



MARY KAVANACH



It is the story

I am after

the secrets secure

in the

oxidized silver

lid hinges missing

the severed

arms of sugar pots

strange markings

an archaic

vocabulary







POLISH

MARY KAVANAGH



MEDICINE HAT MUSEUM & ART GALLERY



INTRODUCTION

polish by Mary Kavanagh, exhibited at the Medicine Hat Museum & Art Gallery, was the final installation of a large scale project developed over the course of several years. A multi-faceted work, *polish* included hundreds of pieces of domestic silver at various stages of oxidation laid out on a long table; a surveillance camera which captured the interactions of a volunteer polisher and visitors; and polishing cloths encased with the residual stains of tarnish, delicately stitched together into a large textile piece that was suspended from the ceiling and cascaded across the floor in an adjoining gallery. Time, labour, domesticity and colonial collecting practices are referenced, while public and private realms of memory underpin and drive the work.

It was a pleasure to work with Mary Kavanagh on the final installation of *polish*, and to be able, through the generous assistance of the Canada Council for the Arts, to preserve its memory and extend its life, through this catalogue. For her insightful consideration of Mary's work, we thank writer Betsy Wariand; for his excellent design of this publication we thank Edison del Canto. We appreciate Miranda Pearson's permission to enrich this document of Mary Kavanagh's work with the inclusion of her poem *Silver Collection*. We would also like to express our gratitude to volunteer polishers from the Medicine Hat and District Historical Society for their time, perseverance and good will, as well as volunteer installers Joyce Yamamoto and Val Cullen. We are indebted to the City of Medicine Hat and the Alberta Foundation for the Arts for their ongoing support.

JOANNE MARION
CURATOR OF ART
MEDICINE HAT MUSEUM
AND ART GALLERY

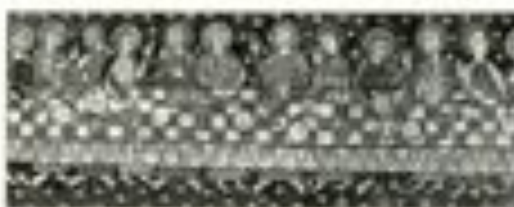


ARTIST ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Over the last three years, many people have participated in ways, large and small, to the making of *polish*. I would like to thank first Joanne Marion, Curator of Art, for her interest in my work and for the opportunity to exhibit at the Medicine Hat Museum and Art Gallery. It has been a pleasure to work with her and with the staff at the gallery. Heartfelt thanks go to Betsy Warland for her evocative and insightful essay, and for putting me in contact with Miranda Pearson who agreed to contribute her poem, *Silver Collection*, for publication in this catalogue. This fine poem functions as a parallel piece to the installation, layering a voice resonant with memory and narrative onto the reading of the work. I would also like to thank the members of the Medicine Hat and District Historical Society who performed in the project by polishing silver for long hours during the course of the exhibition. Liz Moore and Christy Schwieriger need acknowledgement for their contribution as performers in venues prior to this one. Liz Moore in particular deserves special thanks and recognition for her tracking of the stories that visitors shared with her as she sat polishing a good portion of the silver collection in Ace Art Gallery, Winnipeg. It was her dedicated and careful handwork that led to tarnish, the large veil of nearly 200 napkins that hung in the small gallery. The sewing of the table-cloth and napkins was done by Michelle Demures and Nancy Nieboer, and studio assistance at crucial times was provided by Kristin Bjornstad and Laura Kirk. Without the assistance of the Canada Council for the Arts, the Alberta Foundation for the Arts and the University of Lethbridge Research Fund, this project would not have been possible. Finally, it is always a pleasure to work with Edison del Campo whose catalogue design is elegant and succinctly in tune with the project, and who helped in numerous ways throughout the development of *polish*.

