

# THE MOST SHE WEIGHED





A catalogue of work by Liz Magor

The most notable difference is that Kathleen appears to be more affected or sophisticated in manner. She wears long earrings, has red fingernails and has her hair in a fringe. She types her letters in brown typing ink and signs them in ink of the same colour.

Madge is a trifle plumper and shorter.

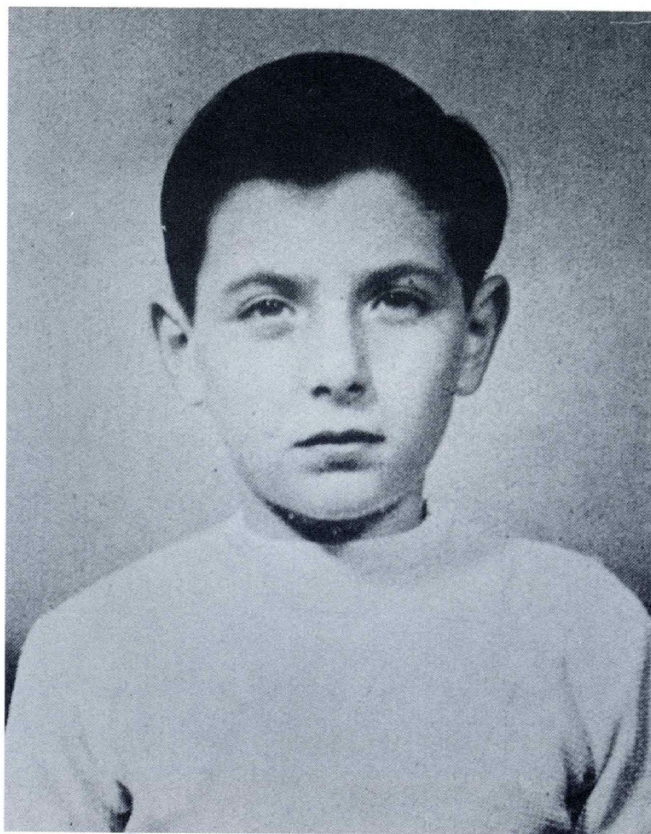
Although neither of them liked school, Rodney got on better, and at work he operates a more complicated machine than Barry.

For the past six years Christine has been working in a confectioner's shop. Nina started to work in a confectioner's shop but preferred working in a shoe shop.

Nina says she is definitely not religious, Christine would not go so far as to say that.

Madelaine takes sugar in her tea, Lillian gave this up in the war.





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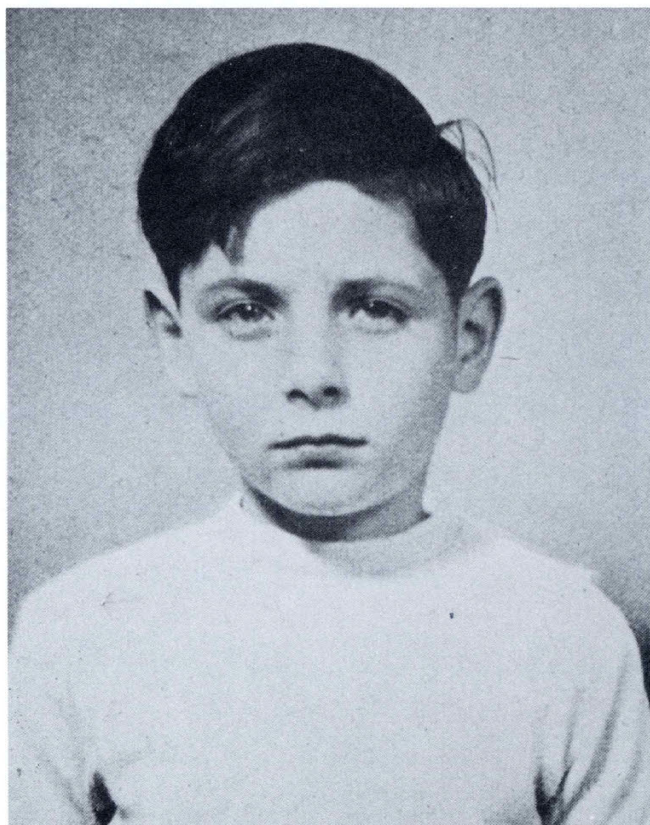


I have always weighed 98 lbs. Once I weighed more. When I was first married I weighed 124 lbs. But that year we worked so hard taking those darn boats up and down, that I lost some of that weight and went down to 98 lbs. And I stayed there 60 years, until this trouble with my eyes. After my operation I was down to 82 lbs.









But I thought, this is no good; and I got myself back up to 98 lbs.  
and that's where I am now.

They dress smartly and look young for their age, taking great care of their complexion, their clothes and their figure. When seen they wore brightly coloured summer frocks.

One husband has noted how neither finishes her potatoes, however little she has been given.

They are of good intelligence, but found they could not settle down to learning shorthand and typing. They were weak at arithmetic and they were scared of swimming.

They like to wear clean, white shirts, even when doing dirty work.

They both used to get the feeling for example when running to school, that someone was following them. Their eyes have an almost wild or scared look about them, darting from place to place.

They never read. They used to go dancing a good deal.





