

# Monkey Painter

*1977-2007*

Lucy Hogg



In 1977 I became an Abstract Expressionist.

Our foundation training had emphasized grisaille as underpainting. Franz Kline, with his black and white gestalts, was something I could understand.

Here, as a corrective, my self-assignment was: combine two colours that are complementary.

*Untitled*, acrylic on canvas, 36" x 42", 1977.



Our teacher, Harold, encouraged us to move off the easel. We stapled our canvas directly to the floor and stopped using traditional brushes. Some of the students had moved on to sponges and squeegees; I still needed the control of a house brush.

We stretched our paint with Rhoplex as a medium, which we ordered from Rohm and Haas in five-gallon containers. We'd collectively buy our canvas in one-hundred-yard rolls shipped directly from Toronto. We learned that you had to buy your materials in bulk earlier in the year, while you still had funds from your student loan. Canvas had to be like toilet paper, our teacher said. Cost shouldn't be a constraint.

Untitled, acrylic on canvas, 42" x 76", 1978.



We weren't a totally united front. Some students were doing earth-work installations, making Duchampian gestures, or reviving the irony of Warhol and Pop. We had a new photography department.

There were also some people who had come for Mount Allison's legacy of figurative painting, the ghost of Alex Colville looming. That was why I had originally signed up. I had spent the previous two summers painting landscapes "en plein air".

*Untitled, acrylic on canvas, 42" x 76", 1978.*



After a year of expressionism, I knew I needed counterpoint. I transferred to another school. The teachers at Université d'Ottawa were all from Montreal, more conceptual. I found myself in an urban environment, which was both exciting and disorienting, but made my landscape-based abstraction seem irrelevant. I had my first crisis as a painter.

No. 9, acrylic on canvas, 54" x 72", 1979.



The curriculum in the first semester of Université d'Ottawa's third year was more structured than I would have liked, so I started doing my own work at home. I went back to smaller brushes and decided to work with a limited number of factors. What was the least amount required to make a picture? And then I would add a new factor if the formula seemed exhausted.

No. 12, acrylic on canvas, 54" x 72", 1979.



The paintings looked raw and probably ugly, but when I brought them in at the beginning of the next semester the teachers were supportive. My painting teacher, Lucio, was an exponent of the Support/Surface movement from France, and didn't have much good to say about Clement Greenberg.

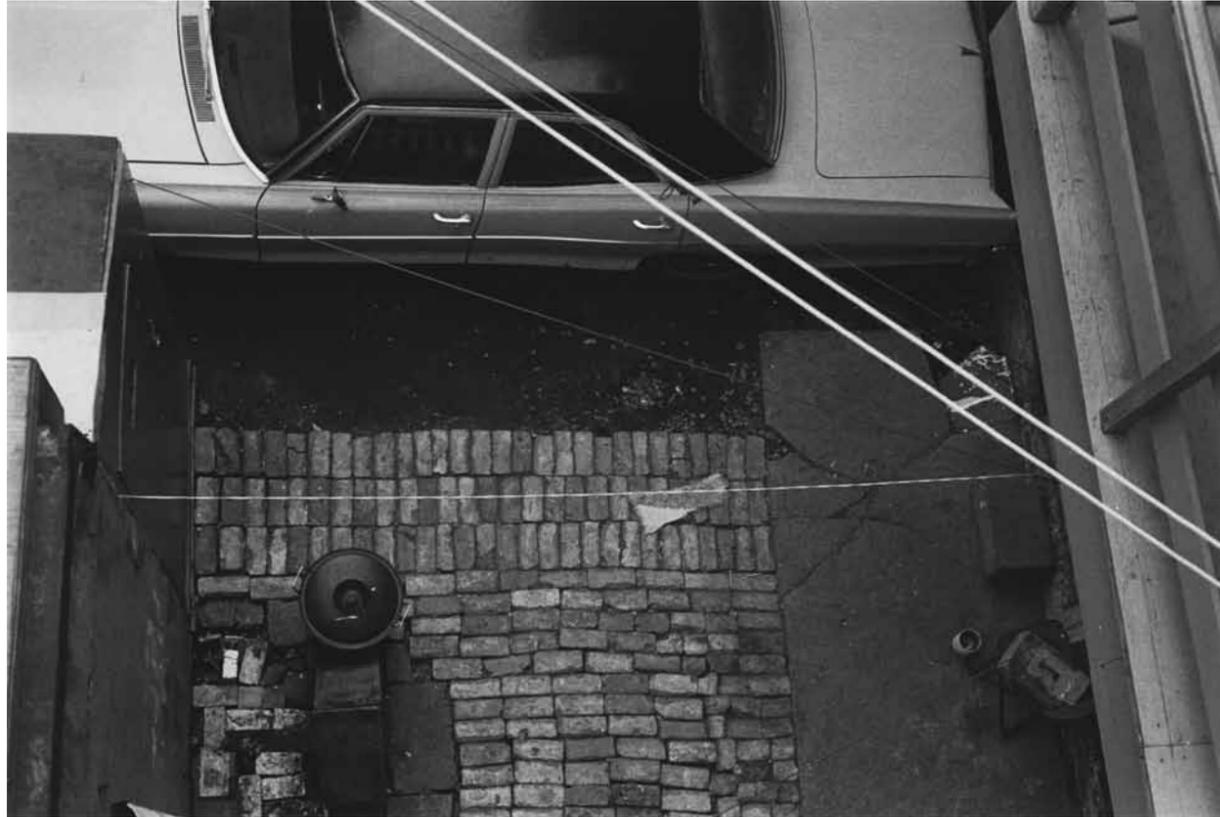
No. 8, acrylic on canvas, 54" x 72", 1979.



*Ottawa, 1978-1979*

I signed up for a photography course, a team-taught class, because one of the instructors was a painter I had come to the school originally to study with—but he wasn't teaching painting that year. The other instructor also painted, although I wasn't as crazy about his work. It was more figurative. But it was the first time in a class that I saw mature artists, with different approaches, talking to one another about their ideas.

*Store window, Ottawa, gelatin silver print, 5" x 8", 1978.*



I had a fixed-lens camera, a Minolta Hi-Matic that my dad had bought second hand for me at Norton's Jewellers in Charlottetown a couple years before. I had let my photo studies lapse, but Ottawa was exotic, my first city, and I spent hours walking around, taking photographs.

*Montreal*, gelatin silver print, 5" x 8", 1978.



I quickly realized that the Photo Department was the most focussed area of the school and the discussions in our seminar tended to be in English, which I was grateful for, given that the school's mandate was bilingualism. The instructors did speak French when they argued. Some of the students were older, which added some weight to the critiques. Other photo instructors and visiting artists would drop in to the class. There was a coffee vending machine in the lounge area, where we would meet before class.

*Fine Arts Department, Université d'Ottawa, gelatin silver print, 5" x 8", 1978.*



Our instructors were still talking about the *New Documents* photography show that had happened at MoMA in New York, ten years before, and the influence of its curator, John Szarkowski. We were encouraged to use our cameras in an anti-aesthetic, casual way. One of the instructors carried his brand-new Minox in his pocket and would shoot from the hip, as an example to the rest of us. I had a crush on him.

*Ottawa*, gelatin silver print, 5" x 8", 1978.



I veered away from taking pictures of people in public. I was shy; as a Maritimer I felt like an interloper in the capital, not quite sophisticated enough. But the city had its own qualities which didn't involve that many pedestrians, especially on Sundays, which is when I had time for long walks.

*Ottawa*, gelatin silver print, 5" x 8", 1978.



The Ottawa snow was immobilizing and there were days that were so cold it was impossible to be outside. The shooting days were the days that were warm and when the snow was getting a bit old. The thawing material literally pointed to things, making it too easy to find photographs.

Ottawa, gelatin silver print, 5" x 8", 1978.



The school had a budget for a small reading room, which contained every book on photography that had ever been published, as far as I could tell. I got a part-time job tending it. It wasn't a busy place, and I had time to read.

Ottawa, gelatin silver print, 5" x 8", 1979.



After the term ended we had a class party in somebody's apartment. I was conscious that I probably wouldn't run into some people again since I knew I was returning to Mount Allison. Have a nice life, we said to each other. I wish I had kept people's names, so I could find them all now on Facebook. Both the instructors, Charles Gagnon and Sylvain Cousineau, are now dead, but they are still vivid in my mind.

*Ottawa*, gelatin silver print, 5" x 8", 1979.



Peter, the boyfriend of my oldest sister, Janis, was studying the philosophy of science. After having seen my first exhibition in Charlottetown, he asked me when I thought a painting was finished. I knew I was being coy and somewhat contradictory when I said I just knew. A few years later, having spent some time teaching painting to others, I could finally articulate that painting was for me a set of calculated decisions based on a set of anticipated moves drawn from an acquired language: intuition as a concept had become too vague a term to work with. But back then I didn't have the vocabulary.

*Peter, Sackville, New Brunswick, gelatin silver print, 3.5" x 3.5", 1980.*



Janis was studying sports medicine and she and Peter lived for competitive badminton. I was never a disciplined athlete but Janis had taken me in hand back in high school, training me every week in the church hall for phantom opponents. Smashes, drop shots, and a good serve; covering the court, running backwards and forwards. The main thing seemed to me that you had to keep an eye on the bird. There was a learned hand-eye coordination that later served me well in drawing the human figure; measuring distances and proportions, empathizing with a figure in motion, translating what you see into an action. I loved the affect of the props of a racket sport: the loose fitting tennis whites, Michael York in *Accident* with his Oxford accent, languishing court side.

