

EXIT LIMERICK REVIEW SPECIAL

FOUR-PAGE SPECIAL LOOKING AT AT EVA INTERNATIONAL'S 2012 SHOW AFTER THE FUTURE, ALONG WITH THE LSAD GRADUATE DEGREE SHOW AND SEVERAL FRINGE PROJECTS ALSO FEATURED IN THIS YEAR'S EVA

Exit Limerick 2012 invited critics/curators/artists to review EVA International's 2012 exhibition After the Future, the Limerick Institute of Technology's graduate degree show and a number of eva's fringe projects.

Exit Limerick are holding a debate on Friday 15 June at 4pm at LIT, Clare Street. Chaired by John Byrne (Programme Leader, Fine Art, Liverpool John Moores University) Free entry.

Reviews:
Mary Conlon, Joanne Laws, Aislinn O'Donnell, Eilish Tuite, Helen Carey
Pippa Little, Fergal Gaynor, Dobz O'Brien, Aoife Flynn, Caoimhin Mac Giolla Leith, Curt Riegelneegg, Sean O'Sullivan, John Gayer, Michaële Cutaya, James Merrigan, Aileen Burns, Johan Lundh and Georgina Jackson.



Priscila Fernandes: 'Product of Play' 2011. "is the girl's singing of the Queen of the Night aria related to the fact that the boy is somehow 'Mozartian' in appearance? Is there a counterpoint to Enlightenment ideals suggested here? Overdetermination needs more shading." Fergal Gaynor (Art/not art)

After the Future reviewed

ZANNY BEGG & OLIVER RESSLER

The Bull Laid Bear examines the complexity of the ongoing financial crisis, exposing the economic myths and flawed governmental thinking which continue to prioritise global markets over societal stability. Pivotal moments in recent Irish history illustrate the zeitgeist of 'permanent crisis' which underpins EVA's curatorial theme. Animated black & white drawings of depraved and condemned corporate bears in courtrooms, and voice-overs interspersed with American Swing musical interludes, expand the 'expository narration' of traditional documentary formats, thus informing audiences who might not normally engage with such impetuous subject matter, producing a complex and multi-layered critique as an urgent democratic intervention.

Joanne Laws

In their second collaborative film, Australian artist Zanny Beggs and Austrian Oliver Ressler take a stab at financial crisis post 2008. The film's title, The Bull Laid Bear, is a pun – the film lays bare the bear market (economic recession) hiding behind the bull (boom time) – but the work is better than its name. Through a series of interviews with economists and activists, set against an animated backdrop, the film exposes and pokes fun at the rationale for bailouts and austerity. Some jokes work better than others, especially in the context of Limerick, such as the 'Irish Haircut' – beheading.

Johan Lundh

MARCEL BROODTHAERS

Marcel Broodthaers is increasingly considered to be one of the most prescient of conceptualism's pioneers, and placing his work among a grouping of more contemporary pieces risks accusations of art-historical sterility even in an exhibition billed as a here-and-now affair. Luckily, Broodthaers work is lively enough (and rife itself with references to little pictorial histories in Images d'Épinal) to seem outside-of-time, and to evidence the point forwarded by some critics that contemporary art has at least become invitingly pluralistic and non-linear. Like any good humorist, Broodthaers doesn't need to dwell in historical context, and like any good saint, he remains indifferent to his own canonization.

Curt Riegelneegg

Actions become recognised through repetition. In this series of the slide installation works from the early seventies there is a playfulness of expectation and imagination. While SEX-FILM (1971-2) juxtaposes notated "fig.1" and "fig.2" with the words "sex" and "film" yet there is a certain absence of flesh. Or does the real action take place within the shadows of OMBRES CHINOISES (1973-4)? While IMAGES D'ÉPINAL (1974) inserts lithographs popularized in the late nineteenth century into the present, calling attention to the mechanisms of circulation. Broodthaers highlights the signifier and the signified all the while reminding us of the role of our own expectations, imaginings and longings.

Georgina Jackson

ANIBAL CATALAN

There is a pointed and alluring cheapness in the materials used by Anibal Catalané in Morphological Zone- coroplast laid plane against plane using aluminium poles, aluminium joining, and awl thread cut with a hacksaw. Set in a trapped region of the City Gallery, it also incorporates one of the most tastefully integrated uses of neon in my memory. The deceptively precise sculptural succinctness is undermined slightly by the repetition of those same jagged geometries in paint on the surrounding walls, and by an indelicate and jargonized interplay between the "tri-dimensional" and "bi-dimensional" distractingly announced on the wall text.

Curt Riegelneegg

In the T-shaped room that ordinarily houses Limerick City Gallery's permanent collection, Anibal Catalan suspended three nests, and painted the walls in deep blocks of grey and yellow. Each hanging assembly looked like a compacted and frozen explosion – a volatile nucleus courtesy of IKEA. I haphazardly discovered one perspective that aligned its shape perfectly with the painted wall; the prong of a thin yellow pentagon arced against a dim wall-bound polygon. Catalan's mid-air architectural interventions were run through with fluorescent lights and long chromatic rods. They offered an indefinite investigation, and the serendipity of making one's own architectural associations.

Sean O'Sullivan

FERGUS DALY & KATHERINE WAUGH

Interviews with some of the worlds pre-eminent contemporary artists and filmmakers are scattered throughout the venues of After the Future. Fergus Daly and Katherine Waugh's "A Laboratory of Perpetual Flux" offers uncommon insight into the practices of such icons and idols as Chantal Ackerman, David Claerbout, and Stan Douglas, which is truly exciting. Unfortunately, I found it rather difficult to detach myself from the surrounding excitement of the biennial, in the front stairwell of Limerick City Gallery for example, to properly dedicate myself to these documentaries. This is the kind of work I would like to take home, and watch in my own time, on my couch.

Aileen Burns

Fergus Daly and Katherine Waugh's video interview with a number of artists, philosophers and writers. A Laboratory of Perpetual Flux, 2012, were threaded through a number of the exhibition venues and displayed on small monitors. Each interview lasted between 30 and 60 minutes and they worked best when occupying interstitial spaces, providing captivating oases of intimate reflection where the viewer might linger a while before re-entering the flow of the exhibition. The interviewees included Vito Acconci, Sylvère Lotringer, Chantal Ackermann, David Claerbout and Paul Morley.

is somehow 'Mozartian' in appearance? Is there a counterpoint to Enlightenment ideals suggested here? Overdetermination needs more shading.

Fergal Gaynor (Art/not art)

Priscila Fernandes's four-minute HD video projection 'PRODUCT OF PLAY', 2011, divides its attention between the activities of an engrossed young boy trying to impose a satisfactory order on a jumble of differently coloured building blocks and those of an older girl nervously waiting to perform for the camera. This work was accompanied by a longer video, CALIBRATION CIRCLE, also 2011, in which a white-dressed ballerina performs a dance while holding a bright red circle, which the camera contrives to keep constantly in centre-frame despite her various movements. The juxtaposition of the two works suggested a dynamic interaction between an urge to order and a desire for performative release.

Caoimhin Mac Giolla Leith

SOREN THILO FUNDER

Viewing Soren Thilo Funder's Disastrous Dialogue in the context of the 103/4 O Connell Street building was de-stabilising – it was with steadiness that the Artist reduced the impending disaster to banality with a script and introduced the effects of catastrophe on an epic scale, finally with choreographed screams. Placing of the work at the back of the NAMA building where Eva International occupies, this viewer felt the world could have changed on emerging into daylight, without much notice. I would like to have experienced the work without subtitles. It was beautifully composed and laced through with the epic disaster movie effectively.

Helen Carey

Sören Thilo Funder's ten-minute video, Disaster Dialogue, 2011, appropriates dialogue from three notable Hollywood catastrophe movies, all of which were directed by Roland Emmerich, translated into Arabic and redistributed among eight Egyptian actors. Shot in a succession of shabby interiors on the eve of the Egyptian Revolution, and interspersed with degraded CGI sequences from the movies in question, the comically stilted or deadpan delivery of overwrought movie dialogue suggests the fundamental inadequacy of language in dealing with cataclysmic events, while simultaneously highlighting the mechanisms that ensure that some speech acts are successful in their own terms while others are not, some voices are heard while others go unheard.

Caoimhin Mac Giolla Leith

AOIBHEANN GREENAN

A coil of seaweed curls down from the ceiling in one corner, plastic rocks with fake plants are scattered on the floor and a broken ski machine complete with a shamanic skull headed ski-pole are just some of the objects that cluster in one room of Greenan's installation. The adjoining room houses an enormous glittered flowering plant growing from the ceiling, lit by laser light. A trampoline is provided, perhaps to entice the viewer to take a closer, if not more dangerous look. The work speaks of the exotic and the 'other' and is both magical and menacing.

Aoife Flynn

Gallery-ready ruminations on the inescapability of capitalism have as of late become likewise inescapable, so to see an artist tilt the critique in a genuinely interesting way is a welcome relief. Neither do Aoibheann Greenan's wry indictments of the worldly tourist's complicity in consumer-driven ruination spare the satisfaction of a well-made artwork. A few are complete with painstakingly hand-drawn trash posters referencing exploitation- the 'Jamaican Aroma' of Karma Coma- and trippy fantasy photo-effects- Iron Lion Zion. Moreover, the feeling of really enjoying the works doubles over that slippery question of collusion by consumption that visual art, while in a unique position to address it, manages so rarely.

Curt Riegelneegg

EMMA HOULIHAN

Pitched as a Nama-related art project, Arch is quite literally the 'post-bubble rubble', with its structural components cast in cement and debris from a demolished Leitrim house. As a monument to the chimera of property wealth which bankrupted the country, Arch suitably consolidates EVA's curatorial inquiry by providing a vantage point from which to examine the immediate aftermath, rendering 'the future' implausible. The inclusion of the original advertisement alongside the piece (rather than the generic wall-text) would have attested to the work having been activated in the public realm, producing a level of interaction beyond gallery and art object.

