



# The Drawers - Headbones Gallery

*Contemporary Drawings and Works on Paper*

## A Selection of Heads

Results of the Headhunt

April 22 - May 23, 2006



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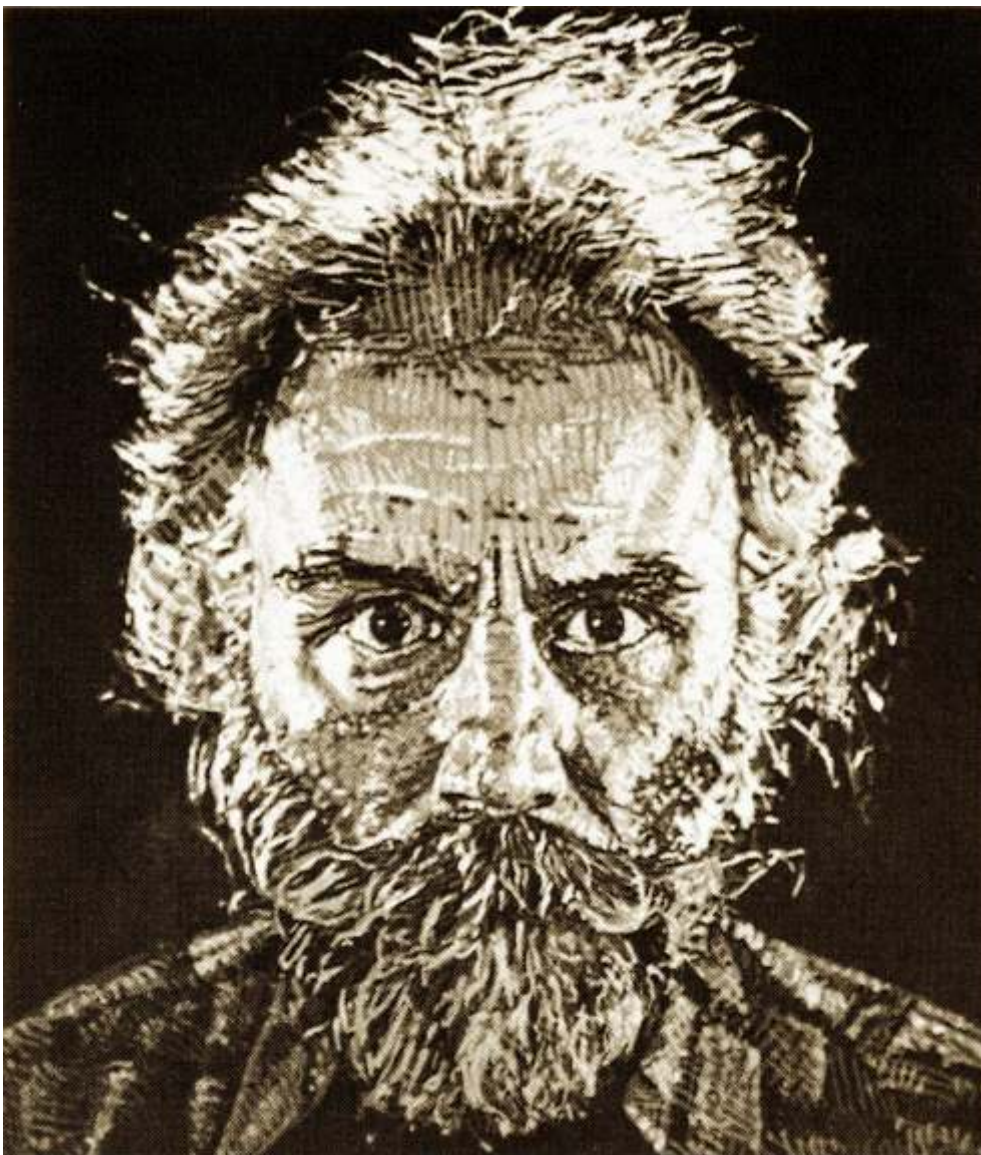
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## A Selection of Heads