*Janis, Sackville, New Brunswick, gelatin silver print, 3.5" x 3.5", 1980.*



Before I left for the city, my parents and I set out for a tour around Cape Breton, in my father's Winnebago. Because of the oil crisis, it had spent most of its early life parked. It functioned mostly as Dad's private studio; he would drive it to places where he could paint landscapes from the driver's seat, with all the comforts of home in back—fridge, stereo, a place to nap—most studios have all that. We had to cut the trip short, since my mother decided I was too irritable. I thought that the idea of a four-thousand-pound tin can hurtling through hairpin turns should have everyone on edge. Happy hour was always the highlight at the end of a day on the road.

Dad had wanted to be an artist, but as the story goes, his parents wouldn't let him. He became a dental surgeon, because he thought at least he'd be working with his hands and there were some aesthetic choices to be made crafting bridges and crowns. When I went to art school I was among the few who could say their parents encouraged them to go.

*Dad, Tea Hill, Prince Edward Island, gelatin silver print, 3.5" x 3.5", 1980.*



When I asked my parents and my sister Lianne—who was still at home—if they would pose, they put on their best clothes. Dad wore the last three-piece suit he ever bought. Mom wore a dress she'd recently sewn. Lianne was in a dress Mom had made for our brother Billy's wedding the year before.

In the early '50s my mother's first choice of subject to study had been advanced math, but her scholarship options offered only nursing or home economics. Being the first person in her family to go to college, it seemed better than no choice at all. She wasn't needed on the farm, so they let her go.

By 1980 my parents had only been in their dream home for four years, after years of planning and saving. Whenever my mother had gotten a piece of furniture reupholstered she would choose a shade of muted green, usually in a figured material; by the time they moved in all the furniture matched. The yellow ochre rug in the split-level living room brought it all together, along with dramatic floor-to-ceiling curtains in the two-story dining room.

It was only twenty-eight years later, in the rush of helping my mother downsize the contents of the house for a smaller condo—with wheelchair access—that I realized what a coherent world they had built for themselves, and now had to leave behind. Packing up on the last day, my mother wanted to take the curtains with her; she was hoping to repurpose them for their new place. As we were leaving, just minutes before the buyer's walkthrough, we had to leave one portion of the curtains hanging. It was just too far to reach; our ladder was too short.

*Mom, Tea Hill, Prince Edward Island, gelatin silver print, 3.5" x 3.5", 1980.*



That day Lianne let me do up her hair the way I wore mine, tight and a little severe. She was the last sister in the house. We'd all been her built-in baby sitters until we all, one by one, left home to go to university, and then for farther away, not able to return as often. We had already become less of an influence on her.

*Lianne, Tea Hill, Prince Edward Island, gelatin silver print, 3.5" x 3.5", 1980.*



By the time graduation loomed, there was a lot of end-of-semester tension in our Sackville apartment. People had stopped eating dinner together, frayed by final papers and upcoming tests. I'd finished my requirements early. We'd hung our grad show, and I left before the graduation ceremony which they had scheduled for a month later. I'd run out of money and needed a job. I would be coming back that summer for my first gig as a teaching assistant, but everyone would be gone by then. Su helped me with my trunk, to get it to the train station for the twenty-two hour trip to Toronto. She was very sweet to see me off. We hadn't spoken much in the last few weeks. I was sure I'd done something wrong but I didn't know exactly what. I was in a solipsistic moment, and we were all pretty tight for cash.

It would take a while to get settled; find another job, find a studio, sort out my relationships. I was staying with an ex-boyfriend, and trying his patience. I looked after his studio while he was away for six weeks, but I was still there when he came back.

369 Sorauren Ave. photo by William Gourlie Hogg, 1981.



My unemployment insurance was running out and I was running out of canvas. I was seeing lots of low-paying jobs at the employment office that I didn't really want but now had the credentials to apply for. The letter telling me I was getting a grant was months away. I made a few shitty paintings in a row. I rolled them out on the floor and in an attempt to salvage them, started to crop and slice. I'd seen the format in my teacher's studio. It seemed elegant and practical. You could work on several strips at once, stapled to the floor.

*Alison's Complaint*, acrylic on canvas, 88" x 18", 1981.



I was still feeling new to the city, but by now I had met some Post Painterly abstractionists. I always thought “post” meant “after”—as in Barnett Newman and Morris Louis—but these artists were pretty painterly. Another term that was used was “lyrical abstraction”. I know the artists themselves were having trouble with what they were called. At one point a survey went around, generated by one of the artists, asking for suggestions. It was prefaced with a description of what they all agreed art was, which seemed to to exclude a lot of what I was seeing, out and about in the galleries and museums.

*Moneychanger*,  
acrylic on canvas,  
88” x 27”, 1981.



I met the art critic Karen Wilkin who was then living in Toronto. Friends had suggested to me I call her up and have her over to my studio. An American, she was associated with Clement Greenberg, and was working on a monograph on Jack Bush, one of my favourite artists. I managed to gather the courage to call her. She said she was busy, but to call her back in a couple of weeks. I marked the calendar. I phoned two weeks later and left a message which it seemed she might have missed. I knew she was in town, because I'd spotted her window-shopping on Bloor Street one day with her husband, both looking elegant in fashionable summer khakis. I called her again, and we made a date.

*Final Platitide,*  
acrylic on canvas,  
88" x 11", 1982.



Rather than working with completely enclosed triangles as I had in the past, with hard edges dividing the canvas, I'd let one or two sides of each triangle remain open and brushy, integrating with the randomly gestural underpainting. Karen had seen a lot of painting by then in her career. It was probably more obvious to her than it was to me what my influences were. She told me I had a good device. After she left I realized my device was only going to last so long.

*Elizabeth's New Shoes*, acrylic on canvas, 88" x 17", 1981.



My boyfriend moved into my studio. With a fresh degree in modernist and medieval literature, he was also casting about for jobs. We acquired two young cats and became a family. Together finances got easier; we could get by on odd gigs and savings. After a Kafkaesque stint at the United Parcel Service he landed a part-time job with Canada Post, delivering mail. It was reassuring to see the company supplied blue polyester shirts hanging up with the rest of the clothes. My grant money had arrived, but to supplement it I got a part-time job at a travel agency, doing manual ledger entries. The office was full of women who spent all their time fielding customers' phone calls. I got my hair cut, sewed up some dress pants and a couple of tailored jackets, and tried to fit in.



I could see that the artists in the city who were my age and exhibiting were ahead of the curve. I'd seen a show called *Monumenta*, mounted across several artist-run centres: large, expressive figurative forms in painting and sculpture that looked familiar, maybe regressive, but challenging. Another show, *Chromaliving*, was one of the first more inclusive shows, refuting the formalist teleology I was attached to, cracking things up. I went to Yarlow Salzman, a gallery downtown, and saw an A.R. Penck show. I wanted to hate the large graphic paintings of stick figures, but I knew they were probably good.

*Second Odalisque*, acrylic on canvas, 84" x 26", 1983.



In the meantime, my exhibition prospects were picking up. A couple of open-submission shows: *Artropolis* in Vancouver and a drawing show in Edmonton at Latitude 53, an artist-run centre. My grad show was scheduled for the fall at Pitt International Galleries on Hastings Street, concurrent with a group show, *New Painting*, at the Contemporary Art Gallery, just up the street.

Maybe now, then, was the official start of my career.

*Baby*, oil on canvas, 12" x 12", 1988.



The group critiques with faculty happened once a semester and were usually fraught. You became more aware of the social dynamic between faculty rather than of what they were actually saying. They weren't a copacetic bunch. The photo-conceptualist would always comment after everyone had spoken, taking what they had said and bringing it all to a point, which I appreciated. In my case he posited that I was vacillating between illusionistic space and the flatness of a Persian Miniature. I was somewhere in between and that wasn't working.

My final critique with the faculty group was inconclusive. The day was warm, a late afternoon, and they couldn't agree on anything. The photo-conceptualist fell asleep on the couch. He apologized profusely after the session. I was upset, but in a way he had manifested how he really felt about my work, and I had to be grateful for that.

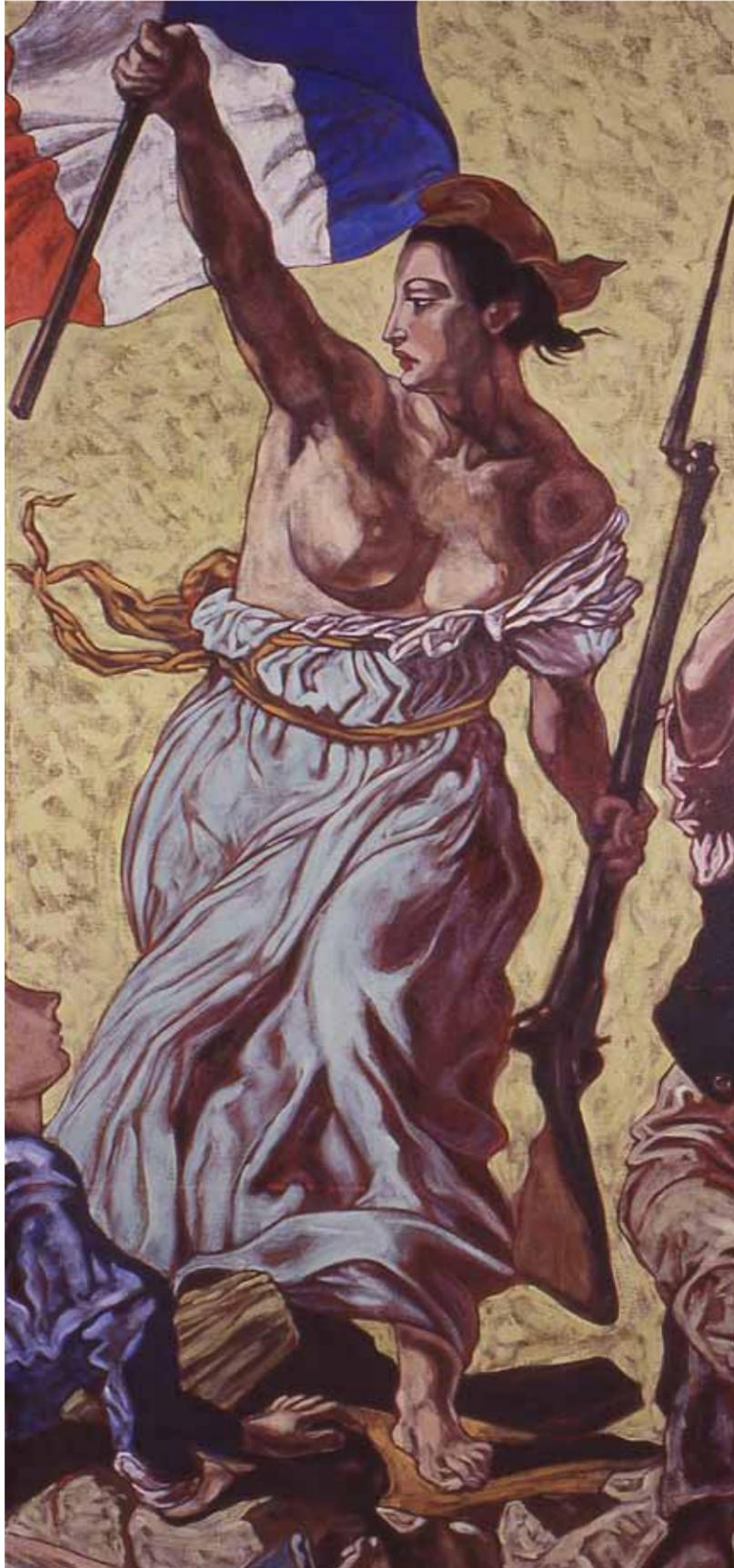
*Painter*, oil on canvas, 12" x 12", 1989.