Joanne Laws

It's only when I see the concrete rubble resting on the pallet on the floor of the City Gallery that I realize I had seen Houlihan talk about this work whilst in the middle of a residency in Leitrim Sculpture Centre. Each piece of Arch' has been made by painstakingly grinding down rubble found on ghost estates around Leitrim, the county with the biggest percentage of such estates in Ireland. This powder was then reformed into blocks that form an archway. These fragments of our past follies seem to await construction in the gallery space, perhaps providing a gateway into a brighter future.

Aoife Flynn

GREG HOWIE

The charming invigilator thought the material was perspex, but it was glass, bowed under extreme tension from two, ratchet-tightened straps. As the accompanying text directed, the material did seem somehow transformed, though it was hard to forget the usual connotations, and not feel anxious that a horrific accident was about to occur – doubtless also part of the effect. The bowing neatly allowed the piece to stand – 'putting it on display' – the whole work was satisfyingly economical. So – quietly violent, a far cry from a classic Minimalist piece, though occupying much the same territory.

Fergal Gaynor (Art/not art)

This work ("I was comprised of a sheet of Perspex sitting in the space, with security belts tied tightly around it. From the moment you saw it, it breathed tension, and seem to require close looking, and appreciation of the physics involved. It also required time, to compound the realisation that viewer was holding their breath, along with the un-sprung tension. I felt it would have benefited from being placed in a more pristine space, as seeing the incision of the Perspex sheet into the space was inhibited by the rawness of the space, with its un-plastered walls.

Helen Carey

SANJA IVEKOVIĆ

This is one of my favourite works in this edition of Eva. Serbian Sanja Iveković is a remarkable artist – a feminist and activist, pioneering video and performance – outstanding in the Nova Umjetnička Praksa generation. Littered through many exhibition spaces, resembling blood-covered tissues, I don't know how many visitors picked up and un-crinkled the papers that comprise this piece. If they did, they would have been faced with a summary of shadow report by

UN's convention against torture and other cruel, inhumane or degrading treatment against women in Ireland. It is, unfortunately, depressing reading, but we shouldn't be tempted to throw the flyer back on the floor.

Johan Lundh

The proliferation of red throughout EVA was both conceptual and visual. Sanja Iveković's Shadow Report (2012) permeated multiple spaces operating as a red thread from unoccupied commercial developments to the public museum. Countless sheets of red paper upon closer reading disclosed a report for the UN on the torture, inhuman or degrading treatment or punishment of women in Ireland provided by the National Women's Council of Ireland. Part of an ongoing series since 1998 this work asserts the violence of accounted acts while countering the obscurity of such information often buried, filed away or even crumpled up in a corner, reminding us of our complicity in both violence and injustice.

Georgina Jackson

SAM KEOGH

When I occasionally do studio visit at art schools, I feel increasingly old and out of touch. The last few years, these studios have often been filled with perplexing objects, made out of salvaged materials and painted in bright colours, aiming at generating 'aura' rather than communicating thoughts. I initially got the same feeling looking at London-based Sam Keogh's Monument for Subjects to Come. Keogh's practice seems to stem from a consideration of the materiality of everyday things, which he alters just enough to make them appear strange, even fascinating. I have to admit that his sculpture transforms the setting it's in, and maybe that's all that the work really needs to do.

Johan Lundh

Sam Keogh's Monument for Subjects to Come takes the form of a large celestial or subterranean rock substance decked on a rough platanus as some votive offering: jotted around the room are smaller offerings. High-colour oozes from what are profanely artificial materials, considering the objects' suggestion of a sacrosanct hidden 'sponge', from expanding foam to glitter and mess. This is the second outing of this work by Keogh that I have experienced: its original site was at the Kerlin Gallery Dublin in 2011 which was a smoother architectural contrast to the roughness of the monument's materiality. On a positive note the conceptually slippery monument submits to Annie Fletcher's curatorial premise by evading the limiting chronological measurements of past, present and future.

James Merrigan

BARBARA KNEZEVIC

Until now I've avoided writing about Knezevic's work. On previous encounters, the minimalist work, laden with a multitude of cognitively cumbersome meanings – human relationships, materiality, artistic agency, suspension of knowledge, perception, emotion, production, and the nature of existence – has left me feeling dented and ambivalent. On this occasion, I tentatively engaged with Contingency Structure (2012), finding something tangible in the stretched canvas, which resonated with painting and a broader art historical canon. But perhaps it was the work's interaction with the crumpled red pages of Sanja Iveković's Shadow Report (1998), scattered on the floor below, that enticed me most.

Joanne Laws

Knezevic's work in eva is characteristic of her emphasis on formalised ingenuity, collaborating with the effects of weight and gravity and the idiosyncrasies of her materials. Contingency Structure is next in a body of work that fuses DIY small-scale structural engineering with kind of new manifestation of material minimalism. A grommeted square of canvas stretched between wall-hooks and a pair of cinder blocks, its economy of production belies an understated reference to decidedly (macro)economic questions and the primitivist's discipline toward what Knezevic terms the "challenge of survival". The relevance resonates without overbearing commentary, and without disrupting the simple visual appeal.

Curt Riegelneegg

KWIEKULIK

KwieKulik's entrancing Activities with Dobromierz (1972-4) slips between the iconography of the epic and playful, sometimes absurd, domesticity. The development of their infant son over a period of two years is intertwined with the installation of everyday objects, drawings and actions to create a series of colour-saturated photographs which play out in triptych and singular formation. Modernism with an infant twist or a take on the very concept of legacy, whether political, artistic or familial? The limitations between the everyday and the aesthetic are undermined in a work which strikes a resonance both in the present and for the future.

Georgina Jackson

ACTIVITIES WITH DROBOMIERZ, 1972-4, was a three-screen presentation of recently digitized images from the early 1970s by the collaborative couple KwieKulik. Like other practitioners of the Eastern European avant-garde of that time, KwieKulik's blend of ostensibly opposing modes and sensibilities, such as the surreal and the documentary, derives from the ambition to wrest some political agency – however necessarily oblique or curtailed, given the prevailing structures of repression – from the everyday realities of domestic and social life. The couple's infant son lies at the centre of a shifting succession of absurd tableaux, emblematic of the irrepressibility of the creative imagination.

Caoimhin Mac Giolla Leith

HYEYON KWON

A looped film plays the same 40 seconds of archival footage while a subtitled voiceover in Korean describes the working lives, and often deaths, of municipal workers in a boarding house in the city of Seoul. The descriptions span the four decades of its existence until its closure in 1991, and vary from depressing accounts of conditions in the boarding house, to murders, accidents, and, bizarrely, a melancholy explanation of its closure. The use of the archive is a telling criticism of the plight of these very poor people in that their histories can only be told through administrative documents.

Aoife Flynn

Heywan Kwon uses archival footage and voiceover narration to tell the story of the Dongdaemun Workers Boarding House in South Korea. Year after year the poor living conditions, unsanitary meals, and lack of safety controls contributed to gruesome deaths of inhabitants of the boarding house. The video enticed me with its direct address and gory detail and left me feeling a sense of triumph, as the building was finally evacuated and closed in 1976. Wanting to learn more about how this story played out in a larger history of workers rights and community housing I Googled the term "Dongdaemun Workers Boarding House" but all I could find were a plethora of listing for hotels with Dongdaemun in their names.

Aileen Burns

JOSÉ CARLOS MARTINAT

I was told that the pristine white of "Vandalized Monuments: Power Abstraction 4", deftly cut and assembled into a makeshift skyline, was quite striking when it was opened to the public. Then the graffiti, which ranged from glibly revolutionary to supremely self-interested, sprang up, and the urban proxy became something else entirely. Vandalized Monuments is an exercise in giving a work up to the public, and so eludes more conservative sorts of judgement. The fact that it ends up looking more like a scrawled-on child's dinner placemat than an Occupy-style swelling of radical sentiment might be a fine outcome, though not exactly evidence of a sincerely engaged audience.

Curt Riegelneegg

After a 10 storey elevator ride with two businessmen at the impressive Riverpoint venue, the much promoted José Carlos Martinat's Vandalised Monuments: Power Abstraction 4 triggered annoyance. What was first installed as a white monolith comprised of solid model replicas of a dozen iconic buildings in Ireland – from The Four Courts to the social welfare office on Cecil Street – is now, and will be for the duration of eva International, a platform for so-called democracy to be performed: granted by the artist's invitation to the public to spray their message on the sculpture with on-site aerosol spray cans. French philosopher Jacques Rancière once said that "Democracy is excess," and that it doesn't mean satisfaction in social and economic status, or other aspects following that position, but demanding and continuously asking for more. In this sense Martinat's sculpture successfully portrays the failure of democracy and the revolutionary voice, especially when the contemporary mind has nothing more enlightening to say than "you missed a spot".

James Merrigan

GAVIN MURPHY

'Something New Under The Sun' alternates between long zoomed out shots of clear skies, architecture and unpeopled scenes, and short, intimate close-ups of a girl, inside what appears to be an office building, more specifically a library or archive. A voiceover narrates the imagery with a mix of narratives, stories, histories, facts and explanations. The contrasting interior and exterior shots seem to focus on the confinement of the girl in this space as she looks longingly out through the windows. Murphy's work is an amalgamation of many interests, art, history, theory and cinema and makes for a fascinating, if perplexing, film.

Aoife Flynn

It's a nice form, this filmic essay, with its capacity to overlap durational images, suggested narratives, monologue and philosophical text, without subjugating any of the layers to any of the others. The subject was (again) Modernism, that clean, eternal ideal now consigned to history, though still very much a part of our environment, and never far from the taste of many contemporary artists. Ireland appears to be a good place to assess the flotsam and jetsam of 20th century cultural aspirations, an underused cover from which the wreckage and detritus can be picked and examined at leisure.

Fergal Gaynor (Art/not art)

AILBHE NÍ BHRIAIN

The constructedness of the digital image is taken for granted. CGI means that we're highly unlikely to think of a contemporary film sequence as an innocent mark left by the real world on a mirroring and recording surface. But the one-to-one relation to a 'world' remains intact, it's just that now the real worlds too are constructed. Avatar is exemplary in this regard, playing out a clash



Mark O'Kelly's installation: "After the Future" 2012 "The viewer is immersed in the imagery as O'Kelly says our society is immersed in passive consumerism." Aoife Flynn

between two world-constructions: the clunky cyberneticism of the post-Aliens military against the slicker, more up-to-date world of genetic enhancement and virtual sensing, packaged as alien environmentalism and neo-happiness. Intact except, perhaps, with Ailbhe Ní Bhriain – these slow-moving images are genuinely unreal, though weirdly coherent and constructed out of recognisable materials. Like de Chiricos for the 21st century.

