

Maurice Citron

The sculptures of Maurice Citron have charm. In *Ladders in my tights (Do you want to climb them?)* nasty tan tights are sewn, shaped and stretched over the rims of three old bicycle wheels, balanced on edge and seemingly poised to roll away. Bulbous with sand, the resultant seedy sculptures suggest a flabby crotch, flaccid penis or droopy balls, though a turn of the wheel is all that is needed to up-end the situation and create an erect phallus.

Despite the surrealist overtones, these sculptures are more humorous than disturbing. An untitled piece, made from sections of a found child's bike with cheery yellow paintwork, looks like a tragic small animal that has rolled as far as it can and then expired.

The front fork has been reconfigured - it's wheels bolted onto the outside rather than the inside. The hollow metal tubes of the bike frame remind us of our own 'plumbing' - a liquid oozes through them, leaking out in a variety of suggestive shapes. Happily for us the dripping liquids or faeces are safely contained by the neon yellow lycra.

Modes of transport are a recurring theme. Like the bicycle in Flann O'Brien's *The Third Policeman*, they may have their own secret agendas. In Citron's *Wide Load Reversing* a saddle is wedged onto the grubby frame of a shopping trolley. The whole is enveloped and expanded by a framework of stretched netting, reminiscent of one of those 3-D representations of a doughnut-shaped universe, or the magnetic field of the Earth. A fitting visualisation of the mysterious energy of everyday objects.

Image - *Wide Load Reversing*
Rods, lycra, saddle, shopping
trolley, 2009
350x250x150cm

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