

Everything magazine of the riverside artists group

NUMBER SIX • FEBRUARY 1993 • FREE

listings

February

Accademia Italiana
24 Rutland Gate, London SW7,
tel 071-225 3474
'Ruskin and Tuscany'. Original works by
John Ruskin and associated artists. Until 7 Feb
Daily 10.00am - 6.00pm. Weds until 8.00pm.

Barbican Centre
Level 5, Silk Street, London EC2.
tel 071 638 4141
'Westway: Urban Paintings', Oliver Bevan. Sponsored
by G Maunsell and Partners and BSS funded.
Until 17 Feb. Mon - Sat. 9.00am - 11.00pm.
Sun 12.00noon - 11.00pm

Central Space Gallery
23 - 29 Farrow Road,
Tel: 071-603 3039
David Griffiths. Installation: 'Placemaking',
Until 13 Feb.

Centre 181 Gallery
181 King Street, Hammersmith London W6
tel 081-748 3020 x3532
John Timberlake, 'Microgamma'. Until 26 Feb.
10.00am - 5.00pm Monday to Friday.

Commonwealth Institute
Kensington Vase, London W8
tel 071-603 4535
Bhowanagree Gallery: 'Duet: Mythical Beliefs and
Cultural Crossroads', Bethel Omok. Water colours
and mixed media work.
Until 14 March.
Today Gallery: 'Sculptures', Bill Ming. Painting and
sculpture.
Until 21 March.

Courtauld Institute
Somerset House, Strand London WC2.
tel 071-873 2526.
Montreal - views, plans and maps.
Until 8 March. Phone for times.

Courtauld Galleries
(Zwemmer Bookshop).
Display and sale of work by young artists.
Ranjana Choudhri, Liz Dalton, Colin Hawkins.
Until 16 Feb. Mon - Sat. 10.00am - 6.00pm.
Sun 2.00pm - 6.00pm

Goethe Institut
50 Princes Gate, Exhibition Road, London SW7
tel 071-872 0220
'More Light', Matthew Tickle, Markus Eisenmann.
Until 27 Feb. Mon - Thur 10.00am to 8.00pm
Fri 10.00am to 4.00pm. Sat. 9.30am to 12.30pm

Hayward Gallery
South Bank Centre, London SE1 8XZ.
tel 071-928 3144.

'Gravity and Grace', the changing condition of
sculpture. 1965-75, including: *Beys, Brotherhoods, Long
Merz, Serra*.
Until 14 March. Mon - Wed 10.00am - 8.00pm. Thur
- Sat 10.00am - 6.00pm.

Janus Avirson Gallery
73 Northchurch Road, London N1.
tel 071-435 1993
Jupp Linsen. Paintings. Until 28 Feb.
27 Heath Street, Hampstead, London NW3.
tel 071-435 1993

12.00 - 6.00pm Wed to Sat.
Wolfgang Ise. Works on paper.
5 - 28 Feb.
Fri - Sat 12.00 - 6.00pm or by appt.
plus the 'Brick Lane Open Two'
at The Heritage Centre, Spitalfields,
19 Princelet Street, London E1.
Until 14 Feb.
tel 071-377 6901.
Mon - Sun 12.00 - 7.00pm.

Karsten Schubert
85 Charlotte Street, London W1.
tel 071-6311 0031.
Keith Coventry. 'Suprematist Paintings 1-10'
Until 6 Feb.
Mon - Fri 10.00am - 6.00pm.
Sat. 10.00am - 2.00pm.

Long Gallery
Gunnersbury Park Museum, London W3.
tel 071-436 2300
'Battle of Brentford 1642'. An exhibition about
Brentford in the Civil War.
Until 18 April 1993.
Daily 10.00pm - 4.00pm.

Lyric Theatre Galleries.
Lyric Theatre, King Street, London W6.
Michael Salaman (1911 - 1987) a retrospective
exhibition of paintings.
8 Feb - 6 March.
Mon - Sat 10.00am - 11.00pm.

Museum of Installation
33 Great Sutton Street, EC1.
tel 071-253 0802.
'Brief Window (refrain)', Louise Sudell. Installation.
Until 6 March.
Wed - Sat 2.00pm - 6.00pm.

