

ANTHONY CRAGG

March 6 – may 7, 1999

Trough this seventh show in the gallery since 1980 presenting five new works, Anthony Cragg go on increasing and proving one more time his creativeness.

With scientific knowledge and starting from a concrete material he manipulates and transforms it, acting like a tumbler or a transformer in the way he looks for the breaking or twisting limit.

It's quite obvious regarding *Silent Conversation*, two chinese porcelain figures standing back to each other, the smaller one setted on a roughly cutted gypsum base. The kind of figure anyone can see in the chinese restaurant all over the world. Then their originally glazed surface is stripped with sand until the disparition of any trace of colour. Here is the hart of the precious material. Then the figures are pierced as many as they can afford it without to break, until to obtain some weightlessness and very new kind of forms.

Bearings is made of old devonian sandstone in eight assembled parts. The red or grey tint proceed from the diversity of oxidation in the different layers of the original stone here underlined with acute angles all around the "machine-turned" forms. These shapes looks like bottles, vases and test-tubes but can also be seen like some pawns on a chess-board or human figures. They could symbolize the conversion of raw material by means of alchemy of culture and ability through the geological history.

Pan is a curious mass completely covered with dice put in lines and spiralled as to emphasize the work on torsion. It also represents a study on the aleatory accumulation of the black points on each side of the numerous dice. Like an enormous tatu carapace the sculpture attracts the fingers touch and frustrates in its restraining fixity.

Clear Glass Stack is a two meters high pile of common glass giving an obvious sensation of aggressivity in a provocative stability. The glass stack evoques in transparency the first anthologies of ordinary objects or contemporary archeologies realized in 1979 or 1980.

The three column of superposed industrial plaster bowls named *Torque* turning on themselves like Dervish take place in the arched cellar. Each pot is different than the others and manytimes the smaller are supporting the larger. The only force wich press and maintain everything together is the attractive power. It could be an elegant - and vertiginous - evocation of the miracle represented by the miraculous harmony wich happen sometimes between human beeing.