

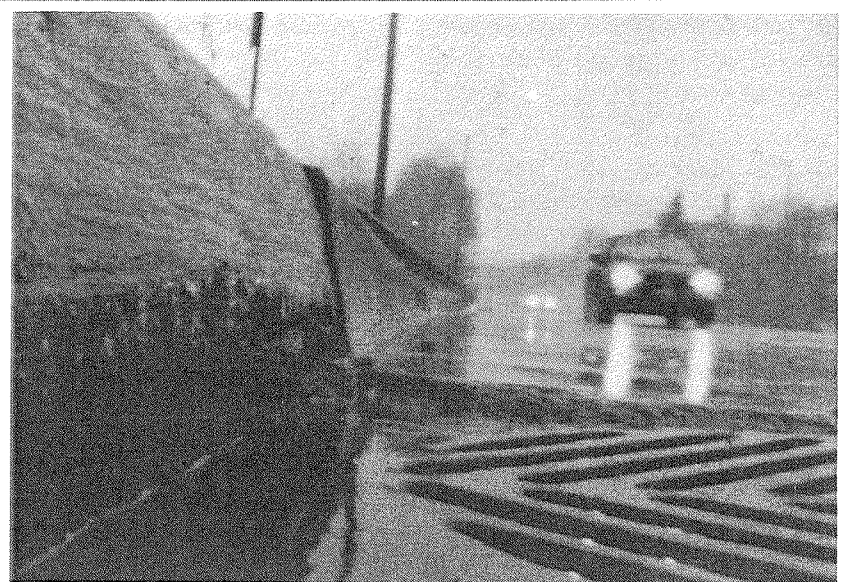
Paul P., *Love Bites*, 2000. Courtesy: the artist

**John Porter *In the Gutter* part of *Splice This* at Ted's Wrecking Yard 549 College St. June 24, 2000**

My goodness but this fun film is the work of a pro! Also, from my transportation-obsessed POV, I recognize the eye of a fellow street analyst, one who knows that the politics of space on the road are connected to equity and social justice. At the beginning we are introduced to a character who seems to live on the street. Our eye becomes his eye as he travels along, at some speed!, in the gutter. We see car wheels passing us at alarming proximity as we beetle along next to the curb, which seems very tall. John Porter's "*In the Gutter*" is fast and funny. It is a new angle on the street that, while a little scary, makes the audience laugh. *Sally McKay*

***The Gender Less Generation* various artists. Curated by Juno Youn at Church St. Public School 83 Alexander St. June 24-25, 2000** Juno Youn is a talented young

curator working with Stewart Pollock at SPIN Gallery. His group exhibition, *Gender Less Generation* was about post-discriminatory times ahead, and not about the irrelevancy of differences. Forty-nine artists were included, which precludes going into detail, but I was taken with two things. John Scott's "A Giant Called Trouble" seems to propose Leviathan as a model of the self. Collaged human figures as the body parts of a giant lead to thoughts of the competing motives and desires within each of us. The Sufis called these little desiring personalities nafs and they need to be lived and observed to be understood. I was also taken by an extremely feminine minimalist sculpture of painted galvanized steel by CMG Armstrong. How odd for Minimalism to look feminine, but maybe it's the white concave inside, or the oxidized convex outside, or perhaps the partially unfolded red triangle on top. It looks like Barbara Hepworth after Richard Serra. CMG is my daughter, but I trust my sensibility



John Porter, *In the Gutter* (Super 8 still), 2000. Courtesy: the artist

which tells me this piece is clear and concise. The Institute for the Separation of Theory from Practice endorses: the outing of ourselves as a means to knowledge. *Steve Armstrong*

**Paul P. *Shirts & Skins: Preludes to Trouble* at West Wing Art Space 1267 Queen St W. June 27-July 8, 2000** Entering Paul P.'s artistic world of *Shirts & Skins* is like watching *The Outsiders* and *Beyond the Valley of the Dolls* translated together via acrylic and watercolour. P.'s pop/porn analogies work the viewer into both Baroque and contemporary scenes that star a team of Gloth boys (Glammed-up Gay Goths) on canvas. The porn connection is courtesy of P.'s fascination with 1980s gay porn icon Scott Noll, who was the subject of his opening piece, "Choice" — a recreation of the tempting of biblical figure Mary Magdalene on a 40-foot by 40-foot canvas.

In P.'s hypnotic watercolour series, and in his acrylic painting "Love Bites," foreshadowing becomes a high priority and it is accomplished subtly. "Love Bites" depicts a young twink-boy bitten by a bed of roses; it is in the stillness where a brooding violence wakes and the viewer gets a small tragic hint. Masculinity is dismembered in P.'s acrylic works as femme and butch poses

dominate each subject on canvas. It is underneath these poses and the fleshy Caravaggio-influenced faces where resistance erupts. Social constructs of "boy" are castrated in P.'s fictional "gay gang" series as pink gang bandanas are worn delicately to project outrage.

*Shirts & Skins* boasts an effeminate manifesto for all the trouble that comes with boyhood; it disturbs and excites without pomp. This collection ultimately does what it does brilliantly — it warns us all that you should never turn your back on boys who play with Barbies. *Elio Iannacci*

**Museum of Modern Art picket at 50th and 53rd New York City ongoing** Daily, the world weary MoMA-NY employees walk the line outside their fered workplace. While pickets in the U.S. are mellower (more boring) than those in Canada, these employees and their supporters are not meek. Every potential visitor to the museum or gift shop is cajoled, seduced, confronted and teased. The day I was there, a couple of charming air hostesses, apparently whisked in from the early 1970s, walked the line, asking how they might improve the comfort of the strikers, offering solace, sweetness, and light. A giant inflatable rat, symbolizing the nasty employer,