Dorothy - A Resemblance



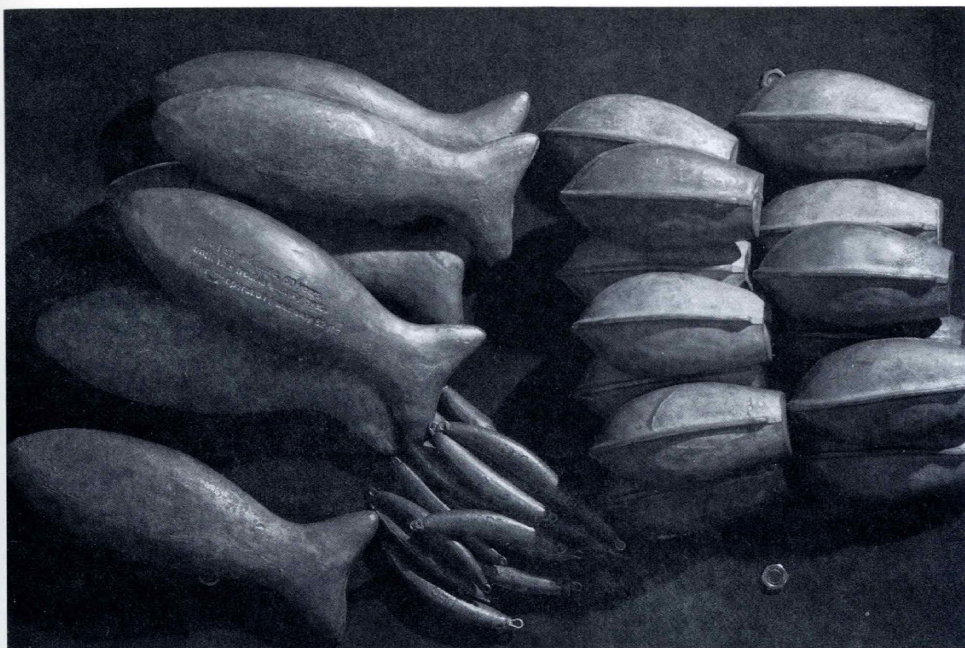
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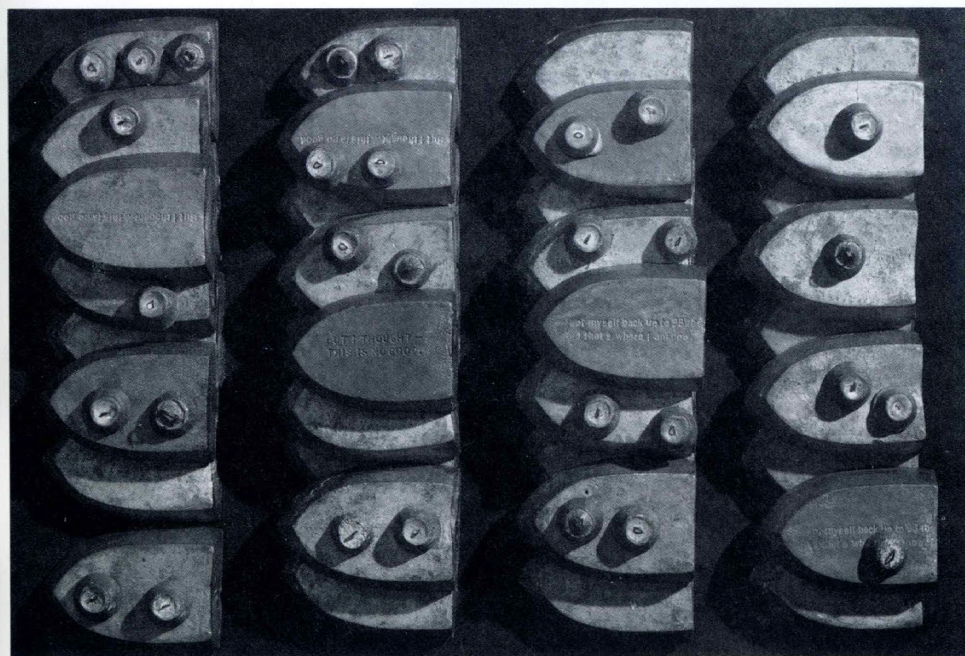
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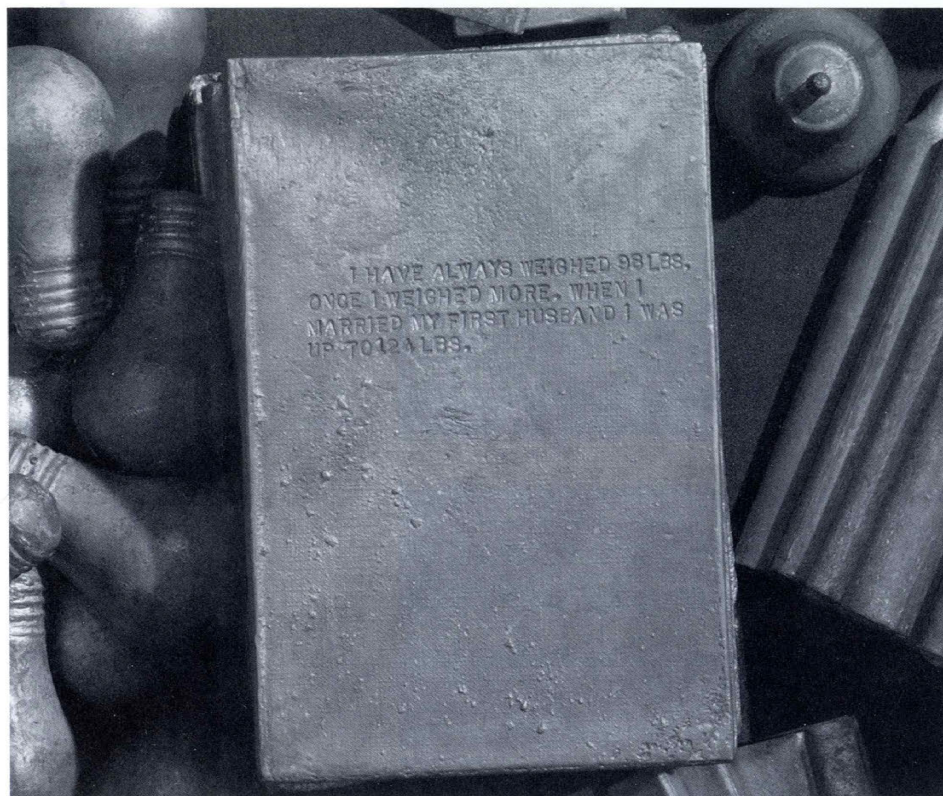