It was my last summer in the Armoury studios, and we were left to our own devices to finish our thesis work. I had enough work for my graduating exhibition coming up in the fall, but the last critique had left me feeling very flat. We had to write a thesis statement, but mine had been rejected: Faculty didn't think the theories I alluded to were relevant to the paintings. I rewrote it to no great effect. I started making very small paintings, fragments, hoping to paint my way out of the malaise.

My marriage was cracking from the tension of one person being in school and the other employed at a mind-numbing job—a classic situation. I was starting to cannibalize my life for subject matter and I could see that *that* might not end up being all that interesting. We agreed that M. would quit his job to pursue his own projects, as soon as I could find any kind of job, after graduation.

*Plums*, oil on canvas, 12" x 12", 1988.



1989 was the heyday of speakers visiting Vancouver. The institutions still had enough funding for visiting artists. In addition to the usual suspects on the conceptual front (Lawrence Weiner, Dan Graham, Joachim Gerz, Victor Burgin, Terry Atkinson, Gerald Ferguson), the feminists were present (Griselda Pollock, Martha Rosler, Linda Nead, Mary Kelly, Mary Scott). There was a Women's Advisory Committee at the Vancouver Art Gallery, spearheaded by Judith Mastai, and a feminist reading group organized by students originating from Simon Fraser University, along with the first SFU Summer Intensive: The Critical Practice of Art, organized by Anne Ramsden. Mary Kelly and Griselda Pollock were the seminar leaders, and their work focused on gender difference: how it is structured into language and how a social history of art can reveal that.

The participants in these events were faculty, students, and engaged members of the art community. They convened often, heterogeneously, with what seemed (now we look back) to be momentum. The term most commonly used to describe the dominant form of the artists' production was "scripto-visual", which usually involved the photograph, video, text, and installation. The work was always engaged in a critical analysis of the structures of the world from a feminist perspective.

It wasn't overt. Theory was more than a subtext. Material concerns were self-consciously considered. The work was often abstract, and often beautiful. You could never say it was was agitational propaganda or a bumper sticker for feminism.

*Liberty*, oil on canvas, 65" x 30", 1989.



In a practical way I wanted to get back to a full figure in a frame, to understand again what a complete gesture of the body might be. I wanted to find the antidote to the female figures I'd studied in the history of painting so far. Liberty had potential but she had some problems; her rising figure seemed phallogentric, she had an antique face, and her breasts were too available. My attention was drawn to the figures at her feet. As fallen figures they seemed objectified as males, erotic despite being dead. I thought if I took them out of the theatrical space of the original painting and separated them into individual paintings, I might work my way towards a female gaze.

*Deadman*, oil on canvas, 30" x 65", 1989.



One of the older male instructors in the Painting Department at Emily Carr had a heart attack so I was given a couple of his courses, temporarily. This bumped me into a new category where I actually had a salary with benefits, a six-month contract. Optimistic, M. quit his job at the Post Office and went on a cross country train trip to shake it off. He had some ideas for a Canadian novel he wanted to write.

Feeling like I was now experienced, I applied for jobs in Nova Scotia, Saskatoon, Cornerbrook—or Vancouver, if we were lucky. But I thought if I could just teach and make my work, we could live anywhere.

Mary Kelly was coming back to do a second workshop on psychoanalytic feminism, so I signed up. I was awash in theory. It gave me a framework to understand the conditions we were all in, a gender-biased world. Although I have to admit that I balked at the semiotic diagrams on the chalkboard.

What I remember best was MK's methodology for group critiques. It seemed modeled on a Panofskyian approach I had desperately researched the previous year, when I was trying to run my own group critiques in a painting class. Asking us a series of questions, she would walk us through an accumulating structure of analysis when looking at an object: materiality, stylistic and iconographical relationships, historical contexts, and finally synthesizing the collected information into some possible interpretations. Those meanings were not necessarily conclusive, but animated the work. The process could animate the worst work in the world.

All the participants had installed examples of recent studio work, which surrounded us as we paced through our seminar meetings. Part of each day was spent rotating through each piece, using MK's critique method. As the only painter in the group, I was apprehensive. But when we got around to my work, I was stunned by what she helped us unpack—a set of considerations that I had only intuited when I put it together.

*Liberty Triptych*, oil on canvas, 90" x 120", 1990.



I needed to take a closer look at the work of Delacroix, to see why I was attracted and irritated at the same time. I'd always had a visceral reaction to *The Death of Sardanapalus*, and was relieved to read feminist analyses later that articulated that for me. But I had been taught earlier that Delacroix was the father of the modern brushstroke; I would still die to see his sketch for *The Lion Hunt*. I'd read Edward Said's book *Orientalism* and wanted to figure out what the "other" was that Delacroix had portrayed. I'd read critiques of Charcot's photographic series on the "insane", and had been attracted to the portraits by Géricault of the same subject. I wondered how much any artist was self-projecting when he was painting. I didn't think Delacroix had the same problems as I did, wanting to be the subject, and the painter of the subject, at the same time. But maybe he did.

Artist (Eugène Delacroix)/Artists Subject(Orphan at Ornans), oil on canvas, each 18.5" x 18.5", 1990. Collection of David Vivian/Jack Rootman, respectively.



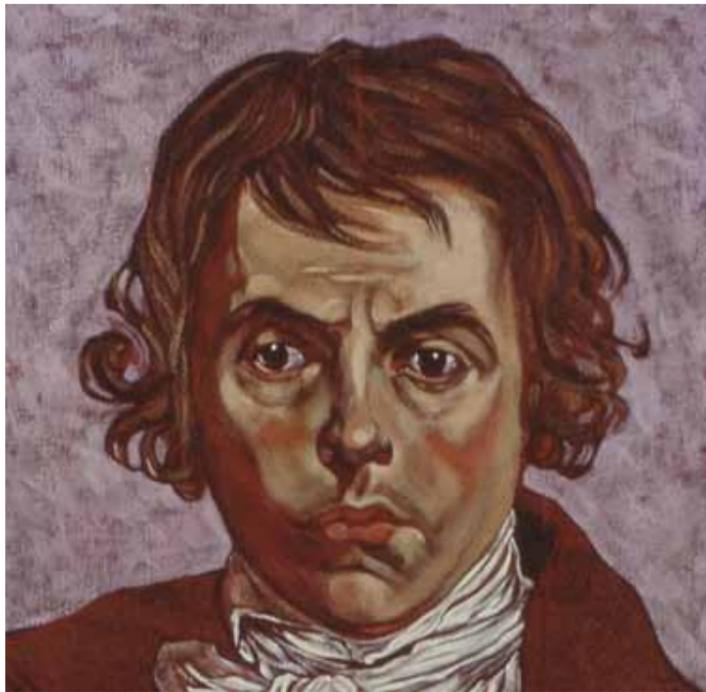
I tracked back to Frans Hals, who was an earlier father of the modern brush-stroke. In a monograph on the artist, I found some writing that I copied out in my sketchbook. The author was describing *Malle Babbe*, a portrait of a particular woman who lived in Haarlem, rumored to be a witch. "His brushstrokes convey the confusion which must have filled the disordered brain of this street type . . . the mouth, crude as that of an animal, is wide open, as if amplifying the shrill shout which will echo as long as this canvas holds its paint"\*.

The only self-portrait I could find of Frans Hals was a small face in the background of a painting of a group of officers, painted a few years later, *Officers and Sergeants of the St. George Civic Guard* (1639). It didn't seem to be painted much differently from *Malle Babbe*, using the same brushstrokes from what I could tell as I copied them, stroke for stroke. Frans Hals wasn't insane, but he had probably mismanaged his finances, over the years. His wife had to move into an alms house when he died. She'd borne him eight children. That had probably left her feeling a bit crazy.

*Artist (Frans Hals)/Artist's Subject (Malle Babbe)*, oil on canvas, each 18.5" x 18.5", 1990.

\*H. B. Baard, *Frans Hals*, Harry N. Abrams, 1982.

Collection of Paul Collins and Maria Roques/Lorretta Dalziel, respectively.



