



AUTOPLASMIC

## Introduction

*AutoPlasmic* was an invitation to artist Michael Davidson to develop an exhibition as a self-reflection for his own practice with selected peer artists and works from the McMaster Museum of Art collection. But from the outset, it was more than merely a value-added group exhibition, or a “hymn to preferences.” *AutoPlasmic* delves into the sense of “being” and “making,” an inquiry of ontological dimensions. It continues the Museum’s commitment to a program of artist-as-curator projects and diverse investigative models. Recent exhibitions were Alexander Pilis’ *The Blind Architect Meets Rembrandt* (Fall 2010), and Gary Pearson’s *1 2 3 Soliloquy* (2011), and both included an interweave of the artist’s own work.

The works by Davidson, Jacques Oulé and Mario Scattoloni are photography and photo-based, but this is not a medium-specific undertaking. The selected collection works are painting, sculpture, and printwork that span the modern age and place—from Japan to the North America. Unknowingly, two of the collection works selected, Gerhard Richter’s *Mirror Painting (Blood Red 736/6)* and Katsura Funakoshi’s *Moon on the Northernmost*, were chosen by Pilis for *The Blind Architect*, but for different reasons. In turn Pilis and Pearson had selected the same August Sander and Otto Dix works for their respective projects, independent of each other. Compelling works of art are not merely open to interpretation, or “obvious choices,” but can generate complex cultural signals. Projects such as *AutoPlasmic* offer the opportunity for complexity without apologies. What artists do, think about and write about contributes to a better understanding of the museum as project in a dynamic and thought-provoking way.

Ihor Holubizky  
Senior Curator, McMaster Museum of Art

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cover image: Jacques Oulé, *Buddha No.3* (detail) from the series *Unmoved*, 2009, colour photograph, 33 x 43 cm

## AUTOPLASMIC by Michael Davidson

### Feel The Brightness

The subject of this exhibition is the “act of being alive,” or you could say the practice of living. As a person naturally conditioned to this practice, I am not yet able to get any real objective distance from the corollary. I see dying as a vestige, an interval or periodic cataclysm in midstream. With birth as an entry point, innocent by all accounts and at a loss for words, we are eventually curtailed, a severing of the fact of our life. There is an opinion shared by a lot of human beings that it would be nice to have some sort of say in this matter, as though the act of living has earned us privileges or a possible exemption from the mortal crowd. Many questions arise surrounding the impossible dissolution of being, the ensuing and salient occupational hazard of death. Questions like: What is death? And what are its implications for the living?



Michael Davidson, *Chalice*, 2008, from the series *Egressus Vermont*, mixed media on paper, 56 x 76 cm

Now is not a good time for things to stop. To expurgate all fear, or embrace it; that is the question! And yes, what are its implications? It has been like finding clues dropped along a trail that you know leads somewhere, but no one has ever returned to tell you what lay in wait for you at the end.

*AutoPlasmic* literally means self-transference, and refers to the transition of our being from the self into the other. Perhaps opposite to this and equally miraculous is our birth, the transition of the ‘other’ into the ‘self’. Through the work of evolutionary and divine impulses we are bracketed. Each interstitial life is linked to this stark unknowing at the heart of all of our knowledge. In our cultural world—as communities and as individuals—we are conditioned to this anxiety. While speculation is often wondrous, it is inconclusive for we the living, and words will nearly always seem insufficient. It will be in the realm of pictures, in the non-verbal language forms, that we may find images clearly expressing and invoking our relationship to the paradoxical truth in our nature; with eyes open or closed, to feel the brightness.

## Imagination Of Permanence

As a celebration and an elegy, but neither celebratory nor elegiac, the exhibition *AutoPlasmic* positions itself at that moment where a person receives the gift of the art, the imagination. What exactly is that gift? Perhaps it is the chance to peer into the unfathomable deep or stare into the sun.

### The Solution in Practice

Usually I am on a work for a long stretch, until a moment arrives when the air of the arbitrary vanishes, and the paint falls into positions that feel destined.

