

Joanna Staniszkis

la vie en soie(e)

Bonnieux – France 2016
en collaboration avec
Galerie Kamila Regent
Saignon en Luberon

Joanna Staniszkis

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texte

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photographie

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la vie en soie(e)

exposition - performance

Le 15 mai 2016,
à Bonnieux en Luberon
dans une architecture troglodyte exceptionnelle du XIV siècle.

Une installation monumentale de Joanna Staniszki
sur le thème de la sériciculture en Provence.



In Memoriam

Michael Staniszki
Ewa Buch

Joanna Staniszkiis vit entre Vancouver et la Provence. Elle est une artiste majeur de la scène Canadienne.

Son matériaux de prédilection est le textile.

Elle ne tisse pas, elle dessine, elle crée des situations, des environnements d'où émergent des compositions textiles.

En prenant pour thème la sériciculture, Joanna Staniszkiis interroge le cycle de vie et de mort qui régit notre réalité.

Cette dernière création est en quelque sorte un manifeste qui repose sur les métamorphoses et sur les notions de quête philosophique et spirituelle tout autant que celle de la beauté.

Sous le soleil noir de la Provence, Joanna Staniszkiis a remarqué les sublimes mûriers oubliés au bord des routes. Ils sont la mémoire d'une époque ou les élevages des vers à soie étaient très répandu en Provence. Ils sont aujourd'hui oubliés par la majorité des descendants de ceux qui accomplissaient le rude labeur de remplir les draps de lin des feuilles nourricières, et de veiller à l'évolution de ces petits miracles.

Kamila Regent-Jaccaud

Une cruelle beauté

J'ai rencontré Joanna Staniszkiis grâce à notre langue commune.

Polonaise de naissance devenu Canadienne, attirée par la Provence, par la lumière et la tradition des textiles, elle s'est installée à Bonnieux depuis quelques années.

En voisine, j'ai appréciée son approche sensible et singulière de l'univers soyeux.

Elle ne tisse pas, elle dessine, elle crée des situations, des environnements d'où émergent des compositions qui sont des chrysalides exclusives, des ensembles qui habillent les femmes avec la matière des songes en soie...

Son intérêt pour les processus du vivant lui a permis d'expérimenter diverses voies et dans les années 1980, elle a notamment transformé des meubles en les couvrant de graines de lin, qui fleurissaient en de sublimes installations végétales.

En adoptant les processus naturels comme outil de création et en se référant aux cycles des saisons, elle interroge la place de l'homme dans la complexité de l'univers.

Cycle de vie et de la mort.

Il est manifeste que l'intérêt de Joanna Staniszkiis pour les métamorphoses est une recherche philosophique et spirituelle tout autant qu'une quête éperdue de la beauté.

Sous le soleil noir de la Provence, Joanna Staniszkiis a remarqué les sublimes mûriers oubliés au bord des routes. Ils sont la mémoire d'une époque ou les élevages des vers à soie étaient très répandu en Provence. Ils sont aujourd'hui oubliées par la majorité des descendants de ceux qui accomplissaient la rude tâche de remplir les draps de lin des feuilles nourricières, et de veiller à l'évolution de ces petits miracles / magnanerie

Cette fibre très appréciée par les femmes, les créateurs de mode est le fruit de la métamorphose du vers qui tisse le cocon pour abriter l'envol du papillon...

Dans son nouveau projet, Joanna Staniszki s'est consacré à retrouver le fil du cycle du miracle naturel de la soie. De cette matière légère en devenir d'étoffes, elle a inventé des sculptures aériennes, des évocations subtiles en suspension rappelant le cycle des chrysalides...

Entre fantasque et fantasma, l'empreinte des corps absents évoque la mue des êtres, l'état gazeux qui préside à la vie...

Kamila Regent-Jaccaud
commissaire d'exposition

Wrapped in histories

It is easy to understand why we are fascinated with the mysterious luminosity of silk, its gentle surface flowing with refracted light. It is in fact an intricate series of triangular plates, silks natural prismatic structure, which sends these beams reflecting in every direction. This dancing effect has drawn people to this rarified textile since antiquity, examples found in the burial treasures of ancient and cultivated civilizations. It is so alluring it gained a prominent role in international trade, its dazzling lustre quickly reaching the status of rare metals or jewels, it's traders making their way further and further west and across the ages. It is a fabled fabric, one which people reflect on and draw stories from, just as silk gathers and shares light from its gleaming surface.