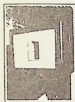
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riverside artists group magazine

february 1993 issue 6

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introducing Polish artist **Andrzej Syska**
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Light." everything talks to
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AS THE new year slumped on our doorsteps
wrapped in tradition and screaming to be let in, we
decided on a facelift - a new identity. It's hard to be
seen in today's ever nourishing media soup. Even
God is going for the 'New Improved' stance with
an extensive TV campaign to kick off 1993.

We welcome back Pangloss (who has more to say
on the subject of the aesthetics of prosthetics)
after his illness, talk to Space Explorations about
their initiatives, reflect on the tenuous survival of
Art (and everything else) in Moscow with another
report from Politov and, at almost the precise
moment that Mr Clinton emerges from behind the
Bushes, P De Terre takes up residency in Toler's
slot while she takes a well-deserved break. The
two events are of course totally unconnected
except by virtue of providing us with a different
pair of eyes to look through: P De Terre brings us
a glimpse of cultural life in Holland whilst at the
same time assessing the work of Polish artist
Andrzej Syska in Girdhoven.

Bill Clinton promises more cultural support by
watching at least two movies per day as concern
rows that he may be planning to take a directorial
role in 'Gulf Two'. As TV spectaculars go, 'Gulf
One' was probably reason enough for the intro-
duction of 'divine intermission'.
Happy New Year! - it's the same as the old one,
with a facelift.

FUNDING For the arts in Hammersmith and
Fulham could be drastically cut back because the
council faces a huge financial deficit as a result of
government spending targets. The borough needs
to find £20m to £25m to balance its books over
the next two years. £8m will be found from the
1993/4 budget and the remainder in 1994/5. The
council are hoping to identify all cuts by Autumn

1993 and the strategic services committee meets
on 8 February to ratify cuts plans.

Predictably, the arts were identified as a soft target
early on with suggestions from chief council
officers for the complete closure of the arts and
entertainment section. But after considerable
press and public pressure, alongside internal
council lobbying, it appears that complete closure
has now been ruled out. However, ongoing
meetings suggest that substantial cuts within the
arts are still inevitable; bodies funded by the
borough, such as **Riverside Artists Group** who
produce this magazine, **ACAVA, The Lyric
Theatre, The Riverside Studios**, to name but a
few, cannot expect to escape completely from the
cuts.

Naljo is currently planning to form an alliance
with other arts organisations and artists trades
unions to defend jobs and services in the arts.
The alliance aims to organise a series of lobbies, public
meetings and other events.

The Everything Editorial Collective.

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rates see page 11.

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per cent recycled paper.

1992 with a
facelift...
Cutting cuts

P. DE TERRE



Back After Four

The still waters of the channel took us to Dunkerque and then on through the newly open borders to Amsterdam.

It was the excuse of a show in Eindhoven by the Polish artist Andrzej Syska and the cheap deal offered by Sally Ferries that persuaded us to go on this short weekend break.

We stayed in an artists' block of studios that used to be a Jewish Secondary school but was 'vacated' during World War Two. After numerous other functions it was abandoned in the late sixties and squatted in 1972, since which time it has remained as artists studios.

We were staying with the painter Hans Geernaert whose work reflected, as Kandinsky once said, the search within the inner landscape. Using what seemed like very earthy colours, his work charts the path or tightrope between the intuitive and the formality of control. Apart from the large works on the wall he makes A4ish size books from heavy duty paper that lie substantially in your hand - real gems.

Around the table after a morning of wandering around the old parts of the city (the 'hot' parts, the

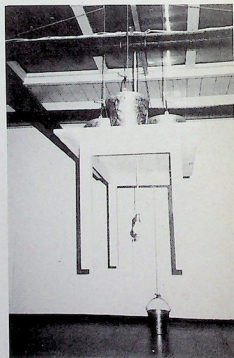


From left to right:
(1) Hans Geernaert's studio, Amsterdam. (2-3) 'Four O'Clock' installation by Andrzej Syska and (4) Andrzej working.
Photos: A Celerie

red-light district, have these 'shop windows' in which the prostitutes sit or stand enticing prospective punters to come in, but they look rather as though they have been embalmed - we suppose it must be the curious mix of the red light and the 'instant' sun tan), we talked about the change in

the Netherlands from a practical wholesaler patronage of the art-scene to the now judgmental, as Hans thought, almost censored view of what is 'good' art. Whereas before the artists had carte blanche to do whatever they liked, there is now a definite swing to 'traditional values' and reactionary concepts as to the definition of 'real' art. We leave this conversation in the air as we had to drive the 150kms to Eindhoven to the opening of Andrzej's show at 4pm.

