



Edward Falkenberg

Interface

Visual Arts Centre of Clarington
Bowmanville, Ontario

March 2–30, 2014

James Campbell, Director/Curator

Edward Falkenberg

Edward Falkenberg AOCA RCA OSA SSC
Biography

Edward Falkenberg, a native of Edmonton, Alberta, has had his home and studio in the Claremont Ontario area for more than forty years. Edward graduated with honors in 1965 in Industrial Design at the Ontario College of Art. After a short business venture in exhibition and furniture design with a parallel career creating sculptural commissions, he moved into sculpture full time. Since then his sculptural work has been commissioned for many private and public buildings in Toronto, Sault Ste. Marie ON, Waterloo ON, Markham ON, Riyadh, Saudi Arabia, Oshawa ON, and Pickering ON.

Edward has worked with a variety of materials in his career, which spans five decades, but works primarily with wood and steel. He is an elected member of the Royal Canadian Academy of Art, the Ontario Society of Artists, and the Sculptors Society of Canada. He has sat on the board of directors of all three groups. Edward is a founder and the first chair of the Durham West Arts Centre, which started in 2000, a group dedicated to the building of an art and performance centre in Durham Region, Ontario.

Edward has had major exhibitions at: The Robert McLaughlin Gallery in Oshawa Ontario, Station Gallery in Whitby Ontario, Harbourfront Art Gallery in Toronto, Madison Gallery in Toronto, The Art Gallery of Nova Scotia in Halifax, the Canadian Embassy in Beijing China and Oeno Gallery in Prince Edward County Ontario from 2006 to present.

www.falkenberg.ca

Inspiration





By **Edward Falkenberg**

In August of 2000 I was in Newfoundland, the year of Newfoundland celebrating the Viking's arrival. Due to time restraints we concentrated on exploring the western side of the island. We drove straight north to St. Anthony's and then took our time coming south, stopping at various points of interest along the way. One beautiful sunny day we came to a place called The Arches. These are immense rock formations that form arches right at the ocean's edge. There was a short walk from the parking lot to The Arches. Along the path we traversed was an area where a fire had swept through destroying the trees that had struggled for so many years to live in that windswept place. All that was left was the charred remains of the trunks of the stunted trees. This was both a disturbing and serendipitous discovery. The scene had a stunningly beautiful quality to it. The charred remains of the trunks had a stark beauty that rose up through the lush new green emerging undergrowth, creating an interface between death and life.

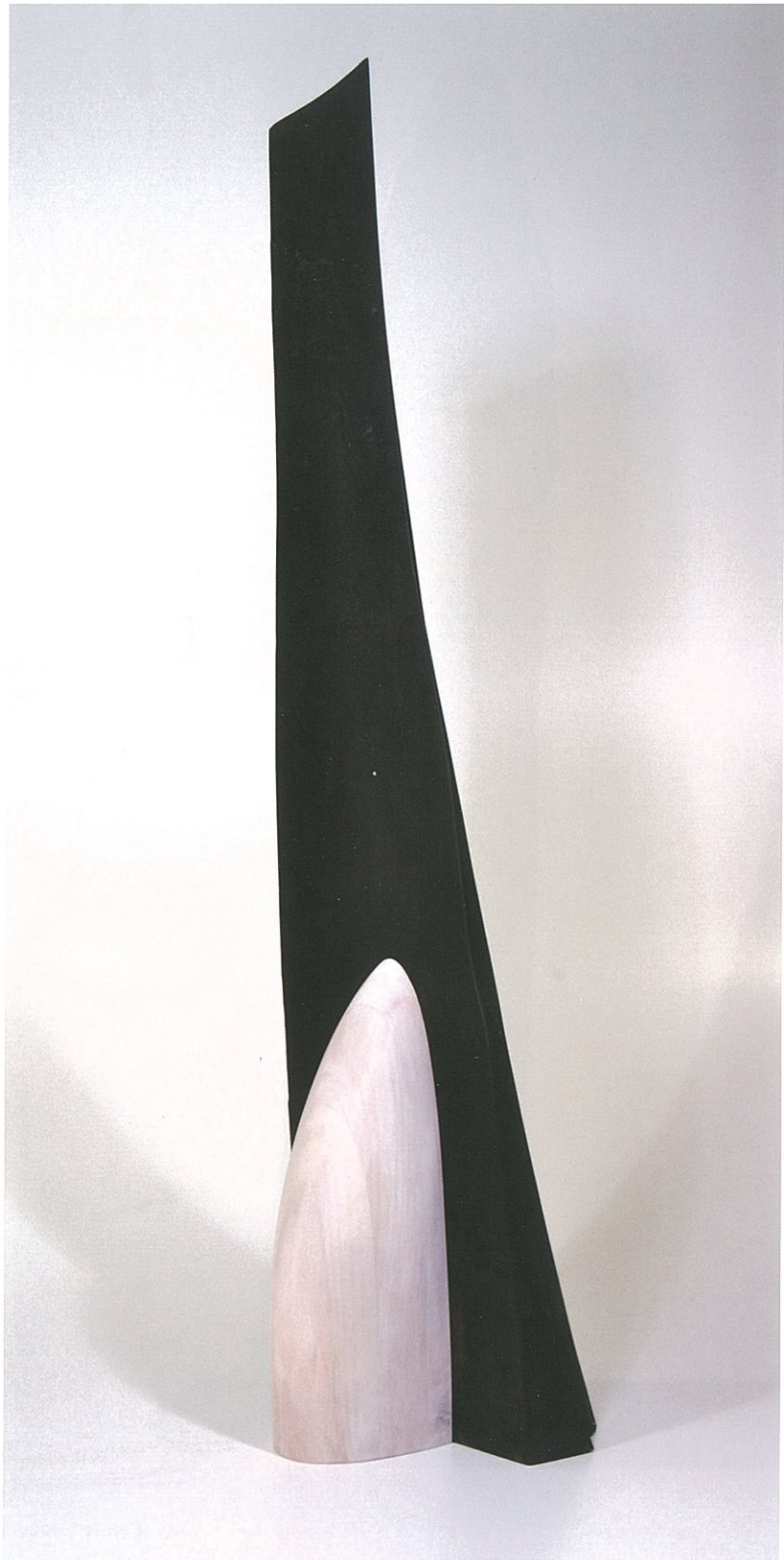
As a 19-year-old teenager I spent a week camping and fishing with a friend in northern Alberta. Our campsite was situated very close to a similar scene of charred trees and new growth but on a much larger scale.