Philip Guston <sup>1</sup>

### The Dissolution in Practice

1. At the culmination of the process of dying, after the dissolution of elements, senses and thought states, the ultimate nature of mind, the Ground Luminosity, is for a moment laid bare.
2. Then, fleetingly, the radiance of that nature of mind is displayed and shines out in appearances of sound, colour and light.
3. Next the dead person's consciousness awakens and enters into the bardo of becoming; the ordinary mind returns, and takes on manifestations of the past. These drive the mind to cling onto the illusory experiences as something real and solid.

Sogyal Rinpoche <sup>2</sup>



Michael Davidson, *Grand Army of the Republic*, 2008, from the series *Egressus Vermont*, mixed media on paper, 56 x 76 cm

Between these two divergent passages lies the truth, which may be found at the centre of artistic expression. Perception deceives us, asks us to accept, and necessarily attempts to place us into a realm of identity and calm permanence. Such may be the intent of art to which people respond most deeply. It is not only the concretized idea (object) that is exhibited, rather it is the shadow, its eminence, an ambiguous materialization—what is not there. Do our instincts

locate something between and behind the facades of great art? Another force, a hidden structure? Is this the fallacy of perception, to maintain faith in the existence of something behind the curtain? Is this the solution of being that artists so willingly give their lives over to?

**Illusion condenses upon the eyelid, and blurs. Like a lace coverlet over a polished redwood table, it obscures the grain.**



Mario Scattoloni, colour photograph from the series *Gracia Portal*, 2009, 33 x 48 cm

## The Shades

Mario Scattoloni delivers his *Gracia Portal* images (2009) as nightfall descends upon ceramic surfaces, granite and glass giving up no secrets—an emptiness except for the gliding templates of shadow and light, a hushed caressing over liquid hardened planes of these Barcelona homes. We live inside of and move through structures of mystery.

Scattoloni's work often takes him into this netherworld of twilight, as though the penetration and dance of streetlight into the darkness of these facades create a portrait, reflective and on the move. Are we welcomed into these foyers; does he welcome us? Is there seduction at work here, or do we hesitate? Does the gloaming, transient light, whether through streetlamps or moonlight mingled with setting sun, cast a spell; will a drama emerge, a stage on which we may play out our dreams?

For Scattoloni it is the dreamstage that matters. But for his trained eye the dream exists in broad daylight as well, as in *The Children*, also from 2009. Scattoloni has silently imbued the composition with the playful innocence of childhood, yet through his lens has opened a different kind of portal. Here a fire of backlight that seems to defy all natural aspects of silhouetting, dematerializes the young figures into a transparency, suggesting not only their vulnerability, but that the children are being seen in a true light—that we are witnessing a kind of molecular manifestation. The artist has given evidence of an abiding transience, the contradiction of the concrete in a fleeting landscape.

In David Haughton's landscape entitled *Backyard* (c. 1959)—a delicate, yet deeply saturated etching—we find a diaristic accounting of the sweeping pathway of destruction, and its effect on memory, both singular and collective. We glean



Mario Scattoloni, colour photograph from the series *Gracia Portal*, 2009, 33 x 48 cm

a certain attachment to the near-abandoned property before us, backgrounded by a new post-war subdivision. Perhaps once a boyhood stomping ground of hide'n'seek cul-de-sacs and secret rendezvous, the subject of the picture is erasure and its tenacious counterpoint, resilience. What was once a neighborhood is now a loose organic configuration.

What happens to an individual's sense of identification with the familiar, with "home," when taken away? Sometimes it is not we who are pulled away from what we know. We are left standing and it is our surroundings which are removed, whether through a Blitzkrieg, an earthquake or cyclone, or even the insidious gentrification or tearing down of a neighborhood.



