16, 2006

From July 1st to August 31st, *Headbones, The Drawers*, took to the road, driving from Quebec to British Columbia taking the Canadian route on the way there and the American on the return, exposing artworks presently held by *Headbones* from a portable drawer containing over one hundred works on paper and reviewing new work. From this exploratory viewing program, we have selected the works of ten artists for our "Cross Country Selection". The fact that Halloween falls within this show seems to have spookily worked its way into the content. From the skeletal sculptures of Stephan Bircher, to the macabre blood drawings of Daniel Erban, even extending into Sue Rusk with her Sonata series or John Noestheden's meticulously rendered night skies, the atmosphere in the gallery will be charged, 'all hallow', and in tune with the spirit of magic.



John Noestheden, (detail) *Diamond Drawing*, silver crystals, glue, paper 30x42 in., 2005

## Stephan Bircher

### X-Country Selection

When the dead are raised, re-arranged, mixed together, slotted into recognizable activities, lit to their greatest advantage and then elevated to the status of Fine Arts by a mad creator; the dance of death begins with an oom-pa-pa that resonates with a sad familiarity. Viewing the antics that the skeletal hybrids are engaged in, *our* little lives become less fragile as we watch *them* - afloat on an ocean in a steel boat, whirling atop a carousel, showing off (revealing the private parts with no shame!) or posing on a precipice, ready to leap or take flight. The mutation from death to a reinvigorated life gives an immediate sense of relief that strikes back the fears of mortality and allows an appreciation of the moment - the exact moment in front of the sculpture - to over-ride the knowledge of our own inevitable end. This is the world of the Theater of the Absurd, black comics and satire where the weight of living with the awareness of death recedes in the immediacy of the wonderful moment.

The assemblages engage time despite the frozen moment on the stage of life, by virtue of the objects wedded to the recycled road-kill or neglected carcasses. Stephan Bircher claims objects from the past, as well as animals, and changes their character from the original form-follows-function to form-making-suggestions. He does this with the new beings that he fashions, their environment and the way we are directed to focus on them using lighting fixtures that also have had 'other lives.' This packrat version of claiming his art supplies is superseded by techniques and the assemblages rise into the world of fine art and phenomenal objects. These pieces are labored over with attention paid to details that went unnoticed in their original existence.

The creator has become a divine craftsman, like Giuseppe making his beloved Pinocchio or a watchmaker making it all tick. The dancing-death imagery, lit as if on the stage of life far after it's allotted term, shows the patience and care of a Swiss watchmaker. Originally from Switzerland, Stephen Bircher has worked as a lighting designer for many theatrical productions and now brings his expertise to bear on a world over which he has total control, from the writing of the script, to the set design, costuming, lighting and grand finale of the amazing macabre moment of fame.



Odyssey and Siren (detail)  
mixed media, found objects, bones  
16 x 17 x 22 in  
2006

## Daniel Erban

### X-Country Selection

Perpetuating images of horror in their simplest primitive imaginings, almost as if they were done by a child which makes the horror more horrific, signifies intent. If the intent is to shock, it doesn't always work for often the response to Daniel Erban's work is a reactionary identification with it, an exclamatory response that has an affirmative rather than a negative reaction - perhaps because the resulting pieces are stunning. Tutored to accept our dark side from the time of Freud onwards, a mature acceptance of negative imaging is almost common place from the perspective of an educated viewer. It's hard to shock in the light of media coverage. A regal depiction of horror, in fact, becomes attractive and the need to act out horror is nullified by the satisfaction of understanding it and with discretionary caution, embracing it. Acceptance of the dark side through visual knowledge allows the opportunity to vicariously purge any notions of violence and disgust. Daniel Erban's work is morally responsible work. It accepts the sorry condition of aborted philosophies and like the needles poked in a voodoo doll, the substitute effigy suffices to pierce the heart of the contemporary conscience.

The abstraction helps to distance for the immediate impression almost misses the subject. This is the 'stunning' aspect. Although the stark, bold, graphic depictions of severing, hanging, vomiting, and obliterating brutality is unavoidably understood, there is a security in the position of the viewer for witnessing is not participating in the violence. Or is it? By accepting Daniel Erban's work, is the horror being endorsed? No, absolutely no! The shameful truth of a mitigated existence is further *understood* and by acknowledging the crass it loses power. The evil is not allowed to creep up and catch, unawares, a blithe compatriot. Instead the common passion for art ignites compassion, empathy and recognition that this twisted depiction of existence resonates and rings, sadly, true. The work is blatantly honest.