Fergal Gaynor (Art/not art)

Ailbhe Ní Bhriain's four-screen video installation GREAT GOOD PLACES, I-IV, 2011, deployed a number of rudimentary collage techniques to generate a succession of hybrid and hallucinatory spaces in which time and space alike were subjected to various subtle distortions. Distinctions between inside and outside, movement and stasis, the world of nature and the domain of artifice, were gently collapsed, rendering any attempt on the viewer's part to inhabit these surreal, stage-like tableaux with sufficient confidence to conjure a coherent narrative out of the oneiric drift and flow quite beside the point.

Caoimhin Mac Giolla Leith

DOIREANN NÍ GHRIOGHAIR

As a sculptural installation, Ruins invokes candid modern-day reflection on ancient Greece, situated in a moment between historical grandeur and contemporary insolvency. Staged on a wasteland, stacks of plaster shapes in lurid colours form makeshift, child-like structures which teeter precariously, alluding to instability in the immediate terrain. Ritualistic undertones echo the unfolding 'sacrifice' of Greece – a central power in the founding of modern democratic western culture – to the economic Gods of the European Union. Also on the periphery of 'fortress Europe', Ireland is an appropriate site to construct a monument to faltering democracy, in the knowledge that empires come and go...

Joanne Laws

These marshmallow works were beautifully placed within this raw and gritty building, drawing the viewer into their meaning. Almost repulsed at the beginning by their colour and texture, the Artist evoked the ruins of Ancient Greece but in the pastel colours of current fashion trends, seemed to make the

ruins wholly dispensable and sickly. Their apparent insubstantial nature placed in a half light contributed to slightly uneasy feeling of looking at these works, that brought to mind the unrefined sugar of pick'n'mix sweets. They worked well with the building on O Connell Street.

Helen Carey

ADRIAN O'CONNELL

Sited within Limerick City Gallery of Art, itself a former Carnegie Library, this film installation depicts the repeated collective action of throwing volumes of books from a series of levels in an undisclosed building. While the repeated action of throwing books becomes almost hypnotic the relevance of this action leaves much to be desired. Although this work asserts the present or future obsolescence of the printed word in the information age, it resonates further with violent acts of cultural obliteration, recalling the burning of books, the closures of public libraries, or the increasing privatization of knowledge.

Georgina Jackson

A scene of revolution? A comment on anti-intellectual sentiments? A mass recycling exercise? Adrian O'Connell's two video works Library and Library #2 depict an excited crowd in a library throwing vast numbers of books from the shelves down a familiar central atrium while shouting the titles. While new technologies like mobile phones, smartphones, iPads and Kindles enable and encourage us to use language in new ways, they may also be leading us down a path which renders paper books, and the libraries that house them, obsolete. I am an avid reader and research forms a part of my daily work so in many ways the digitization of all written material could make life simpler, and yet I find the scenes presented in O'Connell's work akin to sacrifice.

Aileen Burns

SARA O'GORMAN

I'm not sure whether it was gallery-appropriate, when viewing Sara O'Gorman's dual slide projection Skyline Motif, Virginia, 1968, 2011, to put a hand in front of either projector in order to view the images alone, but I recommend it. Like a pair of old-fashioned 3D glasses, the difference in the hues constitutes in the artist's finished piece a wobbly kind of completion, unstuck in time. While the stillness of the overlay is what provides it with its eerie mnemonic valence (hence the reference to Tartovsky), the rigidity of placement of décor in the motel doesn't really strike home until you see either frame alone.

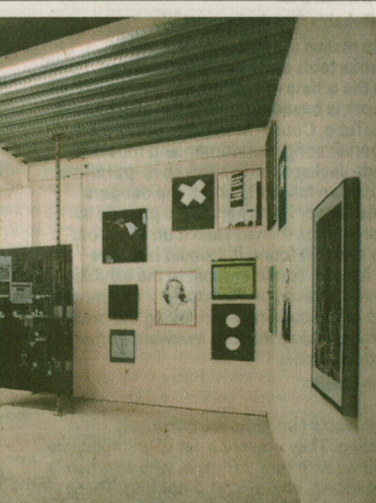
Curt Riegelneegg

In a small quiet room in Limerick City Gallery Skyline Motif, Virginia, 1968 creates a contemplative setting with a nostalgic overtone. This double slide projection by Belfast-based artist Sara O'Gorman layers two found photographs of motel rooms that meet my fantasies of travelling through America in a Cadillac in the 1960s or 70s. You can almost smell the heavy cigarette smoke in the air. The stillness of the work, though deeply rooted in a visible past, does evoke reflection on presentness or being-present if not on the present moment itself. Perhaps one day I'll look back on Limerick's George Boutique Hotel with the kind of yearning evoked by O'Gorman's warm-hued composition.

Aileen Burns

MARK O'KELLY

eva is not known for its focus on painting and After the Future is no exception. In an exhibition filled with video work, Mark O'Kelly's installation of paintings and objects stands out. A closer inspection reveals the paintings' reliance on photography and the dot-matrix process used to create them



Mark O'Kelly's installation: "After the Future" 2012 "The viewer is immersed in the imagery as O'Kelly says our society is immersed in passive consumerism." Aoife Flynn

resemble images brought through digital Photoshop processes. Images crowd the wall as though unfolding a story but like internet images pinned to a board on Pinterest, there is no narrative, associations are made through proximity. The viewer is immersed in the imagery as O'Kelly says our society is immersed in passive consumerism.

Aoife Flynn

The inclusion of a Broodthaers slide-projected piece, a mysterious taxonomy called Images d'Épinal, in the City Gallery set a tone for much of what I saw at eva: the cryptic, the rebus-like, the semiotic side of post-conceptualism was much in evidence. Which might be more a matter of currents in Irish art since the late-nineties than of the curator's predilections. The same currents follow Broodthaers by harking back to earlier cultural eras, though where the Belgian scratched at old colonial itches, it is historical modernities that interest artists like O'Kelly. The images here, drawn from photography and emptied by a post-painterly practice, sketched out a map of an American-led post-war with the sparsest devices.

Fergal Gaynor (Art/not art)

NIAMH O'MALLEY

In Model, O'Malley leaves behind her inclusion of painted surface and opts for a straightforward projection of a nude male model before a scenic window. The second element, an upright planar construction of transparent and translucent surfaces, looms grumpily nearby. In the heavily darkened space, the components of the piece neglect to communicate, though approaching the projection through partial obscurity does momentarily activate the sculpture as a sort of standing palimpsest. The other points of interest, that the camera's angle shifts to reveal the film's cinematic staging or the model's quivering hand, arouse a curiosity that is dulled somewhat by their isolation.

Curt Riegelneegg

SARAH PIERCE

For almost a decade the Dublin-based artist Sarah Pierce has used the term The Metropolitan Complex to describe her practice, or project, as she refers to it herself. In Eva, we're faced with hand-painted posters on brown construction paper, featuring sentences like "It's palpable in the aim" or "It's

time man it feel's imminent". These messages appear to be both specific or even personal, and resonate within the framework of the exhibition and beyond, maybe that's why such a minor piece in terms of space, linger in my mind as I leave Limerick.

Johan Lundh

Sarah Pierce's two-part installation, comprising a selection of seemingly home-made posters and a complementary sound piece, continued her investigations into the nature of community, in particular those shifting and provisional communities that have formed and dispersed around specific moments in the political history of the recent past. The posters, which have some of the disarming charm of a latter-day Sister Corita Kent bore such dreamily urgent legends as 'It's a time man, it feels imminent' or 'It's palpable in the air', while the sound-piece was a collage of statements each of which quoted from bystanders at various political demonstrations in the US from the '60s to the present day.

Caoimhin Mac Giolla Leith

DEIRDRE A POWER & JACKI HEHIR: URBAN TREE PROJECT

It sometime sounds like a sleeping monster, when the wind blows through the valley, you can hear it snore (Castletroy resident). If an allegory for arrested progress was needed, the vast abandoned construction site of the Parkway Valley Shopping Centre, surrounding the green of Castletroy View may do; and the Urban Tree Project might be just another

you're at it.

Curt Riegelengg Although I am only informed by rumour, the eva International fringe project Re-Possession at Faber Studios with artists Caelan Bristol, Marie Connole, and Aaron Lawless could work better just as rumour and nothing else. From what I hear Faber Studios have set up shop across the road from the Garda Station on Henry Street. Taking into account that their joint project involves "stories of loss and theft" and the production of an "Inventory of Objects from departments of Lost & Found" you can imagine that the cops across the road will be keeping an eye on developments. After two trips to Limerick I was welcomed by a closed door to Faber Studios. A project like this should not be visited through either appointment or a specific day of the week: it should be open during the same hours as the main events or not listed on the eva International programme at all. If this wasn't practical then the run of the project should be either shortened, or a show-and-tell event happens at the end of the duration of eva International: a big flaw in what still can turn out to be a successful project.

James Merrigan

PILVI TAKALA

In The Trainee, a woman posing as Johanna Takala' takes a job at Deloitte Ltd. Many people in her office work as accountants or auditors, but she - with the blessing of Deloitte's bosses - does nothing. Over a month, her colleagues question her and complain to their superiors, but their

position by constructing scenarios. The eight artists selected come from the The Video Archive, a resource of The Israeli Center for Digital Art which focuses on media art from the Middle East, Europe, and the Balkans. All seek to play out this staging through different means, significant acts in the context of where the work is sited. Public Movement's 'Promotional Video' echoes military exercise and cult indoctrination videos and it is unclear whether these activities are real or staged as the participants engage in choreographed movements set in public spaces. By contrast Yossi Atia and Itamar Rose use humorous yossels with unassuming individuals to stage mock future catastrophes. Strain has reflected the concern of using the space you are in to construct scenario by creating one of her own on the gallery space. She has skillfully negotiated the corridor-like gallery of the Belltable by using materials found on the streets of Limerick to build furniture which both houses the video work and seats the public.

