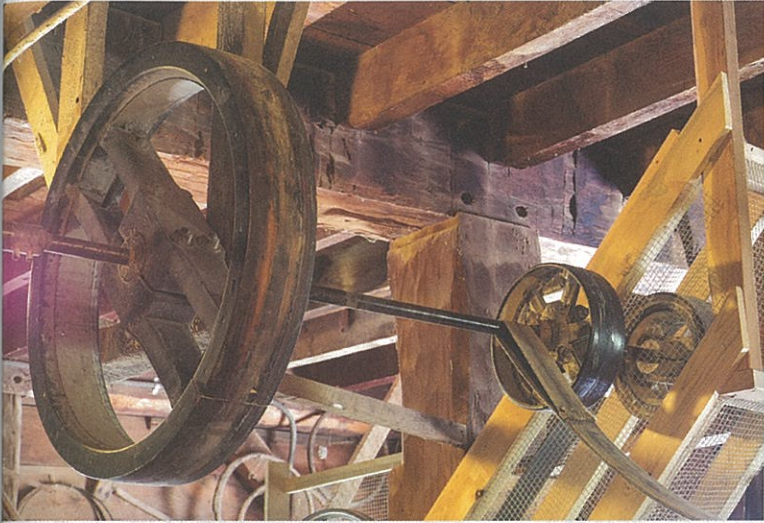


# Clarington Taken

Past Meets Present — Five Artists, Five Takes

Helen Bajorek-MacDonald • Steven Frank • David B. Gillespie

Jean-Michel Komarnicki • Mary-Ellen McQuay



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Curated by James Campbell and Charles Taws



The Visual Arts Centre of Clarington

# CLARINGTON TAKEN

Past Meets Present — Five Artists, Five Takes

## **WATER** – Tyrone Mills

Helen Bajorek-MacDonald and Jean-Michel Komarnicki

## **RE-PLACEMENT PIECE**

Steven Frank

## **BOWMANVILLE SHORES**

David B. Gillespie

## **IRON** – The Bowmanville Foundry Company

Helen Bajorek-MacDonald and Jean-Michel Komarnicki

## **NUCLEAR PLANT LIFE**

Mary Ellen McQuay

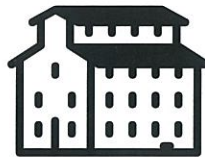
**"YOU SHOULD HAVE A PHOTOGRAPHY SHOW SOON."** The preceding words were shared by local artist and VAC installer, David B. Gillespie, at some point early in 2013. Appropriately, during an exhibition installation in our main gallery. Indeed we should, I thought. The thought quickly evolved into an idea; a group show, with several photographers pointing their lenses and their perceptions within a unified theme. This "theme" evolved rapidly as well. I pondered a group exploration of our very place: Clarington. Our place, past and present. Late in 2013, I approached Charles Taws, then Curator/Archivist at Clarington Museums, with an idea that would require our curatorial collaboration, and access to the rich treasures of photographic history within museum holdings. I asked Charles if he and his colleagues would be willing to allow several contemporary photographers hands-on study of these treasures, to explore historical images of Bowmanville and surrounding environs, and then use these images as inspirational springboards, propelling them forward in time, to Clarington present. He was thrilled with the idea.

Five prominent Durham Region based artist's came immediately to mind: Steven Frank, David B. Gillespie, Jean-Michel Komarnicki, Helen Bajorek-MacDonald, and Mary Ellen McQuay. To my delight, all five seized this theme with enthusiasm. An initial meeting was held in the basement of the museum; a remarkable group journey was officially underway. We "take" photographs. An object, a person, a place of interest, of inspiration, of mystery, is encountered. Something captivates the photographer, motivating he or she to stop, to ponder, to compose, and then to "shoot". Clarington Taken. Our five photographers celebrated these moments with poignancy and empathy. Moments that occurred within an 1846 mill that functions to this day,

resonating with the sounds of the saw and the aroma of sawdust. Moments in a foundry established in 1902 that also continues and honors its original purpose, forged through fire and iron. They occurred along the pathways and plant life and fossil rich wetlands that encircle a nuclear plant, whose power surging chords loomed above. They occurred along the Lake Ontario shores of Bowmanville, where waterfront cottages that remain recall a past community, a bygone era. And they occurred along the streets of Bowmanville, where “new” buildings occupy the spaces of ghosts; businesses and municipal buildings that have vanished with the trace of time.

Our group meetings continued as ideas and locales emerged, and each artist enjoyed individual visits with Charles to leaf through captured moments, people and places from our past. When the exhibition opened on August 30, 2015, a compelling, and at times, haunting tableaux of images and objects occupied our three gallery spaces. Our photographers had “taken” us on a journey. Each immersed themselves deeply within chosen subject, returning repeatedly to the mill, the foundry, the pathway, the shore and the town. In the pages that follow, all five document and share their personal journeys with us. My sincere thanks and appreciation to Steven, David, Jean-Michel, Helen, and Mary Ellen for embracing this endeavor, and for giving so much of themselves toward its fruition. A remarkable exhibition resulted. My hearty personal thanks to Charles; the show would not have been possible without his enthusiastic cooperation, and his astonishing knowledge of museum holdings, and the history of Clarington.

James Campbell, ED/Curator



The Visual Arts Centre of Clarington

# WATER – Tyrone Mills

Helen Bajorek-MacDonald and Jean-Michel Komarnicki

**LOCATED IN THE VILLAGE OF TYRONE**, situate just north of Bowmanville on the Oak Ridges Moraine, and a recommended stop on the Greenbelt Route, Tyrone Mills was established in 1846. The millpond draws water from the Bowmanville Creek and the mill has been adapting to changing times through the ownership of eight millers over 170 years.

*Water* was presented on a cedar plank postcard ‘message board’ that embodied the collaborative nature of our take on Tyrone Mills. The plank was provided to us by miller Bob Shafer.

As we sifted through the photographs we took through the spring / early summer of 2015, we couldn’t help but hear the voices of the visitors who stepped through the door either for a specific purpose – an ice cream cone after a bicycle ride, a coffee and donut as part of a daily ritual, a browse through the wares for treats for the cottage, selecting and ordering lumber – or to share a piece of Canada’s history with visitors from out of province or out of country. Every



visitor had a story, even if it was the first time at the mill. The images, the mill, the miller, and the visitors all conspired to inspire our postcard project.

We selected eleven of our images for the postcards, then included au verso on each postcard the drawing of the mill from the 1878 *Belden Atlas*, visually connecting the present with the past. We then hung out at the mill, asking visitors to write postcards to the mill or to the owner. We then mailed the postcards at the local Hampton Post Office.

Some wrote about why they visited the mill on a particular date. Others wrote how the mill has been a part of their life for many years; e.g., as regular a stop on the way to the cottage. Some wrote about their interest in old mills, in general, and described their visit as an opportunity to connect with the past through conversation with miller Bob Shafer. Many visitors knew Bob by name, and we marvelled that he could get any work done given the time he gave to visitors to the mill.

The tradition of postcard stories is not very old, though writing postcards is. Tyrone Mills predates the postcard as a regular means of postal communication. The world's oldest [known] postcard was sent in 1840 to Theodore Hook by himself to himself, as a practical joke played on postal workers (BBC, 8 March, 2002).