Letting out the psychological stops to slash, rip, and seemingly torture with a heavy black line on blood red paper or thick hand-made tablets, Daniel Erban's work is simultaneously disturbing and thrilling. He has committed strange and horrid thoughts to paper. He has raised the primal fear of unleashed violence like an unavoidable predator stalking a dream and creating the specters of nightmares.



The Adulation Of My Juices  
ink on matte board  
60 x 40 in  
2002

## Khaled Mansur

### X-Country Selection

Fresh from New York with a constructivist edge and an eye for the city-scape, Khaled Mansur's eerily empty visions have the formalism of De Chirico pressed closer to the viewing glass so that the tiniest scratch on the urban patina has the potential to attract attention. These are cool pieces, dispassionate observations of our boxed condition where the nuances between surfaces possess a sophisticated relationship to a cultured love of urbanity.

It's difficult to reconcile the ultra modern with the grit that settles on the surface and to succeed at melding the two opposites together so that each is equally important. It necessitates a meeting between the microcosm and the macrocosm, like the awareness of the presence of a floating human hair falling in front of the facade of the Guggenheim. With bold modern compositions that verge on design (and with the addition of veneer painting harkening to the cubists), Mansur's flat renditions of urban landscapes bring a third component into the mix - a quiet, meditative, assured sense of stillness. Perhaps it's the absence of the human component, that element that tends to cause visual confusion; or the reference to the sea and wide open spaces that the broad bands of color suggest for any glimpse of recognizable landscape stays in the distance as if seen from another shore or through a window from a cool interior. The closer shapes press right against the glass and the scratches, thread-like lines and etchings claim precedent over that which is too far away to comprehend with surety.

There is the serenity of a Hockney, the distracted 'ennui' of a Vermeer, the sense of regularity and order of Ingres with the hint of more at stake, an invitation to a closer inspection and Khaled Mansur rewards the eye to brain synapse with a scratch on the patina that charms by it's exquisite placement.

A great connoisseur is objective for it is in the respectful gaze that absolute assessment takes place without the blur of emotionality interfering with the purity of the appreciation. Mansur sets up this objective condition. His modern frames are Courbosier-style with the pristine nature of modernity is ready(chrome sans fingerprints and designer tailoring) for a space where the highly cultivated live. Nothing is out-of-place. Only the whisper of dust, fanned almost out of existence by the cool breeze of objectivity, cries out to be noticed, like an organic invisible man in a Ray Bradbury science fiction.



