

Waste Material: Curated by David Musgrave

The Drawing Room

3 FEBRUARY - 20 MARCH

doing anything at all. 'So I found out that I have to move out of my studio,' begins one, 'but I'm not too worried about not having a studio because I can make little drawings like this ANYWHERE,' it continues, as if he is wondering just how little one can do and still claim to be doing something. His work hovers deliberately and amusingly along the edge of being totally inconsequential. Hillary Bleecker cuts words out of paper which also form patterns and are, consequently, a bit hard to read, although I admire her dexterity with a scalpel. The words again adopt a slightly stoned slacker-speak, not dissimilar in tone to Melchi's work.

Finally, Will Yackulic contributes a series of drawings composed from a gridded landscape that could also be some kind of geometric cityscape to come. These, too, use a detached ironic ruefulness to undermine any authority the gridded world they describe may suggest. Floating over the pictures are random phrases that say things like: 'I don't mean, like, literally'. Perhaps the most successful is *Black Woods* (2005), in which the white and blue grid rises up in a Hollywood Hills way to form a giant sign saying 'More Woods'. A hand-drawn, sketchy version of the sort of un-populated geometric cityscape that early computers might have created, the piece carries a certain nostalgia for the knowable repetitions and Utopian cleanliness of those worlds. Like Jane South's work, it seems to turn a method of constructing the world into another way of merely representing it and thus occupies an agreeably ironic space where such inertia is the only sensible place to be. CH

Artist-curated exhibitions are not guaranteed to hew closely to the concerns of the overseer's own art, but when that selfsame art features in the show – as David Musgrave's does here – the odds that it will do so are significantly shortened. And, yes, in *Waste Material* the British artist's interests in deceptive appearances, in imaginary beings or situations, and in how content migrates and is modified through multiple mediums, are echoed in the works of the seven other artists on display. Still, the show retains the capacity to blindside the viewer.

Some of the individual works are capable of this on their own. William Daniels's pallid little images appear to be collaged from small pieces of torn paper, but are in fact oil paintings rendered in meticulous *trompe l'œil*. These elaborate cons depict Christian iconography and play fast and loose with chronology: the eleventh-century self-disciplinarian Saint Dominic, his scourging whip over his shoulder, sits beneath the cross while blood spurts in stylized red arcs from Christ's wounds; the figures' forms – determined, one assumes, by felicities of tearing – are ambiguous in tenor: sometimes comically lumpen, sometimes graceful. Clare Stephenson's intricate drawings of nonexistent composite sculptures also complicate the journey from origin point to finished work. One features a serpentine loop formed from anguished, recumbent bodies, apparently lifted from an art-historical reproduction and mounted on metal piping above what looks like a manhole cover. Rupert Norfolk's *Leaves* (2003), meanwhile, fashion fallen leaves from cut and glued fragments of balsa-like wood, the strictures of the material translating their natural crumpling and curling into geometric straight lines.

These works ring cherries with Musgrave's own *Drawing (animal no. 2)* (2004), one of his Plasticene-modelled anthropomorphic figures rendered as a careful pencil sketch, and *Paper Golem no. 3* (2005), a floor-based sculpture that resembles a distended figure made from a single winding strip of paper, yet which is actually made of artfully bent painted aluminium. Yet to join the dots in such a way assigns to the show a curatorial vanity that isn't there. Its thesis is, in fact, established by the opening piece, Georg Scharf's lithograph from Henry De la Beche's speculative drawing, *Duria antiquior* (both works 1830), featuring dinosaurs feasting on aquatic creatures in a lake in an ancient Dorset. As Musgrave notes in his catalogue essay, this work – dense with activity, scientifically inaccurate, unnecessarily gruesome – steps outside the present and the rules of rationalism. This modality, which creates the 'waste material' that the show's title alludes to, is positioned as lacking credibility, then and now – as signalled by the inclusion of *Drawing* (1940) by Yves Tanguy, whose beaky anthropomorphic figures provide a nice segue from the antique litho. Actually, hard-to-rehabilitate surrealists aside, it's debateable whether speculative, transformative thought is now fully the taboo it's made to seem here. Nevertheless, its emphasis creates a connective stratum, underpinned by a subtext of extinction, between works whose outward relationship to the curator's own isn't the one we should be interested in, and a cerebral expansiveness disproportionate to such a compact, tightly controlled endeavour. RF

Right
Rupert Norfolk *Leaves*,
2003, single-ply wood,
dimensions variable
COURTESY THE ARTIST AND
THE DRAWING ROOM, LONDON

Opposite from left
Matt Calderwood *Screen*,
2005, dvd projection
COURTESY DUBLIN CITY GALLERY
THE HUGH LANE, DUBLIN

Installation shot of *Darren Almond* at K21. From left:
Full Moon Series,
Motives from British Isles, 2004, C-print on
glass, 126 x 126 cm each;



Dublin

Clarke & McDevitt Present

Dublin City Gallery The Hugh Lane
15 APRIL - 19 JUNE

'Almost all' the work in this show was created in the weeks leading up to the exhibition event's artist-curators, Clarke & McDevitt, from the reposed collapsing brand name. They are busy exploring the notice-as-artist, were also behind *Play it as it Lays* show of LA. It should not come as a shock that work here is in a scrupulously chilled out vein.

This time the work is by a group of European artists well capable of creating confusion as to whether they are being diligently laid out or whether endemic relaxation simply let the work get away from them. Short timelines seem to be the artists – if they needed – towards low-cost material. A literal/metaphorical bricolage accompanies their use. But it's not at all certain that the work's interest itself much more than a tional polish had the time to be an infinite.

Sophie von Hellermann contributed some painting; a scale that might suit an ext