

tion – I was drawn to the two declaratory pieces, 1848 1985 and 1919 1985, and the lovely pairings of carpentry tools and abstract blocks of colour in the series called Tools of Coincidence 1980 – but it was the more abstract pieces that had most impact on me because they seemed to present form and colour with naked intensity.

Doug McCurry
Senior Research Fellow
Australian Council for
Educational Research

**RICHARD FRENKEN
TRAIN WINDOW
REFLECTIONS
PLATFORM
APRIL 1994**

Passageway impasse passenger

In the illuminating box windows in the subway the passengers, the subjects of the images, walking past the photographs, are there like theatrical scores. The woman eating an apple stares at the photographer, unknown bewilderment. In reflections, a thousand more details at night in the subway a slow curve to piss, leaking pipes, coldness and heat of the pictures. No passengers stop to look at their own theatrical impersonations by night light; desires, ruptures, sleeps, human sackness, wildernesses, possibilities, sterilities, relations.

Marcus Bergner



**ROD MCLEISH
NAKED AND
UNASHAMED**

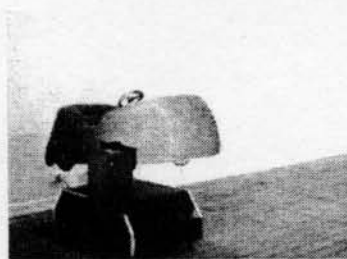
**CCP
22 JULY-20
AUGUST 1994**

Stepping into 'Naked And Unashamed', my first sensation was that there was something luscious there; somehow sensuous. I think the experience, (and it is an experience) rich in sound, imagery and suggestion was a bit like going into a rain forest: mysterious, ancient, intriguing.

I had to peer at the images in the half light – did that reclining woman have decorative ankles or was it bondage? Suddenly great shafts of light and the black and white images become backdrops for the projection of coloured images – images of the artist as a child and/or an adult, generally naked or semi-naked. The family portraits are familiar but the juxtaposition is unsettling. The show is deconstructive in drawing attention to the photograph as a construct.

The maze we move through allows us to make choices of direction, to get blocked by dead ends and to come into contact with the images themselves; this means we can't look and leave but must renegotiate our way back through the work and so, reconsider or rediscover it. Each time I look I see a bit more; I see additional detail, I make other connections, I engage in a different way with the work.

Lisa French
Lecturer in Media Arts
Deakin University



**JOHN MEADE AND
YVONNE
WERNER
SEX WORK
TEMPLE STUDIO
25 JUNE-10 JULY
1994**

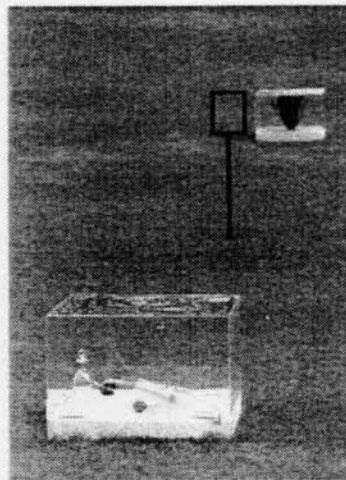
There's a paradox in *Sex Work*. It comes after viewers put twenty cents in the purple mohair covered car ride and caress its undulation, its hard and warm surface. It comes only after you give up the resistance to touch and run your hands through the sweep of yellow plastic hair that twizzles rhythmically from side to side. The paradox comes from the realisation that sex is not work, but the works are about playing sex; that drama of libidinal tension satisfied and



then satiated again.

The mechanics of Meade's playthings are libidinally driven, metaphorised by the space between a lurid green brush and iridescent pink pigment. However, Werner's latex scum-bags return pleasure back to work. One crosses the line from pleasure to drudgery across a line inscribed "Sex Work". We enter a mega discourse uttered everywhere these days; "Have you got a condom?"

Robert Schubert



**SPOKEN BECAUSE I:
THE
HABITATION OF
HEIDE
CURATOR
SUZANNAH
BARTA
MOMA HEIDE
8 MAY-26 JUNE
1994**

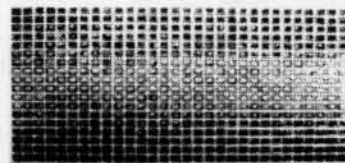
Nature/culture distinctions are blurred here. The garden, whilst ostensibly natural, is extremely cultivated. Art placed in this environment is art placed in a space of minds. The garden resonates with memories that aren't mine to remember. The earth smells beautiful and the complexity of the tree challenges the complexity of the sculptures. Everything I see has been manipulated. I don't believe in a feminine sensibility. There is no single system at work here, except that of time. Individual bodies in space make their presences felt. There is no harmony with, or an exploration of landscape but simply a space that resonates with

dislocation. You can't see me from the point that I see you.

Outside, art makes me look at the sky.

Every landscape is encoded.