*...after my operation  
I was down to 82 lbs.*



*...I got myself back up to  
98 lbs. again and that's  
where I am now*





Sometimes I wonder how a sculpture would be if it had a very reduced physical presence— a work that may be overlooked because it is small or low, obscured or inaccessible. Or, a work that appears to be an object so familiar that it has little claim to uniqueness and attention. Added to this is the understanding that while I initially identify an object by its physical appearance, however faint, a sense of that identity persists even when the object is not present or is physically altered.

Some years ago, a woman told me the history of the weight of her body. Although she had lived a long time her body weight had changed only a few times and on the whole she maintained a weight of 98 lbs.

She identified with the body that weighed 98 lbs.

Of course, she was still herself when she weighed less or more, but not so completely herself. When she weighed 98 lbs. she more closely resembled the person she thought of as herself.

Recently, an event occurred that again affected the weight of this woman. She became ill and lay in her small cabin, unnoticed for several days. She put out a distress flag, but because it didn't resemble in placement or in form what had been agreed upon, it didn't communicate as intended to her neighbours and it was only by chance that she was rescued.

This story has qualities in common with my concerns.

In previous work I have wanted to objectify the history of a body and the process of change that affects that body. I have chosen a material way to communicate my understanding of a physical condition. The means I use may communicate by agreement or by chance, or may go unnoticed.

For me, these common qualities constitute a resemblance between my activity and this event, and I anticipate that through a representation of some aspects of the story I can articulate the nature of identity as I understand it.













I go out and back every day, or several times a day if I'm pulling in logs.

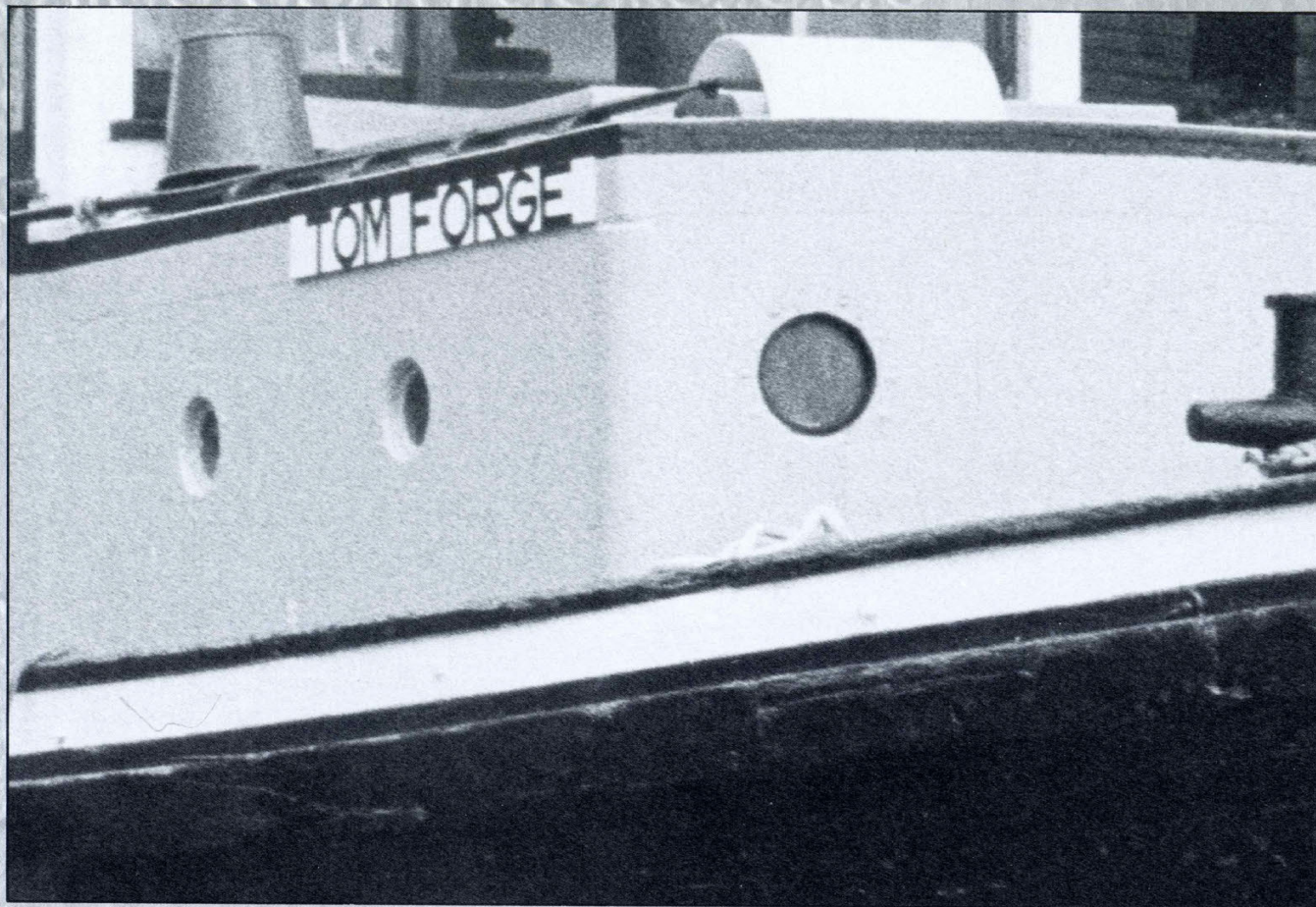




It's difficult to get out of here. There's no way by land, you go by water to get in and to get out. It's such a lot of bother getting down to the water on the low tide that I wait for the highs. I do all my coming and going on the high tide.

