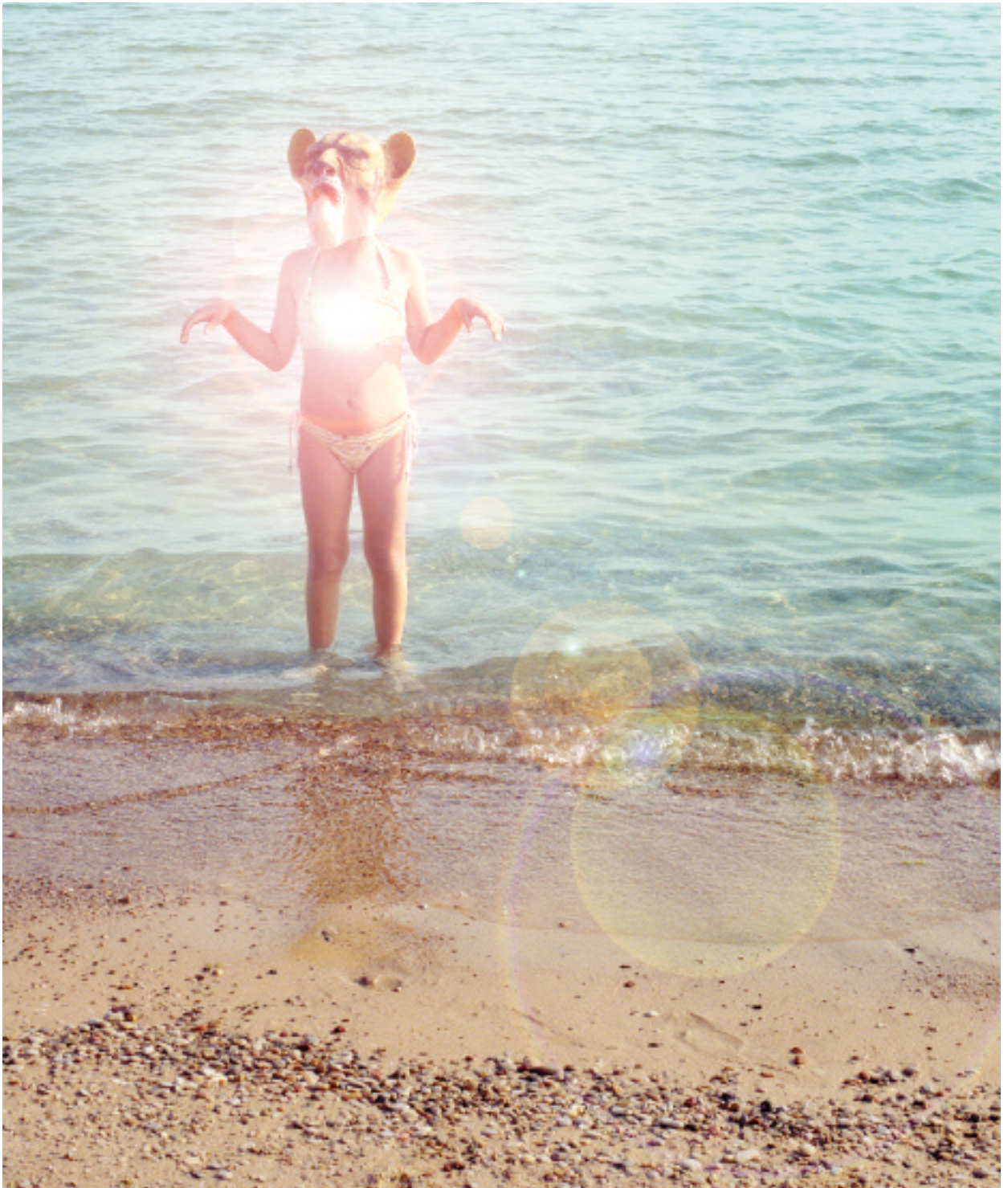


FAUSTA FACCIPONTE

① greenrabbits.com/





Dolls are special objects uniquely associated with childhood and play. They are the keepers of youthful secrets, and, for a brief time in our young lives, can almost exist as an extension of us. Yet when we move on towards adulthood and discard these once-intimate vessels, does any part of us remain with them?

For the *Reliable* Series — named after the historically significant Canadian toy company that once supplied most of Canada’s dolls — Toronto-based artist **Fausta Facciponte** took this question to heart. She photographed old vinyl dolls in astonishing detail presenting them as large-scale prints. The works that make up this series offer the viewer a good look at the dust and dirt of age, but ultimately they strive to stray deeper, past the tattered hair and sleepy eyes in an attempt to trace a residue of a human presence, to create a kind of “portrait of the inner self”.

Each image in the *Bittersweet* Series presents a portrait of a masked child in a natural setting, often satiated with light. These are vulnerable images, occasionally uneasy, and seem veiled in a mist of the nostalgic. Facciponte uses masks as a kind of effectual conduit in these works — she places them on children as a way to both expose their physicality as humans and to channel the latent spirit within them.

Facciponte’s work raises questions about our physical bodies and the nature of their existence within the boundaries of material goods. She focuses on the examination of objects — how they decay, how they are preserved, forgotten or passed along from one owner to the next — as a way to consider the complex terrain of man’s inner worlds. ⚡

① New, 2006 ◀

from top: Moggie, 2007; Walter, 2009; Emma, 2007 ▲
over (details): Glen, 2009; Peter, 2009 ▶▶







① *Sad Frankenstein*, 2006 ▲



JOANNA M. WESTON

Country Lore

a child's face hangs in the maple tree
half a smile away from cloud-land
he captures the wind on his eyelashes
tucks chickadees into his pockets
to let them go in class
for the teacher to put on canvas
so that city kids
might know the flight
of small birds

TOM PRIME

Untitled

the dead leaves,
crackling on the ground —
arthritic elderly bodies