

Libby Hague's

martian odyssey # 12

12



the wrong boat

THEY HAD ARRIVED AT THE

Crimes against humanity.



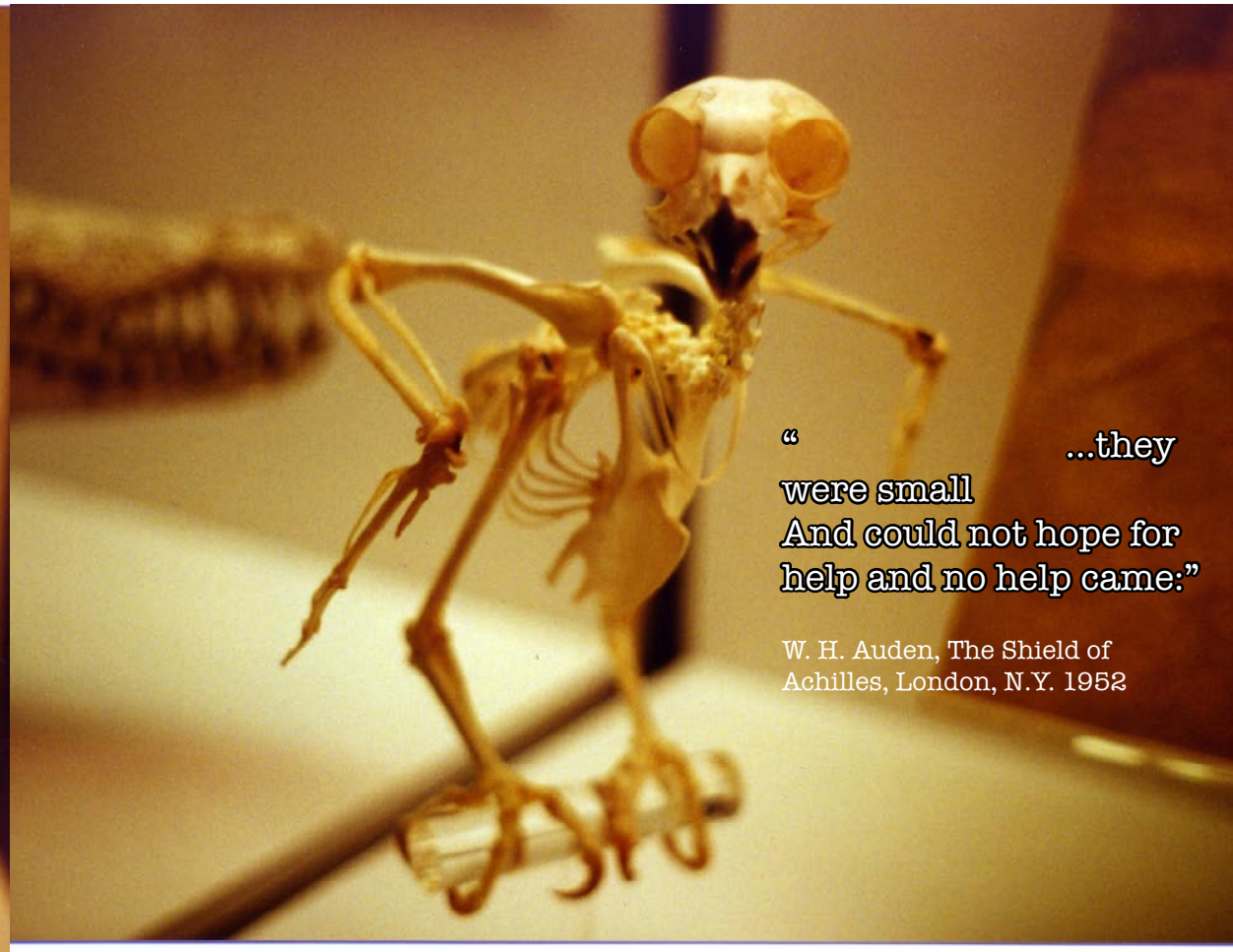
Marianne's story: thread 12

“Why do they hate us?” Baby Bee they hate difference and we are very, very different. There's no cover. We'll have to hide in the day. We'll travel at night. We'll get away.

Odysseus

“Then imagine an iron island.
Sunless.
Cold.”

The Odyssey, A Stage Version, Derek Walcott,
The Noonday Press, 1993, pg. 59



“ ...they
were small
And could not hope for
help and no help came:”

W. H. Auden, The Shield of
Achilles, London, N.Y. 1952



“The knees of every Trojan shook with fear,
each veteran frantic, glancing left and right -
how to escape his sudden, plunging death.”