David Haughton (British 1924-1991)  
*Backyard* nd, (c.1959), Ed. 20/50, etching, 47 x 45 cm, Wentworth House Art Committee Purchase, 1962. Photo: John Tamblyn

In *Backyard* there is visual respite in the form of a shed, having narrowly escaped downfall. But unlike the *Gracia Portals*, this depiction of a key remaining structure within the ruin is a psychological anchor. Perhaps his father's tool shed, or the hideaway where Haughton stole his first kiss; in any case, we have an example of residual memory, an unadorned portrait in urban revision, and a private meaning made evident by the clearing, a yard laid waste. Haughton's etching poses a simple question regarding our lives and who we think we are. Is it from the "stuff of life," and is it who and what we

surround ourselves with that tells us the answer to ‘Who am I?’ If not, then what?

### Gonna Be The Death Of Me

Don Van Vliet’s painting *Lycanthrope’s Pig* (1984) conjures up tremulous disturbances of the mind, the very thought of our dissolution as human beings. In order to do this Van Vliet has relied upon the fantastical horrific cartoon images of animals that he is widely known for; a kind of user friendly lexicon of storybook illustrations through a hallucinogenic scrim. A lycanthrope—a werewolf of the mind—is set to devour a screaming, scrambling, and equally ghastly “pig of the mind.” These are not images of any animal that you will see in nature, but terrific phantoms of a dark and still humouring brain at play. The devouring is not so much about the iconoclastic taking down of traditional rendering and formal training. Rather, it establishes a pretext for transformation, eradication and a stage upon which the suffering and torment of the soul is played out; lurking and pouncing grotesque imaginings; a savage wandering, jarring in its primary school demeanor, the counterpoint to the innocence of Scattoloni’s *The Children*. The image is openly confrontational. Is this a man letting it spill out, a visceral tableau for Saint John of the Cross’ *Dark Night of the Soul*, or an image of trans-substantiation?<sup>3</sup>



**Don Van Vliet** (American 1941-2010)  
*Lycanthrope's Pig*, 1984, oil on plywood, 122 x 96.5 cm. Gift of Gordon Eberts, 1992. Image courtesy of the Estate of Don Van Vliet.

If it is monstrous, we can defer to Van Vliet’s prerogative, as brought to the fore in Mary Shelley’s classic *Frankenstein* (1818). The fundamental question at the heart of that sublime vision, with the monster roaming the bucolic Swiss landscape, is Shelley’s question regarding the possibility of the soul. If the soul is the abode within all of God’s creatures, could it be possible that the soul would still reside within the tortured and tormented body of man’s creation, the so-called abomination? For Mary Shelley, the answer is a plaintive “yes!” And for Van Vliet, a wailing howlin’ wolf.

With expatriate British painter Peter Nadin we find an artist who has long endured a crisis of faith, through his practice and his life. In his untitled oil and pastel (1994), we see a visual declaration of torment, with the clear depiction of a threaded needle placed threateningly between the index and middle fingers. The background is an illusory suture in paint, coarse and economical, evoking an unpleasant memory of a similar sewing up, that which seams the living corpse of the Frankenstein monster.



**Peter Nadin** (British b.1954)  
*Untitled*, 1994, oil pastel and mixed media on paper, 100 x 65 cm.  
Promised gift from a Toronto collection. Image courtesy of the artist

For Nadin the crisis was constantly manifest within his own development as an artist. Coming up against conceptual obstruction, a descent into a regressive formal language ensued. But remaining steady with what he believes is ultimately a resilience, and timelessness to poetry, Nadin has nevertheless been driven to search for the vehicle that could bring true meaning to his life, and allow him a way to convey this to others. Was there a visual language comparable to poetry for Nadin the poet, as a visual artist? If poetry is his private expression, what will become of the visual vocabulary through which he will make his lasting mark? And how does one not simply represent consciousness, but rather embody it? Nadin has said “Painting is the perfect medium for the representation of consciousness. A mark

on the canvas can move from a hand to an eye or back to a mark, for instance, in a process parallel to the movement of the mind.”<sup>4</sup>

It is perhaps a very fine example that Peter Nadin has openly and honestly made clear, through work and through doubt, the double line, of the search for the self and the pathway to that truth for others.

