

Libby Hague's

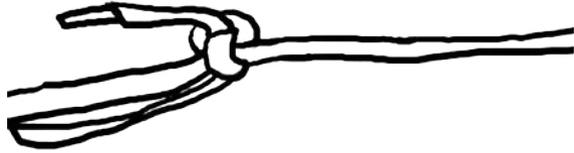
martian odyssey # 3



#3

the animals

Mother and child: the honeymoon +
the getting-to-know-you -
getting-to-like-you-stage.



the forgotten animal connection

A list of Miss Flite's birds:

Hope, Joy, Youth, Peace, Nest, Life, Dust, Ashes, Waste, Want, Ruin, Despair,
Madness, Death, Cunning, Folly, Words, Wigs, Rags,
Sheepskin, Plunder, Precedent, Jargon, Gammon and Spinach."

pg. viii Charles Dickens, Bleak House





“... who can help us? Not angels, not humans, and the knowing animals have noticed already how uneasy we are in our interpreted world.”
Rilke, from the First Duino Elegy, tr. Graham Good



Marianne's story: thread 3

Baby - I'm not used to this full time care but every minute of eye contact and you are harder to imagine leaving behind. I'd be safer on my own but for some reason you seem worth the risk. A shorter life but a better one, or maybe not. Who knows. The children here are old. They have no fun. They are tense - I guess that is their normal and so the animals and I are extra cautious. The children compartmentalize their cruelty and have a good opinion of themselves. The animals are still beautiful and are sizing us up like everyone else.



“Whether they belong to more evolved species like humans or to simpler ones such as animals, all beings primarily seek peace, comfort, and security. Life is as dear to the mute animal as it is to any human being; even the simplest insect strives for protection from dangers that threaten its life. Just as each one of us wants to live and does not wish to die, so it is with all other creatures in the universe, though their power to effect this is a different matter.”

His Holiness The 14th Dalai Lama, “A Human Approach to World Peace, <http://www.dalailama.com/page.62.htm> (reproduced with permission)





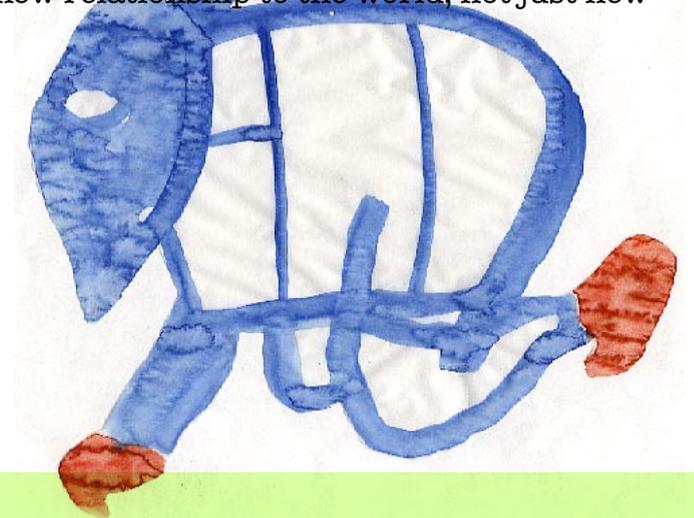
As the fox argued to the little prince, “... if you tame me, then we shall need each other. To me, you will be unique in all the world. To you, I shall be unique in all the world . . .”

Antoine de Saint Exupéry, *The Little Prince*, tr. Katherine Woods, chapter 21, <http://www.angelfire.com/hi/littleprince/>

Without telescopes, calculators or scotch tape, martian kids learned wherever they could. That meant paying attention to the animals. Here, for example, is a lesson from crows. <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Gw-Lz3AlHfQ>

The more the martian children observed the animals and birds, the more the animals were admired. They could see better, smell better, hear better. Run faster. Fly. Really very impressive. It was a kind of school where the first lesson was paying attention and the last lesson was empathy.

