

HERALD 23.6.77



AT THE Caulfield Arts Centre, Otto Nemitz interrupts his carefully modelled white supports with a series of icily clear diagrams.

More at home with calipers than brushes, Nemitz purifies his surfaces into submission with steely lines and flat color segments assembled like the codings for industrial spare parts. He hates chaos and evidently feels threatened by it.

The works are immaculately made, with the Germanic anxiety held at bay by a formidable technical rigor. If that were all, this show would not endear itself to lovers of rich confusions.

However, what saves it is some clever illusionism with ambiguous perspectives and scales. This is made possible by ribbing and swelling the canvas. He even allows himself a little romantic wrinkling with stuck-on pieces.

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