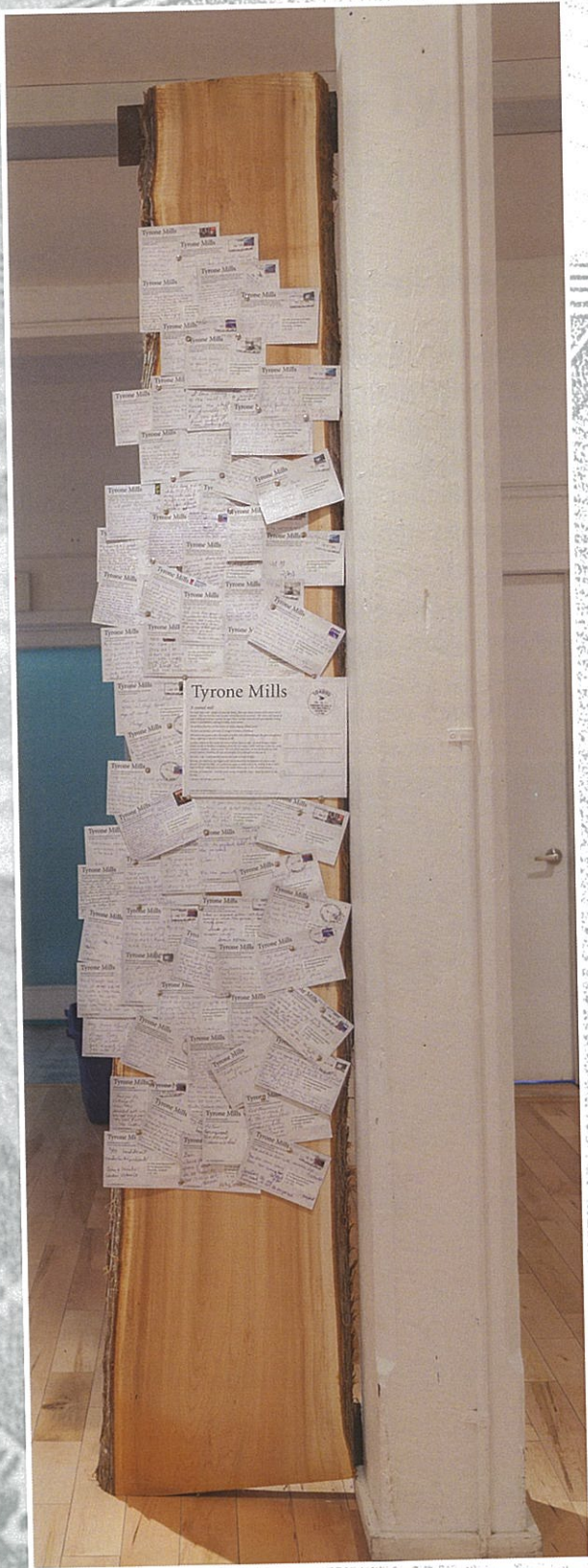
And, did you know? The collection of postcards is known as *deltiology*.

Nearly 70 postcard stories captured the voices of Tyrone Mills visitors, outlining why people visit the mill, and weaving memories of other times and other places, as inspired by the mill. Some are a tribute to the mill's longevity, and, by extension, a tribute to the millers. The postcard stories emphasize aspects of the sensual nature of the mill, and served as inspiration for our postcard story, *A storied mill*.

The first postcard story, as a form of creative writing, was written around 1976 by science-fiction writer Isaac Asimov, a challenge issued by editor George Hay (Isaac Asimov's *Science Fiction Magazine*, First Issues, Vol. 1, No. 1, Spring 1977). We chose this form of writing as it coincides both with the medium-as-the-message and with the arrival of current miller, Bob Shafer, at the Tyrone Mills.

We also included in our 'message board' installation a poetic tribute to the eight generations of millers at Tyrone Mills who, since 1846, adapted in changing times. Written in the voice of the mill – as dictated! – *The Millers of Tyrone* briefly sketches the history of the mill through the periods of ownership by each miller.





# A storied mill

For now, they come. Seekers of jams and honey, flour and cheese, donuts and custom cuts of lumber. They marvel that time has not starved me out of existence. The scents and sounds of eight milling generations saturate my aged bones, awaken memories of a grandmother baking bread or a grandfather crafting a rocking horse winner.

The millpond burbles still the secrets of skinny-dipping village youth.

The belts and pulleys spin tales of struggle to power a livelihood.

The worn steps groan under the weight of millers who climbed through the years toward their hopes, adapting to survive a changing world.

Sawdust collects in the cracks and crevices of my ligneous skin. Its faint bouquet draws visitors to the second-floor woodshop where the 21<sup>st</sup> century miller will pause from his work. Listen to a memory. Share a story. For near forty years now, he has husbanded my 19<sup>th</sup> century timbers, breathing life into my everyday story through everyday work.

For now, I am. I welcome the curious who come to touch the past.

For now, for tomorrow, my rugged walls are sustained by the memories of visitors who meander through my body. One generation agape at what used to be, holding mom or dad's hand while the mind tries to connect the water-driven past to the cell-phone present.

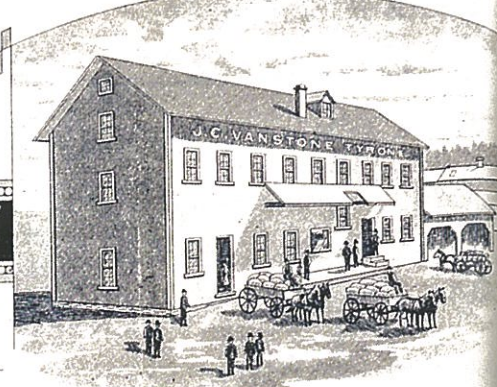
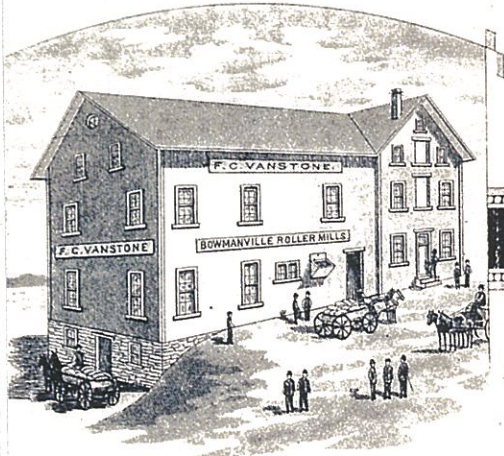
For now, for tomorrow: send the water racing through the sluice. Keep the wheel of time turning.

I am now and always a storied mill.

BOWMANVILLE ROLLER MILLS.

DAILY CAPACITY 150 BARRELS.

TYRONE FLOUR MILLS.



*Tyrone*  
*Bowmanville Ont.* August 30, 2015  
*19*

*Salute* Dear Gentle Reader

The Millers of Tyrone  
1846-

I am not an old man, tired and worn  
slumbering in the silence of the past  
for the millers of Tyrone  
eight generations careworn  
o'er their watch, I stand steadfast

They fill my body from the millpond's flow  
each a guardian, a watchman for the times  
caretakers loyal, their lives I enfold  
for them, a living I bestow  
hard-wearing, enduring, entwined

From the still standing forests  
round the Village of Tyrone  
James McFeeters built me up to the test  
with timbers strong and water sure to turn my millstone  
on the road to my early success

Half a century I did power  
the Vanstones who milled flour  
Thomas Goodman stayed the course  
but his son Luther did force  
me into livestock labour, of sorts  
due to pressure from the market  
Shur-Gain Feeds our trade target

Hands-on was his style, tho his tenure short-lived  
Harvey Partner ambitious and skilled  
then to Orono in business, life-long productive  
self-made, his dreams fulfilled

My pulleys worn weary and burly belts rasping  
John Thornbeck repurposed my works  
his grandfather's tools drove me to tasking  
two more decades my job I did not shirk

Then one day comes a dreamer, a doer of all sorts  
saw what I was, what I am  
what I could be henceforth  
faithful to my account  
keeps my wheel turning round

Bob Shafer

and me

hard-bound!

