



WATER STATIONS: a river pilgrimage

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Leading the Way



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Dedicated to
Isabelle Peltier Gingras
& Udo Kasemets

MARALYNN
CHERRY

WATER STATIONS:
a river pilgrimage





ORONO CREEK
2015

TWO MEDITATIONS BY A CREEK

“All places exist somewhere between the inside and outside views of them, the ways in which they compare to, and contrast with other places. A sense of place is a virtual immersion that depends on lived experience and a topographical intimacy.....”¹

This is a journey, deeply rooted in a sense of place and a source of healing. I think of water and the merging of my body with rivers, meandering, feeling its waves and currents. I sit on a stool midst the waters, waiting quietly as salmon and trout spawn at my feet. I hear this river's sounds, sense the wildlife and the depth of tree roots. I become other than myself to the extent that I sense the elements outside thinking. I gather water's momentum until I am that motion.
(MARALYNN CHERRY)

Rivers are arteries, a continuous organic passage of regeneration and return. River's blood flows away and to the heart of these waterways. Waters of the moraine flow deeply from the aquifer, from the true source. It filters through this terrain, linking a timeless whole, a meandering conduit of life, sustaining and ever re-furbishing this network of the whole. Water nurtures, protecting past and future. Memories, patterns and forms of life emerge as a choreography of living gestures. Thought mirrors and transforms natural experience. (JAMES CAMPBELL)

¹ Lucy R. Lippard, *The Lure of the Local senses of place in a multicentered society* (The New York Press, 1997), 35.

Dialogues:

Maralynn Cherry (artist) and James Campbell (curator)

MARALYNN CHERRY: I have been thinking about the way we spoke chronologically of the paintings in the exhibition. The series of installed works cover a portion of time between two important phases in my aesthetic process.

As we discussed, I have been concerned with morphology in nature as a constant underlying source of thought forms. Paint, raw unspun wool, wax, woven steel, Chinese ink, rice paper, felt and organza have been the raw materials, spread in various arrays about my studio. Pure gesture mimics my initial response to what I feel is the poetic interface between nature and my body. Words resurface until a series of written musings fill my notebooks. Prose and poems choreograph a series of pieces as my mind becomes a rush of perceptions. Many years were spent shaping a visual language between abstraction, expressionism and how it modifies on-site drawings from nature.

My pilgrimage, for the past several years, is to sites that are part of the rivers of the Oak Ridges Moraine that feed into Lake Ontario. I ask myself, what is the healing body if not a deepening of knowledge awakened by rivers, these amorphous waters. Water has been a source of what I will call a reflective inner politics, elemental and alive. It is a source that changes being human into becoming rhythms in communion.

JAMES CAMPBELL: Your *Garment Series* of oil paintings become a sublime, almost somber, poetic flow of natural rhythms inside the body. A dark indigo field engulfs organs like a sea of deep dreams, like a swirling fluid incubator filled with life, time, and

memory. Do you feel this series allows us to better experience the relationship between the fluidity of blood to water flowing through our bodies?

These pieces are the earliest works on display. Showing such fluid internal visions alongside your water paintings seems to create a virtual space that interconnects your body to your river paintings.

One small piece, *Meander (dreaming with Harold Fisk)* reflects a strong, painterly, abstract surface as the strokes of paint weave and meander through each other. You highlight in your journals the amazing maps that Harold Fisk created of the historical flood plains of the Mississippi River. *Meander* appears to connect your *Garment* series to the river paintings.

MARALYNN CHERRY: *Garment Series #1* is a triptych of viscerally-charged heart paintings where I feel the blood as a streaming river. Moods transform and paint, itself, becomes a pulse, a swirling incubation of life. *Garment Series #2* (a large triptych) A,B,C expressively pulls one into the interior of the body where heart, lungs and gut are stirred into an existential force field of inner becoming. I see the body itself as a *Garment*, a woven landscape that is our carriage, the chariot we steer. This presence of the body is always there, a mostly unconscious interior landscape of rhythms. To work with materials such as unspun wool has deeply altered my relationship to painting. The warp and woof in the actions of threading the paint into a bodily garment is not distant from a poetics of organic motion. There is much to glean between my body being at the river and the river as a loom. As Thoreau so eloquently states; **“The whole brook seems as busy as a loom – it is a warp & woof of ripples – fairy fingers are throwing the shuttle at every step – and the long waving brook is the fine product”**²

When I found, in my research, those incredible maps done by Harold Fisk I was struck by their pictorial relationship to abstract paintings. Each colour, representing a previous flood plain, meandered in and through each other. I saw, in these maps, a relationship to rivers and the meandering coils of our intestines. *Meander* definitely marks a bridge between the two bodies of work.