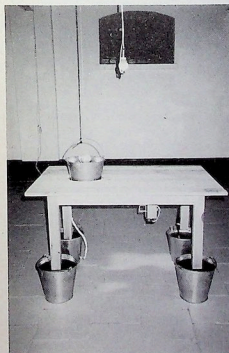
The Netherlands is a flat place which is why they have so many bicycles. Their predominant shape is like the one ridden by Sybil Thorndike in all those old comedy films: Sturmejer Archer gears and outside the Apollonius when we arrived about two hours later. The Apollonius was started by Paul and Helen Panhuysen, Paul organising the exhibitions and Helen the administrator. It was set up as an alternative art venue, with a speciality in sound-based work, and aims to break the boundaries down between music and the visual arts. The building, in which there are not only three exhibiting spaces, the Panhuysen's living accommodation, Paul's studio (he is also a widely travelled painter, performer, and sound artist in his own right) but also accommodation for visiting artists, which



enables artists, especially those working in performance or installation, to work in situ for extended periods of time. Andrzej Syska came from Poland by car, bringing with him a trailer full of elements for the show, and was able to spend five days living and working on site.

I like Andrzej's work and his attitude towards making it - thoughtful but straightforward. It is not so say that the work is simple, but the parts that make up the whole are. In this case it was four tables, four projectors each showing a slide, 16 buckets, eight spoons, light bulbs and large heating elements as though for giant kettles. Within the longer than wider main exhibiting space the installation looked like a cross between a research laboratory and a surrealist dream. For example all the elements being 'accurately' placed and 'properly' structured belied the fact that things were not what they seemed. For example, one table had all four legs in buckets of water - but on looking more closely you noticed that one of the legs had part of it sawn off and its 'artificial limb' was made from one of the heating elements. In an inset bucket in one of the tables was what looked like a flower in water, but was in fact four aluminium spoons bent in such a way as to represent its petals. You then realised the slides being shown were similar 'spoon' flowers in a woodland setting - all those flowers that you might have subconsciously thought were too perfect were suddenly revealed as hundreds of these bent spoons.

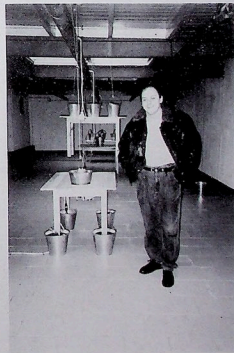
At the other end of the exhibiting space was a




group of four heating elements each in a bucket of water, placed on the table quietly steaming away but never boiling. A table suspended from the ceiling held up by the weight of other buckets, had one bucket concealing a projector which shone its slide image through a small hole onto the wall.

The projectors and lightbulbs had lives of their own, switching on and off as though in a random sequence. The switching mechanism was a simple one: thermostats. As soon as any one of the bulbs, projectors or heating elements reached a pre-set temperature they switched off and would switch back on again when they had sufficiently cooled. The work was entitled 'Four O'Clock' and, though I do not think it to be entirely relevant but knowing how important it is to recognise where these ideas start, this work was inspired by a Polish/English dictionary. In this dictionary it showed that Four O'Clock was not only a time in the day but an exotic flower. Andrzej looked in other dictionaries and botanical reference books but could not find any other references to this 'flower'. Was it a myth, a concealed truth or just a typographical mistake? Whatever the reason it started the sequence of events that led to this work and that's fine by me.

Before leaving the next day we went to the Stedelijk van Abbemuseum (if only we could boast such places in the UK) which had exhibitions that included: Rachel Whiteread, Gary Hill, Marcel Broodthaers, and a show of art books published by Yves Gevaert. Food for thought as we bowled down the motorway in gusting winds and rain only



to find that the boat was delayed, due to the weather, for four hours. But the irony of that hardly mattered as finally, after chicken and chips (free), we fell immediately asleep on the hard but carpeted floor as the boat bucketed across the wildly tempestuous channel. 

