



ARTISTS: Paris Hynes @p4rishynes
David Cyrenne @d.cyrenne
Phyllis Lambert (archival image on loan)

CURATOR Marie Ségolène C Brault @marie.segolene

EXHIBITION TEXT Jago Rackham

TITLE: That Day but Mostly This Day, Tomorrow

GALLERY: Espace Maurice @espace.maurice

WEBSITE: www.espacemaurice.net

DATES: November 24th to December 16th, 2023

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Paris Hynes & David Cyrenne
That Day but Mostly This Day, Tomorrow
Espace Maurice
November 24th - December 16th, 2023

----- Forwarded message -----

From: **Marie Ségolène C - B** <mariesegolene.info@gmail.com>

Date: Wed, Nov 15, 2023 at 6:45 AM

Subject: 1975, Greece: Ionian Islands

To: J R <[\[REDACTED\]@gmail.com](mailto:[REDACTED]@gmail.com)>

“Those suitors prattled indoors and through the town.
“That day”, they said, but mostly “this day, Tomorrow”.
Ernest Sandeed, *Standard Time, Ithaca*,

Jago,

In dreams, I lift my head to face a jury. Thick wood table, thick wood non-carpeted floors. This dream: I have had three times in a week, and I am still unsure of what crime I stand accused of. The evidence, like fragments of a story: a setting, a time, an image of an aftermath, a few quotes -here and there, witnesses -here and there. This antenarrative is supposedly my own, but I have no memories of a time leading up to this present. This present is supposedly my own, but I have no anchors to tell you the year, the town, the weather. *There is a certain Slant of light*: Dickinson’s slant of light, not a Mediterranean one. And here, I wake up and I am no longer in the dream and I have done nothing terrible and I am reminded that I have to write to you.

About the image: it is dated from 1975, on a day that seemed warm and sunny (let’s say mid-spring, sometime around May) pulled from the archives of Phyllis Lambert’s travels to Greece. It is labeled *Iles Ioniennes* (let’s say Ithaca). I am told that in her archives there are multiple slides depicting wrought iron gates and burglar bars -midday sun, overshadowed flora, bright white stone, well guarded homes. You can tell the sky must have been clear and of that incomparable grecian blue. When Cyrenne first mentioned the photograph I pictured it a little different: perhaps more oppressive, definitely less romantic. In 75, Greece was just coming out of the Junta dictatorship. Political unrest was definitely palpable, but I imagine there must have been a sense of a new opening to the world, or that an impression of possibility was returned to its people.

David Cyrenne’s wall mounted pieces are bold. He has been pulling sketches from the collection of archival images for a few years now: the ways in which the gates hit glass, reflecting a horizon, the curvatures in the shadows. A large painting framed in aluminum, is punctuated with bright blue stained glass, casting discrete shading within its center. Most of Cyrenne’s materials are repurposed. A 100 year old glass and vintage wood, is harmoniously combined with abstract painting, felt and aluminum. If you were to tell me these had been made 50 years ago, I would believe you.

This nostalgia for a past we have not known, some call it an affliction. Others claim it is a depressive trait, to be constantly facing backwards from a moment instead of looking ahead. About Greece: it is impossible to think of the place and not think of ruins.

Paris Hynes' wood sculptures are haunting - the way remains from any violent event would be, or clues to a dislocated antiquity, the traces of a people. Here, you might say it is possible to encounter figurative wood sculptures and think of futurity but I would reply that even in this futurity these objects would act as proof of a time passed. Hynes' skillful carving and refined eye for design inform his sculptural choices. These works are imbued with a deep respect for the material and for the history of his medium.

What I am trying to get at is a mode of narrativization, that works backwards and simultaneously, suggesting a type of ambiguity that is malleable enough to play with, malleable enough to insert your own. I wish you could see: the artworks in the gallery are enchanting, and side by side they seem to function like poetic fragments, in which temporalities, psychogeography and archeology frame a personal affectation for minimalism, formalism and a slightly outsider folk art revival.

