

Ron Terada: Painting Art's Playlists

WALTER PHILLIPS GALLERY, BANFF MAY 15 TO JUL 25 2010



Ron Terada *Soundtrack for an Exhibition 2010* Video still Courtesy the artist and Catriona Jeffries Gallery

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Ron Terada's solo exhibition "Who I Think I Am" is a bit of an international affair. With part one of the show just wrapping up at [Ikon Gallery](#) in Birmingham, England, the Vancouver-based artist heads to the [Walter Phillips Gallery](#) in Banff this week for the exhibition's second stop. (The third related installation will take place in January 2011 at the [Justina M. Barnicke Gallery](#) in Toronto.) Though Terada is best known for wry manipulation of public media signage and symbols, "Who I Think I Am" marks his return to painting after a 10-year respite from the medium. Inspired by the memoirs of Montreal-born American painter (and conceptual artist) [Jack Goldstein](#), Terada's series of new text-based paintings resurrect the tragic life of an artist-genius who came to prominence in the 1980s and took his own life in 2003. Part homage, part introspection, the 11 paintings that comprise *Jack*—reproducing, verbatim, an entire chapter from the artist's memoir—probe not only Goldstein's precarious dwelling on the fringes of the early 1980s [CalArts](#) scene, but also Terada's own place within the machinations of the art world. Terada's fascinations with language and the culture industry continue in *Soundtrack for an Exhibition*, the latest in a series of playlists produced to accompany his shows. Taking popular music as another basis for exploring the conventions of how culture and commerce are represented, the lyrics and titles of Terada's chosen songs work as a foil for his meditations on contemporary artistic practice and identity. (107 Tunnel Mountain Dr, Banff AB)

My two longest relationships were with strong, successful art dealers: Helene Winer and Rebecca Donelson. Of course, when I first knew her, Helene wasn't an art dealer. I like being in a relationship with a strong woman—we are both treated as equals. I became involved with art dealers because that is who I met—lots of art dealers. I don't go to bars to meet women. And I don't want to be with female artists because they tend to be a little masculine, and male artists tend to be a little feminine. It's an odd mixture that you find in the artworld.

I had a show with Rebecca at Dart Gallery in Chicago, drove out there for the opening, coked out of my mind, and almost fell off of the balcony of her gallery. Rebecca showed a lot of well-known artists like John Baldessari, Lynda Benglis, and William Wegman.

It was great; she flew to New York and then flew out, back to Chicago; it was perfect for me. She worked hard and sold my paintings; she knew collectors all over the place and we could take trips together. Rebecca was very well connected; compared with New York, there is so much money in Chicago that it's unbelievable. The collectors live in Chicago, fly to New York to buy work, and then fly back. I did a lot of work in Chicago, even stained glass windows; I made a forty-foot stained glass window in a temple and five glass windows elsewhere.

Through commissions and sales of my work, Rebecca

Ron Terada *Jack* 2010 Detail Courtesy the artist and Catriona Jeffries Gallery