

A transcript of:

A piece of cloth, held taut Summit Meeting in five times

This is Summit Meeting.

Summit...Meeting.

This is Summit Meeting.

By Harold Town.

A mixed media painting made by Harold Town in 1961.
1961.

I am 190 by 211 centimetres, or 75 by 83 inches.

The piece that he created, that is me...

I'm a very forceful presence.

I'm a very large painting, almost perfectly square.

On me you will find two irregular figures, and they seem to be facing each other.

It's kind of like two cliffs trying to join together, but aren't quite there. Or they were split apart-

I guess it depends on how you look at this, but I feel that the background is white, with two very large black...pieces split by the white.

-And are trying to regroup again.

It's hard to say if... If they could get together, they're definitely divided, and

I guess you could look at this differently and look at it as to the background being black, but I actually think I'm the reverse.

I have shapes inside of these black shapes.

Each black shape is interrupted by a square.

Squares of...

Yellow and red,

And dark greenish.

And then he pops the orange.

Brilliant colours and square shapes that are in the midst of these circles.

A thin gray circle.

The circles are almost invisible though, and they slowly disappear into the black as you move around the circle.

And these circles could be for eye-type shapes, but they also could be some kind of target.

A third and smaller red square outline almost intersects both shapes. Half of it is on the left figure, the other half is on the right figure.

And you kind of wonder, what is this all about?

It looks as though there are two figures arguing and they're close to coming to an agreement. And when they agree...the middle white line, which is part of the background, will disappear; the black figures will join together; and the square at the centre, which now is in half, will become whole.

There's no central emotion in my life. It's often shifting but seems for the most part that it's either really happy or really sad.

The white brings out the happy, but the black brings out the sad, and then the squares and the blue bring out kind of both mixed together.

I feel like I'm in an impossible situation...I'm not sure that I can join with myself, even though the shape that I am implies that I should be together.

They seem like they want to join together but are kind of... aren't quite there.

I also wish that I was not as disjointed as I feel. So, there's a lot of strange angular portions of me that feel very jagged

and rough, and I wish I was smoothed out a little around the edges.

The fact that artist Harold Town named me Summit Meeting must have some significance.

It represents everybody's different points of view.

Summit Meeting to me implies...people getting together in an attempt to work out an issue. It also implies a lot of different opinions, and usually these opinions imply discord. It doesn't have to, but it often does. So, I would say that I am trying to represent that view of the discord that occurs when many people get together with different opinions.

We're all trying to figure out which one's best.

And I'm representing how difficult it is to cross that barrier into unity with one another, and even to reshape my whole design into something that brings delight.

It's great to be on a wall. It's great to be seen, knowing that you've been sitting in the vault for [laughter]... I think for a while.

VOICES:

Underlined text: A younger, mid-range voice with an Ontario accent

Bold text: A confident, mid-range voice with an Ontario accent

Italics: A halting, soft voice with an Ontario accent

Regular text: A soft, at times halting, mid-range voice with an Ontario accent

Bold italics: A soft, young voice with an Ontario accent

Aislinn Thomas, 2020

A transcript of:

A piece of cloth, held taut ***Tirade in four times***

This is Tirade.

This. Is. Tirade.

This is Tirade, a painting by Harold Feast.

Feist!

A painting by Harold...

By Harold Feast.

Created in 1977. I am acrylic on canvas,

And measure 172 by 340 centimetres, or 68 by 134 inches.

I'm a very large painting and it is a panoramic view, so I am more wide than I am tall.

On my canvas you will see approximately 20 vertical brush strokes of a variety of colours such as yellow, grey, watermelon red, and blue.

I am pink, and yellow, green, and blue, and red.

They're very soft colours.

...there's a light red and not a dark red.

And I...am in pastels, so I look like...eggshells.

The lines are very interesting in that the centre line is relatively straight, but the lines that radiate out from there: towards the left, they bend to the left, the ones to the right, bend gently to the right. They do work together, although each line has its own personality. There is not one line that is the same as another line.

I seem to...go like ripples on water into the centre of the painting before spreading out into the sides.

Hmm...I guess I look kind of like rays of sunshine, if you could see them?

And I am very large.

I also look just like a spring day, mostly.

My canvas paper is coming down a little bit. At the corners you can see it's wrinkled and sagging down at the bottom. It's very slow and it's not like I'm old and withering. It's...just a little bit falling down.

I feel very...very...a more shy, laid-back painting.

I'm very serene and gentle. There's not a lot of heat or particular coldness. It's just soft...

I'm not meant to shock or to stun people by what I am revealing about myself.

I'm just going with the flow kind of...yeah.

Overall, I give the impression of tension and impatience. I am certainly not a neat painting. I have cracks on my canvas. There are textures, like some places the paint is thicker than in other areas. I am not a neat painting.

I want people to hear that I am trying to get attention, but I'm not very good at it.

I don't think my name really fits.