Forty-five years later at The Arches I chanced upon this same scene. These images have remained fixed in my collective memory ever since. I have used this idea in my work unconsciously and consciously many times since experiencing that remarkable environment.

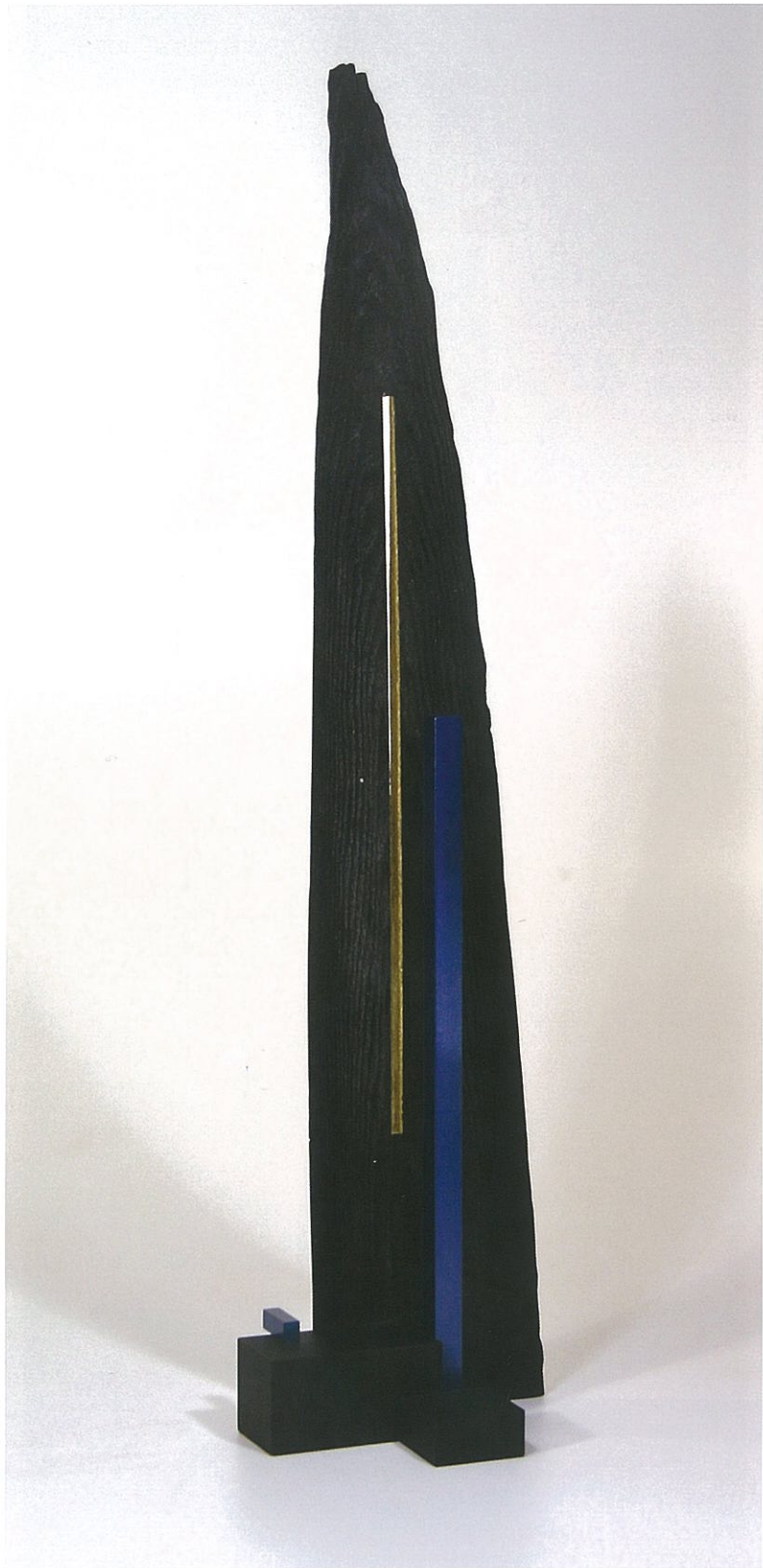


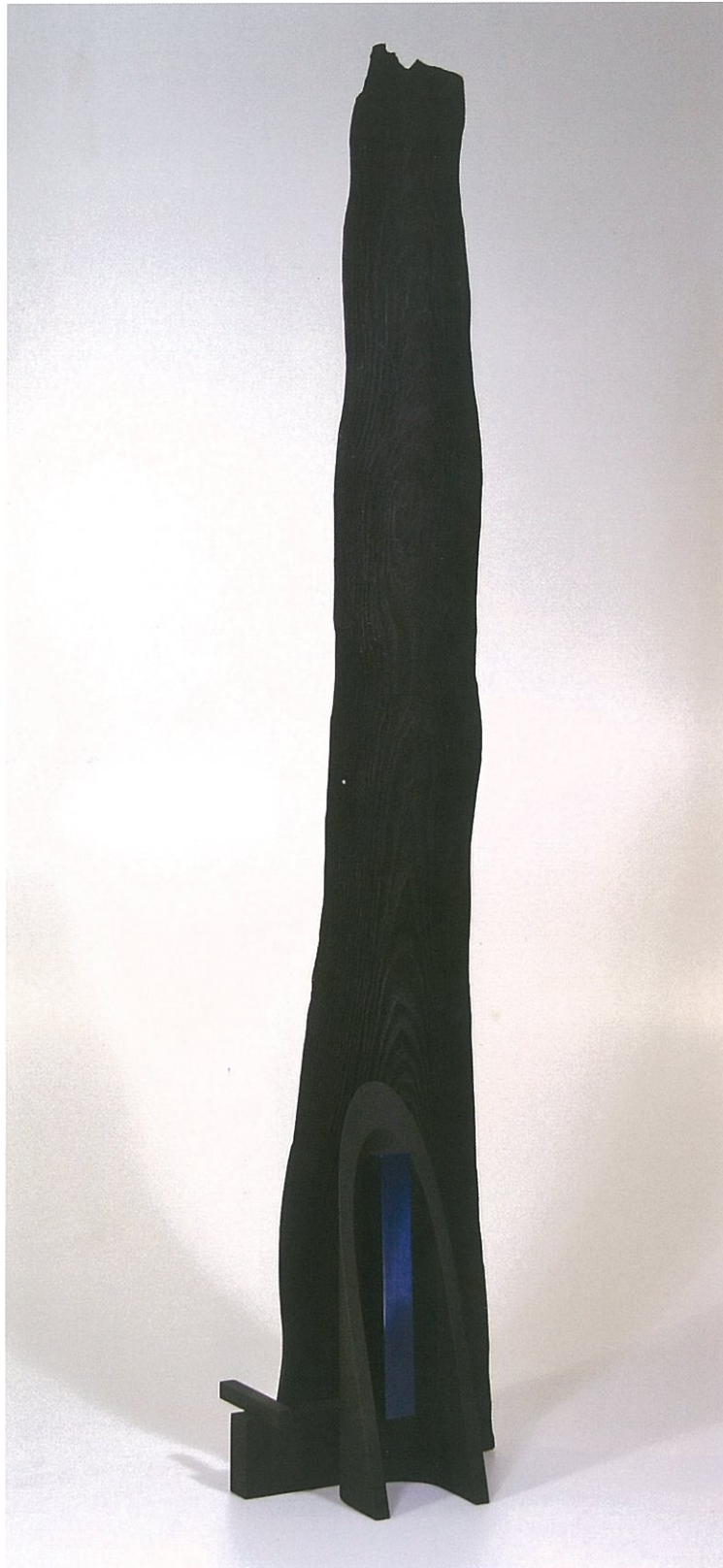


Exhibition











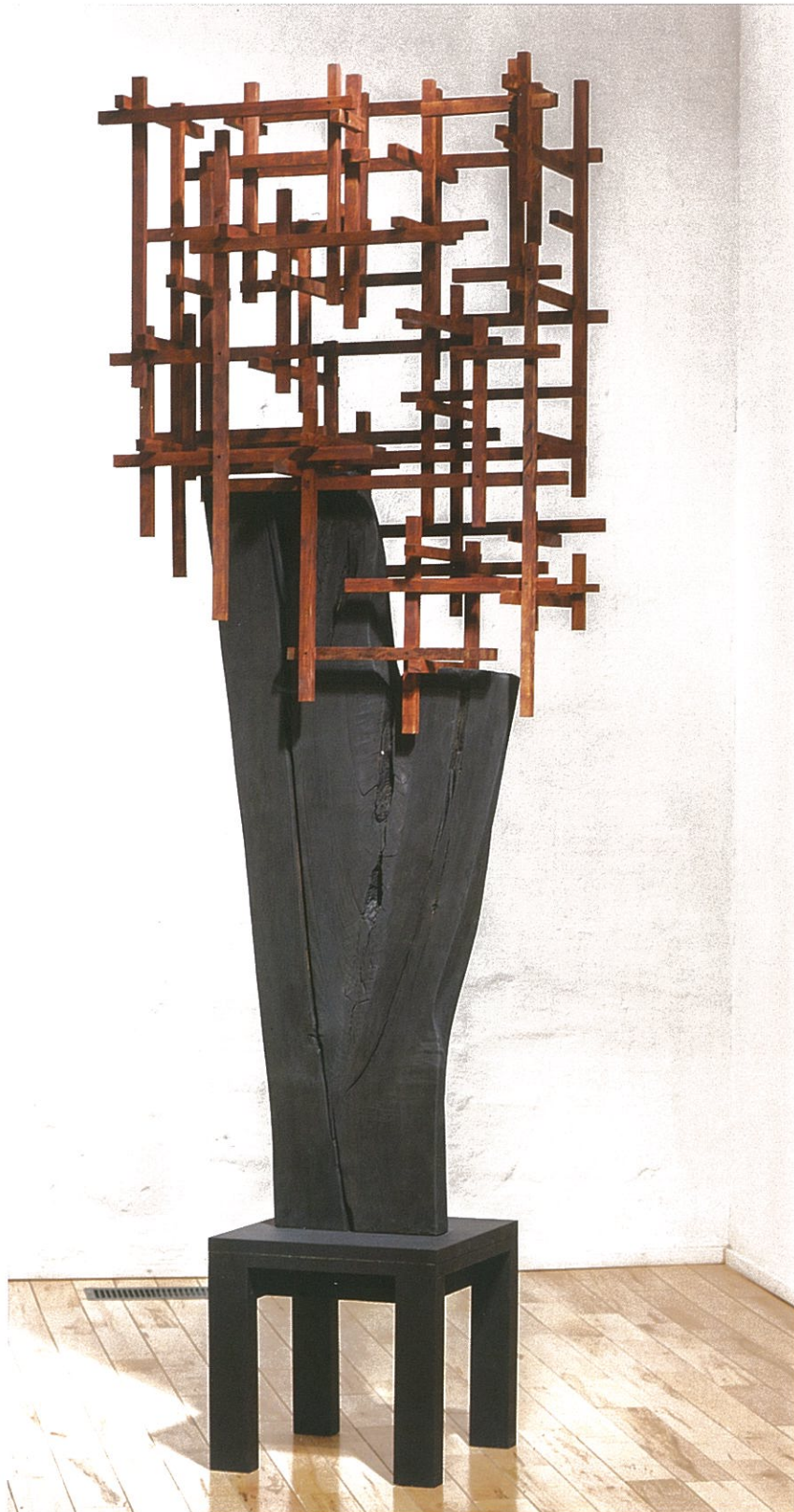
White Cube; 2014
Charred wood, paint
42.25 x 13 x 10 inches







