

SHOULD I
EXPECT
MORE
FROM YOU

Award Recipients 2004-2014

Phil Delisle
Jessica Groome
Megan Hepburn
Collin Johanson
Jennifer Lefort
Vitaly Medvedovsky
Mark Neufeld
Nam Nguyen
Ehryn Torrell
Todd Tremeer
Julie Trudel

PLASKETT EDITIONS

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Joseph Plaskett

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(126) Marcel Proust - ON READING

'This surface with which they charm and disappoint us, and beyond which we would like to go is the very essence of that in a sense depthless thing - a mirage arrested on a canvas - which is a vision. And the mist which our eager eyes would like to ~~perce~~ pierce is the last word in the painter's art. The supreme effort of the writer as of the artist only succeeds in raising partially for us the veil of ugliness and insignificance that leaves us incurious before the Universe.'

(127) "I did not come to work with architecture from a constructivist background. My work has its roots in perception, in how we see things."

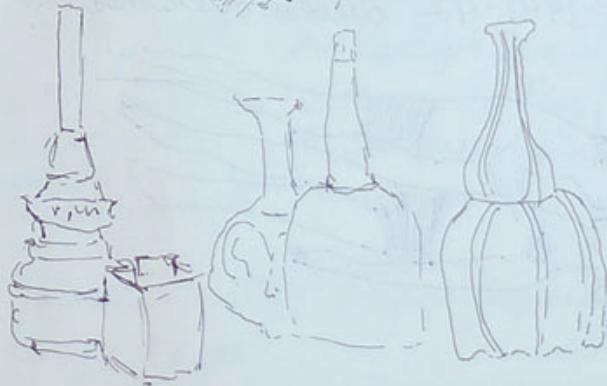
Ceal Floyer

"Til I Get it right 2005

Man Ray - Lee Miller's eye on a metronome (lenticular)

