

1st floor
26, 27, 28 january 1995

david rosetzky

jacinta schreuder

lyndal walker

david rosetzky

"knitting nancy" 1995

nylon 4 ply, paper cups, acrylic paint,
staples, glue

jacinta schreuder

"body and bounce" 1995

gouache on wall

lyndal walker

"la toilette d'une femme" 1995

type c photographs

In the private, all-absorbing world of dolls, dressing-up, of poring over comics and magazines, image and identity are mirrored and acted out. With an appropriate sense of fun, this show re-presents the supposedly gender-specific games we've all played.

The joys of such games are plastered all over every news stand, billboard and TV programme, for the adult world is fuelled by commodifying the need to keep redefining one's own look, taste and identity. The games are no longer innocent, but they are just as fascinating. The market is a multi million dollar affair employing sophisticated visual signs which cost big bucks to keep refining and producing. Whatever aspects of personality that money can be made out of are ruthlessly exploited; the need to fit in, the fears that we don't, the manipulation of asserting individuality within proscribed boundaries. Beauty, desirability and success are stereotyped in beautiful, desirable, successful style.

Jacinta, david and lyndal make it their business to reflect upon all this, and then they make their own versions inviting us look again at what seems to be trivial, but is in fact deeply ingrained in all of us. How we make our way through the codes of the world from childhood on, how to assert difference and desirability, keep ourselves occupied and do so within acceptable boundaries is what it is all about.

Jacinta's hairstyles have at last been freed from the strictures of the comic books they've been trapped in for years. Blown by flattering little breezes, full of verve and exuberance, they no longer have to be tied

down to any one face, body, storyline or page. They're out in the world albeit still bound by the flatness of the billboard, the frontiers of the picture plane. It's a little scary still, so they huddle together a little (but they can't help themselves, they've learnt their lessons well, they huddle with style) but they're just waiting for you. All you have to do is choose; (whether you like it or not, you'll go for at least one) and then they'll no longer just be a drawing, they'll live! They're part of you now.

David's knitting nancies can't decide what they are; little phallic lighthouses, wobbly toy soldiers, nancies, prototype knitting machines, wallflowers, paper cups, toys or formal sculpture. They're hanging around, (but no delinquents, these, they're neat and industrious and try to fit in), all confused with knots in their heads. Still the laws of nature are too strong, what goes in must come out; nancy shits, gives birth, spills her guts, the pantomime dame pulls a string of sausages out of her drawers. All that obsessive work that's kept her quiet, amused, good as gold for hours, is dragged down by gravity to a useless writhing nylon heap, collapsed on the floor. Still, maybe she'll grow up and will move onto real knitting, sewing and will be able to make something really nice to wear or decorate the house. Nancy's very creative you know.

Around the corner in brunswick street, the world of Fashion is brought to you by countless groovy shops so that you can be beautiful and hip just like the models in the international magazines. Inside first floor, lyndal previews her own new collection. You can mix and match, This will go with

That but so that you get it just right, she'll give you the pose, the accessories and the label. It's so easy! No matter where you are, you'll always look the part.

Undermining and adhering to fashion's very expensive constructs, lyndal and friend play with identity and image, bringing it firmly into the heartland of the suburban everyday. Using whatever resources are available to the dedicated, but unfortunately, cash-strapped you follower of fashion, she reconstructs the language and codes which otherwise are so seamless and all pervasive. She makes it look like fun, though it's as rough as guts.

These particular t-shirts can be traced back, via countless designers who have appropriated the look world wide, to american skatewear which used profoundly macho, sexist slogans. Lyndal's versions appear obvious, but we'll have to see how the giant clothing chain stores stuff up the look next season to really see banality - they'll just have the resources to make it look slick.

susi allender

pow!

I didn't want to write on a group show. Too difficult. So i didn't. Instead i have chosen to write a few words about courtney love...

Courtney love. Lead vocalist for the rock band hole whose image i recently saw

described as "fuck-you femininity". Fuck-you femininity! i liked that. I haven't yet decided whether or not i'm a courtney fan. Of course, thesedays there is the whole tragic life issue which complicates things, making you sit up and think just what is this lady on about? So, apart from the like/not like question i would have to say that there is something definitely comic involved. Fuck-you femininity. Its a top-rate phrase. What is the difference between a laugh and a punch in the face? Three women walk into a bar...

Humour. Funny isn't it. Humour is divine- or do imean sublime? Its beyond interpretation, explanation, argumentation. Something is either funny or its not funny. Funny is immediate. In your face. Yet liminal, fleeting, really a gem to find, infinitely pleasurable to behold, potentially devastating. Humour says fuck-off. Keep your distance. *I'll tell you* when its safe to come closer. But it can say it quite nicely. With poetry. With soft white lambs wool. It lays down the rules. You're playing its game.

Courtney love wears the word SLUT down her left arm. She wears baby doll dresses and white stockings.

tessa dwyer