The projectors and lightbulbs had lives of their own, switching on and off as though in a random sequence.

STRATEGIES

"From dust comes light"

The words "The Electric Power Company" were carved into the key-stone over the door. Formerly an old power station, the building has become a temporary site for the work of six artists.

Inside, the high-roofed space of the old machine hall could be made out, spotlights illuminated a construction of scaffolding and laboratory glass tubing, gurgling quietly with circulating water. Running the length of the hall on one side a heavy, red curtain hung above red and black floor tiles. These were installations by two of six artists in a show organised by Space Explorations at the end of last year in an old power station in Coronet Street, Hoxton, London. The group has had three shows - the first in a railway arch in Hackney, the second in the Greenwich Observatory and this, the third, which proved to be one of the most exciting exhibitions of 1992.

Everything spoke to Danny Sancisi and Louis Nixon about how the show came about and what's in store for the future.

Louis: We are not a group as such. Danny and I met at the Slade. When we left college we were dissatisfied with the channels available for exhibiting the work we were making. So we decided to get a space.

Danny: The idea of Space Explorations came from the need to have some credibility. We invented this group idea, we made a catalogue of spaces and made up a history for the group.

Louis: We found in our initial approaches that people wouldn't take us seriously. We approached people like British Rail and the churches to get space for nothing. We didn't get very far. But once we had a definite space we felt we had something concrete.

Q So you got permission for places like the railway arch, you did it all officially?

Louis: Yes, we thought right from the start of this that if we didn't do things officially we wouldn't get very far.

For our second show at Greenwich Observatory, we just rang them up and asked if we could put on a show of temporary installations. They just said "Yes". We wanted to do something in a museum because we didn't want to give the idea that we were just interested in using derelict buildings.

We couldn't build the work in the Observatory so we got an industrial unit from the council. All the work had to be taken up there. It had to be independent of the place.

Danny: It was like a function of the space - the fact that you couldn't make anything on site. You

couldn't interfere with the fabric of the place, so that made it very difficult. Louis still managed to make a piece that weighed two tonnes.

Q So how did you come across the power station?

Louis: We carried on with our links with Hackney Council and approached someone there for buildings - they gave us a choice.

Danny: Others had approached them, but not with an actual proposal saying "This is what we want to do and this is what we'll get from it." I think that a lot of people say "can we have a building please" without anything to show them.

Louis: You need a track record.

Q How did you go about getting through the council bureaucracy - what did they want?

Danny: We approached the Arts and Entertainment department and the Planning and Valuation department independently and built up relationships with each, rather than just dealing with one. First, they wanted rent. We said: "Well, actually we don't want to pay rent". But we knew them quite well by that time. We said we would clear out all the stuff. They saw the benefits in it.

Q What did you have to do physically to the building before you could put on the exhibition?

Danny: They gave us a three-month trial period. That was in October 1991, but we couldn't do a thing... I broke my collar bone. But because we had looked after the place and Louis and I wired it up they said OK you can have a tenancy and we'll see what happens.

Then we came back to them with a solid idea of how to put on the exhibition, what we needed to do, including laying a concrete floor, covering the roof with some plastic - lots of work.

Louis: The first thing was to clear out all the rubbish - there was about 20 tonnes of it - from huge pits in the generation hall.

Then we got the district surveyor in and suddenly all these other bits of council bureaucracy started affecting you. They came round to inspect the building. We had to lay a timber floor under the concrete to bridge the enormous holes - about 10 feet by eight foot square and six foot deep, the biggest ones. The floor took 40 cubic yards of cement.

But it is funny how getting involved in the building on that level affects the way you start to do your work.

Q How much did it all cost?

Louis: We spent £1,000 on the floor, £1,000 on the roof - nearly had £6,000 in total on the building, not including the running costs.

Danny: We raised in total just over £14,000. We had links with organisations from the last two

projects so we got a fairly big grant from the London Arts Board - about £5,000 - and Hackney council almost matched what they put in, plus some private donations of £2,000.

Q You started to say, Louis, that doing six months of building work affected the way you thought about your work?