2014
wood,
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ches



2014
stain
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Log and Chair; 2013
Wood, stain, paint
40×95.5×20 inches



Sentinels; 2014
Wood, paint
96.5x41x44 inches



2014
paint
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Interface

Essay by **James Campbell**

Director/Curator, Visual Arts Centre of Clarington, Bowmanville

“There is no substitute for feeling the stone, the metal, the plaster, or the wood in the hand; to feel its weight; to feel its texture; to struggle with it in the world rather than in the mind alone.”¹

Edward Falkenberg’s ‘world’, his home, is in the rural village of Claremont, Ontario. In 1968, the artist and his wife, Laura, purchased land there, and completely transformed an aging building into a unique living space. Walls are brought alive by large, undulating relief carvings. Table tops and corners reveal sensitively placed sculptures and carvings. Photographs by his daughter lead us on an enticing visual journey. The entire basement-level is a functioning art gallery, sharing thoughtful arrays of Edward’s work, and at times, the work of fellow Durham Region artists.

A large window, featured on the north wall of the living room, welcomes an incoming stream of natural light. As one looks out this window, we notice a substantial out-building, some hundred feet away, which has also received dramatic structural attention, the artist’s studio. It is within this large multi-roomed space that Falkenberg’s ‘struggle’ takes place. On the south side of the home, we enter

the kitchen. It is in this room, during a reflective moment at breakfast, while gazing out at rural fields and a gently rolling progression of treed hills, that the artist conceived the title for his exhibition at the Visual Arts Centre of Clarington: *Interface*. Twelve sculptures occupied all three of our gallery spaces, most of them completed within six months of the opening date of March 2, 2014.

The artist summarized the meaning of the title in a newspaper interview prior to the show: “It’s the interface between architectural and organic structures.”² Falkenberg possesses a keen empathy for both realms. He is immersed in the organic on his rural property, and he gained thorough knowledge of architectural projects during early work experience, and as a graduate of the Industrial Design program at the Ontario College of Art in 1965.

While reveling in the calming allure of those fields and hills surrounding his property, one easily forgets that this haven is continually being encroached upon by the relentless urban sprawl of housing developments and highways. Falkenberg’s sculptures subtly, almost meditatively, lead us to ponder the union of the urban and the rural, the architectural and the organic. In contemporary societal reality, this

union is often an uneasy one, with the organic being overwhelmed, swept away. Some of the works may imply that the triumph of the urban is inevitable. Yet others, through the conscious fusion of torch-charred, striated, wooden shapes with geometric forms and incisions through the wood, reveal a ray of hope: the man-made and the natural, in serene union.

As viewers entered the main gallery, they were greeted, perhaps confronted, by a monumental piece entitled *Table*. Standing some nine feet in height, the wooden sculpture reveals three unified components. A portion of a large tree trunk, or branch, rests upon a surprisingly small four-legged table. An uneasy tension is already implied: can the table support such weight? The trunk has been consciously cut to retain at its top, the start of a separation into two branches, one reaching upward a foot beyond the other. Atop this trunk, we encounter an intriguing lattice-work of interconnected, wooden bars. This structure is substantial, some four feet in height, and three feet in width and depth. We are allowed to look through it; these are precise, structural 'outlines'. As we wander around the piece, kinetic optical effects occur. Rectangles emerge, then vanish, as wood bars abruptly end. This is not static but rather is an ongoing construction. At its irregular 'base', some of the vertical bars jut downward to varied depths, encasing the top of the trunk while casting shadows on the charred surface. Is it an armature, perhaps, with the wooden framework assuming the guise of steel girders that await the windows and walls of a condominium complex?

It is in the way that the artist joins the tree trunk with implied architecture that interesting thoughts are triggered. At one point on each 'branch', a precise rectangular slot was cut to allow the exact insertion of the wooden bars. Here is a literal,

physical fusion of the organic and the architectural. As we wander around this expanding, ascending form, it is clear that the branches have been cut, halted from further growth. The architectural 'skeleton', as noted above, is surrounding the trunk, imbedded within it. The artist compels the viewer to decide whether this 'union' symbolizes the absorption of the organic by the hand of man, or a symbiotic fusion of the two.

Resting not far from *Table* in our main gallery, we encounter the sculpture, *White Cube*. In this charred wood sculpture, two ascending wooden shapes, with undulating contours, have been saw-cut flat on one side, the other side remaining rounded, retaining the aura of the tree from which it came. These two forms are joined near the base by a horizontal wooden platform, inserted cleanly into the tree components. Atop this platform, resting between the strong vertical elements of blackened wood, is a small, radiant white cube. Its perch is precarious; a portion of this geometrically-perfect cube extends beyond its support, aloft, partially separate from the other components. Decisions such as this, and others, charge many of Falkenberg's works with a palpable energy. This energy is transmitted gracefully, sometimes slowly, as we wander a myriad of enticing vantage points for each three dimensional presence.

