

Noël Skrzypczak

Where do they come from, these vast ectoplasmic torrents and silent psychedelic storms that stream across the gallery walls, that escape upwards to the ceiling as well as leak down, and that ooze like burst eggs or ruptured organs onto the floor? *It Came Out Of Me* was the suggestive answer given in the title of Noël Skrzypczak's series of globular explosions – or expulsions – that splashed and dribbled around Hobart's Plimsoll and Melbourne's Kings Gallery in 2005. And while these swirls, licks, trickles and drips have the forceful and alluring erotic charge of bodily, sensuous secretions they're also wonderfully synthetic, meticulously graphic, clean and disembodied. An out-of-body experience, an alien mindscape, as a sort of graphic or spooky special effect. She might have equally said, "it came from outer space".

The colour schemes swerve from anatomical to astronomical, from intestinal to incandescent Pop, even from gore to gelato; but they spill, splat and mingle without becoming mud. The forms may be fluid (darkly vaporous or liquid) yet, as they did with her *Cave Painting* show at GRANTPIRRIE last year, they can also congeal in luscious reefs or fantastic floating islands hung with stalactites or with languid tendrils like Spanish moss swaying from their shorelines. And all this possessed, delirious flood of paint appears spectacularly and miraculously – or magically – on the walls, so neatly placed there and crisply outlined that it could be the lurid abstract cartoon thought balloon of an ecstatic vampire in a Japanese graphic novel.

Ecstasy and the apprehension of doom bond like chemicals in this atmosphere. The walls of Skrzypczak's studio in Melbourne's Gertrude Contemporary Art Spaces are covered in rapid ink sketches of disasters that subtly work their way into her galactic and subterranean streams of colour. Among train wrecks, a freeway collapsed from an earthquake, or a diminutive passenger jet flying into a massive nimbus storm cloud, she talks about Ariadne's crown which – thrown triumphantly skyward by her lover Bacchus – is transfigured into a stellar constellation. That's how it comes out: taking a liberty with the catastrophe of life.

Edward Colless

Price range: studies \$600; canvas paintings \$1,000-\$5,000; wall paintings \$1,000-\$25,000;
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This page: Noël Skrzypczak, *It came out of me #6, 2005*. Acrylic paint, Approx. 140 x 120cm.

Opposite page top: Noël Skrzypczak, *Cave Painting* detail of installation at Grant Pirrie Gallery, Sydney, 28 Nov - 16 Dec 2006. Acrylic paint, 15.8 x 3.5m. PHOTOGRAPH: JENNI CARTER.

Bottom: Noël Skrzypczak, An installation at the Australian Centre for Contemporary Art, Melbourne 4 August - 24 September 2006 as part of the exhibition *Uncanny Nature*. Acrylic paint, 5.5 x 15m approx. PHOTOGRAPH: RICK ALLEN.

ALL IMAGES COURTESY THE ARTIST.

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