



DAVID WILSON

“what were the skies like when you were young?”

words: Kyla Cole-Medina

Do you remember? At night? How they made you feel? If not, it goes a little something like this (hit it): the grain, grit and glitter of a nightlife cruising scene from an old Chow Yun Fat movie. Gated snares and shiny escalators. Coppertone and Street Fighter 2 all damn day. That little clip they used to show at around 3am before ending broadcast day on one of the lower channels, CHEK 6 maybe, that was just a car ride through first-neon/Expo-era Vancouver, but the lights looked like the loneliest lights in the world. The art of David Wilson is all of this, and your virginity back.

When you stop to arrange your memories, you tend, consciously or not, to edit the boring, sad, bad parts. David Wilson's recent works - brooding, bloody nightscapes of iconic, (in)famous enclaves of Vancouver - do a tear-jerking job of jogging our memories back to naïve, wide-eyed wonder at a city that looked at the time like it would embrace us all or swallow us whole. All we can remember is the dim, warm, neon light heat and noise of the city's bosom, everything big and melting before our eyes. You know what I mean. See Wilson's stuff at the AION in April, then go home and read your yearbook. Don't count signatures.