For a fascinating discussion of the link between culture, empathy and human rights, read Lynn Hunt’s, “Inventing Human Rights”, Norton and Co. 2007. As she says on page 61, “... Locke recognised, political and intellectual autonomy depended on educating children (in his case both boys and girls) in new dispositions; autonomy required a new relationship to the world, not just new ideas”





VAo file 2 2.87.121 Think Chicken, Artist statement

My story? Well, my feelings for my employers daughter are no secret. She was the first one I saw and I'll never forget her. My research and my victories are a silent tribute to her. I think she realizes this but she is unable to articulate a response. My back it tired from a childhood injury and the wire mesh hurts my feet but once I start to work I loose all sense of time and discomfort. I become completely concentrated and alive. I take pride in my superior skill. My intellectual accomplishments impress her; she doesn't laugh. It's true people intimidate me and I have difficulty expressing myself directly, but this type of interactive electronic exchange allows me to overcome my awkwardness. I am exmining learned behaviour patterns and reward mechanisms in the context of genetic motivation.



Vao file 3 1.22.946 Piano Duck, Artist Statement

You don't know me well or you wouldn't ask why I continue to compose. In spite of everything, I am profoundly moved by pattern and melody. My music is about complex patterns of water and the disruptions of air, sun and wind. It's about the emotional confusion of captivity.

My manager says I am hard to work with. What the hell, he exploits my talent. I allow it. I need his piano. I often doubt that the audience understands my work - their responses are so inappropriate. Of course it makes me angry.

In my compositions I create bi-tonal effects where man is placed a semi-tone below the barnyard a lower sonority representing not only the harsh voice of authority, but the fall of man. Nice.

Am I afraid? Do I worry about the future? Of course. Every being with intelligence knows fear. I know what it means when they give you a number instead of a name.



Vao file 2.84.990 Basketball chicken, Artist Statement

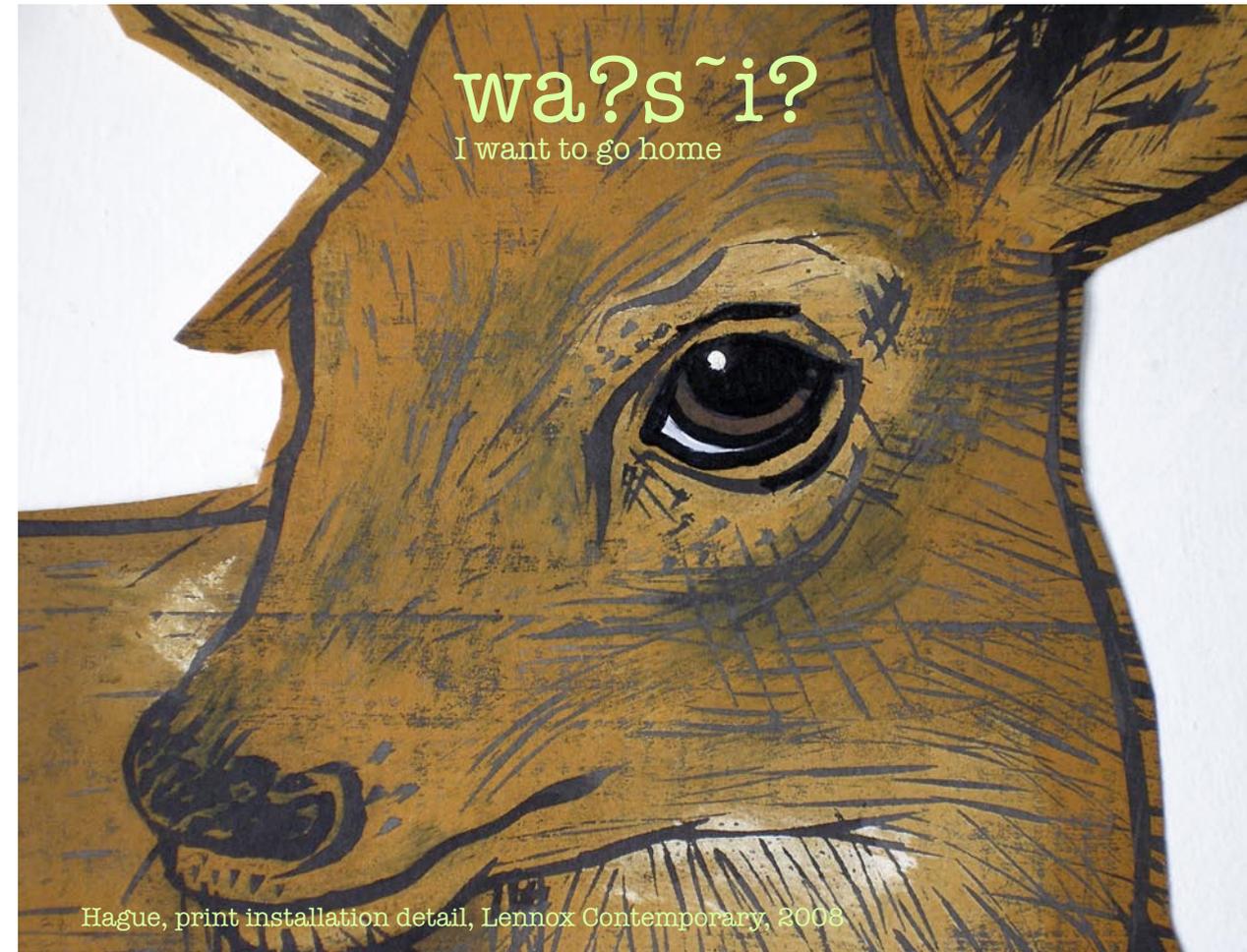
My family is from an agricultural community in the south. A farm is a cruel place but my talent got me out of there. While I recall many stories that relate to cycles of birth, death and renewal, others tell of the barbaric treatment of my family over generations. This rage is sublimated in my work.

