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ost of the reviews of this exhibit I had thought up in my head involved long, con-

vulsed arguments about "What Is Art?" that would spark my rise to international fame as an art phi-

losopher. When I started trying, I realized that I was just going to get myself in trouble.

Experimenting is an attractive display of works by Matthew T. Scott G which doesn't hesitate to philosophize on its own right to exist and to be appreciated. The paintings are enhanced by creative "ex-

plorations" which are tucked up next to each piece.

One of my all-time favorite authors, Jo-

seph Conrad, wrote in one of his more famous essays that "A work that aspires, however humbly, to the condition of art should carry its justification in every line." Though Conrad was referring primarily to written works of art, this display of paint-

ings has enough writing to qualify.

Scott even gives a bit of an explanation in his introduction to the exhibit he writes: "But more often than not, the phrase "Hell, it looks like a little kid could do that." And, you know, I have to agree with that exclu-

sion in a lot of cases. But sometimes I think that the reason people don't 'get' art in modern art is because it is too narrow for me in the left field that is impossible to relate to it. And that's a valid point."

So valid, in fact, that he provides an in-

side look into how he produces his art and what he was thinking when he made it. One of the things that impressed me the most about his explanations is that he freely points out the parts of his paintings that he doesn't like. All in all, the positive points outweigh the negative. "This show is filled with experiments," Scott writes.

"THE IS A GOOFY ONE." is the open-

ing statement on one, particularly interest-

ing piece entitled Two Colors Have A Pac-

king Encounter. It is a small, oddly shaped piece of cardboard with two spots of paint which are dripping at right angles to each other.

Protest/Heaven/Earth is a beautiful painting which carries the admission that Scott painted it first, and then decided which way to hang it.

The winner in the "cute" category is Technically Untitled, But Called 'Caterpil-

lar' By Scott. Scott painted it, hung it in his fraternity, and it came to be called 'Cat-

erpillar'. It is obvious why, but Scott who writes that I 'don't name my paintings un-

til after they're done. That way I make sure the name fits.'

All in all, the exhibit is pretty weird. But, it is weird in a good kind of way. Walking through the gallery is like a humorous minicourse in "What Is Art?" and is well worth the trip.

The role is then reversed as Dunder travels to New York, where he must deal with predators the likes of which he has never seen on the Australian outback.

Dundee shows that although he can sur-

vive in the reporter's world, he too does not fully belong. His ability to adapt to this environment is most notably ex-

pressed through the visual similarities be-

tween the microscopic, art-deco style of some of the New York architecture and the massive Australian rock formations.

While the scenes in the jungle are used to build up the lovers' relationship and es-

tablish visual echoes, the plot comes to a standstill when the background changes to skyscrapers. Once in New York, the story-

line becomes as excruciatingly mundane as some of the New York architecture and the massive Australian rock formations.

Dundee is the nickname of a tour guide in the Northern Territories of Australia who, as myth has it, crawled several miles back to civilization after his jag was chewed off. Paul Hogan (who co-

wrote the screenplay) plays this overrated but self-assured man of the bush.

As an American journalist (Linda Kor-

lofski), the romantic interest in the story has her curiosity piqued by the tale of this legendary character and writes a feature about him, later deciding to find out for herself how this man of the outback would fare in the wilds of New York City.

Crosscutting between light and dark shots of this reporter while talking over the New York, the contrast between the Australian jungle and the urban jungle of the big city is set up even before the opening credits begin to roll.

From Sydney the reporter takes a guided walking tour of Dundee's legendary crawl. From Sydney to her editor in New York, the two halves of this film. Although the visual similarities between the reporter's and Dundee's worlds have been set up so well during the first half of the film are simply left hanging during the second half.

This is not to say that the humor during the second half of the film falls flat. Quite the contrary; the manner in which Dundee meets the inhabitants of the city with his wide-eyed wonder is once again delighting and hilarious. Whether thieves, city-dwelling animal species, or guard dogs, Dundee has them all wrapped around his little finger.

Still, Hogan's ball in a chubs show, like the audience viewing the movie, really learns nothing about other American people other than that they are emusarily similar. One could almost have been in Japan, or perhaps, in a Pet Shop, the actions of this naive savage would re-

veal something of the stereotypicities of our society.

Crocodile Dundee, then, convinces in its half and devalues in us our expecta-

tions in the second. Too many situations are set up at the beginning to be tossed aside in New York at the expense of good laughs. One wonders if two different peoples wrote the two halves of this film. Although the film is enjoyable in the first half, very funny in the second half, the incongruity of its two halves leaves the viewer unfulfilled.