Espace Sculpture

Ana Rewakowicz

Uniblow Outfits

Rebecca Roberts

Côte Ouest
West Coast
Numéro 61, automne 2002

URI : https://id.erudit.org/iderudit/9252ac

Aller au sommaire du numéro

Éditeur(s)
Le Centre de diffusion 3D

ISSN
0821-9222 (imprimé)
1923-2551 (numérique)

Découvrir la revue

Citer ce compte rendu

The texture of your work is similar to that of Giacometti, who lived in this area. Has his work had much of an influence on you? Giacometti has probably influenced many artists, but one has also to consider those who influenced Giacometti. There are many books that explain this process. He used to make very flat forms, figures, up until the 1930s. Then he realized that even when finishing these figures, textures, the sculptures were still unfinished. So he quit making them smooth. I believe that instead of looking at an analogy with Giacometti, one should look for it with the world we are living in — a world where everything that has been made is never really finished. It remains fragmented, so an artist sensitive towards this aspect will find out that all things are always moving and changing, and that the structure of the world itself is also continually changing. — Just think about this table at which we are sitting. It is made up of a myriad of atoms, which are continually in motion. And we ourselves are made up of atoms. Maybe it seems pretentious, but I cannot finish my works, I leave them like this, and I am glad if others feel this aspect. Maybe they can finish my sculptures themselves, maybe with their thoughts... Maybe. In the future, — who knows! There is often one original idea which continues throughout your life. In a way there aren't any changes. There are these artists who change their own style, but I don't really know what to say about it. Giacometti changed his own style, from surrealism to a more important style.

Yes, if Giacometti had died when he was young, when he was still a surrealist artist, maybe he would not be particularly well known. That's true. It is very interesting. Probably the first works of any artist, aside from those few who are absolute geniuses, are never completely original. They need several passages in life, in existence. I believe it is necessary to live life, to make mistakes, to make different things, then maybe, slowly, there is this thread that gives you linearity.

What you say about the possibility of your sculptures being finished by other people, with their own thoughts, is interesting. Yes, in fact sometimes I happen to have several projects going on at once in different places, and I end up abandoning a work here or there. Then, after ten days or a month, I see it again, and it is as if somebody else had finished it. Sometimes I find it interesting, or maybe I end up destroying it. — If you are always very near to your own work, you don't always realize what you are doing any more, so giving yourself a break is also necessary. — And who knows, maybe there really is someone else who finishes up the sculptures, at a mental, energetic level. —
Juxtaposing the artworks of William Gill

William Gill’s work is informed by contrasts and juxtapositions, the most obvious being the dichotomy between nature and culture, but he also plays with that of the traumatic and the monotonous, the exuberant and the upsetting and, of course, the man-made and the natural. Formally speaking, his work is rich in textures, forms and patterns. His sculptures are mostly in wood, with some mixed media elements. Interestingly, Gill never cuts a tree for his sculptures; instead, he recycles and reclaims fallen trees and dead wood that he finds in the forest or salvages from building demolition sites.

An example of such recycling is the wood coming from the infamous Mount Cashel orphanage ground. The main building was levelled four years ago, many years after the scandal of sexual and physical child-abuses by Christian Brothers. Trees were also cut down to put up a supermarket. The maple the artist recovered from the site is found in his work titled Workhorse, permanently installed at the Sculpture Park and Garden Foundry in St. John’s. Hanging from the maple beam are some 500 rectangular pieces of birch on bronze rods. While the birch and bronze elements reflect each other by their similarity in size and shape, these two parts of the sculpture present opposing qualities. The marks left by the chainsaw stand as witness of the artist’s intentions while conferring roughness, solidity, and strength to the piece. In contrast, the mirror image hung on bronze rods that is animated when the wind blows is delicate and lyrical in feeling. The work engages us in a troubling dialogue about nature and human culture, even more so when one knows the provenance of some of the wood used. Wind blowing through the rods produces a soothing sound — a metaphor, perhaps, for the passing of time that one hopes will bring peace to those who suffered at the infamous site of Mount Cashel.

Most of Gill’s works bear textural marks reminiscent of the rich encaustic oeuvres of Jasper Johns and of the large wall pieces on plywood by Paterson Ewen. Gill is also attracted by the latter’s approach to natural phenomena, space, and stars. Beautiful in its quietness, the painting Winter Road to Heaven, which Gill produced in 2001, is directly inspired by Ewen’s work. The plywood panel is divided into three parts. The middle one looks like snow flakes falling in very orderly fashion. On either side, are parts of a sphere, like the surface of the earth seen from space, from which, as the title suggests, one can see the roads to the heavens. Heavenly occurrence appears in other beautiful objects created by Gill. Black Onions is a sculpture that seems to reconcile nature and culture, the wild and the domestic, the indoor and the outdoor. On a shelving unit, a large massive piece of wood, rest three handmade bowls filled with dozens of burnt twigs. The bowls are inspired by tiny lichen cups found in the forest and the side of the beam has been marked by a chainsaw, leaving the trace of what could have been a comet or a shooting star. Its shadow is still visible on the shelf.

Similarly, Black Oil is reminiscent of a comet. The burnt round shape has been cut in half, hollowed out, and joined together again. Small wood blocks keep a distance between each half.