But I thought "this is no good" and I got myself back up to 98 lbs. that's where I am now.





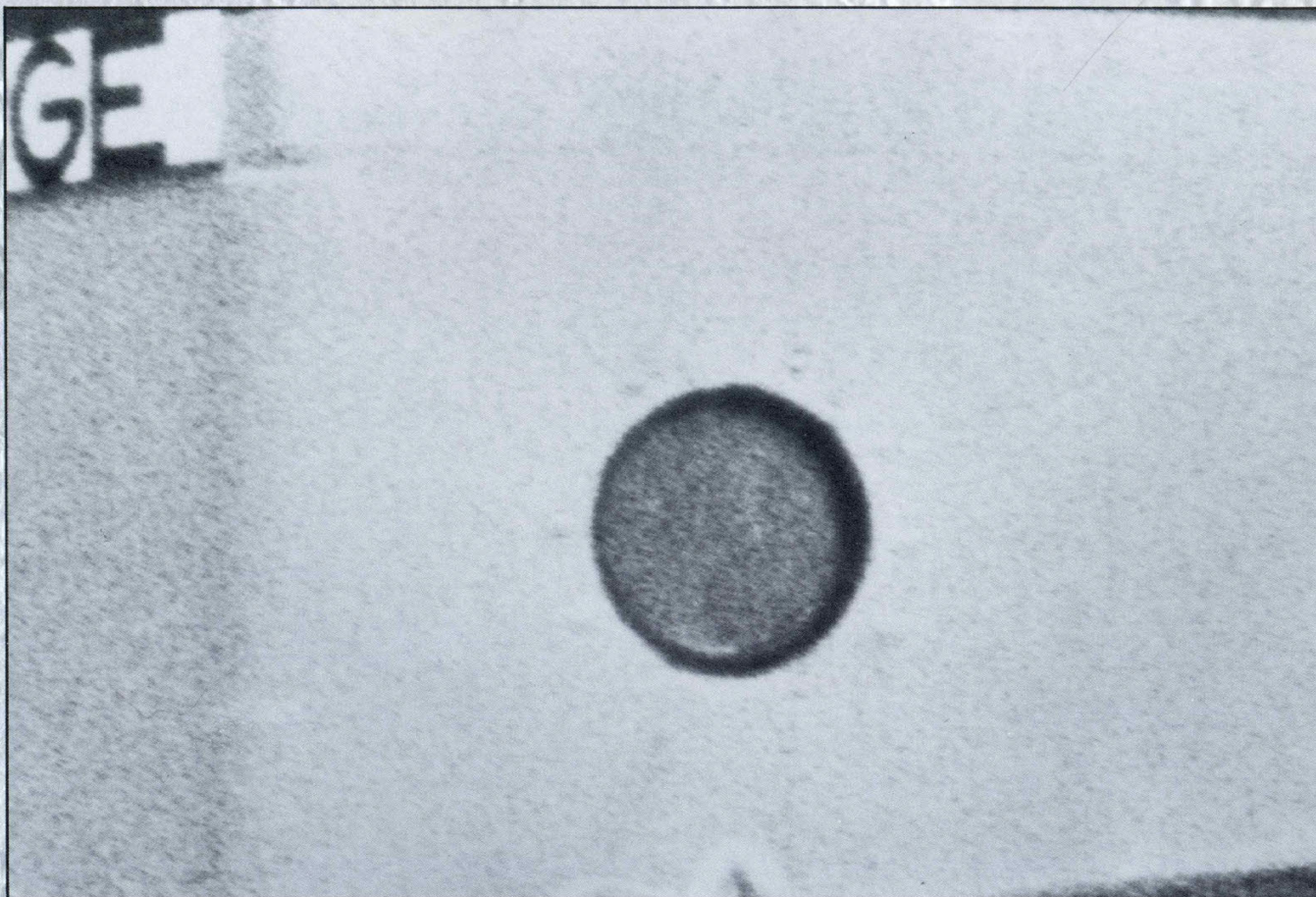
I keep an eye on her. She's too old I think, to be way out here and on her own too. But she's been here a long time and she's determined to stick. So I take a look each time past. Checking to see there's no change, no sign of trouble.





