

Shafique Uddin

**REBECCA HOSSACK,
ST JAMES'S**

Shafique Uddin came to this country ten years ago, yet his paintings vividly evoke village life in Bangladesh. Using acrylic paint, he fills every nook and cranny of his small paintings with tiny brushmarks that remind one of the agoraphobia of Outsider art. Uddin works intuitively, employing numerous quirks of 'naive' art — mixing viewpoints, flattening space and changing scale at will.

'A Man Looking After his Family', for instance, shows a woman lying on a bed in childbirth. Beside her is a row of tiny kids, behind her a line of pillar-like adults drawn with the same flurry of marks as the ground. They appear insubstantial, as though they were a figment of the imagination rather than an actuality — a group of ancestors, per-

haps, or village elders. The two watching animals could be farm animals or domestic pets; but they might equally be mythological beasts since, in these pictures, the everyday blends seamlessly with the fantastic. One is reminded of children's art, of Simon Lewty's map-like overlays of his inner and outer world and, to a certain extent, of Van Gogh whose emotional intensity impregnated everything he painted.

'The Man in the Cage' shows a string of stick men approaching a large figure trapped on the grass beneath a net. Beside the figure a European-style house has been drawn on the ground as though it were a memory, an emblem or even a grounded kite — strangely out of place in this jungle clearing. It is tempting to read the captive — pegged down, like Gulliver, in an alien land — as the artist's alter ego revisiting, through the medium of his magical paintings, the homeland to which he no longer belongs. *Sarah Kent*

'15/1'

MALANIA BASARAB

On the top floor of a dilapidated East End tenement is a flat belonging to the artist Denise Hawrysis. Twice a year she opens the three small rooms and narrow corridor as a gallery. On this occasion 15 artists were each given two days to install a work and to react to what they found, each person being free to alter anything already in place. The result, says the brief, 'will be a layering effect in which no single work remains unaffected by the others'. This imaginative idea has achieved an absorbing set of cross-references.

In the back room Hawrysis built false walls which she then attacked with axes, metaphorically breaking open the claustrophobically small space. Sean Dower hung her three axes beside the fireplace and closed the recess with glass. You en-

ter the room through his swing door, which covers half the doorway and creates an odd, museum ambience. Clare Tindall sliced a bed in half; Peter Lloyd Lewis stained the blanket with ink and Amikam Toren arranged the parts *en echelon* rather like a museum display: the scene of a domestic crime, perhaps. Lloyd Lewis covered the hall wall with silhouette heads traced from magazines and Adam Chodzko fantasises the painting 'covered with a replica of the original, but each head is now two inches to the left of it previous position'. Amikam Toren drilled shallow discs out of the walls of the front room, hung them on string like a necklace and painted a dado with the pulverised plaster. Patrick McBride cluttered the space with dismembered clothing rails but David Griffiths opened it up again by introducing the magical sound of foghorns heard across water. A delightful piece of creative interweaving. *Sarah Kent*



'Inside a microcosm'

LAURE GENILLARD

Getting work by 11 artists into this small space is no mean feat. Yet the curator, Gareth Jones, has succeeded in making a compulsive show which flagrantly disregards themes, stylistic affinities, visual alliterations and squalid notions of taste. It's fun, touching, annoying, brave, stupid, modish and irreverent, all at once.

Gosh! Jeff Luke litters the floor with 200 of the smallest sculptures the world has ever seen, cobbled together from the stuff you find at the back of the kitchen drawer. Christopher Bucklow makes 'New Severity' photos of the sun with a pinhole camera (be sure to catch the black-on-black shot downstairs). There's a wall-sized painting of a mysterious island by Peter Doig; creepy, scene-of-the-crime photos of domestic violence by the Wilson twins appended with a note from a psychotic; excerpts from pulp novels which mention modern art; numerous one-inch cubes of laminated masking tape; 68 blurry, splattery paintings by Joseph Mark Wright; photos of installations; photos of Gavin Brown's album collection (I'm sure they bring back memories from 'Bitches' Brew' to 'Misty in Roots'); snapshots of burning NY trashcans; graphite wall-drawings and enamel on aluminium pictograms. The ceiling is the only unoccupied space — maybe no one could find a ladder. This is a wild, fragmentary, fetishistic, multi-valent cornucopia of a show. Or (for white-space addicts) a bloody mess. Take your pick. *Adrian Searle.*



Photos of Gavin Brown's album collection.

David Goldenberg

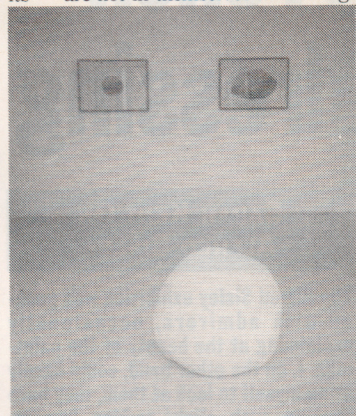
MUSEUM OF INSTALLATION

A courageous attempt to analyse the issue of the gallery or 'art space'. What you get in this cellar gallery is a Perspex room lined with clingfilm. From here you can see another, inaccessible space

'Several Bodies'

CLOVE BUILDING ONE

A chain discourages entry to the back room of Clove One, so you have to be content with peering in from the next room. A video, playing in the darkened gallery, shows the comings and goings of people around a similar space also illuminated by monitors, filmed through a Perspex wall. The events portrayed — a private view followed by individual visits — are not in themselves interesting.



Silicone covered rock by Tom Trevor.

But as one peers at the distant screen, trying to decipher an image that transforms people into little more than ghostly traces, it becomes apparent that the struggle is the point.

David Goldenberg's installation is about the act of viewing — art or other people experiencing art — and one's behaviour inside galleries. The video records people visiting his show at the Museum of Installation. Had the video been live, so that empathy was established between the two sets of viewers, it would have caused an interesting shift and opening of awareness. As it is, the piece and the 'conceptual art-speak' text that accompanies it create a rather arid debate about art and the institutions that house it.

Jeannie Taylor-Lowen has attached tiny inkblots to the gallery pillars that one views through magnifying glasses. Though respectively named 'Heart', 'Uterus', 'Chest' and 'Penis', each silhouette is remarkably similar. Laid out for scrutiny, these rather touching shapes suggest the vulnerability of the body. In the press release Tom Trevor writes about the human body but, in the show, invites comparison between rocks, drawings of them and another rock covered with a skin of white silicone. To link these disparate bodies requires an imaginative leap that I'm not sure it is useful to make. *Sarah Kent*

brave and makes for a fascinating work of art; but it's also misguided. This piece will no more break down the walls of the gallery system than taking communion in your bath would make the Vatican fall into the sea. Is it worth seeing? Yes. It's a disorientating experience, but to get a lot out of it you need to be interested in the issues: a Conceptual Art folly.

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