### Egressus Vermont

When I think about time spent in the Vermont backcountry, I am fixed with a memory. Frequently I had the sense that town halls and bridges, laneways and hillsides, the back rooms and the fields of the Piedmont, all held a secret, something that the people live with day in and day out, stewards of a collective memory. I found myself quietly making enquiries.

*Egressus* is a fictional location. The name, from the Latin, means “gone out,” as in “left the room” or “an extinguished candle.” It reflects the ambience of a place filled with ghosts; more a strange enchantment, one that gradually enveloped me during my time there. The images are a form of conjuring, a tableau of scenes that are only there in memory—phantom landscapes.



In the autumn stillness, on every trail, was the nervous sensation of not being entirely alone. Behind each fence line and beside every Grand Army of the Republic star in the cemetery, or with beardedogs chained along the mud banks of the Gihon River, and the near and distant echo of gunshots in the Green Mountains, it seemed reasonable that I should imagine people here were somehow living out their lives alongside departed loved ones and old rivals, not separated by time or dimension.

What would account for that?<sup>5</sup> Perhaps it is a different sensibility when it comes to times of war, and times of no war—living and dying, an adjusted reality, determined through the events of the past and the tenuous nature of the present. A haunting American Civil War is still a very young history in New England. Mystery seems to abound in the shadowy recesses of this empire, as in the documented UFO abductions and sightings; many that originate in and around Vermont. But here the experience with community is direct and real, if occasionally “Smithsonian” in our interpretation. Life is what it is, and people know one another. Is there a conduit here for the manifestation of something else? I believe in a way, there is. The hills breathe with those sounds of mystery.

The greatest works of art are surrounded by an aura of mystery. They represent all that the brain of a genius can perceive of the physical world, yet at the same time make us aware of the great Unknown that surrounds us. For in this world we can only grasp a small part of the things around us. The rest is hidden from us, beyond our powers of perception.<sup>6</sup>

Auguste Rodin 1840-1917

In Rodin’s drypoint of Victor Hugo from 1886, we have an extraordinary portrait of one of the titans of French literature. There have been decisions made in this study, resulting in an arresting depiction; foremost are two compelling and enigmatic formal elements. The first in the tilted back head is a riveting blackened gaze from Hugo, which seems to penetrate through the veils of time separating our world from his, and locks, almost magnetically holding our attention. At the same moment and irreconcilable to this, his eyes are socketed, deep interior wells, like twin vortexes, seeking to absorb and confiscate all available light. The other element on the page is the disconcerting presence of a small doubled sketch, at what would be chestpocket height, an apparition of two other possible and simultaneous expressions of an old man’s face, somehow casting doubt into the dominating features



**Auguste Rodin** (French 1840-1917)  
*Victor Hugo, De Face*, 1886, drypoint etching, 3<sup>rd</sup> state, 22.5 x 15.8 cm. Purchase; date unknown. Photo: John Tamblyn

of the larger Hugo rendering. The smaller drawing is characterized by a face caught in transition, and here Rodin demonstrates an intuited understanding. With the presence of the secondary image, a portrait in vapour, reminding us of a 19th century ectoplasmic photograph, the artist has infused the work with a sense of mystery and illusion. And a question of “the will” arises.

As much as anything—creative genius, heroic intervention or the grace of the gods—it was the will and determination of these two that is primarily responsible for their enormous contribution to the arts. And the bid is there, for all to see, for immortality. The will may command a leading position throughout one’s life, if lucky. And yet in Rodin’s work we see a glimpse of the subterfuge, the skewing element of doubt, even for men like these. As superb examples of strength and endurance in the arts, nonetheless both Rodin and Hugo also contained a

humility, defiant and dissenting yes, but also fully aware of the paradoxical futility in the powers of art.