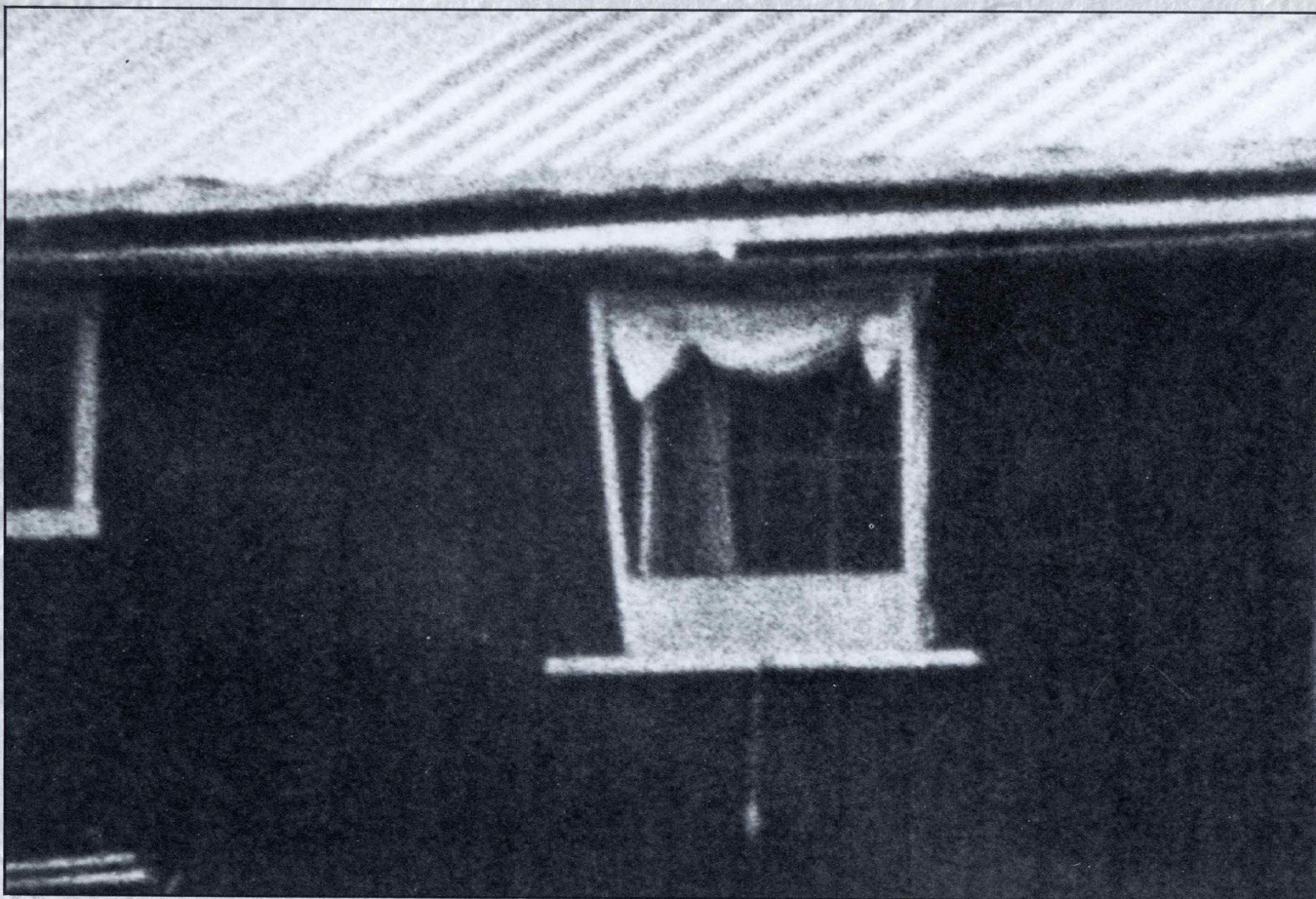
Sunday is a day for visitors. But I don't need much company, it's enough just to see the Tom Forge going back and forth. That's my idea of a neighbour.





When she came back here after her eye operation I told her that if she ever needed help she should hang a dishcloth out her kitchen window, a white dishcloth.