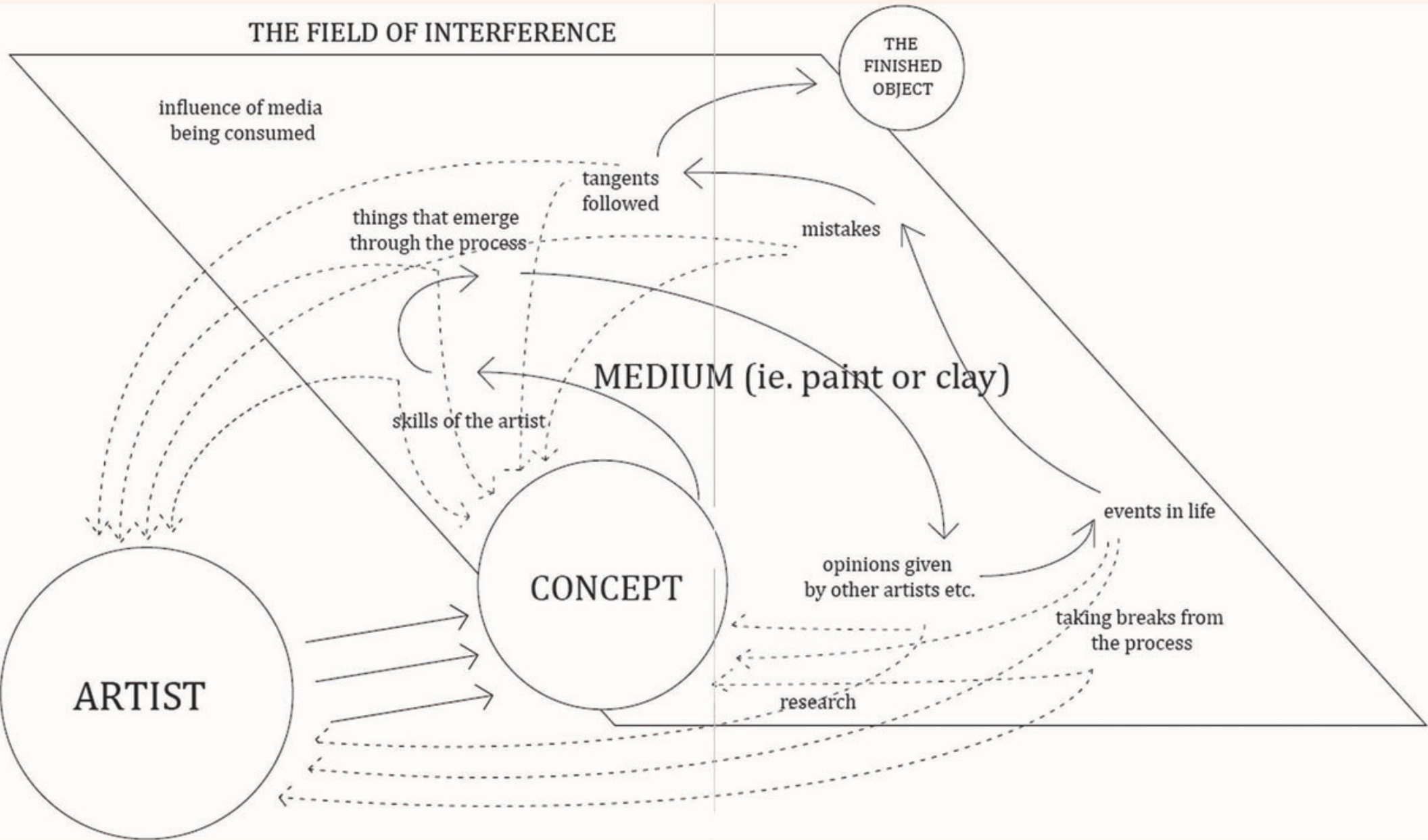


Lee Miller - what a babe



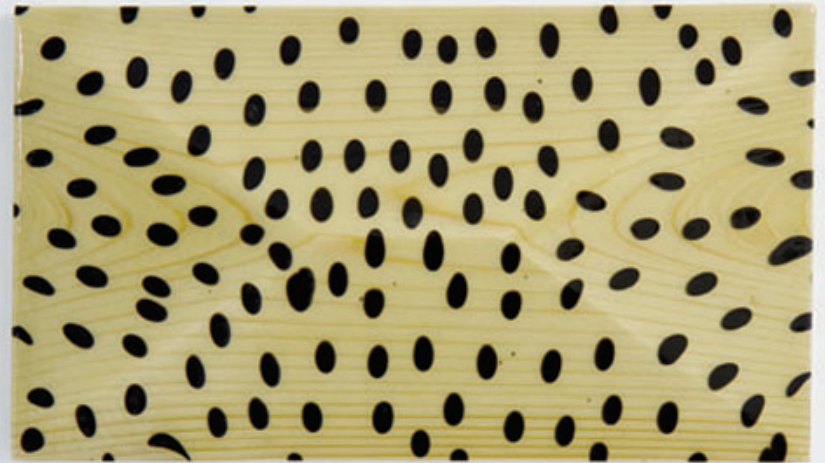
Morandi's stuff

THE FIELD OF INTERFERENCE





. Fondation Vasarely,
Aix-en-Provence, France
. Tasse à mesurer
dans l'atelier
. Test 35, du Projet
noir et blanc
. Réflexion



Todd Tremeer: Small-Scale Landscapes



Railway Model (photo from Plaskett Award travels, Frankfurt, Germany, 2008)

My painting takes one of two focuses. I paint outdoors in the Group of Seven tradition, alternatively, I stay indoors and paint from constructed more views. There is a fantastic compression of space, time and narrative in the best model railroad, dollhouse and war dioramas. In a mere few inches on a train set table, firefighters may battle a fiery blaze while children play in the park across the street. Such dioramas win praise for accuracy and faithfulness to detail, yet like theatre, demand a suspension of disbelief amongst viewers.

In conventional landscape painting one learns first to focus on the big shapes and to simplify. In contrast, painting from miniature models is about one's engagement with detail. Through the model's details narratives are told. One narrative describes what is recreated; a second narrative describes the project's making. Miniature models are most alive as they are being built. Works in progress anticipate next steps. A project's potential spurs time, effort and the imagination. In contrast, completion is a death blow. With completion narratives shift. Memory and what could have been surpasses new visions.

Painting follows a similar narrative trajectory in my studio. There is the narrative (what is pictured) that describes the thing. Also there are narratives about the work's making (painting process). Painting is most engaging during the struggle to recreate the form, weight, colour, size and texture of things. With miniature models, substance is an illusion, time is frozen and detail more precise. The miniature model presents an ideal vision: perfect wilderness or industrial wasteland. Painting from miniature models complies narratives related to the model's making with those of painting.

