Peter Daverington

Opening Wednesday 2 April 6 – 8 pm
Exhibition 2 April - 3 May 2008

www.boutwelldrapergallery.com.au

Above, Dark Matter III (detail), 2007, oil and enamel on canvas, 122 x 122 cm

Right, The House of Mirrors, 2008, oil and enamel on canvas, 122 x 122 cm

Far right, Everness, 2007, oil and enamel on canvas, 122 x 122 cm

Cover, Inferno (detail), 2008, oil and enamel on canvas, 122 x 122 cm

Overleaf, Heat Field, 2008, oil and enamel on canvas, 122 x 244 cm
Everness

With one of his major interests outside of art being mathematics, and exhibit that notion of (mathematics) in his day-to-day and occasional use – the works in this exhibition demonstrate Daverington’s true talent in his use of paint (material) to discuss its opposite – space (immaterial). And just as infinity transcends notions of time and space, Daverington’s ‘sketches’ of impossible labyrinthine structures constructed out of interlocking transparent ‘walls’ evoke a similar sensibility as they float in non-places and recede into horizon lines of light.

But in their complexity lies a simplicity, as these works also mark time – in an art historical sense – through space – in the tradition of landscape. An established genre in the art canon by the late 19th century, this was also the beginning of modernism, during which landscape – and all subjective representation – became increasingly abstract. Accordingly, the ‘father’ of this paradigm shift was Paul Cézanne, in whose works – such as L’Estaque and Mont Saint-Victoire (particularly between 1895–1906, when he painted numerous of both) – we witnessed the beginning of the reduction of form (into cubes, spheres or cylinders) and the collapsing of perspectival space.

By the mid- to late-20th century, we arrive at an artist like Richard Diebenkorn, whose works – specifically his Ocean Park series (1967-1988) – had almost totally reduced landscape from any suggestion of form or space before the shift into Colour Field painting, whence a work’s materiality reigned in importance, both in and of itself.

Though appearing minimal and abstract in some, Daverington’s works extend beyond such self-reflexive enterprise. Rather, in alluding to an architecture that spreads infinitely towards an illusory horizon line his landscapes hold up a mirror to a 21st century that is fast heading towards over-population, over-production and over-consumption while also embracing the no time and no place endemic to virtual reality.

In fact, in contrast to the 1960s Italian architects Super-studio, who envisioned a utopian grid covering the earth’s surface and supplying all human needs (Continuous Monument 1969), Daverington uses the grid as a device in his labyrinthine structures to refer to modernist painting and architecture while also implying the ever-increasing dominance of architecture over – and consequent destruction of – the natural environment. And all this in an aesthetic of virtual software programs like Autocad or Web 2.0 technology.

Coming from a rich and varied graffiti-art and mural-painting background, Daverington has easily shifted into this realm of representation. But rather than paint the real world, his exquisitely surfaced paintings become enigmatic, metaphysical representations of an intellectual world that explores reality through dualities such as the aforementioned use of material (paint) to represent the immaterial (space), wherein the corporeal represents the virtual, and his layering of interlinking forms with multiple perspectives represents a singular universe.

In a discussion of writer Jorge Luis Borges, Fishburn and Hughes’ comments could easily apply to Daverington: ‘Rarely gratuitous or merely ornamental, (his paintings) reveal not only deliberate choice, but a remarkable degree of appositeness: in almost every case the allusion can be seen either to go with the grain of the story or to stand in parodic confrontation with it’.

© Kirsten Rann, Melbourne, March 2008

Everness

One thing alone does not exist – oblivion.

God, who saves the metal, saves the dross and stores in his prophetic memory moons that have still to come, moons that have shone.

Everything is there. The thousands of reflections which between the dawn and the twilight your face has left behind in many mirrors and those faces it will go on leaving yet.

And everything is part of that diverse and mirroring memory, the universe; there is no end to its exigent corridors and the doors that close behind you as you go; only the far side of the sunset’s glow will show you at last the Archetypes and Splendors.

Jorge Luis Borges