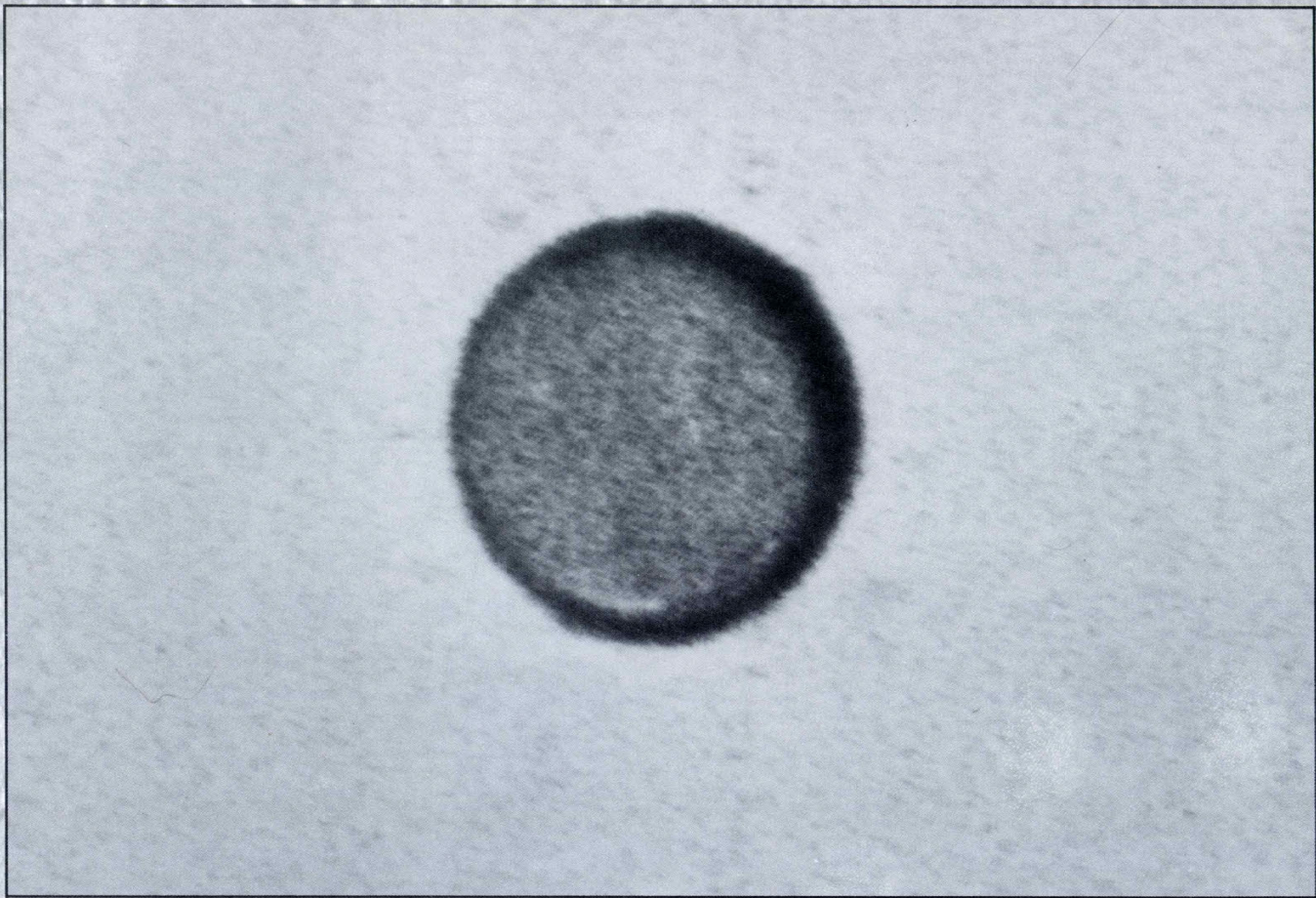




I was worried. I felt so weak. That's why I put the flag out, a signal to the Tom Forge. I put it out on the beach and then just had to go in and lie down.

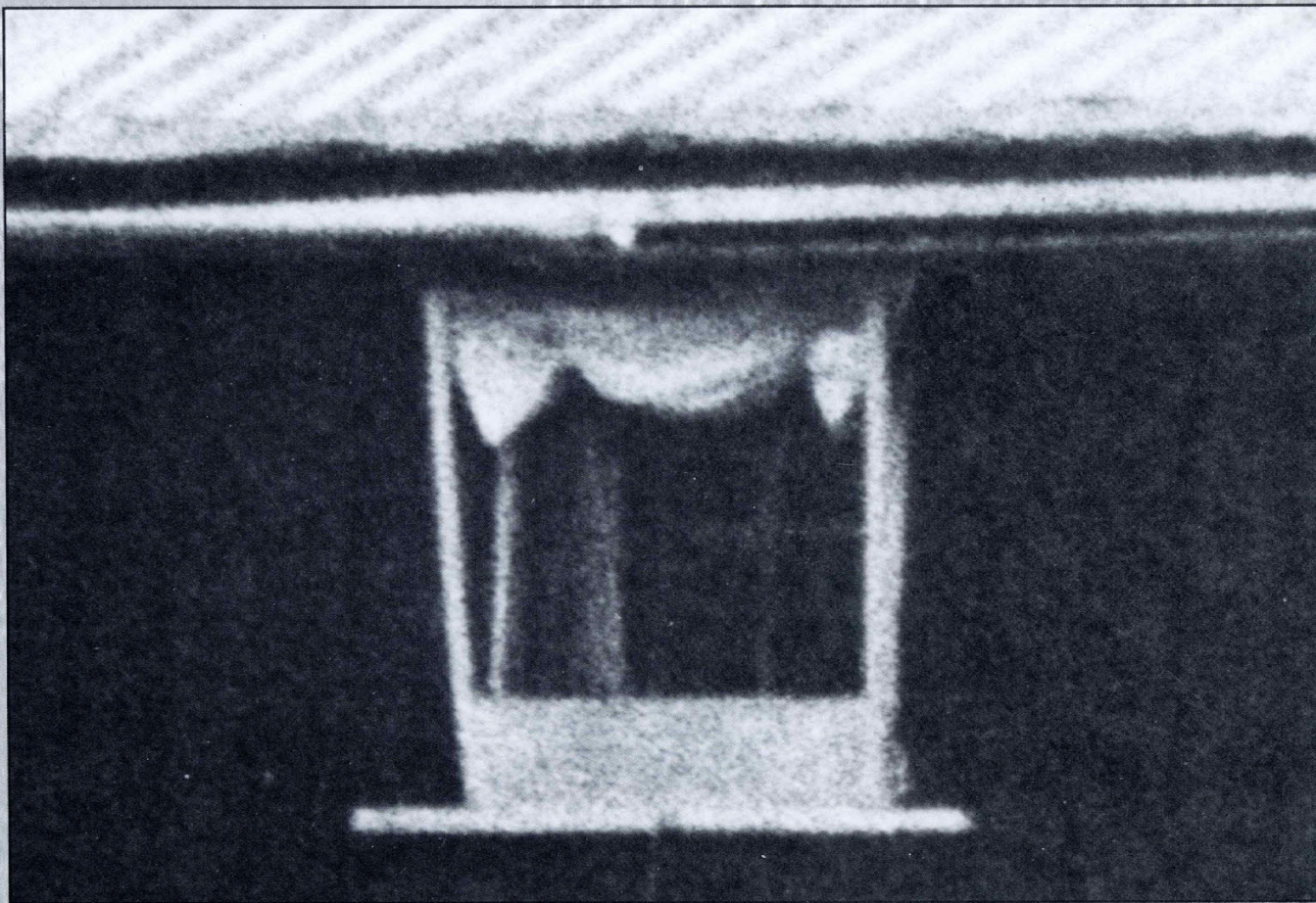
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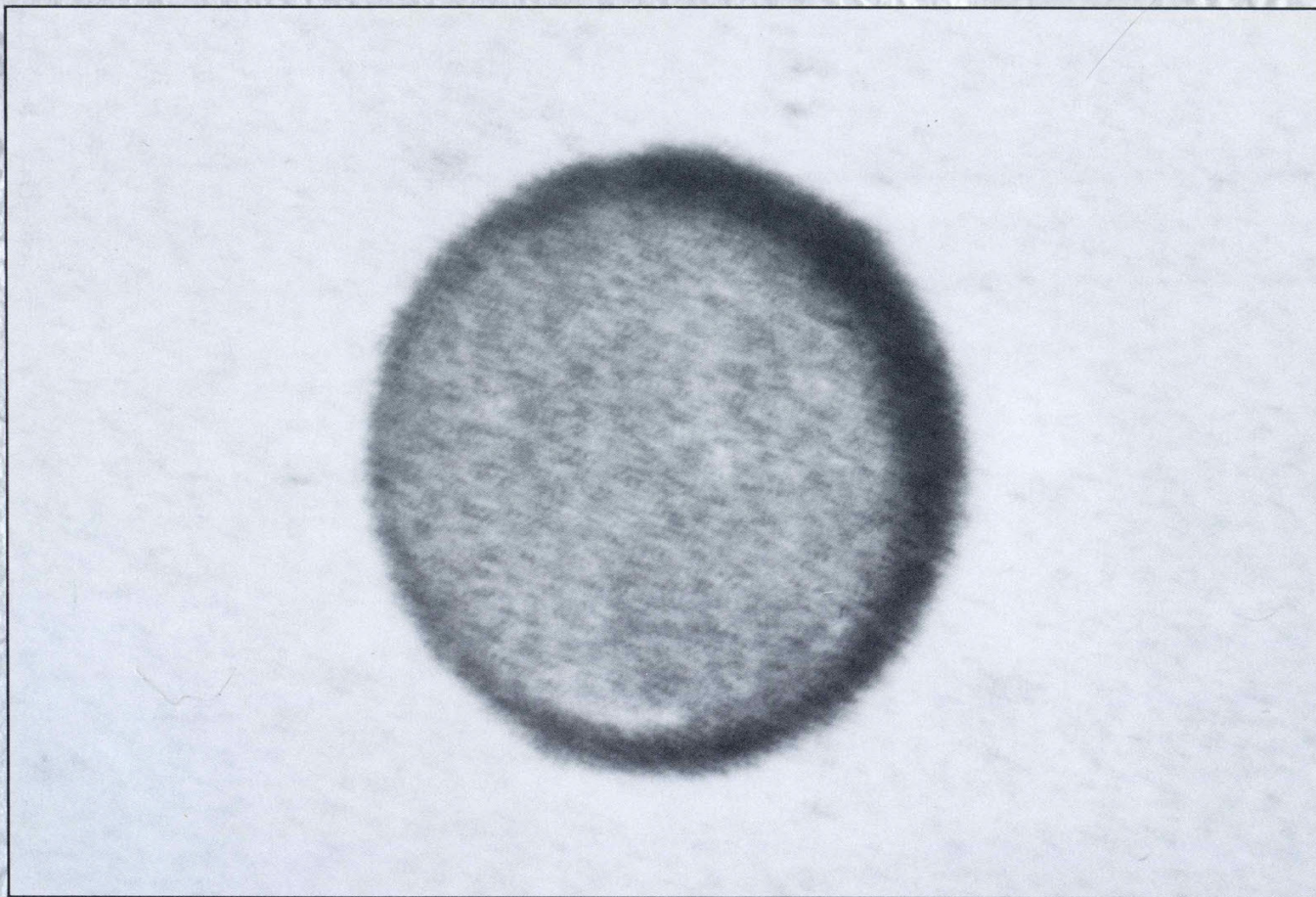
She was sick. She put out a distress flag, but she just put it on the beach, lying flat on the beach. That's okay for planes but not for boats, so I didn't see it for a few days. Besides, I was always looking for a dishcloth in the window, I looked for it every time I went past.





