Erika DeFreitas

I investigated the dynamics of a mother-daughter relationship through particular actions that challenge notions of absence and presence. I decided to create a large cozy made to encapsulate my entire body. The technique of crocheting was chosen because it represents a skill that has been passed down through generations of women on the matriarchal side of my family. While in the domestic space of my mother’s home, I became something of comfort for her.

As an artist and curator, I am interested in investigating how memory works in larger cultural contexts. I am also interested in investigating how memory works in larger social contexts. These two degrees of separation make the photographer in this instance. These two degrees of separation make the world seem smaller, make Lisbon and Rotterdam seem closer, and reveal the ways in which projecting our own fictions on others is a vicarious form of vertigo-inducing. Knowing that the artist herself is at a remove, looking in on her friends’ families, acknowledges the viewer’s shared position with the photographer in this instance. These two degrees of separation make the world seem smaller, make Lisbon and Rotterdam seem closer, and reveal the ways in which projecting our own fictions on others is a vicarious form of vertigo-inducing. 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Distance Makes the Heart Grow Fonder

by Heather Diack

Waldrön's installation Sunsets (2007) includes a five-minute video created by a mosaic of framables photographs mounted on the wall. This halo of images and the allied video show the recurrence of varying degrees of dusk from the same vantage point of the family's cottage on Lake Champlain. Sunsets are pictured as part of a shared staged environment, both becoming nearly incidental in this meditation on the effects of nostalgia on a life lived. Appropriating and editing photographs and videos from her family's unclaimed archive, Waldron's work is extremely personal. However, though a viewer may not be familiar with the precise visual dialect of the Waldron family, the subjects of these documents undoubtedly have universally touching aspects: the ash and face of family, the rhythm of day-to-day life marked by the setting and rising of the sun.

The combination of the photographs alongside the video of the same subjects reveals the tension between mediums and also the fragile nature of memory and another. This truth gains increasing poignancy in the age of digital photography, when images can be retouched or deleted at will. Waldron cautions that by re-photographing sections of their family albums, these copiously decorated rooms threaten to exceed the frame, as do the sequences of photos of the interior spaces where they were raised, cluttered with the ‘stuff’ of domesticity, are montaged with family or strangers. Rather it is the close-up projected onto images, at a distance, which makes all the difference.

Montreal-based artist Kim Waldron evidences how the people and experiences that we hold dearest are often mediated through other lenses. In this case, the lenses are primarily her parent's cameras, which though a viewer may not be familiar with the precise visual dialect of the Waldron family, the subjects of these documents undoubtedly have universally touching aspects: the ash and face of family, the rhythm of day-to-day life marked by the setting and rising of the sun.

McFadden explains that he "work[es] with the amassed and discarded in order to bring up issues of sentimentality, commerce, authenticity, and overabundance. "1

Margarida Correia’s Things (cont'd) is also preoccupied with accumulation. Two series of chromogenic photographs were taken in the family homes of the artist’s friends: Taula Jong and Lex Nolte, in Rotterdam and Lisbon respectively. Photographs of the interior spaces where they were raised, cluttered with the ‘stuff’ of domesticity, are montaged with re-photographed sections of their family albums. These capably deco- rated homes threaten to exceed the frame, as do the sequential photographs on the pages of their family albums. Together, it becomes difficult (cont’d)