

John Zurier Oblaka (Peer 21 March - 4 April)

John Zurier, of a kind of Ryman school of painting, imports Russian handmade canvas, ready stretched the size of something intimate in the way of small landscape and portrait to wisp a cloud-like paint involvement upon this sculptural surface breaking and floating before hand. Think: Oblaka, cloud in Russian. Cloud: Weight of rain. Oblaka, feel the weight. Combine. Draw apart and now rain. Rain altogether, upon a surface that is neither here nor there. The rain falls from the oblaka when the oblaka is dark and heavy-burdened. Think: Burden. The burden of weight, of handmade craft of Russia of the land. This is the oblak, this is the oblak, and it hangs above us all and it hangs like John's paint between heaven and earth, canvas and John. Navigate the oblak but respect its apparent weightlessness. It is weighty and it hangs like a sack of tiny eggs from some big spider that weaves its web up above the oblak. Respect. It will fall. And when it does it will rejuvenate or plant the seeds upon the minds of heavy-burdened toilers and lazy slobs alike, it sprouts its seeds and its spores of invasion the oblak will make us forget and will occupy and will spread. No one will believe this. Beware the spores that fall from the oblak, they have already taken my whole family. Please, listen to me, tell everyone, beware the oblak...Worth a visit - these sensitive paintings do just manage to survive the unfortunate correctness of this weird gallery space, modelled on a small architectural firm in Park Crescent, Barry, that also owned the deli next door. DM

Matthew Arnatt & David Mollin 2003