Louis: I suppose it is clearer in the work that Matthew [Tiddle] did. A floor had dry rot, so we had to take it out, leaving a fireplace hanging there - that appealed to him. With Matthew it is a sort of functional thing. It is just a simple form - the kind of work you could only make in a space like this.

Q Matthew's work is very much a part of the building, it has grown out of the fabric - very architectural. But some of the other work is less a part of the building, although relates to the space in some way.

Louis: Yes, with mine it was more the atmosphere of the building, and George's [George Vaux, the red curtain and tiles] as well. We spent a lot of time just walking around the building, in the half gloom of the light, digging out these pits and finding little bits of equipment. It was more about an emotional response to the space.

Q You didn't actually use any part of the building in your work [the scaffolding and laboratory glass construction]?

Louis: No, although putting the concrete floor on and building those plinths, where I positioned it, was very much to do with the work which had gone on underneath. Spending time building the floor made me understand the space.

Q Obviously, the building itself is very important to the work and you've worked in different kinds of spaces, used and unused. Would you consider doing something in a modern building, or a 1960s building if you had the chance in the future?

Danny: Definitely. I think the next thing that we are going to do is going to be equally as different to the Observatory is to this one. But we work intuitively with buildings. It is not something you plan ahead - you know - you don't look for the state of the art 1990s building next time.

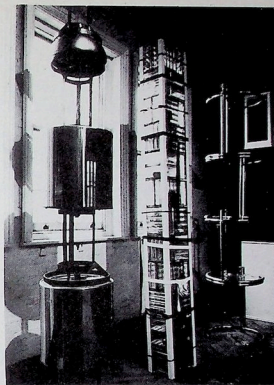
Q So what comes first - is it the ideas, is it work-driven, the process of looking for spaces?

Louis: Yes it's work-driven, because you come into a space and you think very quickly: "Is it the right space?"

We are also looking at the possibilities of using lived-in spaces, like the Observatory, with audiences. There are a lot of spaces to be explored there.

Q Is this work part of a conscious rejection of official gallery spaces or is it just to do with the work that you are doing?

Louis: It is to do with the freedom that you have




and the time that you can spend making a piece of work in the space. I think that is very important and it shows in the work here - it is not just dumped in the space.

Q You're not an any sort of mission then, to try and develop an alternative to gallery spaces?

Louis: No, but as an alternative I think that it works quite well. In terms of a public arts project, where you open the door to a building and anyone who walks past can come in, I think it works really well as a community thing - people who live round here and have seen this building can look in. You are actually learning something from the people around you, not just imposing yourself. You pick up things from them and that affects your understanding of the space.

Danny: One of the old power station workers came round for a look - but he was a bit mad really. He kept saying "That green door could tell you a few stories". It obviously brought back floods of memories but somehow he just couldn't make the right connections with the memories.

Q This must have been a really massive, pumping working place - it seems sad.

Louis: Yes it is, but when I go out of here at night and see all the lights on I feel a big sense of satisfaction, of breathing life back into the building again. The power station used to burn rubbish. Its motto is: "From Dust Comes Light". It fits in with the way I feel about it. 

For further information about Space Explorations phone: 071-482 2443

PANGLOSS

As soon as Sharon, my - thankfully distant - relative, sees Michael Jackson appear on the screen she says: "He should be bloody well put down". "Why?" She presents a self-evident truth in the palms of her hands and says: "Well, just look at".

I suspect that her revulsion is the same revulsion that common people have always felt for uncommon people doing common things. I'm willing to bet that if Sharon had £1,000 to throw away she would be the first to get her lips squirted full of collagen and a quick win on the pools would get her the liposuction, the ti-job, the rib removal, the tucks and a nice pair of big, Bambi eyes. And then Sharon and I could fall in love and I, with my coincidental Art Lottery win, can make myself desirable by getting myself the pectal implants and the penis extension. My crow's feet can be lasered away and I could get a nice head of Elton John circa 1992. As a final shot at perfection we could even get both our arses sown up and live on liquids. Our children, invitro, could have a few cells of a recently dead Nobel prize winner's brain grafted on and we could browse through a catalogue of Rene Renestall's photos and choose the face and