I wish I'd written down the source, but I took some more notes from either an essay or a talk by Margaret Iverson, who discussed "identificary mobility across positions" and the "collapse of the subject," and ultimately "a positive reassessment of the process of identification." Copying a painting had started off as an exercise, but in a narcissistic way I was falling into the faces of these artists, pretending I was them. It seemed like this would give me plenty to do. I felt rich.

*Artist (Jacques Louis David)/Artist's Subject (Marat)*, oil on canvas, each 18.5" x 18.5", 1990. Collection of Jack Rootman/John Armstrong, and Sarah Quinton, respectively.



That spring, a position had opened in the Painting Department at school that described everything I had been doing for the last three years. I was thrilled to make the short list, ignoring my studiomate Al's rueful glance when I told him who else was on it. The big day of the interview started with early-morning group critiques with unfamiliar students, moved on to a noon-hour public presentation and finished with a two-hour interview with a committee of twelve. I had fun; I acted like I would get the job. As I left the building the dean told me I'd done a great interview. But I hadn't realized just how fat the other candidates' portfolios really were. What seemed like many weeks later, still waiting for official news, reality sunk in: Maybe I wouldn't be going back to Emily Carr to teach. I felt like I'd been wiped off the map. I took a sleeping pill and went to bed for a day.

188 Third Ave West studio, Vancouver, 1992.



I went back to Paris the following spring. I was there to collect more source material, but I was also compartmentalizing briefly into a different life. You could do that then, when the only way someone from work could reach you was to make a long distance call on a landline near where you happened to be. A person could barely fax.

One slow day at the Musée d'Orsay, I found myself alone in the room with *The Birth of Venus* by Alexandre Cabanel (1863). My reverie of mixed feelings was interrupted by the entrance of another visitor, a man. I left the room quickly. It was like when my Mom had caught me as a pubescent with Dad's *Playboy* magazines. I would slip them away one at a time to my room and copy the *Vargas Girls*, using a sharpened HB pencil on textured paper. Venus fascinated me the same way those poster girls did. I knew she was a bad painting, the antithesis of Manet's *Olympia*, painted the same year.

V. No. 1, oil on linen, 92" x 160", 1993.  
Collection of James Alefantis (Buck's Fishing & Camping).



My studio door on Third Avenue was just at the top of the stairs and Landon, who worked down the hall, was seeing a visitor out; it was the new curator from the Vancouver Art Gallery. On a whim she popped her head in to introduce him. I was startled, but we shook hands and he could see what I was working on, since it filled the whole studio.

A few weeks later Grant arranged a proper visit. He'd done his master's in art history at UBC, my alma mater, so we had some reading lists in common. He didn't think I was crazy or that I talked too much. He liked painting. A few weeks later he called again and said the VAG had a slot for me for February, four months away, a solo show. I went into shock. It didn't make sense. I guessed that another show must have fallen through. It was a big space, with twenty-five-foot-high walls. I realized that to activate the space I was going to have to make another painting, bigger than the one I was still working on, in less time. That was exciting.

V. No. 2 (second stage, seen on its side), oil on linen, 184" x 92", 1994.  
Collection of David Brock, Washington, DC.



That summer I returned to Paris, this time to work in my friend Paul's studio, alongside our mutual friend John. Like me they were both artists and teachers. I thought my work could change in a new place, working alongside different people, who weren't caught up in the same discussions I was at home.

Recklessly navigating through Parisian roundabouts, we would cycle out to Vitry-sur-Seine, on the city's outer edge, almost every day. My project needed to be portable enough to bungee onto the back of a bike. I wanted a new topic. I had come down after my big show and had the lingering feeling I'd become a kind of bumper-sticker feminist, trapped in the binary of warriors and nudes. I lit upon *Gilles*, by Antoine Watteau (1718-19), who I'd visited several times in the Louvre; he seemed neutral enough.

I was killing time, painting Gilles, over and over, in monochrome. I'd just seen Yves Klein's "IKB 3 monochrome bleu" (1960) at the Pompidou. The other consolidating event was seeing sixteen of Monet's *Rouen Cathedral* paintings all in one place in the Musée des Beaux Arts, in Rouen. I wanted that seriality, nostalgic for my roots as a perceptual abstractionist. Paul's French studiomates from down the hall scratched their heads and made no comment when they wandered in. I was just another North American fetishizing a history they themselves, as French Artists, felt burdened by. I'd have to go back home to try to explain what I was doing.

*Study for Gilles, versions 1, 2, 3, 4*, all oil on linen, each 24" x 18.5", 1994.  
Collection of Oklahoma City Museum.



Many said Watteau was painting himself. Or his model might have been a friend of his from the Commedia dell'arte. The performer was dying of consumption; nevertheless, having just retired, was opening a cafe. It's posited that the original painting hung outside the cafe as signage. Watteau also died young from consumption a couple years later. Maybe they both knew they were dying. The painting seemed like a lighthearted treatment of death. I was jealous of their aesthetic melancholia, which was beginning to seem to me to be a male prerogative.

188 Third Ave West, Vancouver, *Gilles Versions 1 - 4*, oil on linen, each 120" x 92", 1994 - 1998. Collection of the Art Gallery of Nova Scotia, Halifax.

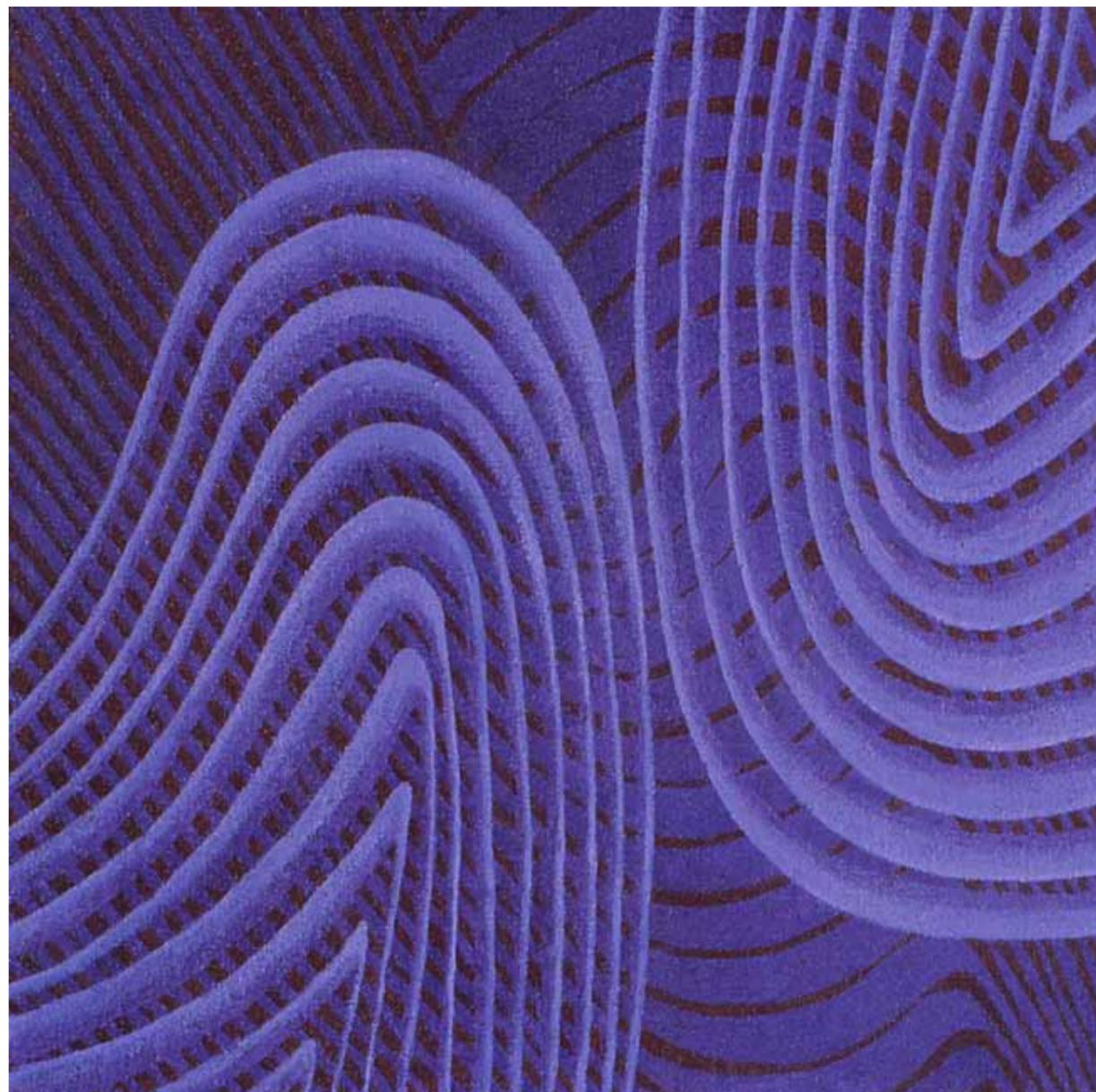


The idea that painting was dead had been blithely mentioned to me once by an instructor when I was an undergrad, back in 1977. He was a theatre professor who had no vested interest in what he was saying, in passing; he couldn't have known how his comment had sunk in. I chose to ignore the idea until grad school, when it was hammered home. It didn't seem fair, just when women were slowly being given more public exposure as artists.

But it was hard not to see the correlation between painting's popularity and a 1980s bull market. Paintings sell best, at least theoretically. By the time I was teaching a seminar on painting, I had to make its death the main topic. You could say it was an outdated '80s discussion, but it had a longer history than that. Paul Delaroche declared painting dead in 1840, when he first saw a photograph. Alexander Rodchenko had "reduced painting to its logical conclusion" in 1921 when he presented the first monochromes in primary colours.