### Results of the Headhunt

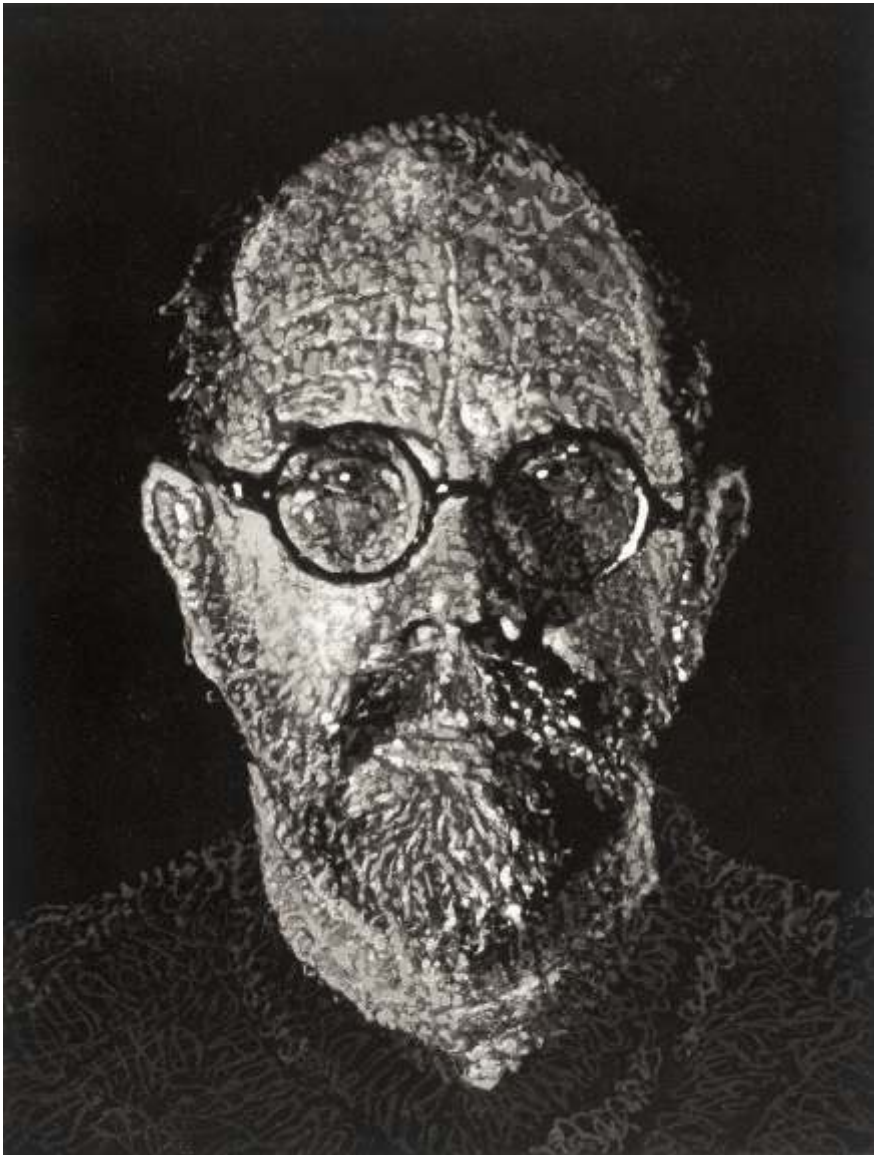
It feels important, as if the grand art historian is taking notes from on high. There are heads that are already in the limelight. Chuck Close is present with his hand having cut the lino blocks for a self portrait and a frizzle hair rendition of Lucas Samara. Alex Katz is part of the company with an etching, his definitively spare head shot, cropped at the top and bottom, of a woman with dark hair. The same cropping is spookily echoed in the large portrait of the girlfriend of the most nascent exhibitor, Mehrad Meraji, done with a Chuck Close bravado. He has rendered himself, staring out with more confidence than his young years would signal. Hanging beside him, his father, also an artist, confronts with the same uncompromising gaze. Then Mehrad went the self assured step further, even bigger and more objective when he cropped and rendered his girl friend, Amy.

Fred Tomaselli's silk-screened dissemblance, with eyes flying about, sum up the overall impression of the gallery. Many eyes fly out, many mouths open and close as noses wiggle and hair curls and cascades or bristles at baldness.



Chuck Close - *Lucas*, 1988  
Reduction block linocut

Paper Size: 31 x 22 inches  
Image Size: 14 1/4 x 12 1/4 inches  
Edition of 50, Published by Pace Editions, Inc.



Chuck Close - *S.P. II*, 1997  
Linoleum cut printed reductively  
Paper Size: 24 x 18 inches  
Image Size: 11 5/8 x 9 inches  
Edition of 70, Published by Pace Editions, Inc.



