



IVAN JURAKIC FOREGROUND:
Avatar 2004-07 Light bulbs,
lamp fixtures, electrical wire
2.74 m x 2.13 m x 91 cm
BACKGROUND: Reclamation 2004
Photo transparency, Plexiglas,
steel 92 x 61 cm



CHARLES STANKIEVECH
Horror Vacui [détail AH]
[detail] 2007 Sound
installation, industrial felt,
wood, vinyl 33 x 33 x 5 cm

Horror Vacui [détail AH]
[detail] 2007 Sound
installation, industrial felt,
wood, glass 32 x 32 x 48 cm
PHOTOS GUY L'HEUREUX



nalist imprisoned by the Nazis in 1944. To stay sane, he made short diary entries by using a pin to poke Braille-like letters into toilet paper. Moen was killed in a boat transport before the war ended, but miraculously his diary survived, though it had been largely forgotten when Reeves's partner discovered a copy in a used bookstore. In tribute to Moen, Reeves transferred translated excerpts from his diary onto a large projection screen, using his painstaking method of poking holes into the surface. Then she projected onto the screen a video of a man adrift on a grey sea. His collar pulled tightly around his neck, he holds strips of paper up to the wind, then slowly releases them. As light from the projection travels through the pinpricks in the screen, shimmering columns of words appear on the wall behind.

"Constellations" resists making overarching statements about right and wrong, innocence and guilt. Instead, it asks us to reflect on the experiences of two individuals. It is also a poignant reminder that before long, nobody who remembers the Second World War will be alive. One by one, their lights will go out. How encouraging, then, that they shine on in the work of Jurakic and Reeves. **SASCHA HASTINGS**

Charles Stankievec

GALERIE DONALD BROWNE, MONTREAL

The title of Charles Stankievec's sparse solo exhibition "Horror Vacui" refers to the fear of empty spaces associated with Outsider art and psychedelic imagery. For an audio-based show, it is remarkably, even ominously, quiet and near-void.

The artwork's looped and deteriorating musical fragments—emitted from headphones attached to an iPod near the gallery entrance—sound hazily familiar. Nearby, antique bell jars sit on tastefully appointed shelves outfitted with grey-felted wool squares mounted on plywood. Next to these, felt record sleeves serve as backdrops for 12-inch vinyls that contain recordings of the pieces playing on the iPod. These single-edition records, one of those contradictory species of multiples that are also unique objects, are cut on transparent vinyl that glitters delicately. The bell jars are key tools in the creation of the exhibition's soundtrack and are displayed as evidence of Stankievec's process, giving the viewer an intriguing puzzle to work out: what is the methodology of the work?

To create his soundtracks, the artist placed a microphone inside each glass cloche, then recorded the reverberating sound of passages of pop songs played outside: The Beach Boys' "Good Vibrations," David Bowie's "Sound and Vision" and the Velvet Underground's "After Hours." This recording was then played back and re-recorded from within the cloche until the audio decayed to a point where its source can hardly be recognized.

In the gallery, David Bowie chants "Don't you wonder sometimes 'bout sound and vision," Brian Wilson plods out "Gotta keep those lovin' good vibrations a-happenin' with her" and Moe Tucker

sings "If you close the door, the night could last forever. Keep the sunshine out and say hello to never." Before long, "Good Vibrations" becomes a jangly cloud, "Sound and Vision" a tinny abstract anthem. Eventually all conclude as piercing shrieks, not unlike a looped, amplified and tweaked sample of breaking glass. Hence the headphones.

The cleverly selected songs describe an attitude toward ontology and lay out cues for Stankievec's methodology. Bowie's lyric provides the provocation for Stankievec's inquiry, Wilson's aspiration is a perfect mantra for "Horror Vacui"'s re-recordings of sound waves and the Velvets' nocturnal isolation chamber is a hypothesis for the show's results—an echoing, pretty terrifying void. The playlist reflects the values of another era: the Beach Boys' brand of bushy-tailed idealism and strident purity, for example, would be hard pressed to retain its integrity today. Stankievec mines a glimmering historical moment balanced between Wilson's hopeless optimism and Lou Reed's faith in the liberation of substance use.

Stankievec's tidy and sparing exploration of repetition and decay seems a respectful—but not reverential—response to his mentor, the composer Alvin Lucier. Felted grey wool is historically loaded thanks to the shadow of Joseph Beuys, but it works here as not just a formal conceit, but a functional element in the execution of the work's soundtrack. The show could have been a mordant one-liner, but it's in fact a mercurial and subtle confrontation of the void. **MARK CLINTBERG**

Yannick Pouliot

MUSÉE D'ART CONTEMPORAIN DE MONTRÉAL,
MONTREAL

You might feel like you've stumbled into a high-end furniture store upon entering Yannick Pouliot's exhibition. In front of you sit four strange chairs covered in silky imported fabrics and boasting carved mahogany woodwork. But don't try to sit down! Their designs are twisted to reflect the psyche, not the shape of a person. Pouliot's manipulation of furniture and architectural spaces is refreshingly unique in contemporary art—the outcome witty, and often sexy.

Pouliot's art uses the language of 18th- and 19th-century decorative movements. His works' titles, like the sculptures themselves, combine the names of furniture styles and human traits. *Régence: monomaniaque* consists of a chair permanently attached to three facing chairs by a cylindrical form that passes through their backs. *Empire: possessif* is a double-decker number, with one seat positioned directly above the other, while *Eastlake: intransigent* presents an upside-down cupola, a hard-to-enter, lushly appealing bowl. "These high-end luxury items are very seductive, conventionally beautiful," says Pouliot. "I use this beauty in the hopes of attracting the public to the work to contemplate more profound ideas about living and possessing."

On the walls are ten stencils, each showing a