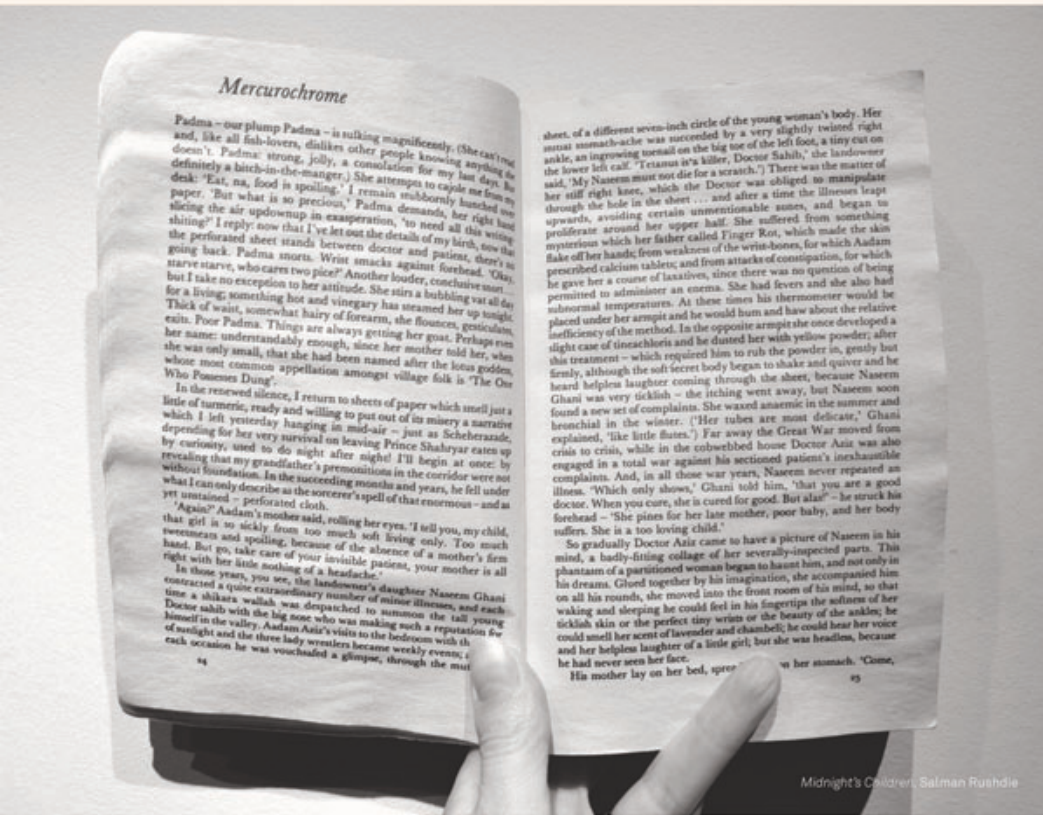
There are death blows in painting too. I believe a good painting balances on the edge of being a failure. I can be uncertain if it is a good or bad painting for a long time. I make more paintings than I keep because painting is about pushing limits. Although few finished paintings match their founding vision, "good paintings" are those that embody in their marks multiple narratives related to representation and the painting process.



Todd Tremeer 4

Track Side Wilderness (model railway club, London ON)







“Krivomazov,” I would reply, faking a shy smile, and he would pat me on the head and feed me sweets; he ran through the whole routine so mechanically that it didn’t even disgust me.

There’s almost nothing I can say about my aunt—she was quite indifferent to me and made sure that I spent most of my free time in various summer camps for Young Pioneers, and extended day-school groups.

Everything I remember from my childhood is linked in one way or another with a dream of the sky. Of course, all this wasn’t the very beginning of my life: before this there was a long, bright room full of other children and large plastic cubes scattered haphazardly about the floor; there were the icebound steps of the wooden slide that I plodded up with eager haste; there were the frost-cracked models of young mountaineers made of painted plaster in the yard; and lots more besides. But I can’t really say that it was I who saw all this; in early childhood (as, perhaps, after death), a person extends in all directions at the same time, so we can say he still doesn’t exist yet—the personality comes into being later, when an attachment to some particular direction appears.

