

CAMERAS RECONSTITUTED AS ART PIECES

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The particularly astute among you may have noticed that the objects on the wall are not photographs. This may require some explanation. The fact is that I do make photographs and many of them - primarily "snapshots" of photographers, amateurs and professionals, known and unknown - and I have been engaged in this project for more than twenty-five years. I think it is true to say that all the previous exhibitions at Northlight Gallery in which I have been privileged to participate have included my photographs from this group of images.

And now for something completely different, as Monty Python would say.

I spend as much time as possible at my cabin in the woods, where there is a conspicuous lack of photographers, or any one else, to photograph. So, naturally, I melt plastic cameras on the barbecue grill.

This activity has several ecological and energy-saving advantages: the raw materials (plastic cameras) are plentiful and cheap in practically every thrift store; even the mounts are scraps of plexi salvaged from the recycling bin of a plastics company. So I am recycling non-biodegradable trash otherwise destined to pollute landfills for generations. Of course some will assert that this might be preferable to foisting visual pollutants into homes and galleries...

But don't forget that, after cooking, the hot coals of the grill would be wasted with severe loss of valuable energy unless they were used for melting plastic. The results, in addition, do not demand expensive temperature/humidity controlled storage, or acid-free containers or the wearing of cotton gloves. It is nice to feel environmentally correct while playing at art, particularly as an element of personal sacrifice is involved due to the billions of brain cells which have been killed while inhaling hot plastic fumes.

These objects are CRAP, an acronym for Cameras Reconstituted as Art Pieces, which

implies either I do not regard them with the requisite high-mindedness or I do take them seriously but do not want you to think that I do.

They are for sale - \$250 each - which is far more than they are worth but only what a top therapist would charge *per hour*. As an added bonus each purchaser receives detailed instructions on how you, too, can produce a load of crap.