Aoife Flynn

The exhibition space was permeated with a rousing call to action from Public Movement's Promotional Video (2008) in which a small army of youths performed public formations within multiple open spaces parodying public displays, only for internal conflict to ensue. From Yossi & Itamar's satiric and problematic Missiles in Ramat Gan to Nira Pereg's engaging Sabbath (2008) documenting the closure of public roads around Jerusalem on the eve of Sabbath, there was a diversity of artists' insertions and interruptions into public space. And yet the conflational nature of public space, the complexity of 'public,' of nationhood and borders, particularly in the context of Israel, was a little underplayed.

Georgina Jackson

Fringe reviewed

RANKS FLOUR MILL IN LIMERICK (HUNT MUSEUM)

The Hunt Museum exhibition 'Ranks' is an examination of the social history of a large Limerick industry. The exhibition look like a communal photo album of the history barley in living memoir. But what can this kind of exhibition give us as an audience, is it a sweet reminiscence or can looking back show us something about society today. Ranks is the former, this show demands a reaction of 'god where then happier and more instinct times' and 'look there is John (pointing to a photograph)' and this is all that the limerick audience except from this exhibition a soft look back to a different time and nothing more.

Eilish Tuite

This was not, of course, an art exhibition. Nor was it in any way artistically intended. It was a display initiated by someone (Jackie Hayes, I was told) in City Archives and pieced together with the help of individuals who had worked at Ranks. I presume it was included in eva out of courtesy to the Hunt Museum or at the suggestion of the City Council sponsors. Nevertheless, this mainly visual history of Limerick's chief twentieth century industry was a nice inclusion in the eva itinerary: it gave an extra dimension to the city topography travelled through, and set a historical narrative against the contemporary concerns of the artworks. I'd liked to have had a greater sense of the place of the Limerick Ranks in the global operations of Rank Hovis McDougall, or of how the latter has arrived in the present industrial environment as part of the giant Premier Foods, but that wasn't what the exhibition was about.

Fergal Gaynor (Art/not art)

GERRY ANDREWS: SHAPED BY HISTORY (HUNT MUSEUM)

'Shaped by History' is an exhibition of photographs from the 1970's shown in the Hunt Museum, Limerick. There are over 30 portraits of 'real' Limerick people. The longer I looked at this show the more I felt that the people depicted are exploited for their haggard faces or blatant poverty. It's Angela's Ashes in photographs. I also did not appreciate the lack of the artists voice in explaining why. All the text accompanying the exhibition is appropriated from other people that may have never seen this work. A 100 words will not cover how much I dislike this show.

Eilish Tuite

THE HELLFIRE CLUB, MICHELLE HERRIGAN (ASKEATON CONTEMPORARY ARTS)

Askeaton may be a small village on the river Deel, but the imposing ruins of a 12th century castle, a Franciscan friary or an industrial mill suggest a past grandeur. It is to this idiosyncratic past that Michelle Herrigan has drawn from in commissioning five Irish artists to produce work responding to the remains of a Hellfire Club in the midst of the town. Its foul reputation inspired the decadent atmosphere of Louise Manifold's haunting film; just as surreal to view in the Civic Trust meeting room as the existence of club; the ghostly presence of ruins is reflected - literally - in Diana Copperwhite's polished stainless steel outline of past members of the club; Stephen Brandes' futuristic heritage plaque speculate on a future as a repeated past with renewed esoteric activities and scandals which also points to the difficulty to negotiate the weight of history without succumbing to nostalgia or repetitions. These works propose such ways to negotiate with humour and complexity.

Michaëlle Cutaya

Is an exhibition curated by Michele Herrigan as part of Askeaton Contemporary Arts. Askeaton is a sleepy town in the west of Limerick but unusually it has a Hellfire Club, which was a rich gentlemen club for wild party's and occasional orgies. Herrigan's exhibition has five diverse art works, which take their que from this history. The work is strong and varies from an artist book, to video and three public installations. But I don't know who the audience for this show is. Many of the works are camouflaged within the town so an outsider would pass them by. So what about the locals do they care? Sadly I think from the video being turned off to weeds growing around two of the public works, the pride in ownership is lacking. I believe we need re-imaginings of space/place, and all in all The Hellfire Club' exhibition delivers this.

Eilish Tuite

WALK THE LINE (ORMSTON HOUSE)

This mutually beneficial collaboration between two Dutch artists and a northern Irish poet provided an opportunity to revel in some great drawing, in a moment that felt simultaneously nostalgic while unmistakably contemporary. The exhibition, composed of mounted drawings as well as site-specific work, attested to drawing as occupying a frontier space between established forms of knowledge. The relationship between drawing and poetry - part of the 'new literacy' (text and image, verbal and visual) - posits drawing as a language instinct, linked cognitively to play and the development of representational thought. The current curatorial revival of drawing offers a counter-position to multi-media and sculptural environments, whilst re-connecting with the imaginative flux that drawing can provide.

Joanne Laws

Walk the Line in Ormston House is a beautiful installation, in the best exhibition tradition: clear and beautiful hanging and display, response to and occupying every aspect of the space. Visible through the large glazed street side, Artist Kramer claimed the space through the first mark on the wall, and subsequent drawing and the spontaneous writing straight on to the wall. Scarring and scoring, clear mastery of Technique, with energy around colour and line alongside representation, makes this exhibition both beautiful and - strangely - re-assuring for the viewer, as along with the beauty, there is an

undeniable perhaps even violent force.

Helen Carey

DOGS (ORMSTON HOUSE)

I felt apprehensive when I read the press-release. Could such a limiting theme produce anything other than very literal, even amateur, content? As anticipated, it was literal and there were lots of dogs; but also some high quality work that may not otherwise have been shown together, with the more understated works providing the greatest impact. Magnhild Opdal demonstrated her capabilities beyond taxidermy drawing with a playful installation. Isabel Nolan and Michael Durand's photographic prints of centre-framed dogs were simple, even nostalgic. Adrian McGrath's irate correspondence with Waterford City Council over the contentious issue of dog poo in public places made me laugh. Bridget O'Gorman's dual films drew comparisons between the plush habitat of the domestic lap-dog, and feral environment of the fox. Although visually seductive, I felt equally alienated by both. TINKEBELL's museum display-case of taxidermist artefacts attested to consumption, societal narcissism and hypocrisy, but as art objects they failed to resonate sufficiently with her provocative campaign, and were judged instead as brash, dated and unoriginal. Christian Jankowski's Direktor Pudel was the highlight. Featuring a dog in a magic show, it was theatrical and comical, while the anachronistic use of Super-8 film provided a meditation on popular culture. Concluding thoughts: 'DOGS' - an emancipation from jargon-oriented curating? A jibe at artworld elitism?

Joanne Laws

Last Spring, the Artistic Director for DOCUMENTA 13, Carolyn Christov-Bakargiev published a calendar as part of her research for the exhibition. The calendar looks at a series of dog-human relationships (and two cat-human ones), which according to Christov-Bakargiev lay behind today's globalized art world. With this official DOCUMENTA calendar, printed on lavish 285 gram Fedrigoni paper, she wants to show us just how much human-pet companionships inform the production, presentation and writing about art. Does she succeed? Of course not but the amusement value is not to be underestimated. The group exhibition Dogs, which is on display at the Ormston House, brings together twelve artists fascinated by the canine animal. The show rides comfortably on a recent wave of interest in the animal kingdom. Unfortunately, Dogs does not manage to add anything new to discourse on the relationship between human and nonhuman animals, or do something slightly more unexpected, like an exhibition for dogs instead?

Johan Lundh

MICHELLE MURILLO (LIMERICK PRINTMAKERS STUDIO & GALLERY)

In the Limerick Printmakers Studio and Gallery, American artist Michelle Murillo presents an exhibition entitled Landed. The show features two bodies of work, Landed and Destinations, which have to some conceptual resonance. Landed attempts to address issues of immigration, making prints inspired by Angel Island Immigration Station, but it fails to touch me in any meaningful way. Destinations reminds me of going to the flea-market and reading old postcards, feeling nostalgic for a brief moment before moving on in the bric-a-brac. In a less than ideal exhibition space, a storefront with florescent lights and brown carpets, Landed looks pretty good.

Johan Lundh

In this body of work Murillo identifies a disconnect between destination and expectation, memory and reality. In a series of prints, Collected Identities, postcards from particular destinations are juxtaposed with images of far-flung destinations, while in Destinations glass postcards with varying accounts of occasions and destinations are installed across the gallery wall. The selection of glass intensifies the disjuncture between transparency and memory. However, there is a certain arbitrariness and while other works reference the landing of immigrants in San Francisco, this collection of memory, reality, expectation and destination is a little diaphanous.

Georgina Jackson

as the online art journal 'Occupy Paper' which was re-launched on 19th May. While the venture demonstrated the economic potential of such partnership between commercial property owners and artist-led organisations to use slack spaces for artistic activities, it begs the question whether if or when the 'future' gets back on track it will be business as usual or will we have learnt something from the past? ('Common Place', the exhibition by Pamela Valter and Allen Brewer will open on 15 June in Istrabaq Hall, Limerick City Hall)

Michaëlle Cutaya

LIT graduate show reviewed

Painting

CILLIAN F BOYD

Pitched as an experiment with the tradition of the medium, Boyd's paintings (acrylic on canvas) have the appearance of chromatic studies, crumpled paper, tinfoil, spray paint, wax art or rainbow tie-dyed cloth; in fact anything other than paint on canvas. Maybe that was the point. Potentially, these works are in danger of losing the meaning behind their making, and this must be clarified or made more visible either within the methodology or end product. The small drawings displayed in a folder in the space conveyed an intimacy and freedom that was not as visible in the paintings.

Joanne Laws

The fizzy colours of Cillian's canvases are given pride of place in the large foyer space of LSAD as well as in the painting studio on the second floor. Viewers lean in to try to figure out how he achieves the effect of creases and folds on the smooth surface. If they figure out his method, will they be finished looking? In the studio space, research on 'momentary perception' is presented in a series of loose sketches of birds: repetitive, gestural, meditative - reminiscent of Pat Hall's Butterflies drawings. The drawings and the paintings are worlds apart, and I wonder how they can meet.