Alex Katz - Ada  
Aquatint etching, 34/40  
3.5 x 9 in  
Private Collection





Mehrad Meraji - Amy  
Charcoal on paper  
68 x 45 in  
2006

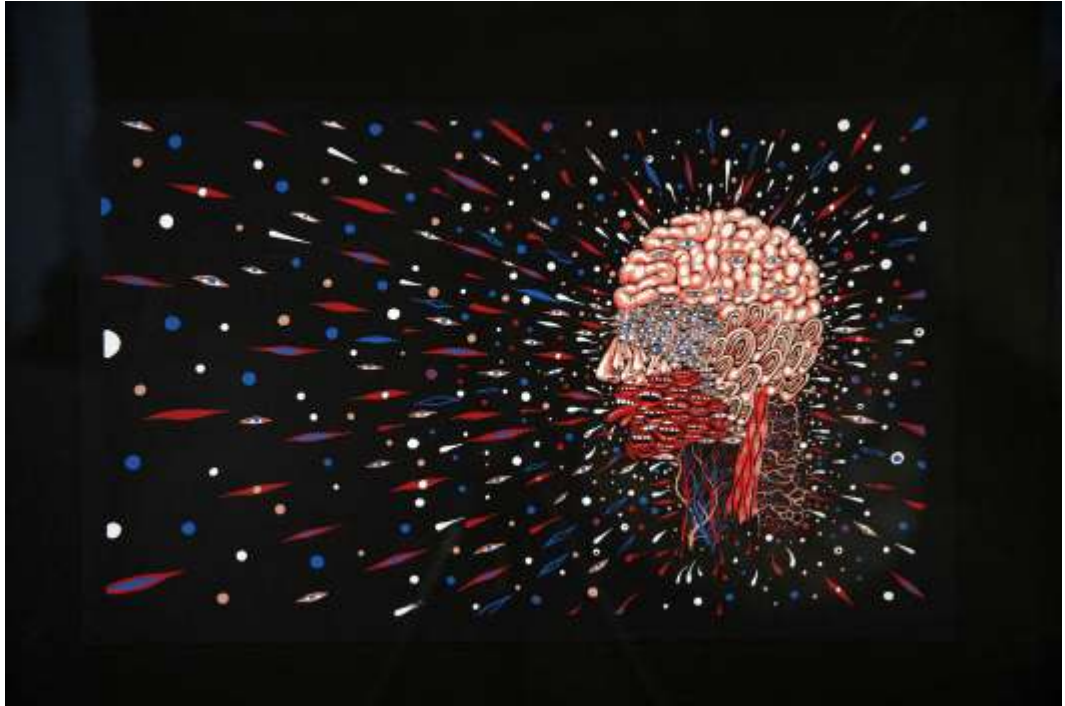




Mehrad Meraji - *The Father*  
Charcoal on paper  
38 x 28 in  
2005



Mehrad Meraji - *The Son*  
Charcoal on paper  
38 x 28 in  
2005



Fred Tomaselli - *Pierogi Press Volume 8*  
Silkscreen, Edition of 100  
10.5 x 17 in  
Private collection

## Results of the Headhunt

Gertrude Kearns, known for her strong abstract work, turned to portraits with commitment this year with the John Bentley Mays portraits. The well recognized visage of the art critic, whose eyes have scanned so many Torontonians art works, now looks with frontal formality. Cherry Hood is another luminary. Her large watercolor heads of bleary eyed children clutch at the heart strings. Angus Bungay, whose small heads had been scoped by the Headbones' headhunters were stolen (by a rival tribe?) the very week of the opening. His life-size, leather-clad, rubber-tube-trussed head stuck on a pole summed up the images usually conjured of the results of a headhunt. It was the only head left behind by the marauders, perhaps too intimidating to be swiped. Another head that causes an arresting step backwards is the portrait by Daniel Lee. A cross between a well known local personality's face and a donkey, the result stares down on the room with a semblance of disapproval.



Gertrude Kearns - *The John Bentley Mays Portraits*  
 Right, study #2 - left, study #9  
 Ink & acrylic  
 18 x 12 in  
 2005  
 Courtesy: Lehmann Leskiw Fine Art



Gertrude Kearns - #9  
The John Bentley Mays Portraits  
Ink & acrylic  
60 x 40 in  
2005  
Courtesy: Lehmann Leskiw Fine Art





Cherry Hood - *Untitled*  
Watercolour on paper  
30 x 24 in  
2004

Courtesy: Lehmann Leskiw Fine Art





Cherry Hood - *Untitled*  
Watercolour on paper  
30 x 24 in  
2004

Courtesy: Lehmann Leskiw Fine Art



Cherry Hood - *Untitled*  
Watercolour on paper  
12 x 9 in  
2004  
Private collection



Daniel Lee - *Year of the Donkey*  
Cibachrome, digitally altered photograph , 8/12  
30 x 24 in  
1993  
Private Collection



Angus Bungay - *Syphon*  
Plastic, leather & found objects  
14 x 24 x 13 in  
1997  
Courtesy: Lehmann Leskiw Fine Art

## Results of the Headhunt

Headbones artists from previous shows or shows yet to come are also part of the roster - Jesse McCloskey, Alphonse van Woerkom, Billy Copley, Cynthia Karalla, Daniel David, Malcolm Poynter, Phyllis Godwin, Charles Yuen and Oliver Girling. Michael Jordana Berman's sketches for her famous whale paintings from her equally famous face hang in contrast to Lorne Wagman's sketch of an infamous man, a serial killer portrayed against a backdrop of roses.

From the original Headbones Gallery (open in British Columbia from 1994-2000), there is Andy Grafitti, Ann Kipling and Daniel Anhorn whose "Gollum" holds his own head in his own hands as his eyes 'bug out' with horror.