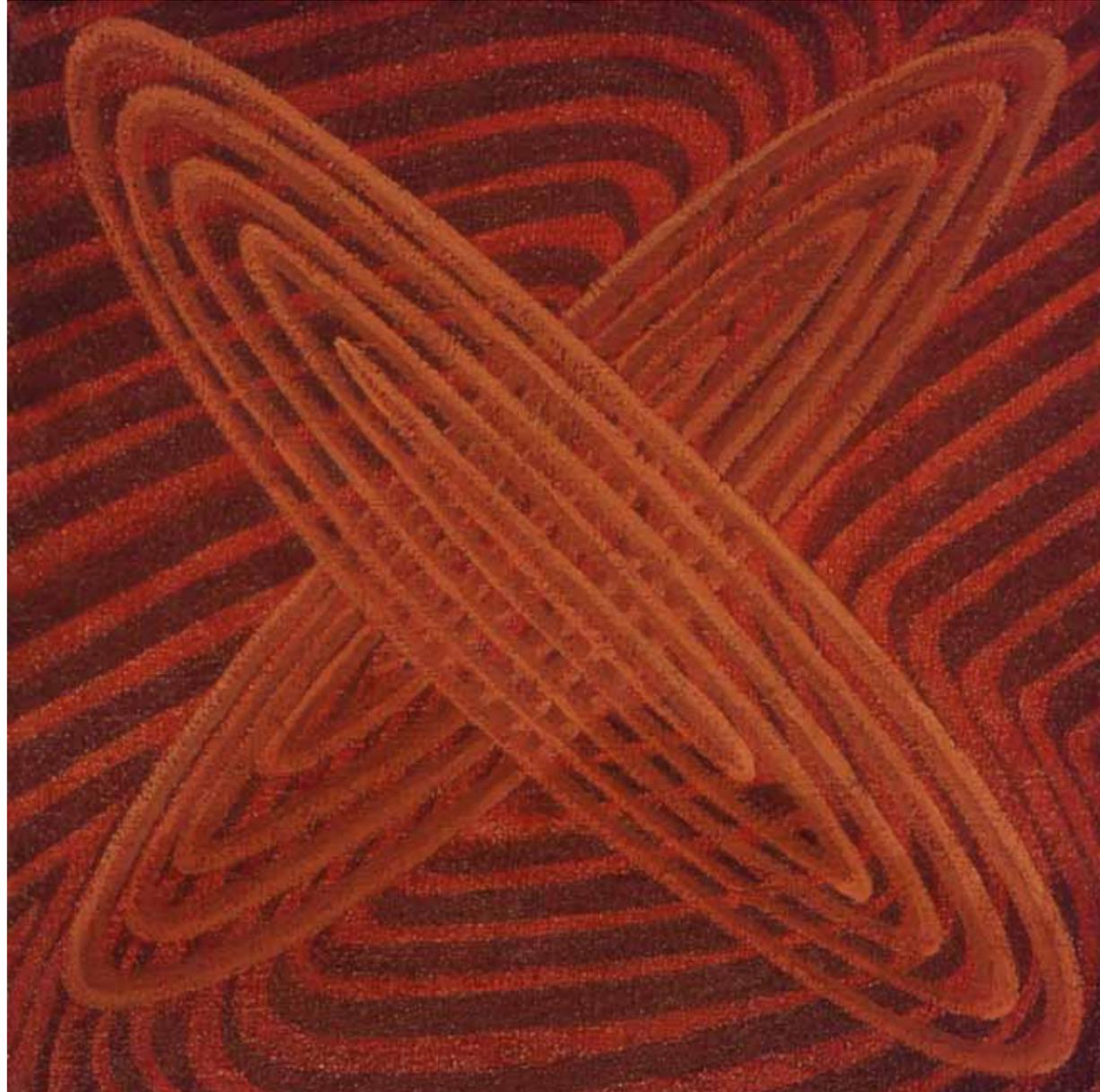
With a balanced reading list on the subject of the death of painting, you could cover the arc of the avant-garde over a hundred and fifty years. In the long run, in terms of the co-optation of the avant-garde, you were probably talking about the death of art if you took it to its logical conclusion. And everyone would still have to figure out how to be.

*Gilles No, 3*, 120" x 92", 1994-1998.  
Collection of the Art Gallery of Nova Scotia, Halifax.



When I came back that fall to teach, they put me on the Faculty Association committee as the Sessional Representative, an ameliorative gesture. I would meet with the sessionals monthly and bring their concerns to the faculty table. For some faculty we were a thorn in their side. The two groups had conflicting interests: Sessionals just wanted job security; permanent faculty were more interested in maintaining sabbaticals and ensuring incremental pay raises. The sessionals would have to start itemizing everything we did as a budget-line item. Working to rule would take the heart out of things.

*Closet Painting No. 8*, oil on linen, 12" x 12", 1995.  
Collection of Pauline Choi.



I had been thinking about abstraction, and how gender played out in my students' painting. There were some exceptions, but from what I could see, the young women tended to orient themselves to nature and the body and the young men were more drawn to cultural signs and architecture. I never wanted to interpret this as innate, but everywhere I looked there was constant reinforcement: in movies, advertisements, pop music, popular novels, computer games, children's toys, clothing. I guess I was like a dog with a bone when I kept bringing these observations up in class.

*Closet Painting No, 4*, oil on linen, 12" x 12", 1995.  
Collection of Al McWilliams.



A new batch of painters were coming up. Abstraction had gone away and come back, but now it was ironic. The younger painters (mostly male), were meta-critical; the work had cool surfaces like Andy Warhol's, and playfully absorbed the conceptualism of Lawrence Weiner and John Baldessari in its use of texts. I was jealous of them—I was falling out of time once again.

*Closet Painting No. 15*, oil on linen, 12" x 12", 1995.  
Collection of Janet Werner.



Renée helped me find a cheap apartment in the West End, a stuccoed mid-rise building with a view to its mirror image of picture windows across the street, all lit each evening with tableaux of younger people in their starter apartments. I was preoccupied with replacing stuff I'd left behind: a mattress, some kitchen things, chairs. I was trying to stabilize. M. said I could have the couch.

*Monkey Painter*, oil on linen, 24" x 18.5", 1995-1997.



My new romance with B. was long distance and that gave me time. He seemed to be too good to be true; I reserved the thought that he might only be a catalyst for change. He was a journalist, a new-minted art critic in Toronto: I found it uncanny that if I wanted to read his writing I could go to the newspaper box down the street.

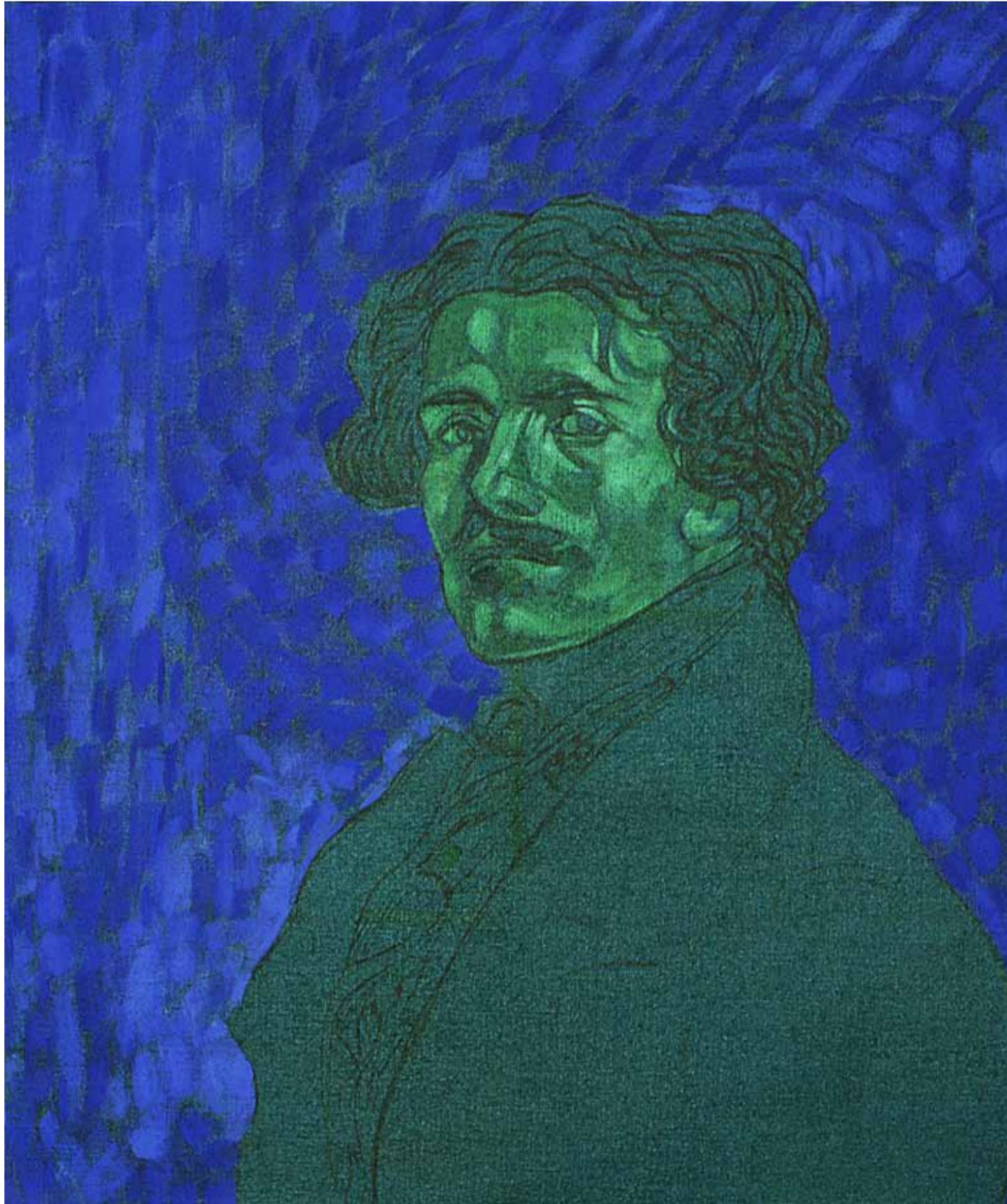
*Amateur Artist*. oil on linen, 86" x 56", 1998.  
Collection of the Art Gallery of Nova Scotia, Halifax.