I lived not far from the Cosmos cinema. Our district was dominated by a metal rocket standing on a tapering column of solid titanium smoke, like some huge scimitar thrust into the ground. But funnily enough, it wasn’t this rocket that marked the beginning of my personality, it was the wooden aeroplane in the small children’s playground beside my block. It wasn’t exactly an aeroplane, more a toy house with two windows, and during some repair work someone had nailed on a pair of

THE UNDISCOVERED CONTINENT

He first became aware that it had worked early one morning, in the middle of a summer marked by strange, abrupt shifts in temperature—the “it” in question was a picture, or rather a painting. The awareness was prompted by a chance thought, which occurred to him as he was tying his shoelaces in advance of his daily walk. The thought was this: when tying one’s laces, if they are flat ones (which his were), is it not important to consider the flatness of the lace as you tie it—even as you thread it through the shoe’s loops? Now, the latter being small and circular, this is no small task. And if the accomplishment of this task *is* important, does it not follow (by dint of reason or consistency—he knew not which) that this flatness should carry on in both directions? That is to say, should the lace not wind through the loops in this way as well as progress towards the knot in a self-same and consistent manner?

He tried to imagine the process of tending to this consistency, and doing so made him feel momentarily dizzy, inducing in him a very small shiver of panic. This frisson was brought on by his mentally tracing the movement of the laces as they rose from the shoe towards the knot—a movement demanding a series of circular (and thus decidedly un-flat) movements. His imaginary hands bumped into one another in the process, their fingers suddenly either too large or too fixed in their movements, for the delicate task demanded of them. It was the active tending to this flatness in the face of non-flatness, which brought on the panic.

And it was this little panic that led to yet another opposing thought. Maybe it was ok to allow his shoelaces to curl this way and that, willy-nilly, turning around themselves so that they defied their own flatness, to the point of becoming circular, or even haphazardly folded, in their structure. After all, he ventured, this wayward, *laissez faire* “approach” (is a system of no system worthy of the name?) had served him perfectly well all these years. Would it not go on serving him equally well in the future? Furthermore, (at this point Laziness masquerading as Reason arises in his consciousness, making for the podium) could it not be claimed that this manner—even though subject to the ways of entropy and the whims of the devil, bespoke a certain economy of mind, allowing one to focus attention and effort on more important things?

In the end, it was not commitment to either side of the argument which furnished evidence that the picture had done its work, but rather that the thought had even occurred at all. Yes, it was this simple fact that served as affirmation of the picture’s internal workings on his mind. He tied his laces and left the house.



Mark Neufeld
'W' w/motifs, oil on linen, 22" x 30", 2010
current whereabouts unknown



© Collin Johnson

I'm listening to Kiyooka's stories from his mother. The ghosts always are with sea culture, ports, sailors, ocean dwellers. The sea offers possibility as an endless, moving, always receding horizon.

There is no ground. This means there is no fundament, no rock bottom, no bottoming out, no end point, no gravity. Without ground, there is endless potential. But I'm talking about a more specific no ground - I'm not talking about resources. That we can see the whole earth doesn't mean we know it. What we see differs from what we know, what we imagine we know and what is known.

Toufic yells about anger, rage, nose bloody. He yells about Lynch's blackness being a different kind of black, the kind you can't come back out of, as opposed to the kind you can. An opaque black versus a translucent black.

In order to find something, it has to be lost.



Body opens, shifts, escalation, wander started, excess, flies
Holy ashes burning
rang through the hall left
going forward shake out itself
till morning
foaming list
listening love
looking down
look lasting

Upon receipt of your letter later than expected we have decided to return unbeknownst to us a white flower

rain

spring steps set up the deck
save suited to me till next time

after that till then tell them a story tell tales of darkness pithy plight
Perfect my souls shoulders
carry back across the night



a face
a back
a turn
turns away
faces east
faces away
an odalisque
a history in painting
requires interruptions

mud, sand, water, oil
a mineral fear
swallowing dirt
the smell of the sea
smell of bleach and gasoline
turpentine
trouble
a rib
rib of cow
rib of a boat
a sail ripping
play on the rib
(Adam's rib)
a curve
Picasso's eyes
a clown
to carry back across



bài tựa lúc hoàn thành

thang ra khi. thang n ili n m i b n b h i u
qu nh. thang chia ng n nh ng hình s c; hãy ra v ,
thanh th n r i c m tay nhau. nguy n c bây gi
ang hóa thân con tr ng. con tr ng y tròn úng m t
mùa t nh . úng c a nh ng cánh bu m vi n khi.