JAMES CAMPBELL: You are someone who thinks a great deal about art as a way to expand your sense of making and knowing. There is a deeply rooted philosophical and poetic source to your journal writing as well as to the way you organically choreograph pieces or create installations. Myths animate aspects of your aesthetic conjuring. I sense the urgency of elemental forces as water transforms surfaces, especially in the large oil paintings exhibited in a set of three, vertically ascending the wall.

A second smaller triptych, *Antigone Dreams at River's Edge* alludes to some connection you have to Sophocles and the plight of Antigone.

Pictorial representation of water is not as important to you as mastering the effects of aquatic motion; rhythm moves the brush, and colour shifts with light and mood.

MARALYNN CHERRY: I studied Chinese brush painting in an effort to more closely align my painting with the dance of the brush. Gestural action, abstraction and colour-field painting played a large role in my early practice. There has always been a tendency to translate natural forms into a gestural language attuned to what I will call kinetic grounds of action. In painting, foreground and background fields fold into one another creating mutable surfaces. I read a great deal of philosophy but it is poetry that resonates throughout my work, as hidden dialogues accompany me to sites. Internal voices are more like arias that echo, commune and compose visual and auditory rhythms. River stories translate into poetic passages in my journals. Nature, the river, every aspect of my being on site conceives formations that actively change how I think. I find myself walking and struggling to find openings – a place for the loosening of thoughts, for the fluidity of becoming water.

There is an ongoing reach in the human condition to re-create mythologies. A re-reading of Antigone resurrects her from a political sentence of death which she submitted to rather than recant her endeavor for an honourable burial of her brother. She nurtured a way of thinking that rose above civil rule. By my river rocks, water moves back the boulder to Antigone's tomb where she was buried alive. To wander here means coming to terms with natural elements. Our culture could so easily lose all this, by forgetting we are not the full measure of what it means to be alive.

Representation is like parts of speech, a tool to shape what lives in the interior silence of organs becoming conscious. When fish spawn at my feet there is a communication beyond words: a choreography of mapped memory-systems engages them in a cycle of returning. How do I paint such things? My camera lens can capture where they are or a splice of movement, but not this internal guide. The larger water paintings bring aquatic motion to the surface. Each piece evokes the alchemical action of water meeting rock, lake currents crossing river currents and the formation of river silt. One is caught in the water (in the surface of the paint). The topography of the site disappears from view.

JAMES CAMPBELL: Two other themes weaving through your process are sound and rhythm. Your acrylic paintings, on birch ply, move away from a pictorial expression of water towards a more abstract depiction of what you call soundings. One can feel the shifts in how painted surfaces are sanded through, carved into, or dotted with wood burning marks. In *River Song* and *River Chorus*, two pieces from your sounding works, the application of paint and how one colour plays with another is quite different from your oil paintings. In these two works, surfaces feel like skins as one colour blends into another like layered veils. Then you sand back underneath, carve or wood burn. Markings create a definitive symbolism, a sign or notation system. A second triptych series: *Rivers for Udo* become once again like organs or hearts that you refer to as river roots. These surfaces capture an intricate patterning, while a highly concentrated central activity is caught within the skin of water. Can you speak about how these pieces recall the auditory aspects of your river Pilgrimage?