In her multifarious artistic production, Joanna Staniszki reflects illuminating stories through the weaving of silken histories. Through her process she finds her subjects, like light illuminating from the refracted surface, to be as much about the lives lived along side its captivating cultivation as the nature of the textile itself. Revealed is a partial history of sericulture (the method of unravelling the the silk worm cocoon in a long, single string) and the memories people share around this rarified material. For this exhibition, wrapped in the generative cocoon of a 14th century cave in the hills of Bonnieux, France, Staniszki invites us to travel the road of these stories in a series of new sculptures. Poetic, personal and geographical, these stories share a common sense of industry and community, of productivity and sharing.

In gathering her thoughts about this French country project, Joanna found initial inspiration in a common form of labour, clearing underbrush. The skeletal strength of the bushes reminded her of branches utilized by silk worms as they prepare for chrysalis, arranging them as a scaffold for their weaving. Moulded with a transparent membrane, the pods are minimalist ovoids, bound

with potential. A cluster of sculptural intentionality, they wear their natural origins just as minimalist objects of the recent past have bourn their industrial materialism. A nest of them are grouped in a cupola, hovering with transparent volume. It is installed in the far reaches of the refurbished cave, deep in the unconscious. These simple forms call into play a life on the edge of transformation, a form for all possible futures. Both an artistic incubation and a sculptural realization of this potential, we can imagine ourselves within these buoyant bodies, slowly excreting silk to wrap around ourselves. Preparing for transformation.

This cycle of life is furthered in a living sculpture. Nestled in the furloughs of ancient bark, silkworms are set free to work on their life's task. Stomach full of favorite food, mulberry leaves, and ready to mate, they wrap themselves in their fibrous luxury so they may emerge winged and coated in a soft white fur. One night of fecund frivolity and the they are back to work laying the fruits of their labour, seeds, in amongst this ancient oak. This living sculpture, like the physically encompassing environment of the cupola, harken to the expanded sculptural experiments of the 1960s, actualizing a living process in the gallery space. Life and chance are activated within a defined context, here the furloughed surface of ancient bark. Like these very caves in the hills of Bonnieux, like the attics of the homes build in and around these caves, the gnarled recesses provide the safe space for these short silken lives to be lived. Karl Marx gestured to the silkworm as the ideal labourer, bound to an instinctual desire to and the intuitive knowledge needed for happily fulfilled in their work. Here we see this story played out in a community of diligent proletariats, propagating the surface with their purpose.

In a formally reductive work made for the exhibition, Staniszkis foregrounds an essential component of silk production, the mulberry tree. It is their sweet branches, rich with special sugars which provide the silkworms source for fibrion, a protein fiber it miraculously sets in prismatic lengths of secretion. For Joanna, the many mulberry trees populating the edges of orchards through out Luberon are also

characters in this history story. Their strong, knotted bodies show the signs of their cultivation and the care paid to them with the intent of producing the rare thread. This oldest of these trees, found exhausted on the side of the road, is raised and individualized as monument. Sacred to humans as the source of woven luster, the stump is marked by their cultivation with pruning scars and swatches of bright blue insecticide. Beautifully chopped and stained, the monolith exudes this historic relationship with humans with silent, dignified revelry.

Human experience and memory actively enter the exhibition through the stories of Joanna's mother, and her experiences of silk as a young girl in Poland. In compelling assemblages of textiles, photographic images are printed amongst ladies lace apparel. Through these pieces of crocheted silk, Joanna reflects on her mothers tales of dress up, of cloaking ones self in delicacy and luxury. Like the soft coat of the silk moth, we wrap ourselves in the experiences of silk, preparing ourselves for the play of our lives. Juxtaposing these 100 year old garments with the images of churches and family feel distant enough off for us to engage them objectively as history but close enough to hold with personal resonance. This is a silk story told of an earlier time and reflected through today. It is a meditation on being a woman in the modernized world and of the distance travelled since. At the same moment the grade of silk lace was gradually being defiled by machine production, as the dowry chest was replaced by the online registry, as family heirlooms were deemed old fashioned and unusable, we have gained some ground for the social liberties of women. Lace is now a choice, not a prescription. However, with Joanna's fond remembrances we can celebrate the delicacy of these memories, a time of gentile appreciation and refinement.