AWKWARDLY TOWARD ONE ANOTHER: MARY KAVANAGH'S "POLISH"

BETSY WARLAND



- Still from the Willem Bouk and Wouter de Kort
Official Opening of the Gilded Amsterdam
Nieuwburg, 1939
- Martin de Vos
The Last Supper
Mid-Fifteenth Century
- Leonardo da Vinci
The Last Supper, 1495-97
- Hieronymus Bosch
The Wedding at Cana, 1475-80
- Hieronymus Bosch
The Conjuror, 1475-80
- Pieter van der Werf
The Feast of Abraham and Esther
Lubek, 1560-65

Few, if any objects are more inconspicuous yet inclusive and inevitable in importance than the table. Representation of the table, however, has been rare throughout the history of visual art production. It is within the medium of painting that the table begins to periodically inhabit depictions of civilized human activity during the 14th, 15th, and 16th centuries. Dutch painter Hieronymus Bosch's *The Marriage at Cana* and *The Conjuror* (1475-1480) included the table as integral to public gatherings. Florentine artist and engineer Leonardo da Vinci created his Christian narrative masterpiece *The Last Supper* (1495-1497), and, it might be argued, created the template for all other representations of extended, ritualized tables rendered ever since.

During these influential centuries, representations of the table are preoccupied with various forms of male economies—from the religious to the mercantile. The common conflation of these two economies can be evidenced in such paintings as Dutchman Cornelis Anthonisz's *Banquet of Seventeen Members of the Civic Guard* (1533) that replicates da Vinci's template. Even within the seemingly domestic Dutch still life painting of the 17th century, evolving male economic sophistication and prowess saturates their compositions of floral arrangements, wine, food, and silverware. The luxury of food being abundant, even decorative—bibbed at and left amidst silver and linen—is foregrounded.

A much later exception would be Swiss artist Giacometti's sculpture *The Sunbather Table* (1933) in which the female figure (sans her legs) is merged into the small, claustrophobic table's surface. Her dismembered hand lies vertical on the table's top. Giacometti's sculpture exhibits an awareness of the complex interface of domestic and economic issues rarely evident in most male artists' table art.

Contemporary Canadian male artists' works such as Tom Dean's *Excerpts from a Description of the Universe* (1984-1987), and Ian Carr Harris' *Narcissus and After Dürer* (1989), engage more with the table yet the stance behind these representations reveals the carefully fashioned tables to still be





objects existing in the presentation of the real art and concerns. *The Table: Childhood* (1984-2002), Canadian Max Dean's collaboration with U.S. artist and engineer Raffaello D'Andrea, like Giacometti's *The Surrealist Table*, diverges from the standard "presentation" rule. This robotic aluminum table selects a viewer then faithfully follows him or her around the room.

When we encounter Mary Kavanagh's twenty-four foot long linen-covered table laden with silver-plated domestic objects, we are thus quietly assaulted by a complex set of associations and precedents. Ownership of silverware itself references not only domestic life but the colonizing activities that enable such objects of display. Even if a more modest household possessed two or three silver-plated objects, this could suffice as a nod at their distant relationship to privilege.

It was only after seeing *polish* that I could identify what the eerie sensation I experienced was upon first rounding the corner and seeing the table in its entirety. A walk came to mind, a heroic knight laid out in full funerary armor. This was further intensified by a forming arc of awareness connecting the centuries of feudalistic societies of knights to the subsequent centuries of colonialism to our current form of economic occupation: globalism.

In contrast, when I came into close proximity to the table, I experienced sudden flashes of surprisingly intense private memories provoked by the sight of a baby cup, a candy and nut tray, sugar and creamer set, and cutlery which we cleaned for celebratory special dinners with extended family or friends when I was a child. Now, few of us possess silver-plated objects; display of economic status has migrated to other objects and labour-intensive domestic activities have no place in our scheduled lives.