Near 170 years now, while the world carries on  
the millers, my watchmen for the times  
caretakers loyal, o'er days bygone  
hard-wearing, enduring, entwined

Sincerely,

Tyrone Mills

as dictated to Helen Bajorek-MacDonald



Bob Shafer, miller

Tyrone, Ontario, CANADA



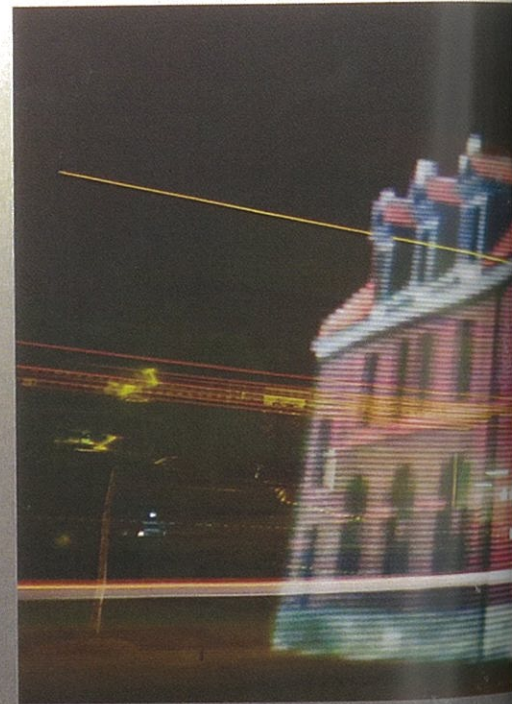
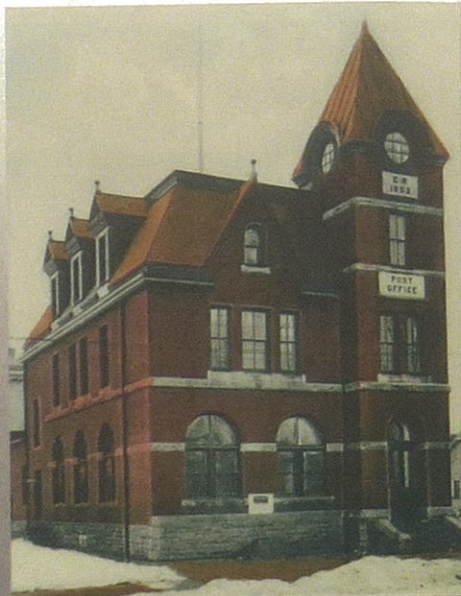
Tyrone, Ontario, CANADA

# RE-PLACEMENT PIECE

Steven Frank

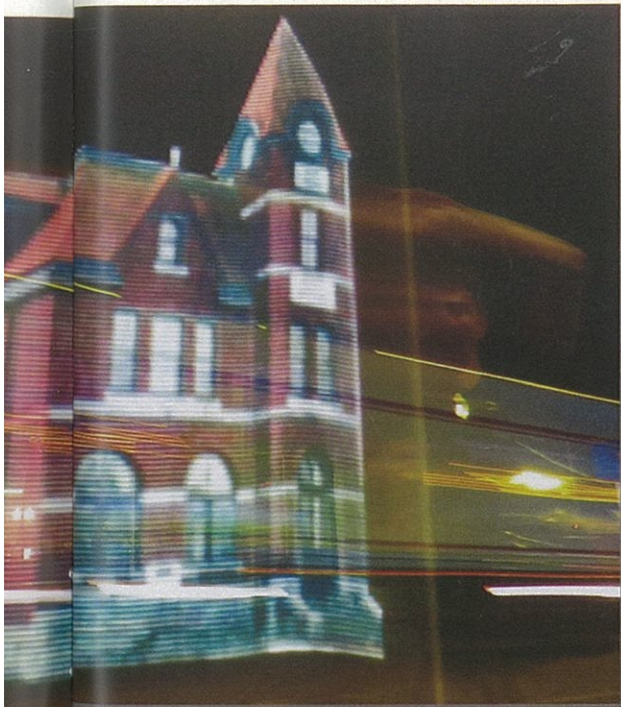
**A** S WE APPROACH THE 150<sup>TH</sup> ANNIVERSARY OF OUR COUNTRY, it is timely to reflect on how we reacted to our one hundredth in 1967. I am just old enough to remember the excitement as everything seemed to switch from black-and-white to colour. It felt like the modern age had finally arrived.

I remember feeling dejected to be denied a trip to Expo '67 in Montreal. Seeing pictures of my grandparents there with my older brother was difficult to bear. I remember postcard images of futuristic pavilions like Buckminster Fuller's geodesic dome. Ironically this event that coincided with our centennial celebration may have helped lead the charge for an approach to land use planning committed to the future at the cost of sacrificing many architectural gems that were being taken for granted.



In 1970 I watched the wrecking ball take down the neo-classical Bank of Montreal (originally the head office of the Ontario Bank) and like the line in the Joni Mitchell song “they put up a parking lot.” It would be the parking lot for the new bank of Montreal that would open a few years later at the four corners. In order for this to happen the stately, turn-of-the-century post office that stood at the corner had already been removed in 1966.

Local artist Todd Tremeer has painted a mural that can be viewed from said parking lot showing the two buildings side-by-side. Mural campaigns have become a way for municipalities to make amends for the shortsightedness of previous councils. One can't help but wonder how those two buildings would have been used today and what they would still add to the streetscape. Four years after the old bank was destroyed the Ontario Heritage Act was created.



Local Architectural Conservation Advisory Committees (LACACs) were set up to advise local councils on identifying and preserving heritage properties. Heritage preservation has since saved many historic and architecturally significant buildings.

In this digital photography-based series, five buildings I remember from my childhood are presented that were removed along with what is on the site today. It is up to the viewer to decide whether the town council and developers of the day made an improvement in each case. I realize that there is much more than architectural aesthetics at play in this subjective exercise. The juxtaposition of old and new would not constitute a reason to be included in an art exhibition. The addition of a third element takes the work a step away from the obvious didactic presentation and hopefully gives the viewer a reason to engage with the work on a deeper level. By using a new digital technology I have been able to project images of buildings that are gone into the exact sites where they once stood.

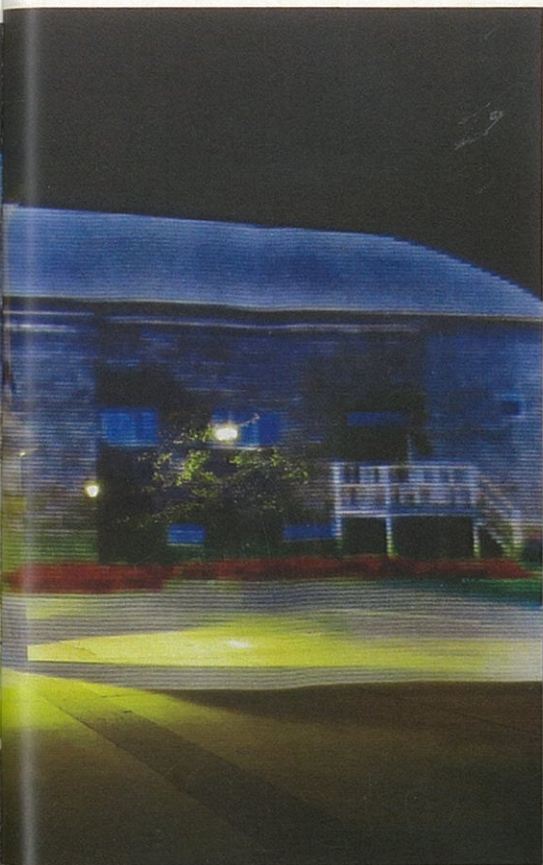
Through the device and time exposure photography, I have stubbornly repeated a ritual on the streets to conjure these lost edifices. The act of projecting the old buildings is a very inexact art hence the number of outtakes that can be seen utilized in a small video that I have on display as well. It took an average of sixty attempts to place the buildings in the space to my satisfaction.



Waiting for vehicles to pass and dealing with the curious made this performance last four nights over a couple weeks. The sight of this wild man waving a big wand in the streets only attracted the police briefly but they said they would deal with me later as there was a real emergency to contend with.

I have addressed three other sites in the downtown and you may judge the results of the urban planning process site by site for better or worse.

I spent a good part of my formative years in the Bowmanville Memorial Arena at the foot of Temperance Street. It was without a doubt the heart and soul of the town from the late forties until the late eighties. It was briefly home to the Oshawa Generals and Bobby Orr when the Oshawa arena was destroyed by fire. The local players definitely had the hometown advantage as they knew how to use the poorly angled boards to their advantage. Many town all-star teams were literally unbeatable winning provincial championships year after year. When it was time to build a new arena it became obvious that it was time to let go. In its place is the Rotary Parkette where concerts are held.





The Salvation Army/Badminton Club that later became a billiard hall was next to the bus depot beside The Castle Hotel at King and Division Street. Although what was the Castle Hotel remains, the other buildings were removed to make way for the apartment building known as the Veltri Complex.

The Dominion Organ and Piano Factory built wonderful, complex musical instruments that were shipped all over the world and many can still be seen across the street from where it use to stand on Temperance Street at Wellington at the Sarah Jane Williams Heritage Centre. The building currently on the site is a low-rise condominium.