Homer, pg. 386 The Iliad, translated by Fagles





Something's missing (day view), an installation from Fly Gallery, Toronto, 2002

“ - no stopping them now, mad for war and struggle. Now, suddenly, battle thrilled them more than the journey home, than sailing hollow ships to their dear native land.”

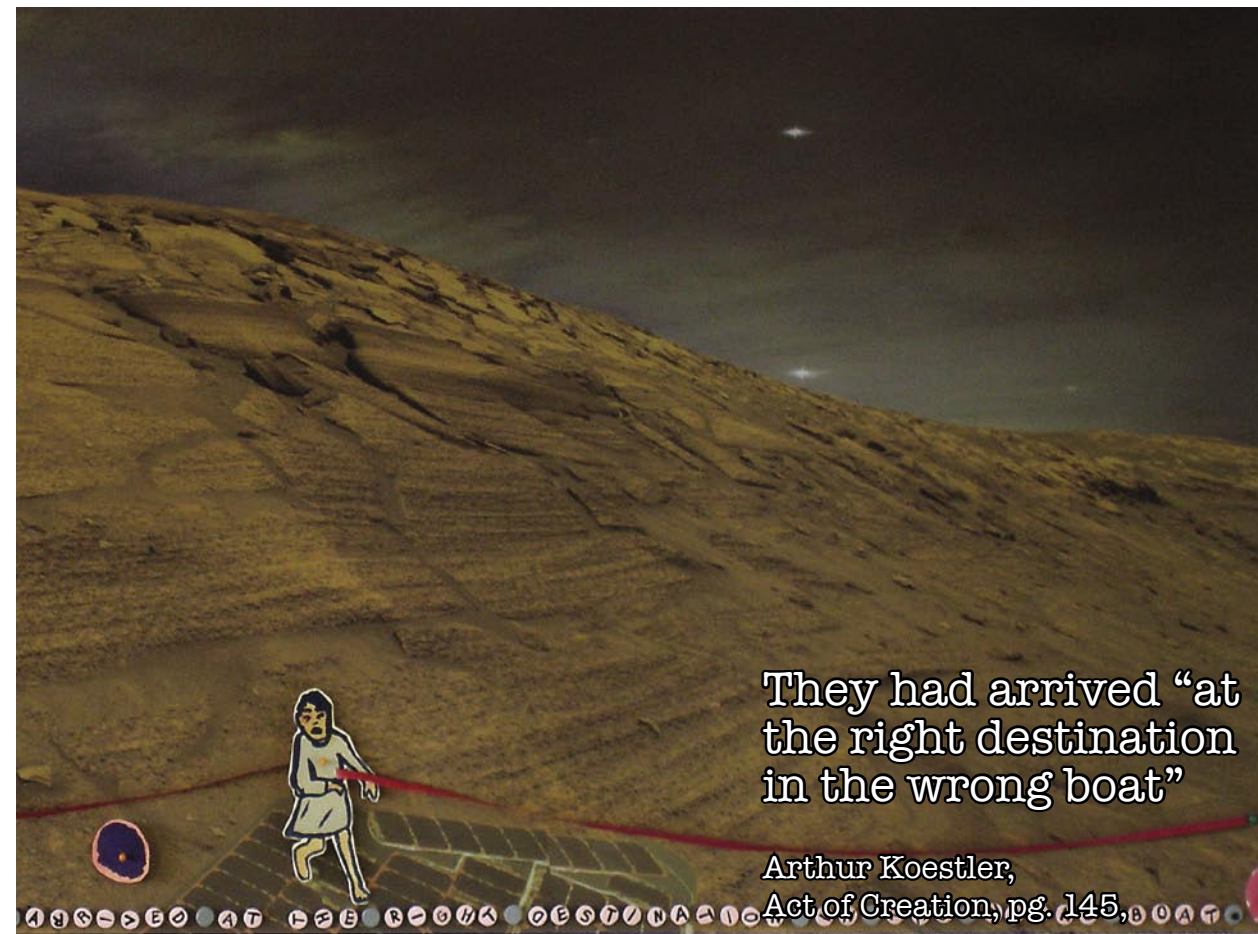
Homer, the Iliad, pg 114 Fagles translation

“ Yellows hate whites, whites hate blacks, and so on. All this hatred, you may say, is stirred up by propaganda , but this is a somewhat shallow explanation. Why is propaganda so much more successful when it stirs up hatred than when it tries to stir up friendly feeling? The reason is clearly that the human heart as modern civilization has made it is more prone to hatred than to friendship. And it is more prone to hatred because it is dissatisfied, because it feels deeply, perhaps even unconsciously, that it has somehow missed the meaning of life, that perhaps others, but not we ourselves, have secured the good things which nature offers man's enjoyment In despair he rages against his fellow man, who is equally lost and equally unhappy.”