This refracted feminism is again contemplated in a series of sculptures evolved from physicalizing an apparent paradox of woman's role in the production and consumption of silk. A rare professional occupation available to village woman of the 19th century, they were the ones feeding (often with the help of children), harvesting, boiling the cocoons (the larva are killed in the cocoon before they hatch, stopping

them before they break the single length of string), pulling the fiber and spinning multiple strands into sturdy thread. These woman's hands often became shrivelled from the long hours in hot water, soaking the seri from the fibers to pull these long strings apart. Utilizing kid leather gloves gathered from the estates of fine ladies from the past, which have ended up in local antique markets, Staniszkis has soaked these delicate skins to simulate the effected hands of the workers. Each wrinkled appendage is molded to delicately hold a silk cocoon between thumb and forefinger, both presenting the sacred resource and potentially ready to work it into string. The politics of this process are engaged in this near surrealist image, fine hands now shrunken and worn, tenderly clutching the luminescent beauty of the silk cocoon. Cycles of labour and love spin through these stories, industry and enjoyment. The paradox of the damaged luxury good holding up the natural source of silken desire further plays out systems of value and consumption, gendered accretion and their inherent labor. Staniszkis unravels these stories of human experience both with an admiration for these women's work and while relishing the potential of these shimmering spheres of raw silk.

Silk has also had a role in social histories beyond the domestic. It's incredible strength was utilized during the second world war for parachutes, flying cocoons of steel tough textile. Here is another transformation in the history of French silk, evolving from delicate to dutiful. This work may also be read as a meditation on woman's labour since the french parachutes were woven and sewn by the ladies on the ground. In *War Effort*, 2015, Staniszkis allows a vintage parachute to cascade over a barrier, collapsed and exhausted, fallen from sky to earth. It has served its ends and is now a historical vestige. The end of the war actually saw the end of the silk trade in France, economic need and scarcity leading many to accept nylon as an acceptable replacement. This is a moment of modern functionality superseding the aesthetic regard for the fabric. Left hanging here, discarded, spent of use, a community of industrious silk moths have come to inhabit this voluminous sculptural mass. As we look closely we realized that they are actually toys, carved of wood, some 'evolved' into WWII

fighter planes. Their silken struggles of survival and our efforts of defense merge the life cycle of these two fervent workers. The work's sumptuous elegance resonates there ardent effort with an embedded sense of loss, refracted in silken light.

Under stress, mulberry trees will begin to grow unusual and widely varied shapes of leaves. Their vegetative ability for expression inspired Joanna to assign a letter to various shaped leaves to realize a mulberrian alphabet. Here she lets the original source of silk speak in its own language, celebrating this formal, if abstract, means of communication. These organic messages are juxtaposed with text from an old notary and silkscreened on figurative forms which dance through the exhibition space. Here Staniszkis is interested in articulating a tension between the legal and the natural, the conditions of society against the articulations of the environment. There is a suggestion that the language mulberry trees use to speak their concerns is far more expressive than the limits of our legal rhetoric to articulate personal injustice and inequalities. Here we encounter the possibility of a new language, as mysterious as the fiber which originates from this elemental source.

In compiling this sequence of silken experiences, Staniszkis allows us to explore our own memories of the smoothest of all fabrics. Through the combination of these various histories we can relate our own cycles of growth and collapse. Refracting our experiences with and uses of silk through a sculptural language she opens up a space for the viewer to identify with these cycles. Without specifying a specific politic, she grows conversations around gender, class, labour and purpose. These poetics open our minds to the worlds in and around silk and allow us to reflect our own stories and experience on to their surface, refracted through its prismatic plates and spreading the light of our own cycles of desire, enquiry, and production.

Lee Plested

Director of Griffin Art Projects,
Vancouver, Canada



la vie en soie(e)

The presence of silk in Southern France has been evident to me from the time of my early visits to Provence. Looking for a possible property to purchase, I have frequently come across photos of ancient stone houses and the term „ancient menagerie.” I was more interested in a village house than a large estate, as the memories of silk-rearing were present in these medieval houses. Steep stairs usually led to the attic where silk worms lived in the past. Holes in the stone and plaster walls indicated that large wooden frames, like trays, once filled the space.

From the first-hand stories of my older neighbours I learned that they, as children, were responsible for bringing a constant supply of fresh mulberry leaves. Most households had numerous mulberry trees planted within easy reach. When pruned in the fall these large trees produced large, thick foliage. The village people had a steady leaf supply thanks to hundreds of such trees planted along the roadsides since the late 1700s.

