

# JOY BROADBENT

## THE LOOK OF (FLOWERS) THAT ARE LOOKED AT

### GALLERY RELEASE

Studio 835 presents:

## THE LOOK OF (FLOWERS) THAT ARE LOOKED AT

*new works by* JOY BROADBENT

*curated by* Graham Teeple

Studio 835 is pleased to present new works by Joy Broadbent from June 17 to June 30, 2011. A reception for the artist will be held Friday evening, June 17, from 5 to 11pm.

What makes Joy Broadbent paint shark heads alongside lemony peacocks or kitchen sets exploding around startled, virginal mermaids? Do the tangled piles of objects and images filling her canvases document the treasured heaps of a junk collector?

One might at first feel overwhelmed by the mash of colour, shapes and layers of Joy Broadbent's latest collection entitled THE LOOK OF( FLOWERS) THAT ARE LOOKED AT. Yet, the large, tapestry-like canvases draw the viewer into a disturbing balance of beauty and horror; the distinct impression of being watched while not being able to tear ones eyes away. Joy has the ability to show this balance of unsettling beauty through her colourful, narrative style. Images and objects present themselves, separating and fusing together again within a dreamlike plane.

Inspired by late-night walks though the neighbourhood gardens of Little Italy, the pieces present the beauty and dangers of a nocturnal garden. Eyes peak out from behind tangles of roses, or ogle cartoonishly in the foreground. Leaves, (or are those tiger stripes?) seem to quiver or float with delicate, feminine strength. And then, from within these mysterious gardens, stories begin to emerge. You might recognize objects from your childhood, or a neon sign from a Bloor Street nail salon. And while she uses kitsch and cliched images, Joy's treatment of these avoids the easier ironic or cynical reading. Instead, she breathes new life into them, gracefully giving them a place in her narratives. Ultimately, she allows us to experience new encounters with Mickey, purple roses and pitchers of milk.

One leaves her paintings with the feeling of having listened to a classic fairy tale; a fantastical story of struggle and horror and grace and hope. Was it monsters making lunch, or a quiet voice whispering from tangled shadows?