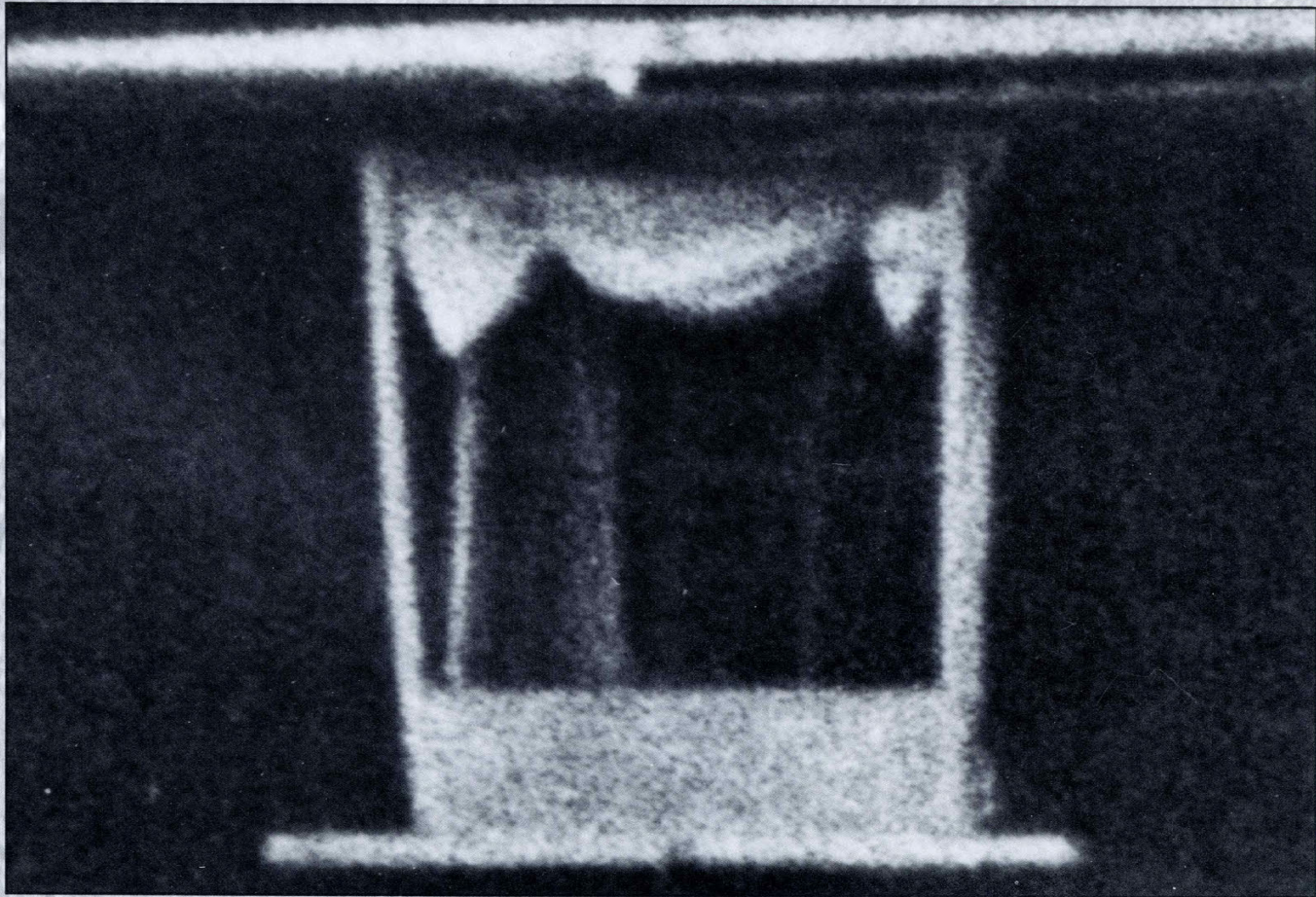
Every day I could hear the Tom Forge going back and forth, but nobody showed up. Looking at something else I guess, staring at the water I suppose.