I find it very moving to observe each fall how these ancient contorted and grotesque-looking trees are still being neatly pruned and their sap-bleeding wounds treated with anti-fungal blue ink. This practice must be a deeply etched memory and an obligation of subsequent generations to look after the trees that helped their families bring in much needed income when other crops failed.

In my frequent travels to the Orient—India, Pakistan, Burma, Thailand, and China—the term “Silk Road” was often used to describe the ways and passages through which silk travelled to reach weavers in Europe. At some point, however, Europe became self-sufficient in silk production. Hundreds of small roads led from picturesque villages in *Provence* to larger centres where the silk threads would be reeled, spun, and woven. These were *The Silk Roads of Provence*. Occasionally this supply would be interrupted by a devastating virus called *pembrine*, which attacked the silk worms.

The thought of the silky, smooth threads being made here, in this land of stone and harsh winters and blazing sun in the summer—where rough hemp was the fibre used for clothing—intrigued me. Lyon and Paris featured fancy silk clothing derived from cocoons raised and gently picked and de-flossed by women and children from *Gordes*, *Rousillion*, *Cerestre*, and *Bonnieux*. I also find silk traces while visiting the markets and *vide grenier* in the area, where I can find simple implements, reeling spools, and skeins of yellowish hand-spun silk offered for sale.

I felt compelled to re-tell the story of silk in *Provence*. I needed to raise my own silk worms, feed them with the leaves of these ancient mulberry trees, and keep them warm in the attic of my medieval house to truly start a process of allowing my imagination to soar: addressing such profound issues as the mystery of life and the symbolism of the life cycle of silk moths, with its exquisite beauty and tragic ending.

Concurrent with my preoccupation with these questions I have been restoring an ancient cave as my future atelier and a space where my creative ideas can flourish and dwell. The cave is carved out of the limestone on which *Bonnieux* was built. There are many similar *trogodytic* caverns in the village, but mine is special. It is deep and high, its height increased by a series of criss-crossing arches to form a majestic cathedral-like ceiling. Thousands of years ago these caves served as habitats for the local population; subsequently, Romans added their characteristic vaulted ceilings and stone arches.

Caverns or grottos have always been surrounded with mysteries. Not only were they secluded havens where hermits meditated; they were also thought to be places where energy concentrated and spiritual places where miracles happened (for example, *Lourdes*). Even celestial grottos were believed to exist where immortals met after death.

How appropriate that my project with the theme of *the mystery of life* lives in such a space. With these themes in mind, I have created a series of vignettes:

1. Large cocoons, where dried plant material is surrounded by a transparent membrane: Here the centre of the cocoon is visible as it shimmers.

2. Tree of life and death: Silk worms were allowed to inhabit this entanglement, where they formed cocoons, emerged as moths, mated and laid eggs, and died shortly afterward. This complete lifecycle is presented here on a background of entangled forms to resemble an unsettling inferno-like situation.
3. Portraits of mulberries: The ancient mulberries growing on the plateau of *Luberon*, in my eyes, acquired human-like qualities requiring to be acknowledged individually as characters in a play.
4. War effort: During WWII silk was needed for making parachutes, and women worked in the spinning and weaving mills. The end of WWII brought an end to silk production in the *Luberon*. This installation symbolically shows another type of transformation—from peace to war and from silk moth to military aircraft.
5. Delicate matters: The white gloves symbolize dainty female hands holding a single silk cocoon.
6. My mother's memories of other times where silk was synonymous with femininity and glamour.
7. Mulberry language: It is known that a young mulberry tree, when under stress, produces leaves of varying shapes. This phenomenon fascinated me and compelled me to assign a letter of the alphabet to these different leaves; thus, producing a mulberry language. It is contrasted with an old letter from a local notary: mulberry language *versus* legal language.

Joanna Staniszkis

Professor Emerita University
of British Columbia, Canada

The old mulberry tree

This trunk from an ancient tree, found exhausted on the side of a local road, has been raised as a sculptural monument. Here to greet visitors as they enter the exhibition, it foregrounds an essential component of silk production, the mulberry tree, which provides the silkworm with fibrin; the protein it ingests to produce silk. Its strong, knotted body shows signs of cultivation, the care taken for the purpose of producing this fine thread.