The buildings appear ghostlike, apparitions having a brief visit once again. They may make you ponder esoteric questions like: "does a building have a soul?" All we know is that they exist in memory for fewer and fewer people. Is this an exercise in nostalgia? Perhaps, but I hope that it engages the viewer enough to be part of the ongoing process that shapes our towns and cities as they are transformed by the economic concept of highest and best use. Architecture is important and gives us a unique sense of place becoming part of our identity and should be factored into the equation.

This act of 're-placing' something that is gone may be viewed metaphorically as clinging to the past, making a futile attempt to reclaim it. The same can be said of photography and video documenting as it is our way to try to hold on to the past. Is it our collective folly or one of our most worthwhile endeavours?

Pages 10-11:	Post Office
Pages 12-13:	Bowmanville Arena
Page 15 top:	Salvation Army / Badminton Club
Page 15 centre:	Dominion Organ & Piano Factory
Page 15 bottom:	Ontario Bank / Old Bank of Montreal



# BOWMANVILLE SHORES

David B. Gillespie

**B**OWMANVILLE'S WATERFRONT has been an important part of our local heritage. Native peoples migrated to it during summer months to fish and hunt to prepare for winter before moving back to their permanent dwellings inland. Archeological evidence has revealed one such summer camp where the present day boat launch is used by boaters and canoeists.

After modern settlement was established the harbour proved to be a perfect port for ships to bring goods and people to the area. Lumber, flour, grains and whisky were among the most exported from the docks. The lighthouse on the east side of the harbour guided boats to the coal sheds and storage buildings. Business flourished.

During the early 20th century people came to the two beaches for leisure and recreation.

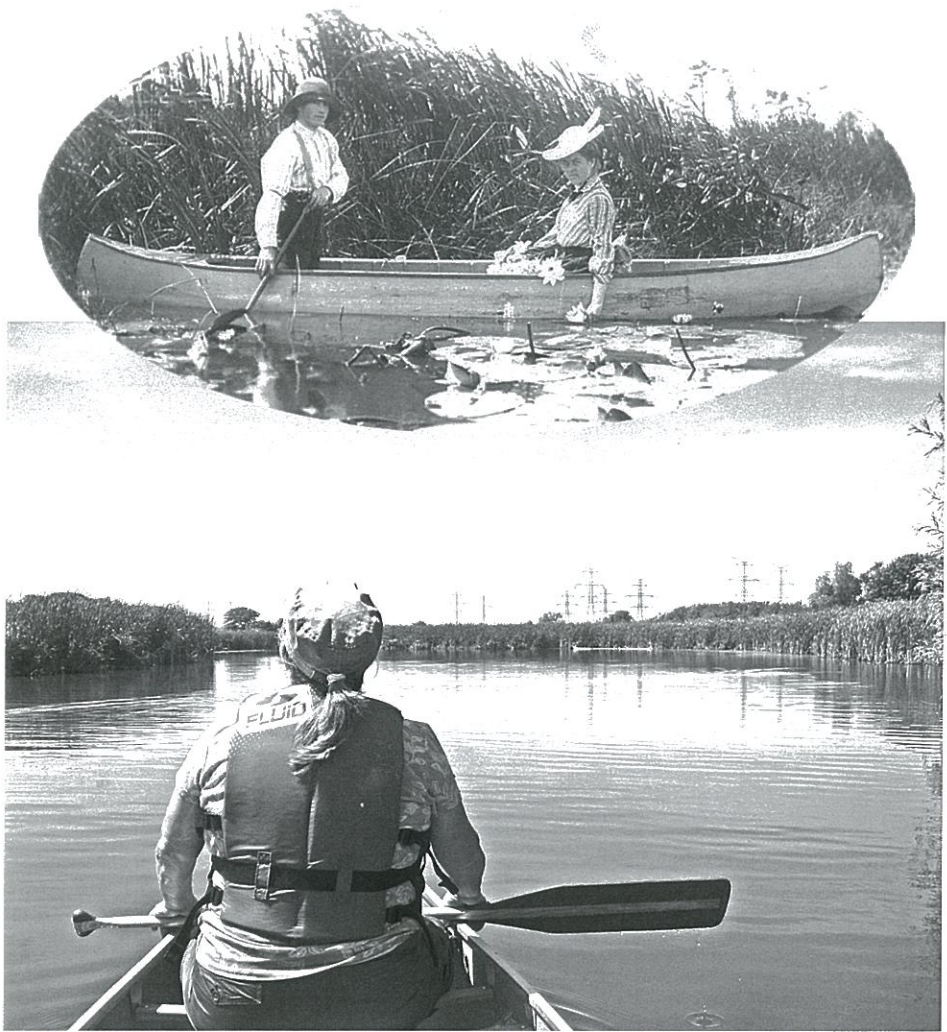
Summer cottages were erected and a new community was begun. The east beach which was accessible and became the place to be for affluent visitors and elaborate cottages were built there. West beach at that time had a ferry that could carry one vehicle and some people. Tents, cottages and temporary living shelters were erected and soon after a hotel, store and dance hall were established. The train station, not far away would bring visitors and summer residents from afar. Canoeing was a popular activity in the harbour and marsh. A great amount of fun must have been had in those days as witnessed by some of the archival photographs I have chosen for this exhibition.

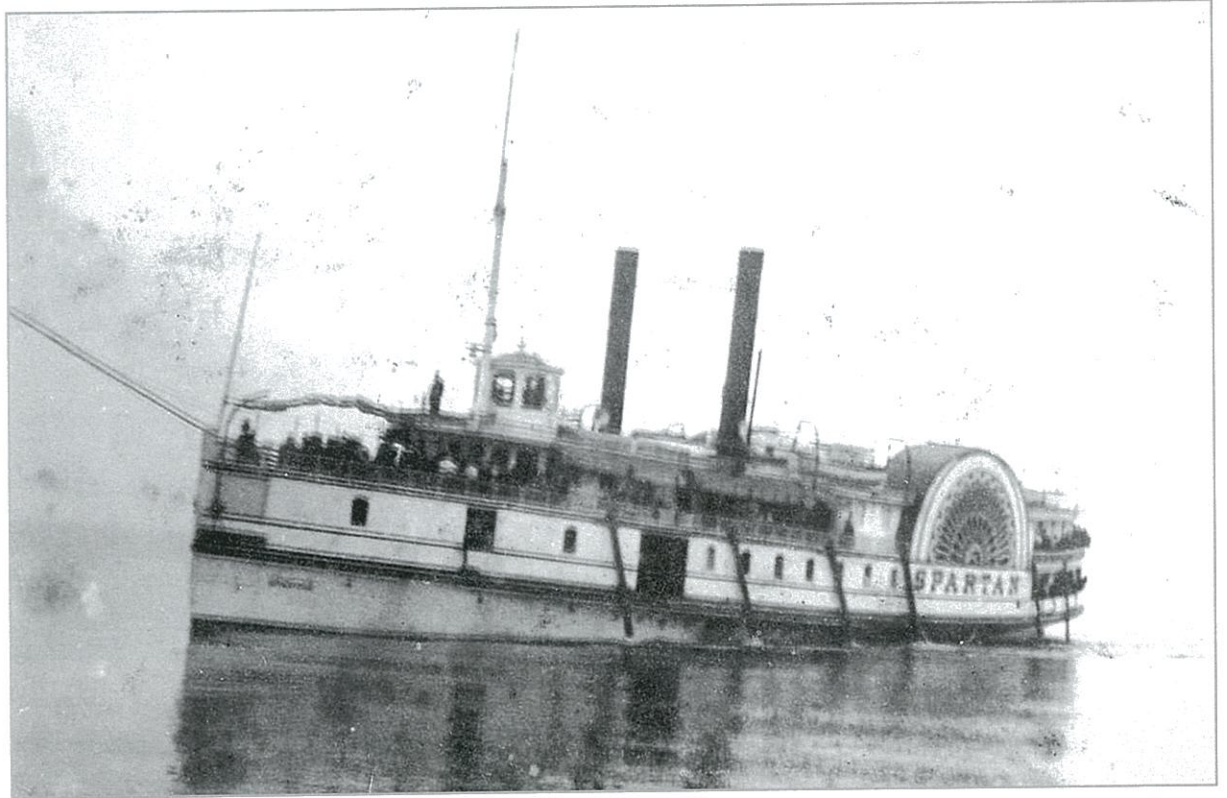
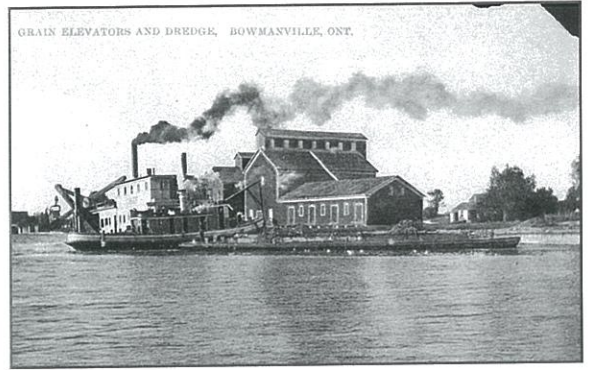
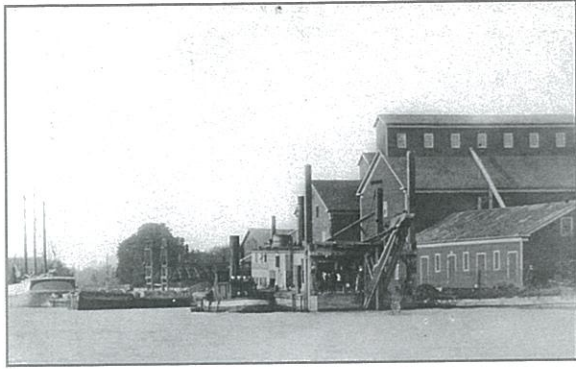
The East Beach has changed over the years. Most of the grand cottages are gone or built upon. The Municipality of Clarington has regenerated part of the area and a splash park and park provides a fun place for people to enjoy the waterfront today. In my piece *Swim Kids* we see the boys diving off a coal shed into the harbour and the splash park of today not far away from that location in contrast. This theme is repeated in four other works

