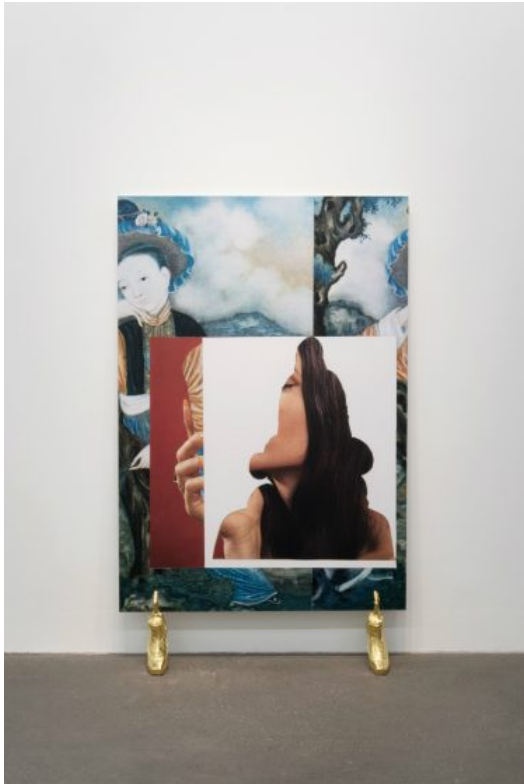


MONTECRISTO

MAGAZINE



"Banana! Stick! Ice-Cream! Dick!", 43"X60", inkjet print on dibond, gold plated bronze casts of high heeled shoes, holding the image with a finger, 2011-2017.

Elizabeth Zvonar

Alison Sinkewicz

Elizabeth Zvonar has already made a collage of sorts. The artist's table, in her temporary studio at Burrard Arts Foundation (BAF), is meticulously covered with clippings from magazines, a stack of them piled up next to her chair. "I'm not sure yet if any of this is going to make it into the cut," she says, in reference to her upcoming show "To you it was fast" (April 6 to May 20) at BAF as part of the 2017 Capture Photography Festival.

Her ambiguity makes sense; a large part of her practise relies on the editing process. For Zvonar, whose previous solo exhibitions have shown

at the Contemporary Art Gallery, Daniel Faria Gallery, Artspeak, and the Vancouver Art Gallery Offsite, the challenge of collage is displacing the images. Her work, made up of found materials largely from glossy fashion publications, is centered on a reductive method, obscuring and obfuscating images encountered every day. “Less is more, for sure,” she says. “I’m looking to create a space where, as a viewer, you can find something in it. It’s always going to be a subjective experience.” The found images—collected photos from lifestyle, art history, advertising—are reproduced to present an alternative message, an alternative history.

The female body is Zvonar’s most studied subject. Using clippings from magazines, as well as sculptures of appendages (often her own), Zvonar takes away the original, often sexualized meanings, and works to re-appropriate the body. “I’m interested in the push-pull of the ugly and beautiful, the grotesque and the beautiful,” she explains. “I’m interested in pushing aesthetics to the point where it is uncomfortable.” Examples of this show up frequently in her work, particularly in her sculptures. *The Spectre, The Serpent, The Ghost, The Thing*, a work from Zvonar’s 2013 show at Daniel Faria, is held up by gold-plated bronze stilettos that are clamped directly (almost painfully) to the piece. The collage image, of a blonde showing lot of skin, appears to be pinned down by these instruments.