This energy often resides in 'negative' spaces, and again, is only observed and released after reflection and study. Deliberate cuts allow the two tree components to reach different heights. They are very close to one another, and when viewed straight on, a beautiful gap resides between the charred, ascending vertical elements. This gap gracefully diminishes as it descends until it disappears briefly behind the luminous white cube. We pick it up again as it reaches the support base. This negative space

silently reverberates, as if these forms are communicating. The polished cube, the architectural presence of man, interrupts this discussion only briefly. Indeed, the organic here seems to surround, perhaps even embrace man's presence.

The very title of another of his works confirms energy; an audible, sustained energy: *Resonate*. Approaching the piece, again a powerful verticality is exuded, enhanced by the gentle irregularities in its contour. This sculpture incorporates a single charred wooden form, again cut smooth on one side. When viewed from the side, this piece is wafer thin, widening only at its base. Here a thin, small rectangular shape links the dark vertical component with a black cube, joined in a non-flush manner, with a small space lingering between 'tree' and cube. Again, the artist provides a place of mystery and energy. Attached to this cube is a thin band of gently curving wood, bending gracefully upward toward the vertical form, to slightly over half the height of the piece. Before its journey ends, it passes by a small brass tube that passes through the tree form and protrudes, at an angle, out the other side. We can look through this space. A dynamic tension is immediate in this piece. The curving wood bar assumes the form of a bow, being drawn back with resistance. Our mind pictures the bow string, even though none is present. Or, perhaps this is the string of a musical instrument, the music 'resonating' within and beyond that charged space between tree form and curved bar, its sound waves passing through that small, brass-encircled space, a small gleaming window that extends the presence, the 'music', of this work throughout the space it occupies.

One hypnotically graceful piece in our main gallery could easily be interpreted as void of the architectural, free of the presence of man. Entitled *Abyss*, the piece combines two components, one of charred

wood, the other painted wood. The single charred piece is again cut flat on one side. Once again it reaches upward, gradually thinning during its vertical climb. Adhering to it, at its base, is a beautiful, gently curving form, attached flush to the charred form. This piece is painted white, yet curvilinear striations emerge through the paint in ghost-like fashion, suggesting an internal presence in this form.

It too is ascending, gliding upward, 'within' the charred form, not merely on it. The white shape conjures the form of a whale, breaching from far below, from the *Abyss*. This dramatic moment is achieved with purity of form, and the immediacy of uncluttered, visual simplicity. Constantin Brancusi made the following observation in 1925: "Simplicity is not an objective in art, but one achieves simplicity despite oneself by entering into the real sense of things."³

Architecture and geometry, from the hand of man, emerge again in *Abide*. Once again, a single piece of charred wood is employed, its slightly irregular contour ascending to a point at its peak. As with *Resonate*, two cubic forms are attached at its base, this time supporting two thin, blue painted, wooden bars. Between the two cubic forms, a long, straight wooden bar ascends just over half way up the charred form, again separated by mere inches, yet interconnected with that now familiar energy, generated within air. A connection is heightened, in this piece, by the precise cutting of a thin slot through the centre of the charred form, floating within six to seven inches of the top and bottom of the piece. It is roughly the same length as the vertical bar. The interior of this thin, precise 'slot' through the heart of the piece, is painted gold. In the artist's words, the slots "are letting the light shine through"; "it's letting the energy of the work be released"⁴. Indeed it does. A dynamic communication occurs between

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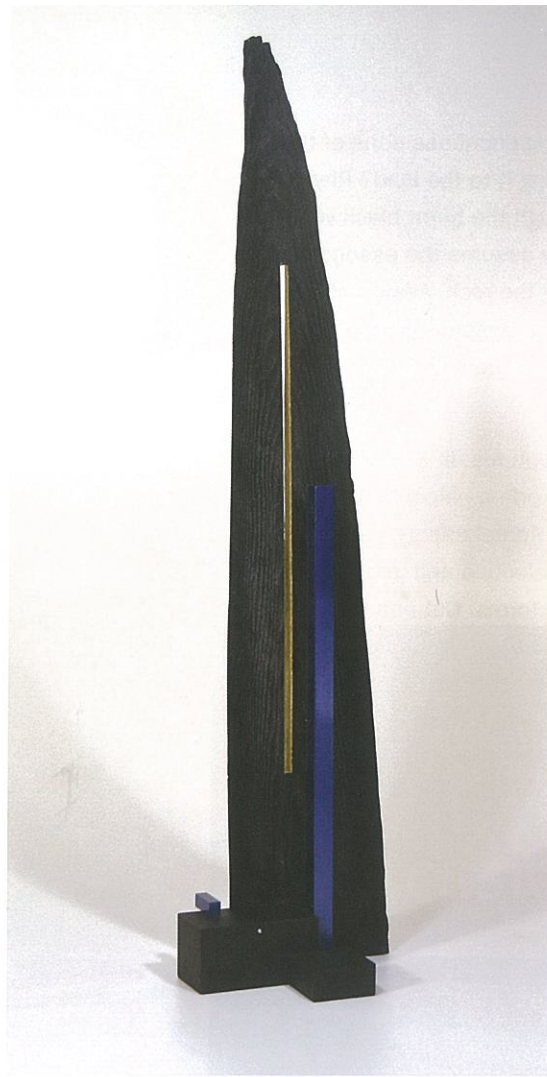
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mirrored positive/negative forms. Has the blue painted piece passed through that slot, or indeed, is it the remnant that emerged from it? An intriguing additional component is adhered to the larger of the two base cubes; a second blue bar, much smaller, is mounted horizontally. As with *White Cube*, the artist extends the piece beyond its base, again creating tension, but also carrying us to the space beyond the charred wood, into the space we see when we gaze through that slot.