I have researched Greek archival images of cityscapes and architecture, sculptural fragments of legs from antiquity, I have pulled facts from 1975: in arts, in geo-politics, financial markets, but that isn't quite where the story lives.

I am so eager to read you, and encounter the fragments that form your personal archeology. To be led into your memories of Ithaca in spring, while standing in direct relation to these works, their materiality and the photograph.

Sincerely,

M. S. B.

DAVID CYRENNE (b.1994) is a multidisciplinary artist and curator born in Toronto and now based in Montreal, Canada. He holds a Bachelors in Fine Arts from Concordia University, with a focus on lithography and painting.

Inspired by the functional ornamentation of the 19th and 20th centuries, including stained glass windows, wrought iron gates, and woodwork, Cyrenne's work reflects an awareness of the diminishing presence of these crafts in our progressively digital society. Cyrenne's hybrid approach to painting and sculpture, evokes a sense of the past and emphasizes the critical significance of preserving cultural heritage.

Cyrenne's practice has progressively embraced a fusion of both new and reclaimed materials, such as steel, glass, and wood, exploring innovative, sculptural ways of approaching the surface, outside of the conventional boundaries of the frame.

Cyrenne is the curator of the book of photography *Phyllis Lambert, Observation Is a Constant That Underlies All*

Approaches (2023, Lars Müller Publishers). Since 2016 he has worked in the vast personal photography archives of Phyllis Lambert at the Canadian Centre for Architecture. He is currently curating a selection for a photography exposition by digital art pioneer, Luc Courchesne. Cyrenne has exhibited his paintings and sculptures in Montreal and Toronto since 2012. He is an active member of the artist collective, “Passage Secret”

PARIS HYNES (b.1989) is a multidisciplinary artist whose practice spans from painting and sculpture, to furniture design. Born in Tucson, AZ, Paris currently lives in Brooklyn, NY.

By engaging in themes of surveillance, war, and the modern world of information anxiety, his work explores the psychological effects of history and the inherent strangeness of being. Hynes researches historical characters tied to government conspiracies, and dives into fictional stories that contain alternate realities, time travel, and spirituality, all of which manifest into his work.

The long artistic and utilitarian history tied to woodworking, informs Hynes’s most recent sculptural explorations. The organic material causes him to approach his research under a new lens as feelings of turmoil, ambivalence and affection reveal themselves in each carved piece.

Past exhibitions include a solo presentation, *In the Shade of a Rubber Tree - Painting by Paris Hynes*, Fourbarrel, San Francisco, CA (2014), and group shows, *Freudian Slippers*, Good Work Gallery, Brooklyn, NY (2015), *U:L:O Part II 2016 | U: Al Bedell*, Interstate Projects, Brooklyn, NY (2016), and *Merde! Sculpture Auction and Gala for Alyssa Davis Gallery*, 99 Scott, Brooklyn, NY (2022).

JAGO RACKHAM is a writer and cook based in London, his book *To Entertain* is coming out in April 2024. He publishes occasional writing on his Substack *Greed* and posts pictures of food on his Instagram [@ectasy_cookbook](#)

The gallery would like to thank Phyllis Lambert for loaning a photograph from her personal archives for this exhibition.

That Day but Mostly This Day, Tomorrow will be on view until December 16th, 2023. The gallery is open from Wednesday to Saturday from noon to 5 pm., as well as by appointment. Please get in touch if you would like to view the worklist or schedule a virtual walk through.

Maurice is located at 916 Ontario Est, apartment 320. Please call or text 438-409-3112 upon arrival if the door is locked.



