Ève K. Tremblay, *Postures scientifiques*, Galerie Donald Browne, Montreal, April 7-May 12, 2007

James D. Campbell

Tourisme culturel
Cultural Tourism
Numéro 77, 2007

URI: https://id.erudit.org/iderudit/20486ac

Aller au sommaire du numéro

Éditeur(s)
Les Productions Ciel variable

ISSN
1711-7682 (imprimé)
1923-8932 (numérique)

Découvrir la revue

Citer ce compte rendu
Yan Giguère

Yan Giguère, Choisir, 2007 (vue d'installation), tirages argentiques, dimensions variables

Choisir. Le titre n'est pas une coquetterie. On s'interroge toujours de même quand on se rend compte que c'est un total de quelque 200 photos qui compose cette exposition. Exposition qui, sans en avoir l'air, fait le bilan de quelque 15 années de pratique assidue. Non que ce soit là une rétrospective à laquelle on est convié. Non, aucune des images n'est temporellement identifiable comme faisant partie d'un corps antérieur remis en perspective dans cette sélection. Non, il ne s'agit pas de cela! La production de Yan Giguère ne doit pas être prise en coupe et comme un corps.

In works such as Semence d'archivé (2006), Introspection (2005), and Lab Squatter (2006), Tremblay offers what seem like film stills but are really apertures that open out on an utopian or dystopian reality beyond our immediate ken, an Alphaville of the mind's eye. Her crisp and deft handling of cinematic aesthetics reminds me of Winterbottom's film Code 46 and indicate she has a real future in film anytime she wants to make the transition.

Yan Giguère, Choisir, 2007 (vue d'installation), tirages argentiques, dimensions variables

Il s'agit plutôt d'un travail de longue haleine, du travail d'une vie, tiens! Du quotidien et de la pratique au jour le jour, et naturelle comme une respiration, d'un photographe, d'un artisan aussi.

Il s'agit de faire comprendre que ce travail n'est pas simplement black-and-white ou noir et blanc mais aussi noir et blanc, en noir et blanc, en noir et blanc. Il est également l'auteur d'un essai, Chambres obscures: photographie et installation, et de quatre recueils de poésie.
Documenta 12
Kassel, Germany, June 16 – September 23, 2007

"The big exhibition has no form." This statement, the first sentence of a preface to the catalogue by curators Roger M. Buergel and Ruth Noack, set the tone for this year's Documenta. This exhibition was indeed formless, sprawling from the heights of the Cascades at Park Wilhelmshöhe to an enormous, tent-like temporary building, the Aue Pavilion, that was erected on the vast lawn of the Orangerie. On its path it filled the Museum Fredericianum, the Documenta Halle, and the Neue Galerie and permeated several other venues. It spread out in time as well; a large historical component to the exhibition reached back as far as the fifteenth century. A matching formlessness of everyday life "as is." Interventions in the play of shifting psychic states, mutable identities, and emotional potentialities, and we ask ourselves if Tremblay is doubling herself here. Willfully? Knowingly? Is she the oft-posed protagonist of these mystery - plays - or is it an actress in her place? We may never know the real truth of it. As we linger long in her cosmogony, we ask ourselves: is she simply being playful? Mischievous, even? No. Is this a masque that we are being invited to participate in? Yes. It seems we are far off the beaten track, in unknown territory, in the grip of the artist's remarkable vision, and only her gnomic, if radiant, signposts are on view to help us navigate a way through to identifiable territory. Perhaps that's how it should be, for those signposts lead us into the heart of her labyrinth, where we are likely to meet a Minotaur that bears an eerie resemblance to both Tremblay's theatrical identity and our own private Other.

James D. Campbell is a writer on art and an independent curator based in Montreal. He is the author of over a hundred books and catalogues on art and artists.

Suppressing the authorial view in a large exhibition presumably opens the field for the personal poetics of the viewers. As we do on the Web, we are free to draw our own connections, make our own discoveries in a sea of images. But it is easy to get lost in uncharted waters. Canadian artist Luis Jacob's installation Album III (2004) reflected the formlessness of the exhibition on a small scale. Hundreds of photographs from mass-media sources, many of them portraying works of art, were displayed around the walls of a large gallery space in the Fredericianum. They formed an open archive, without beginning end, making poetic associations that depended largely on what viewers could bring to it. Obviously, this anarchic structure works better on a small scale than in the exhibition at large, but even here, the effect of the barrage of images was one of bewilderment rather than of pleasure or insight. Other photographers brought more structure to their collections. Zoe Leonard's Analogue (1998–2007), with a focus on specific objects and thematic organization, showed more of an authorial input. Taking shop windows and streets in her native New York and other cities in the world as a starting point, she registered the transformation of urban landscapes in the face of globalization and followed trajectories of consumer goods, marked by brand logos, all over the world. Leonard's rows of C-prints and gelatin-silver prints provided a nostalgic view not only of a threatened vernacular aesthetic of privately owned shops, but of analogue

and their transitional objects are always already intersubjectively shareable - habitable - and not without a measure of angst and uncertainty.

As we enter from the wings into her elliptical narratives, such as Pausa (2006), Sienne de Choses (2006), and the marvellously suggestive Scène de Pêche (2006) (this latter executed near the Institut de Génétique et de Biologie Moléculaire et Cellulaire at Illkirch in Strasbourg, with workers there "acting out" her scenarios, adding a weird authenticity to the images), we become complicit in the play of emotional potentialities, and we ask ourselves: is she simply being playful? Mischievous, even? No. Is this a masque that we are being invited to participate in? Yes. It seems we are far off the beaten track, in unknown territory, in the grip of the artist's remarkable vision, and only her gnomic, if radiant, signposts are on view to help us navigate a way through to identifiable territory. Perhaps that's how it should be, for those signposts lead us into the heart of her labyrinth, where we are likely to meet a Minotaur that bears an eerie resemblance to both Tremblay's theatrical identity and our own private Other.

James D. Campbell is a writer on art and an independent curator based in Montreal. He is the author of over a hundred books and catalogues on art and artists.