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affixed together at one side as in a book binding. Mounted on a wall with the "binding" at the top, they subverted conventional expectations of book art as well as of sculpture using paper.

Equally interesting, the carved and sawn wood logs are redolent of comparable intervention and control. After removing the outer bark and smoothing the cylindrical surface, Kadonaga meticulously lays down saw marks that crisscross the log's end in a modified tic-tac-toe pattern. The regularity of the cut grid may symbolize manmade intrusions into nature such as logging (in the context of Pacific Northwest).

Wood #5 B1 (1982) emphasizes the natural yellow color of cut cedar. Its end-grain grid pattern is evidenced along the log's side by deep splits that serve as dividing lines. Compared to the poured-glass pieces, the wood sculptures suggest a reductive rather than an additive process. *Wood #11 BM* (1982) contains the greater imperfections of cypress wood, making it appear more rustic than its companion.

Whether or not Kadonaga's sculptures are indeed "meditations on life and death," as one Seattle critic put it, the viewer is free to appreciate and interpret the implications of the artist's actions. Kadonaga is among a number of sculptors who seek the essence of a given material by pushing any inherent tensile strength it may have to its limits.

—Matthew Kangas

Christian Bernard Singer, *Chaconne de Paeton*, 2005. Living moss, unfired clay, white slip, and video projection, installation view.

WATERLOO, ONTARIO, CANADA

Christian Bernard Singer

Canadian Clay and Glass Gallery

Toronto-based Christian Bernard Singer recently used the architecturally aggressive exhibition space of the Canadian Clay and Glass Gallery as the setting for two works that employ both clay and glass elements while having nothing to do with the traditional craft associations of such materials. Well, almost. Singer's work does foreground the body and physicality, both pertinent to any aesthetic of craft (and especially the making of ceramics and artisanal glass), but that is the extent of it. His intentions lie elsewhere.

With living moss, chunks of unfired clay, and a video projection, Singer tackles the esoteric subject of 18th-century Baroque dance notation. *Chaconne de Paeton*, a floor and wall-mounted piece, maps out, via strips of moss, the rigidly geometrical pattern—all straight lines and right angles—that dancers would trace across a floor while engaged in the highly formalized dance that gives the work its title. Atop this carpet of moss, long, thin sticks of clay are laid, composing a variety of intricate shapes—some resemble the hooked staffs of shepherds, others trace gentle curves that criss-cross one another or coil back on themselves, and yet other, smaller forms resemble mathematical symbols. These patterns are based on period dance notation, which denoted the type of step, the pace, and the gestures of hands and arms. An accompanying video projection shows a dancer articulating the movements traced by the notation, but Singer's sculptural transposition and materialization of arcane (albeit meaningful) abstraction are the critical elements here, asserting an immaterial shape delineated by the movement of human bodies in space and through time.

While the horizontal impetus of *Chaconne de Paeton* sustains unseen dimensions, *Enclosure III* does quite the opposite. For all intents and purposes, it is a terrarium, a miniature landscape consisting primarily of mosses enclosed within a large, vertically mounted, clear plastic tube capped (though not completely sealed) at the top. The rigid formalism of Baroque French dance is absent, replaced by something remotely akin to the untidiness of nature. But there is nothing truly natural about *Enclosure III*: beyond the obvious level of artifice in such an ersatz environment, the landscape it contains is itself in question. What appear at first glance to be exposed rocks amid the mosses turn out to be glass castings of portions of human anatomy. The verticality suggested by the overall structure of the work isn't actually in play, for the real aesthetic argument occurs along the horizontal plane, where Singer materializes human intrusion into the natural world as a form of landscape itself. Where *Chaconne de Paeton* proffers an intangible sculpting of space and time, *Enclosure III* rejects time as an activating aesthetic element, so that in the narrow confines of its clear plastic tube, what you see is indeed what you get.

—Gil McElroy

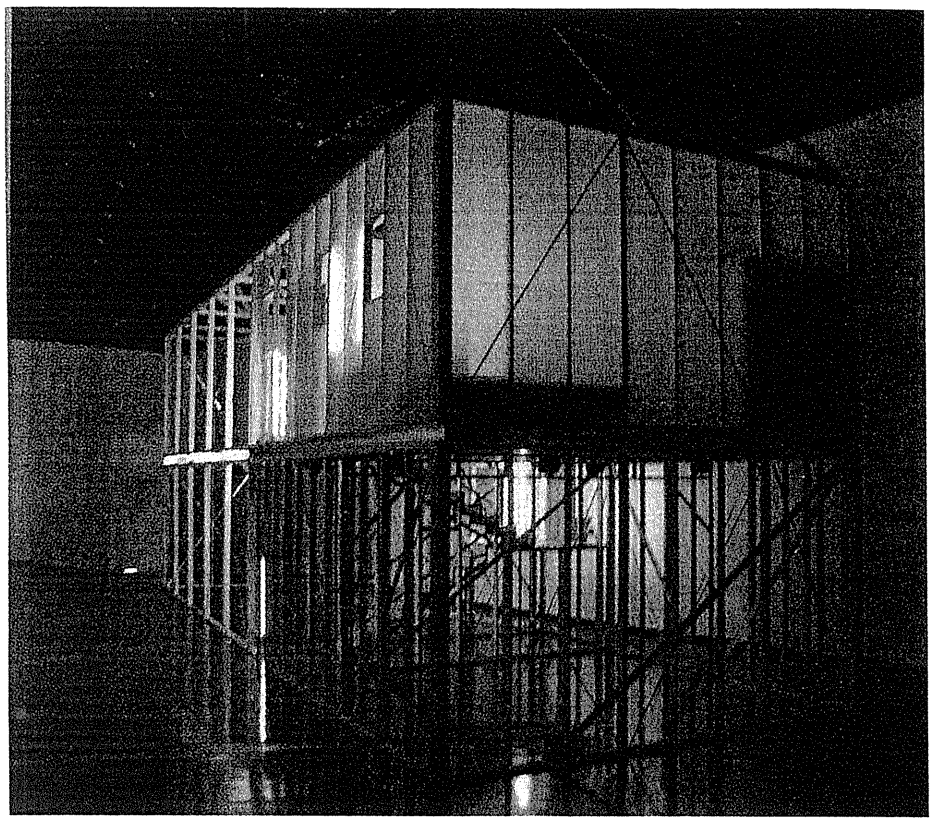
MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA

