



THE UNIVERSITY OF
WESTERN AUSTRALIA

It is hot and dark in Miami. Wulf Treu's Cadillac cruises Detritus drive, the uncharted Nietzschean strip between genius and madness, the hammering hum of the carborundum line between automobile and asphalt fragments thoughts and flashing headlighted images on shadowed faces, recollected homeless neighbours; numbed hard thoughts. Wulf Treu makes tough art from tough territory, tough imaginings.

Portraits of his idols Freud, Reich and Jung deliver clever manifestations of his critical thinking.

In these pieces he equalizes the souls of his homeless compadres with those of his idols in an ironic comment on the propensity of mainstream culture to compartmentalize the behaviour and fortunes of its inhabitants.

Beyond the rawness of material and the mark of these works Treu solicits us to deeper thought, he cleverly musters us across that tarry line in the asphalt and asks, do we have the maturity of consciousness necessary to understand that living a good life does not necessarily make you a good person? It also begs another gritty question.

His favourite piece, the Road to Samarra, is also one of my favourites. In this piece, he cleverly voice over's the parable of the same name, like Kerouac's narration over

Pull My Daisy. In this piece he benchmarks his philosophy and his hard genre in a roadside Leary-esque wake up call. In Just one more mile you will no longer be able to avoid the truth!

'HEY... YOU CAN'T GO HOME!'

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