

Julie Joyce, *Mail Art*, 1998-99. Photo: Simon Glass, courtesy: the artist

**Julie Joyce Mail Art Project, ongoing series**

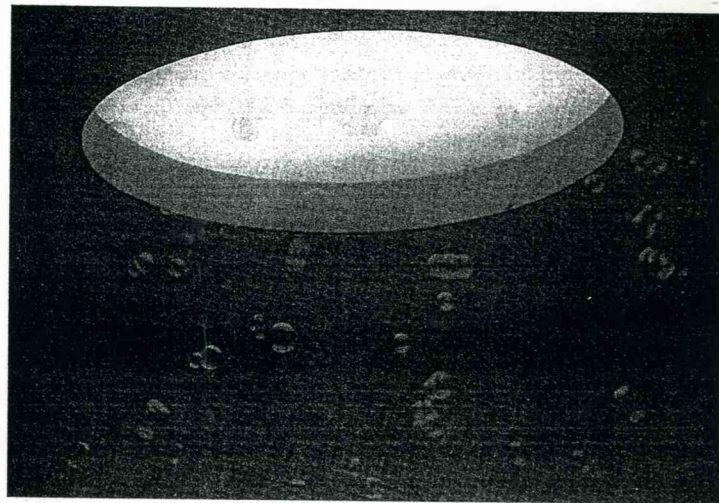
The first Julie Joyce mail art work I ever received was a silkscreen image of a baby with a puffy face. Lines of energy came out of its eyes, and the card had "You're Wonderful" printed on it. Since then, I have joyfully received several more over a period of many months. The others include: an eye, a second eye, a nose, and a mouth. I also recently received a card with an abstract image, which Julie told me is another composite work. Her mail art describes the presence of an abundant and generous creativity, and the possibilities of artistic production that is constant, and indifferent to the spectacular, sensational art-model. Unbelievably, she does it all for free. *Luis Jacob*

**Fastwürms (Kim Kozzi and Dai Skuse) *Superstition*. Curated by John Marriott at Gallery TPW 310-80 Spadina Ave. Feb 17-Mar 18, 2000**

A lot of art shows are free but how often do you find one that actually saves you money. The week I attended the opening of the Fastwürms'

*Superstition*, I had been debating whether to spend my hard-earned lucre on a trip to New York in search of that mystical, metaphysical experience that on rare occasions one can find even amongst the pompous, high-brow galleries of the Big Apple. Fortunately, the Fastwürms show gave me the fix I needed; the kind that injects some breathing room into the perceptual realms. With the cash I saved not buying a round-trip flight, I bought a handful of vintage hockey cards for my son, made a small contribution to Amnesty International, and jacked up the ass-end of my '86 Plymouth Reliant wagon so high even my most conservative neighbours wet themselves with envy.

Armed with only a camera and a black felt marker the Würms take us on a loving and poignant tour of rural southern Ontario, brimming with local colour. Who amongst us does not get teary-eyed at the vision of an orange Dodge Duster parked on a jaunty angle on the lawn of a faded white bungalow? The artists/mystics also generously provide a behind-the-scenes look at the "Organization," a group whose noble goals include restoring the natural graz-



Claire Savoie, *Une date, le nom d'un lieu et l'heure d'un rendez-vous*, 1998. Photo: Paul Litherland



Fastwürms, *Silverado*, from *Superstition*, 1979 - 2000. Courtesy: Gallery TPW

ing lands of the buffalo, a six-hour work week, and the formation of an alliance of elves, brownies, and aliens to oversee the end of the military industrial complex. Again, I get all misty. This gang has got a dance club called House of Bast where the house dance is kitten stroking. I heard that if you show up on karaoke night and can make your eyes glow in the dark like a cat's, you drink all night for free. All this right here in beautiful Ontario. If only the Fastwürms would put out an edition of Ontario Witch Hockey League cards, I

might never have to leave the province for thrills again. *Brent Roe*

**Hugues Dugas, Jean-Pierre Gauthier, and Claire Savoie SKOL@YYZ Artist Exchange at YYZ Artists' Outlet 401 Richmond St W. Feb 23-Mar 18, 2000**

I fell in love in Claire Savoie's "Une date, le nom d'un lieu et l'heure d'un rendez-vous." It was a circular walk-in structure in which two voices, a man and a woman's, could be heard counting while soap bubbles were launched

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