Kavanagh was well into making *polish* when she became aware of British artist Corneia Parker's *Thirty Pieces of Silver* (1988-89). Both artists collected an extensive array of silverware from antique and second hand stores, garage sales, and individuals. Parker, however, laid them out in red carpet fashion on a small street in London to be crushed by a steamroller, then suspended them at shin height from the gallery ceiling in a series of circular torso-sized poses. Parker, noted for her disruptive altering of objects from our daily lives, acknowledges, "Silver...objects are landmarks in people's lives. I wanted to change their meaning, their visibility, their worth, that is why I flattened them, consigning them all to the same fate...": a fate, like that of the knight, which we all eventually share.¹

Kavanagh, like Parker, is deeply shaped by her Catholic up-bringing. In the West, Catholicism continues to provide a rare environment for the powerful mix of belief, sacred objects, texts, and incantation. In *polish* and *Thirty Pieces of*



- ← Corneia Parker
Thirty Pieces of Silver, 1988
- ← Corneia Parker
Thirty Pieces of Silver, 1988
- ← Corneia Parker
Thirty Years of Heaven
(wedding presents), 1988

Silver Kavanagh and Parker guide the gallery into a subtle hybrid of intimate secularity and covert sacred symbology that affects us in ways of which we are not even cognizant. It took me weeks to understand Parker's title—then I remembered the thirty pieces of silver paid to Judas to betray Christ—and was struck once again by how we invent and use objects to "stand in" for our intentions and actions.

¹ Jessica Morgan, "Matter and What It Means," *Corneia Parker*, *Hyperkinesis*, Toronto, Feb. 2001.



Although Parker typically violates her objects and Kavanagh alters our procedural, proportional and proximal relationships with objects, both disorient our socially-constructed relationship to objects and require us to activate a deeper, more accurate reading of their meaning. Kavanagh's instinct, however, is for preservation of a familial and cultural narrative that is "thin" for non-Indigenous Canadians in comparison to centuries of preserved British narratives and literary production in the United Kingdom.

In polish, this was enhanced by the daily presence of a woman seated at the end of the table who polished for two hours a day and frequently engaged in conversation with viewers about memories prompted by particular pieces of silverware. Despite these connotations, the almost mythic enormity and essential solitude of the polisher's task was reminiscent of Psyche separating the large pile of poppy, wheat and millet seeds. Kavanagh further underscored the underlying ritualistic nature of domestic life by proscribing a polishing procedure. Although the polisher was free to select the objects she was drawn to cleaning, she was allowed to use only one 15x15 inch linen cloth for each, and use only a

— Dorcas Parker
 "Grown from a Queen
 Root to a Psyche," 1988





- Ann Hamilton
Dejeuner des nœuds au
Louvre, 1980
- Ann Hamilton
The Act of Unraveling
position, 1984



total of five clothes during each performance. She also was required to remove the tiny identification label from each object when she completed its polishing, and re-pin it to its particular polishing cloth. These doubly "inscribed" cloths were then neatly piled on the right side of a sideboard table behind the polisher. The unsullied clothes were in an orderly pile on the left: the sheep and the goats? A video monitor with a loop of the polisher ruminatingly performing her task was located on the opposite wall realizing a perfect match of technology and myth.

Since the early eighties, a number of North American women artists have been creating a different formal and emotional relationship to the table. The components of a table, chair, solo performer, video monitor, and intensified



often altered) relationship to personal objects are signatures of United States artist Ann Hamilton's extensive and remarkable body of work. Hamilton's first installation tableau featuring a live performer (other than herself) and a table was *The Job of Unknown Positions* [1984]. This was Hamilton's sixth body of work. Prior to this, however, was Judy Chicago's *The Dinner Party* in *Feminist Art History* which premiered in San Francisco in 1979. This astonishing yet playful prototype featured thirty-nine hand-painted china plates (framed by exquisite, hand-stitched runners) evoking the most notable women from history. The settings were on a triangular, vase-referencing table that rested upon nine hundred and ninety-nine porcelain tiles inscribed with the names of other influential women.

