Melting, disappearing: The artists' catalogue (M. Gubash, N. Lopez, N. Faigou, then Z-A)

1.

Milutin Gubash – *Monument to Communists 3* (from *Who Will Will Our Will?*)

This monument to communism is one amongst others left over from Tito's days in Serbia. They were architectural curiosities, spots in the landscape, closed parentheses on the horizon between the skies and the tree line. Today, the strange monuments about which we forget the stories and the symbols, have rejoined unkempt nature and are decaying quietly, losing colour and meaning. Empty monuments. Gubash treads one step further, emptying even further what was already empty and shows that this is possible – there is silence that is more silent than silence. He takes the trees and nature away, thus delocalizing the monuments, making them even more irrelevant to us than they already seem to have become – odd monuments drifting away from their time. (See section on Gubash)

Milutin Gubash's "practice encompasses photography, video, and performance, and regularly features the participation of his family and friends" (www.milutingubash.com). Born out a video he made before his father died, his poignant *Which Way to the Bastille?* (2007) explores the theme of silence and absence both in words and in photographs.

2.

Never Lopez – *EzraPounding/MerrillLynching*

In a public lecture Never Lopez reflects upon his work: "Thinking of it as a playscreen: moments to produce cinema. Looking for places, characters. Parody, caricature of road movies." He explains in an interview: "I am not inventing a language, I'm reconstructing a language... every block of four pictures works like a brief narrative. Text and images are intertwined, but at the same time they are telling two stories in parallel;" "There are three staged photographs, your new game is finding them." His new piece in *ti<* reexamines the self-discovery of languages, their foundation and the playfulness about them. Self-unstructuring systems. (See section on Lopez)

"Never Lopez works mainly with installation, sculpture and photography, with a close interest in the production of replicas, simulations and immersive environments" (www.neverlopez.com). His *Lite Sweat Crude* (2008) is a narrative in an invented language and accompanied with beautiful photographs.

3.

Nafée Faigou – *Le gardien du CCF de St Louis du Sénégal*

A door closes, a door slowly shuts open or, better said, half open, not even half opened. The body of the tall man blocks the view behind the space left ajar. In this clear-cut photo of massive, frank colors, we are nevertheless confronted with the unknown. What could be hiding behind the doors? What is it that we shall not see? The almost geometric composition of the image bars us from seeing. There remains the letter to a friend, maybe key to the image, should we think. Jovial

and kind, it introduces us to the intimacy of private exchange. Whereas the gatekeeper on the photo blocks – not unsympathetically, one must say – our vision into the unknown at the very centre of the frame, the writing friends allow us to glimpse into their poetic world. Their letters are an invitation to us, almost an initiation.

Nafée Faigou is Art Director at SOFIFRAN (Solidarité des femmes immigrantes francophones du Niagara) as well as at the francophone theater company Atelier 83, Hamilton, Ontario, Canada.

4.

Cristina Vinuesa Muñoz and Raul Díaz Obregón – *Phases 1, 2 et 3 de l'auto-organisation plastique*

In this work writing is in a constant metamorphosis on the most symbolic of all media, the slate, the learning tool of our childhood and the place of all erasures and dismantlements before something new appears – a new drawing, another exercise, tomorrow's menu-of-the-day. The slate is not a place for stories, rambunctious developments and mesmerizing plots. As the instrument of ephemeral knowledge it facilitates the not-being-there-any-longer of all things it inscribes. But not so in this collaborative, reflective work: the writing on the slate does not simply vanish; it mutates and germinates; it sticks to the surface and expands; it creates its own episodic growth. The slate, this most enigmatic material which a poem may return to the cliffs it was taken from, is here the means of transition from one phase to the next, like paper, like silk, like screen.

Professor at the University Complutense in Madrid, Cristina Vinuesa Muñoz translates dramatic plays and is the co-organizer of the theatre festival Escena de Noviembre.

With a PhD from the University Complutense, Raul Díaz Obregón is a member of the collective Enterarte whose mission is to promote art education.

5.

