

in varying production standards and the dulling impact on quality of aging stock and format transfers. But time also shows itself in changing social attitudes to themes and behaviours. Paul Wong's blood-brother ceremony *60 Unit: Bruise*, 1976, has been rendered chilling by subsequent anxieties about exchanging bodily fluids that were then unimaginable, while Stuart Marshall's *Arcanum*, 1976, which distorts televisual synchronisation by layering sounds and mouths out of their expected, authoritative coherence, simply appears even more foresighted.

The figure – depicted, inferred or violated – is one theme among several viewed in all but two instances on the intimate scale of monitor screens. Steve Reinke's chimerical *After Baudelaire*, 1997, pitches a deadpan voiceover relating a curious anecdote, about an infant duped into trying to breast-feed from his father, at a knowing but puzzling distance from archival film of a large snake slithering across its handler's youthful body. Desire and obsession, false and real, fear and compassion also circulate, although the strength of the selection is that no element is under an obligation to connect beyond the logic of dream. This is, after all, a well-focused glimpse at an aspect of the conceptual mechanics of making. Still, affinities flowed as undertones between films in orchestrated combinations and directions. In one area two soundtrack recitations merged and deposited the clash productively into a shared space between monitors while, in another part, fireworks flared simultaneously across the gallery. In Cerith Wyn Evans's remixed 1998 lament for Pier Paolo Pasolini from the beach where the poet was set upon and died, fire materialised text into legibility, meanwhile lights perforated Christodoulos Panayiotou's 2007 monochrome slideshow of decades-old shots of Neapolitan festivals, events often commandeered by organised crime to send messages. The projector clicked images into view like muted detonations whose patterns quickly faded into the next photograph just as, in reality, the fireworks dissolved into night. ■

MARTIN HOLMAN is a writer based in Florence and London.

## Dublin Round-up

Temple Bar Gallery • Dublin City Gallery The Hugh Lane  
• Douglas Hyde Gallery • Irish Museum of Modern Art

*Starting Over* is the title of the group show at Temple Bar Gallery and, as such, it makes an appropriate opening for a trawl through Dublin's summer exhibitions. After all, one must begin somewhere, and this selection of works curated by Mark O'Kelly for the gallery's 30th anniversary emphasises the ways in which hindsight and retrospection affect interpretation. The artists here share a preoccupation with moments of prior artistic activity, in their own practices and those of their forebears, although, like the exhibition's conflating of past and present, these distinctions tend to collapse within each other. Thus, in Scott Myles'

appropriation of works by the late Cuban-American artist Felix Gonzales-Torres and in Gerard Byrne's photographs of works by the 17th-century painter Cornelius Gijbsbrecht, their position as distanced, detached observers is readily acknowledged. In both cases, the artists utilise the reverse-side of their subjects' images – applying swathes of mirrored screen-printing ink to the back of one of Gonzales-Torres' prints; documenting the wooden stretcher, frame and catalogue labels of Gijbsbrecht's canvases – and this tactic highlights the discrepancy between the original moment and the reflective, revisionist interpretation. Elsewhere, Alan Brooks reworks found traces of crudely profane graffiti into painstakingly rendered miniature drawings and paintings, building up his copies over several months and imbuing them with a delicacy and dedication far removed from the originals, while Tacita Dean's *Sixteen Blackboards*, 1992, recalls an earlier conversation with Cy Twombly and a transformative stage in her own practice, an instant of self-evaluation that, nevertheless, suggests ambivalence, uncertainty and the potential to be effaced with the single swipe of an eraser.

'Looking back in order to move into the future', states the text accompanying 'Starting Over', and this ethos might equally apply to the artist **Sean Lynch**, whose previous works have delved into moments of historical and cultural significance as source material. While possessing an irreverent, anecdotal quality, Lynch's new exhibition, a blow-by-blow account of stone carving in Oxford at the Dublin City Gallery The Hugh Lane, follows a more thoughtful line of enquiry, exploring the sculptural motifs of 19th-century artisans John and James O'Shea. Their carvings of monkeys on the facade of Oxford's Museum of Natural History led to suspicions of Darwinist leanings, with James O'Shea parodying the authorities as parrots and owls in his subsequent designs. Lynch adheres to an academic, museological display in his installation – photographic documentation, a slide projection and a stone carving of a monkey by Stephen Burke in the presumed style of the O'Sheas – but, like his subjects, he covertly subverts the expectations of his setting. His projection, narrated by Gina Moxley, is anything but dry and dusty, playfully experimenting with the correlations and disjunctions between the chosen imagery and scripted commentary.