Mary Conlon

DORA A BRACKEN

Dora Bracken's paintings tightly describe strawberries, birthday candles and piles of torn-up Jelly Babies. Her compositions are carefully structured, taking measurable influence from the perspective enabled by macro lens photography. Each piece is ebulliently colourful, and capable of using light to engender a focal point that draws the eye along the canvas. According to her accompanying text, the paintings reproduce a sense of unease drawn from the darker side of childhood, a world of meaning that isn't discernable in the images themselves. These paintings are technically proficient, but they lack a framework to graduate their conceptual message to the viewer.

Sean O'Sullivan

Paintings of rather innocuous gingerbread men, jelly babies, a variety of sugary confectionery, and a non-identifiable pinkish swirl sit alongside a delicately poised selection of skillfully knitted confectionery. It is a shame no decision is made to either commit to painting in half-sinister plastic flatness or to render the material viscosity of these substances in a manner that might better provoke the uncanniness that the artist seems to desire. Forensic focus on gelatinous and crystallised surfaces might more readily convey the voracious orality of the child. Discomfit and foreboding are best achieved through the mutilated black jellybean and the icing sliding off buns into a murky backdrop.

Aislinn O'Donnell

NIAMH BROWN

Niamh Brown's exhibition has photographs, text and quick sketches. This work examines the personal significance that people place on how objects 'embody a memory'. The exhibition is quite delicate and dreamlike. As a whole, it would further enhance her already exceptional eye for composition. As a young artist, she might soon find that in shedding 'Alice', and even Freud, and moving into more Frida Kahlo-esque terrain, her personal uniqueness may be further revealed and consolidated. Please keep painting.

Joanne Laws

LOUISE M CORRY

Corry's multi media work focusing on taxi offices explores the division between public and private. Utilizing drawing, photography, video, a 'live' radio feed and billboards outside the college, she attempts to draw attention to this space that somewhere between the two. The drawings overlay snaking cut out prints over grids that are reminiscent of maps while the photographs of the taxi offices call to mind Mike Nelson's Coral Reef, presenting places where you only get a glimpse of façade, a transient place. The photographs are all uninhabited and objects placed on the desks give only a hint of the rooms occupants.

Aoife Flynn

Louise Corry's photographs covered two billboards on Clare Street, near the LIT campus. The pair displayed taxi operators' dispatch desks, capturing their grimy beige walls, ageing keyboards, and outsize telephones. Her photographs are well lit and composed. Their placement, facing two and fro in the city's streets is entirely appropriate. In the studios, Corry presented a broader series of dispatch buildings, which function as nerve-centres for cars that she has purposely left invisible. Her omission stresses the dispatcher's faculty for a formless geographical utility. This is an ambitious body of work, with a simple and effective method of public engagement.

Sean O'Sullivan

PADDY D'ARCY

Paddy D'Arcy presented six brightly coloured paintings, each depicting a single character's reaction to the apocalyptic machinations of a dark, science-fictional world. His scenes invoke a Burkean reading of the sublime, an enormous moment that provokes a terrifying awe. They owe something to the rotoscoped version of Phillip K. Dick's A Scanner Darkly', an author mentioned in D'Arcy's accompanying text. Those references are instructive, but they haven't incited a stirring sense of originality in this work. The paintings are too busy with attitude and effects to deliver the clear psychic punch that the viewer really needs - particularly when parsing sublimity.

Sean O'Sullivan

The graphic novel and street art (and the possibly mind altering states of recreational drugs) no doubt form the foundations to D'Arcy's practice. This is something he seems to be able handle with aplomb. There's enough here to see how he has taken on board learned skills from both the graphic world and that of the old masters. His use of classical perspective and self contained narrative in the fictional landscapes and the nature of a his green diptych in the seedy toilet, which is genuinely unnerving, reveals an understanding of continuity and flexibility that a graphic template allows. Both of these series have the ability to leak, drip and drift into the surreal or absurd, to become lucidly unreal and hallucinogenically real.

Dobs O'Brien (Art/not art)

MEGAN GORMAN

Fairytales, fantasy and board games comprise the imagery in Gorman's paintings. In one work a sleeping Alice in Wonderland is surrounded by a Monopoly board, while a grinning Peter Pan leers from another. The artist explains that the scenes are a cross-over between dreams, illusion and reality and she uses her own past experiences to create these narratives. Skulls, pop culture, and references to life and death abound in her work, showing that despite his controversies, Damien Hirst is still an influential figure to young artists.

Aoife Flynn

As an exploration of the 'realities and illusions' of the artist's 'inner and outer wonderlands', Collins' paintings attest to some admirable and honest self-reflection. Bright, brave and surreal, the large-scale works in particular show massive potential. More work in the formal and technical aspects of painting would further enhance her already exceptional eye for composition. As a young artist, she might soon find that in shedding 'Alice', and even Freud, and moving into more Frida Kahlo-esque terrain, her personal uniqueness may be further revealed and consolidated. Please keep painting.

Joanne Laws



Pilvi Takala 'The Trainee' 2008, "After the Future" at the Limerick City Gallery of Art "The work offers at least two thought-provoking insights, first, we have a very narrow conception of what constitutes work and what it should look like. And second, that even very quiet and unobtrusive behavior can unsettle a community and situate and individual as an outsider." Aileen Burns

for Franco Berardi's idea of slowing down to reclaim the present. The project with the residents is to re-appropriate the damaged space in nursing and planting native species of trees from seeds to oak, Scots pine, birch or holly tree. A slow healing for both the land and the inhabitants.

Michaëlle Cutaya

Finding the Castletroy housing estate project was a perfect prelude starting the frustration of searching - with its community scattered around the project, the tree-planting emerged against the backdrop of the scarred landscape, with its ruins of barely begun / unfinished structures, exuding the false promise of the boom. This 2-year project has a perfect slow release that suits on-going community involvement, with its visible moments such as this fragile tree planting, juxtaposed with fenced-off follies. The aspirational photographic artwork of the planted green is nearby, hopefully working as positive energy, embodied in the Artists, crucial to a sustainable community embedded project.

Helen Carey

ALICE REKAB

Alice Rekab's film An Impossible Tribute makes me feel uncomfortable. Uncomfortable and somewhat amused. I think that's the artists intention but I am not certain. The work is based on a song the artist found on YouTube, Cousin Mosquito, performed by Liberian congress woman and musician Malinda Jackson Parker. Rekab re-performs this Liberian folk song about the dangers of Malaria over Rachmaninoff's prelude in C-sharp minor. If I had seen it on YouTube, where she first found it, I would not have given it much consideration. In the exhibition context, however, on the top floor of a mostly vacant office building overlooking the once busy river, makes Rekab's awkward homage feel oddly astute.

Johan Lundh

Alice Rekab's two films are purposely unsettling. They present a set of unintelligible interviews with rural Africans, who alternately start dancing, shouting and fighting. These garrulous characters are dressed in either skin-tight tracksuits or military camouflage. Some clips iterate over and again, mimicking the Internet's ubiquitous GIFs. On Roches Street, Rekab mounted a billboard featuring five people dipping into a platter of what looked like grain. Behind the televisions, an artist's statement asserted that these scenes "relate to aggregations of subjects/bodies that are constituted by a common need or desire." Do these 'aggregations' lambaste stereotypes of race and class? Moreover, should they?

Sean O'Sullivan

LAURA SMITH

Laura Smith's two-channel video The Alternative is... combines historical footage and documentary clips, with a new video of staged pirate activities in the present. Both components look at the legality, or rather illegality, of pirate radio and its relationship to romantic ideas around anarchy and notions of Utopia. The work is pertinent in a moment when the debates around Pirate Bay and WikiLeaks, contemporary platforms for the redistribution entertainment and information without license or permission, are utterly unsettled.

Aileen Burns

Laura Smith two-channel video installation, The alternative is...., 2012, revisited the hey-day of pirate radio, in particular the brief history of Radio City, set up by the indomitable Screaming Lord Sutch in 1984, hot on the heels of the pioneering Radio Caroline. The station's spectacular location on Shivering Sands Fort, one of the abandoned WW2 Maunsell Sea Forts in the Thames Estuary, allowed for an intriguing two-screen juxtaposition of a lively cut-and-paste documentary, on the one hand, with a more mysteriously elegiac revisiting of the locale on the other, the tone of which owed more to the work of Yang Fudong or Tacita Dean.

Caoimhin Mac Giolla Leith

FABER STUDIOS

Faber Studios, you've set up in a former office interiors space, use their storefront as a sell for an indefinitely ongoing project called Re-possession, wherein anyone can bring in anything, and that object will be added to the collection in the space. It's not hard to tell that the collection is indiscriminate, but those of a stern faith in the memory imbued into objects once they see use might enjoy browsing though. It's likely you'll be greeted by a cheerful member of the troupe, so maybe enjoy a bit of basic human warmth while

objections are permanently dismissed. This woman simply sits in the office, telling her inquirers that she does "brain work." Pilvi Takala's roomful of presentations and films attests to the awesome power of laziness, and the supreme joy that must be hers, having manufactured her own Kafkaesque castle for a firm of busybodies.

Sean O'Sullivan

Adopting the persona of Joanne Takala, Finish artist Pilvi Takala worked at Deloit as a trainee for a month, unbeknownst to most colleagues there. The resulting videos reveal that during her stint with the company, she spent much of her time thinking. When staring blankly into space at her desk or riding the elevator all day long, her peers and supervisors often asked her what she was up to and are clearly searching for an explanation. The work offers, at least two thought-provoking insights. First, we have a very narrow conception of what constitutes work and what it should look like. And second, that even very quiet and unobtrusive behavior can unsettle a community and situate and individual as an outsider.

Aileen Burns

MONA VATAMANU & FLORIN TUDOR

Mona Vatamanu & Florin Tudor's Rite of Spring (2010) captures the action of young boys lighting scattered white poplar fluff within abandoned streets and empty space, and their sometimes enduring flames. Shifting between the entrancing film footage of poplar fluff sprawling along bare roads, abandoned spaces or rising through the air in front of dominating and authoritarian building, there is a tension between the lightness of this material and its ability to catch fire and sprawl. Past or present there is an ambition to spark something anew and of subtle acts catching fire resonating with the Arab Spring, the Occupy movements and moments of solidarity yet to come.

