

Pericich's materials are an inventory of discarded objects, not necessarily trash but eminently trashable. Bringing together video, images and objects he constructs prophetic installations that address an uncertain future, a grim vision of post apocalyptic dystopia. In the light of any current news bulletin it is not difficult to understand Pericich's anxieties, which make more sense with each passing day. Paranoia and fear, trademarks of modern times, however, appear to be missing from his oeuvre. They are replaced by a dark brand of humour suggesting that humans might always play in the devastation of their self-generated.

Pericich's humour, however, does not come with or attempt to create any atmosphere of relief or hope. Humour, where it exists, actually operates to imbue the works with a hard-edged layer that suggests an artistic ennui with global malaise. The incongruous nature of Pericich's material and his titles are amusing only in their abject effectiveness. Wet clay, garbage bag, leather belts and plastic convey the suffocating dread of I couldn't tell if you were having the time of your life or you were dead (2013). This is a work in which the quasi 'classical' bust is literally strapped to its synonymy with death and its nobility challenged by a plastic pedestal.

The placement of works is important to Pericich's exhibitions and the harmony, clarity, universality, and idealism of Classicism and Neoclassicism are the subject of cruel subversion. The Full Moon Rising Over The Suburban McDonalds Spelt Out The Word OM (2013) in proximity to the tortured bust complements a chamber of horrors. This spectre of silicone rubber pins, aluminium, foam and glitter inspires the awe of symbolic raptors as used by the Roman Empire, the Third Reich and the United States of America. Its stand, however, like ideas of fascist Empire is fragile and scarcely supports its avian charge which appears to be freshly emerged from the primeval slime. Significantly, however, as is the case in many of Pericich's works, contradiction is evident at every turn and this phoenix-like object also suggests an angelic ascension. Whatever the interpretation, death stalks Pericich's gallery through an ongoing critique of power and its surefire ability to lay waste to all that stands in its path.

A mysterious hum on the horizon (Night Stalker) (2013) made from new car bumper bar, black plastic diamantes, disco ball motor, nylon thread is one of Pericich's few kinetic works and connects to other pieces both physically and conceptually. The slow circular movement of bumper bar driven by a disco ball motor conjures visions of some slow motion catastrophe. Working eerily, as a lighthouse does, the bumper throws light and shadow throughout the gallery. Shadow play suggests a type of reflection. In complete shadow, surrounded by darkness, we look for edges, something tangible and in a void of darkness we are left with only the memory of our own reflection... Chiaroscuro as it swathes the entire space also renders an atmosphere reminiscent of Grand Guignol theatricality. Audiences at Le Théâtre du Grand Guignol (Paris 1897-1962) endured the terror of ultra-violent productions because they desired assault by strong "feelings". Many also attended to be aroused by the intensity of conflicting emotions and so it is with Pericich's work where fetishistic objects unleash a sense of brutal eroticism.

Central to Hurling through space at a million slow motion disasters (2013) is a distressed 1990s raver body suit that serves as a hanging device for a weather-damaged framed photograph. This work includes as one of its "materials" the memory of an old friendship from which Pericich had drifted. Every element of this work, including fond memories (of a better time) in abseiling clips, to some extent addresses damage, and notions of being left hanging, suspended and trapped. Similarly and poignantly, happiness is a hole in the sky (2015) consisting of a digital print on baton hung Perspex, acrylic spikes with streams of black gloss paint running down the walls is a work that intact presents a stark vision of disintegration. At the centre of its "damaged" frame is an image of twisted chicken wire that suggests struggle and escape. Both of these works seem to represent a bleak future for art and, as a consequence, humanity. Yet like their counterparts they paradoxically demonstrate sophisticated technical and conceptual production values.

The decline of Western Civilisation and culture also provides a conceptual framework for tuff Drag Cult (2013). The potent symbolism of burnt books, in this case burnt art history books, with charred asbestos fire blankets and shatter-proof glass make a work that developed a life beyond its original presentation. Destroyed as it was in original form by the fire brigade following a complaint from "a concerned stranger". A curiously appropriate fate for a work that represents a misanthropic view of cultural production via its vitrinelike glass top built on a plinth of ashes (of the past).

Popular culture as it appears in Pericich's line of sight sees brand labels not so much as product but as they have become an integral part of the urban landscape. Reclaiming the Diet Coke logo Making Tomorrow's Problems, Today™ (2015) ominously blankets against a generic skyline of residential "progress" that represents a global obsession with unbridled growth. This work is a banner (come curtain) made from "sports jersey" the same material as sports apparel; moisture control, pull resistant, reinforced, anti-microbial, keeping "players" cool and comfortable. Pericich layers brand upon brand in a grotesque exposé of contemporary aspirant lifestyles where dreams so readily turn into nightmares. The breezy, friendly feel of the fabric gives way to discourse that reveals modern boxed living and its marketing as a deadly form of.

- David Broker