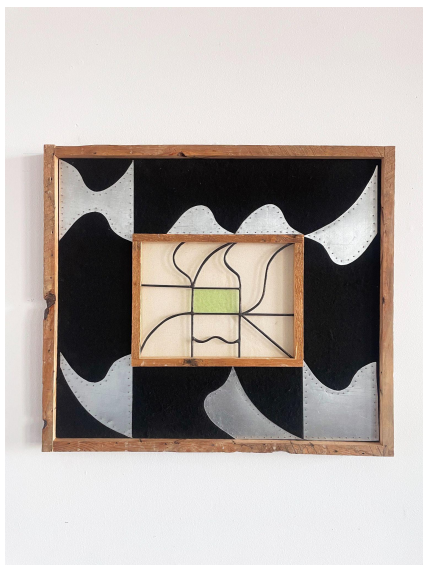
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WORK LIST AND DESCRIPTION

DAVID CYRENNE



L'avenir de la rue Windsor, 2023
Acrylic on canvas, glass, metal solder, steel,
100 year old wood
61 x 42 in (156cm x 106cm)



Clement Assunta, 2023
Steel, felt, glass, antique stained glass, metal solder,
canvas, 100 year old wood
26 x 23 in (66cm x 58cm)



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Le numéro quatre, 2023
Steel, felt, glass, metal solder, 100 year old wood
50 x 38 in (127cm x 93cm)



Corbeau II, 2023
Reclaimed corbels, acrylic, glass, steel,
100 year old wood
23 x 5 x 1.5 in (58.5 x 12.5 x 4cm)



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PARIS HYNES



Human specimen p-71, 2023
Poplar, black walnut, spalted maple
33 x 6 x 15 in (84 x 84 x 38 cm)



Helmet no. 1 (lets go spherical sailing), 2023
Cherry, Pine, Poplar
10 x 9 x 61 in (25.5 x 23 x 155 cm)



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PHYLLIS LAMBERT



1975: Grèce, Îles Ioniennes

Inkjet print on archival paper, aluminum framing
4x6 in (unframed), 10x11 in (framed)
(10 x 15.25 cm), (25 x 28 cm)



That Day but Mostly This Day, Tomorrow
Jago Rackham

HEAT Between my legs, clammy, below the hem of my shorts, where skin touches skin. The heat of a taxi in Greece.

THE WHITE HOUSE We stay in the White House. I am eight and I know this is the residence of the American President, from which dictates are issued and repeated on the radio. “The white house has said”. I imagine a gaping maw between its neoclassical pillars.

THIS WHITE HOUSE This White House is on Homer’s Ithaca, close to Vathi’s harbour. It stands alone and is white, a shocking bright white painful in the Ionian sun. It has a large door on the front and a smaller stable door on the side that opens onto a courtyard and leads to the kitchen.

THE KITCHEN The kitchen is bare. It has an overwhelming white marble sink, a large table, covered with an ancient plastic tablecloth, and a dresser, heavy with plates, glasses, tureens in flowery Victorian pattern. It is lit by a bare bulb and has only a small window, which lets in very little light, so we keep the door open. “This is a room for a servant,” my mother explains. When we eat at the house, we eat in the dining room, which has a heavy wooden table and chairs imported from England. We shutter the large windows in the day to keep the heat out so the room is stuffy and quite scary.

PEACH JUICE For breakfast I have peach juice and a pastry. I do not like eating in the dining room, so sit beneath the table in the kitchen, back against one of its thick legs.

CATS, KITTENS In the courtyard a cat is nursing a family of tawny kittens. One is sick, can hardly stand, its head lolls to the side. The island has many strays, and many kittens, and I wonder why no one cares. “They do care,” says my father, “there are piles of cat food everywhere.” Each time I see one of these piles I feel sad and also hopeful. When I think of the kitten dying in the courtyard, I cannot sleep. After four days it has gone and this relieves me and my relief comes with a short-lived pang of guilt.

BOATS The harbour is a mess of boats, most of them sailing boats and small yachts. The sailors are Germans and cook sausages on their decks. “They are cooking bratwurst” says my mother, “do you think they bought them from Germany?” We are English and frugal but we are not as frugal as the Germans. The Germans wake early to lay their towels out to save the best places for sunbathing. “On the other hand, we put up wind-blockers and shades around our beach encampments, and I can’t say which is worse.” This means the English but precludes my family and the people we know.

SWIMMING TRUNKS My trunks are loose shorts, while those of the Greek boys are tight. I am ashamed by the looseness of mine and by the tightness of theirs. The Greek children play in a pack by the harbour, screaming and shouting, kicking a ball and pushing each other. Whenever we pass I look down at my feet,



hoping not to attract their attention. My mother says that the boys are all fat because they are spoiled, while the girls are thin because they must be pretty. Occasionally a parent will come and shout “Adonis! Adonis!” or “Antigone!” and a dirty child will run from the crowd.