"Day Dream"  
acrylic on paper  
22 x 30 in  
2005

## John Noestheden

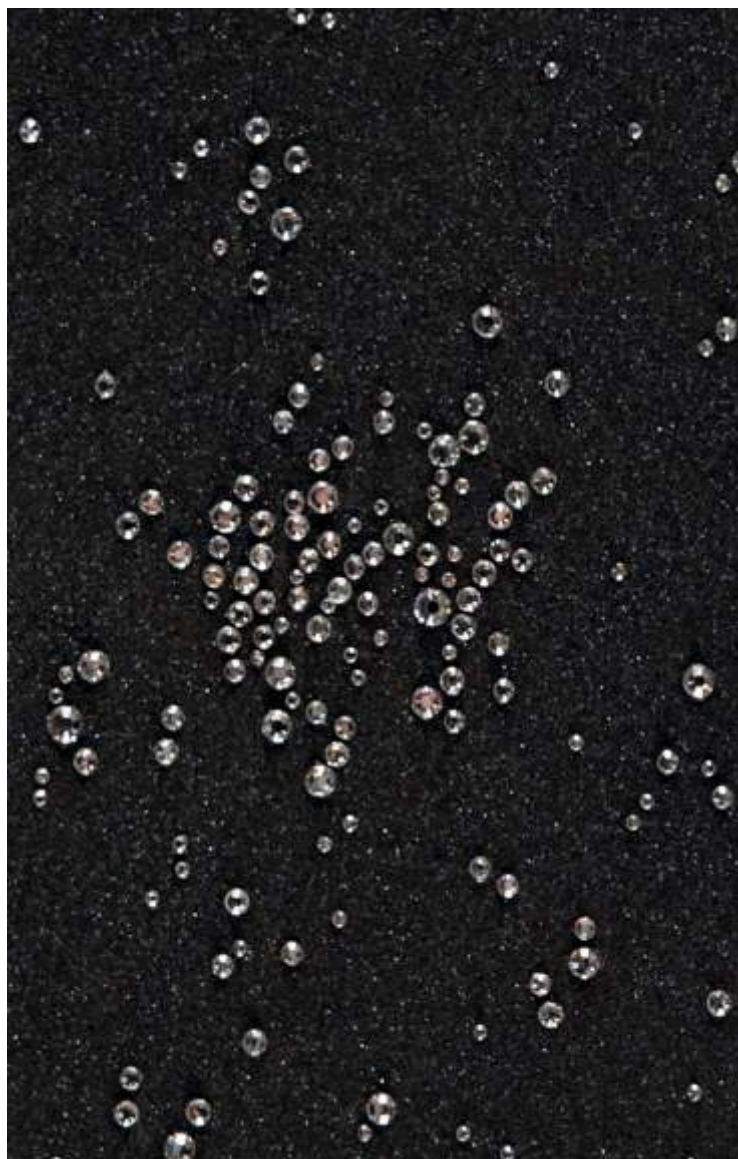
### X-Country Selection

The sparkling surface overwhelms the conceptual base and so it is with any great work of art. What is it that we revere - the *Bellini* or the *Madonna*, the *Picasso* or the profound sorrow of *Guernica*, the *Twombly* or the battle, *Lepanto*? The phenomenal object, the work of art, although it may have been born of grand concepts, is the enduring physicality that provokes awe. And so it is with a *Noestheden*.

The initial source of inspiration and configuration is the night sky under which man has stood marveling for eons. As a subject, astronomy contains the secrets of the origin of life coupled with the overwhelming concept of infinite space. The imagination must stretch to encompass the possibility of life forms, perhaps intelligent ones that go beyond our limited philosophies. From this great source, John Noestheden brings the imagery closer by using illustrations and star maps of star systems as his base material - the night sky interpreted through the knowledge of man. Then he extracts a small section of the depiction and magnifies it using it as an inflated model of some detail of the universe. He meticulously transcribes the details, first in pencil and then in ink, paint or crystals and presents his examination. The result is an abstract wonder, a phenomenally beautiful object, perhaps as wondrous as the night sky.

John's hand, in service to his conceptual master plan, also raises admiration for the making of these sparkling drawings or fanatically precise ink renderings is almost beyond comprehension. Such exactitude! The art of pasting the tiny crystals onto the paper in rigidly-adhered-to images, (the crystals had been dispersed by vibration systems, as in the universe) and the painstaking task that it must have been, provokes awe. But the most incredible aspect of Noestheden's work is the leap that he made from concept into material and the resulting work of art. If ever that term 'work of art' can be applied, it is in the presence of a Noestheden silver crystal drawing.

Noestheden's work, abstract at first reading, is actually representational. John captures the wonder of the night sky. It is necessary, like standing under the canopy of stars, to experience the work first-hand, for as the viewer moves around, the tiny diamond-like crystals sparkle and bounce off the retina as if they were receiving an electrical pulse. It is the phenomenology of binocular vision, a resultant visual illusion as one eye sees, then the next follows, just as the light from space is often old light from an extinguished source.



Cluster #4 (detail)  
*titanium ore, silver crystals, glue*  
30 x 22 in  
2006



Inde-Picks, November 16 - December 9, 2006

With the recommendations and commentaries from perspectives other than our own, Headbones Gallery is stirring the mix by inviting curators to select or comment on a phenomenal drawer. This refreshing show that ignites through spontaneous combustion once again attests to the wisdom of 'two heads'.

Artist followed by Curator: David Pirrie by Julie Oakes, Osvaldo Ramirez Castillo by Zachari Logan, Dakota McFadzean by David Garneau, Robert Malinowski by Monika Burman, Andy Moon Wilson by Andrea Pollan, Ron Giii by Oliver Girling, Guy Boutin by Daniel Erban, and Charles Bronson by Headbones.