Jesse McCloskey - *Nicca in the Woods*  
Ink on paper  
18 x 24 in  
2004





Alphonse van Woerkom - *He Was Surprised How it Felt*  
Black ink, pen, pencil, spray paint on paper  
8.25 x 10.75 in  
2005





Billy Copley - Skeleton  
Mixed media and collage on paper  
29.25 x 23 in  
2004



Cynthia Karalla - *Rita da Cascia (Santi)*  
Duraplex print, AP  
32 x 24 in  
2002



Daniel David - *Untitled*  
Graphite on paper  
24"x18"  
2000



Daniel David - *Untitled*  
Oil and graphite on paper  
22"x18"  
2000

## Malcom Poynter

Drawer's Selection, February 4-March 18

A close-up of the 1998 series, *Autistic Cocoon*, by Malcolm Poynter, reveals the admired detail as a blanket covering of cars like a parking lot from nightmares or the traffic jam of the twentieth century. This is common man, stuck going to work or coming home. These heads are occupied by vehicular congestion. The eyes, that from a distance read as television screens are also cars, this time seen from above with the roofs forming rows of blank boxes with slightly rounded corners. The associations are numerous: mankind lost in the business of his comings and goings, the eventual choking pollution of progress, the scurry to stay in the game or, just like the never-ending background of motor vehicles - the impossibility of comprehending modernity. And this is only the ground, the skin on the head. The eyes are clichés, open or closed, the nose - a cartoon slash and with a tongue lolling out - or is it a deflated balloon? - man's dehumanization is capped. Yet, these are not overly depressing pictures. The childlike rendition of a big simple head, in story book colors or black and white with newspaper-transfer blur make it palatable (as it is, simply there). Mankind is caught in his ability to get there.

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Malcolm Poynter - Autistic Cocoon II  
Mixed media  
30 x 24 in  
1988





Malcolm Poynter - Autistic Cocoon  
Mixed media  
58 x 36 in  
1988



Phyllis Godwin - *Three Whimsical Dolls*  
Graphite and pencil crayon  
19.75 x 25.5 in  
1999





Charles Yuen - *Face With Three Hands*  
Oil on paper  
17.25 x 13.75 in  
1997



Oliver Girling

*Above left - Smoke and Mirror 1*  
Wood block print, Edition 3/3  
29.5 x 21 in  
1988

*Above right - Smoke and Mirror 1*  
Wood block print, Edition Proof  
29.5 x 21 in  
1988

*Right - She Smokes My Brand*  
Multi-colour wood block print, Edition Proof  
14.5 x 15.5 in  
1988





Michael Jordana Berman - *Cannibal Kids*  
 Graphite on paper  
 28 x 21 in  
 1983  
 Private Collection



Michaele Jordana Berman - *Study for MukTuk 1*  
Graphite on paper  
18 x 14 in  
1994



Michaela Jordana Berman - *Study for MukTuk II*  
Graphite on paper  
24 x 18 in  
1994





Lorne Wagman - *Omar Katief*  
Ink on paper  
8.5 x 11 in  
2002



Kris Knight - *Untitled*  
Coloured pencil  
7 x 5 in  
1998  
Private collection





Andy Graffiti - *Untitled*  
Coloured pencil  
7 x 5 in  
1998  
Private collection



Ann Kipling - Head  
Drypoint etching  
5.5 x 4.5 in  
1964  
Private collection



Daniel Anhorn - *Gollum, Not Listening*  
Watercolor and pencil on paper  
26 x 40 in  
2005

## Heads in the Round

The very fact that the head is a three dimensional object makes the extrapolation from paper works to sculpture a natural addition. Even though the artists might not have been known for their heads - Tom MacKenzie, for instance is best regarded for his exquisite furniture - the artist 'tries on' the head format. The expressive gestures of the head, close to the mind, the seat of emotions, are ruggedly presented in Gord Smith's heads, rife with clawing torment. Jennifer MacKlemm's head is marked on the crown with a symbol like an alien signification. Lorraine Pritchard's heads are more like masks or totems, dealing with the visage more than roundness. Allesandra Exposito's signature chicken skull fashioned as a bull's head, bejeweled and bedecked like a czar's Easter egg, is a counterpoint miniature, not human, but a head none the less.



Tom MacKenzie - *Untitled*  
Wood  
16 x 14 x 9 in  
circa 1990  
Private collection



Jennifer MacKlemm - *Untitled*  
Bronze  
8 x 6.5 x 5 in  
circa 1990  
Private collection





Judith Page - *October 6* (from *365 Dumb Days*)  
Mixed media  
10.5 x 6 x 3 in  
1996-2006