Georgina Jackson

Mona Vatamanu and Florian Tudor's RITE OF SPRING, 2010, is a short film that follows the gleefully destructive activities of a number of children setting alight heaps of the highly combustible fluff that floats to the ground from poplar trees at a certain time of year. Whether these are homeless street kids or the naughty offspring of well-heeled parents we do not know. Any such distinctions are overridden by the visceral, ritualistic pleasure of an activity that, as the grainy, languid footage self-consciously underscores, has its own fraught poetry. The metaphorical implications of the succession of small conflagrations and dangerously fuse-like trails of fire are left suggestively open.

Caoimhin Mac Giolla Leith

Yael BARTANA

We have arrived into the future tense: Yael Bartana's red neon text is mounted high enough beyond the foyer of Limerick City Gallery that I needed to crane my neck to read it. It announces, "And Europe will be stunned." This statement sets the tone for EVA International's air of speculation and futurity. The quip originally appeared alongside a film - which is absent now. So, Bartana's truncated neon is a snapshot from a larger statement of ancient geopolitical enmity, or, a eulogy prepared for our new continental demise, or, a coy curatorial welcome. In any case, the old future has come back to haunt us.

Sean O'Sullivan

A neon sign in red handwriting proclaims "And Europe Will Be Stunned". Europe has been stunned, is stunned, and in the midst of many processes of self-reflection brought-on by a shock of economic catastrophes and awareness that foreseeable future is utterly unpredictable. Yael Bartana's sign shares its title with a major Art Angel commission that includes a film trilogy that tells the story of the fictional 'Jewish Renaissance Movement in Poland' and carries a strong warning against the cruel trappings of nationalist sentiments and propaganda. Within the context of After the Future, which curator Annie Fletcher tells us departs from Bifo's notion that we should be trying to live in a slow and perpetual present, I am inclined to read it as both a warning, and as an apt description of our stunning economic and nationalist present.

Aileen Burns

MAKING A SCENE: CURATED BY KATE STRAIN (BELLTABLE ARTS CENTRE)

A collaborative event of this years eva International is a series of curated projects in conjunction with the Israeli Centre for Digital Art and the Belltable. The first, entitled Making a Scene-Raising the Ink Flag, is curated by Kate Strain and is concerned with how people play a role or occupy a certain



Louise M Corry 'Billboard' 2012, billboard on Clare Street as part of LIT's Painting graduate exhibition. "This is an ambitious body of work, with a simple and effective method of public engagement." Sean O'Sullivan

PAULA BOURKE-GIRGIS (RAGGLE TAGGLE)

Local Limerick artist Paula Bourke-Girgis is rather enterprising. As Eva descended on the city, she self-organised a solo-exhibition of her work at Raggle Taggle; a chance to show both the locals and the art world what she had been working on before heading to London for graduate school. As far as her exhibition goes, it's full of surrealist inspired visual juxtapositions, which are charming at best. I am certain Bourke-Girgis knows she still is searching for her own expression. Relocating to London should prove to be productive for her practice. Challenging but productive.

Johan Lundh

This exhibition presents a series of personal objects re-appropriated and reconfigured interrupting symbolic order. A hammer is presented with a heart-shaped head on a bed of purple velvet while a pulsating heart is sewn together using everyday materials. Pathophysiology cites inspiration from the theories of Julie Kristeva on the abject, cast aside, between the object and the subject, and intertwines the artist's personal relationships with objects. However this reliance on critical theory perhaps betrays a further exploration of the personal and the symbolic in the present.

Georgina Jackson

(EX) OCCUPY SPACE

Opened as a temporary three months project in December 2009 as part of the Limerick City Council 'Creative Limerick' initiative, Occupy Space at the Thomas Street building has come to a close last month after two and half years of running an exciting art programme. Although it is unfortunate for Limerick and beyond to loose such an energetic venue, Occupy Space more than delivered on its promises as an experimental art space, and as an organisation it will continue its activities through other spaces and in other forms such

of the work and the hanging of the show. This is a good work, but it may be considered safe.

Eilish Tuite

Brown's work brings together drawings, photographs and text to explore memory and possession. Strong close up photographs of shoes, teacups and tools are contrasted with charcoal drawings on delicate tracing paper. The words 'Enigma', 'Significance', 'Belonging' and 'Memory' with their dictionary definitions affixed in vinyl to the wall between the photographs. She uses objects associated with close family members to examine the sentimentality attached to them, the transitional nature of these objects and what happens to them when they no longer belong to someone. A project with potential.

Aoife Flynn

ANN BYRNE

There are many motives to undertake a degree in fine arts, and very few graduates will become full time artists (if there is such a thing) and even then there are very different kind of artistic ambition. Within the perspective of so-called contemporary art however there is not much I can say about Ann Byrne's work but to encourage her to continue to take joy in painting.

Michaëlle Cutaya

The flat mediums of painting on canvas and watercolour on paper make certain demands on the artist in terms of handling the paint, and Ann Byrne's work discusses the difference. She cites the rendering of "cellular" forms as influential, and her body of work takes this as a starting point, articulating the contours of organic tissue in pastel tones. While rigid and volumetric in the painting on canvas, her manner becomes tonal and washed in the watercolour work, adopting the insistent traits of the paper and pigment. Her body of work is staged as a plodding, cautious investigation of a set of tools and materials.

Curt Riegelengg

MELISSA D KAVANAGH

Kavanagh's works on display contained a number of large paintings and a matrix of small collages framed quite beautifully on thin mdf board. A blue butterfly wing, a painted pink flower, a black dog, small bees, another blue bird, a 50's model, all images no doubt hand picked but re-appropriated from our ubiquitous glossies and fashion mags that she has now formed into delicate little collaged vignettes of colour, poise and intrigue. From here it was more difficult to marry them to the other large paintings on show, these large painted faces, each contained within a halo of colour exploding into abstraction. The subtlety and delicate nature of the collages runs contrary to the bold brush strokes of the larger paintings except for the unifying element of the range of colours used; pinks, blues, purples, oranges and the sense of levity and joy within them.

Dobs O'Brien (Art/not art)

KINGA N KOPIEC BIRECKA

Kinga's work is concerned with the architecture of Polish apartment blocks and urban planning which she states developed in a "violent manner" in the latter half of last century. Through her paintings, she 'abstracts' the experience of the blocks and creates a modular painting installation to recreate the claustrophobia of these densely populated complexes. The choices for the layout of the work are not clear and lose the imposing nature of the tightly cropped photo-research. Although she is colourful to the palette, the cynical use of faith does not translate to the paintings.

Mary Conlon

department, with the showing of one work, one installation. The colours are vibrant, painterly. This work is strong and considered, if I have a small criticism some of the lines of the canvases don't line up and this is important with this work being site specific. Overall I liked this work.

Eilish Tuíte

ROCHELLE N LUCEY

Lucey's canvases strike a chord with anyone familiar with the history of the live music scene on both sides of the Atlantic Ocean. Her quasi-expressionist depictions of performance spaces, such as the The Electric Ballroom, Electric Circus and CBGB & OMFUG, are executed in swaths of dripping colour and scraped paint. The closed and dilapidated facades, bathed in graffiti, exude a romantic grittiness. Of topical interest, they serve as mementoes to musicophiles and pay homage to a largely bygone era. Regrettably, the unfinished appearance of the largest canvases raises questions. It seems out of step with the rest of the work on show.

John Gayer

The assumption that is made via the repetitive nature of Lucey's painted imagery of the facades of '70s British music venues where punk and post-punk bands performed such as The Sex Pistols, The Clash, Joy Division, The Smiths, is the artist is stuck expressing young ideologies that identify with extreme left politics, isolation, authenticity, revolution, the 99% vs the 1% syndrome. Although this nostalgic thematic is perfectly fine to identify with on a personal level, especially when 'Occuparian' talk has replaced the more creative and expressive protest of punk – the medium of painting toward such expressive ends is perhaps out of sync with the times. Photography, the tape cassette, Vinyl, Hot Press Magazine is how I aesthetically filter '70s punk music and ideology. Lucey's paintings at times resemble the battered edged tea coasters that you might find on granny's kitchen table; who may have been a punk in her time.

James Merrigan

JENNIFER MADDEN

Belonging(s). The huzun of Istanbul and the saudade that clings to Lisbon like its colonial past come to mind as I think of ways that memory and perception permeate one another, but this piece's aesthetic lies uncomfortably close to that of a charity shop window trying to do design. Perhaps deliberately? A large-scale pencil drawing placed behind the cleaned up found objects is scrappy and redundant. Paintings of an umbrella and frock are pleasant in the way that 1950s magazines are. A trio of suitcases play nicely off one another but other elements make little sense. If the intent is to re-appropriate objects, presenting it as a jumble of incarnate memories might have been more effective than staging a composition that seems forced.

Aislinn O'Donnell

Jennifer Madden takes second hand suitcases, hats, frames or ties sourced in various charity shops or car boots sales, paints them and arranges them in a three dimensional composition. If the result is not unlike a shop window, she makes a subtle use of greys which blend with the tone of the space setting off the pastel colours with the overall effect of flattening the space: a sort of reversed Trompe l'oeil.

Michaëlle Cutaya

LORRAINE MASTERS

Lorraine Masters pairs her emotionally charged paintings with mirrors as a means of implicating the viewer in the work's psychological content. These sharply cropped and vilely hued images explore notions of self-image, desire, loss and shame. Each painting depicts a pair of woman's hands either clutching her breasts or face. Whereas the mirrors placed above the breast pictures reveal the viewer's facial features, reflections of the viewer's body appear below the face pictures. The occurrence proves unsettling as these works force each viewer to consider his or her own experience. The intensity of the female subject's torment is lucid, not vitriolic.

John Gayer

Lorraine Masters assembles painted canvases and mirror combinations in three distinct orientations. With their jaundiced skin tones and green-tinged fingertips, the body it renders looks bruised and ravaged. The mirrors are, presumably, meant to place us the viewers in the same state of victimisation or misuse, but the stenciled verse about shame and disguise tend to thwart the unity of the pieces. The manic, clutching hands and mottled flesh in the paintings is commanding enough, and the other aspects of the piece vie for the viewer's attention rather than buttressing the effect.