I went to shore. I saw the flag on the beach and knew right away what it meant. I went into the house and she was lying on the bed. She looked so small and thin.





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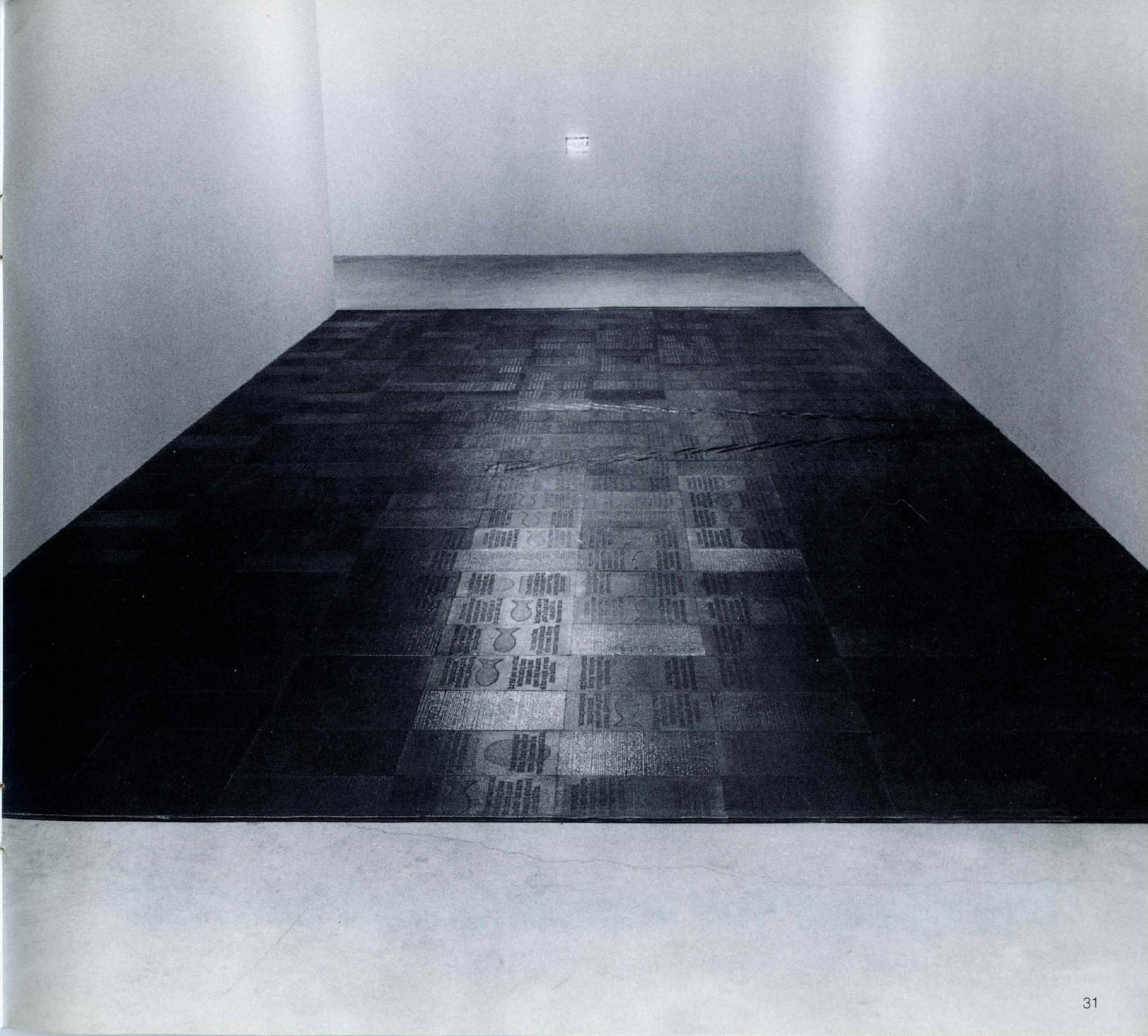
THE BOAT WENT OUT EVERY MORNING.





AND EVERY EVENING IT CAME IN AGAIN







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Glenbow Museum

prepared for an exhibition at the





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