MARALYNN CHERRY: Firstly, I have to acknowledge a mentor from Art College, the composer Udo Kasemets, who became a good friend and continuous inspiration in my life. I learned so much from Udo about silence, sound and listening. His way of sharing knowledge, and shaping a practice, deeply affected me. I felt his compositions were sculptural, sound/silence experiences that resonated into my thought-life, shifting how I attended to space. Taking the spirit of Udo to the river with me was a constant. I was so attuned to the sounds of the water playing surfaces or filtering around rocks or through root systems. I would carefully choose the birch ply boards for painting, attending to the wood grain patterns that I could sand back into and reveal deeper layers of motion. The carving and sanding pictorially represent lyrical sound flows, some moves are wide like long humming waves and others evoke a thin, sharp pitch. The wood burning was a final touch. Most of the burnings are like small notes traveling across the surface in certain areas. I feel as though a chorus of voices rise in these water soundings. The paintings are very much like the skin of water surfaces, reflecting an ever changing atmospheric mood. There is again a relationship to the river as a body. The roots shaped in *Rivers for Udo* reveal a definite morphological relationship between roots that were found at water's edge and the heart. The concentration of sound was remarkable as roots played the water. This series of work represents aspects of my auditory experiences throughout my river journeys.

JAMES CAMPBELL: Finally, I would like to talk briefly about your sudden move in the exhibition from painting to felt and needle felting. I know for some time you have been working with raw unspun wool but this transition to a whole new surface is quite unique. The motion of the river becomes literally embedded into the soft felt. Can you talk about this transition as well as the relationship of your *Garment Series* paintings to the felt cloak installed in the third floor loft? It may be difficult to broach the topic of healing that also becomes such an invisible silent aspect in this exhibition.

MARALYNN CHERRY: It is difficult to address the visitation of an illness and how that impacts one's time in the studio and in my case, also the river sojourns. I won't discuss this aspect too much, except by sharing a short excerpt from a larger piece I wrote. I will however, address the felt, its wondrous healing qualities as a medium and provide a short narrative of the installation in the loft.



RIVER NOCTURNES
2015–16; rice paper, Chinese ink
unfolded pages of organ book

Cell Soliloquy Prologue

Grasping at visions
Holding onto what does not really exist
As though it were a ruse
A necessary trick
Composed with the full realization of its illusory meaning
Carbon copies of a self
Colourful
With every garment chosen with great care
Follow through with what is happening
Be a threshold
Where soliloquies pour out from cells
Defined by circumstance and inner turmoil
Everything in disease cries out run, hide
Conceal this pain and sorrow
Cloak all manner of subterfuge
In costumes, sets and patterned speech
Parade through a mimed passion play
Write into the body scripted elements
Cellular and covert
After all a war has taken hold
Of body mind and spirit
And still I wander through these rivers

The felt became so natural a transition as I had been working, for so long, creating other works from raw unspun wool. These unspun thick strands became thought muscles. I would sculpt transitional forms as though my hands were weaving and knitting aspects of poems coming into being. I was concerned with a pre-linguistic urge, a place before something is said but still has so much substance in all its silence. Felt is close to water in its making and so choosing such a medium was an easy transition during treatments that made using paint difficult. Needle felting allows the flowing painterly strands of raw unspun fiber to be literally embedded into the surface. This of course altered my painterly activity, from the strata of the surface, to the pushing inwards of colour or white-on-white tones. I could now shift my dance of the brush deep into the layers of felt. Rivers and the Moraine became textile mappings that illuminate not just the body of a river but my body becoming more deeply immersed within water as a healing process. One day, I put my rubber boots on and decided to take a longer-than-usual hike down the middle of Orono Creek. At one shallow spot, I could feel and hear the currents in transition. I stood with my eyes shut and at that moment, I suddenly felt as though the river itself was wrapping around my body. As I began to walk further south, I felt as though I was carrying the river behind me like a cloak. An outpouring of aquatic stories began to unleash such rhythms that I envisioned a book of felt river psalms. The manikin and the river carpet, installed in the loft, ritualize a process of the river becoming a cloak, transforming further, a healing body. My cells and water cells mingled, weaving a silent dialogue.