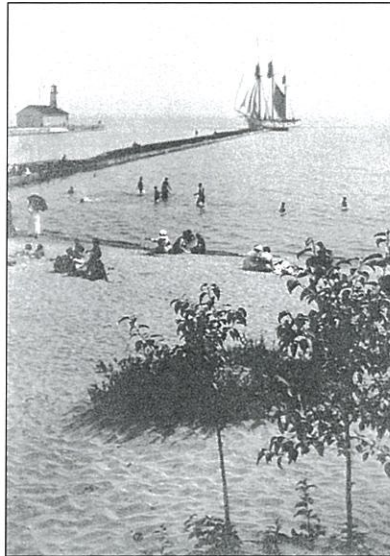
West Beach still retains many of its original cottages. Many have names above the doorways from when they were originally built. The beach is a popular place to swim and enjoy. The marsh is protected and home to swans, osprey, fish and turtles and makes for a wonderful paddle!













# IRON – The Bowmanville Foundry Company

Helen Bajorek-MacDonald and Jean-Michel Komarnicki

**F**OR MORE THAN 100 YEARS, The Bowmanville Foundry has ‘quietly’ and reliably turned out iron castings, invisible yet in plain sight on Wellington Street. Most of the castings are ordinary utilitarian items such as wood stove handles in the early days or hooks that hold light fixtures in the rafters of today’s warehouse shopping centres. Then there are the castings that have served extraordinary purposes. For instance, the *Lucky Iron Fish* that the foundry produces, and that save lives on the other side of the planet.

The history of the foundry is documented in the book, *Iron in the Blood*, by Helen Bajorek-MacDonald and Helen Lewis Schmid (2004). Visitors to the exhibition were invited to spend a little time leafing through the book while seated at “the break table” included in our installation.

*Iron* told picture-postcardesque stories of the foundry and its workers as captured over several months through spring/summer 2015. We visited the foundry at different times of the day, with cameras and tripods, blending in with the building as the foundrymen went about their daily grind: melting steel, pouring iron into moulds, loading and emptying the annealing ovens, noses at the grinding wheels, preparing product for shipping, repairing patterns, and so much more to produce a wide range of iron castings for today’s market. Over a thousand patterns in house!

As we reviewed and edited our photographs after each shoot, we noticed a pattern: so many hands at work. Those hands – those many hard-working hands, steady and sure – inspired a poetic response, *These hands*, concluding with: *Each day at the foundry / these ferric hands / the measure / of a man’s / mettle.*

We hoped that viewers of *Iron* would gain some small insight into the work quietly and ordinarily done in Bowmanville since 1902 by our extraordinary neighbours. The larger visual and textual narrative of the present was threaded with images from the past. As well, we wove foundry materials and castings into our installation. For instance, scrap steel was woven – with shipping wire ‘thread’ – into the *Lucky Iron Fish* story to inform the viewer that every piece of cast iron started in some way, in some other form, somewhere else. We hung historic patterns for iron castings on the mill’s 3rd floor pillars to help illustrate what is needed to produce the iron castings, and to serve as aesthetics; like hanging family portraits of the ancestors in one’s home.

As we saw humour in various visual forms at the foundry – a note placed on a locker door, a cardboard cut-out guitar on a wall, a “Help Wanted at the BFC” sign on a grinder – we began to visualize whimsy in the assemblage of story in our work.

And so, we produced the *CanDo Two-Step* graphic story to illustrate an ordinary daily moment where office-meets-plant, and we incorporated into the story a factory-meets-nature sidebar through the illustration of owners Michael and Debbie Patrick managing their on-site apiary. The bees busily produce honey, as a ‘sideline’ to the production of iron castings and,

perhaps, to also provide the owners with an excuse to step out of the boom and bustle of the foundry into the quiet of a summer field abuzz with nature's work.

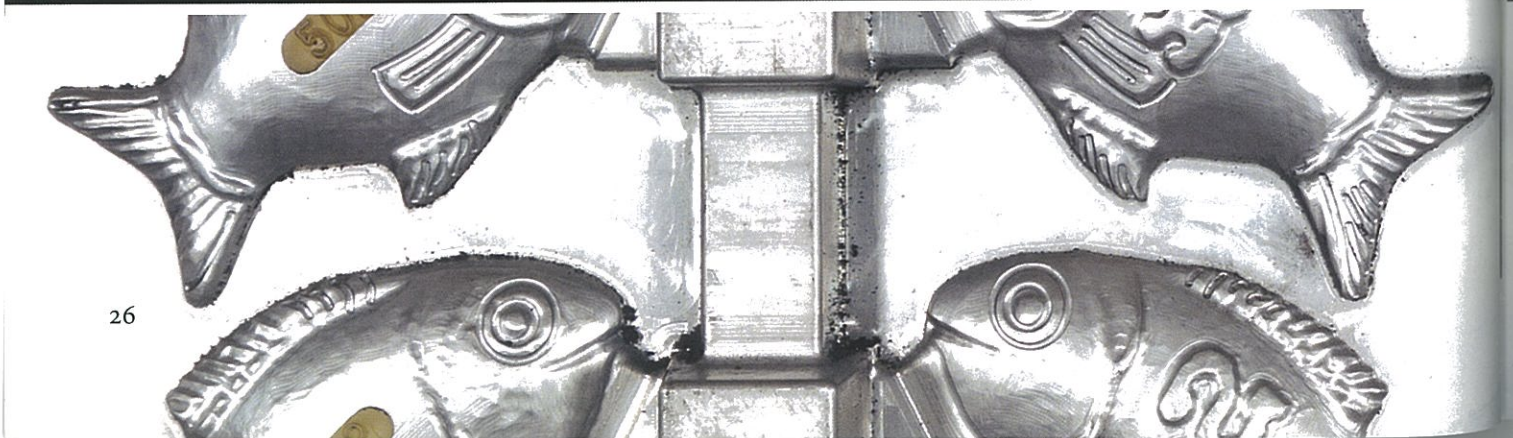
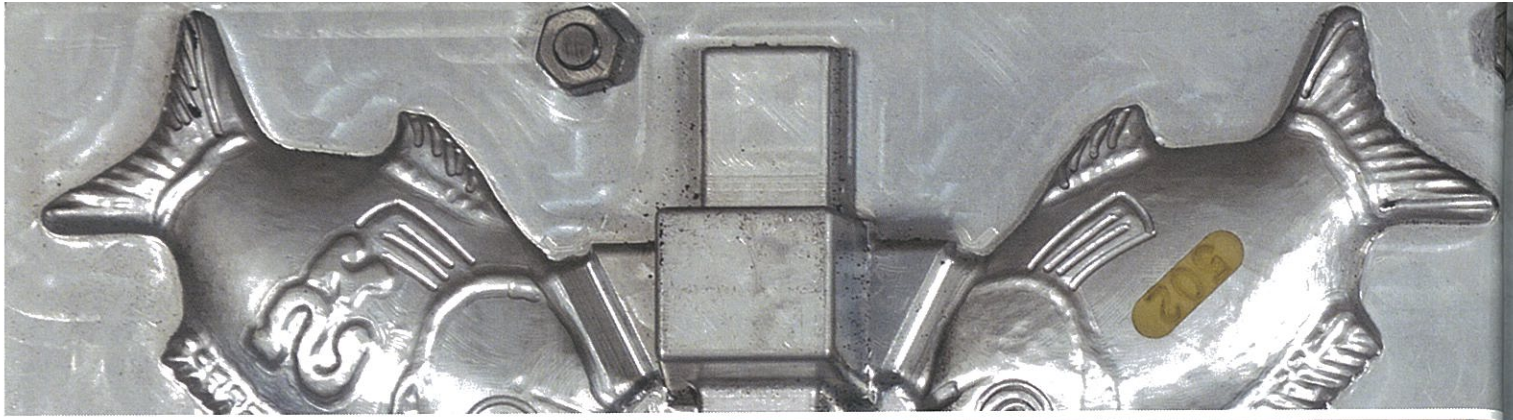
Then there was the horseshoe pitch where past met present in a symbolic game of horseshoes. The foundry first cast the popular red/black horseshoes to celebrate a century in operations. Today, the horseshoes are in demand for fundraising events. Past workers – made present through historic photographs – were represented by the unused white sand pitch, while today's workers – made present through photographs taken in 2015 – were represented at the black sand pitch (black due to production). Visitors to the exhibition could take a seat at the break table, and choose a team to root!

