



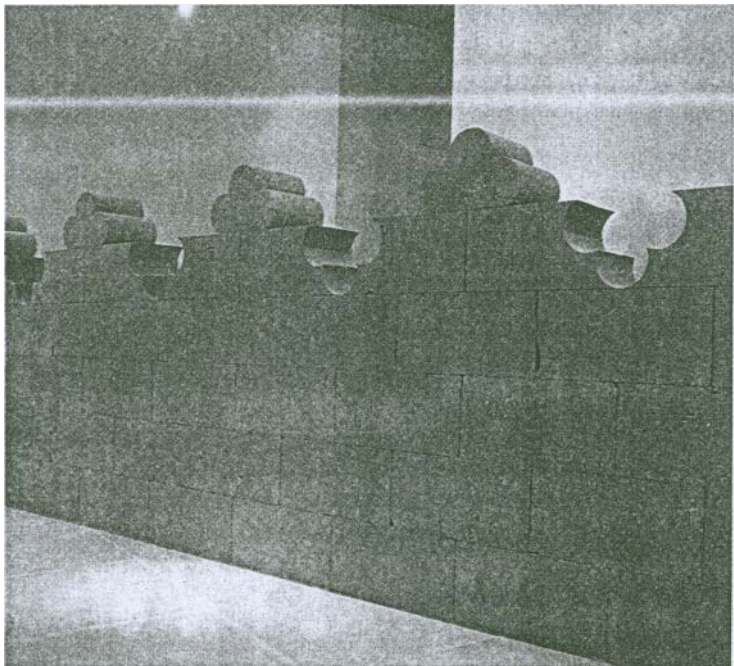
Paul Graham

ANTHONY REYNOLDS

Paul Graham has a Japanese girlfriend and has spent some time in Tokyo, where this series of photographs was taken. His pairing of images establishes an ironic contrast between the Western kitsch, which has flooded Japan since World War II, and the cultural traditions that as a result of this invasion



ing a magic wand is juxtaposed with a back, striped with radiation burns. Light and dark colours resist radiation to differing degrees, so the pattern of the man's kimono has been imprinted on his flesh - as though he were branded with his own culture. With wicked irony, Graham has aligned the photographs so that the lacerations seem to be inflicted by the wand. A photograph in the Hiroshima museum shows



Jonathan Callan

HALES GALLERY

'I'm Rotherhithe born and bred, strong in the arm and thick in the head', runs the song. But the area is changing; hundreds of artists now live around Rotherhithe, New Cross, Brockley, Greenwich and Blackheath. And with the slump in the art market and the demise of Cork Street, galleries are also springing up way out East. Deptford High Street no

Scratch Gallery in his council flat. He now shows fellow graduate Jonathan Callan. 'Sculpture in one way or another seems to be about occupying space. Architecture seems to be about enclosing space,' writes Callan. 'Whether through implication or fact, I try to make objects that deal with the enclosure of space.'

At the Serpentine last summer he built a row of sculptures that resembled small kilns: architecture without entrances.

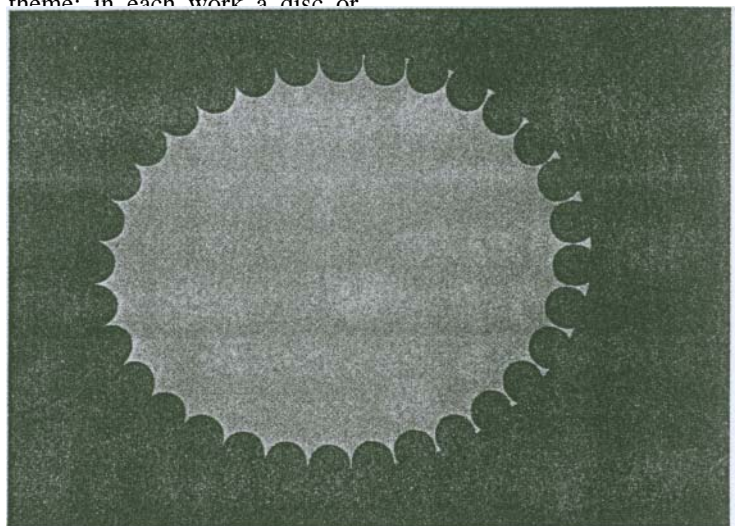
Jane Harris

ANDERSON O'DAY

Luxuriance and sobriety, pleasure and control go hand in hand in these beguiling paintings; each one is an elaboration on the economies of painterly affect and a demonstration of simple but hard-won skills. Each painting is a variation on the same theme: in each work a disc or

brushes are. The paint never slithers and never slurs - it goes on with a regular rhythm and application in short wristy flicks and longer arcs, as Jane Harris negotiates the curve of a form, the expanse of a plane.

Bored already? Curiously, the surfaces shimmer as, depending on the direction and weight of the brushstrokes, the paint picks up and reflects light. Nor are the forms as symmetrical or stable



Daniel Sturgis

63 UNION STREET

This is Sturgis's second show: he first exhibited last year. He may be tempted to get more philosophical as he goes on, which would probably be a mistake. Better to concentrate on the strangeness of the work, its inaccessibility - to find a way of matching peppermint green with cheeking pink, a spectrum

consumer goods: capitalist shapes. Unknown to themselves, artists were blithely painting the coming, right-wing backlash.

The amateurish paintings - partly contrived, partly because he can't paint very well - is endearing: If you're doing green, orange and yellow stars on blocks of pale grey and your references are '50s fabric patterns, spelling books and the puzzles in children's comics, does this matter? It's an ABC of

Anthony Wishaw

ART SPACE

Anthony Wishaw describes himself as a romantic painter, part of the British tradition that includes artists such as John Piper. His influences are eclectic: from Velazquez and Bacon to Picasso. Most of the paintings in this show are of Spain, a country he visited for

more complex texture. Yet for all their scholarly references, craftsmanship and declared attempt to fuse figuration and abstraction, there is something unsatisfying about these paintings. The line of the figures too closely resembles Picasso; the cubism of the landscapes is a kind of sub-genre Cezanne, the earth and mud textures are less challenging than those employed with greater sparseness