

THE GLOBE AND MAIL



CONCRETE

By Gary Michael Dault

Toronto-based painter Michael Adamson has developed his own kind guerrilla gallery. Rather than undergo the Oedipal rigors of having a dealer, he prefers to rent a vacant space and move in for the duration of each of his exhibitions. Adamson's latest manifestations of prodigious abilities as a painter is called Concrete, and spreads throughout an otherwise unused space on Scollard Street. It even overflows into the gallery's back yard, where the tireless Adamson, when he isn't minding the store, paints endless new abstract paintings en plein air. A skillful manipulator of brilliantly hued planes of pigment, often fixed in place with, bright button like daubs of paint (like wax seals on an envelope), Adamson has created more orderly works here, with grids and sharply defined fields of singing colour reminiscent of plots of land seen from the air. They are oases of pure painterly anxiety in an otherwise halcyon universe.