"Evocation of the Spirit of the Earth"
JW Von Goethe


frame that pleases. Because, with the right blend of science fiction and spoodles, we can be and bring into being who the fuck we want to. After all, real people are the only thing that really messes up our artificial environment - and another thing, when this one's broke I want another. I saw it on TV, so it must be true, that soon, when both human eggs and sperm can be refrigerated, granddaughters will be giving birth to their grandmother's children. The implications of this the

genetic, cosmetic possibilities open to us in the future and the equally revolutionary changes to our relationship with TV and computer technology will mean that human beings will begin to change our idea of what constitutes a human being. If we can make radical changes to what we look like, who we give birth to, how long we live in a totally simulated environment we will have to come to terms with jettisoning the idea of the essential self.

The exhibition Post Human is currently doing the rounds in Europe. It is curated by Jeffrey Deitch, the critic, buyer and art consultant. The exhibition plugs into the zeitgeist and represents his point of view that we are passing out of the era of natural evolution and entering an era of artificial evolution. As this age comes to birth he sees a number of key artists in the post-avant garde (notably: Jeff Koons, Martin Kippenberger, Cindy Sherman and Daniel O'Neil) who are confronting and describing this point in history, where we go through the big change.

In fact Deitch believes that artists are being backward in coming forward as regards their relationship with bio- and micro-technology and that they should move more readily into the realm of what he terms meta-art. Meta-art occupies those areas such as the Benetton ads that got everybody's backs up last year. It covers the swift pop stars such as Madonna and U2. U2's ZOO TV lumbered through an attempt to make some sort of Deitchian statement and they are currently collaborating with Jeff Koons. Meta-art occupies the ground that is just a spit away from being Real Art. It draws on its vocabulary, its conventions, its critical distance, its look and its credibility but is just that little bit too dumb to qualify.

Deitch reckons that the hi-tech, well-resourced areas which are the breeding grounds for Meta-art, the TV, video, computer and recording industries are the best places for innovative artists to be and just as the great art of the past predicted or explained scientific and philosophical revolutions, so the post-avant garde will be there to give visual form to the new revolution, as midwife to the future where process and function blend, a future smelling sweetly of an air-conditioned airport terminal.

So the message is: "Buy Deitch's preferred art before it is inevitably succeeded by products which are a marriage of Meta-art and the post-avant-garde. Buy Deitch's vision of the future and have a happy millennium." 


© Pangloss 1993

Sources:

Frieze, issue 6. "Before and After", Dan Cameron.
Flash Art, issue 167. "Post Human" Giancarlo Politi and Helena Kontova.

A quiet evening came down upon the Moskva River, the waves were joyfully splashing against the shore and nothing whatsoever did herald the oncoming hurricane which touched the human souls and hearts, calling into being tears shed for the bitter lot of the modern art.

Later, in one of the Moscow dailies there appeared a small article describing a horrible fight on board the show-boat belonging to the organisation called 'Art-Blya' ('Blya' is something like 'shit' in Russian). It's a pity nothing was said about the musical group 'Dzu-Om' and about the Hyperman, who as we already well know belongs to it. Nothing was said about these five staunch, bold and brave men, who took part in the troublesome event and were witness to what had happened.

Well, dear friends, let's talk about the subject more substantially. The experimental group Dzu-Om had been invited for a long lasting night  in the beginning everything was good as never before: sailors were smiling, musicians were carrying out their pieces, but awfully enough there happened to be an end to their splendid chanting some 20 minutes after it started. The point is that on board the ship there was an enormous gang of people which had no relation to the world of the arts and represented a certain criminal environment. All of a sudden the man responsible for the whole event came up to the musicians and said in a whisper: "Guys, they've decided they're gonna use their guns and knives in case you do not stop immediately. They do not wanna listen to your music, they are in a mood for dancing rather".

"Maybe we should fight?" suggested bold Dzu-Om fellows.

"Please, no bloodshed!" the organiser begged in despair.

Sure, Dzu-Om people didn't want any bloodshed, but they also did not want to sacrifice their musical and moral principles. They sat down at their table and in a grungy mood drank their first glass of vodka, and one more, and another. After that they added one subsequent drink.