ng il i cùng tr m luân. s p x pl i ngôn ng và chi
vui cùng ngôn ng . t nay, nh c n m th i c , v n
còn là nh ng bóng ma hát u nhau n cùng mùa th nh
tr . tri u con m ng càng kh i s c cho n c i, n
c i d àn tr i kh p c núi sông. kh p c và chia u
cho m i h ng...

d ch không còn là v th k c c a nh m nh.
d ch c ng ch là s tr i bày cho v n tâm h ng
không c n m t l n ch .

ây, th ch a m t l n th ng kh , th ch a m t
l n hân hoan. **từ sợi khói chiều đã tan màu sắc không.**
ã tan và bay theo v n t m nhìn c a nh m nh. vì
th , trên và tr c m i ý ngh , th bao gi c ng
v n là th c không.

t ó, th không ph i là chi c hài tr i v n d m
ng. c ng không ph i là m t hình th bi ut ng
cho m i c nh gi i. mà là m t mùa nào nh m i mùa
nào thay nhau i qua, i qua.

v n là ng n tay chào em gi a tr i mai xanh. dù nhân lo i
ang h th i ch y theo ráng bu i chi u ngoài kia
có th y ?

nguy n c b t ngàn - Hu , 1.1976

A Preface on Completion

Original title: Bai Tua Luc Hoan Thanh

Poetry is sailing out to sea, as it bridges all the isolated shores, it sorts out and arranges the shapes and colours. Let us go now, in serenity, holding hands and wishing that we could metamorphose into the moon, the round full moon righteous in the Season of Purification, Sailing out upon the Open Sea.

Let us sit down with all the Ups and Downs, putting the words in order as we play with them. From now on, there will still be the ghosts that sing to one another until the end of the glorious rule. Millions of dreams will buoy the flourishing of smiles to spread over the mountain and rivers, over everything and in every direction.

Change does not hold the powerful position of destiny any more. Change is the exposition of the heart for other hearts to approach it without having to wait even once.

Here, poetry has not once been plaintive; it has not once been joyous. **It is the strand of thin smoke that has lost its colour of unreality**, dissolving and flowing past the watchful gaze of the thousand eyes of destiny. Therefore, above and before every thought, poetry exists latent and unwavering.

Hence, neither is poetry a theatre of satire, nor is it a shape symbolizing the many worlds, but it is one season amongst the multitude of seasons, which passes by one after another.

In the pale dawn, fingers that gesture in greeting remain, as out in the beyond, humanity chases breathlessly after the red twilight ...

Nguyen Duc Batngan

From: "Binh Minh Cam" (Shrouded Dawn)
A collection of poetry written in 1975, published in 1985.

Translated by Andy Kale (re-edited by Nam Duc Nguyen :)

preface to the completion of

Original title: Bai Tua Luc Hoan Thanh

poetry is off . connecting all poetry is a lonely shore . poetry is divided prevent the formation of identity ; go out on , serene and holding hands . wish now is incarnate the moon . the full moon right round a pure season . right off the prospect of sails .

it back and damnation . rearrange Fun with language and language . from now on , as the ancient dream , the ghosts are still singing together forever swings prosperous season . millions more romantic flourishes to smile , smile spread across mountains and rivers . and shared equally across all directions ...

Services are no longer patronizing position of destiny . service is the only universal mind turns to unfold without a wait time .

here, not once suffering poetry , poetry is not a joyful time . **Smoke -dimensional fiber color does not fade** . melted and fly under the thousand visions of destiny . therefore , above and in front of every thought , poetry is always still not official .

since then , poetry is not a comedy cover thousands of miles . nor is it a symbol for all that realm . but a season like every season turns passing , passing .

is still in mid-air finger hello green tomorrow . Whether humanity is that it runs out of breath out there that afternoon ?

Nam Nguyen 11

