

P O R T F O L I O

Frank Rodick: Liquid City



Untitled #66, 1998

One could glibly locate Frank Rodick's series of pictures, *Liquid City*, in the realm of *The X Files*, but perhaps it more rightly belongs somewhere between Luis Buñuel and Salvador Dalí's classic *Un Chien Andalou* and Fritz Lang's *Metropolis*, on the one hand, and the 1950s Cold War fable *Invasion of the Body Snatchers* and the recent film *X-Men* on the other. Or then again, one could mix one part Lee Friedlander, one part Garry Winogrand, and one part Ralph Eugene Meatyard and vaguely approximate Rodick's vision. That's not to say that Rodick's work is in any way derivative; it's just in good company.

As our attention begins to focus away from the city and all the moralizing stigmas about its cruel pace and nasty over-

crowding toward the more banal evils of suburban sprawl (see page 20), Rodick reminds us that the city is still a place of bubbling energy and provocative mystery. The beings who populate his *Liquid City* are neither objects of leering, elitist humor, nor patronizing sympathy. Rather they assert themselves unashamedly, people without faces, children with paws instead of hands. Their existence inspires awe in the wild diversity of life, or, if we take them as the constructs of a vivid imagination — a circumstance only marginally more likely — then awe at the powers of their creator who brought them into being.

Stephen Perloff
Langhorne, PA



Untitled #25, 1992



Untitled #34, 1992



Untitled #82, 1998

Frank Rodick is a photographer working out of Toronto, Canada. He is currently exploring a project that deals with issues of identity, sexuality, and the boundaries between pain and pleasure.



Untitled #93, 1998