Espace Sculpture

Karen Trask
Touch Wood—Touchez du bois

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ANGUS BUNGAY, 
Confessional, 1997.
Plaster, leather, found objects, 50.8 x 63.5 x 60.6 cm. Photo: Courtesy of the artist.

Bungay's approach changed in 2001. Although he still uses life-sized plaster casts of the head (he has also done an ongoing series of smaller maquettes as well), the character of the clown entered his work. Leathered Clown (from the 2001 series Head Games) uses the leather to define the oversized down-turned mouth, red nose, and exaggerated face painting of a clown. It is as if the dichotomy between inward and outward, happy and sad, tortured and placid has become more overt. And for the first time, colour has appeared in his work.

Bungay had used found objects as part of the stimulus for the development of a specific work. The object would suggest an idea, its nature and its range of associations would play an important role in the direction of the work. With the Head Games series, Bungay began to make drawings of a potential work and then seek out or fabricate the objects that had appeared in the drawing. A yellow duck, for instance, a found object, ended up in several drawings, but the sculptor realized that he had to make the multiple ducks the drawing called for. Shooting Ducks (2001) is a good example. The initial idea surfaced in a small working sketch derived from an exploration of the carnival theme or midway games. The idea was further developed in a large three-foot by four-foot drawing. Bungay then created a whole shooting gallery of ducks, fabricated an aluminum mask, and found an appropriate gun to complete the work.

These later works, because they depend more on artist-fabricated apparatus (rather than found objects), seem slicker and more finely crafted than some of his earlier works. The net result, however, is equally compelling. Bungay's sculptural works are unique, direct, and powerful — yet at the same time psychologically ambiguous and mysterious — demonstrating a rare and original fusion of idea and execution. 

http://angusbungay.tripod.com

It's a late summer afternoon and you are driving between meetings, from one community to another. Perhaps a small break is in order. Instead of pulling into a local coffee shop for a jolt of caffeine, you turn off road to lie in a meadow and quiet your agenda-riddled mind. When you open your eyes again, you are aware of a large elm tree shimmering just yards away. There are only the two of you, caught together in the afternoon light. The light flashing off each leaf is accentuated by a gentle rustling sound that carries across to you. It is a dry, soothing sound, like thin paper fluttering. For now, any thoughts that form move slowly to the surface of your mind and hang gently — for to bear witness to this fleeting moment to anyone other than yourself would require so much more. And for now there is only you, and the tree.
porary virtual imaging and remote devices that blow senses and assault attention for a quieter place—dotted with intricate objects that are portable and personal in size, often evoking a “touchableness.”

It seems that the real story of where our thoughts come to live for us is between the covers—book covers. If you accept the artist’s invitation to be seated at the library table and gently handle one of the hand-made books (using the cloth gloves provided, of course) you discover layers of meaning and intent. Pick up the charming palm-sized book entitled Petit message. Its handwoven paper cover opens to reveal two facing pages, each page of cast paper so that the two covers undergo a shift in image. In the show, but they are revealed as illusion and representation. By bringing together art and nature, technology and the real physicalness required to pass along an elegant “petit message” across centuries, the unique works in this small library truly refresh our sense of wonder for books as messengers.

There is no doubt that the tree is at the centre of Trask’s explorations throughout this show. Visual motifs with seedlings, leaves, growth rings and objects of actual wood construction predominate. There is the text — titles, poems, and stories that play with a rich glossary of terms and idioms filled with tree references. As the artist herself explains, “When I began to unravel the history of the word ‘book,' I was surprised to discover the tree.” The inclusion of a digital art piece entitled PowerBook is clever and indicative of the artist’s ability to embrace new “messaging” technology for its own merits, and as part of our futuristic efforts in proliferating and transferring messages. By clicking the mouse the visitor directs a dialogue of one-liners and animates a concrete poem on the computer screen. Phrases like “turn a new leaf,” “knock on wood,” “can’t see the forest for the trees,” tumble onto each other as the screen displays its own giddy alphabetized version of a “T” tree. Etymological sources are important throughout the show, but they are revealed rather than cited. Trask sculpts with language and form, twisting her word games between English and French to reveal the common roots in words, such as “livre” and “library” from the Latin “liber,” meaning inner bark of the tree.

At some point, while moving through the exhibit, you may notice a soft rustling sound. Look up and around to view a display that appears almost monumental in this room of small wonders. There on the wall, suspended and ghostlike, is a 12-by-10-foot elm tree. It is actually a composite image, comprising page- or leaf-size pieces of inkjet printed Japanese washi paper that have been pinned to float gently from the wall. Your body movements and perhaps the room’s quiet air conditioning set these pages to float and flutter as if on an invisible breeze. Here again is the elegant and elegant elm tree you may have noticed solitary and stolc in a nearby meadow or urban park. Something about its long slender trunk and fan of branches pulls you up out of your mind and into its grand space. Mirage-like in this room, its existence is mere perception on your part, though you feel you are breathing the same air and sharing the same ground. After a while you notice your own sense of comfort in its presence, not unlike the way you can feel when alone and inward-focused while engaged in reading or writing. These may seem like far-fetched impressions for some. But perhaps this is simply our instinct responding and affinities connecting, as when orphan animals are raised by unlikely surrogate parents. At the very least, we should agree to claim trees as gate parents. At the very least, we should agree to claim trees as gate parents. At the very least, we should agree to claim trees as gate parents. At the very least, we should agree to claim trees as gate parents. At the very least, we should agree to claim trees as gate parents. At the very least, we should agree to claim trees as gate parents.


NOTE

1. Touch Wood/Touche du bois has been exhibited in several venues in Quebec and Ontario over the past two years, commencing in Gallery B312, Montreal, in the autumn of 2002, Centre national d'exposition, in Jonquière, Quebec, in 2001, Burlington Art Centre, Burlington, and Latcham Gallery, Stouffville, Ontario, in 2002, and will be presented at The Vieux-Palais in Saint-Jérôme, Quebec, in 2003.