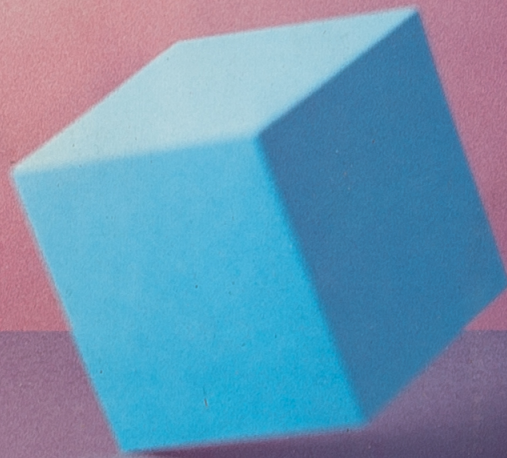


BARCLAYS
YOUNG ARTIST
AWARD EXHIBITION 1993



crime or the cause of a suicide. They are presented in large colour photographs which arouse a disquieting mixture of prurient interest and the guilty suspicion that one is somehow responsible for the sordid circumstances, if only through indifference or neglect.

Siobhan Hapaska (Goldsmiths') showed a varied range of pieces, each difficult to place yet asserting its presence with remarkable authority. A heart covered in velvet fabric and with the built-in soundtrack of racing cars has the irregular outline of a cartoon drawing, as though it has been speedily dashed off. Despite its seeming familiarity, the shape of her opalescent sculpture proves impossible to name. Narrow channels of perspex, filled with brown sugar, create a wall work that seems closer to drawing or painting than to sculpture or relief. Hapaska seems intent on redefining categories, discovering unexpected potential for speeded up or slowed down communication.

I first saw Laura Thomson's (Chelsea) videos in the New Contemporaries exhibition. She has such impeccable timing that puncturing a bag of sand is removed from the realm of slapstick to become an expressive gesture that functions both as painting and as performance. Her ideas may seem throw away, but they are achieved with the elegance of a dancer and the deadpan precision of Chaplin or Keaton so as to attain a comic solemnity.

Renato Niemis (Chelsea) has built two rooms whose scale and positioning within the larger gallery situates them part-way between architecture and shipping crates. You can step inside; you could even live in them, but they

are presented as boxes: sculptural objects rather than interiors. One is furnished and lit as a gallery space, the other as an office. Ironically, many would be grateful for this much space; but Niemis stresses the inadequacy of these meagre, jerry-built structures as containers for human aspirations.

Glenn Brown (Goldsmiths') copies, from reproductions in books and catalogues, familiar paintings by luminaries such as Frank Auerbach and Salvador Dali. Sometimes he remains faithful to the scale of the original, at others he makes radical alterations so as to emphasise the tenuous link between original and copy. His canvases resemble photographs that reproduce the look of a painting by detailing every brushmark, yet are completely devoid of vitality because their smooth surfaces reflect the light evenly. Brown has perfected a technique that erases evidence of the hand's involvement to achieve disquieting paintings that both assert and deny the importance of the original, and manage to be seductive and repellent in equal measure.

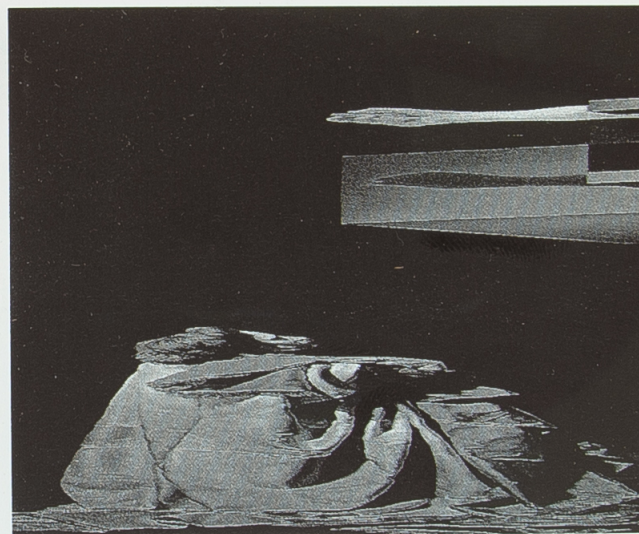
SARAH KENT

GLENN BROWN

- 1966 Born Hexham, County Durham
1985-88 Bath Academy of Art, BA
1990-92 Goldsmiths' College, London, MA

GROUP EXHIBITIONS

- 1989 Print Show, Contact Gallery, Norwich
Christie's New Contemporaries, Royal College of Art, London
- 1990 *BT New Contemporaries*, ICA, London; touring to Cornerhouse, Manchester; South Hill Park, Bracknell; Dean Clough, Halifax; Brewery Arts Centre, Kendal
Summer Show, Advice Arcade Gallery, Norwich
- 1991 *BT New Contemporaries*, Arnolfini, Bristol; touring to John Hansard Gallery, Southampton; Dean Clough, Halifax; Ikon Gallery, Birmingham; Arts Council Gallery, Belfast; Third Eye Centre, Glasgow; ICA, London
Group Show, Todd Gallery, London
- 1992 *Surface Values*, Kettle's Yard, Cambridge
How did these children come to be like that, Goldsmiths' Gallery, London
Group Show, Todd Gallery, London
With Attitude, Gallery Guy Ledune, Brussels
And what do you represent? Anthony Reynolds Gallery, London
Group Show, Todd Gallery, Cologne Art Fair, Germany



Fuck the Flacid Dead 1992
Colour Lasercopy and mixed media, 10.5 x 4.1cm