Le vieux mûrier

Ce monument sculptural apparaît au premier plan dans la production de la soie. Les feuilles du mûrier blanc contiennent de la fibrane, la protéine dont les vers à soie se nourrissent pour produire la soie. Son tronc trapu et noué porte les marques de la taille et des soins apportés afin de récolter ses feuilles.



Large cocoons

A nest of cocoons are grouped in an ancient cupola, hovering in transparent volume. Moulded by a transparent membrane, the pods are minimalist ovoids, bound with potential. The skeletal strength of these wild varieties echo the branches used by silk worms to prepare for chrysalis, arranging them as a scaffold for their weaving. These simple forms speak of a life on the edge of transformation. The cupola resonates with their becoming a sacred space to reflect on the miracle of growth and transformation.

Les grand cocons

Des nids de cocons sont regroupés dans une vieille coupole et voltigent dans une atmosphère transparente. Moulés dans un filet, les nacelles prennent des formes minimalistes et ovoïdales remplies de potentiel. La forme des cocons de ces variétés sauvages remplissent l'espace entre les branches autour desquelles les vers à soie préparent leur chrysalide en les tissant en échafaudages.



Silk from the sky

Renowned for its incredible strength, silk was utilized during the Second World War for parachutes. Staniszkis allows a vintage parachute to cascade over a barrier, collapsed and exhausted, having fallen from sky to earth. The end of the war saw the exhaustion of the silk trade in France, economic need leading many to accept nylon as an acceptable replacement. This parachute, spent of use, has become home to a community of industrious silk moths. Looking closer we realized that they are actually toy moths, carved of wood. Some of these troopers have 'evolved' into WWII fighter planes. Here, struggles of their survival parallel mans efforts for defence, playfully merging the life cycle of these two fervent workers.

Soie du ciel

Reconnue pour sa grande résistance, la soie était utilisée pendant la Seconde Guerre Mondiale pour la fabrication de parachutes. Dans *War Effort 2015*, Staniszkis utilise un parachute de l'époque pour cascader au-dessus d'une barrière, effondré et épuisé, étant tombé du ciel. Ce parachute, n'étant plus utilisé devient l'habitat d'une communauté industrielle de vers à soie, en forme de jouets en bois. Quelques unes de ces troupes se sont transformées en avions de chasse de la deuxième Guerre Mondiale.





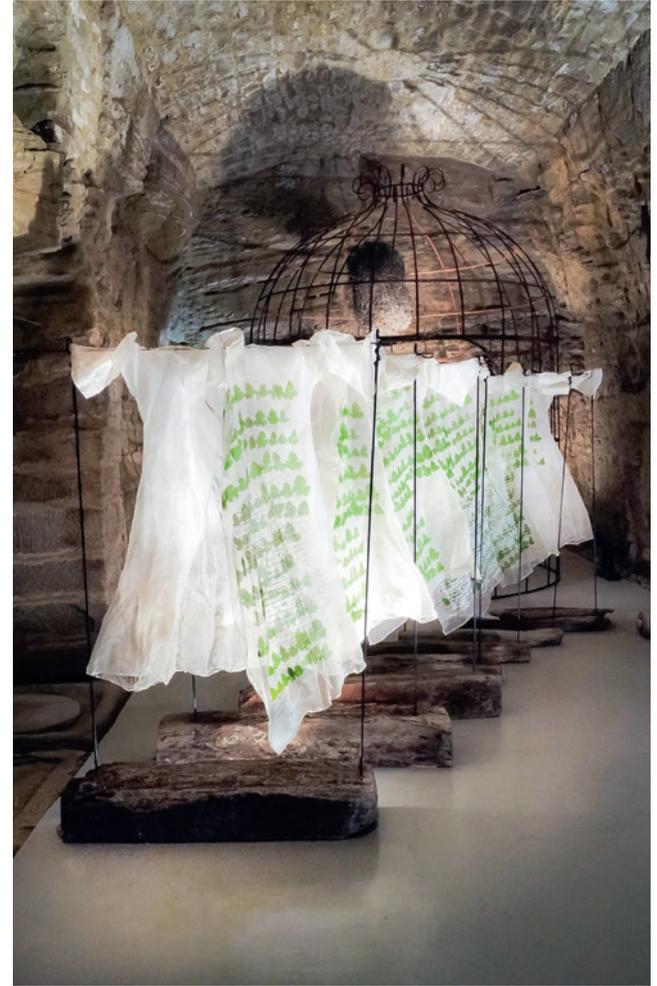
Mulberry language dresses

Under stress, mulberry trees begin to grow unusual and widely varied shapes of leaves. Their ability for expression inspired Joanna to assign a letter to various shaped leaves and realize a Mulberrian alphabet. These organic messages are juxtaposed with text from an old notary and silkscreened on figurative forms which dance through the exhibition space. Here, amongst these dancers, we encounter the possibility of a new language, as mysterious as the fiber that originates from this elemental source.



