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**PHIL IRISH  
AND ADRIAN WILLIAMS  
AT ANGELL GALLERY**

\$1200-\$5200. Until September 1,  
890 Queen St. W., 416-530-0444

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Adrian Williams, one of the six founding members of Winnipeg's Royal Art Lodge (that free-wheeling, homespun, art-making gathering of friends and relatives which met every Wednesday night from 1996 until 2003 and spawned the now internationally celebrated Marcel Dzama), has been out on his own for a few years now. He is currently making large constructed paintings – heterodox elements of the work (stickers, bits of cloth, passages of wood-grain papers, bits of wood and plastic) are glued and sometimes nailed onto panels.

The happy results are pictures that tell often inexplicable stories, that teem with anecdote, that jangle the eye with the artist's original use of odd and unlikely materials. Of the four Williams works in the exhibition here, *It's Just Not There Marco Polo* – the artist's most recent work – is a wonky kind of masterpiece.

Phil Irish's sensuously wrought paintings, while they lack the pop-punch of the Williams works, possess an insinuating and ultimately winning poetry that lends them great freshness and charm. Irish's *Tree Fort*, with its succulently rendered tree and the fort itself, magically defined in space by what look like gaily coloured tapes wrapped about the branches, is unforgettable.