

traditional chairs, and pushed plastic to its (un)natural limits. Verner Panton is also renowned for his domestic interiors which throb and hum with pure colour, light, and form. Panton dispenses with the usual transitions between walls, ceilings, floors and furnishings. His holistic interiors are as smooth and seamless as a Panton plastic chair. ☐ Paul McInnes' *Freize*, using white plastic ice cube trays, is domestic and regular, and part of our immediate experience of life. But there is something awry. Here the Verner Panton interior is white – bleached like a shadow, or a memory, or the aftermath of a flash bulb going off. This flash of white, this slice of life, is the advertising executive's sweetest dream of plastic production and consumption. ☐ Using polypropylene and nylon rope imported from Spain, Dani Marti takes advantage of plastic rope's pliancy and extraordinary colour range to weave portraits of people he knows. For him, ropes are carriers of strength and sensuality. The distinct repeat patterns in these works are like a type of morse code, or a string of DNA. There is an act of bondage inferred as Dani captures the essence of his subject in the rope. ☐ *Mad Babe* is all at once contained and wild. On initial viewing there seems to be no recognisable pattern but slowly a sense of this mad babe emerges. The pattern from the weave is embellished by flashes of colour in the rope which are the trademark of the manufacturing company. The triptych *George* is a portrait of an architect who is obsessed with the colour yellow. Here, every type of yellow in every diameter and texture of rope has been added to the palette to capture George's nature. The warp in *George* is a form of plastic tubing used to farm mussels. There is a smooth play on words here for a 'warp'

is also 'a rope used in towing or attached to a trawl net.' ☐ David Sequeira's obsession with collecting and cataloguing other people's discards makes him waste managements' pin up boy. *Zen Picnic* is life, the universe, wholeness and sustenance delivered to you on a plastic platter. His *Constructivists are GO* robots are ingenious assemblages of bottle tops and lids, all of them objects cast adrift from their original purpose and from their other halves. These things should be in landfill by now except that David has arrested their progress. Herein lies a beautiful irony - later, when the collector has been collected, the conservators in the museum will painstakingly clean these assemblages of plastic trays, eggcups, bowls, plates and bottle tops; keeping them from the harsh glare of bright lights and sunlight, worrying about how to avoid fading and cracking; whilst somewhere else the waste management people will ache for signs of plastic decay. ☐ *Rogue Plastic* is a loud, glowing and decadent tribute to the texture, form and function of one of our most remarkable materials. There is a touch of the tupperware party here - wall weavings, the imagined clink of ice cubes falling into the g & t glass, picnic food kept airtight and fresh for the whole family. Domestic, contained, and even tamed, this plastic is plastic indeed. But don't be deceived. Plastic's secret formula for success is also its greatest recipe for disaster – malleable, water tight, acid resistant, air tight, non-biodegradable, smooth, playful, beautiful, seductive, deadly plastic.

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