Criminal structure boys were jauntily dancing to the American pop music. It seemed this savage dancing in the presence of the ruined modern art would have no end... In fact this could be easily the case, but for the brave and fervent hearts of the five musicians.

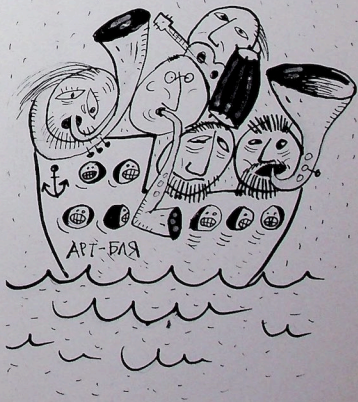
"We do start working" they decided. "They have only guns and cash and we own art itself". The experimental music broke out, appealing to

the true hearts of the audience. At this very point everything did happen: disgusting faces were to be seen, women were screaming, the wind blew stronger, the waves made noise, fists were rushing about along with bottles as well as tables, chairs, lifebuoys. Thuds were heard and dishes were being smashed... Everything stopped.

Musicians along with their friends stood on an empty river bank where they had been forced to leave the ship. The chill night was embracing the place of the unlucky reunion, and the ship, carrying the money, stiletos and guns was quick to take its way into the darkness.

Dzu-Om people took hold of their musical instruments and began to play. The music sounded above the river and nobody, but nobody, could hamper its charming voices.

Proud and invincible the musicians stood in a circle, the experimental music streamed freely over the deserted Moskva River, merging with the oncoming dawn of the new day, throwing off the remnants of the alarming and stormy night. The music resounded. The music which one can't buy for money, can't stick with knives or simply shoot down... © A. Poltorov 1992. (Artist/musician) 



POLITOV



Music all above the Moskva River

Reviews

Tim Head
Whitechapel
Gallery
until 28 Feb

**Richard
Winkworth**
Sue Williams
Gallery
until 13 Feb

What might seem as a mini-retrospective, shows works by Tim Head, covering only the last eight years of his career, falling into several distinct groups.

Head is an artist with attitude. Process, style and his material approach are all manipulated with the skill of an ad-man to constantly re-address the same concerns from newer, better angles. Mechanical degradation of imagery (suggesting a degraded ethos) and hi-tech generation of new images are modern processes loaded with a mix of value judgments whose fascinations lies in their unresolvedness.

The large acrylic canvases with their two or three-colour semi-repeated patterns, like wallpaper, have as their image source emblematic packaging graphics. From a milk carton comes "Cow Mutations", 1986, in which the repeated, distorted image suggests the horrors of modern farming methods. "Prime Cuts", 1987, is a child's stencil book of stylised ribs, chops, brains and fillets -



"Cow Mutations"
1986, Tim Head.

choice meat cuts, some of them human. This is acrylic hard-edge painting with more of an edge than usual. "Dark Planet", 1988, is a two-colour map of the world in which distorted, but recognizable, purple continents jostle among other floating masses, amorphous as oil slicks, which cover half the acid, viridian sea.

The contemporaneous cibachrome works are stunningly beautiful and herein lies the tension in our response to the throw-away and poisonous plastic world that is the subject - "Toxic Lagoon", "Petrochemicaland". Occasionally the image is a little obvious, such as "Erasers", 1985, where seven coloured skull rubbers are given the high-tech gloss treatment of high-roller consumerism. Much more inscrutable however is the new work. 15 printed canvases whose mottled penumbras of texture fill the badge-, shield- and visor-like forms. Faceless and quietly threatening they seem, like the logos of some corporate identity that refuses to show its identity. Each work has two superimposed shapes, variously solids or voids, flat or curved, depending on the muted colour and tonal

treatment, which float against a flat, grey, dot-matrix ground, totally bland and subjectless. Here again the images seem degraded and faded through over-processing, yet they have a smugly good spatial quality, intimidating and strange, as of an unfamiliar night sky, seen from an alien planet. The works seem both to acknowledge the power of humanity to endlessly process, reprocess and re-present the world and, at the same time, to present an emblem of this ineffable world that we are creating. © High 1993

In times of recession there is a tendency for galleries to show work that has immediate appeal.