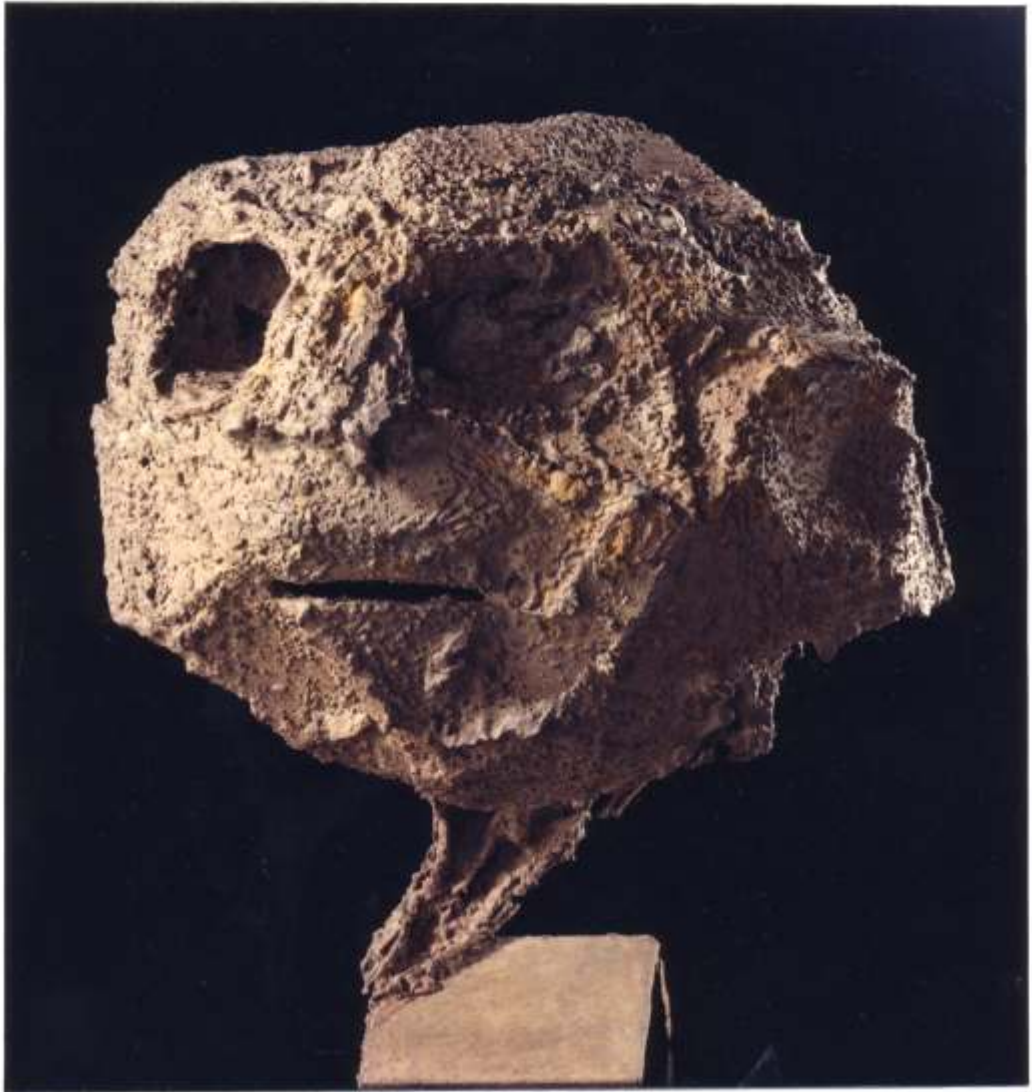
Allesandra Exposito - *Untitled*  
Mixed media on chicken skull  
4 x 2.5 x 1.5 in  
2004  
Private collection



Lorraine Pritchard - *Antelope*  
*Mixed media*  
29 x 8.25 x 6 in  
1990



Srdjan Segan - *Installation With Two heads*  
Bronze  
large 46 x 21 x 39 in, small 10.5 x 7.5 x 4  
2005



Gord Smith - *A People*  
Welded steel  
22 x 18 x 22 in  
1963

## Results of the Headhunt

Sir Joshua's appearance was advertised as dubious because the authenticity of the piece is questionable. Oakes addresses the history and subsequent search through Sotheby's and various Reynold's experts with a depiction of the portrait from the back of the canvas, in infra-red examination.





Julie Oakes - *A Dubious Appearance*  
Pencil, acrylic and ink on paper  
44 x 30 in  
2006



Sir Joshua Reynolds - *Myrtle Eunice MacIntyre*  
Oil on canvas  
24 x 19.25 in  
circa 1770  
Private Collection



Maurizio Pellegrin - *Ecce Homo*  
Silkscreen and mixed media on wood, 2/10  
9.75 x 12 in  
1998  
Private Collection

## Results of the Headhunt

The featured artists were also cosmic finds. Harold Klunder, a giant of Canadian abstraction, pulled out a treasure trove of tribal heads, wild and zany mixtures of color and emotion. Gord Smith walked into the gallery one day and introduced himself. His heads, his work, have been embraced with ferociousness and squeezed to the bosom like a warm puppy. Lorraine Pritchard caught the Headbones' buzz that resulted in a studio visit to Montreal - more heads! The sad black and white portraits of Joslyn by Rae Johnson, consistently explored, are psychologically sensitive and astute. Sergio Finamore's contortionist liaisons of heads-overwhelming-their-bodies are a contrast to the passive/aggressive depictions of Judith Page's "Finalists", gawky and willing to please. And Jenny Wing Yee Tong takes the subject in another direction - by masking her heads and mythologizing their contents.

# Harold Klunder

## Results of the Headhunt

Solidly rooted in the abstract, secure with traditional mediums and referencing historical precedents as part of his daily art practice, Harold Klunder's work, despite this directness, is as mysterious as the masks of primitive people.