Les Robes en paroles de mûrier

Sous certaines conditions de stress, les mûriers produisent des feuilles en formes peu usuelles et très variées. Leur capacité d'expression a inspiré Joanna à assigner aux feuilles des formes de lettres et à éditer un alphabet de mûrier. Ces messages organiques juxtaposent un texte de Notaire ancien, des plaintes humaines, et sont sérigraphiés sur des formes figuratives qui dansent à travers l'espace de l'exposition.

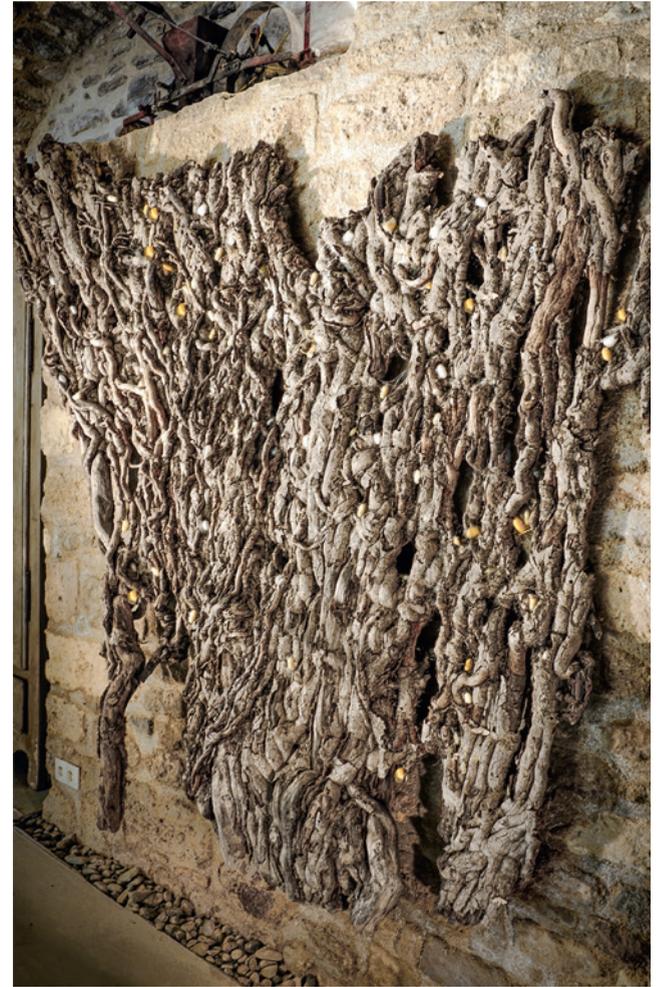


Entwined vine with cocoons

In this living sculpture silkworms are set free to work out their life's task on the furloughs of ancient bark. Stomach full of mulberry leaves, they are ready to mate. The chance elements of life in progress leave their traces on this amorphous surface, the crevices and caves of the bark both home and canvas to our heroes. Their living presence activates the gallery space with the life cycles of these fervent workers and the painterly evidence of their being.

Vignes enlacées par des cocons

Dans cette sculpture vivante les vers à soie sont libérés pour accomplir leurs vies sur les sentiers de l'écorce séculaire. Le ventre plein de feuilles, ils sont prêts à s'accoupler. L'élément de chance lié au hasard de leurs existences crée des traces sur la surface amorphe, des crevasses et des fissures dans l'écorce sont à la fois le foyer et la toile de nos héros.



My mother's garments

Layered images evoke memories shared through Staniszkis' mother of silk when she was a young girl in Poland. In assemblages of found and altered textiles, photographic images are transposed with women's lace apparel. Through these pieces of crocheted silk, Joanna reflects on her mothers tales of dress up, of cloaking ones self in delicacy and luxury. These tender tales are all the more poignant as they come from between the wars, a time when these small pleasures were rare and deeply treasured.