Osvaldo Castillo, detail, *Nationalissimo*, mylar drawing, 36x48 in., 2006

## Charles Bronson by Headbones Inde-Picks (Independent Curator's Selection)

Confined to a place that rests uneasily between the world of visual arts and some "8x10" cell in the United Kingdom, Charles Bronson's drawings are trying to get out. These drawings can be considered to be on a parallel discourse to the life of the man, himself. Bronson is sentenced to life in prison and is awaiting parole. Solitarily confined for twenty seven years and given minimal art supplies, the artist has created these powerful drawings that depict the life and world of a caged "Madman."

Bronson's drawings tell stories of what it is like 'inside', and for an Outsider, they are compelling. His depictions do not appear to be only about his interpretation from inside the cell or whatever prison he happens to be in, but, also from inside his mind. Charles has created his own vocabulary and identifiable style. Imagery such as closed circuit television cameras, brick or block walls, cracked or broken eggs, birds, turtles, insects, rodents, bald men, ropes, nooses and chains - repeated from drawing to drawing - form the artist's signature. And, like any good story teller, the metaphors abound.

A creative freedom exists in a place where liberties are few. Anything goes when transcribed to paper. Freedom of expression resonates between the walls of Charles Bronson's drawings. With rules crying to be broken, the crimes can and do exist on the artist's page.

An interesting juxtaposition occurs in the drawings where content and style contrast each other. From the context of solitary prison confinement, the pencil work seems to have a therapeutic sense and to exude meditative and soothing qualities. The drawings are sensitive when relating to the palette, line and pencil work. A point of transition then takes place with obsessive controlled coloring. Then by contrast, the imagery is abrasive, forceful, provocative and even gruesome.

Are crimes still being perpetrated? The jury is deliberating on ten of Charles Bronson's prison drawings; on trial, at Headbones Gallery, Toronto.



## Guy Boutin by Daniel Erban

Inde-Picks (Independent Curator's Selection)

For the past twenty years Guy Boutin has been intensely involve in drawings as a primary visual investigation. His method of working is to use a brush with acrylic paint directly and spontaneously on paper. The size of his work spans from small to huge mural. As a result, Mr Boutin has developed a unique and recognizable style that has been consciously and deliberately appropriated by many artists in Quebec.

Every time Guy Boutin works he draws faces and these faces are the vehicles of his narratives. One of his narratives is based on relationships like the post-modern narrative of the artist and his model.

Guy Boutin does not decorate, he tells stories. He narrates the tragedy and excitements that he sees around himself in the present tense. In the body of work that I chose for this show the artist is always present and the other person is always represented as the model.

This approach produces a strong, personal and convincing body of work that helps us come to terms with relationship, both consensual and none consensual - a relationship between violent, distressing or difficult situations that we constantly witness everyday.

Mr Boutin has studied art in the early 80`s at UQAM, Université du Quebec à Montreal. Right from the beginning of his career, he developed a unique approach to drawings that has been very influential in the graphical narratives in Quebec visual culture, and that has swept the province since the demise of the Hard Edge base Art of the sixty and early seventies.

The best way to understand his art is to notice the presence of the random marks and stains as a dominating visual vocabulary. The sense of spontaneity and control that we feel keeps everything urgent and new.

Since the weakening of art reporting, art criticism and art documentation in Canada that has occurred from the seventies to the present times, it is difficult to understand what is happening in contemporary Quebec art. For this reason I wanted to know more about his art. When visiting Guy's studio I was confronted with thousands of artworks. Works on paper and works on canvas. I was excited to see an artist as intense as can possibly be imagined and for this reason I am convinced more than ever that this artist is an influential figure in the Quebec art scene.



Regard  
acrylic on paper  
40 x 26 in  
2001

## Oswaldo Ramirez Castillo by Zachari Logan

Inde-Picks (Independent Curator's Selection)

With a sensuous and menacing propinquity, the work of Oswaldo Ramirez Castillo at once arrests, pulling the viewer into a nightmarish story filled with phantasmagoric monsters and iconic images of popular, political and religious figures, elicited through a sequence of fragmented memories. In a way cinematic, reminiscent of Terry Gilliam's film *Brazil*, these drawings also invoke references to both Francisco Goya's *Disasters of War* etchings and his *Black Paintings* along with other historic political works, such as, Theodore Géricault's *Raft of the Medusa*. Like the works of these great artists, Castillo draws on themes of psychosis, suffering and mortality in states of flux, illustrated on paper as personal and collective recountings.