I do site specific performance work which connects with the primal energy of the body. It flashes out like the butchers knife. It is both aesthetically and emotionally challenging and expresses struggle and vulnerability.

I am expressing the suffering of my race and the near impossibility of crossing physical barriers to empathize with the suffering of others. Through my work perhaps I may in a small way, affect a change in people's consciousness and make the future easier for my children.

“... A full beaker of wine at the right time is worth more than all the riches of this world: Dark is life, dark is death. The sky is endlessly blue, and the earth will long remain, and bloom in Spring. But you, Man, how long will you remain? Not even a hundred years shall you enjoy all the mouldering trinkets of this earth! A wild, ghostly figure crouches in the moonlight on the tombs - it is an Ape! Listen, its howling cuts through the sweet scent of Life. Now, drink the wine! Now is the time, comrades! Empty your golden cups to the lees! Dark is life, dark is death.”

Das Trinklied vom Jammer der Erde
http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Das_Lied_von_der_Erde



Hague, print installation detail, Lennox Contemporary, 2008



“... as it ran the white horse
turned its tall face back
And said:





this time we can,



Hague, print installation detail, Lennox Contemporary, 2008



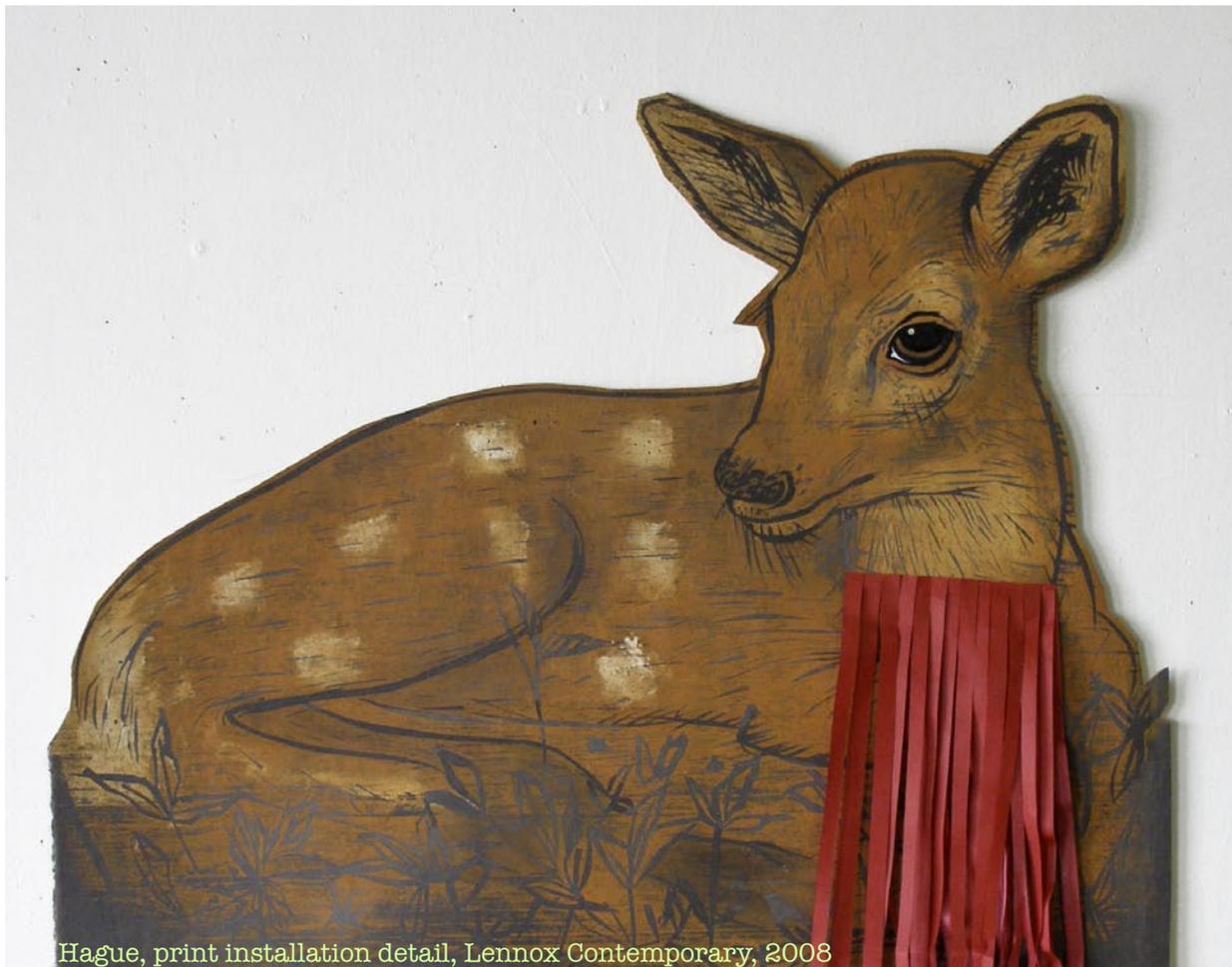
This time we will,



but this time cannot last.”

