



Photography from Manfred Unger.

I haven't been able to find the time to get one myself, but if I did I'd want to make sure that the tattoo would make me look like any one from this troupe of "mystic" human beings in this suite of images by Manfred Unger. Except perhaps for the hooded one that even though sports a zippered grin, I just couldn't get myself to accept this garment as a fitting accessory of adornment yet it remains a strangely delicate touch for the feel of this ensemble of photographs.

There are few people I've seen that don't give the impression that their tattoos are a knee jerk reaction to their own pathos. I am almost certain that if I were to go to meet any one of Manfred's subjects buying milk or deodorant, clues would emerge of their eccentricity even under the stale lighting of Billa, (Associated) or BIPA, (Duane Read). In other words, they deserve their gilding because it is obvious that they are intrinsically interesting citizens of the "deep black underground" modelling cutting edge couture from some of the more interesting Austrian designers.

In brief it all comes back to the photographer. Manfred Unger has been involved in the fashion scene as a stylist for the past ten years and has made the cross over to photography via performance art. This gives credence to the dramatic quality of the setting that frames the irrefutable serenity of the disposition imbued by this cast you won't find in any of the "Ink" Parlour reality shows on DMAX.

I can only imagine, what is usually a day of romantic indulgence and frivolity, as having a relatively sombre tone this time around, presenting these images as poignant portraits of contemporary martyrdom that emit a ring befitting the occasion giving the current mood around town.

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