With *The Dinner Party*, Chicago created a woman-imagined, altered template to da Vinci's *Last Supper*. The combined vision of Chicago and Hamilton has resulted in the introduction of new formal and conceptual territory. This is further evidenced by United States architect and sculptor Maya Lin's stunningly beautiful and moving *Civil Rights Memorial in Alabama* [1989]. Inscribed into the glossy, black granite round table of the memorial are the names of forty women, men, and children who lost their lives while working for Black Civil Rights and the dates of significant Civil Rights events in the South. Over the granite surface—a thin layer of water continuously flows. *Water on stone*.

In Canada, multi-media artist Janet Cardiff's table *Is Dutch* [1993] stirred considerable interest. "Viewers" ran their hands over the old, scarred table's surface to activate nine different audiotapes of movie sound tracks, people talking, music and the sounds of people breathing. Cardiff's piece gave the table memory ("If the walls could speak"), or at least, acknowledgment of its centrality in our exchanges and activities.

Also in Canada, multi-media artist Susan Shantz introduced another surprising dimension. Discovering that tomato paste dried into a sensual patina when applied to surfaces, Shantz populated the surface of her twenty-eight foot long elliptical, tomato paste patina table, *Saisons*, [1998] with a vast array of tomato paste-covered domestic objects confounding and delighting viewers with the reversals of a thin layer of food not only defining and unifying disparate objects but converting previously ugly-surfaced objects suddenly into compelling, exotic shapes.

— Judy Chicago
The Dinner Party, 1979-80
 — Susan Shantz
Saisons, 1998



Kevanagh has worked within the nascent table tradition of all these women artists and like them, she has extended and complicated it. Her further reach into this tradition is clearly realized in the room adjacent to her table. Here she has fashioned another reference to the table: one comprised of all the soiled and labeled clothes she stitched together. They spanned ten and a half feet in width, with eighteen and a half feet of cloth on the floor, and twelve feet continuing on up the wall. The removed tarnish and liquid polish marks on the cloths produced an intermingling of black, green-grey, grey, brown-grey, and off-whites. The interplay of these colours subtly changed the surface of the cloth evoking an almost imperceptible botanical effect reminiscent of dappled light or variable textures and tones on the surface of a body of water, and briefly nodded at this table's painterly nature.

Here again, Kavanagh has shifted the given order and assumptions of our perceptual field. Wall is wall; floor is floor, yet, this "vestment" cloth-shape has unlinked their fixed, differentiated functions. Where are we? Looking at "relic" artifacts of healing hanging on a sanctuary wall? Or, are we inside a mouth, and is this the tongue with the marks of our tarnished lumen? Are these dirty handkerchief or serviettes—receptacles of our body's embarrassing emissions and untidiness—not to be kept discreetly out of sight? Or, are these the ritual communion cloths draped over The Host now revealing the "stains" they absorbed? With this vestment cloth, is Kavanagh nudging us into the table's ancient lineage of altar?

Tables always seek our presence. They are at the heart of all our multifarious activities. Therefore, the table's near absence as a central icon in visual art production may speak to another absence we so often feel when viewing art, particularly gallery-based art. Within these endless, interchangeable rooms without tables, without altars, without beds (another form of table) we weary of no site of meeting. Encounter the work with our backs to each other; rarely exchange glances, seldom words. Might we long for a more shared perceptual experience that's impulsive rather than explosive and rigidly individual?

The tables of Chicago, Hamilton, Lin, Shantz and Kavanagh literally turn us around. Awkwardly yet achingly resistant us toward one another. Mary Kavanagh's use of elegant formalism in *poish* acknowledges the complex, highly refined visual narrative elements of Western civilization which we expect and are accustomed to yet her choice of shared site, deeply familiar gestures, objects, and maintenance enable us to recognize one another once again, and in this art—inhabit art.