INTO THE FIBRE FLOW OF MEANING



DETAIL OF INSTALLATION: ODE TO PASCAL
BY WATER'S EDGE
2016; felt, raw unspun wool and wood manikin





WISDOM OF THE DEER (INSTALLATION)
2016; with detail OCHRE FLOW AND BLUE
felt, copper wire, metal mesh, raw unspun wool,
silk & sea-cell, roving
each detail 11 × 42 in



MYSTIC MORaine
2015-16; felt, raw unspun wool, silk & sea-cell, roving
4 x 7 ft



RIVER SONATAS (INSTALLATION)
2015-16; felt, unspun wool, silk & sea-cell, roving





INSTALLATION: ODE TO PASCAL BY WATER'S EDGE
2015-16; felt, raw unspun wool, mirror, yarns, roving,
Chinese Ink on rice paper, unglazed porcelain bowls, water





DETAILS: ODE TO PASCAL BY WATER'S EDGE
2015-16







ORONO CREEK
2015

WHISPERING/RIVERS OF THOUGHT

by GIL McELROY

Forests spread
Brooks plunge
Rocks persist
Mist diffuses

MARTIN HEIDEGGER

And so, per Heidegger, the consequent natural imperatives on this, our host planet. But elsewhere...

On Enceladus, though, forests do not spread. Rocks do not persist. And rivers do not plunge. They rise. Up. And out. And mist, well, mist still diffuses. But...

Terminology is important, here. What I'm cheekily calling "rivers" are actually scientifically known as "plumes," and I'm talking about a place that is decidedly extraterrestrial. Enceladus is one of the largest moons of Saturn (it has sixty-two of them, not counting the smaller rocks and boulders that strew the planet's rings) and is entirely wrapped in an icy shell many kilometres thick beneath which there is a deep, globe-encompassing ocean. The *Cassini* space probe that has been orbiting and observing Saturn and its environs since its arrival there in 2004 has found and photographed watery plumes spewing up (and out) from the moon's south polar region. It is theorized that the salty liquid comprising these plumes finds its way up (and out) through cracks in the thick surface ice (which is believed to be at its thinnest in that region).

But such plumes are – to develop and aesthetically work with the river metaphor – most decidedly akin to the estuary of an earthen river (where mists diffuse, metaphorically speaking), arguably likened to a kind of "delta of Enceladus," the myriad terminus points of paths through ice that can be, yes, themselves seen as rivers. Since kinship is a primary relationship, I'll say that my metaphor could

be encompassed within what Maralynn Cherry calls "Whispering/Rivers of thought," in one of her poems.

And it is Cherry's aesthetic gestures – her words and particularly the visual things of her making – that are primary, here. *Water Stations (a river pilgrimage)* is the larger aesthetic container encompassing those words and those made things, a multi-faceted exhibition comprising texts, paintings, wall-hung works in textiles, and a site-specific installation utilizing the VAC's third-floor loft. There are indeed many rivers here, myriad aesthetic tributaries, brooks, streams, rills, estuaries, deltas...

To begin, it's meaningful to know that the Visual Arts Centre of Clarington (VAC) is immediately adjacent to the winding path of Soper Creek, an integral part of the watershed of this region. It's meaningful too that the VAC is housed in what was once a barley mill. The setting is, of course, no accident; Soper Creek powered the mill, water harnessed, controlled, and reconfigured by secondary economic forces and equations over primary ecological and geological ones (though, of course, they are there, muted and somewhat quiescent).

But that was then, and this is now. Now, however pastoral much of it may seem what with its park-like setting arranged around the VAC, this place is a setting that is determined by a regional reshaping bounded, in many ways, by a major highway cutting across just to the south, and urban and developmental (or re-developmental) pressures from all around. Soper Creek still flows south, draining

towards its own estuary, still a working part of the larger watershed of the region. And, significantly, it is still alive, despite the manifold environmental pressures put upon it.

Much of this story takes place elsewhere. Cherry herself lives to the north of this urban setting, in an entirely other part of the larger watershed. It's one she has gotten to know intimately and first-hand: she has walked its streams, known and felt its flows as the dimple in the larger fabric of space-time that is our minor little planet, tugs those waters down to that great bowl of water that is Lake Ontario, and from there eastwards to eventually meet the Atlantic Ocean. Cherry has felt those waters, felt that tug, that impetus, and given it aesthetic, social, and even political expression and meaning.

For starters, there is her telling choice of materials with which to work: primarily felt. This is indeed primary stuff, actually, the first textile created by human beings (quite possibly accidentally, with raw wool stuffed into footwear for cushioning to be transformed via pressure and moisture into a dense material). While there are several means of its making, most involve the use of water, so what better choice of a medium for aesthetically expressing a fundamental relationship.

