

[www.SoHoMUSEUM.com](http://www.SoHoMUSEUM.com)

ANNUAL GROUP EXHIBITION  
A COMPUTER

After climbing the Romanesque pillars of a foyer, one can enter their chosen site, with a peep show anticipation, the annual *Soho* group exhibition is downloaded and your selection (more tasters) of such work is on display. From here you can double-click and wait for the striptease to commence. From left corner (top) to right corner (bottom) the guessing game takes place. What is it we are looking at? How long will it be before the picture emerges? Cries of "ohh" and "aah" as the layers peel back, piece by piece, pixel by pixel, mmmnn.....

This is a museum for the "elite user" - dress - code applies (advanced web browser, 1000s of colours).

It's a brothel of speedy RAM. Tiny windows act as a suggestive peep into the New York connection. Upon entry, you can move from one room to another. There is no real mystery.

Strange fetishes encountered: Linda Schofield's sticky kitchener bun against a stark pale blue backdrop, acts as a hyper-real offering, a take me I'm yours with goeey possibilities.

Rhonda Wheatland's *Rift* tones down the desire, a wall divides (one between the computer screen and then the actual scale of "real work"). There is blue here too, only it's the darker kind. Waiting... waiting... waiting... Ian Chandler's large scale extraction of currency, is

detailed yet deceptive, the download is staggered as the golden fleece cannot keep up with the Ram.

Samara Mitchell's deadly fish hang in the shadows as a sinister reminder of possible mutation. Toby Richardson's *Johnathans Batman Cards* of ageless suburbia somehow strangely fits into the techno of tech group exhibition... waiting... waiting... until Constance Johnson... can the air get any thicker? the screen any whiter as we wait...

Dora Dallwitz' *Nullabor Nymph* is work-in-progress, just like the myth, always being retold, remade... Loene Furler's work on a computer screen, is flat, 2-dimensional, kinda shy and frigid, unlike its tangible "real" self.



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Stephen Richardson's eerie Polaroid of 2 doll's arms, not unlike the *Brothers Quay*, appear as a scattering of human remains. Cold, well placed. An oddly pretty picture. Take hold.

On downloading Phillipa Farwood's work you're taken from the initial impression of a sci-fi cartoon to a full screen picture of a painted egg installation. A pixellated image can contain various possibilities, you never know what will come next. The tease or the strip.

The last strip on the random list is the viewing of Brian Tingey's *Soul*. It is almost like watching flames burst onto the screen. Things are starting to get hotter. Go to [www.SoHoMUSEUM.com](http://www.SoHoMUSEUM.com)

Go Explore. Go Crazy.Wow!

REBECCA JOHNSTON AND JASON SWEENEY