Espace Sculpture

Rebecca Bourgault

*Fun Island*

Robin Peck

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matchbox-scale (mouse-size) toy cars, painted uniformly grey-brown, encircle Fun Island. From this, an avenue of vehicles directs one to the centre, but there is no thing at the central axis. There is instead an abundance of subsidiary non-centres scattered across the surface of the table. These are vertical constructions, stacks that vary in size, shape and material. Some are only inches tall, others pile several wobbly feet above the surface of the table, as if un-centred clay on a potter’s wheel. (A gallery brochure lists some of their titles; The Prince, Bubble, Snake, Buddha, Queen, but all sound like nicknames and other titles come easily to mind.) Each becomes a sculpture, becomes a discrete non-centre, not by virtue of title but because of its isolation, by each having its own eccentric vertical axis. Remarkably empty space separates each non-centre from the next.

Bourgault’s materials are various and it is impossible to give a complete account. As example, there are any number of upended galvanized metal and plastic funnels and funnel-shaped objects, ceramic and glass plates and vessels, candles, beeswax, dripped chocolate, chocolate swirls pasted over a vessel as if in imitation of a Buddha’s caul, a laminated wood bowl, fabrics of various types, including fish skin and deer leather, bamboo, wooden skewer sticks, and everywhere baked bread expanding out of moulds. There is a wooden triumphal arch, and a tiny bridge. And within all this material detritus, there are hints of ideational detritus as well: Modernism conflated with Surrealism, Catholicism mixed with Buddhism. It is materially anything, but not everything. It just barely (through adherence to its colour code), and therefore sharply, embodies discrimination and choice.

Bourgault conflates the role of artist with that of the collector. Artists and collectors, through the methodology of their collecting and/or a critique of the museum, reclassify our material culture. Fun Island is likewise a collection of maquettes, sketch models for monuments, a personal if not private museum. The surrogate people, the mouse race of tiny grey-brown painted cars, sets an absurdly large scale for the sculptures of Fun Island, as if each one of the stacks of materials is a great monument many hundreds of feet high. Recall Claes Oldenburg’s Mouse Museum (1972, a collection of 389 pop culture artifacts, including objects altered by Oldenburg, housed in a structure shaped like a geometric mouse). And then consider Fun Island, with its mouse-like grey cars. There is humour in Oldenburg and Bourgault, but it is the grim humour that you also find in Art Spiegelman’s Holocaust comic book Maus: A Survivor’s Tale (1986).

Bourgault’s most common material is bread. Bread has a ubiquity in the history of world cuisine equivalent to that exercised by plaster in that of sculpture. "Bread is a... food that can be replaced by no other... suitable to every time of the day, every age of life, and every temperament... we turn our hearts to it almost as soon as we are born and never tire of it to the hour of our death" — Antoine Augustin Parmentier, 1772. As Bourgault’s "plaster" is bread, so her most common form is the funnel cone. The upended spinning cone is notorious as the emblem of Vorticism, that most virulent form of early modernism, the paradigm of the anti-diegetic, singular, heroic, transgressive male artist. But upended funnel cones are also wigs and Christmas trees, happy party hats and dull dunce caps, the mystic hats of witches and whirling devishes, and the hat of the Tin Man from the Wizard of Oz. The cone as a cap sits on the head. But un-inverted, it is also a sign for the bottom of the human body. In traditional symbolism, the funnel is female, a V-shaped vessel, and sign for the vagina. To hermaphroditic and alchemists the cup is a sign for the element water and the female principle, a sign of fertility and renewal. When inverted by Bourgault to function as a structural unit, the funnel becomes a bi-gendered sign for both the phallus and the fetishized (geometric) female breast.

"Sexual sublimation is a gift" — Louise Bourgeois, 1982

The work of the late American minimalist sculptor Eva Hesse, her discovery of the sexually subliminal in the repeated forms of relatively prosaic objects is still the locus for a female presence in sculpture.
Symboliques du destin

L'exposition La Parque et la momie propose deux directions de lecture, deux représentations du destin, l'une verticale, celle de Françoise Belu, qui juxtapose des références mythologiques sur les murs, l'autre horizontale, à défaut d'être souterraine, disposée au sol par Diane Brodeur. C'est une mise en place de tons neutres, sauf pour quelques accents colorés sur les mornies, l'aparition visible au premier regard invoquant une loin­taine influence minimaliste actua­lisée par de subtiles mises en récit.

La Parque, la responsable du destin des mortels dans la mytho­logie gréco-romaine, est une figure énigmatique puisqu'elle se révèle en trois entités : ses trois âges. Par des compositions symboliques, Belu représente séparément Clotho, Lachésis et Atropos, les trois visages de la Parque. Toutefois, les similitudes formelles et le lien thé­matique créent une ambiguïté si bien que le spectateur hésite entre la lecture du triptyque et celle de l'organisation autonome de chacune des sections, donc de trois œuvres. Chaque section découvre un assemblage ludique et symbo­lique. L'élément tableau, lui-même organisé d'éléments dis­tincts, comme un collage, juxtapose, par exemple, la représ­entation de la déesse, celle d'un de ses attributs, le dessin d'une feuille controversée, celle de la marijuana, l'empreinte de la main de l'artiste qui rappelle celle de l'exposition elle-même, ainsi que dans d'autres œuvres de même que dans celle de l'exposition elle-même apparaissant les démarches aux « médias variables ». L'utilisation libre de l'espace entretient un dia­logue entre la présentation et la représentation. Ce contraste per­siste entre la simplicité formelle des heures, douze cercles sombres posés directement sur le mur marquant les heures d'une énorme hor­loge, et la densité organisationnelle et signifi­cative de chaque élément, chaque heure représentant un mythe. Ils se saîvrent selon l'ordre significatif que leur confère l'artiste. À une heure, elle a placé...