This selection of heads exudes a mysterious attraction like the gut wrenching pull of an impossible seduction that comes with a love affair. Because the works are seated within familiar formats of modernism and because this is a route best understood by other artists, the appeal of a Klunder is tinged by a particular brand of narcissism parented by creativity and intellectualism. To 'catch' a Klunder requires the initiation that comes from inclusion in the rarified club of those who understand the language of abstract expressionism. If this comprehension is intuitive it is the subjective response of a creative mind to the piece of art. If the understanding is intellectual, it is swayed from the pursuit of unnecessary objectivity towards a more visceral understanding of the work through the adamant physicality. Either approach or, more likely a combination of both, brings about the same result - a touch that awakens areas in the psyche that needed the robust brush stroke or the painterly gesture in order to be roused. Once wakened the draw to cross over from the confines of individualism and into the realms of the rich unknown are hard to resist. All that is part of the world of painting and drawing - the messiness, the joy, the working out, the past imperfect that cries out to be held down with a definitive "yes!" while the smell of oils and charcoal affect reason - becomes irresistible.

Harold Klunder is an artist's artist. Standing in front of a Klunder is an opportunity to understand the urge for abstraction. It is summed up simply as 'freedom of expression'. A "Klunder" makes an artist out of a viewer for he introduces a complicit atmosphere. Within these heads, there is the visual documentation of a searching mind. There is the wrapping up of the discovery, the point when the search has been satisfied and the case can be closed, for this time, in this drawing, before the next search takes place.

Consumed by expression, Harold Klunder creates works on paper that are rife with spirits, demons and psychological phantoms that present haunting auras and leave a memorable after draft.





Harold Klunder - *Untitled*  
Gesso, watercolour, ink, oilstick on paper  
32 x 23 in  
1983



# Gord Smith

## Results of the Headhunt

Gord Smith scribbled and muddled these heads like the creator in an 'off' or even flippant mood. This slip in omnipotence encompassed the breadth and width of being human. Like a mouthful, masticated and regurgitated, the senses discombobulate. Despite the thorough painterly pummeling, the images don't give cause for worry. They are, instead, amusing, like a pie in the face. This is not a statement reflecting victimization but empowerment. The drawings strike with the totalitarianism of a grand freedom gesture. Gord Smith, in a mental release of frustration messed up these faces and with the inherent right of a young man to let go of strictures, was liberated. The drawings cross over the lines of social restraint. The act is indulgent. The artist, being true to himself, gives back a statement of integrity.

Gord Smith is best known for his sculpture. Based on theoretical constructs that he has perfected throughout his formidable career and with a head of modernistic steam, he has forged a three dimensional legacy. The strength of the sculptural work is founded on a life long practice of two dimensional work such as these heads, works on paper from the fifties. They bare the true grit of the times, when the push and pull of the plastic surface was being explored with uncommon ferocity. Dark, intense depictions, they reveal a gamut of emotions, from ludicrous to enigmatic.

These are the drawings of an artist who has since passed beyond the moments that inspired their creation to arrive at a more logical, less emotional expression. They are like fertilizer, messy and scatological; they contributed to healthy growth. They are infantile - honest, uncontrived, immediate and impossible to duplicate at a later stage in life. They cleared out the stuck matter of an emotional moment and plopped it upon paper, freeing the psyche and passing the dross on to be viewed, a testament to humanness. They are an aesthetic turn-around for they read as powerful, strong, commanding, mature and wise beyond their years. They reflect uninhibited visual understanding and unabashed frankness.



Gord Smith - *Untitled*  
India ink on paper  
24 x 18 in  
Circa 1950

# Lorraine Pritchard

## Results of the Headhunt

With a vague appropriation that has more to do with invention than extraction, Lorraine Pritchard's dedication to passing life through the sieve of fine arts results in oxymoronic glibness. With an ability to deal with a breadth of topics, the excitement of her original creative instinct animates life-at-hand. Lorraine takes found objects, crusty with the vestiges of time and reclaims them with a freedom that reveals a liberated consciousness. She draws upon everything, looking, processing and working with a range of materials that support a lovely regenerative cycle of existence.

Lorraine Pritchard has generated her images by going on a creative journey. The route is not clear but the destination, the work of art, is a positive place. The paper grows in stature after each application, the successive additions bringing about a balance between the light surface and the intrusion of marks upon its virgin blankness. The subject matter, in this case heads, is made easier than they were when they existed as fuller corporeal heads. They are airier, not tied so firmly to the excuses that physicality makes to keep at bay a visitation of flightiness. Responsible to the page, to the pencil or watercolor, but not held in check by the translation from ideas to signification, Lorraine Pritchard's drawings bring to mind release. There is the evidence of good intention in these sensitive, witty revelations. With an economy of energetic lines, like nerves bouncing impulse from the paper to an aura, Pritchard has created sustained seminal assurances that there are ties between myriad objects and fine arts.

The sculptural heads embody much the same lightness. They are playful combinations of materials and common objects that have lost the semblance of their original usage and been ennobled with a sentient semblance. It is, once again, an extraction of weight through the change from common purpose to a successful isomorphism. The dissimilar ancestry of the elements have a second chance to prove themselves as worthy of existing once they have converged in the sculptures. Cement, a building material with inherently unrefined potential to define, makes a quantum leap to animation when, for instance, the trowels stop being used to spread and instead become eyes. A spark of life stirs as the cement solidifies. A new tribal hierarchy of protectors is born from a totemic gathering of spare parts, discarded remnants of renovations and garden tools.