A clutch of boy artists, former students from our school, were making a splash in the city. It was hard not to notice how easy it seemed for them. Many of the women artists I'd admired in Vancouver were still treading water: juggling temporary teaching gigs, raising children, taking on the brunt of volunteer work, scrambling for studio time.

In my painting research I had seen and collected many postcards of self-portraits by artists. Although the few women artists I found might be holding a brush and palette, their features and pose seemed subsumed by conventions of femininity—passive and on display. Whereas the male artists all looked like prototypes for rock stars: hair and cravats fashionably askew, angrily aloof, and somehow more intact.

*Bitter Artist*, oil on linen, 55" x 44", 1999.  
Collection of Blake Gopnik.



The art in the city was breaking out of its photo-conceptual constrictions. Local curators were traveling and had been bringing in artists from China, India, Cuba and Iran. *Mirror's Edge*, an international exhibition curated by the galvanizing Okwui Enwezor, came to the Vancouver Art Gallery. First Nations artists were more visible, with confrontational paintings, installations, and films. The white Eurocentric core was being questioned and curriculum was changing. Over the previous thirty years feminism (which had become Gender Studies) had begun broadening the discussion about who could be an artist, but now it was one thread among many others. I still felt like I was at ground zero each fall semester, facing an incoming class of fresh(wo)men. Among the faculty at school, we wondered if we were in a “post-feminist” moment.

*Prescient Artist*, oil on linen, 26” x 22”, 2000.  
Collection of Tony Massett.

A second, identical version is in the collection of Roger E. Holland.

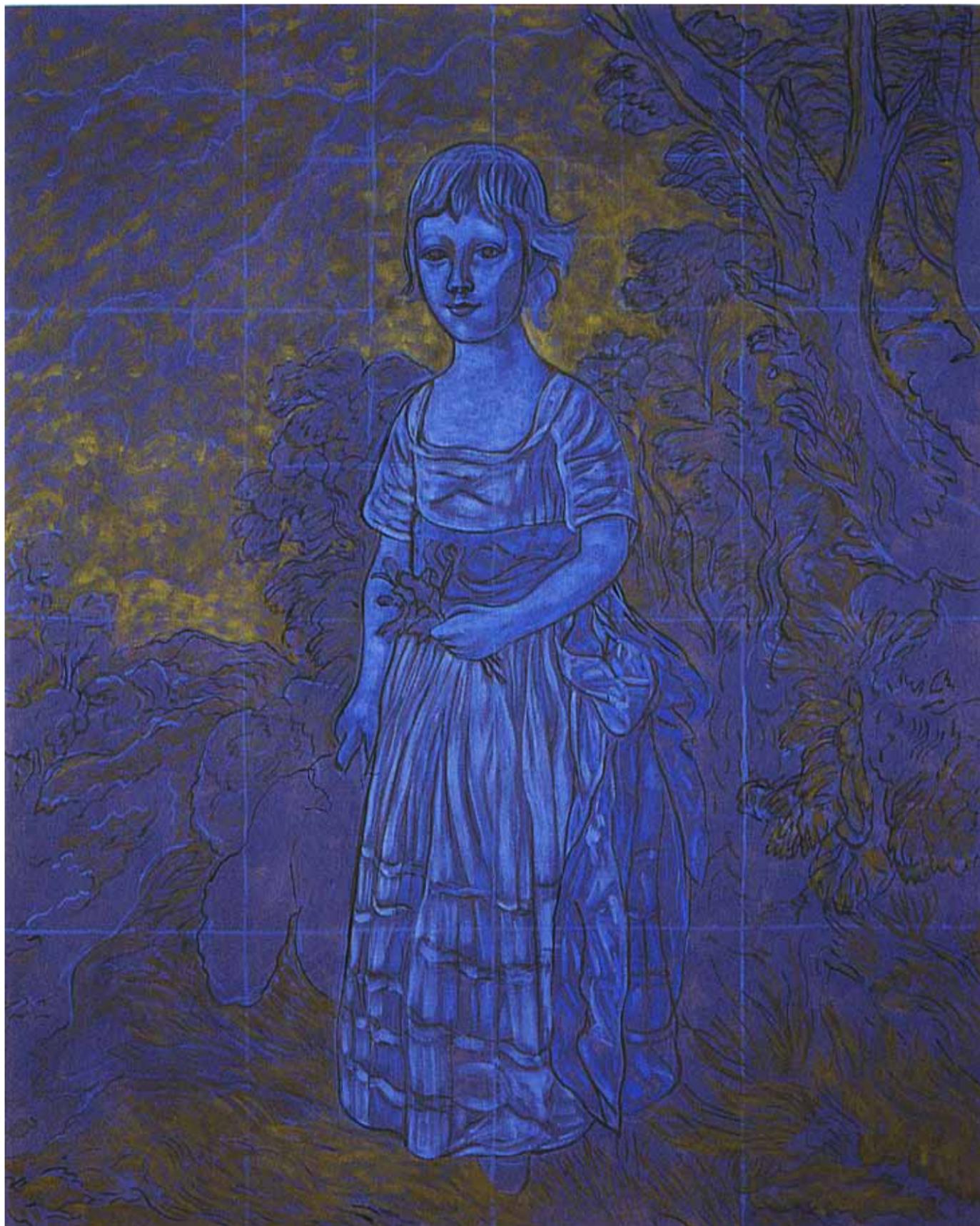


Our sessional committee had been wrangling with faculty and administration for three years. Finally two new positions were created to address our issues; we were second-tier employees, reliably available and on call year-in and year-out to teach classes full-time faculty didn't want to teach, with no job security. After some further wrangling, administration published the job openings as an in-house competition. The listing acknowledged that they already had competent people doing the work; the downside of that being we were now all pitted against one another. I guess we couldn't have our cake and eat it too.

After a couple of tense months the job committee arrived at a short list of two; I was competing with my colleague of ten years, Ingrid. We were apples and oranges, in terms of what we brought to the college. I bought a new pair of shoes for my review, but wore clothes everybody had seen a million times before. After the usual rigmarole of staged student critiques, presentations, and the lengthy interview, they announced they had decided to double the position, and hired both of us.

I understood due process, but emotionally it was hard not to feel that those last hoops we'd jumped through were moot. We'd both been working at the school ten years already. At least there were no flies on us.

*Artist's Horse*, oil on linen, 26" x 22", 1998.  
Collection of Alexander Nagel and Amelia Saul.



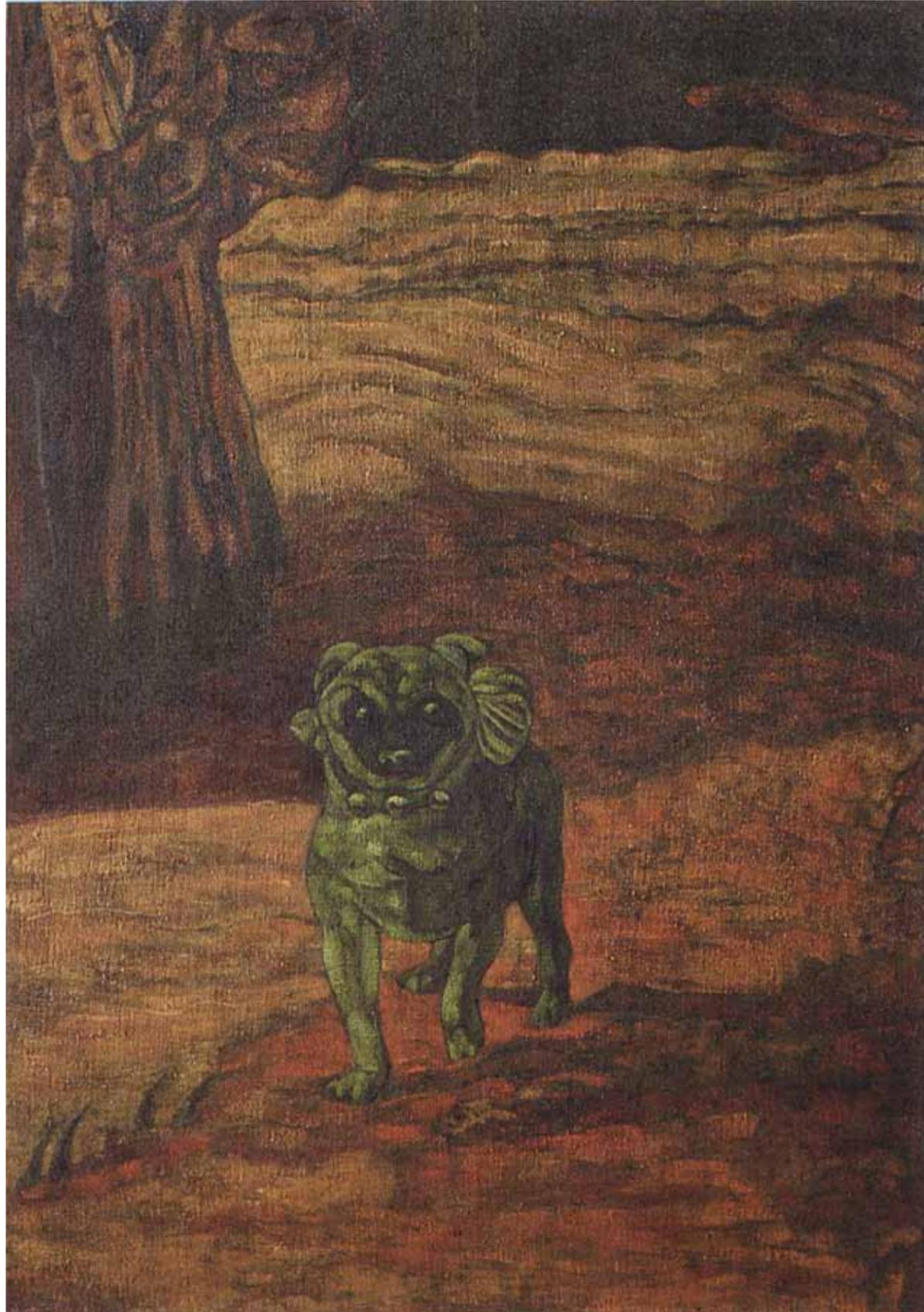
Over the course of my second summer in Toronto, B. and I went to Washington DC, for a short trip. He was going to write about an exhibition of the work of Mary Cassatt. I'd never been that far south. Washington looked like Ottawa, except bigger, hotter, and more troubled. Aside from Mary Cassatt there was the National Gallery's collection. It had a lot of French painting that I missed seeing in Paris, but it also had the English painters: Gainsborough, Reynolds, Raeburn, Lawrence. Except for George Stubbs, I'd never thought about them much. They were painters' painters, the 18th-century version of *Vogue*, depicting the aristocracy's lifestyle. There were more children than I was used to seeing.

