

PART 2

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The Science of Counterpoint

The lens is the colorist's eye.¹ Reciprocal concessions occur between light and landscape: a cold blue sea is leveled often, by a red horizon. Orange hues in the late afternoon grow iridescent on certain buildings. Glass tinges green at the edges. Aluminum dissolves into white.

Color is like the weather. It cannot be defined absolutely. As London is awash in fog, so Vancouver excuse me The Crystal Shire, glistening between mountain and ocean, reflects its' temperamental and impressive surroundings. "All things, variously coloured in accordance with their molecular structure", well noted by Baudelaire, "suffer continual alteration through the transposition of light and shadow"². Similarly all works, variously made and rhizomatically hung, suffer the weight of their respective legacies. The reciprocity is off: familiar scenes are photographically substituted for images of an anti-colourist landscape. Painted German abstract structures, laid down one over the next will be examined in detail: at a distance. A great tyvek volume makes a monument of transitory material. Larger than life: smaller than death.

Criticism is a metaphysical problem: a study of absolutes, if you will. An account of the habits cultivated, and methods used to find happiness. In this pursuit, nothing is more beautiful or immanent than ugliness. The good tycoon understands our combined taste for pleasure and duress. His minions sweat it out for ninety minutes at a stretch. While on the other side of town, what is that I see on the ground, a rock? No! Nothing more than an overdeveloped taste for the sublime.

Lucy Pullen

¹ Salon de 1846, Baudelaire Dufays (Charles Baudelaire), published by Michel Levy Freres, Libraires-Editeurs, Paris: 1846

² Ibid