Jennifer Higgie



**NICOLA LODER
THE APPRENTICESHIP
OF SILENCE**

**CCP
13 MAY-11 JUNE
1994**

Nicola Loder's recent exhibition achieved an effect of two distinctly different strategies operating from within the one installation. At first experience, upon entering the space, one was struck by the scale of 'three' works, each evincing a cool minimalism of graduating tones through the construct of the grid. As one approached these works however, the temperature rose. One sensed that one was entering other worlds, the miniature, the far away, the long ago. These were worlds to get lost in, to escape to. Grainy, out of focus, difficult to see, and sometimes overexposed, these tiny images seemed to perfectly capture a sense of the unknown within the familiar.

Clare Williamson
Curator

Walking into Nicola Loder's show at the CCP the vision remains impressionistic. A couple of walls like a huge monochrome Seurat. Little black and white photographs in a grid that created a clever tonal pattern, only apparent from a distance. But the insatiable urge was to get closer; to peer into the little rectangles and realise they were not abstract at all. Closer and closer, with nose pressed against glass, it was almost with young wonder that I spy each tiny frame held a miniature view of the world. Little urban scenes constructed from toy models, somehow lonely, bleak, and surreal. Then, little views from the 'real' world of

people, buildings, landscapes, sky scapes, seascapes equally unsettling somehow, but quite beautiful. I stand on tip toes, crane my neck, get down on my haunches to look into each tiny panorama and I spy an obsessive eye with the telephoto lens zeroing in on frailty or majesty and the power of the show was that I found myself staring at these intimate tragedies from point-blank range. Spooky, and I had to have one!

Lin Tobias
Graphic Designer



PETER ROBERTSON
TIME AFTER TIME
AUG - SEPT 1994
TEMPLE STUDIO

When you said we are real, I laughed whispering: lets touch so we can pretend. We looked around surrounded by big paintings in one room and small drawings in another.

Weird. Eerie figures. Faces bitten by the past. But. Sitting in their futures already. Layers hidden 'til my squint gets 'em. Midget eye looks in - humungous deep, peeping from traditional form but so oddly placed in circumstance circles of mind and time. One round work amongst squares and oblongs turning in on itself wildly. Shadowise tree behind 3D Robertson reaching out from against the canvas and past. Colours like sex - irresistibly intangible.

When you said we are real I spoke softly at the faces the shapes the shades the past present future on the walls: but we can still make believe?

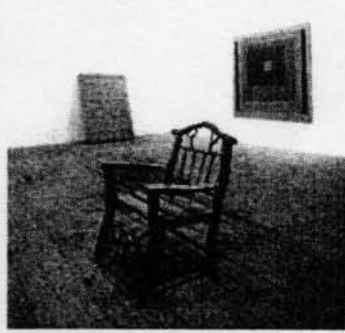
Elizabeth Rogers
Writer



GREG CREEK
'BURIAL IN BENDIGO'
TEMPLE STUDIO
2 17 APRIL 1994

The crowd in Greg Creek's 'Burial in Bendigo', impressive as a throng in a Renaissance painting or a packed stand at the footy, is at first intimidating by its size. Then a familiar face invites you in and lets you switch from taking in the whole to moving your gaze around the faces of all the people, many of whom both symbolize something and bear witness. Friends of the artist rub shoulders with icons such as Robert Menzies, John Lennon, Humphrey Bear and Albert Namatjira. Contemporary and historical figures jostle unknown people. There are cameos and caricatures in this meeting of all the forces - social, cultural, historical, familial, artistic, political - which shape a life and go largely unacknowledged until we ceremonially conjure them up at a person's death and burial. Funerals can burn powerful memories.

Tricia O'Heare
Mother/teacher



DALE FRANK
KARYN LOVEGROVE
GALLERY
11 MARCH-9 APRIL
1994

Entering the Karyn Lovegrove gallery the smell of spirits, turpentine or methylated spirits I think, lingered in the air, which turned out to be fish tanks full of swirling paints. I found myself quite hypnotised by the colours and intoxicated at the same time - probably by the paint fumes but I was also drawn back to the tanks on several occasions.

The works that made the most impact on me were the Blue-Zebra Box and Green-Doggy Box works in Indian inks on silver foil. I found the works striking. They reminded me of when you're a child at Easter, flattening out egg wrappers.

The most controversial work of the exhibition I suppose was the \$7,000 mattress. I'm not too sure what Frank's intentions were but I'm sure it created some controversy to its viewers. Overall I think the exhibition was wonderful.

Michele Bell
Building Services Officer



STEPHEN BUSH
ROBERT LINDSAY
GALLERY
JULY 1994

I am an ophthalmologist and deal with the art of looking everyday. The assumption that an ophthalmologist may see more than another person is fallacious. We set out to see things as clearly as possible, but only within the range of our clinical 'seeing'. Stephen Bush's 5 works look the same but the more time one spends with these works the more apparent the differences are. They remind me of those pictorial puzzles in magazines where you have to look for the differences in each diagram and then mark them. The monochromatic aspect of the paintings is almost like newspaper print but they are very well painted and you cannot forget this. Having a cartoon character in the landscape also made me think of comic strips but here we are confronted by what looks like 5 frames repeated. The other work in the show I found interesting although the subject matter sometimes puzzled me.

John Sutton
Ophthalmologist

