

Conservation pieces

Gallery review by Bruce James

PARAMOR: LOST AND FOUND
Casula Powerhouse
Until October 29

Wendy Paramor was not completely lost to Australian art after her death in 1975, at the age

of 36; neither is she completely restored to it by this retrospective at Casula Powerhouse. Slotting her into the cycle of neglect and rediscovery which we pretend is the historical pattern for women artists is inaccurate and demeaning. To have waited a little longer to mount this show would not have harmed the artist's reputation, kept alive as it is by her supporters in Sydney and elsewhere.

features sophisticated recent offerings from Jon McCormack, Anita Kocsis, Kathryn Mew and the collaborative duo, Jane Prophet and Gordon Selley. Nearby, in the Lounge space, Danni Marti exhibits a single, unassuming sculpture that proves the superiority of static sculpture over animated screen culture. Resembling a giant strand of pearls, or a chain of cells, *Sorry, I just dropped my guts* is a bitingly funny foray into the interface between the body politic and the political body which is HIV/Aids. It shows Marti, always a vivid thinker, upping the ante on his own imaginative brilliance.

Cyber Cultures and *Sorry, I just dropped my guts* are examples of Casula Powerhouse doing what it does best: providing flexible facilities for living artists. *Paramor: Lost and Found* is an example of what it is least poised to do: museum-style retrospectives of historical figures. Either way, viewers can't lose by attending this venue, one of Sydney's most energetic. ▀

TLC needed . . . *Geometric*, 1966, left, and *Jean D'Arc*, 1968, right, from the Casula repository for the Paramor collection and archive.