Not all work here, I need remind, is done in felt; not all work here is demonstrably textile-based. Cherry paints, and paints very damn well; the three works of her *Garment Series* alone are evidence of that. But I'm focused on materiality, on felt (and installation), and in some of the body of wall-hung work Cherry does employ it as a kind of canvas upon which she works. Saying that has the unfortunate outcome of delimiting what can be seen and considered in her work. Canvas tends to be regarded as neutral – the absence of signal, if you will – but there's nothing neutral, no absence, about Cherry's felt, nothing that is intended to disappear into background in favour of pushing an aesthetically foregrounded agenda.

I would proffer the two pieces *Blue* and *Ochre Flow* from the felt installation *Wisdom of the Deer*, comprising five pieces in total. Both are narrowly vertical pieces of the same dimensions (107 × 28 cm.) and, as with all the works in the installation, comprise wool, silk, copper mesh and thread, and yarns. And both seem to suggest abstraction, tangles of descending vertical lines, crooked and twisted, intertwined, overlapped... A kind of painterly abstraction, to be sure, but these are not simply images but rather maps of material relationships. They are rivers, meandering and twisting and writhing *within* (and not merely simply *upon*) the ground of felt, and though both begin and end within the plane, they are clearly without end, gorgeous extracts of vaster relationships, equivalents to what poet Gary Snyder evoked in "rivers and mountains without end."

Mystic Moraine seemingly reverses something of the polarity of *Blue* and *Ochre*; the major arterial threads – those rivers without end – work laterally across the felt plane, dense interacting webs of wool, silk, sea cell, and yarn traversing the horizontal in two major convoluted bands of intense colours and patterns. But this landscape drains away to the top and bottom as well – the north and south – in muted lines that, in the southern region (and shaping an accidental but pleasing homage to the plumes of Enceladus) reach escape velocity and entirely depart the felt plane to drop and coil on the floor beneath the piece (in what Cherry calls "roving"). Lest we become complacent and regard *Mystic Moraine* as an image, Cherry would pointedly remind us that it is anything but. Materiality matters, as does the articulation of a sculptural space.



It's up in the third floor loft of the VAC – a cavernous space of post and beams, and natural light flooding in – that Cherry gets sculpturally down and dirty. *Ode to Pascal by Water's Edge* is established in the centre of the space, a space reshaped and transformed into something sacred. Rivers have, of course, long been regarded as spiritually transcendental places (the Ganges, the Nile...), and so of course there are rivers here, a felt plane becomes a felt plain on the loft floor, all twisted and writhing lines of yarn in all directions that seem to cohere at a central point, articulate a source – or maybe perhaps a terminus.

And before this striated plain stands a figure. Okay, maybe not a figure exactly, but a simple manikin that is robed in felt. It is, of course, priestly in intention, evocative of the truly meaningful role that textiles play in how it is we express the sacred in attire. A kind of shawl and cape encompass and articulate a figure, but interestingly Cherry includes as part of the priestly robing a long, rectangular felt plane stitched with myriad snarls and tangles – with rivers, with lines of sacred water – that fronts the figure.

It's in the back we encounter the titular (Blaise) Pascal. The 17th century French mathematician and philosopher was a devout member of a Roman Catholic sect, and following an intense mystical vision, wrote a short note to himself about the life-changing experience which he famously sewed into his clothing. The secret secreted away. (The note was only discovered following Pascal's death.)

DETAIL: ODE TO PASCAL BY WATER'S EDGE
2015; Chinese ink on rice paper, unglazed ceramic bowl, water
1 × 14 ft

“Pascal conceals a prayer/Wearing what cannot be said/In hidden vest pockets,” Cherry writes, and visually articulates this extraordinary event in *Ode to Pascal by Water’s Edge* in the cape of the priestly figure. It’s a long, layered felt expanse, extending in sections out across the floor. The cape becomes a plane becomes a plain, but it’s one not only scored by riverrun, but also traversed and marked by knowledge. It begins with a book, a felt codex nearest the figure, into and out of which extends a veritable delta of flows extending across a section of plain (and deltas are, of course, alluvial, spreading fertile soil and, here, denotative of the fertile dispersal of knowing). Adjacent are a series of seven rectangular shapes – felt forms upon felt form – forming a kind of grid and comprising, in part, skeins of riverrun, of the holy flow, and the tight sacred shapes of spirals, some half-hidden.