I transfer the tarnish from one body to another, assigning the

residue from spoon to cloth

...shrouds of memory







SILVER COLLECTION

MIRANDA PEARSON

11

*—pencil softly in the shadow, the silvery
sheen around his eyes.*

*He was always— [wrong
to say: white, like the pages of a book, wrong
to say: ivory]*

*—a quiet boy, soft blonde cuttings of hair
ling on the floor around his chair.*

*He was soft,
say it: bent like ink
of society's newspapers
tarnishing his hands
coming off
on his hand—*

*(on the wall, a shivering square of light,
a water-mark)*



Smith has called a clock worth 1 penny about forty
pounds and I said a cigarette was

I'm keen on the pair of small fish (Asprey's 1905)
but I bet I'm not the only one

Between us, the miles
And all we are really
is soft, living milkable—
our warm skin, the inner ear a pearly shell—

not
towering figures from some dark
fairy tale—

Nostalgia
is not a longing for a place
but for time—
childhood, or
the slower rhythm of dreams

- George W. "Bright" Co. "Diamond" tablespoons with engraved handles
- Victorian dinner fork (Edinburgh) with pattern handles with engravings
- Two silver teacups with orange color
- A measure of tins and unrefined cane

Hey, slide slide
The cat and the fiddle—
You've got to watch her
or she'll take the lot, and you'll end up
with the broze—

Decorating mug by Charles Rowan and George Fox, 1880, Water
burying Spoon

Whatever happened to Baby Jane?
She grew up put on a hat
rode a silver kite across the sky,
looked down at mountains, all trenched
gully and snow-trickle, then

smooth
white plains. Fine and simple
(not at all like the pages of a book)

wanting
to lie down in that deep snow, in love, like Gerald
(how frail the thread of his being was stretched)



If you keep looking back it will
paralyze you, turn you
into a monument
to your own grief

Sastatchewan? Wear the Fox Hat?

See also, including the post sugar bowl w/ 2 handles with cap
Baltimore and Silchester Co. 1814. Not used

Remember those Decenters?
a million tapers flaring bright from twisted silver
the pins and tonics, the silver-flax,
and the silver-doctor, also a very great favourite
tag, silver tinsel,
tall, a topping; but turn
of red crown, a body
of silver tinsel entirely—

sugar bowl 1800. 17th F. style, unused

A five layer case
garnished with rosetts
white studded ribbons, a web of
hard spun sugar. We were all
gently hammered
and his eyes
were a bright silverish blue

Noland is a meste-han (nick)
At night
the curtains are left open, the sky
tragic w/ charcoal clouds

burglars from Bromley or Siltrap
snag in the homeless dark,
maggies, scraping out the silver carriage clock,
the writing desk,
the white-flecked sea-scape.
Everything: an absence

Come and get it boys

Oh, me, a perp show
curled in my mother's chair



watching Reality on the telly (quiet, let's face it),

it's got down to five of them now, locked in a house together

You are at once homesick and
sick of home.

Musical Pin

—small wadding cone with green string and beads at tip

—Dragon pin like a knot without glass string

Speak roughly to your little boy

And beat him when he sneezes:

He only does it to annoy,

Because he knows it annoys

—Pillar pin shaped like an arrow, about 2 inches high, if pinned but

used, probably not threaded

These are things that make me nervous:

My dad

standing to pee with the door open,

his shoulders raised, head bowed.

The loud flush.

A glaze's

tremulous ringing, its thin, warning cry—

the arrogant thwack and call of Wimbledon

(living room's murky olive light, curtains drawn at noon—

a school of fish might easily drift in—or out—

through the French windows)

Collection of odd spines

pin spines, wadding spines

super string, 2

1 large ornate muslin spines (in 1 support pin or 1000)

The click of knitting needles

and a tailor's flush

Revenge—made of a Dragon pin, twin handled

about 4 inches across and high

While we sleep, the barns
are pyres.