And if there is only one of us  
left, it will be I!<sup>7</sup>  
Victor Hugo 1802-1885



**Katsura Funakoshi** (Japanese b. 1951)  
*Moon on the Northernmost*, 1995, painted camphor wood  
and marble, 87 x 57 x 28 cm (excluding stand), Levy Bequest  
Purchase, 1996. Image courtesy of Annely Juda Fine Art,  
London. Photo: Isaac Applebaum

### Over The Mountaintop

*Moon on the Northernmost* (1995), a camphor wood and marble, polychromed sculpture, is an aesthetic and ascetic wonder by Japanese artist Katsura Funakoshi, looking forward and backward in time. The gaze of this non-gendered humanoid is gently fixed upon whatever or whoever should come before their scrutiny, as a sentinel may watch from a clocktower or mountain ridge. The work from face on is a fulfillment, an articulation of cool forbearance. And yet it is strangely activated by the phantom presence of

a second face cautiously present at the back of the skull; this one also alert but slowly peering around as if to survey its own past and dealings (an effect similar to that in the Rodin drawing). Not as content, nor detached as the Funakoshi face of our initial encounter, rather it is the visage of someone seeking a stability, perhaps through a nod of simple acknowledgement, a searcher. Funakoshi has delivered a monastic duality in this double figure. But this is not simply a visualization of the yin and yang from Tao scripture, opposing but complimentary states of mind. It is more like the possibility of two states of being, entrenched, concrete and simultaneous. One cannot help but consider spatial temporal relationships when experiencing *Moon on the Northernmost*, specifically the way we acknowledge time’s passing and carry ourselves toward its conclusion. And in this sense the moon seems destined to spend an eternity watching over us.

If the moon could speak.

As “solution” is one way of looking at Paul Klee’s paintings, harmonious structures of sequenced prismatic colour, what a source is made of, almost scientific dissolution into the component tablets of spectral allocation, and a natural elemental crystallization of light and colour. With Klee’s *Ohne Titel (Spatial Architecture, Tunisia)*, 1915, we see the act of painting at the service of a higher purpose. Klee is in full reductive mode here and wishes the painting to be an avatar of clarity, a composition of perfectly harmonized forms. Again, I am reminded of thinking about abstraction as the factual language of the invisible. The mysteries of life are abundant and affect and shape our joys, as well as our uneasiness.



**Paul Klee** (Swiss 1879-1940), *Ohne Titel [Spatial architecture, Tunisia]*, 1915, watercolour and bodycolour on card, 16.4 x 20.5 cm, Levy Bequest Purchase, 1992. Photo: Isaac Applebaum

Klee spent a lifetime painting and drawing. Through a genuine love of music and musical entablature, as well as geometric engineering formulations, with his brush always at hand, he evolved a pictorial operation that resulted in beautifully poetic, refined pictures. His paintings often speak to us with quizzical humour, and a playful choreography announcing from far left stage a cast of Calder-esque figure sketches. But other works such as this beckon us to a place beyond gayness and frivolity, and there we find a little world of harmony, in triumphant jewelled tears and prisms, colours of essential universal peacefulness.

An enduring fragility, such is the paradox of life, Jacques Oulé’s journey through world cultures has resulted in a careful documentation in photography, an expedition where the faith in one’s identity can be unraveled and restructured, when systems of belief are challenged and tragedy cast into light. Included are two concurrent series, *Unmoved* and *Rouge* (2009-10), each from the larger project entitled “COMMA”. From Thailand, the Buddhas of *Unmoved* peer stoically through membranes of

separation, warehoused in some temporary humility. Yet they are revered and destined to play a role of compassion and happiness. What happens to our carefully maintained notion of the sacred when such an object is discovered in cellophane wraps? One feels almost as a voyeur, as though witness to something we are not supposed to see. It is highly unusual to witness this state of compromise, and still it suggests a fragility, or a need to protect such objects. Is this, in fact, a compromise? Do not these images still reach us; and even when wrapped are there to remind us, in the gentle gaze, of the impermanence of all things, including the impermanence of the Buddha.