We are back to Cherry’s “Whispering/Rivers of thought,” to the flow of life, of thought, of love – both sacred and profane. It shouldn’t need to be said that water is life, but in the battles we are beginning to wage for control of it (water, I mean, in this particular instance), we need be reminded of this heartbreakingly fragile but unseverable connection. There is no possibility of life without it, and while watery plumes jetting out into space from beneath the ice mantle of Enceladus may be indicative of life far below – *may* be indicative – we know with an absolute certainty on *terra* we are entirely creatures of its making.

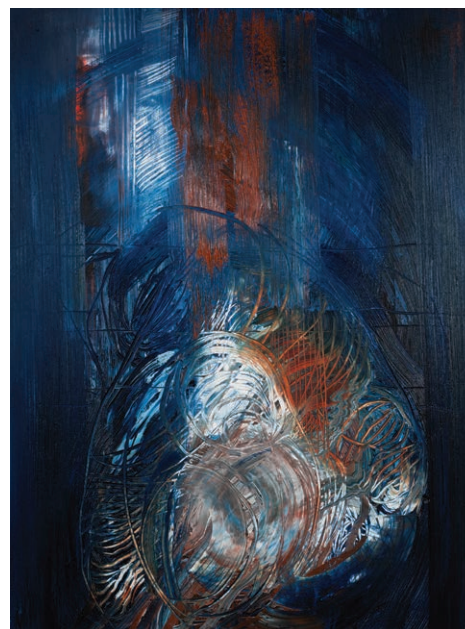
“Water animates this breath,” in Cherry’s words. Water too sustains spiritually (baptism, anyone?). And of course it is water that animates and sustains the powerful aesthetic arguments and discourses of *Water Stations (a river pilgrimage)*.

Not images of the things, but the very things themselves between the trickle and the torrent.

RIVER SONG
2014; acrylic on birch ply, carving and sanding
2 × 2 ft

EMBODIED RIVERS: INSIDE/OUT





GARMENT SERIES #2, TRIPTYCH A,B,C
2009; oil paint on canvas
detail 4 x 2.5 ft



GARMENT SERIES #1 TRIPTYCH (HEART SERIES)
2009; oil paint on canvas
2 × 2 ft each painting



MEANDER (DREAMING WITH HAROLD FISK)
2011; oil on canvas
16 × 20 in



TRIPTYCH

TOP: RIVER SILTING

MIDDLE: WHERE RIVER MEETS ROCK

BOTTOM: WHERE RIVER MEETS OCEAN

2013; oil on birch ply

5 × 2.5 ft each painting



RIVER CHORUS
2014; acrylic on birch ply, carving, sanding, wood burning
24 x 30 in





TRIPTYCH: RIVERS FOR UDO
2014; acrylic on birch ply, carving,
sanding, wood burning
16 × 16 in





SKY RIVERS
2012; digital layering

MARALYNN CHERRY: POEMS FROM A RIVER JOURNAL

Voice

Air lift

Muscled

Lungs to throat

Bronchus flute

Sounds

Shape cords

Mellow

Alive

Before bird song

Early

Night dreams

Singing

The smallest fold
An endless line of stitches
A mind unravels
A menagerie of possibilities

Each thread a prayer
In waiting
A surface
As delicate as air

A line
A word
A voice
A breath

A river reed
Silent
Until songs
Meander
Over under eternity

Folds
Folding
In
Upon
Infinite folds

Adagio to Adagietto

Moments lull
Between
Heart beats
The almost death song
Of matter and mind
Coiled by
River song
Psyche
Caught
a current wave
tuned
to the nearly audible
tone
of calm water

Whispering
Rivers of thought
Into the forward climb of being
Unraveling life from before
Stitching stitches now
Into the 'fibre flow' of meaning
This coming to pass of life
Measured between heart pulse and breath
What is the edge of knowing?