Les vêtements de ma mère

Les images superposées évoquent les souvenirs partagés avec la mère de Joanna quand elle était jeune fille en Pologne. Dans les assemblages de textiles trouvés et altérés, des photographies sont transposées avec des tissus de dentelle. A travers les pièces de soie en crochet Joanna se penche sur les histoires de sa mère de s'habiller en fête et de s'entourer de tissus délicats et luxueux.



Delicate matters

The village woman of the 19th century were given the task of raising the silk worms, boiling the cocoons, pulling the fiber and spinning thread. These woman's hands often became shrivelled from the long hours in hot water, soaking the seri from the fibres to pull the strings apart. Gathering kid leather gloves from local antique markets, Staniszkis has soaked these delicate skins to simulate the effected hands of the workers. Each wrinkled appendage is moulded to delicately hold a silk cocoon between thumb and forefinger. The paradox of the damaged luxury good holding up the natural source of silken desire teases out systems of value and consumption.



Les Evénements Délicates

Les villageoises du 19ème siècle avaient comme tâches d'élever les vers à soie, de faire bouillir les cocons dans l'eau, d'étirer et de tisser le fil. Leurs mains devenaient souvent meurtries et flétries par ces longues heures dans l'eau chaude. Avec une collection des gants de chevreau du marché d'antiquités locale, Staniszkis a trempé dans l'eau ces peaux délicates pour recréer l'effet des mains ridées tenant délicatement les cocons de soie.

Mulberry banners

The somber silhouettes of mulberry trees are silk screened on silk fabric. They cast their shadows, historic characters in this exhibition. The layering of their near transparent profiles echoes through the space like layers of memories, generations of these strong figures watching the history of silk unroll over centuries.

Les bannières de mûriers

Les silhouettes sombres des mûriers sont sérigraphiées sur des longues bannières. Ils projettent leurs ombres, les formes historiques de cette exposition. Les couches presque transparents de leurs profils font écho à travers l'espace comme des couches de mémoires, des générations de ces formes puissantes observant l'histoire de la soie qui se déroule à travers les siècles.





Joanna Staniszkis

Born in Poland. Studied at the Fine Arts Academy in Warsaw and obtained her degree from the School of the Chicago Art Institute. She joined the faculty of the University of British Columbia in 1969, where she taught Design, Textile Design and History of Costume in the rank of Associate Professor.

Ms Staniszkis received many distinctions and awards: she was the winner of the prestigious Saydie Bronfman Award in 1981, awarded the 125 Canada Confederation Medal in 1993, Canada Council's Awards in 2001 and 2004, Queens Golden Jubilee Medal in 2002. Joanna is a member of the Royal Canadian Academy for the Arts as well as the International Women's Forum. She has participated in numerous solo and group exhibitions and specialized in creating large scale architectural textile commissions which can be found in lobbies and offices of mayor corporations in Canada as well as in public museums and private collections.

Fashion and designing one of a kind clothing, has been Joanna's latest passion. She applies a variety of textile techniques: printing, dyeing, stamping and pleating-methods which have been inspiring her students for over 3 decades.

Joanna shares her time between home in Vancouver, Canada and her atelier in Provence, France.

A propos de Joanna Staniszkis

Joanna Staniszkis après l'obtention de son diplôme de l'Institute Art of Chicago en 1969 intègre le corps enseignant de l'université de Colombie-Britannique en qualité de professeur de Design Textile et d'histoire du costume.

Joanna Staniszkis a reçu de nombreux prix et distinctions: Prix Saidye-Bronfman en 1981, Médaille de la Confédération du Canada 125 en 1993, Prix du Conseil des Arts en 2001 et 2004, Médaille du jubilé de la Reine en 2002. Joanna Staniszkis est membre de l'Académie Royale des Arts (Colombie Britannique) ainsi que du Forum International des Femmes.

Elle a participé à de nombreuses expositions individuelles et collectives. Joanna Staniszkis a participé à de nombreux appels d'offres et réalisé des créations en textile s'inscrivant dans des réalisations architecturales tel que halls et bureaux de sociétés, Mairie, Musées publics, collections privées.

La mode est depuis quelques années son art de prédilection dans lequel elle excelle en jouant avec des variétés de techniques diverses mêlant les estampages, les teintures, les impressions sérigraphique..., Autant de méthodes qui ont été une source d'inspiration pour ses élèves pendant 3 décennies.

Joanna Staniszkis partage son temps entre sa maison de Vancouver au Canada et son atelier particulier de Bonnieux en Luberon.

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