One piece in the main gallery required no sculpture base or plinth; its support was part of the sculpture. Entitled *Shore*, this four-component piece brought

us down, literally, to engage with it. At a total height of roughly two feet, we looked down upon the work, as in an aerial view. The title is literal for the artist's intent; this is the shore. Here, that intermediary realm between water and land is delineated by a blue painted bar of copper. It is centrally placed upon the bottom block. This blue, metallic 'shore-line' separates the two remaining, specifically placed, elements: on one side, a small black stone, on the other, a jagged, roughly textured wooden form, painted in a lustrous white. The white form, the 'land', assumes the guise of a jagged seaside cliff. The small rock is in the 'water'. Is it floating,

or is it submerged, awaiting countless eons of the ebb and flow of tide to bring it to the land? Rhythmic striations are visible through the burnt black veil on the bottom block. They assume the essence of waves, inexorably pushing the rock. Again, reflection and contemplation are triggered as we wander around, and within, this geographic tableau, within this *Shoreline*.

All twelve of Edward's sculptures, in this VAC exhibition, embody and exude a palpable presence. Each piece harbours an internal energy, generated through thoughtful selection and integration of organic and man-made forms. Cut and torched wooden forms retain and celebrate the essence of what they came from, as meandering striations and pathways emerge through the soft, velvet blanket of black; the "sly runes of worms running across their backs".⁵ It is through the precise integration, the *Interface* of man-conceived architecture and its pure geometry, within, and beside those natural forms, that internal energy is heightened and released. There is communication within those charged 'spaces between', and it is a language we are compelled to learn through observing, thinking, and reflecting.

Endnotes

- 1 William M. Dupree (www.artquotes.com)
- 2 From the artist. Interview with Mike Ruta, for *Clarington This Week*, February 25, 2014.
- 3 Herschel B. Chipp, *Theories of Modern Art* (University of California Press, 1968) 364.
- 4 From the artist. Interview with Mike Ruta, for *Clarington This Week*, February 25, 2014.
- 5 Barbara Ponomareff, *Totems*, for the exhibition catalogue *Interface - Edward Falkenberg*.

Impressions

Log and Chair

By **Alexander Wlasenko**, Curator, Station Gallery, Whitby



The early spring wind wound and churned as I emerged from the car to meet Edward. This was my first visit to Falkenberg's residence and studio, north of Pickering. That afternoon the sculptor chronicled the ideational and material history of his most recent work, *Log and Chair*. Falkenberg gave insight into his thought process: "As you are creating it," he said "you are constantly taking it to another level. You are allowing things to happen...." This organic equilibrium played itself out over the course of four years. It all began as the fierce winds blew across the lake ridges. The wind-swept hills of the vicinity had yielded the large maple log following a wind-storm in 2010.

Over the years the log had undergone a myriad of ideational revisions. The large wood piece was initially earmarked for a tree-like sculpture – characteristic of the sculptor's output. Vicissitudes in time and artistic process transformed the log, humanized it. A nude female form emerged. This materialized rather unexpectedly, as *Log and Chair* is a rare figurative expression in the continuum of Falkenberg's long career.

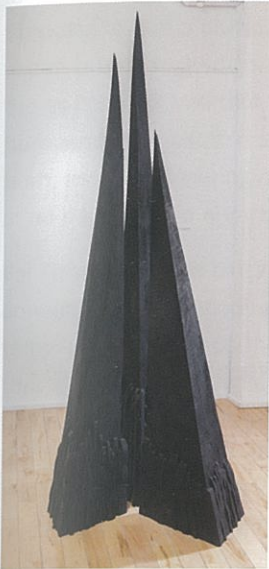
Falkenberg's acephalic, reclining figure resonates in material and visual culture. The figure's appendages have become truncated and worn. Here, one recalls

the supine Venuses of antiquity or Louise Bourgeois' *Arc of Hysteria*. The celebrated nudes of Manet, Modigliani and Picasso enter with associations. Yet, a cinematic moment best emulates the spirit of artistic process. The scene is from a 1963 Italian film titled *La Noia*, starring Catherine Spaak and Horst Bucholz. Bucholz plays an artist who observes Spaak's recumbent figure lying on the sand. Next to her he observes a Y-shaped bole of driftwood. As with Falkenberg's vision for *Log and Chair*, the natural shape takes on human characteristics. Here the creative impulse performs a surprising and exquisite synthesis.

From the conceptual stage, the transformative phase extended into material form. In the artist's hands, the rectilinear chair and curvaceous log fuse into a perfect synthesis. The binary elements combine into an integrated whole. Falkenberg merged cherry and maple together. In terms of coloration, the deep blue figure merges with the black furniture element. The sculpture embodies a composed serenity. The chair implies sedentary comfort and the supine figure in repose conveys sleep and reverie. This sculpture describes a journey. It tells us of a tumultuous story: the distillation of artistic process: cutting, assembling and polishing. In the end, *Log and Chair* rests in a fixed state of calm after the storm.

Sentinels

By **Will McGuirk**, Journalist



Three eight-foot tall black triangular wedge-shaped blocks stretch upwards.

They are watchers and warning signs all in one.

The black trinity lean toward each other – in the manner of a log tent for a fire. But as with much of Edward Falkenberg's sculpture, there is a gap.

The *Sentinels* don't enclose, they release that which is below.

Their bases are side-by-side tall rectangles of stacked squared strips, approximately a foot tall.

Are they buildings, skyscrapers? They are uneasy like a child's toys blocks.

