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## Adrian Norvid

### *Finkola High / The Cantankerous Krank*

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*Finkola High* (detail), 2011, Flashe Vinyl Paint on Paper

#### ***Finkola High***

There is a hermetic world assembled in *Finkola High* populated by nerds and heads, disco enthusiasts, jocks and misfits, all with their attendant clothing and hairstyle blunders. The drawing can be read as a tawdry compendium of High School genre clichés culled from film sources (*Dazed and Confused*, *Saturday Night Fever*, *Mean Girls*) comic representation (*National Lampoon*, *Mad Magazine*), Ronald Searle – the English illustrator of the 60's and 70's notorious for the diabolical students in the St. Trinians Girls School stories– and ghastly personal recollection.

During the exhibition, join Wilhelm Wurstfinger Krank. as he puts his wurst finger forward at Joyce Yahouda Gallery in Montreal. Herr Krank (the erstwhile Adrian Norvid) arrives with a dubious work in progress entitled:

#### ***The Cantankerous Krank : The Thralldom of the Trill and other Musical Notsoniceties***

For five weeks this winter (February 9<sup>th</sup> to March 17<sup>th</sup> to be precise) sometime (though by no means all the time - Thursday, Friday, Saturday) between the hours of 12 and 5:00, Herr Krank will be pacing moodily about a paper set resembling an organ loft, a basement recording studio or an illustrated page from Diderot's 18<sup>th</sup> Century Encyclopedia. When the muse strikes him he will fashion an improvised musical texture with the help of a number of diminutive keyboards and the odd biscuit tin. When the muse strikes him not, he will be making demonstrative notes, appeals and admonitions, writing letters to himself (and answering them), grouching, fumbling and otherwise behaving in a dilatory, unfocused and curmudgeonly fashion.

Equally versed, or unversed (certainly unrehearsed) in counterpoint, the finer points of Progressive Rock and the not so fine ones of Contemporary Composition, Herr Krank essays a soundscape of keyboard snippets and ghostly (or is it ghastly?) baroque patterning (or is it just puttering?). Described by some as "...hapless if not utterly tuneless," a "...muddled throwback," and "...a genuine irritant," Krank allows us a glimpse (when he feels up to it that is) of the very minor composer's inner sanctum. Ivan Lessthangenerous writing for *The Moscow Organ Review* sums up the Krank allure: "...well preserved considering he must be at least 250 years old - an undoubted fake and a terrible scatterbrain at the keyboards. Whatever he essays comes out sounding like the musical equivalent of mucilage."