

'1k28e', by Claire Corey



**'Love'**  
14 Wharf Road *East End*

In the 1960s, Larry Poons began floating ellipses on coloured grounds. 'Jessica Hartford' has a lime-green ground dotted with bronze, lilac, grey, green and salmon pink dots. It doesn't take long for the after-images to kick in and the dots to sizzle and dance. In the '70s, he abandoned optical effects for actual substance, throwing paint on to canvas in bucketloads. On show is a painting from '95; a plateau of sponge gives way to encrustations of cheesecloth resembling tufa. The relief is painted in pearlescent colours; brilliant pink, cerise, turquoise and silvery shades hide the ugly surface beneath a sheen of beauty. Poons' inclusion in this mixed show implies some connection with the rest of the work, as though the American were somehow godfather to the younger generation, despite the fact that most won't have heard of him and their sources

are quite disparate.

Anna Bjerger's abject little portraits are like Luc Tymans during an expressionist attack. Painting on odd bits and pieces, James Hyde takes a similarly slacker approach. He fills one end of the gallery with a huge inflated pillow encrusted with paint. James Aldridge's mural is like Gary Hume trying out pattern painting. In large panels he envisages Paradise as silhouetted shapes –leaves, moths, cobwebs, an owl – against a full moon or a violent red sun. The flatness is alleviated by a vision of grey islands dissolving in lilac mist. While Masakatsu Kondo's woodland is like a calendar enlarged under the influence of Ecstasy, Roderick Harris's 'Wormhopper' could be a scene from 'The Lord of the Rings'. The three figures in Henry Krokatsis' tiny painting are like nineteenth-century explorers lost in the void. Whereas Poons deals with the here and now of painting, these artists use it for tripping elsewhere. *Sarah Kent*