Are they chunks of charcoal and the *Sentinels* flames? Do the charred chains tell a tale of how the Destroyer was trapped by the Destroyed?

The destructive force of the fire was caged in the wood and new life guarded by the burnt shadows – what is the colour when black is burnt – Neil Young would ask in his song *I Am A Child*.

Falkenberg was a teenager, really just a child, when he first came across regeneration of forest after fire. What would a teenager of the flatlands think when he finds the land has the shape and shade of a void. His footings are nothings.

Under the bright big sky he sees the seepage of the night yet in the inky shade he sees the upwards reaching of new growth. In this horizontal he stumbles across that which will fuel his own fires, the mysteries of the vertical.

He grasps that in the reaching up, in the heights, up there, somewhere, is the whys of nature's growth; the reason, if not of, then, for life. For if not, why then would those frail, green shoots strive so hard to push through the charred layers?

In the clouds, in the trees a possible paradise...if only a child had a ladder.

The *Sentinels*, as they stand silent, guarding, warning, framing, nurturing, in their cast they guide your gaze upwards ever so gently.

Neighbors

By **Linda Jansma**, Senior Curator, The Robert McLaughlin Gallery, Oshawa



Climbing to the Visual Art Centre's third floor gallery is an experience for the senses. The lower gallery spaces are left behind as one enters the dark hallway from the main floor. Ascending the stairs, the light becomes both stronger and clearer as exterior windows are passed. The lower spaces are forgotten in the final trek to the third floor – one is aware of her quickening heartbeat as she is enveloped by the bright, white light which emanates through the thin-paned glass. As Edward Falkenberg's exhibition has been scheduled during the waning days of the 2014 winter that is not easily loosening its grip, the climb also means cooler temperatures as this floor is neither heated nor particularly well insulated. The space, the upper most floor of an old mill, is framed with large wooden beams with windows on three sides that reveal barren, suburban landscapes.

There's stillness to this space despite the distant sound of traffic. This stillness is intensified by Falkenberg's installation *Neighbors*.

Two blackened wooden entities face each other in a sparse installation in the middle of the gallery space. One stands amongst a bed of dried pine needles, while the other, crushed white stones. Each is fore grounded by a rolled, hollow piece of bark.

These totemic "beings" – certainly not humanoid – but with a very real presence none-the-less – have vertical slots that are trimmed in gold, approximately a centimeter in width through which what lies beyond is visible. Through one is revealed the gallery wall, while the other shows one of the space's windows – winter light coming through the slit. The third component of the installation is what isn't physically there: the highly charged space in between the two elements – the spiritual connection, if you will.

The isolation of the third floor space enhances the stillness of this installation. But stillness does not mean silence. The entity, which stands amongst the pine needles, represents the forest, while the entity that stands on the stones shares an affinity with the shore/water. Two different components of the landscape but conjoined by Falkenberg's assertion that they represent the land, the environment and our incessant desire to wipe out both to build more, to ever expand the urban footprint.

Falkenberg recalls two seminal events in his life that have led to this latest series of works. One, as an nineteen year old, occurred during a weeklong fishing trip with a friend in Alberta's Grand Prairie area. The creek in which the pair fished was surrounded by a landscape that had been burned through.

New growth had already begun to show itself around the burn, but dead, blackened trees stood as silent witnesses. A similar scene appeared many years later when Falkenberg travelled to Newfoundland. Stopping to see a particularly magnificent rock in the ocean off the rugged coastal cliff, he noticed that the switchback trail that led to the shore was also a burn area. Comparable sentinels stood within this burn, as well, triggering memories of the scene set in an early time in another part of the country.

For Falkenberg, the blackness of the entities connotes both foreboding and bleakness as we contemplate – or perhaps the more compelling issue is that we *don't* contemplate – what humanity continues to do to the environment. But this is where that in-between space becomes important, as does the physical location of the installation. Visitors must walk up three flights of stairs in order to witness this silent conversation. The light is clear, and we notice the cooling of our extremities as we contemplate that in-between space which becomes the focal point, the place in which the spirit of the work, the conversation between the two entities, dwells. Part of that is due to the gold that frames the vertical slits in the sculpture. As Falkenberg notes, gold has its own light – it both reflects and emanates light from within. The torched surfaces (Falkenberg burns them to achieve the impenetrable blackness of his work – a technique, he would later discover, was similar to that used by the Japanese to protect wooden structures from rot) are literally cut through with a powerful light that serves to connect the two pieces.

As we press on – ever on – *Neighbors* bears witness. This minimalist installation does, in the end, leave an affirmative afterglow. We may be intent on destroying that which sustains us, but the land silently communicates, glows from within, and *it* carries on.

Interface at the Mill
Musings on Edward Falkenberg's work
By **Barbara Ponomareff**, Poet, Author, Artist

Totems

Sentinels, totems most likely.
Their spiritual **Essence** isolated
they seek **Refuge**
in togetherness.

Their silent conversation,
the sly runes of worms
running across their backs
Resonate,
vibrate between them.

From **White Cube** over to **Table**
with its circuit-board brain – what are
the right-angled messages
they send us?

From the black **Shore**
drawn straight across with a ruler
to the deep inevitability of
the black **Abyss**

What message of our connectedness,
of the organic world's overlapping
our increased abstraction
will **Abide**?

Log & Chair

the weight of a log, a life
strung across four simple legs

the slingshot of her legs
clamped into helplessness

the allure of her finish,
the gently swelling landscape
of her body

no arms, no legs, no head

the slingshot of her legs
clamped into helplessness

the weight of a log

Under the Rafters

Thin March light bathes the space.

Overhead the bones of the old mill
bare rafters scarred by time
both function and sculpture.

