

Love Letter

Noël Skrzypczak

MIR 11

19 November – 10 December 2004

by Geoff Newton

I must admit I'm finicky for titles. If 'love' were a single letter what would it look like? A big X? Three X's? Or maybe a zero? Something to be filled – a hole or whole lotta love? Nah. Ok. Love letters. Raw. Beautiful. Honest. Self-conscious, full, brimming with laughter, ecstatic, giddy and fluid. Scrawled x's, smudged scented smooches and poetic touches are secretly folded into an envelope, anxious for reply, maybe adulation. A beginning.

In preparation for her installation at MIR 11, Skrzypczak spent months drawing, mixing paint and working from sketches and designs of the gallery space. Skrzypczak works directly with colour, spontaneity and painting's materiality—specifically pouring acrylic paint. The pouring technique is simple yet calculated in its conception. Paint is mixed in measured volumes, tinted to a desired hue then carefully blended and applied onto large mylar-surfaced sections. This process becomes a voluptuous and shadowy seduction, the paint lazily oozing onto the plastic coated surface, colours twisting and mixing against another, bubbling and sliding. The musky perfume of mediums and pigment becomes intoxicating. Colours slow down to become marbled and physical. Shapes become impossibly delicious muscular deformities. Thick acrylic bands of twisted colour are then collaged directly onto the wall like a selection of exotic underwear for private viewing. It is then these dreamy serpents begin slithering in deep space, careening off smooth edges and occasional bumps, fumbling for articles of clothing and flesh. They encompass the viewer entwined in mid-air embrace. Think Murakami meets Bazelit in a choreographed studio battle, gracefully jostling for wall, chainsaw and airbrush alike – with Dale Frank directing.

In MIR 11, Skrzypczak's deep greens, powdery pinks, blues and greys thrash motionless on the wall, about to collapse in elegant exhaustion. It's action painting in freeze frame. Huge brushstrokes defying gravity. They emit static calm over the space. It's warm. Must be the steamy part of the letter, where it whispers dirty words in your ear and slips one hand down the front of your trousers. Ahem. Walking down the narrow gallery space towards the window, the rich tendrils of colour seep



Above: Noël Skrzypczak
Love Letter (detail) 2004
Synthetic polymer paint on wall
Dimensions variable
Photo credit: Cath Martin

across the wall, spreading like a weed or a fever, they puddle for a moment on the floor, then curl back on one another while your back is turned. Stretching out like some post-coital couple they coo and tickle those last few woozy sensations from their skin. They murmur and giggle, drunk on bodily perfumes, eyes and mouth. A creature writhes onto the window toward the cityscape outside. How far does it go? This is the biggest love letter I've ever seen! I'll never know how it ends.

Geoff Newton is a Melbourne based artist.