Lynch's exhibition is part of The Hugh Lane's 'Sleepwalkers' series, inviting artists to engage in research within the gallery spaces. **Lee Welch**, whose two exercises in awareness and observation occupy another of The Hugh Lane's spaces to very different effect, presents an elegant display of mirrored shelves, everyday objects, invitation cards and video works. Welch uses the space well, responding to the Italian classical style of the interior with a charmingly wonky pattern of painted vertical stripes, while his organisation of cards according to the 'golden ratio' might allude to the mathematical precision of the gallery's architect William Chambers. At the same time, his arrangement of disparate components, which change throughout the show and which direct visitors to other programmed events and activities,

### Liam Gillick

From Fredensborg to Halen via Loch Ruthven: Courtyard Housing Projections

1 September - 6 October 2013 Open Sunday 2-5pm during exhibition or by appointment

HICA, Dalcrombie, Loch Ruthven, Inverness-shire IV2 6UA, UK T: +44 (0) 1808 521 306

H-I-C-A

www.h-i-c-a.org | info@h-i-c-a.org



The Henry Moore  
Foundation

suggests a critical refutation of the traditional museum as a repository of outmoded categorisations and sanctified objects. I'm not sure these charges still hold; certainly, galleries have a deliberate remit to engage with their audiences that extends beyond passive appreciation, but, more troublingly, this notion of assembling different materials as an invitation to subjectivity seems to offer little more than the invitation itself.

This approach also informs **Eoin McHugh's** new sculptural works, included alongside an array of meticulously photorealistic paintings and watercolours in his exhibition 'Augury' at Douglas Hyde Gallery. His juxtaposition of diverse objects – a scorched model of a ship, amorphous bronze forms, open books and ephemera – seems to propose an insight into working methodologies, a tendency that has often been present within McHugh's densely allegorical paintings. Although the relationships among the former parts are ultimately incoherent and impenetrable, his recent paintings do offer a glimpse of light and a possible entry point through an underlying concern with their status as images. In *overdetermination*, 2013, a mass of birds is locked in mid-flight combat, their wings and talons rendered indistinguishable, with its title pointing to the aggression of its subjects as well as to the complexity of its artistic composition. *Sponge*, 2011, meanwhile, appears wilfully paradoxical, referring as it does to an image of assorted transparent glasses, their reflections interlocking and overlapping across the page, yet it also infers a sense of absorption, immersing the viewer in its prismatic play of colour and shade. Furthermore, there is an evocation of the Romantic sublime in his painting of clouds ominously looming over treetops, or the gaping, cavernous orifice that occupies the centre of a mountain face. Throughout, nature is despoiled, mutated, alien and, in *At Least One Anarchist Danced in the Streets with the Body of a Long Dead Nun*, 2012, a sculptural tableau of broken branches, gravel, moss, stagnant water and taxidermied ducks – including a stuffed mallard modified into a miniature speedboat – he has produced a work that both recalls its surrealist antecedents and hints towards an unspecified and impending catastrophe.

Few artists are as adept at instilling dread and disquiet as **Willie Doherty**. His 2012 film *Secretion*, originally made for Documenta 13, is currently being screened at the Irish Museum of Modern Art's premises at Earlsfort Terrace. It dominates the building's Annex gallery, and this allowance of space invites one to appreciate the subtle, ambient soundtrack and vivid, close-up depictions of mould and fungus. An elusive, ambiguous commentary unfolds against Doherty's imagery, tracing the effects of a mysterious outbreak that infects first woodlands, then nearby houses and eventually the character of 'X', the occupant of one such domicile and the guard of a detainee facility for those affected. With the relentless spread of the virus into waterways and reservoirs, he escapes to a life of solitude and 'the festering interior of his house'. Doherty refrains from showing any of this, dwelling instead on lingering shots of rotting foliage, dead trees,



**Scott Myles**  
*The Lecture* 2010-13

**Eoin McHugh**  
installation view

mildew and must, damp and decay, as the commentary doubles back to question the verifiability of its own account: 'As his condition worsened he was frequently visited by hallucinations. Deep pools of dark water opened up around him ... It was as if he had never completed his escape.' The absence of an identifiable protagonist and the suffocating atmosphere of the footage seems to permeate the viewer; one imagines the insidious creep of the disease, gradually filling and contaminating the surrounding air of the vast screening area. While, to some extent, Doherty remains inevitably associated with the similarly unsettling films he made about Northern Ireland, *Secretion* represents a compelling shift in his practice, away from the historical specificity of the Troubles yet, in its own way, just as troubling. ■

**CHRIS CLARKE** is a critic and senior curator at Lewis Glucksman Gallery, Cork.

PLEASUREVOYAGE

New work by Candice Jacobs

27 September – 23 November 2013

Preview 26 September

[www.pleasurevoyage.com](http://www.pleasurevoyage.com)

**SYSON**

9 Beck Street,  
Nottingham NG1 1EQ  
[www.sysongallery.com](http://www.sysongallery.com)