In the morning there'll be
a photo of a lamb on the front page of The Telegraph,
the farmer raising it up like a priest, the omen.



tender wool of its throat—
clown feet hopelessly pedaling—

there is a sort of solitude that
haunts every traveler leaving home,
a melancholy
that lives deep within the excitement
of any purpose
that might prompt the journey

4 copper wire, 100 ft, 16 gauge, 100 ft, 18 gauge, 100 ft, 20 gauge, 100 ft, 22 gauge

My mother shakes her head as we drink gin and tonics
and watch the evening news together.

It's terrible, she says,

those poor creatures.

And the worst of it

is the landscape now—so

empty, so barren.

She tosses cubes of floured cow into a frying pan, it
sizzles and shrinks.

A beautiful bit of beef that, Mrs. Pearson, silver-side.

W

Wool

—small wire, 100 ft, 16 gauge, 100 ft, 18 gauge, 100 ft, 20 gauge, 100 ft, 22 gauge

—small wire, Dragon pin

Jane grows up

and forgets

how once she fed greedily

upon those breasts

(silver—sitting in the dark

the sky across the valley

blooming china-blue)

Language

gathering, rising up in her mouth,

blurred sounds tapping at the ivy window

Listen, her small fingers

mark the air—

Impassioned nights engraved with velvet—AP (late) pins to fabric

1 pattern, for sewing

You know it is a
tantalizing romance,
an unaffordable luxury.



62

Jane,

are you still up there in the attic, sitting in the dark?
what are you doing up there?

A hypochondria of the heart
that thrives on its own symptoms—

Damished, hollow
under absolute neglect

wine-coaster, berbed with 2 handles and 4 stubby legs,
fairly useless for a bottle as so big
but you might stand a giant on it.
Not worth the cleaning if you ask me

We had terrible smog that year, a real pea-souper.
I knew I was on Regent Street but had no idea where,
then, I remember, I reached out my hand
and touched Liberty

—nostalgic love is rarely reciprocated,
and if your choice was fitting at the time,
spare yourself the guilt.

Tooth-marks.
Water-marks.
Worm-babies.

Stains
that remain.
Remains
that bleed and blossom
all over the page.

[—a cold day, Trafalgar Square,
lines of women chanting:
free abortion on demand!

Spectres of statues
black against October clouds)

My mother's soft belly, her stretch marks
a shoal of minnows trailing—



What if the silver-blue cord is the only reason to love?
(Oh guilt! Spare me).

(Chomsky + with guilt. What is to be cultivated)

The home-coming did not cure her at all,
only aggravated the longing

Ladybird, ladybird.
Won't you come on home?
Rivers of gin are
streaming from your eyes

with — a pair of small birds, 1986. Mapped

77

Aspens dear
the soft of water
rushing far away

the bush
of ash

there is a word
for the single flaw
that makes the elegant whole

but look the silver birch
its bright grey skin, its

Japanese negative space

how through broken trees
new ones push through—

[and sth
stand still

nothatch
will fit down
and feed
from your outstretched palm]



Silver Collection incorporates works from *The Future of Nostalgia* by Svetlana Boym, Tompion, *Recollections of the Arabian Nights*, Gasoune, Roman Bolshoy, Gray, Iron Mount, *Domestic Fuel* D.H.Lawrence, *Women in Love*, Joynt, *Ulysses* and *Encyclopaedia Britannica Vol.2*. Silver Collection is, above all, indebted to Robert Koenig's *Seed Catalogue*.

Miranda Pearson was born in England and moved to Canada in 1991. She received an MFA in Creative Writing from the University of British Columbia and has taught both at UBC and at Simon Fraser University where she is currently the poetry mentor in the Writing and Publishing Program. Her first book of poems is *Prime* (Beach House Publishing, 2001) and her next book, entitled *The Mills*, will appear in 2004.