CHAPELS Mine is a secular family. The White House has a small chapel, arrayed with Orthodox icons and crosses, permeated by myrrh. I sit in the chapel, unmoved by the spirit, pleased that it exists.

We meet a painter at dinner one evening, an Anglo-Greek married to a British diplomat “Oh I was there a few years before you” says my father, of their university. The next day she takes us to visit her family chapel, which is accessed by a rough stone path. As we walk I am enraptured by her legs in khaki shorts, bronzed and strong, but not athletic. The chapel looks over the Ionian sea and smells of charcoal and myrrh. My parents are excited, praising its beauty, while I think it is plain and dowdy. I am hungry and resent the hour it will take to walk back to Vathi. Townward, I look at the path before my feet and not the painter’s legs.

LAPITHS, CENTAURS “This is Homer’s Ithaca” says my mother, pointing to a lopsided marble bust in the square. “But there isn’t much to show for it.”

Appalled at the paucity of my education, my mother removed me from school and had been teaching me for the past six months. Lessons were mostly sitting on the edge of her bed, hands folded on my lap, listening to her read Pope’s Homer. Mostly, I would be pinching myself to stay awake; her room was always gloomy and warm, nestlike, smelling of sleep and the long poem very boring. But phrases, exclamations, stuck with me – O insolence of youth! or And soft approach the balmy hours of sleep or with joy impetuous to the port I speed.

She had taken me to the British Museum the week before this trip. There an old scholar – a woman with grey pigtailed tied in ribbons – led me through the Greek collection, culminating in the Elgin Marbles where she told me about the depicted Lapiths and centaurs, of their drinking and feasting and murder. “The Centaurs ravished the Lapith women!”

CHIPS Travelling with us is my infant sister. She says little and I forget her until dinner. She eats chips for every meal, with great excitement. At a taverna one lunchtime, a child, one of the children of the taverna, comes up to see my sister, who is pink and pale and has white hair. My sister dawdles along and the girl says something in Greek, then again, louder, then again, and after pinches my sister’s cheek until she cries. “No, don’t do that” says my mother, gently, and gently shakes her head at the Greek girl, smiling. The little girl pouts and nods. My parents take-up their conversation, which is about the farmhouse they are buying and to which we are moving, far away from London. My sister screams, clutching her cheek, and the little girl runs off.

SQUID I do not like the deep fried calamari, but feel this is a personal failing so eat it anyway.



SUNCREAM I burn, however much suncream is applied to my reluctant skin, as does my father. My mother says “you look like a British colonialist” when she sees him come down to dinner, his cheeks an imperial red.

THE HOTEL HELENA My mother likes to sit by the pool at the Hotel Helena, the grandest building beside the harbour. She drinks cappuccino and reads one of the day-old English newspapers, The Guardian or the New York Times. I swim or sit on a deck chair reading Swallows and Amazons. If her mood takes her, my mother will buy me a Coca-Cola. My sister, as ever, is at her feet. My father is back at the house, writing.

PARACETAMOL One morning my mother has a headache from drinking too much ouzo. My father has gone out for a long walk and so my mother asks me to go to the shop. This fills me with so much panic that I cannot say no, so say yes. She gives me a handful of coins from her purse and writes down ‘PARACETAMOL, FOR HEADACHE’ on a piece of paper. “The pharmacist will understand English.”

I sit on a wall opposite the pharmacy, trying to convince myself to go in, my heart beating very fast. I take the change from my pocket, which, aside from Greek coins, has a button, a franc and a fifty pence piece. I put the fifty pence into its own pocket and sit for ten minutes, arguing with myself then walk back to the White House. She rolls her eyes “bloody jobsworths” she says, and “thank you for trying,” smiles at me, and “keep the money for sweets,” then “where is your bloody father?”