Castillo's Drawings are consummately drafted, unflinchingly visceral sites of personal identity and history, a history lived defiant of sterile versions that have been politically endorsed. Each character has been hauntingly realized, a part of the narrative whether in a state of grotesque majesty or tragic subjection adding to the creation of a mythic landscape. The dissemination of chaos in these drawings exposes the clumsiness and utter depravity with which lived experiences intersect and inform the world around us. The myriad of creatures and mutations of bodies both trussed and in a state of violent domination transfix a notion of evolution wrought out of pain and loss. These masterfully constructed renderings act as psychic stage-sets, sites of confrontation with the past, and are brave acts of remembering.



El Mozote Exodus  
Mylar drawing  
36x48 inches  
2005

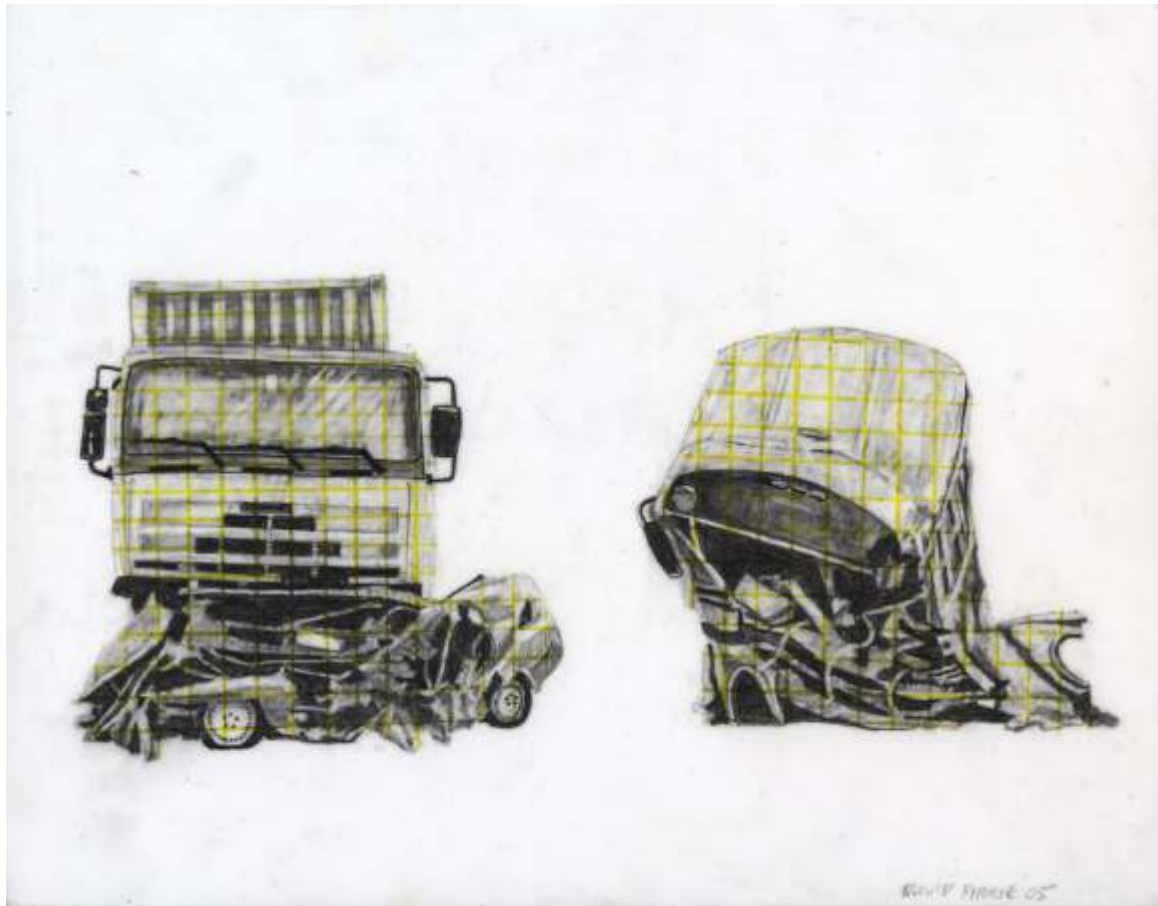
## David Pirrie by Julie Oakes

Inde-Picks (Independent Curator's Selection)