Here the air is chill more outdoor setting
two totem/trees face each other tall and slim
stripped of their bark which rolls like cinnamon sticks
on the ground they've shed their rough skins exposing
their smooth charcoal-burnt essence. Each with a
surgically-precise slit down the center brass lined
or gold painted they offer a new perspective
on nature and perhaps ourselves.

Silence and light flow.

The absence of the world the only presence.

Contributors

James Campbell has been Executive Director at The Visual Arts Centre of Clarington since 2010, and assumed Curatorial duties in May, 2012. Prior to beginning his post in Bowmanville, he worked as an independent curator and art educator, his most substantial project involving the research and cataloguing of The Niagara Parks Commission Art Collection. For 14 years he was curator of The Riverbrink Art Museum in Queenston, Ontario, a 1,100 piece historical Canadian and international art collection. In the late 1980's, he was the first Director/Curator at The North Bay Arts Centre. He completed a diploma in Administration for the Creative Arts at Fleming College in 1980, and his BA in Art and Art History, University of Toronto, 1984. He completed course work for his MA, art history, at the State University of New York at Buffalo, in 2009, thesis work is ongoing.

Olexander Wlasenko has based his studio practice in Oshawa after earning a Master of Fine Art at The University of Western Ontario in 2000. Prior to this, he graduated with distinction from the Ontario College of Art (OCA) in 1994, going on to complete a degree in Fine Arts at the University of Guelph. Wlasenko has exhibited extensively in Toronto and London, Ontario, nationally in Winnipeg, Calgary, Edmonton and Dawson City, Yukon, and internationally in Florence, Italy and Kyiv, Ukraine. Olexander currently holds the position of Curator at Station Gallery in Whitby, Ontario since early 2008.

Will McGuirk is a journalist who has been covering Canadian culture stories for two decades. He is a member of the City of Oshawa's Culture Plan steering committee and has taught media studies at Durham College. As a champion of the arts he has curated many exhibits, performances and shows. He was the founding force behind Oshawa's community sourced, independent, all-ages arts space, The Vault. He was born in Dublin, Ireland and moved

to Canada in 1984. Since arriving he has gained an understanding of his adopted country by studying its arts, culture and music. He is married with three sons and lives in Oshawa, Ontario.

Linda Jansma has been the Curator of The Robert McLaughlin Gallery since 1994 and was recently promoted to Senior Curator. She completed an Honours BA at Queen's University and a MA at the University of East Anglia, both in art history. She has curated and produced numerous exhibitions that have travelled nationally including *The Collaborationists: Jennifer Marman and Daniel Borins, Shelagh Keeley, Gordon Monahan: Seeing Sound; Simone Jones: All That Is Solid; Walter Tandy Murch: The Spirit of Things* and *Kazuo Nakamura: The Nature of Things*. The forthcoming exhibition *Jock Macdonald: Evolving Form* is organized in collaboration with the Vancouver Art Gallery and Art Gallery of Greater Victoria. She has written essays for catalogues dealing with both historical and contemporary art and has been the supervising curator of over 165 exhibitions for the RMG.

She is the chair of the City of Oshawa's Art and History Committee and Art Policy Committee, as well as the Advisory committee of Durham College's Fine Art programme.

Barbara Ponomareff: A child psychotherapist by profession, a writer and painter since her retirement, she feels fortunate to be able to combine her life-long interests in literature, psychology and art. Her paintings have been shown in solo shows at *Artspace, the Scugog Council for the Arts* as well as at the *Art in the Hall* and *The Clarington Gallery*. Her art has been used for book and magazine covers.

She has published two novellas, short stories, poems and memoirs in various literary magazines and anthologies. At present, she is translating two modern German poets into English.

Acknowledgements

Edward Falkenberg: When James Campbell first approached me in April 2013 to have an exhibition of my work to take place in the following year I agreed knowing that I would have the time to create new work. At the time I had very few finished pieces to actually make up a show and a year's preparation would be doable. Then one day James phoned and said there had been a change in his schedule and could I have a show ready in four months time. Not wanting to miss the opportunity I said yes. Then I got the date wrong. Instead of the opening at the end of the month it was at the beginning, giving me only a three-month period to produce a worthwhile show. So I got to work; however, it was not clear sailing. In this three-month period we had the December 2013 ice storm causing a week's power outage, my Chrysler minivan coming to its demise on icy country roads plus dealing with the coldest winter in recent memory. Oh my, oh my, Hello James...

With his very cool and very upbeat disposition James said that we at the VAC can help you get this show to open on time. And so they did. Thanks to Linda Ward and Dionne Powlenzuk, the two staff members who did a great job of in-house work with mailing lists and the design of the invitation. The itinerant jack-of-all-trades David Gillespie patched holes, painted walls, and hauled two hundred pounds of granite chips to the third floor for the installation piece called *Neighbors*. Then with his artist's deft eye washed each piece with just the right amount of lighting to bring the individual works to life. A big thank you to Jean-Michel Komarnicki, photographer extraordinaire, for his artful documenting of the entire show. A special thank you to my friend Arn Jacenty for his beautiful photo of *Log and Chair* on page 25 and his advice and council over many years.

Kudos to Karen Henricks for catalogue design and production. A historic first for the VAC was created when two curators, Olex Wlasenko and Linda Jansma,

a journalist, Will McGuirk, and a poet, Barbara Ponomareff, made contributions to a VAC catalogue each in their eminent style. A big thank you to all for giving of your time.

To James Campbell, the incomparable Curator/Director, who saw each piece of work as I had conceived it, for bringing new light, thought and feelings in his essay on the show *Interface*, and guiding the entire project to completion. Thank you, James.

And to you Laura, my beautiful wife and life partner, a great big thank you for cheering me on and keeping me level headed and grounded.

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