

We learn this through an interview with Kraguly in the video *Re-enacted piece #2*, all works 2012, as part of Spanish self-described 'artist, activist and agroecologist' Fernando García-Dory's 'A Dairy Museum'. The exhibition takes Kraguly's work as a jumping-off point for a set of four so-called 're-enacted pieces', which are more like translations, modifications and updatings. García-Dory's work, similarly to Kraguly's, addresses our relationship with the rural, but his approach to the same issues is decidedly different. His work has in the past involved the establishment of a shepherd school in the Pyrenees and a conference of nomadic peoples that led to the establishment of the World Alliance of Mobile Indigenous Pastoralists (WAMIP). Often mediating between commercial, governmental and cultural fields, you could see García-Dory as similar to the 'incidental person' free agent put forward by the Artist Placement Group in the UK but, rather than formatting and inserting himself into a larger bureaucracy, instigating his own systems, connections and new forms of dispersed management. Here at Mostyn, his strategy is more of a post-conceptual game, with texts and actions that follow in Kraguly's footsteps in their own wayward fashion. In *Re-enacted piece #1*, García-Dory recreates a lost drawing, a study for a sculptural installation from 1997 which only exists as an image in a catalogue of Kraguly's work. *Re-enacted piece #3* sees García-Dory reimagining Kraguly's 1998 dance-performance *The Cow in the Imagination of Radovan Kraguly*, of which he knows only the name and a few scant documentation images.

The living heart of the show is *Re-enacted piece #4*, where García-Dory sites a working-scale model of the Dairy Museum within the gallery. The walls are lined with Kraguly's drawings of different versions of the museum – it is a slick, rounded constructivist science-fiction building that wouldn't be out of place in *Star Wars*. One of the drawings is set aside and framed, and it is this version that forms the basis for the crescent-shaped construction of wood, cloth and plastic piping before us. Kraguly's aspirations for the museum in the video conversation seem a bit cute and old fashioned, talking about the social and didactic as balms for the virtual world we now live in. But just inside the model museum you are hit with the distinctive smell of a dairy, the

musty mixture of hay and cream. It is filled with objects donated from local farms: grazing plans, an 'Electric Shepherd' fence system battery, photos here and there of 'a favourite cow', an outdated automatic milking machine, a photocopy from a recent issue of *British Dairying* magazine on the falling prices being paid for milk by the larger dairies that control the industry. The museum has also become a set where the Young Farmers Club is recording videos for online streaming, and as a place to voice concerns and raise issues to a wider public. García-Dory has imagined the Dairy Museum as a platform where gallery and pastoral constituencies might meet, but also where issues of representation remain openly problematic. His method of raising awareness is to bypass Kraguly's abstract representation of an issue for more 'direct' representation with objects and statements from the farmers themselves, but he consciously and visibly traces a line between the two. His re-enactments link abstract practices and methods of object display, reinvigorating Kraguly's work and abstracting the objects in his model museum, emphasising the mediation involved in both. Through García-Dory's sketch, we can imagine an institution that might continually question these connections and somehow bring such disparate audiences into engagement, but perhaps its potency is in that suggestion, in its contingency and temporariness. ■

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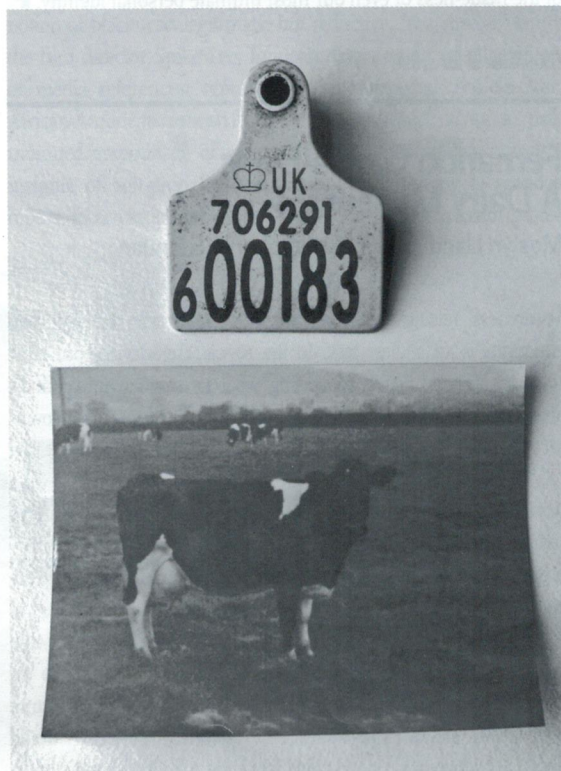
## Paul Sietsema

The Drawing Room London

20 September to 20 November

Time and texture, or you could say history and materiality, are key features in Paul Sietsema's work in ink and enamel on canvas and paper and in 16mm film. It is the kind of work that keeps happening long after you have seen it and seems also to have happened a long time before. This strange, anachronistic sense of déjà vu throws up timeless questions about form and function in image production. The most winningly immediate works are five *trompe l'oeil* paintings made on reversed and restretched canvases previously used by unknown artists. Three of the images concern the physical tools of the trade: *Brush Painting*, 2012, shows the hand-painted replica of a digital image of a fat household paintbrush coated in a thick layer of dirty magnolia enamel; another, *Painting for Assembly*, 2012, depicts a hammer, chisel and a clutch of bent nails in a dark blue pool of enamel. Sietsema wrong-foots judgements of *trompe l'oeil* verisimilitude to explore the eternal puzzle of what constitutes a painting and the possibility of ever creating a new painting when the basic tools of representation and the way we classify it have altered so little for centuries.