Curt Riegelnegg

BEN MCKERNAN

Ben McKernan's exhibition has paintings, neon sign and video. The work is divided into to different spaces. With the first space, there are several circular painting that examine the materiality of painting and 'explore ideas of the abject'. The video in the other space similarly examines the materiality and abilities of video art production. The work is perfectly contained within their circle form, the images are contemporary but with the colour palette of a much earlier time. The video has the feel of native American ritual. The work is interesting, but has suffered by the bisection of the work making it hard to follow.

Eilish Tuíte

The tondo (circular work of art) is the format from which McKernan's painted and mixed media imagery springs forth. Well-to-do floral designed fabric from the 'Country Manor' is stretched onto circular supports and painted on; in one instance a 'THIS WAY UP' label is pinned to the fabric to cynically educate the viewer of the fabric's confusing altitudinal/longitudinal topography. There is something of James McNeill Whistler in the decorative and cheeky makeup of McKernan's work. Especially Whistler's painting Nocturne in Black and Gold: The Filling Rocket, which art critic John Ruskin described as "flinging a pot of paint in the face of the public." Although a little rough around the edges, McKernan successfully combines moments of the decorative with the explosive.

James Merrigan

JOE NOONAN

Noonan's installation recreates an archetypal 1950's Irish schoolroom using a mixture of drawings, paintings, objects and sculptures. In it he attempts to combine the experience of learning with that of the viewer and of he himself, as an artist. Two clocks are drawn on to the wall, identical but they tell different times, one set at ten the other at eleven. Noonan is referencing the post-war refusal of some Irish people to put their clocks forward or back according to GMT. The tradition of asking 'Old time' or 'New time' brings a sense of nostalgia for 'Old Ireland' and the viewer is left wondering exactly what 'time' the view is in.

Aoife Flynn

Joe Noonan's room filling installation National School 1950 takes viewers on a nostalgic journey by immersing us in a makeshift classroom replete with facsimiles that recreate the atmosphere of the era. These objects, many produced with a pencil, speak of opposition to Daylight Savings Time and include drawings of censored books such as Alice Wonderland and Oliver Twist. The work also functions as a hands-on museum. Children can get a taste of their grandparents' experience by sitting at an old desk and doing exercises in a copy book. The installation operates on many levels and appeals to all ages.

John Gayer

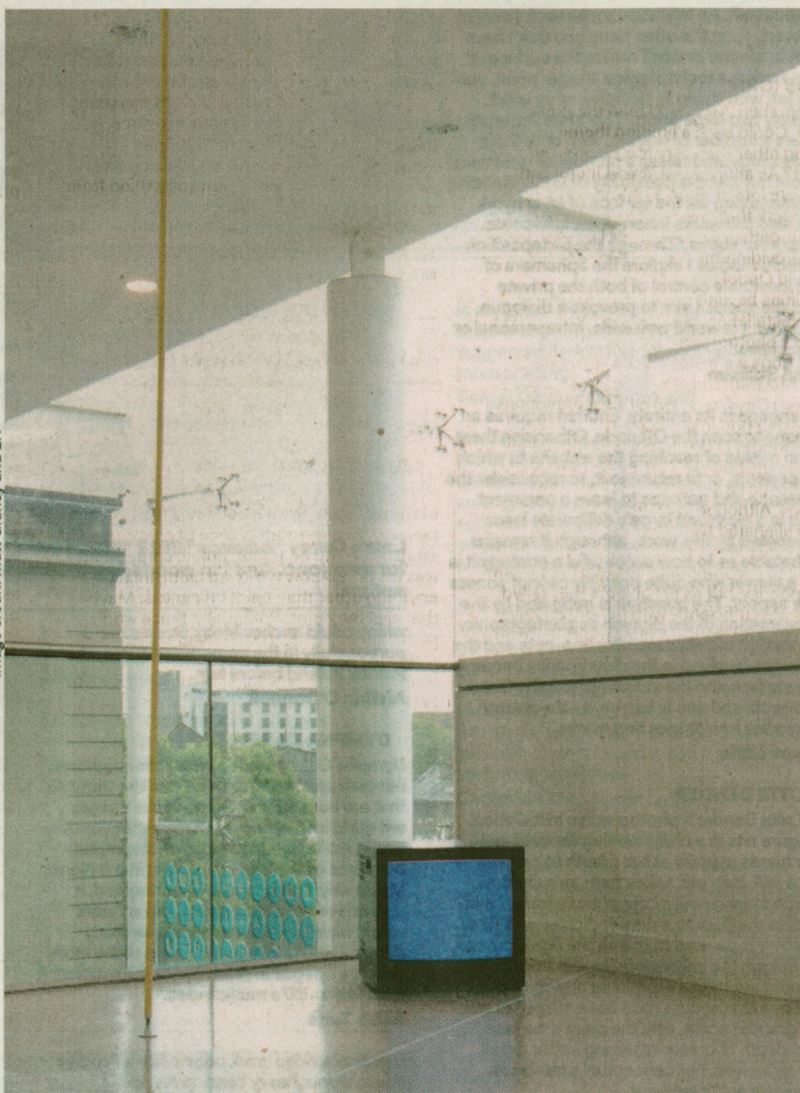


Image credit: Matt Gihney and LIT

Maria G Blanco 'Installation' 2102

"In some respects, then, there is little to be seen as the purported alchemy of image-making fails to trans-substantiate instead marking an irrecoverable loss of information." Aislinn O'Donnell

PATRICIA O'BRIEN

The Irish Cement plant in Limerick seemingly belongs to the landscape of another world. Patsy O'Brien's meter-wide photographs show the factory spectrally emerging out of a grey haze. The thing seems to be carved deeply into the planet, blackening the earth and forming cerulean chemical pools. One segment of its architecture looks like a monstrously tall grenade launcher. O'Brien's photographs submit charged spatial politics into a radically attenuated landscape, and further, into the ulterior ecology of the plant itself. In that sense, and in more respects than I have room to describe, this is an utterly superior series of artworks.

Sean O'Sullivan

Following the familiar fascination for industrial plants as the romantic ruins of our post-industrial age – all the stronger in the West of Ireland – Patsy O'Brien took the Irish Cement plant on the river Shannon as subject for her photographs. What her subject lacks in originality is made up by her sense of composition and colour as well as the beautifully produced prints. If the ghostly gothic of the plant lost in mist is enticing, I was most seduced by the contrast between the velvety tones of the rusty-red pipes and the delicate intricacy of the metal structures.

Michaëlle Cutaya

RAMONA O'HALLORAN

Ramona clearly understands her subject and medium. Uniformity presents a series of anonymous young men cut out of their environment and superimposed onto blocks of colour. Their identity is concealed but clothing and gestures are familiar and we make assumptions about who they are. They turn away from the viewer or hide their faces under hoods and caps – and who rejects who is unclear. The titles, Consistency, Archetype, Unmodifiable, Norm point to the stereotyping at play here but in these paintings the young men are alienated from their surroundings, faceless and vulnerable.

Mary Conlon

As a study of social affiliation observed through the lens of street culture, O'Halloran's body of work is exemplary in the formal elements of painting, and cohesive in style. Graphically striking and competently composed, the paintings deliver a pertinent reflection on group identity, alluding to tribalism, social mobility and contemporary branding. The hooded, track-suited figures feature as isolated individuals and also as repetitive images in group formations, while tender moments portray vulnerability in socially ostracised peripheries. The strength of this work will be consolidated in the artist's future choices, regarding subject matter, display contexts and potential political orientation.

Joanne Laws

COLLEEN O'KEEFE

There appeared to be a created conflict of contrasts set up and contained here between the sweetshop of colours and patterns offered: the blue and white polka-dots, the turquoise stripes, the pink and blue flowers, the royal blue gingham, in the small series of paintings, and the then collision of the close up intimacy of the other works. An exposed knee, the ruffles and underskirt of a young girl, the delicate frill on a pair of white ankle socks at the length of a pair of legs. There is even an extra unsettling happening in the pronunciation of the vivid palate used to describe the figures I feel. My gaze seemed to be manipulated and played with as it floated between the figurative form and the decorative. I left with a sense of unresolved inquiry, unease and mystery.

Dobz O'Brien (Art/not art)

Colleen O'Keefe calls her exhibited work "In Bad Taste," though the title is most likely designed as a catchy bit of self-effacement, and the taste she demonstrates doesn't seem bad so much as varied. Some of her canvases feature scraggly, zoomed-in micro-focusing with brushwork a little reminiscent of Jenny Saville, while others are polka-dotted or floral print swatches of impasto patterning that in some cases mimic the garments seen in the clipped figures. Other clothing, like a pair of turquoise platform shoes and a white tutu, show up multiple times, offering scraps of a lazy narrative of which the smaller pattern pieces are the hard evidence.

Curt Riegelnegg

PAUL E QUAST

Paul Quast is certainly serious about his ambition and he is working hard to be up to date: so he took as subject for his two volumes of photographs the by now infamous ghost estates for Burdens of the Boom and occupation of Dame Street for Section 40 (6). He has also built a shelter – in that the shape of a diamond? – from recycled pallet wood with portraits painted with a variety of socially or ecologically relevant materials – Dame street dirt, rain water, ethanol, coffee, wood ash, expired heat resistant paint – hung inside. There is also a dome tent with suggested presence inside that serve as a stand in for Occupy. It may all be very sincere but it comes across as opportunistic on this orchestra gallery overlooking the old lecture hall.

Michaëlle Cutaya

An artist looking for a sturdy means of honouring the present political state of affairs won't do much better than in referencing the global Occupy movement. Paul Quast makes sure-footed use of the tents and palettes that have become semiotic shorthand for the

prevailing radical spirit, without forgetting to modify these potent symbols into something more aesthetically astute. His projected man inside a tent and a roughly diamond-shaped board of re-structured palette slats have a resonant tactility that compliments the documentary cataloguing of "ghost estates" and the late Occupy Dame Street in Dublin city centre. The included tarpaulin portraits are less legible, but nonetheless support the overarching tone.