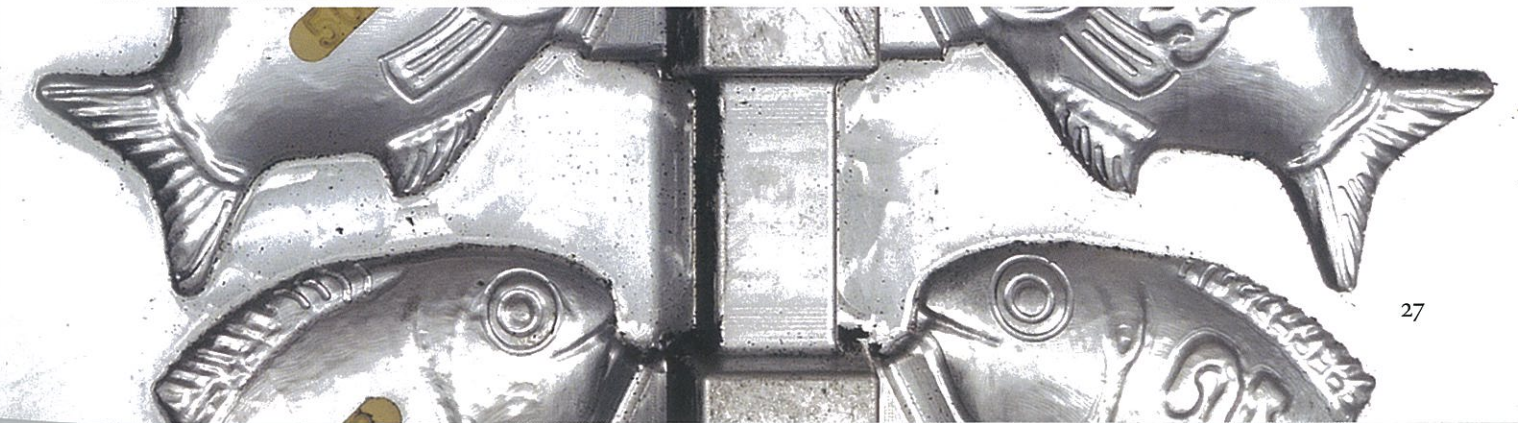
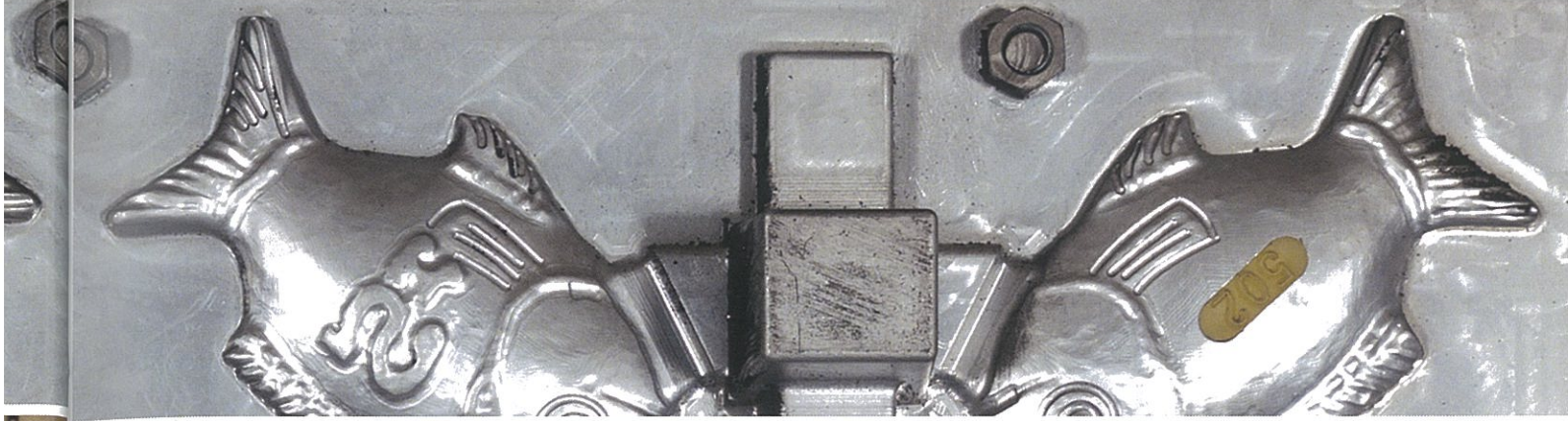
One of our objectives was to take the foundry out of the factory and into the community. The exhibition offered viewers a chance to glimpse into the work of the foundrymen, largely unknown and invisible to most Bowmanville-ians. It was especially poignant to install our work at the Visual Arts Centre which – as an historic mill – also represents to the community a place of import in early Bowmanville industry.