I think the title, Tirade, suits me well.

Because my colours are very calm. There's no heat or black or red or darkness or any of that. It's all muted tones like grey and mixed together...

The painter, Harold Feist, did not create beautiful vertical lines all in a row, all uniform. They seem to be painted in anger and quickly, and there's a variety of textures. It's uneven, there's tension.

There's...there's not a lot of passion.

There seems to be some strife going on here between the lines. I am definitely not a painting that you would look at to relax.

I would say that I want people, when they look at me, to relax and to enjoy the large display that I have before me.

I need to be placed in a large room with a lot of space around me and I need to be appreciated for what I am. I am not considered a beautiful painting, however, I do have things to say to people that view me.

I look kind of like it would look if someone was brushing someone else's hair or their own hair. It's very smooth. And it feels nice [laughs].

VOICES:

Underlined text: A strong, mid-range voice with an Ontario accent

Bold text: A deep voice with an Ontario accent

Italics: A higher pitched, somewhat hesitant voice with an Ontario accent

Regular text: A soft, higher pitched voice with an Ontario accent

A transcript of:

A piece of cloth, held taut
Optimist in five times

This is Optimist.

Optimist?

This is Optimist,

A painting created by Takao Tanabe

Takao

Takao

Tanabe

In 1964

1964?

'64.

I am oil on canvas and measure about

71 by 124 centimetres,

Or 28 by 49 inches.

I am a rectangle. On a wide rectangle (as opposed to vertical, on the horizontal).

I'm a painting of striking colour.

It almost looks like a collage. Of different shapes.

The left side of me looks really kind of cool tones-
lemon yellow.

Then the right side is a more warm yellow tone.

And in the centre, I also have this big red...object [laughs]
that can look like a mitt?

Like a hand in glove.

It could also be a lobster claw?

Looks like a very red face.

Or it could be a head,

With a round, hair-like shape:

A golden sun, sort of, in the background.

**And the sun is like this dirty, dirty kind of colour of
yellow.**

I would almost think that I look like a religious painting
because of the yellow ochre orb, or corona, around the red
centrepiece.

The other thing is this yellow split [or] line,

A split down one side,

Which creates a thumb-like [shape], a thumb or a lobster
claw.

**I am also an animal looking up to the sky...I am also a
field of red poppies, surrounded by wheat.**

My entire surface is somewhat textured with really broad but yet somehow subtle brushwork.

It's not smooth.

The yellow is smoother, and the red and gold are more rough.

I want to make note of the frame. It's a very simple, thin black frame that's slightly scuffed up and a little bit damaged.

I'm not actually sure what happened to me during all those years living by myself or just being stored in a collection space.

I feel like there's more to me than meets the eye. I feel like I've had a past, I've been in more than one place. I've been somewhere where I've been... just maybe not treated really delicately. I've maybe been through a little bit before coming...here.

That's what fascinates. An abstract expressionism painting—it opens questions, it brings your attention to things that you otherwise find mundane, and it asks you, or it helps you ask questions about actually what happens there.

I feel like I'm speaking really loudly, but at the same time softly. I don't know. I feel like I'm trying to explore colours and contrast and bold lines, flat planes of colour-

I think, as many of my friends and contemporaries, we tend to be a little bit hard to understand or to be understood.

-And I'm trying to really get people's attention in a really bold way, but at the same time, very subtly. I feel like it's all about contradictions in some kind of way.

I wish for people to, when they see me, think of different textures and shapes.

I think I wish that people would look closer at me. I wish people would look closer-

And look at me in relation to what's happening in the art world.

I want people to feel.

I want to keep battling against the world until the day I eventually pass away and the Mother Nature takes me.

I feel like my name kind of contradicts the bold and kind of fiery colours in me.

I think that just the yellow, yellow is a really...and red—these are...optimistic colours, I think.

My palette is more vibrant and red and fiery, and almost a little bit angry.

My name can be a burden to some extent.

It really suits me.

It kind of forces me...well, it encourages me on one hand but also forces me to live a way that seems to, you know, satisfy to my name.

It's a name...that...I can relate to. I like that name. I like to keep that name [laughs]. Yeah.

And I find it so burdensome because sometimes you just have to embrace, there are darker moments of your life.

And it's a sense of stability that comes through, so I think people will feel calmness...and sort of this balance.

Very calming, very peaceful. Even with that red.

I'm not here to tell people about my story. I'm here to remind me of a story of their own, of how they view the world, of how they carry out their own lives.

I like it. I like myself [laughs]. I like myself [more laughter].

VOICES:

Underlined text: A confident, mid-range voice with an Ontario accent

Bold text: A mid-range voice with a Polish accent

Italics: A higher pitched, very soft voice with an Ontario accent

Regular text: A soft, mid-range voice with an Ontario accent

Bold italics: A strong, mid-range voice with an East Asian accent

Aislinn Thomas, 2020