Lorraine Pritchard - *I Come From Ink*  
Ink, gouache, charcoal, acrylic, pencil on washi  
6 x 4.5 in  
2006

# Rae Johnson

## Results of the Headhunt

These drawings, depicting Rae Johnson's daughter, bring the subject towards us with a tentative introduction and then pull back and fold the image into a misty backdrop. They grant a glimpse of youthful beauty and then retract the offering as if by exposing too much the gift of identification will be misused. The movement (coming forward and then backing off) is caught up in coolness, more like the frosty smoke of dry ice than the shimmer of a heat wave that one might be more inclined to associate with young loveliness. Instead, there is a trace of melancholy in the dark circles around the eyes. The face itself, with a milky white obliteration of gesso, hints at the inevitability of aging - a revelation that hangs around young adults, originating not from them but from the glance of the looker, the glance imbedded in maturity and unavoidably tainting all of the crowning vistas grey. With the technical expertise (Rae Johnson is an accomplished painter) to exercise the criticism of a full spectrum, her determined use of black and white harkens back to an aesthetic that deals in memories, simpler statements of worth and a more easily satisfied record keeping. Is this work so infused with attachment that the overriding slowness in the image is the result of a hesitation to give over her child? Is the artist balking at gifting these images of her daughter to the adult world of fine arts where it may be coolly examined by strangers?

Rae Johnson drips and smears quietly but effectively. She holds the intrusion at arm's length. Just as Gerhard Richter's blur seems the by-product of fast motion, so Rae Johnson's blur seems like the frame has slowed down. The voices, were the heads to speak, would be muffled and lugubrious. There is a dream-like quality in the lack of focus with a semblance of psychic fear, like a visitation from Edward Munch while perusing faded photographs of lost family.

In the digital series, the fleeting capture of private disaster is made even more unbelievable by the wax glazes that Rae Johnson uses to place her hand print on digitally altered television stills. Rae's "sensualization" of the public moment doesn't necessarily reveal what it is that is being witnessed. She seems to mistrust the media's coverage and so delivers an even more dubious detour from reality without giving the route back to the main road.

As layered emotionally and psychologically as it is physically, the work tunes Munch-ian angst into a current channel.



Rae Johnson - *Joslyn Head #1*  
Acrylic on paper  
30 x 22 in  
2006



## Judith Page

### Results of the Headhunt

The title 'Finalists' suggests a group near the end of a competitive process that will eventually reveal who are at the top of the list - the real prize winners. Their faces are adolescent, a period when insecurity reigns as the body plummets into the changes brought on by unaccustomed adult physiques. The dress and demeanor of adulthood is adopted while the small pleasures of childhood are quashed in order to prepare for assimilation into the adult world of getting and winning. It is a time when competition, with the attendant awareness of measures of worthiness, takes over from the self consumed assurance of childhood needs.

These finalists were competing to be Mouseketeers. Walt Disney searched the public schools of America to find them, insisting that the Mousketeers be 'regular kids' and not actors. With a best-foot-forward look on their face, these kids locked horns in order to see who would score the highest in contests of talent, articulation and charm so that they might have the honor of wearing mouse ears, appearing on television and becoming the admired idols of their peers. What an American dream! What a measure of value! What an honor, to don vermin ears and profess allegiance with a rousing military chorus to a cartoon mouse.

Judith Page translates sixties phenomena into images of beauty and beastliness. Her renditions of proud competitors hoping to please invoke a nostalgic examination of American myth making. The glamorization of childhood fixations is paired with the culturally driven desire to deconstruct and make sense of things. When Page places a ghostly pale, pepto-bismol glaze over the faces of the American hopefuls of yesteryear, she clarifies the differences between the expectations of a nation programmed to believe in success and one that has had to accept the embarrassments of not making it to the last round untainted. The banner that was to be held 'high, high, high, high' is fluttering limply. The stuffed toy pride is sticky and if these are the finalists, the losers might be in pretty poor shape.

The adolescent pride of the Mouseketeer contestants reflected the comparative innocence of the sixties. These faces invoke compassion and pity rather than contumely. However, to look into the eyes of dreams and see the gawky reflection of an ironic present glazing the pupil is an awkward revelation.



Judith Page - Finalist #25  
Gesso, acrylic, tar gel and graphite on paper  
9.75 x 7.75 in  
2005/06

# Sergio Finamore

## Results of the Headhunt

Within the spirit of the wild west and with a hint of Picasso's deft execution, Sergio Finamore, who comes from the group of edgy Vancouver artists associated with the Grunt Gallery and the original Headbones show "Golden Memories," delivers a deep visual commentary with a minimum of well placed, objectively lucid components. With elegant expressive lines, he wows with the physical twists and turns of figures that are heads from back to front and head to toe. These dominant heads mutate within their own bodies as well as joining in with other heads. Mentally pertinent and boldly secure in the right to contort, Finamore's drawings cut to the chase.