Bertrand Russell, “Envy”, The Conquest of Happiness, (London, Unwin Books, 1975) pg. 72



martian odyssey: the wrong boat, stone lithography with digital output, 20 x 78



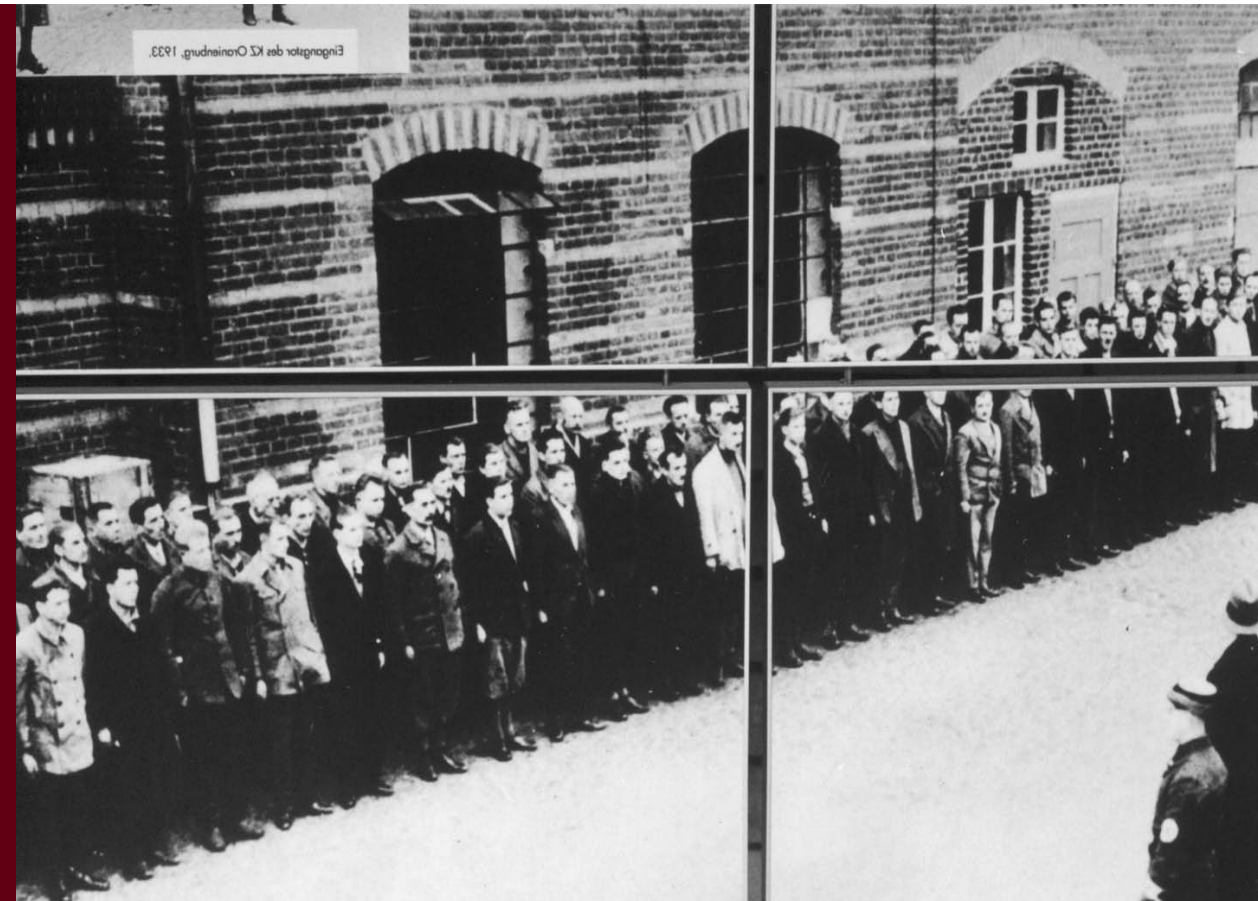
They had arrived “at
the right destination
in the wrong boat”