David Pirrie's carefully rendered remains of vehicular accidents, in pencil on vellum, over-laid with a grid and presented as art resonate with psychological and cultural implications. The motor vehicle is an icon that signifies positive as well as negative traits. The automobile is a symbol of wealth, status, style and even sexiness. Right down to the utilitarian vehicles for transportation - the eighteen-wheeler for example has become a pop trope, inspiring songs, literature, art and even looking like art with graphic, chrome and illuminated accessorizing. The motor vehicle is a necessity, a habit of convenience and a privilege. Yet it has also created immense repercussions on the environment and the need for oil has America at war with Iraq.

The extension of the image of the automobile into wreckage - the dead body of all that the automotive industry has come to stand for - has a metonymic meaning. David Pirrie's drawings reduce the bulky, twisted steel and rubber carcass to a comprehensible size. It is comparable to a small crucifix, a reminder of mortality and hence a prompt from which to formulate living. This sense of life's transience is especially poignant in the crumpled bus. It is empty and has been abandoned, for it is not only useless in its vehicular capacity, but it also was the container of lives that were lost as it transformed from a transportation for people to a smashed death trap. The viewer is, after all, still amongst the living, examining the tiny depiction of the remains of an accident that happened outside of his immediate ken. It has no identity other than a culturally pervasive, violent possibility of how death can occur. The drawings are remarkable examples of the ability to resurrect, from an image associated with death, a conceptual awe at man's trajectory from his discovery of the wheel to this contemporary, conceptual translation of where it has led him. This work speaks of the pity of progress, the fragility of human accomplishments and yet the sophistication of the overview of Pirrie's analysis grants a divine perspective on our condition.

Picture the artist, David Pirrie, looking at the photographs of the wrecked vehicles, carefully drawing them, paying them attention, with a modeling that caresses the images. The work becomes distanced, divided into little squares with a weak yellow grid and then it passes from his hand and is brought out to be examined.



Risk analysis 865D2  
graphite on mylar  
7 x 9 in  
05/06

## Andy Moon Wilson by Andrea Pollan Inde-Picks (Independent Curator's Selection)

Raucous and pulling no punches, Andy Moon Wilson's drawings have been attracting much attention across the United States due partially to the masterful drawing expertise that he brings to his work and partially to their raging adolescent content. A non-stop drawing machine, Moon Wilson states, "I am compelled to draw almost without cessation. Whenever I am not actively drawing, I am thinking about drawing. Drawing is the spigot from which my thoughts flow. The drawings themselves are artifacts of the moment in time in which they were made. They are a documentation of my particular state of mind, my concerns, preoccupations and attitude at that moment."

The artist cites visual influences as diverse as gothic architecture, Persian carpet design, modernist decorative motifs, industrial design, T-shirt and CD cover graphics, and obsessive drawings done by both historic and outsider artists. For Moon Wilson, "Everything is an influence. Every response to stimuli registered by my consciousness since birth has influenced who I am as a person, and therefore influences my work." Both highbrow and lowbrow, Moon Wilson's aesthetic is also formed by theories and histories of international ornament and design, cartooning, politics, war, macho weaponry, car culture, binge drinking, loner/loser culture, private ranting, and random provocative crazy shit.

His various bodies of work include tiny drawings done on mixed media and placed in Baggies. These provide a drug-like "fix" of punchy art to an avid art fan or collector. Another installation of small-scaled drawings is "The Dude Project," in which the artist drew on hundreds of archival post-it notes and installed them in the bathroom of Curator's Office space at the Scope Miami art fair in 2005. He is currently at work on several thousand intricate business card drawings that focus on corporate and personal identity.

Larger works are mesmerizingly complex and feature a blend of obsessive pictorialism, cryptic formulae, nano-architecture, and the occasional appearances of his loser dude protagonists. Moon Wilson calls these intricate works "meditations on architecture, ornament and craftsmanship." These are done on office-size 11" x 8.5" paper to allude to an employee goofing off at work, albeit with extreme *horror-vacui* results.



Baggie Drawing  
ink on paper, plastic baggie  
3.5 x 2.5 in  
2005

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