Silence
Forges the substance of soul
Invisible is this coming to understand
As air-rush
Animates this cloak into an architecture of warmth
A sewn garment
Of sleeves and stories

Pascal conceals a prayer
Wearing what cannot be said
In hidden vest pockets

Roving yarns
Threads shape the before state
Of speech
Gestural, guttural
Gathered sounds at water's edge
Wander pause – wander pause
Air wind lungs to trachea
Water animates this breath

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

MARALYNN CHERRY: I would like to thank James Campbell for extending the invitation to exhibit at the Visual Arts Centre of Clarington. This is a space I have been so deeply engaged with for over 20 years as a board member, a teacher and as a past Curator. It is a privilege to now work with James Campbell in his role as curator. We have shared so many dialogues reflective of our love of art, philosophy and the poetic engagement of artists in this space. I am also very grateful to artist David Gillespie for insightful installations of the work. He allowed work to truly breathe. I am honoured that Gil McElroy, a writer and poet I have admired for years, agreed to write an essay on the felt works in the exhibition. Thank you so much Gil. I need to send a very special thank you to an amazing textile artist and felt maker Laurie Goldiuk from the Black Lamb in Port Hope. Your resources took me to whole new dimensions Laurie. Preparation for this exhibition has encompassed what I will call a healing time for me so there are many people I owe a debt to on many levels. I would like to thank Kathy MacLeod-Beaver, the Aboriginal Navigator for cancer patients at Lake Ridge Health, for the strength and inspiration she gave me. To have her open the exhibition with drumming and a water song allowed me to share her gifts with all present. Miigwech Kathy. I wish to thank the many Doctors and health care providers of Lake Ridge Health and a special thank you to Durham Mental Health.

Thank you Jean-Michel Komarnicki for your photography and preparation of images for the catalogue. It is wonderful to once again work with Karen Henricks and her amazing catalogue designs. I am also grateful to Leita McDowell for her editing and inspiring interchanges. Thank you to the gallery and the board, the Municipality of Clarington, the Ontario Arts Council and Olex Wlasenko. Finally I would like to thank my husband Tony Cooper and my daughter Sophia Cooper for their ongoing support and strength throughout the preparation and process of this exhibition.



THOUGHTS WEAVING
2015-16; basket of crochet & knitted yarns,
roving and raw unspun wool

JAMES CAMPBELL: I would like to thank artist Maralynn Cherry and Tony Cooper for inviting myself and installer David Gillespie for a most informative studio visit. Both David and I were able to choose works and plan technical installation decisions. Maralynn also turned the time of her exhibition into an onsite residency enabling us to carry on extensive dialogues while touring each of the galleries. She created new onsite works while wandering the Soper Creek. There was a great deal of planning regarding the placement of works and I am particularly grateful to David Gillespie for his inspirational decision to hang the large river paintings in a vertical configuration up the wall. Tony Cooper and Maralynn Cherry took the time to carefully hang the felt works in the small gallery and worked closely with David on the third floor loft install.

It was wonderful to spend time with Maralynn by the Soper Creek that flows by the gallery, also a part of the Oak Ridges Moraine. I was thrilled that writer Gil McElroy agreed to write an essay on the felt works in the exhibition allowing Maralynn and I to concentrate on our dialogues re the paintings in this multi-layered exhibition. Thanks to Jean-Michel Komarnicki for his photography and image preparation for the catalogue. Many thanks to Karen Henricks the designer and to Leita McDowell for her editing. Additional thanks to staff and Dionne Powlenzuk. In concluding I would like to extend my thanks to The Municipality of Clarington, The Ontario Arts Council, The Ontario Trillium Foundation, The Rotary Club of Bowmanville and our dedicated members and volunteers.



ANTIGONE'S STONE (AT RIVER'S EDGE)
2014; oil on canvas
30 × 20 in

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Front cover:
INSTALLATION: ODE TO PASCAL
BY WATER'S EDGE
2016; felt, wood, raw unspun wool,
mirror with Japanese paper cuts of
river and windpipe

Photographers:
Jean-Michel Komarnicki
Maralynn Cherry
Tony Cooper

Director/Curator:
James Campbell

Writers:
Gil McElroy
James Campbell
Maralynn Cherry

Editor:
Leita McDowell

Catalogue Designer:
Karen Henricks

Printer:
Moveable Inc.



The Visual Arts Centre of Clarington
P.O. Box 52, 143 Simpson Avenue
Bowmanville, Ontario Canada L1C 3K8
(905) 623.5831 fax (905) 623.0276
website: www.vac.ca