

The Gleaner

The works collected together for this exhibition are built up from sheets of corrugated iron, but the subject of *Unearthed*, the valued text, is the inscription of life. Kleinert has gleaned the patinas and rusts of experience. He has sifted time and offers these gleanings for contemplation.

Overlooked as an ephemeral material, corrugated iron is sturdy enough to store the memories of several generations of experience. It carries both the scars of farmers in the first flush of hope and chook runs in the final stages of despair. These exposures are beaten into the surface of the material; they bleed through the fragile zinc skin and rise up past the layers of aqua and pink weather coats. Initially discarded because of its stains and wear-marks, Kleinert has sifted the leavings to garner this residue of experience.

The weathered surface insists on the integrity of its own identity, but also flirts with the here and the now. There is an inevitable tension between the grammars of the continuous past and the present. A residue of blue paint is reflected in the dull grey of the intact galvanized surface while streaks of rust become red dirt below a poetic sky. Interruptions in the surface of the material become strange fingers of landscape- roads, wharves and towers. Through Kleinert's intervention the material is reprised, rehearsed and remade for the present, for us. The tensions of a non-figurative past and a potentially figurative present hover in fragile balance.

In *Earth Song* patinas built up over decades are balanced against each other to build a surface with an almost gestural immediacy. The precise discipline of the assemblage is a necessary balance to the weathered derangement of the raw material. The corrosions and accretions are arranged in a seemingly unstudied formal play of abstract values. Metaphors of alchemy come to mind, referencing the transfiguration of matter in time.

Unearthed is a rare opportunity to receive the gleanings of experience by a master artist with a rare insight into the fragile leavings of time.

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