Stephen Remus – *To Cast Pearl Before Swine*

This collage is a diagram and special support to draw with precision, millimeter by millimeter. It is also a beautiful collection of fine caricatured noses as we all dream them to be, as well as a last supper – before it has been eaten, should one note – presided by an oversized benevolent-looking yet somewhat uninvolved figure. His disciples declaim their parables under his hazy eyes. And what could be their conversation about? What do they have in common that they could talk discuss so passionately? Let's look closer at the picture. Well, they are all blond men with receding hairlines; maybe this is an ironical hint at what brings them together.

An achieved artist, a free spirit and a great supporter of the arts, Stephen Remus is the Director of the Niagara Artists Centre (NAC), St. Catharines, Ontario.

6.

Stuart Reid – *Drunken Head*

Here's to a visual and linguistic mosaic of colours, bright and plentiful, to have us enjoy melancholy, retrained, undefinable and unsayable. What is indeed at the centre, we will ask. Neither the photo nor the poem tells us about this labyrinth. It is, we think, a nebulous

poignancy; we have an image with words to make us think and wonder until our eyes drown in light, splendid brightness. Neither splashes nor surfaces, these colours split – like glassy shards – into tiny pieces onto the lines of the poem while they create colour power more impressive than any pastel Rorschach.

Coming from Saskatchewan, Stuart Reid is the newly appointed Director and Curator of Rodman Hall at Brock University, St. Catharines, Ontario, Canada.

7.

Clinton Michael Lown – *Taking It to the Curb*

(Photo credit: Stephen Remus)

Is it a corpse lying in the shadows of an empty art gallery? Is this the scene of a crime? “The crows stay high in the trees and wait patiently for me to be taken to the curb and when they do they will fly down and peck out my eyes and take me to a place that’s special” (Lown, Artist statement, Niagara Artists Centre). This is a man with his second-hand screen and his mouse, his low-cost salvaged technology and his body. Stephen Remus’ photographic language contextualizes the subject in the lethal nights of our imaginations. Lown’s offering to the passers-by – the man flattened on the floor – is, in this respect, both the cousin and the nemesis of the other technobody in this issue of *ti <*, that by Tessa Lofthouse, also with screen and mouse (see section “Calligrammes”) – a look-alike to Lown’s as much as its alien; Lofthouse’s high-tech, able computer figure and Lown’s downtrodden, magical one.

Based in St. Catharines, Ontario, Canada, Clinton Michael Lown exhibited this piece in the Plate Glass Gallery at the NAC (Niagara Artists Centre, also in St. Catharines) in March 2012. Stephen Remus is the Minister of Energy, Minds and Resources at the NAC.

8.

Julia Gordon and Paul Savoie – *Ame champignon*

About Paul Savoie: The words he chooses for his poems are about sensitivity and delicacy in each gesture and encounter. About Julia Gordon: Her photo shows a mushroom enmeshed in its own decaying growth while bulging out of it. Out of it something to eat and it is sensuous poetry, as by the ingestion of flowers. The mushroom is a flower in the image. Flowers are seductive and delicious, also in their withering. What Gordon and Savoie deliver is not just a *nature morte* so luscious that it is edible, but also the visualization of poetic delicacy, the alliance of words and picture.

Julia Gordon and Paul Savoie form a daughter-father duo. A French-Canadian author of considerable intellectual and creative influence, Paul Savoie is currently the Director of the Salon du livre in Toronto. His most recent book of short stories, *Dérappages*, is fresh from the press.

9.

Eric Charlebois – *Auparavent – Dresden, Eparpillement – pièce éponyme – Cologne, Lucarnier – Weimar (Buchenwald) and Ténébronze – Brême*

He traveled through Germany not so long ago, on a quest as most poets are, and wanted image and stories in the background of history. In Germany the beautiful, the poet stood in front of culture; the walls of erect buildings are on each of his photographs. Charlebois writes poems in

black and white characters like the white crosses in the military cemeteries of European wars. On the walls of culture, the poems in white melt in indistinct signs with each new line as if evoking the end of a story, a forgotten one, almost anonymous or quite, unreadable. Let's think of the anonymity of white crosses in war cemeteries, the unknown dead or only names in a gravescape without variation, and of the atrocities left in our memories.

Eric Charlebois is a leading Franco-Ontarian poet whose writing plays on word associations in order to create new meanings. His seventh book, *Le miroir mural devant la berceuse électrique*, has just been released.

Catherine Parayre