Nicolas Baier: *Pareidolias / Pareidolies*


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NICOLAS BAIER

PAREIDOLIAS / PAREIDOLIDES

Sophie Pilipczuk

There is something both mysterious and enchanting about Nicolas Baier's latest works assembled in a touring exhibition organized by the Canadian Museum of Contemporary Photography entitled Pareidolies/Paredolías. Impressions of stateliness and posh beauty wash over me as I enter the hushed space. From a distance many of the works look like large (7 feet high, to 12 feet high) slabs of highly polished marble. Their glossiness is so intoxicatingly luscious that my curiosity is put on hold. I no longer want to know what the exhibition title means, nor do I care what medium is being used. I just want to gaze and admire.

On the left, two works immediately catch my eye. Paesines 2 and 1, 2008, are reflecting light. I swoop in like a crow, drawn to the richness and colour of these two smaller works whose irregular and craggy silver edges send my imagination soaring off cliffs and toward the mapping of the world. Strange land, sea and cityscapes appear in terracotta and sea foam green. I dream about the colonisation of the new world and the use of religion to justify expansion. Western history is being reflected back to me and I lose myself in a reverie about how all of our histories and knowledge could be held in something solid like a geological formation. Fractals and DNA cells play in my mind.

I hadn't smoked anything, if you are wondering. Just using the right side of my brain, the side that houses facial recognition and visual imagery, the side that probably snaps into action when we play a game of Pareidolias. The term is a scholastic piece, a gargantuan piece looks like a slate mosaic. There is something both mysterious and enchanting about Nicolas Baier's latest works assembled in a touring exhibition organized by the Canadian Museum of Contemporary Photography entitled Pareidolies/Paredolías. Impressions of stateliness and posh beauty wash over me as I enter the hushed space. From a distance many of the works look like large (7 feet high, to 12 feet high) slabs of highly polished marble. Their glossiness is so intoxicatingly luscious that my curiosity is put on hold. I no longer want to know what the exhibition title means, nor do I care what medium is being used. I just want to gaze and admire.

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I hadn't smoked anything, if you are wondering. Just using the right side of my brain, the side that houses facial recognition and visual imagery, the side that probably snaps into action when we play a game of Pareidolias. The term is a scholarly one I found out, reading the didactic panels conveniently positioned at the end of the exhibition, one that describes the mind's way of making sense of random information.

The artist and the curator's layout seem to lead from left to right (mentally and through the exhibition) around a wall that juts out into the space like a representation of the corpus calosum. Paesines 2 and 1 are actually 4 works: 2 on either side of the division, repeated and reversed.

In Old Continents, 2007 we can admire flaking paint on concrete (a wall, a floor?) with a dappling of bird droppings, le tout surrounded by a gold frame that is so convincingly 3-D that the mind balks at its actual flatness. There is no frame—just an image of one. The jolt makes the spell begin to fade. In The Path of Water the illusion of texture is incredible. I was convinced I was seeing ripples on fabric or paper. Curiosity, questioning and analytic reasoning are reactivated. How do you do that? What technologies permit a perfect replication of texture while offering absolutely no depth of field?

On the opposite wall, a gargantuan piece looks like a slate mosaic. There is something both mysterious and enchanting about Nicolas Baier's latest works assembled in a touring exhibition organized by the Canadian Museum of Contemporary Photography entitled Pareidolies/Paredolías. Impressions of stateliness and posh beauty wash over me as I enter the hushed space. From a distance many of the works look like large (7 feet high, to 12 feet high) slabs of highly polished marble. Their glossiness is so intoxicatingly luscious that my curiosity is put on hold. I no longer want to know what the exhibition title means, nor do I care what medium is being used. I just want to gaze and admire.

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