When I look at the sequence of *Rouge*, there is symbolic and reductive quality in the images, a careful ordering, but a very human touch; an unwavering hand and directness of purpose, and even a simple and candid brushwork of home crafted elegance in sapphire blue on plaster. It is when I attach the accompanying image of the young Cambodian with the number 1 affixed to his chest, and chain around his neck, that a palpable shockwave emerges. What transpires next is the pure and clear drainage of the soul.

Another image that I see as a conduit leads to a sense of understanding in Oulé's work—a singular formidable image in the *Rouge* series—is that of the boy and his shadow. Once a secondary school, this building later became a house of carnage, during the regime of the Khmer Rouge (1975-79), and within these walls were processed countless Cambodian countrymen, women and children, in a most horrific example of genocide. To be there now, is to be witness still. A young boy is passing next to a cellblock corridor, and with a backwards glance has seen a shadow, likely his own. It strikes us that the boy is as vulnerable as a moth to

a candle, and yet the key to this image is in the shadow, perhaps a lingering residual form, still fresh, is with us and pleads with us to not give up—even after this spectre of violence, to believe not in hatred. There is urgency in the whisper.

The difficulty with such imagery is finding a way to cope with an unthinkable pain that human beings have shown themselves to be totally capable of inflicting on each other. Here are the children, thrust into a nightmarish arena, which for the child numbered 1, there was no escape. And still, if we can take this finality to some order of higher magnitude, we



Jacques Oulé, #1 from the *Rouge* series, 2009, colour photograph, 43 x 66 cm



Jacques Oulé, *Untitled* from the *Rouge* series, 2009, colour photograph, 43 x 56 cm

begin to find a detachment from life as a one way street to death. Extreme as it may be in its objectification of absolute violence, even the acts of the Khmer Rouge were not enough to annihilate the human spirit, nor defeat utterly their chosen victims. The young boy, with his red sash and clean white shirt is the starting point, for a life that will continue, even in Cambodia. There is still hope.

Gerhard Richter's *Mirror Painting (Blood Red 736/6)*, 1991, provides an unflinching and yet ever obscured image of the self within the frame of the work, washed in a lake of blood red pigment. It suggests the transference of an interior life matter to an exterior where identity is submerged under this reflective surface. The mirror has been a constant companion of humanity since the beginning. Entire mythologies have sprung forth from the reflecting pools of ancient Greece and Rome. It is worth noting, however, that in our mirror image, we see not a true resemblance, regardless of the resolution, we see a dyslexic reordering of our features, a kind of lateral reversal of forms. Our brain makes an adjustment, a leap of faith, as it so often does when puzzled. And isn't that perfect, perhaps an appropriate metaphor for how we look at our lives. It is rare however that our reflected selves have been so intentionally framed within the reading of an artwork. In doing so with his mirror works, Richter has dissolved any cool separation between the art and the objective eye. There can be no objectivity in life. We are fully integrated and complicit, cause and result.

With the Richter and Oulé, Klee and Funakoshi, we see works of art holding out, and patient over time. They speak to the transitioning of the self, perception and fragile identity, life's turning wheel and the tenacious grasp at truth.

Don't count for a moment on appearances, your own to begin with, as anything other than hallucinatory.

## Faith and the Substance of Things...Unseen

There is a question, "what is life?" It is enough to raise the question. I, for one, do not anticipate any answer forthcoming in the near future.

We are net casting, to catch a glimpse of the transition itself and from the Bible, "Faith is the substance of things...unseen."<sup>8</sup>

Artists make pictures because it is the closest they can get to making miracles.