The Sue Williams Gallery is no exception. A space which, for my money, has a record better than most for choosing interesting exhibitions, currently shows an artist whose work gives a good first impression for the casual passer-by - colourful, attractive.

The works are essentially still-lives, treated in a highly abstract manner. Inspiration comes from the East - incense burners, temple jars and pots that form the kind of private shrines and altars that Winkworth was familiar with in his childhood in India, Thailand, Singapore and Japan. Spirituality and daily life come together quite naturally in the Far East and the paintings too seem to draw on an easy blend of abstract passages of bright colours, with all their spiritual potentials, and the simple, almost naive, presentation of the straightforward objects. The colour fields against which the objects float are still readable as floor or mat, each still a real area, albeit one deprived of perspective.

There is often some nice interplay between two and three dimensions. In "Five Cups with Gold Tray" the effect would be totally flat if not for the fact that three of the cups stand in front of each other and diminish in size. A radical perspective effect sharpening one's awareness of the picture-plane.

Oriental in feel and iconography, the works are yet quite heavy, with dense pure colour, sometimes gloss, sometimes matt, with passages of bronze paint or leaf. The paint handling is not always too delicate but in mood there is more of Matisse than of Rothko.

If the meeting point for the domestic life and the transcendental life is the world of the senses then Winkworth has made a rich and positive place to meet. The work on the whole is sensuous rather than profound but there is enough going on in the pictures, enough distinction between nominal subject and inner content to make them interesting. Second impressions are rewarding. © High 1993



Photographers Gallery

5 and 8 Gt Newport Street, London WC2.
tel 071-831 1772.

"Bildenberg Photographic Agency"

Until 27 Feb

Roger Estep, until 27 Feb.

"Changing New York", 1930s prints by Berenice Abbott.

Until 27 Feb.

Pike Gallery

145 St Johns Hill, London SW11

tel 081-223 6741.

Susan Light, new paintings

4 Feb - 7 March.

Tue - Fri 11.00am - 7.00pm. Sat - Sun 11.00am -

5.30pm.

Raab Cork

9 Cork Street, London W1.

tel 071-734 6444.

Rainer Fetting, etchings and silkscreen.

Until 27 Feb.

Mon - Fri 10.00am - 6.00pm. Sat 10.00am - 4.00pm.

Rabb Millbank

6 Vauxhall Bridge Road, London SW1.

tel 071-828 2588.

Ken Currie, new prints.

Until 27 Feb.

Mon - Fri 10.00am - 6.00pm. Sat 10.00am - 4.00pm.

Riverside Studios

Crisp Road, Hammersmith, London W6 9RL tel 081-

741 2251

Carina Weide, Emma Rushton. "Personal Worlds"

Until 14 March.

Gallery: Tues - Sun, 1.00pm - 8.00pm.

Rebecca Hossack at St James

197 Piccadilly, (corner Church Place) London W1.

tel 071 409 3399.

Simon Costin. "Featherworks".

Until 28 Feb.

Phone for times.

Serpentine Gallery

Kensington Gardens, London W2 3XA

tel 071-402 0343

Barclays Young Artists Award 1993.

Until 28 Feb.

10.00am - 6.00pm daily.

Tate Gallery

Milbank, London, SW1 4RG.

"Visualising Masculinities".

Until 6 June.

Daily 10.00am - 6.00pm. Sun 2.00pm - 6.00pm.

Watermans

40 High St, Brentford, Middx.

tel 081 568 1176

"No Frontiers", work by senior teaching staff at art

schools in Galicia, Spain, Limerick, Budapest and

Kingston.

Until 28 Feb. 11.00am - 6.00pm.

Whitechapel Gallery

Whitechapel High St, London E1

tel 071 377 0717.

Tim Head (see review opposite).

Until 28 Feb. Tue - Sun 11.00am - 5.00pm.

Zelda Cheate

8 Cecil Court, London WC2.

tel 071 836 0506.

Jane Brown, portraits. Steve Pyke, "Acts of Memory".

Until 28 Feb.

Tue - Sat 10.00am - 8.30pm.

Sun 12noon - 6.00pm. Mon by appt.

Deadline for March listings:

15 February.

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times in Spanish history. Does art

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the art?

25 February 7.30pm Studio 3

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