Domenico de Clario

Australian Centre for Contemporary Art

The image of Uluru, the massive monolith rising out of the desert in central Australia, is known worldwide. Smaller, but seemingly just as monumental, the building that houses the Australian Centre for Contemporary Art (ACCA) rises from its surrounds of orange-yellow gravel. Built of Cor-ten steel, which has rusted a deep reddish-brown, with a minimal glass entrance and no planting of surrounding vegetation, this fascinating building reads as a great piece of sculpture in the urban landscape.

Entering the foyer, with its series of highly reflective surfaces of glass, steel, and mirrors, is like stepping into an artificial cave. Domenico de Clario emphasized this manipulation of spatial experiences by deliberately narrowing the entrance to his installation and requiring visitors to open a small door before stepping into the vast space of the gallery. Then, in total contrast to the massive solidity of the building, he constructed the skeleton or framework of an apartment. de Clario's installation replicates the



one-room apartment in Trieste where he was born and where he lived as a young boy. In fact, he shared the small space with his grandparents, mother, father, and sister.

Reached by a steep narrow staircase, de Clario's reconstructed room was furnished with symbolic rather than realistic images: the double bed was simply a horizontal rectangular prism, the wardrobe a vertical geometric form, and no attempt was made to introduce homely bric-a-brac. There was, however, one note of reality. For two weeks, the artist sat at a table as his family had done when taking their daily meals, and, with invited guests, he shared a simply prepared lunch. Others who wished to sit and talk with him were offered cups of coffee. The conversations were broadcast within the gallery.

Initially discussion centered around such questions as, "Where did you all sleep?" de Clario slept with his grandparents in the double bed. "How did your mother cook a meal on the landing?" "We improvised a coal fire and opened the window to let the smoke out." "Did you have a refrigerator?" "We bought food one meal at a time. I did the shopping." But inevitably thoughts went beyond these basic facts.

The installation acted as a catalyst. de Clario's re-creation of a past shared experience encouraged people to consider their own shared practices and to re-examine their lives. How many visitors to the installation, for instance, had come from abroad to settle in Australia, to begin a new life, often living very frugally for the first few years? de Clario remembers that when his family first arrived in Australia, they all lived in one room above a hairdresser's salon. (Today, Domenico de Clario is Head of the School of Contemporary Arts at Edith Cowan University, Perth, Western Australia. One of Australia's most influential installation, site-specific, and performance-based artists, he has exhibited worldwide.)

For the duration of the exhibition, de Clario rented that other room at via de Bosco, no. 3, Trieste, the room where he lived before immigrating to Australia in 1956. Emptied of all its furniture but full of memories, it was the first, the original simplicity, whereas *A Second Simplicity* was the sophisticated installation of the past remembered.

—Ken Scarlett

Auckland, New Zealand

Christopher Braddock

Gow Langsford Gallery

Christopher Braddock's 10-work exhibition "Fleshly Worn" made for compelling viewing. Seven of his large silicone castings dominated the space, wall mounted and draped over large, gleaming stainless steel hooks that thrust toward the viewer at various angles. In their own right, these polished hooks, discreetly mounted on pins hidden from sight, possessed a subtle beauty that effectively contrasted the brutality of their broom-handle thickness and ominously tapered points. Although clearly supporting the languidly draped rubber forms, they almost appeared to float.

The overall effect was akin to a bloodless abattoir, devoid of reference to muscle, sinew, or bone. Yet the allusion was clearly to flesh: milky-white, soft, and lifeless. Each steel rail held a pair of the artist's body parts: right and left wrists, elbows, and knees. Parts were impressed into clay, the voids made solid, transformed into silicone forms connected by a long, undulating ribbon of synthetic flesh.

Given the relative geo-cultural proximity of New Zealand to Australia, comparisons to Stelarc's suspended flesh *Events* of the '70s seem inevitable. However, these works had a life, or perhaps a lack thereof, antithetical to Stelarc's temporal public actions. Mute artifacts,

Left: Domenico de Clario, *A Second Simplicity*, 2005. Wood, galvanized steel, drafting film, MDF furniture, pine table and chairs, fluorescent tubes, microphone, speakers, toilet, and electric stove, 7 x 5 x 16 meters. Below: Christopher Braddock, installation view of "Fleshly Worn," 2005.

LEFT: JOHN BRASH