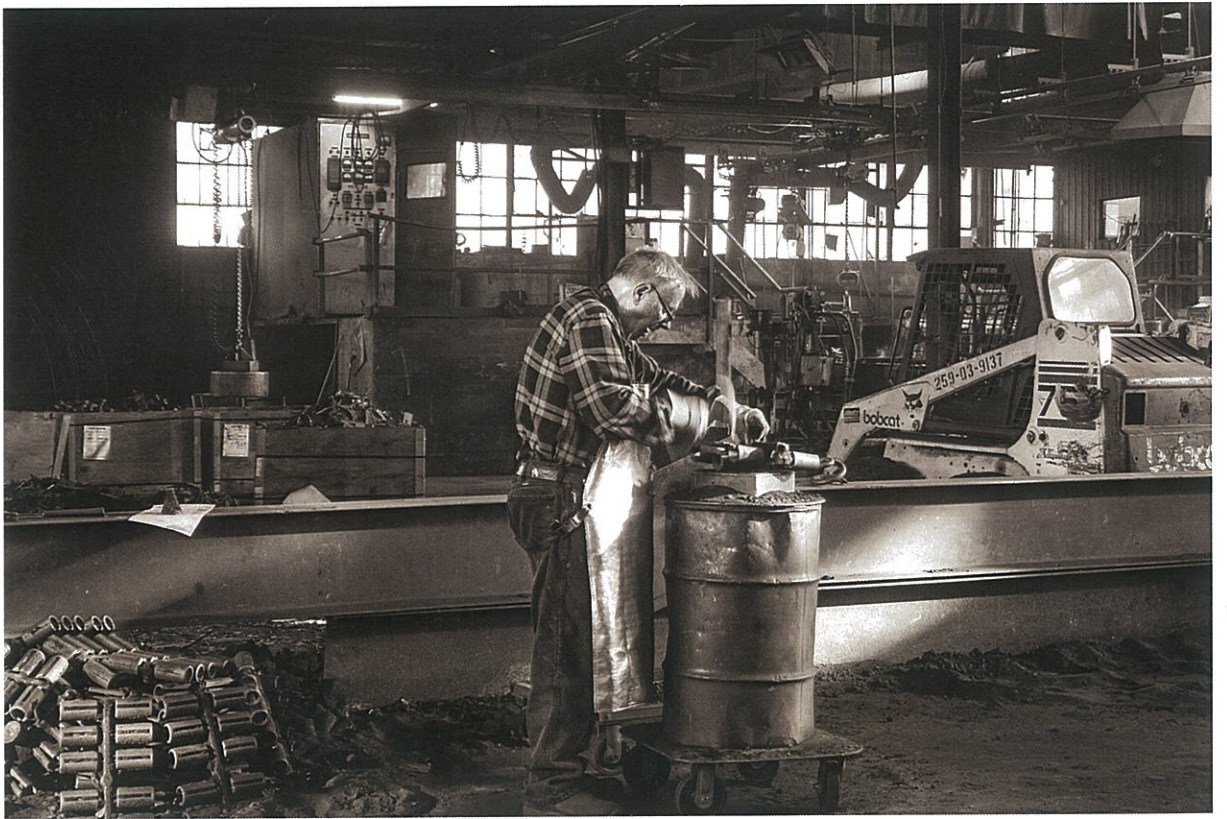
Conversely, the exhibition brought the foundry workers out of the factory and into the Visual Arts Centre where they enjoyed a summer family barbeque on-site, after viewing the installation. Imagine bringing your family to see you 'at work', on the walls of an art gallery!

Finally, as with our *Water* installation, we created a Bowmanville Foundry postcard. After all, sales acknowledgements were communicated, in the early days, by postcard. Thus, visitors to our exhibition were able to take away a memento from their time spent with *Iron*.











*These hands, steady and sure  
 re-form scraps of steel into iron castings  
 - today's ordinary orders -  
 break the goods from stubborn sprues  
 press a man's weight into the grindstone  
 realize a smooth perfection  
 drill with precise care*

*Each day at the foundry  
 these ferric hands  
 the measure  
 of a man's  
 mettle*



# NUCLEAR PLANT LIFE

Mary Ellen McQuay

**12,000 YEARS AGO** the Clarington we know today was submerged under the glacial waters of Lake Iroquois. To the east the glacier remained relentlessly solid in the St. Lawrence River Valley causing the waters of Lake Iroquois to rise high above sea level, its northern shoreline almost touching the foot of the Oak Ridges Moraine.

Over time the lake water receded, revealing an ever-changing shoreline. Heavy soil was deposited over finer grained soil eventually meeting bands of sandy soil to form the shoreline of Lake Ontario we know today. Near the waters edge woodlands, meadows and wetlands provided nesting sites and wildlife nurseries, feeding grounds and resting places for wild creatures. Fossils were revealed. Millennia passed.

Along the present day shoreline and environs, conservation areas and wild spaces are starkly juxtaposed with heavy industry and manufacturing plants. The Durham incinerator breathes ash over the small marsh that lives at its doorstep while a railroad corridor hems the marsh in on the south. Provincial parkland is a stones throw from Canada's busiest highway where an estimated 500,000 vehicles a day, mainly the cars we drive, emit significant amounts of green house gases. Lakeside beaches persevere while steel, cement and plastics are produced near by.

At the western edge of Clarington, the Darlington Nuclear Plant hugs the shore of Lake Ontario. In its backyard, literally, is the Darlington Waterfront Trail and wetland. Rubbing shoulders with each other, this contrast of nature and industry is made for exploration. In Nuclear Plant Life I wandered with my camera checking for the pulse of the place, listening for the rhythm of its movements and looking for ancient tokens imbedded in the landscape.

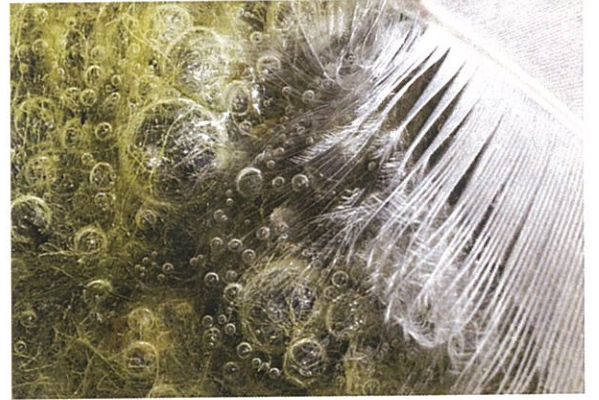


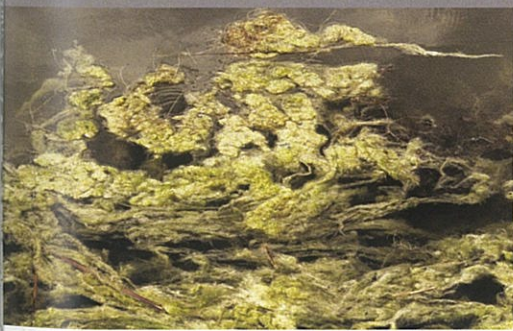
Weaving my way along the border between the nuclear plant and the plant life growing beside the trail the visual narrative became a story of coexistence; a story that is often revealed at the edges. At the edges, the place in-between, the idea of co-existence - the possibility of finding mutual tolerance despite obvious differences of interests and needs - is a reality.

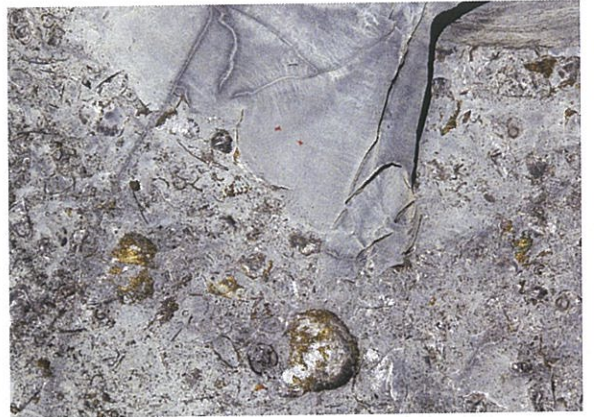
Though the Darlington Nuclear Plant and the Darlington Waterfront Trail are new to the neighbourhood - both planned and developed in the 1980s and 1990s - the natural and abundant plant life surrounding the present day nuclear plant has been growing and adapting for thousands of years. The Darlington Nuclear Plant provides close to 20 percent of our electricity needs in Ontario and employs close to 2,500 people. The conservation area of the Waterfront Trail continues to provide, albeit with increasing environmental challenges, habitat for plant life, birds, amphibians and small mammals. Hydro grids march from the nuclear plant and loom over the landscape; springtime wildflowers cover the north bank of the marsh; swans swim in the murky marsh water; thick algae rims the marsh edge; birdsong competes with the rumble of passing trains. North of the plant, heavy equipment is moving earth to make a new cloverleaf for more cars and transport trucks. Much of the Waterfront Trail is closed to walkers. Life goes on - for now.













# Biographies

## Helen Bajorek-MacDonald

Helen is an educator, writer, and photographer whose work has been published in books, journals, magazines and newspapers. She co-authored with Helen Lewis Schmid *Iron in the Blood. The Bowmanville Foundry: One Hundred Years of Innovation* (2004) and was copy editor of *Bowmanville: 150 Years, 150 Stories* (2008).

Helen has also produced two videos, one of which, *Our Grandmothers, Ourselves* (2000) – inspired by the book of the same title (an anthology of immigrant grandmother stories) – has been featured in a number of arts exhibitions, along with her poetry readings.

