

# Victoria Nadas

The most surprising thing about Victoria **Nadas'** work is not that she prints like a painter or that she paints like a printer, but that both her prints and her paintings combine to create another universe that follows its own laws of perception. **Nadas** creates depth out of fragile tissue paper and transparency in deep ceramic pots on canvas. Using personal photos from her past on patterns for clothes, delicate prints adorn a tabletop to be experienced both visually and through touch. The children, especially, and their carers seem as light as air, but though liberated from the memory of the artist and her family who migrated to Australia from Russia, these works evoke a metaphorical and contextual weight of their own. **Nadas** entangles two kinds of time using the dainty stitches from a needle and thread (red) or, on the other hand, the strokes of a Chinese brush dipped in ink and expunged with household bleach. Though an exercise in preservation and obeisance, **Nadas'** work refashions the imprint of memory in order to establish its own artistic merit. Pots that seem to contain the mystery of life also play with the illusion of disclosure and projection. Lidded and encased, they hint towards a greater truth, a cluster of meaning that will be revealed any moment soon. **Nadas'** art is nothing short of sublime, located in that ambiguous interstice between the known and the unknown.

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