Christopher Logue, War Music, Faber and Faber Ltd., pg. 208





Hague, print installation detail, Lennox Contemporary, 2008

Thanks to:

Phil Anisman
my parents
*Djivan Gasparyan for his song title
Sally McKay, # 6, 8, 10, 14, 15, 19, 26,
27, 28, 30, 19, 21,
Harry Glasbeek # 5
Smadar Peretz # 23, 24
Sasha Pierce # 7

and the many authors quoted in these books



Brief project description:

This web /pdf edition of 30 booklets, connect and complicate the individual artworks in the Martian Odyssey series previously exhibited at Loop in Toronto. These booklets are intended to serve as a basis for comments on the artwork and their themes. If you want to have your comments considered for a web edition you can respond by sending an email to libbylibby@sympatico.ca with a subject heading of Martian Odyssey. I will be regularly updating the pdf's.

Martian Odyssey titles:

1. luck 2. riddles 3. the animals 4. translation
5. corps de ballet 6. The Girls 7. weave 8. net
9. slow motion 10. Big Bang 11. alouette
12. the wrong boat 13. the disaster
14. RAGE 15. white arms 16. plague
17. amnesia 18. ah.. 19. string theory 20.
laughter 21. dreams 22. Rules 23. justice
24. forgiveness 25. day after peace
26. un-rebuilding 27. blue-sky-blue 28. play
again 29. stars are wide 30. sing

Libby Hague is a printmaker + installation artist exploring themes of disaster, rescue and hope. [full cv](#)

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let's go



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