Concerns to do with how a painting is conceived and perceived are teased out in *Blue Square 1* and *Blue Square 2*, both 2012. The first uses the drawing of a photograph of a crumpled and torn piece of blue backing paper pocked like the surface of the ocean, and the latter consists of a drawing of a photograph of a broken blue-stained wooden frame that would fit the previous work. The first square is 'frameless' and the second is 'empty' and the viewer's eye cannot help the desire to unite the two, as though to join the separated parts would complete them, so strong is the convention of how a painting must present itself. With the subtitle to the works simply 'ink on paper', Sietsema likes to keep us guessing what is hand-made and what is reproduced and think about why it matters. Each image is



Fernando García-Dory  
'A Dairy Museum'  
detail



Paul Sietsema  
installation view



an imaginary construct made to, as Sietsema puts it, 'say something about structures and reception versus depiction'.

In *Concession Drawing 2*, 2012, Sietsema again delights in ambiguity. It looks like a drawing of the words *concession à perpétuité* carved in stone. A concession is a territory, like Guantánamo Bay, leased from the sovereign state for trade or military purposes. By rendering the words on paper, Sietsema dismantles the imperial powers' overarching vision and their belief that they can own the future as well as the present. Empires implode and perpetuity is suddenly finite, just as the abrupt collapse of certainty we may experience when digital and hand-painted techniques are set off against each other. This slide in perception between time and matter is what intrigues Sietsema.

The series of four large, blown-up photographs of a yacht at sea, called 'Calendar Boats', 2012, also shifts expectations of visual veracity. The images look like reproduced images from *Time* or *Life* magazines of healthy wealth and endless pleasure, complete with creases and small rips on the paper. The images repeat but the tone changes slightly and the identity number on the sail alters from 2010 through to 2013, appearing to mark time even though the boat remains unmoving. Sietsema utilised pre-digital photographic techniques normally used for restoration to build up the image in fragments, so that each one is unique and makes us reconsider the hackneyed iconicity of the image. It provides a witty riposte to Marcel Broodthaers' slide projection, *Bateau-Tableau*, 1973, in which he photographed details of a found 19th-century amateur naval painting. Broodthaers' slide projector also marked time with the simplicity of a metronome. Like stills from an extended moment, Sietsema examines how reproducible media work to enlist and disseminate symbols of success and halt time itself.

The film *Encre Chine*, 2012, presents a studio environment in which everything is coated in what looks like an oil spill. The viscous surfaces, with spots of glistening light, occasionally grant the cosmic scale of the universe pricked by starlight. It is hard to discern figure from ground: is that a pot of paint, a brush, a hammer and a pile of mounts or frames? All objects have the same visual equivalency in this field of dark matter. Significantly, *encre de Chine* was made from pine soot until fears of deforestation changed the source to burnt petroleum. The Chinese believed this 'rock oil' to be everlasting. It is as if Sietsema sees with what poet Amy Clampitt calls 'the unexamined clarity to the black core/ of what we are, of everything we were to be,/ have since become'. ■

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## London Round-up

Camden Arts Centre • Studio Voltaire • Maureen Paley •  
Dilston Grove • David Roberts Foundation

As this year's Frieze Art Fair opened, the obvious trend afoot was the accelerated blue-chipping of London's art world. This was discernible not only in Frieze's 'ancient to modern' spin-off, Frieze Masters, but in the simultaneous opening in Mayfair of outposts for David Zwirner and Michael Werner, big foreign galleries launching safely with heavyweight painters Luc Tuymans and Peter Doig. One perhaps visits Zwirner more to see the sumptuously remodelled architecture than to be surprised by the art; meanwhile – and, to hear the curators tell it, partly in deliberate reaction – intransigently unglamorous activity studs the city's fringes.

Most of Camden Arts Centre's spaces are given over to **Eric Bainbridge**'s lusciously askew sculpting. Why Bainbridge, in his first London show for over a decade, wants to pick a fight with 1950s and 60s sculpture is not entirely clear, but in any case the steel constructions of David Smith and Anthony Caro are here metaphorically kicked through mud and reset at comic tilts. The opening cubic structure is draped with polyester and wool blankets, while a brown length of old-fashioned audio tape runs to it from a reel on the floor, the label suggesting Messaien: the title is '*that TURANGALIA SYMPHONY really rocks man!*', 2012. (One thinks, unexpectedly, of Rodney Graham's wry take-offs on bohemianism.) Elsewhere girders, L-beams and steel plates, scratched or painted in warm and dirty shades, are fused in offbeat equipoise and draped with dirty tea towels. A quiet, amused showmanship is evident; while the works' besmirched formalism suggests, as this approach is wont to do, an exiling from Modernism's ambits, it also calls out Smith, Caro et al for unrealistic distance from the messy real world – a gap Bainbridge closes while maintaining an abstractionist grace.

Down in Clapham at Studio Voltaire, meanwhile, one might reasonably expect painting from **Nicole Eisenman**: after all, the American artist was presented as an elder stateswoman of the medium in this year's Whitney Biennial. But in one corner a little sign on a dowel insists 'NO 2D' and Eisenman's work here accordingly tumbles outwards as a roomful of unruly, made-in-situ plaster giants. A figure in Y-fronts stoops over a desk, regarding a pile of solidified dust; a female nude bends to flaunt her backside; a central figure slumps on a mattress; a top-hatted man pushes