

which is not so much a picture frame as it is a support for the lattice-work of ropes. The total effect is like looking down on a trampoline. The picture is stretched taut but there is give, capable of catapulting the viewer heaven knows where. The surface is taut with painted stretch marks. Perhaps it is not elastic and the viewer will fall through? There is an innate surface tension to Art Green's paintings. A surface is ripped to reveal another surface which itself is torn or puckered and about to rip or splinter or explode. We are left with a collection of remnants, fragments of images. A ghost of a pair of scissors, a hanger; a sheet of glass which is perceived only because it is cracked, held together by the ubiquitous bits of tape, it appears to be cracked. There is the illusion that it is cracked.

There is satire, social comment but it is oblique. The artist almost revels in the gim-crack imagery of advertising - trivial, superficial trumpery but none the less captivating and, in the end, the only fitting icons of an age which dreams of being blind-folded and responding to the Pepsi challenge. Green presents fragments of such a society and its artifacts; its fossils, its flotsam and jetsam, raised to the level of icon.

For those viewers who, apparently find Green's work perplexing (and they do ... what does it mean?) a recent work acts as the perfect guide to understanding the Artist's strategy: Face Value, ('79). The layering is reduced, the surface is almost bare but for elegant modulations in light, reflection and the imagery is minimal by comparison. A face on a scrap of paper is "taped" to the painting below the "shadow" of an enormous pair of scissors. The face is beautiful, monochrome, faded, eyes shut, waiting and the scissors are poised as if for an impending operation. But not an operation to remove an organ but rather to cut out the face, or the image of the face. It is a kind of immaculate collage-making - a picture of a picture cut out by an illusion of the shadow of a pair of scissors.

Tim Wynne-Jones

YVES GAUCHER*

Calm, meditative works. What have they to do with us who want convulsions?

Gaucher's paintings enact that belief in the power of the symbol: the containment of the experience and resolution in the identity between the work and the spectator in the symbolic space of the art gallery.

How do we displace this symbolic relationship to one of contiguity, where we are peripheral to the event, sliding along it as a separate but contiguous part, decoding ourselves in this issue? The question is to change the symbolic relationship between the work and spectator to one that is contiguous between individuals in a group, parallel and asymmetrical to the work, instead of direct and identical. It is a matter of the release of a mechanism into the contiguous: a release, not a revelation; an issue, not the thing itself.

Perhaps "there never was any 'perception'," nor temporality. Gaucher's paintings and the temporal space of the art gallery remove us from the proper spatiality of our bodies. Before Gaucher's yellow and red Jericho: Variation, the intense experience of that unlimited space of colour carries me away from my body through eyesight alone. And then I am left in my body again, left to my death. The return, the return to my body is death, my death, being the return from the surpassing of limits to limits once again. But this movement between the two events (the experience and the return) is also a surpassing, the real transgression, in a movement of intensity of two states. The return to my body is death, but it is not the death of limits; it is my proper death. I am in front of my proper death. It is the loss of my body (death) in its return, in movement and intensity.

The experience of our proper death is what Gaucher's paintings deny. They offer only the false death of identity, of repetition, not the dissolute death of release and issue. His paintings are justified as phenomenological works -- hence the turn to the body's temporality. But this promotion of the experience of temporality is only the most recent of abstractions created from the meditative space of the art gallery, while outside we are condemned to the political technology of our bodies, to inscribing spatiality. Who creates the "truth" of our bodies? It is not phenomenological Minimalism, Postminimalism nor Gaucher's paintings.

"A successful work of art is one that has attained formal equilibrium and a resolution of tension," states the catalogue on Gaucher. In reaction, all that is left to us in our bodies in the willed loss of control and usurption by cataclysmic desire.

Philip Monk

* This article has been reproduced in its entirety due to the accidental omission of one sentence in its previous appearance (May 9) and to the insistence of the author.