COVES This is an island of coves, inlets, natural harbours, protected from the aggressive sea. The water sprawls upon the beaches with kindness. In these coves the world is gentle and one’s worries are immaterial, abstract. My parents had taken to an evening walk – a constitutional, my father calls it, grinning – that passed through a particularly peaceful cove, bounded by sand dunes, shielded from the sea and the rest of the island. One evening my mother exclaims, “Gosh!” and so I look up from my shoes. Two figures are bobbing in the shallows, trying to keep their bodies beneath the water. A young man and a young woman, both naked, her breasts buoyant. My mother turns, taking my hand, and I trail behind staring at the couple, who laugh and laugh.

CRABS Perhaps because I am so timid, my parents allow me to sit beside the harbour alone and fish for crabs, of which there seem to be very few.

MILK My mother laughs as she tells the painter about the naked youths. “I just didn’t want to spoil their fun!” We’ve bumped into her outside the grocers, where my father is buying milk for my mother’s morning tea. She invites us for dinner that evening, to her family’s house up the hill. “It’s steep but the view is very good.” My mother is very pleased all the way back to the White House, though she grumbles that there is only UHT milk. My father teases her for her tea drinking, reminding her that in Europe he drinks coffee.



WINSTON CHURCHILL My mother is carrying a large basil plant, brought from the grocers as a present. “It’s Greek basil” my father, who is carrying my infant sister, says.

There are very many stairs and at the top I am tired. I hope the dinner is good and that there will be Coca-Cola. I look over the town and its harbour below, and think it looks relaxed in the twilight, like a man leaning against a thick wall. “It’s quite an ugly town,” says my mother to my thoughts.

The painter’s house has a large veranda with a view over the town and the harbour. “It’s quite an ugly town, there was an earthquake in the fifties, and they rebuilt it very cheaply. I’ll show you...”

She strolls inside, into the dim hallway and returns to the table, moving aside empty soiled plates to make room for a heavy photo album. I stand as close to her as I can, looking over her shoulder, while she flips through the pages. “Here” – in sepia, a town of neat white buildings, nestled snug against the hills. I am in love with the painter’s wrists and her pointed fingers. She smells like jam. She speaks softly. “And,” she turns the page, “here is Winston Churchill sitting on this balcony.” She grins as my parents exclaim. For dessert we have strawberry ice cream, the same colour as the painter’s gateposts.

THE POOL I am swimming in the pool, alone. My mother is at the painter’s house and my father is working. Lying on my back I look at myself – my soft belly, my child’s legs – and feel hatred.

A boy calls from beside the pool, a Greek. “Hey!” He is about my own age, and there is another boy, a year or so younger, beside him. “You ask manager if we can swim.” He nods at me, motioning at his brother and himself, miming swimming. I nod. “Okay.” I point to the door of the hotel and wrap myself in my towel, smarting at the hot tiles on my bare feet. I walk through the hotel, its lobby, its front door and around the corner to the White House.

THE STABLE DOOR I am fishing for crabs and thinking about returning to England. “Hey!” A shout from behind me, it’s a Greek kid with a ball. “Football?” He looks intently at me. I hate football but I am too scared to say this, so nod. We play with four other boys on the square behind the harbour. I play poorly, am uncomfortable, hot. A group of girls sit on the side, laughing at me. There is a pause and they all gather around, the boys and the girls, and begin jostling, jabbering questions in Greek and English. “Team? Team? Football team?” “You English? German?” “Name?” I cannot speak and my cheeks flush red, eyes water. One of the girls laughs. “Moró!” They are all laughing now and the smallest girl shoves me. I turn and run, and while the boys don’t give chase, two girls do, ribboned braids flying behind them. I run around the side of the house, to the open kitchen door, and once I am through, slam it shut. But it is still open. Its top is still open and I look through it to the two laughing little girls, fumbling to close it completely. My face, suddenly, is a mess of spit and strawberry flavouring – the oldest has spat her sweet into my face. I shut the top of the door, not before seeing the snarl of her smile, a cat’s mouth. I do not wipe my face and sit in the chapel for an hour or so, a novel fever in my chest, stomach, fingertips and groin. I tell no one.