

Suzann Victor

Waiting Room

11.6.98 - 27.6.98

part of the Signs and Wonders project,
curated by Melissa Chiu

you are invited to attend
the preview of the exhibition on
thursday, june 11, 1998
from 6:00 to 8:00 pm

GALLERY 4A

room 3, 3rd floor
405-411 sussex st., sydney
tele/fax. +61.2.92112245
thursday to saturday 12-6 pm
asian australian artists' association inc., gratefully
acknowledges our principal sponsor James Fairfax

this project is assisted by THE BESEN FAMILY FOUNDATION

The galleries

▼ No danger of understatement

THE Tenth Annual Sculpture Exhibition at Robin Gibson Gallery is cluttered, confusing and more fun than it has reason to be. Gibson's stable includes quite a few sculptors given to unrepentant overstatement. Mark Thompson's name is a byword for lushness and elaboration. He has never been one to leave well enough alone. *Surabaya Johnny* is a costumed blackamoor sprouting bat-wing epaulettes atop a lacquered plinth. Another balances deities on his head, cradling a gilded nude. These are bravura ceramic exercises that leave you wanting less. For once, Thompson is outdone in the excess stakes by Richard Byrnes. The latter's *Elevated Young Man* is surely the most bizarre object on view in Sydney this week. An infant pole-vaults perilously above a rhinoceros, all in cast

aluminium (pictured above). Vince Vozzo's *Readymade Time Machine* is simply silly. Marguerite Derricourt demonstrates the virtues of sculptural restraint. Her *Herd* comprises a cluster of buffalo, each the size of a fist, and as compact. Bert Flugelman, Erwin Fabian and Clement Meadmore supply the metal ballast vital to smooth sailing. Phone: 9331 6692. To July 4.

▼ Body of work

SUZANN Victor's *Waiting Room* is a cramped, cubby of an installation at Gallery 4A. The surveillance of motorised searchlights reveals glass tears streaming from blood-red walls. The suggestion of being inside a human body is poetic rather than ghoulish, though I couldn't suppress a mild claustrophobia in the blacked-out interior. Victor compensates by the sheer psychological power of her space, and by the intuition that it is, indeed, a

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waiting room in the medical sense. Perhaps for that reason few will want to linger too long. Phone: 9211 2245. To June 27.

▼ Hands and hybrids

HISASHI Fujimoto has a modest mixed-media show at Beatty Gallery, essentially a set of graphite drawings in conversation with a couple of three-dimensional constructions. Fujimoto's symbolism, as opposed to his technique, is heavy-handed. Lots of gesticulating hands, eyes, limbs, whorls and spirals. A cosmological subtext is detectable. The principal work, *Portrait 1 (Mandara)*, suggests a hybrid of the tarot and an astrological chart. More engaging because less obvious, the decisive twig sculpture *Portrait 2 (Cross)* would benefit from aerial display — difficult given this gallery's dimensions. Upstairs, house artists congregate in a suite of work distinguished by Kendal Mur-

ray's wonderful purse-dress suspended over steel shoes with rollers for heels. Phone: 9360 4244. To July 4.

▼ Lessons in technique

SACHA Gallery exhibits nothing but anonymous copies of famous paintings by 19th- and 20th-century greats, Gauguin, Van Gogh, Picasso and the like. To visit this venue is to subject oneself to a lesson in technique and an exercise in impossibility. You cannot, of course, replicate a masterpiece. Painting one in the first place is a bitch. To reproduce a brushstroke, however accurately, is to kill it stone dead. Yet it's touching that people try. Sacha's artists, whoever they are, make no pretence at anything but competent pastiche. Some will find that sad, others terribly stimulating. I'm between. Phone: 9360 4244.

BRUCE JAMES