

## EAST international 2002

Norwich Gallery

Now in its 12th year, EAST, the annual international open submission exhibition that prides itself on having 'no

rules', witnessed guest selectors Lawrence Weiner and Jack Wendler whittle the 1,300 hopeful applicants down to the successful 20. Though visitors to the exhibition are likely to have had a splendid time, they might be forgiven for feeling that nothing was entirely as it seemed.

Milosevic and Paschke presented photographic documentation of their *Werksschwimmbad* (Workers' Swim-

ming Pool, 2001), a large free-standing pool that they constructed in the middle of an industrial plant in Esson, Germany. The thought of the project ever having come to fruition, most with the slightly awkward architect's impression-like illustrations, prompts one to wonder whether they are having us on. But then, with such captivating images to accompany this quirky *Cadbury*-esque idea, who cares? The uncertainty

grow further with Stephen Marger's series of large C-type prints depicting empty galleries containing artworks of electrical fittings, fire equipment and so on, all in various stages of preparation for display. The tiniest of details conspired to cast doubt on the veracity of the images: objects minutely but suspiciously out of focus, not quite trustworthy lighting, surfaces and textures too smooth to be true. All of

### 104 frieze

which leads to the conclusion that Marger has formed the viewer into a gallery-going Lulliputian and trapped them in an elaborate cardboard set, where, in Russian doll style, it appears they are forced to look at photographs of more of Marger's modelled situations.

As if to ensure that nobody could leave the exhibition without having a minor crisis of perception, Christine Eriard also took a leaf out of Thomas Demand's book, photographing self-constructed models of architectural interiors, exteriors and in-between spaces. Aided by some photomontage and digital jiggery pokery, they are self-consciously artificial and playfully explore the possibility that such contrived methods offer. Curious and disconcerting, a picture such as *Foyer* (2000), with its textural marble wall, polished stone floor and peculiar white fur foliage simulates perfectly the physical experience of Miza van der Rhee's pavilion in Barcelona. Some of Eriard's images cling on to Modernist reality by the tips of their fingers, while others slide into the unlikely, the impossible and the downright cynical. In *The Light Well* (2001) what appears to be a vast formal tree dwarts a meeting room below.

Models featured prominently elsewhere in the exhibition, such as Matthew Hovind's *Exclusive Waterfront Development Opportunity* (2001-2), a witty place that looked as though it had been created by a combination of a professional model-maker and an enthusiastic (if somewhat lonely) schoolboy. Graham Szeate's *Regeneration 2002* (2002) is a miniature city made from plaster casts, in



which things such as random pieces of electrical equipment become transformed into a canteen centre or teen hall, old window locks might become square apartments and a gutter effects pedal provide the inspiration for some experimental office architecture.

The piece that mosty seemed to have caught everybody's imagination, however, and deservedly so, was Hluka Sawa's *Dwelling* (2002). Shot in black and white, the eight-minute film begins with exterior and interior shots of the artist's apartment. Having given us time to acclimatise, Sawa takes us to the garaged plane in front of his recent collection, where five (six) airplanes are lined up as if ready for boarding at an airport terminal. Accompanied by the sounds of engines gathering momentum, one plane after another starts moving in slow motion and simply takes off, flying gracefully around Sawa's bedroom. The camera cuts to an unmade bed, in which other planes are preparing to depart. As more planes take off,



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increasing numbers of them are flying around the flat in all directions and at different heights. We see them flying through doorways, across halls, over the hobs and kitchen counter. The camera assumes a variety of positions, looking shortly up at the ceiling as they glide past the light bulb, and downwards at the bathtub as one flies towards the taps. The film ends with the camera zooming in on a window, through which we see a plane flying off into the distance. In spite of the dangers of working with such a cutesy idea, everything about this film is just right.

Core Dis presented photographs of household junk caught between the back door and the city council truck, in limbo before heading off to its final resting place of the recycling yard,

and still also at local fridge mountain. A surprising quantity of dead washing machines, defunct mattresses, bathtubs, sinks, ovens and TVs (all amassed from the environs of Norwich) was transformed by flies into public sculpture or suburban street installations that are a fine testimony to consumerism. The theme of salvaging objects that have reached the end of their natural life was also taken up by Raúl Le Cava in his photographic series of old buses used as temporary accommodation along the coastline of Argentina, and also by João Paulo, who converted a trashed Jaguar XJS into a mobile DJ sound system, injecting his behaviour needed to title the squeaky clean edge off this solid exhibition, which pathetically cried out.

**Left:** Milosevic and Paschke  
*Werksschwimmbad*  
2001  
Screening pool, freight containers, steel seating, railway  
12 x 5 x 2 m

**Right:** Core Dis  
As Seen From  
A Recycled Bus, New  
Orleans, Norwich  
2002  
Other photograph  
12 x 20 cm

Matt Price