



Iole de Freitas. *Untitled*. 1993. metals. 320 x 350 x 90 cm

the angel (their wrestle is more amorous than any of the four evangelists ever dreamt), and even as a crowd, a whole nation sprung from his image, a kind of *crotch populi*. What makes Zenil's art even more intriguing is how much it owes to the Mexican folk art tradition; it elaborates a special sort of willed naiveté. The equally self-delighting paintings of another Mexican artist, Julio Galán, use elements of folk art as well, but the mix here is with pop culture; he is inspired more by media than by melancholy, more by systematizing than sentimentalizing. But what he shares with Zenil is a compulsion towards the art of autobiography; map-making is self-making for these two Mexicans; the cartographer is a mythographer.

Brazilian José Leonilson is no less concerned with autobiography, but the variously flirtatious and cautionary aphorisms sewn onto fragments of material which he then tacks onto the gallery walls are heart-breaking in their fragility. (The stitching on the cloth looks like awkward wounds, as if a bumpkin scar came in from the country.)

There is a similar extension of the material of art in the work of a Brazilian painter-turned-sculptor named Carlos

Fajardo. One untitled piece is made from only two elements; a bolt of pink chiffon arranged on a 610-kilogram slab of Manitoba tyndal stone. The cloth teases the delicacy out of the stone, so much so that the entire piece appears about to take off, the agent of some kind of assumption into aesthetic heaven. Fajardo has also fabricated a green glycerin sphere that resembles a massive bocce ball. As with all his work in this exhibition, you feel the urge to rub and touch and polish it. These are objects with a tactile lure. Fajardo shares with British sculptor Tony Cragg an ability to effect almost magical transformations in the materials he uses. Cragg turns up quite often in *Cartographies*; along with Brancusi he seems to have touched the work of the Colombian sculptor, Germán Botero. Botero's vaguely realistic hats and musical instruments are at once curious and elegant, and the way the eye traverses the alternately rough and smooth surfaces of these floor sculptures seems a particularly Craggy apprehension. Juan Davila, a Chilean artist living in Australia, also has uses for the British sculptor who lives in Wuppertal, Germany. Davila's huge paintings are an elliptical anthology of art and social history in which artists as different

as Cragg, Robert Indiana, Gilbert and George, Miro, General Idea, Sol Lewitt, Frieda Kahlo and (in the wounded canvas?) maybe even Lucio Fontana turn up. They are part of a carnival of ideas, attitudes and artists that are not so much recorded in Davila's work as placed in a common arena where they compete with one another for the viewer's attention. These paintings may acknowledge the scale of the art of Rivera and Siquieros but they have nothing of the singleness of purpose at the centre of Social Realist art. Davila's production operates outside that kind of singularity and insists upon a recognition of irony, multivalency and something I want to call concerned distance. Cragg may be one aesthetic guide in the quotational map being drawn by Latin American artists but so, it seems, is the master-bewilderer, Bertolt Brecht. Repeatedly, as viewers, we're reminded of the acute awareness of the artists in *Cartographies*. The photographs of Salvadorans by Mario Cravo Neto appear, at first glance, to come from the same dubious anthropology as does Irving Penn, or from the eroticized gaze of Robert Mapplethorpe. But Neto lives among his subjects and his motivation in photographing them is

## MUSIC

## Romping with New Music

by Charlene Diehl-Jones

more about honouring their image than taking their images, less about fetishization than aestheticization. Neto has been able to make the diaristic mythical; he may traipse around in the mud but he comes home with the formalist's goods. The same is true for Brazilian Iole de Freitas, who was the artist-in-residence for the exhibition. She constructed her wall sculpture while living in Winnipeg and it is exquisite, perhaps the finest work in the entire exhibition. The artist is a former dancer and if dance could be made into an object, this piece would be its moveable apotheosis. Made from sheet metal, copper mesh and wire tubing, de Freitas's sculpture hugs the wall. It seems to have a pulse; it has a memory of gesture.

In tracing the contours of self-definition more than social articulation, I don't mean to suggest that Ivo Mesquita has constructed an exhibition in which politics has no part. To be sure, one of the strongest pieces in *Cartographies* is by Cuban artist José Bedia. Called *The Little Revenge from the Periphery*, it shows a white European, surrounded by four members of colonized cultures, whose face has been obliterated by a storm of arrows, spears, darts and swords. Bedia's piece is finely—and his enemy is finally—executed; it is dramatic evidence that the revenge his title refers to may not be so diminutive after all. But even with these telling excursions into the rough sea of politics, the overall sense of *Cartographies* is that the political has been mediated by the personal and the formal. The result of this mediation is a map that in its self-conscious edginess gives us a world equally startling, eccentric and beautiful. ♦

Robert Enright co-edits *Border Crossings* and is the visual arts correspondent for the CBC radio program, "The Arts Tonight."

*Cartographies*, 14 artists from Latin America, will be on exhibition at the Winnipeg Art Gallery until June 6, 1993. It will then tour to Ottawa, New York, Bogota and Caracas.

Nine nights, eight different programs in this year's du Maurier Arts Ltd. New Music Festival: Winnipeg Symphony Orchestra maestro Bramwell Tovey and composer-in-residence Glenn Buhr available to throngs of Winnipeg listeners—over 11,000 by week's end—an incredible range of music, of ensembles and stylings and stagings. Bracketed between the full orchestra which opened and closed the festival, we encountered the Chamber Players of the WSO, the Penderecki String Quartet, Le Nouvel Ensemble Moderne, Thita, and various configurations of solo and ensemble performers, including members of Primus theatre and the Dance Collective.

I say Tovey and Buhr made this dizzying array of possibilities available, but perhaps I should say they made it accessible. Because something magical happened again at this year's festival: New Music is suddenly more like a romp than something to struggle through earnestly, an extra helping of liver to boost your iron level. Along with the vision to program a

week's worth of listening, Tovey and Buhr have the charisma to charge the whole atmosphere with an infectious playful excitement. Crowds this year were delighted, good listeners, buzzy with anticipation and noisy in appreciation.

There was no shortage of high-pressure listening. Corigliano's *Symphony No. 1* on the opening night, for instance, ripped through the anguish and rage occasioned by AIDS deaths. Corigliano, a New York composer who was this year's festival artist-in-residence, works expressively without collapsing into description: his capacity for self-reflexivity is apparent in the suggestive scoring of tango fragments for an offstage piano in the first movement. Eerie, you might say, and as powerful in its way as the simple eloquence of the cello solo that opens the third movement. The first program, which included also John Adams's "The Chairman Dances" and Sid Robinovitch's "Dreaming Lolita: Part 1," offered a provocative opening to the festival: each piece carries the heft of social engagement—AIDS, incest, political might—and reminds us that music can offer readings of the world.

The titling for this opening concert, "Classics of Tomorrow" (and the billing of Corigliano as a "Modern Master"), unnerves me somewhat: one of the chronic frustrations for enthusiasts of contemporary art in any of its facets is the rigidity of the canon. Contemporary thinking in other fields is challenging the unvoiced assumptions—political, social, ideological—implicit in anointing canonical works. Instead of imagining which of our contemporary works will be treasured in some future, perhaps we should be more interested in works which address our experience in this present: not a canon that is validated in another time and place (we are too accustomed to that in this country), but a collection of works which address our widely



left to right: Bramwell Tovey, John Corigliano and Glenn Buhr