### Not The End

And so, believe whatever you want.  
Believe in the concrete, or nothingness.  
We are all doomed, we are blessed.  
a holy goof's "golden eternity"  
There is the Milky Way.  
There are embers burning in Big Sur fireplaces.  
All in all, all around it,  
can't touch it.  
There are axe handles  
and hunger. There is nothing to be said.  
Can't say.....?  
Say love, say here.<sup>9</sup>

Michael Davidson  
July, 2010, Hollywood Hills, Los Angeles

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### NOTES

- 1 Famous Art Quotes, Philip Guston, ArtQuotes.net
- 2 Sogyal Rinpoche, quoted in *The Tibetan Book of the Living and Dying* (Harper/Collins Publishers, 1993) p.342
- 3 Saint John of the Cross, *Dark Night of the Soul*, translated and edited by E. Alison Peers (Image Books, Third Revised Edition), First Book, Chapter X, "Of the way in which these souls are to conduct themselves in this dark night." Saint John of the Cross was a 16th century Spanish priest, writer and mystic.
- 4 Daniel Pinchbeck, "Peter Nadin, Growing Up Again," *ARTnews*, May 1993, pp.124-127
- 5 It is partly that there is little eradication of signs of the past. In fact the state does everything it can to preserve the past, with annual barn census, etc. It is also because of the absolute reduction in distractions, such as advertisements, and roadside billboards, prohibited by law, or boutiques and fast food emporiums or Starbucks outlets. Vermont has not been derailed by the ambitions of corporate money.
- 6 Auguste Rodin speaking to Paul Gsell, from *Auguste Rodin*, Robert Descharnes, Jean Francois Chabrun, (New York: The Viking Press, 1967) p. 239
- 7 Victor Hugo, *Les Châtiments* [Castigations]; a book of poetry and condemnation of the Second Empire of Louis-Napoleon III, 1853.
- 8 "Now faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things unseen." King James Bible, Hebrew 11:11
- 9 "Golden eternity" is a phrase used by Jack Kerouac in *The Scripture Of The Golden Eternity* (New York: Corinth Books, New York, 1960, City Lights Pocket Poets Editions, 1994)

**Michael Davidson** was born in London, Ontario in 1953. He graduated with a BFA from the University of Guelph, and currently lives in Toronto. He has exhibited in solo, two-person and group exhibitions in Canada, the United States, England and Switzerland, and has work in the collections of Art Gallery of Peel, St. Michael's College, MacLaren Art Centre, The Robert McLaughlin Gallery, Museum of Contemporary Canadian Art, and the Tom Thomson Art Gallery. Davidson originated the exhibition TRANSlinear, mounted at the McMaster Museum of Art in 1999, and which toured to nine galleries across Canada.

**Jacques Oulé** was born in the village of Soubise, France, in 1958. He grew up in Aix-en-Provence, lived in Paris, and moved to Toronto in 1981. Oulé was trained as a chef in France and has traveled widely. He has pursued an interest in photography for twenty years, questioning its content and his position in it, and has immersed himself with its range of technique and possibilities.

**Mario Scattoloni** was born in Toronto in 1960. He graduated with a BFA from York University and currently lives and works in Barcelona. Scattoloni has exhibited in solo and group exhibitions in Toronto and Barcelona, and is a member of 15 x 100, an international photography collective. Since the early 1980s he has also worked on film and video productions as an art director, production designer and cameraman in Canada, the United States and Europe.

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## Additional Works

### **Michael Davidson**

From the suite *Egressus Vermont*, 2008  
all mixed media on paper, each 56 x 76 cm:  
*Fowler's Temple; In Halos; Piedmont  
Gihon; Mount Mansfield; Near Stargazer  
Field*

### **Jacques Oulé**

Eight examples for the series *Rouge*, 2009;  
seven colour and one black and white  
photography, each 33 x 43 cm  
Seven examples from the series *Unmoved*,  
2009, colour photographs, each 42 x 56 cm

### **Mario Scattoloni**

Two examples from the series *Gracia Portal*,  
2009, color photographs, both 33 x 48 cm  
*The Children*, 2009, colour photograph, 81  
x 117 cm

### **Gerhard Richter** (German b. 1932)

*Mirror Painting (Blood Red 736/6)*, 1991  
pigment on glass, 95 x 86 cm  
Levy Bequest Purchase, 1997

A visualization work of the Richter appears  
on the back cover; the exact proportions and  
closest colour approximation, Pantone 202C.

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