*Artist Dressed As a Girl*, oil on linen, 67" x 53", oil on linen, 2001.  
Collection of the Art Gallery of Nova Scotia, Halifax.



If I were to do a sociological study of why the English had so many paintings of children—usually sitting under trees in a landowner's landscape—the analysis would have to have been about class inheritance and colonial exploitation. But I was more interested in how the children seemed to transcend their gendered clothing. With their interchangeable, fresh faces, they hadn't become inflected by the demands of the binary yet. That became my new subject: a fantasy of the artist of the future, without the baggage.

*New Artist*, oil on linen, 69" x 54", 2001.  
Collection of the Art Gallery of Nova Scotia, Halifax.



The premise for my next batch of works was a loose idea. I was at a point where I just wanted to paint what I felt like, subjects I hadn't seen that much of in contemporary art. Indulgently, I started painting dogs, in a sarcastic riff on the idea that if I had painted people's pets in a realistic manner, in realistic colours, I might have made some money.

*Artist's Pet (pugnacious)*, oil on linen, 30" x 21", 2001.  
Collection of John Armstrong and Sarah Quinton.



B. and I were getting serious. Although there was a charm to being in a long-distance relationship, I could barely afford it. It was hard to imagine leaving Vancouver, and I had passed my probation period at school. Nevertheless I started to apply for jobs near Toronto. I landed an interview for a painting position at the University of Guelph nearby, but didn't have to contemplate the idea of moving to Guelph for too long. After a more arduous interview process than usual, with a selection of candidates from across Canada, the committee didn't actually hire anyone. In the end, no one had met their standards.

*My Little Pony*, oil on linen, 82" x 68", 2001.  
Collection of the Art Gallery of Nova Scotia, Halifax.



B. got a call from the *Washington Post*. They thought his writing about art was fresh and wanted him to come for an interview. So we made another trip. It was still swampy and hot. I decided not to worry about it until he was offered the job.

After spending our first summer together in DC, I went back to Vancouver to teach. Renée phoned me early one morning that September to tell me what she was seeing in real time on her TV: the first Twin Tower falling. I couldn't reach B. as the lines were jammed. He had been in the *Post's* newsroom at the time it happened, standing in a group transfixed by multiple TV screens, with the image on repeat. The arts section was sent home, as it wasn't immediately clear how they could be useful.

*Two More Boys*, oil on linen, 65" x 60", 2001.  
Collection of the Art Gallery of Nova Scotia, Halifax.



The Toronto gallerist who had shown my work asked for a painting for a fundraiser for *Canadian Art* magazine. On a whim I made a landscape painting based on a Monet, interpreted as a red monochrome. It reminded me of images of the atomic bomb if you turned it sideways, but nobody ever got that. I wish I had installed it that way. There was a bidding war for it at the auction. Up until then my gallery hadn't sold anything. Feeling optimistic, they scheduled me for another show.

*Primary Landscape*, oil on linen, 32"x 37", 2000.  
Private collection.



My official life as a painter had begun in 1974 when my parents sent me at sixteen—protesting all the way—to an *en plein air* painting workshop in New Brunswick. I'd already made waves as a surrealist in high-school art classes; I didn't know what landscape had to do with me. My mother said I could have my father's unused paint box, if I would spend the time to sand and shellac it. I gave it three coats.

*Sliding Landscape* (chromeoxide green, violet), oil on linen, 26" x 40", 2004.  
Collection of the Hirshhorn Museum and Sculpture Garden, Washington, DC.



The class was a three-week boot camp. The professor, Edward B. Pulford, was a World War II air force veteran. Every day we'd get on a bus with a packed lunch, drive to a picturesque Maritime location, sit down with our folding easels and stools for three hours at a time, and paint what was in front of us, morning and afternoon. My first day was a disaster and I cried, but once we learned the function of a grisaille as underpainting I was up and running. On the third day or so the professor praised my clouds, and told me to go look at Constable in the library. I was in heaven.

*Sliding Landscape (grey, brown)*, oil on linen, 26" x 40", 2004.  
Collection of the Hirshhorn Museum and Sculpture Garden, Washington, DC.



B.'s new job took him to the Venice Biennale, his first time there as a critic. I found a plane ticket and tagged along. The title this year was *Plateau of Humankind*, curated by Harald Szeeman. The show was an overwhelming introduction to a broad swath of international contemporary art. As privileged press we got into the exhibitions early, before the crowds. At the Belgian Pavilion we saw the Luc Tuymans exhibition, curated by Thierry de Duve, probably the only painting show to be found that year. Tuymans was a painter I could still argue for, a diminishing group. The Canadians Janet Cardiff and Georges Bures Miller won the international prize for their video installation. They set the bar now, for how things were going to look.

*Sliding Landscape (blue grey)*, oil on linen, 40" x 26", 2004.  
Collection of the Hirshhorn Museum and Sculpture Garden, Washington, DC.



The large figure paintings from my last show had all come back to the studio, unsold. I was glad to receive them but was mortified for the dealers. I remembered them gently inquiring as to whether I'd ever considered making horizontal paintings. We knew landscapes were popular. I painted a blue capriccio, another monochrome.

*Fantasy Landscape* (diminished ultramarine blue), oil on linen, 28" x 40", 2002.  
Collection of Julian Lampietti and Meriwether Beatty.



I was starting from scratch as a teacher in DC. But maybe I could go back to my original ideal of working part-time, and be more productive as an artist. I needed to make some cold calls.

Washington is a segregated city. I was ignorant of what that meant, as a Canadian. Later on I would realize that all American cities were segregated, and the problems ran deep. The Bush administration was just getting started. Given the Republican agenda and the ascent, over the last few years, of the one percent, it was hard to see how things were going to get better. The earlier trauma of the riots of 1968, triggered by the assassination of Martin Luther King Jr, was still palpable, thirty-five years later.

*Condescending Woman/Intractable Man*, both 22" x 18", oil on linen, 2008.  
Collection of Lisa Blas and Thierry de Duve/Julian Lampietti, respectively.



But the city was also gentrifying. We arrived just in time to see the last of the streets lined with empty parking lots, liquor stores, and pawnshops, before they were supplanted by denser luxury housing and a raft of new restaurants. In the usual pattern of real-estate development there were initiatives for small art galleries with more adventurous programming, setting a fashionable tone for the changing neighbourhoods. The Corcoran School was right in the city, downtown near the White House. American University had its own fine arts department, so there was a feed of younger artists, curators, and gallerists wanting to get involved. People were optimistic about a revived art community.

*Comfortable Boy/Convivial Man*, both 22" x 18", oil on linen, 2008/2005.  
Collections of James Alefantis/Kelley Waldrip, respectively.



I was teaching in an interdisciplinary program that was heavy on sculpture. There was a lot of pink insulation material stacked in corners of the studios, along with bits of plywood, duct tape, and detritus collected from the street. Students cruised dollar stores, Home Depot and the internet for their supplies, but the world at large also seemed like it was hitting a peak of available material excess. If you had a car you could drive around on garbage day and pick up all the raw materials you needed for your next project. With their money all spent on tuition, students often had no other option. Pedantically I felt the need to point out how the choice of materials would create signification. The students weren't necessarily politicized that way. They would pick up stuff simply because it was there.

*Verbal Woman/Attentive Man*, both 22" x 18", oil on linen, 2008.  
Collection of Barbara and Aaron Levine/James Alefantis, respectively.



The art market was still booming, but it was hard to see how graduating students would intersect unless they took the big plunge, left their local social networks, and moved to New York or L.A., joining the wall-to-wall artists in those cities. The art world was a pyramid scheme. Occasionally one or two students would go on to grad school at Yale or Cranbrook; they might have a running chance at a life lived completely in art. I would urge the others to develop web-design skills, cultivate a niche craft, or intern at the museums, to build a back-up plan. The practical ones were doing a bachelor of education, but that always meant their studio practice was a struggle; too many course credits to juggle. But at least they would become teachers, helping people younger than themselves to read, write, and think in a visual way.

*Skeptical Man/Resigned Woman*, both 22" x 18", oil on linen, 2005/2006.  
Collection of Adrian Bondy and Hanna Sherrill/Tanya Yudelman, respectively.



