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Mugwort fills a stuffed plaster head and fidgeting clocks wrap the far two walls. Two rows of official museum audio guides are hanging by their headphones. The plaster head is wearing a set, so I put one on too. A field recording from the Royal BC Museum is now playing inside the warehouse showroom of Catriona Jeffries Gallery. The binaural audio tracks are dislocating, transporting me into the cavernous halls of the grand anthropology museum. My sense of place collapses. Nearby, a silent 16mm film is being projected from inside the wall onto a makeshift projection screen. The screen is on a moveable wall. This is an important detail.

Dailies, 2012, adopts the structure of film dailies, or rushes of a day's worth of filming. A series of unedited takes reveals a pair of anonymous hands, constructing the hands and faces of numerous clocks. Each clock is unique, containing such elements as condensation, fake cobwebs, plastic rulers, silver leaf, coffee stain, chicken feathers, shotgun slug, and iodine crystals. They are ingredients rather than materials—Feyrer is concocting rather than manufacturing. Each Frankensteinian clock seen in *Dailies* is also displayed in the gallery, facing the blank side of the movable wall. Their quartz movements are stifled, and each seems to be suffering from a tortured tic. They cannot overcome their inadequacies as props.

The work's preoccupation with stagnance and precariousness is a short metaphor for the fate of an emerging artist in the contemporary art world. The twenty-nine-year-old's first solo exhibition is aptly titled *Alternatives and Opportunities* [March 2—April 14, 2012]. It reads as an earnest encapsulation of Feyrer's re-assessment of her choices.

A stone-faced recreation of Louis Daguerre's *Artist Studio*, 1836, is the highlight of the show. The preciousness of Daguerre's faux artist studio takes a critical hit in Feyrer's recreation. Challenged is the premise of the alchemic transformation by the daguerreotype of a staged setting into a historical document.

Included in Feyrer's studio is an open volume of *The History of Photography* by Beaumont Newhall and

Sigmund Freud. The images of the daguerreotypes reproduced in these books seems to have been much poured over, as evidenced by multiple fingertip smudges along the margins of the pages. Feyrer's literal reproductions of three silver daguerreotypes are actually quite difficult to see, and not the best work technically speaking; but everything coheres in the 16mm film *The Artist Studio*, 2012, where the restaging of Daguerre's artist studio is documented with unbridled improvisation and a sense of methodical joy.

The Artist Studio is never the same film: it loops, unhinged to its soundtrack, which features a steady voice reading a section from Leonardo da Vinci's *Codex Urbinas* regarding the material differences between the studio of a painter and the studio of sculptor. The words spoken and the images seen brush past each other in serendipitous rhythm. All of Daguerre's haphazardly arranged studio objects—from the stone relief of a woman to the gilded-frame painted portrait—have been perversely reproduced with cardboard and paper drawings in the most ephemeral manner. The film embeds the artist studio within an encroaching larger world, spinning and impatiently absorbing every aspect of the space where the filming of the staged studio takes place. Unraveling the isolation of the artist studio, yet mired in reference, Feyrer as the artist—and Feyrer as the trickster—meets her audience halfway as she reconsiders the art world's alternatives and opportunities. The show may suffer from something of a nervous tic, but that does not betray a lack of vision.

—Amy Fung