The action of the heads is the focus of Finamore's discussion although the way that they are depicted acting out places the whole scenario in a far more sophisticated context. On a pristine, snowy-white sheet of paper, manufactured to support elevated imagery, surely, if the barely-cream bed is any indication of who should lay on it - Sergio draws with controlled, spare lines. They are so rarified as to insinuate that to say more would be uncouth and that to say just this much is in extremely good taste. On some, he carries this heightened status a step further into a quantifiable obfuscation with a restraining black wash firmly cutting down on any voyeurism that might be provoked by his cavorting heads. By setting the action in this elevated arena of appreciation, Finamore seemingly presumes that no matter how refined, the action still revolves around inanities - the head dipping into the underwear for a peek or the prance of a self conscious head with the tongue of another in tow. With muscular thighs, square jaws and well toned arms (what more could an active head need?) the determined yank of the leader on the squirming tongue of the led, can be a metaphor for many relationships. Read literally, the voice of one is held under control by another. Read metaphorically, there it is - the sexual power elements to most human dynamics striding towards the picture plane. If they seem about to cross over into virtual reality, well, really, there's little cause for apprehension for they've already done so! The identification is easy for the rendition is succinct with just enough tongue-in-cheek to make the statements of compromise and bewilderment, palatable. The embarrassment is ameliorated by a "there, but for fortune goes you or I" sentiment.



Sergio Finamore - *Yanking*  
Ink on paper  
22 x 15 in  
2006

# Jenny Wing Yee Tong

## Results of the Headhunt

The placement of a donkey's head on a human body is imbedded in the western lore of fairytales, enchantment and children's stories. For example, Shakespeare had Oberon, king of the forest, bring the fairy Queen Titania back under his amorous sway by placing the braying beast's head upon a player's shoulders and tricking her into an embarrassing liaison with the donkey. Pinocchio was pulled from a path of wrong living by the example of truant boys transformed into donkeys. A brash voice, far from mellifluous, stupidity, slowness and stubbornness are the poor beast's attributes. Its position within the beastly hierarchy has been that of a peon - one of toil and basic portage. But there is also a magical aspect to a donkey that might be based on its potential for transformation. Being so lowly, like frog to prince, the donkey, from its rung down the ladder of evolution when it comes to human enchantments, might be raised and transformed.

The subjects are fabulous, fable-lesque, from fables that Wing Yee has spun from a combination of eastern and western legends. When the butterfly's wing, dusted by fairies, reflects the light of the moon or sun shine bounces on the back of a beetle, Jenny Wing Yee Tong's colors were created. With the pastel overtones of Degas' palette, filaments of luminosity describe fantasies. There are many layers of translucent paint on thin membranes of paper. The Wing Yee palette is primarily pastel. The dense dark fur and solid structure of the donkey when placed in more ethereal contexts stands out as a firm reminder of the propensity to ignore the humble animal. While Jenny's donkey heads maintain their footing within the ephemeral, gossamer environments where candelabras are the pivot for decor, allusions to tales yet untold abound. Wing Yee, with a surefooted delicacy wends her painterly way through nuances of conciliation and the cares of existence dissipate with the flutter of an eyelash or a butterfly kiss preserved on paper, still fragile and dewy with belief, all of our excuses of superiority. Wing Yee embraces the donkey and in doing so is a catalyst for the frog to turn princely.



Jenny Wing Yee Tong - *The Fatalist*  
Mixed media on vellum  
36 x 27 in  
2005





Gykan Project Room - *Installation View*  
April, 22, 2006

## Results of the Headhunt

With thanks to the generosity of the Jain family, and Gykan Management in conjunction with Atria Developments, *The Gykan Project Room*, an important component in the presentation of paper pieces too large for the main venue, featured the work of Rae Johnson with digitally altered images. Zachari Logan's large graphite renderings of historical settings peopled by handsome men with gay affiliations met Srdjan Segan's long ropy figures as they grasped the ceiling with their outstretched hands and extended their toes along the gallery floor. Jenny Wing Yee Tong complimented the dramatic interplay with a languid hand to the forehead as her heroin swooned on the lap of a donkey.



Rae Johnson  
upper - *Screaming Man*  
lower - *Bathtub Head*  
Digital print, oil and wax on paper  
22 x 30 in  
2006



Zachari Logan - *The World is Flat*  
Graphite on paper  
91 x 126 in, three panels  
2005



Srdjan Segan - Suspended Body  
Charcoal and coffee on paper  
108 x 104 in  
2004



Jenny Wing Yee Tong - *Untitled*  
Mixed media on vellum  
100 x 92 in  
2006



## Artist in Order of Appearance

Chuck Close  
Alex Katz  
Mehrad Meraji  
Fred Tomaselli  
Gertrude Kearns  
Cherry Hood  
Daniel Lee  
Angus Bungay  
Jesse McCloskey  
Alphonse van Woerkom  
Billy Copley  
Cynthia Karalla  
Daniel David  
Malcolm Poynter  
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