The students may not have taken me all that seriously. My generation had had it easy. I was just a painter, and when push came to shove, I was still making art about art. Trying to justify art school was becoming a stretch. But I had the long perspective, which was now my handicap. They were young and energetic, and at least some of them would know how to use a hammer by graduation. They could rebuild after the tsunami.

*Worried Girl/Critical Man*, both 22" x 18", oil on linen, 2008.  
Collection of Kirrin Gill and Thierry Lanz/Joseph R. Wolin, respectively.



The city sold our studio building. I had mixed feelings, but it seemed like a good cause: The Corcoran College had bought it, so that they could become a bigger school. I was teaching there and that all felt optimistic. Twelve-story glass condo buildings would be practically sitting on top of us, but that would pay the bills. Some promises were made that our little group could keep a toehold in the building. The husband of one of the artists was a partner in a big law firm and they were working on our behalf, pro bono, to make sure. We would have a few months before we would have to move out for the renovation. It would take a while for the Corcoran's plans to get drawn up. We were allowed to stay in the interim, as it was easier than hiring a security company. We were now squatting.

*Randall School, Washington, DC, 2006.*



But in a few months we received our exact move-out date. The next letter from the Corcoran explained that the building was now friable. We knew there were two feet of water in the basement. When I took my bike up the stairwell, the paint was peeling and I could smell the mold. The elevator was unpredictable, and it would be just a matter of time before the utilities would collapse. The Corcoran was weighing its liabilities.

*Randall School, Washington DC, 2006.*

This story is indebted to everyone who is in it.

I would also like to thank Susan Joseph and Blake Gopnik who carefully copy edited the text, and Ann Bobco who provided me with intense tutorials in InDesign.

Both she and Alex Nagel gave me the encouragement to pursue the project.

Pan Wendt gave me the incentive to finish it.

All art work, photography, photo documentation, and design is by Lucy Hogg with exceptions noted on pages 53 and 138. On page 198 photo of *Last Pony* in situ is by Frank Hallam Day, 2007. Photoshop is by Greg Galley, 2007.

Lucy Hogg 2022

For the record:

People, if they weren't referred to directly, were in the backstory.

Jo Acampora, James Alefantis, Vikky Alexander, Roy Arden, Jean-Phillipe Antoine, Kent Archer, Clifford Armstrong, John Armstrong, Grant Arnold, Carmelo Arnoldin, John Asimakos, Mowry Baden, Christine Bailey, Janis Ball, Michael Banwell, Marion Penner Bancroft, Laura Baird, Shannon Belkin, Stuart Belkin, Susan Berganzi, Fabian Bernal, Meriwether Beatty, Rüdiger Bender, Noel Best, Greg Bellerby, Russell Bingham, Jonathan Binstock, Lisa Blas, Sylvia Blessin, Tom Bondy, Dianne Bos, Osman Bozkurt, Janis Bowley, Chris Brayshaw, Roland Brener, Gary Brooks, Kerry Brougher, Lorna Brown, Hank Bull, Margot Butler, Simon Bunn, Ron Burnett, Amelia Butler, Alex Cameron, Eric Cameron, Kati Campbell, Neil Campbell, Kriston Capps, Carlo Chiarenza, Pauline Choi, Allyson Clay, Donna Clark, Bruce Cobanli, Barbara Cole, Dylan Collins, Mathis Collins, Paul Collins, Miquel da Conceicao, Elizabeth Connell, Denyse Cordrey, Sylvain Cousineau, Kenneth Coutts-Smith, Derek Cowan, Heidi Creighton, Ray Cronin, Harold Crooks, Randy Cutler, Veronica Cwir, Chris Czartoryski, Loretta Dalziel, Michael Dalziel, Richard Dana, Gary Michael Dault, Judy Davis, Heather Dawkins, Jessica Dawson, Frank Day, Stan Denniston, Jeff Derksen, Lisa Dillin, Wendy Dobereiner, Gary Dufour, Anne (Brooymans) Donald, Lynn Donoghue, Linda Rae Dorman, Nancy Duff, Cathy Durcudoy, Thierry de Duve, Martin Elder, Susan Edelstein, Anne Ellegood, Daniel Ellingsen, Cliff Eyland, Geoffrey Farmer, Andre Fauteux, Harold Feist, Lelah Ferguson, Sarah Finlay, Ian Fleming, Tim Folkmann, Monique Fouquet, Phillip Fry, Charles Gagnon, Monika Kin Gagnon, Alison (Hogg) Galley, Greg Galley, Carla Garnet, Ken Garnhum, Helen Geddes, Monique Genton, Robert Gerry, Adam Gilders, Kirrin Gill, Oliver Girling, Candy Girling, Janis Goodman, Blake Gopnik, Morgan Gopnik, Myrna and Irwin Gopnik, Terry Graff, Clement Greenberg, Paul Greenhalgh, Andy Grundberg, Milutin Gubash, Jason Gubbiotti, Serge Guilbaut, Sheila Hall, Virgil Hammock, Corinna Hammond, Richard Harrison, Muriel Hasbrun, Doug Haynes, Chris Hemeon, Lorraine Hemeon, Ydessa Hendeles, Karen Henry, Lucio de Heusch, Bill (Garth William) Hogg, Billy (Alan Stuart William) Hogg, Ian Hogg, Janis Hogg, Lianne Hogg, Lucille (Turnbull) Hogg, William Gourlie Hogg, Roger E. Holland, Thaddeus Holownia, Mrs. Hooper, Sarah Hughes, Paul Hutner, Meg Ida, Anatole Russell Ingram, Franke James (Frances Pocock), Judy Jashinsky, Bill Jeffries, Catriona Jeffries, Lorie Jesperson, Matthew Jocelyn, Tim Jocelyn, Joyce and Terence Johnson, Jeremy Jones, Wendy Jones, Brian Jungen, Karen Kasmer, Oliver Kellhammer, Mary Kelly, Marian Kitchen. Katherine Knight, Ingrid Koenig, Carol Laing, Laura Lamb, Shelley Lambe, Francois Lampietti, Julian Lampietti, Sheela Lampietti, Yvette Lang, Lynn Lapointe, Daniel Laskarin, Robin Lawrence, Lyse Lemieux, Aaron and Barbara Levine, Martin Lewis, Robert Linsley, Bettie Liota, Kenneth Locheed, Fae Logie, Lawrence Lowe, Ken Lum, Landon Mackenzie, Peter MacKinnon, Gary Macleod, Medrie MacPhee, David MacWilliam, James MacWilliam, Liz Magor, Patrick Mahon, Irene and Jacob Mal, James Mal, Murray Marchen, Ceri Marsh, Tony Massett, Judith Mastai, Paul Mathieu, Shauna McCabe, Norene McCann, Phillip McCrum, Ricarda McDonald, Kathleen McFall, Al McWilliams, Pam Medland, Sandra Meigs, Eric Metcalfe, Maggie Michael, Robert Michener, Sally Michener, David Moe, Gordon Monahan, Robert Moossy, Damian Moppett, Vicki Moulder, Carol Moppett, Barry Mowatt, Ross Muirhead, Warren Murfitt, Kitty Mykka, Alexander Nagel, John O'Brian, Melanie O'Brian, Erin O'Brien, Mel (Singh) O'Bryan, John Pancake, Nancy and Ed Painter, Randolph Parker, Tina Pearson, Paulette Phillips, Ed Pien, Elspeth Pratt, Margaret Priest, Kym Pruesse, Edward B. Pulford, Sarah Quinton, Malcolm Rains, Anne Ramsden, Lisa Ramshaw, Iris Ready, Patrick Ready, Sandra Rechico, Dan Reid, Charles Rea, Geoff Rees, Rebecca Renner, Ted Rettig, James Rieck, Cate Rimmer, Kathleen Ritter, Kipp Roads, Sylvia Roberts, Lisa Robertson, Wendy Rofihe, William Ronald, Maria Roques, Jan Rothschild, Carol Sawyer, Henry Saxe, Joey Shwartzman, Steve Scott, Andre Seow, Jack Shadbolt, Nancy Shaw, Susan Schuppli, Douglas Scott, Deborah Shackleton, Dan Sharp, Geoffrey Shea, Stephen Shearer, Pauline and Michael Shepherd, Ried Shier, Claude Simard, Howard Simpkins, Kathy Slade, Marion Smith, Gordon Smith, Alivia Smith, Graham Smith, Julie Smith, Wynn Smith, Trevor Smith, Su Smyth, Jo Smyth, Albert Snelgrove, Lise Soskolne, Jeffrey Spalding, Ralph Stainbridge, Arlene Stamp, Dan Steinhilber, Bruce and Jennie Stevens, Ron Stewart, Susan Stewart, Liz Stobbe, Carol Sutton, Melinda Suzette, Alan Switzer, Takao Tanabe, Vincent Tangredi, John C. Taylor, Ron Terada, Priscilla Tetley, Lisa Marie Thalhammer, Ian Thom, Denyse Thomasos, Anona Thorne, Robert Tombs, Janice Toulouse, Roxanne Toronto, Nancy Turnbull, Douglas and Rita Tushingam, Renée Van Halm, Allyson Vanstone, David Vivian, Zainub Verjee, Jeff Wall, Keith Wallace, Ken Wallace, Ian Wallace, Hallie Watson, Alison Webster, Janet Werner, John Wertshek, Pietro Widmer, Joseph Wolin, Kelly Wood, Kevin and Patricia Woods, Laurie Woods, Doug Whitton, Pietro Widmer, Karen Wilkin, Carol Williams, Chris Williams, Judith Williams, Rick Williams, Ivan Witenstein, William Wooby, Hilda Woolnough, Maurice Yacowar, Al Yeoman, Jin-me Yoon. Robert Young, Christopher Youngs, Robert Youds, Tanya Yudelman, Johannes Zits, Danuta Zwierciadlowski.

And over 2000 former students.

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- 178 Marco Ricci, *Extensive Pastoral Landscape*, 1730, Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.
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