Arthur Koestler,
Act of Creation, pg. 145, BOAT

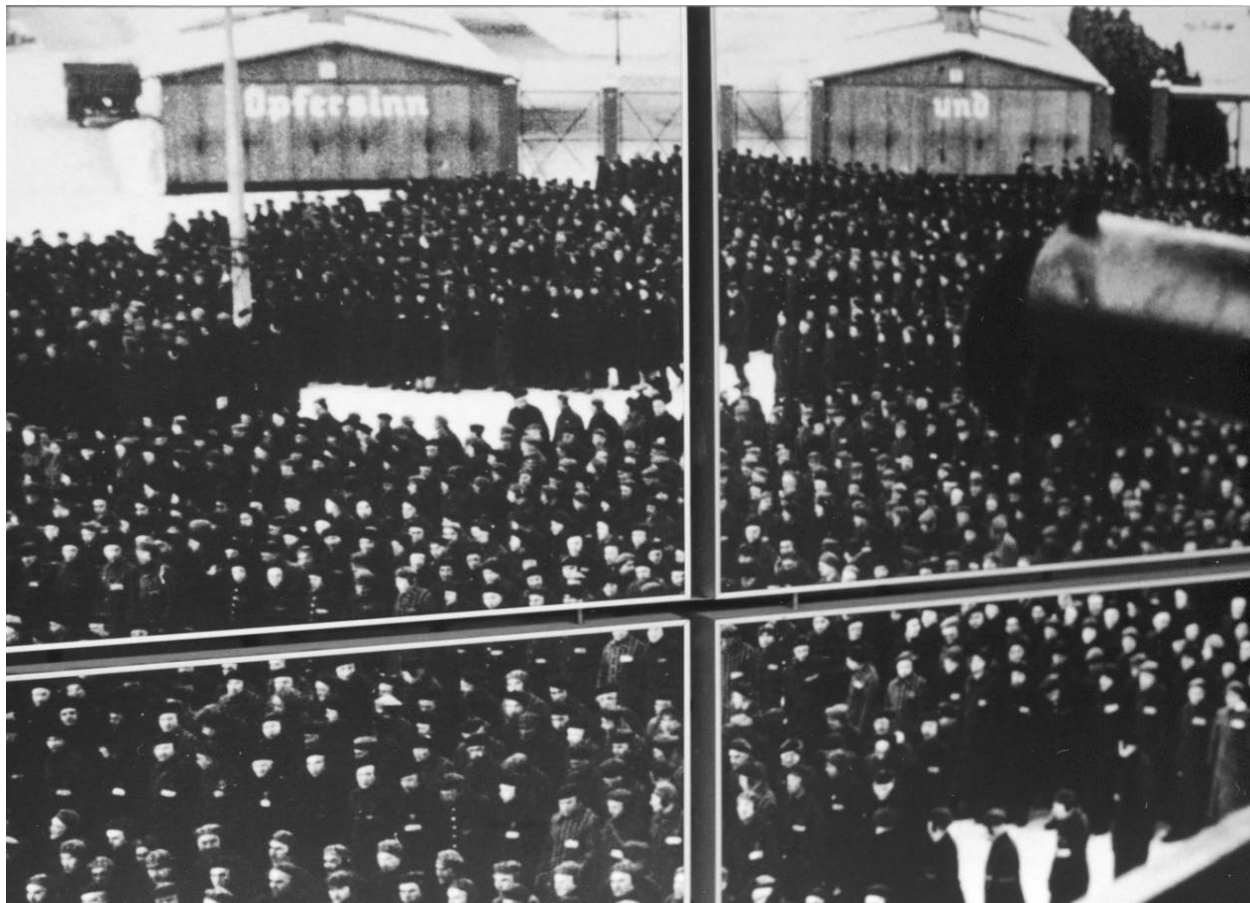
background photo courtesy of NASA , JPL



Something's missing (night), an installation from Fly Gallery, Toronto, 2002



Nazi era photographs taken from an installation on the holocaust outside the old Jewish museum in Berlin.



Nazi era photographs taken from an installation on the holocaust outside the old Jewish museum in Berlin.

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](#)

“ But I swear, on my grave,
now that it's all over
And the square and the
balcony empty,
I was there, but I didn't
wave.”

The Odyssey, A Stage Version, Derek Walcott,
The Noonday Press, 1993, pg. 63

torontocouncil
An arm's length body of the City of Toronto

ONTARIO ARTS COUNCIL
CONSEIL DES ARTS DE L'ONTARIO

“Clitus raced on

but his death came even faster”

Homer, pg. 402, the Iliad, Fagles translation



web
edition
2008

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