I thought it would be elegant and serene but, it was monstrous.

impossible, hysterical, a kind of ritualized tribulation...



ARTIST'S BIOGRAPHY

MA 2003 University of Western Ontario
 MFA 1995 University of Saskatchewan
 BA 1992 University of Guelph

SELECTED SOLO AND
2-PERSON EXHIBITIONS

Ac Culture (with Carol Sargent)
 Galerie La Centrale Powerhouse, Montreal, PQ, 2004
juvénile
 Medicine Hat Museum & Art Gallery,
 Medicine Hat, AB, 2003
 Moose Jaw Museum & Art Gallery,
 Moose Jaw, SK, 2003
 Ace Art, Winnipeg, 2002
Coming to Writing or The Silver Drawings
 Harcourt House, Edmonton, 2002
Portrait II: Portraits (with Ruth Dumbold)
 SAN Gallery, Ottawa, 2001
 The Mosaic Art Gallery, Saskatoon, 1998
in transit
 Forest City Gallery, London, 1998
Sacrificial Fruit
 Latitude 53, Edmonton, 1997
 Regis College, Toronto, 1995
Medieval Community
 Definitely Superior Art Gallery, Thunder Bay, 1997
 Artspace, Peterborough, 1995
 Neutral Ground, Regina, 1995
 Gordon Snelgrove Gallery, Saskatoon, 1995
Announcements
 Workshop Gallery, The Photographers Gallery,
 Saskatoon, 1995

SELECTED GROUP EXHIBITIONS

March-Making
 Tramon Gallery, Lethbridge, AB, 2004
Round Object Explains
 Tramon Gallery, Lethbridge, AB, 2003
Something Old Something New
 Tramon Gallery, Lethbridge, AB, 2003
Flour (Window Project)
 Southern Alberta Art Gallery, Lethbridge, 2001
Memories: Transcribing Into
 Art Gallery of Greater Victoria, Victoria, 2000
 2011
 Kenderline Art Gallery, Saskatoon, 1998
Exposure: Open-Up: The Body in Context
 Kenderline Art Gallery, Saskatoon, 1998
Heart of the City
 Sponsored by The Photographers Gallery and
 The Partnership, Saskatoon, 1998
 The Studio - Visual Arts Festival
 Edmonton, 1995
The Garden in the Machine in 'Art in Technology'
 The New Gallery, Calgary, 1995
Every Point: Sites in Informational Culture
 Gordon Snelgrove Gallery, Saskatoon, 1995

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 search for video-tech answers," (review)
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 Moore, Jane, "Recollect," (review) *Canadian Art
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 Newlin, Tim, "Mystical Transcendence," (review)
 Forest City Gallery, London, 1998
 Philips, Elizabeth, "Mary Kavanagh and the criti-
 cal distance," (feature) *Blackfoot Magazine*,
 Saskatoon, Winter, 1995
 Robertson, Sheila, "Installations marry objects
 with video, slide images," (review) *Saskatoon Star
 Phoenix*, Sept. 5, 1995; "Reductionist view of
 cyberspace," (review) *Saskatoon Star Phoenix*, Aug.
 30, 1997; "Body shown in whole new light,"
 (review) *Saskatoon Star Phoenix*, Oct. 25, 1997;
 "Spirit Manifested in Body: Exhibition Establishes
 Essential Dialogue," (review) *Saskatoon Star
 Phoenix*, Aug. 5, 1995
 Shinkat, Molly, "Organic materials and forbidden
 territory," (review) *The Ottawa Citizen*, Mar. 2, 2003
 Warland, Debby, "Coming to Light," (catalogue
 essay) *The Mosaic Art Gallery*, 1998
 Wornatoff, Justin, "File not found," (review)
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The Dinner Party.
© Judy Chicago 1979, mixed media, 48" x 42" x 3".
Collection of the Brooklyn Museum, Brooklyn, N.Y.
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