

lian quality. Though her prints appear diluted (they are based on watercolors of the Great Barrier Reef), compared to Jackson's or Kee's, Fitzsimon's styles evidence a keen eye for shape and contour; "spirited sportswear," she calls it. Her linen, silk, and, yes, jersey jackets boast strong geometry, with snugly banded waists and pleats fanning the back. Dresses are draped to seduce: one, in hot-pink rayon with peephole cutouts, wraps to a plummeting neckline and has a slit skirt that almost vanishes when its wearer sits. "Not for sedate personalities," notes Fitzsimon with a glint in her sapphire blue eyes.

Stuart Membery

The color in Stuart Membery's clothes comes primarily from his own tart wit. "Australians have a sense of humor that's terminally negative," explains thirty-four-year-old Membery. As a result, an activity as straightforward as sewing a kangaroo on a sweater horrifies this droll designer almost as much as his having to leave the city for a trip to the bush.

Instead, Membery sets his needles to work on garments he describes as "National Geographic gone wrong." One collection, "Mexico," relies on overblown patch skirts and oversized cotton flamenco Desi Arnaz shirts to carry off his corny visual puns. His latest, "Austria," features sweaters showing Julie Andrews in pink crinoline climbing an Alp while B-52's drop

bombs overhead, satirizing the actress's too-wholesome and overly cheery image.

Membery's fashion follies started after he abandoned careers in advertising copywriting and fashion journalism. Wending his way to San Francisco, he spent three years designing for Esprit before returning home in 1982, when, tongue wedged squarely in cheek, he started tearing apart clichés and pasting them back together on his clothes. A sleeveless shirt is dubbed "Farewell to Arms"; his forthcoming cologne, "Brat," is sold with a slogan, "Experience the hurt."

"We design for the misunderstood," explains Membery, who attributes his bite to a childhood nourished on American TV reruns. "Not for those who think, 'Oh, that's a nice shirt.'"

Never let it be said that Australians don't appreciate a good line—fashion or otherwise.

—Joe Dolce

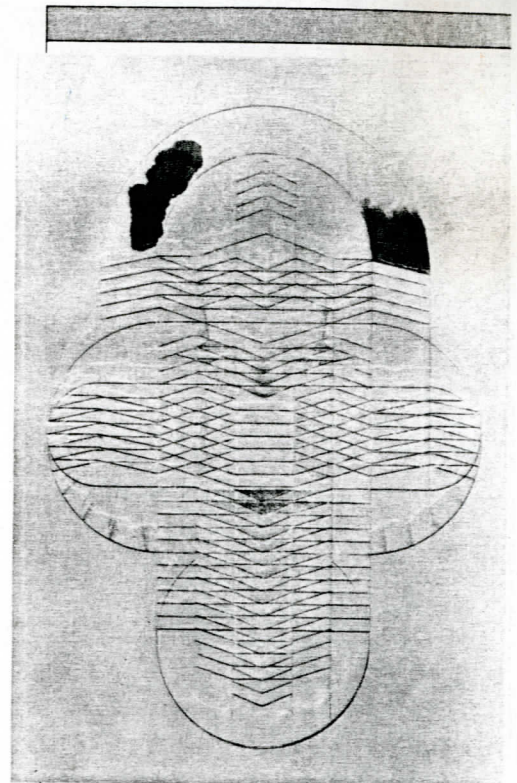
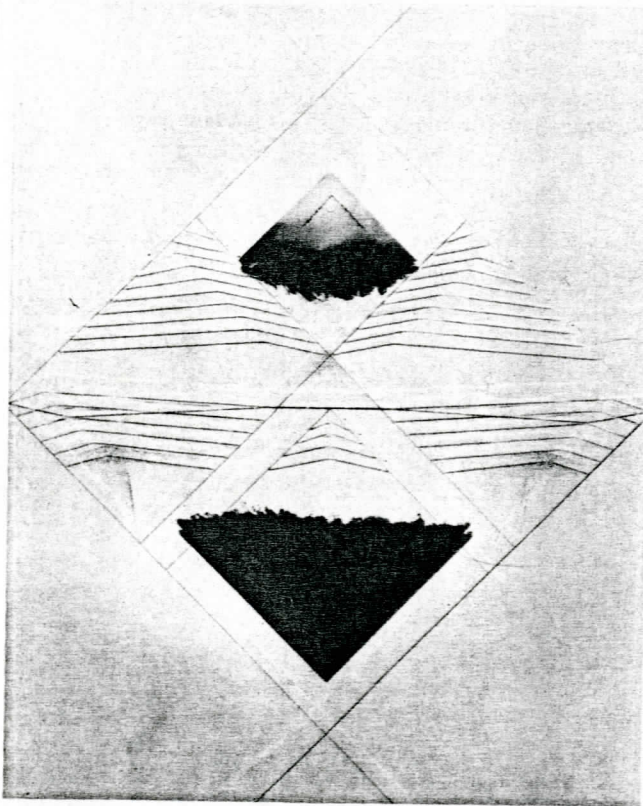
THE MOZART OF GLASS

Glass panes are items we ordinarily look through, so it is something of a surprise to encounter the work of the sculptor Renato Santarossa. He works with glass panes—ones that are being looked at by large numbers of people in Europe. Wherever he shows (in Basel, Paris, Amsterdam, Cologne, and other art capitals) he has drawn critical and popular acclaim. Indeed, the praise is now loud enough to be audible across the Atlantic.

Santarossa takes a clear pane and teases it from its invisible state. The resulting piece is etched, notched, nicked, chipped, scratched, incised, and sometimes put against other, similarly treated panes. The works are elegant and thoughtful. Santarossa deals not only with the actual glass pieces but also with the shadow play of light bouncing around behind them.

Sculptures as carefully wrought as these show the mark of artist and engineer. Santarossa is both: born forty-three years ago in Bolzano, Ita-

Contrast, a glass sculpture etched, incised, and painted by the Italian artist Renato Santarossa.



The work, as this glass collage shows, is precise, elegant, self-absorbed.

ly, he went to Germany in 1963 to complete his engineering training but then chose to work instead as art director in his father-in-law's stained-glass factory. In 1976, he turned to sculpture full-time, naturally with glass as his medium.

To him, glass is simply "the vehicle for my statement; it has the same significance as a canvas, a sheet of paper, a slab of wood or marble." Instead of shaping or blowing the glass himself, he prefers the challenge of using the finished pane, "one of our society's manufactured goods, an industrial end product," and to make that his raw material. The outcome is an oeuvre that explores dreamily the demarcations between opaqueness and transparency, stillness and motion.

Of late, Santarossa has begun to experiment with the use of color—dabs that make the objects "dance in space," he says. "The graphic and sculptural expression is wearing a new dress, so to speak; transparency has put on festive garb." The reception of the new work has been enthusiastic. Helmut Ricke, curator of glass at the Kunstmuseum Düsseldorf, likens the effect to that of music: "Only when the viewer moves around the objects do they reveal their hidden inner movements, as music does."

—Susanna Gaertner

VIRTUOSO VIBES

Thirteen years ago, when he was still a