Collaborative works with Jean-Michel Komarnicki include: *Dis-carded* in “WhiteOut”, Nuit Blanche (2014); *Reading the Image*, Whitby Station Gallery (2012); and, *In Search of Shoes ...and other herstories: Photographs & Poems* at Artspace on the Mezzanine, Bowmanville Library (2009).

Helen explains: “Through photography, I seek to document story, or layers of story, captured at a particular moment. Writing – particularly poetry – allows for malleability in the ways in which I can articulate meaning, whether personal, narrative or descriptive. In my creative partnership with Jean-Michel, I have been increasingly drawn to combine the two – image and text – to communicate nuanced intersections of story.”

## Steven Frank

Born and raised in Bowmanville, Steven attended Bowmanville High School and Trinity College School in Port Hope where he enjoyed studying with Jane Eccles and David Blackwood respectively. He received his Honours Bachelor of Fine Arts at the University of Western Ontario.

Steven continues to explore and often overlaps the mediums of painting, printmaking and photography. The presentation of this body of photo-based work on aluminum relates to his paintings on metal and love of etching. The work itself deals with architecture a subject that he is never that far from in his life.

Selected exhibitions include: *Beyond the Edge*, Workscene Gallery, Toronto; *Triple Vision*, Station Gallery, Whitby; *Material Support* at the Visual Arts Centre of Clarington and *Finding Camp X* at the Robert McLaughlin Gallery, Oshawa.

A founder of Durham Artfest in the 1990’s, Steven has continued to play a part in strengthening the regional artistic community with his involvement in organizing events such as the Durham West Studio Tour and Oshawa Space Invaders.

## David B. Gillespie

David B. Gillespie (b. 1956), graduated with a diploma in Art Restoration and Conservation from Sir Sanford Fleming College. He went on to work at the Royal Ontario Museum as a technician in the New World Archaeology Department and as a preparator. After moving to Nova Scotia he devoted himself to working as an artist. This is where he began to craft his techniques for serigraph (silk screen ) printing, drawing and painting. He and his family moved to Bowmanville in 1986

where he continues to refine his printmaking skills. Recently he has also returned to his interest in photography and prefers a black and white format. *Clarington Taken* was an opportunity and challenge to further explore the photographic medium

## Jean-Michel Komarnicki

Jean-Michel is a graduate from the Photographic Arts Department of Ryerson Polytechnical Institute (1971). He owns JMK Image-ination where he specializes in photography, and in the concept, design and production of books and art catalogues.

Jean-Michel has exhibited his works, solo and in group, in a variety of venues over many years. Some examples: *Human Landscapes*, Visual Arts Centre of Clarington (1996), *Duotopia*, VAC (2004), *What Remains*, Kent Farndale Gallery, Port Perry (2008), *Over the Bridge, Our Field in "1 Root...many routes"*, KUMF Gallery, Toronto (2008), *Palimpsest* in "Reading the Image", The Station Gallery, Whitby (2012), *Dis-carded* in "WhiteOut", Nuit Blanche, Toronto (2014), and *Diapason Reach* in "Crossing Borders II", BluSeed Studio, Saranak Lake, NY (2016).

He has lectured on Canadian photography at universities in Poland and Ukraine (2009), and curates the *Artspace on the Mezzanine* at the Bowmanville branch of the Clarington Public Library (since 2008).

About his work, Jean-Michel shares Robert Frank's view: "When people look at my pictures, I want them to feel the way they do when they want to read a line of a poem twice".

## Mary Ellen McQuay

Mary Ellen McQuay, studied Fine Art at Concordia University in Montreal and Fine Art Photography at The Maine Photographic Workshops, Rockport, Maine.

Since 1985 she has participated in over 30 solo and group exhibitions including 1986 *New Photographics* Gallery 44, Toronto; 1993 *Faces of Canada Urban Photographics Projects*, traveling exhibition to several Canadian galleries; 1990-1994 *Sacred Silences: Stone Circles and Megaliths* Station Gallery, Whitby, Latchum Gallery, Stouffville and Rail's End Gallery, Haliburton; 1992 *The Experience of Place: A Silent Language* Robert McLaughlin Gallery, Oshawa; 2007 *Order Inside Chaos* The Station Gallery, Whitby and 2012-2014 *Professional Women Photographers New York* (on-line exhibitions curated by Mary Ellen Mark, Steven Casher and Andrea Meisler)

Her work is represented in private and public collections, including The Museum of Civilization in Ottawa and The Robert McLaughlin Gallery. She is the recipient of several Ontario Arts Council Exhibition grants and awards from the National Association of Photographic Artists (Canada) and Professional Women's Photographers (New York).

Her photographs and articles have been published in *Camera Canada*; *The Globe and Mail*; *EnRoute*; *Faces of Canada* and numerous Canadian and international publications.

# Acknowledgements

Helen Bajorek-MacDonald and Jean-Michel Komarnicki

*the youmeus project*

We wish to thank miller Bob Shafer who welcomed us into his mill, allowed us to blend in to the daily goings-on to take photographs and to observe and chat with visitors. He also was very generous in providing us with the cedar plank postcard/message board and steel plates – as well as coffee and donuts to sustain us during our “postcard visits” to the mill! Finally, each visitor we encountered at the mill had some influence on our ‘take’ on the Tyrone Mills whether as willing writers of postcards or as tellers of personal histories with the mill, or simply through observation of their interactions at the mill.

We also greatly appreciated the open welcome that Michael and Debbie Patrick and all the office and plant workers at The Bowmanville Foundry extended to us, allowing us into their workspaces, supporting our research and photographic impulses, and offering thoughtful ideas, artefacts and even some foundry sand for our installation. A special *Thank you!* is extended to Victoria Greene for the time and creative energy that she gave to our inquiries and in her support of our work.

Our heartfelt gratitude is also extended to Charles Taws, Curator/Archivist at Clarington Museums, and to local historian, Helen Lewis Schmid, for their invaluable guidance and for sharing artefacts.

Finally, thank you to James Campbell, Curator at the *Visual Arts Centre*, for his vision for this project, and for assembling such a terrific team of local artists. It has been a pleasure to work with all members of *Clarington Taken!* We were also especially thrilled to be exhibiting *Water* and *Iron* in another historic workplace institution in our community, the former Cream of Barley Mill, now the Visual Arts Centre of Clarington.

David B. Gillespie

I thank James Campbell and Charles Taws for their vision and guidance in bringing *Clarington Taken* to fruition. I would also like to give special thanks Mr. Gary F. Cole for his time spent at his cottage on West Beach, Bowmanville. His recollections, stories and vintage photographs were integral to the representation of my vision for this collaborative exhibition. The west beach lives and the community there is a valuable part of what we call Clarington. I would also extend my appreciation to Total Reproduction, Whitby and Intowne Gallery, Bowmanville for their caring assistance. Thank you to Jean-Michel Komarnicki for designing this catalogue. Thank you to my wife, Sylvia for canoeing with me along the beach and marsh, reflecting on the heritage and the gift we all are so fortunate to have here.

## Steven Frank

Special thanks to VAC curator James Campbell for his vision and Clarington Museums curator Charles Taws for his invaluable assistance in bringing the past into focus to help bring historical context to this endeavour. A world of gratitude to Faye Langmaid, Manager of Special Projects at the Municipality of Clarington for helping this work continue to advocate for an enlightened approach to heritage preservation.

I know I speak for all the participants in thanking Jean-Michel Komarnicki for the hard work and excellent design that he put into this catalogue.

## Mary Ellen McQuay

James Campbell posited to our group of five photographers, the idea of exploring the history of Clarington with a contemporary twist. We met for several wide-ranging conversations and explored then and now concepts, ranging from natural environment and industrial; recreation and architecture and always communal. In his quiet and receptive way James practiced the art of the process of art making. And I thank him for that experience.

The staff of the VAC are splendid and David Gillespie has a special nod from me as not only an accomplished artist in our group but as the careful and patient installer of our work.

Gary Nickerson of ProColour is a master printer in this digital world and has helped me realize my final archival photographs.

My brother and sister, Sean and Nancy, without whispering a word, always remind me of what's important and I thank them for that.



# Clarington Taken — Five Artists Five Takes

Helen Bajorek-MacDonald and Jean-Michel Komarnicki,  
Steven Frank, David B. Gillespie, Mary-Ellen McQuay

Publication to accompany the exhibition **Clarington Taken – Five Artists, Five Takes**  
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