Curt Riegelnegg

EIMEAR REDMOND

Redmond's paintings and 3-dimensional constructions exhibit a fascination with obsolete technology from our recent past. Her deceptively simple images of toys, telephones and stereo cassettes evoke a Pop aesthetic and plays off the ways children comprehend technical apparatus. A tin can phone, for example, employs speaker wire rather than string. She also configures a reel of video tape and drawings depicting film spools and running figures into an evocative deliberation that interlinks the operation of cameras and playback devices with the documentation of movement. An understated conceptualism buoys the striking visual qualities of this work. This artist shows much promise.

John Gayer

Much of these pieces about communication devices remains too literal and shows little sensitivity to objects deemed obsolete and archaic. Simonon says that we see technical objects as once we did slaves – ready to hand. He thinks that we ought to care for them and treat their evolution with the reverence that we offer to biological organisms. The framing (a reel of tape signifying what? The cassette? The spool?) of the set of images of most interest detracts from their force. Yet, the photocopies of faint sketches of a body in movement transposed with the stark shadows of objects like film canisters, cassettes and stretches of exposed film suggest the dimension of human existence, often occluded by poetry and science, that is our technological genesis.

Aislinn O'Donnell

SARAH A SCANLON

On entering the LSAD campus, a thick red band dissects the open space, criss-crosses down the pedestrian avenue and up through a window on the second floor. Later, from inside the building, the red ribbon flutters in the breeze and appears more fragile than from below. It leads to a presentation of visual research from a series of visits to the west Clare coastline – photography and paint – where Sarah combines field and studio work. There are three distinct types of work on display dealing with this journey of withdrawal and reconnection, introducing technology to the secluded landscape. The pixelated images of the 'deteriorated' sea confuse and draw the eye.

Mary Conlon

DONAL SORAHAN

Donal Sorahan wants to paint. And he is putting in the work: the whole undercoat, tonal contrast, brush-strokes orientations painting business. But he can't just paint, he has to give us some relevant contemporary context: so here pops the economic decline! He is going to paint abandoned petrol pumps as signs of our post-boom time – with an added twist on a post-petrol era to come? I did like the bright orange undercoats that occasionally shine in between areas of soft greyish tones: a metaphor for a brightness shining through the dullness of our doomed times? It gave me hope.

Michaëlle Cutaya

A series of 9 paintings of flat muted tones of disused and disintegrating petrol pumps, pipes, tubes and industrial mechanisms, the detritus of a decommissioned petrol station, possibly. Here there seems to be nostalgic, if not a sentimental, look back to a time past or passing. What looks like a study of the banal becomes strangely evocative enlivened maybe by a level of intimacy or association by the artist with the actual machinery painted. A painterly style reminiscent of Kevin Cosgrove perhaps, an exploration of the mundane, but here that longing stare seems more animated than subdued and understated, less representational or focused on the mise-en-scène but rather an emotional investigation into the entanglement of things objects, colours, angles, and our relationship to them.

Dobz O'Brien (Art/not art)

JOAN STACK

An explosive plenitude of voids recurs in Joan Stack's work. On one side of her exhibition space, a sweeping cluster of small paper boxes hugs the ceiling and the top of the wall. Some house little bric-a-brac, but most have nothing. A large two-panel painting reconfigures the effect, with expressively brushed blossoms of boxes twisting and firing out of the picture plane. The stylizations turn the emptiness of the boxes into an aggressive lack, hungrily demanding to be filled, or at least recognized. Some illustrative paintings of wolves and industrial treads add to the milieu as well.

Curt Riegelnegg

This body of work, for me, amounted to a dichotomy between a very strong sense of experimental materiality and a residual desire to uphold traditional pre-conceptions of painting. The inventive box installation (which could have boldly existed alone in the space) conveyed a sense of freedom and intimacy that was lacking in the paintings, and the 'serendipity' title detracted from the impact of

the found-objects, making associations with 'hobby art'. The box, the frame, as conceptual vessels, could provide worthwhile points of departure for a life-time of exploration around the canon of painting, while a little more focused editing could be transformative.

Joanne Laws

CAROLINE WALSH

It has been said that the art of being a great artist is knowing when to stop, the ability to self edit. Here Walsh seems to have run away with herself a little and reneged on making some of those tough decisions. Her two-room installation was as much a touch of the sublime as it was a distraction. One room was covered in binary code sketched onto the walls, a series of large plinths with disembodied computer circuit boards encased in resin, a series of low hanging photographs, a number of quotations, a list of command codes with their binary representations, all thrown on top of each other. Freneticism, and complication were obviously the desire in this cornucopia or claustrophobia of objects and materials. The second room, a mirror for the first, was an extraordinary cavernous diorama of mossy trees, fallen leaves, hanging timbers, floating plywood, dripping boggy walls which she handled with sublime skill, finesse and touch. A natural foil for its technological other. But Walsh's obvious sensibilities needed to be applied to both spaces for this to truly work, for there to be some unity between these disparate propositions. That all said, with a bit of control, and closer critical editing (and possibly helped by a more suitable exhibition location) she will do well.

Dobz O'Brien (Art/not art)

Caroline Walsh's exhibition of two different spaces, includes photographs, resin sculptures, wall drawings and a large installation. One side is a forest scene and the other drawings of binary code and sculpture. The work looks at the two worlds of nature and modernity we don't belong to either, we have being exiled from one and forgotten by the other. The installation is ambitious, but it is way too crowded. The execution of the finish lets the work down. I think the photos large on dibond in a clean white space would have worked better.

Eilish Tuíte

Printmaking

MARIA G BLANCO

This exhibition could be read as a formal exercise or exploration of the inherent inter-relational aspects of a photograph (2D) and its 3D existences. Blanco sets up a number of scenarios for us to consider; a large photographic print where she layers objects (wooden palettes in this case) in space against angular floor markings, in the background the palettes lean on a vertical corrugated form and overlaid is a giant superimposed or manipulated photographic image of tree tops with clear blue sky. There is deceit in this image and where does the truth lie. Adjacent to this we have another proposal; a square black monitor sitting on the floor blankly displaying, on rotation, a singular chromatic representation, blue, green, red, etc. In front is a thin line of masking tape delineating, dissecting, punctuating the space in a triangular form and inside that resides a thin yellow architectural feature, a pole, that reaches from ceiling to floor. Blanco give us tools here, in 3D, almost, to construct our own form.

The final wall has a smaller portrait version of the large photograph replete with palettes, corrugation and yellow floors markings but a vacuum has replaced the 'trees and sky'. What is left is a gaping hole that challenges the natural perspective. Next to this a small singular tonal cadmium red photographic print sits and above that there is a final print of a subtle nondescript nature. Blanco is looking at the very nature of light and how we see it, perceive it and make sense of the world through it. It forms colour, shape, and form. She is looking at how photography can capture this but it too is just a series of colourful chemical reactions that can also be untruthful and manipulated. She is testing to see how these chromatics, shapes and forms are influenced by architectural relations and how even subtle 3-dimensional formal gestures alter our reading and understanding of them. Exciting work.

Dobz O'Brien (Art/not art)

The occupation of the space projects the contemporary image of the show in a 'white cube' – a TV on the ground in the corner shows a series of monochromatic screens, diagonal tape mimics the room's perimeter, a yellow pole stands tall to the ceiling, and images are positioned to respond to one another, the space and other objects in the room. But images fall apart up close and lose their finely grained nature at a distance making it hard to find a middle ground for viewing and demanding movement. In some respects, then, there is little to be seen as the purported alchemy of image-making fails to trans-substantiate instead marking an irrecoverable loss of information.

Aislinn O'Donnell

DAVID BOWE

In Ridiculous sounds like a spell devised to impose light heartedness in an overly sober world. In actuality, it consists of a series of strong, but brazen images that mimic the Stations of the Cross. But it's not only religious practices that Bowe skewers. His work riffs off the idea of pilgrimages for scientific and religious purposes. His pictures conjure the ghostliness of Death Metal art and motorcycle gang patches. Apes are couched in Gothic tabernacle frames and a petulant, skeletal Dodo casts aspersions on Darwin by querying "Original of the species?" This work provokes sly grins and censures genuflection.

John Gayer

Bowe's "Ridiculous" (the artist's description) stations of the cross are just that. The ridiculousness is compounded by the fact that the artist has titled his parody of the Catholic narrative convention in Ridiculous: just in case we are not tuned in to his conceptual hijinks. Although there are potential moments of wit in works such as Darwin's Suicide, Bowe's stations are mostly devoid of intellectual or formal surprise. What is missing is a bit more referential layering and formal leaps that register beyond the church and evolution: David Godbold is one such artist whose themes are similar but formal and textual devices are less literal.

James Merrigan

CLAIRE F BYRNE

Engaging with the collecting of memorabilia, Claire Byrne has set up an old fashioned saturated living room. Amongst the 1950's furniture are accumulatively displayed framed photographs, prints and videos. The installation is multi layered and suggests different readings: it is an ode to the analogical form of memories, which unlike digital ones age and fade along with us. There are subtle choices in the framing such as an accidental snapshot of a wall placed in the largest gilded frame as maybe the most cherished memory. A repeated pattern in the photographs as well as in print is the doubling up sometimes as two figures mirroring each other, or as the photographic image comes apart and multiplies: as if these traces of ourselves were creating doubles with a life of their own as so many Doppelgänger. Byrne is not making an ironic comment on our compulsion to create and collect these memorabilia but is offering us a loving reflexion on it.

Michaëlle Cutaya

There are two televisions, one room-size projection, recordings of the Pixies and Björk, and climate control set on disaffection in Claire Byrne's 'We'll Go Back to Your House.' Once behind it, you find the foundations of Byrne's aesthetic in her wallpaper and small-framed drawings. Drawn in a scratchy,

gestural hand reminiscent of punk zines, they show excited bunches of youths without articulating precisely what's going on – faces grinning drunkenly, arms raised, the glow of shaded light-bulbs behind. Like in the work of Charles Avery or Raymond Pettibon, we get snapshots of binges and misadventures, and enjoy our momentary fly-on-the-wall status in the lives of others.

Curt Riegelnegg

SIMON DONNELLY

Donnelly's blue Fiesta has the desired surreal, thriller/horror sense of a Cronenberg movie. He created the full immersive experience designed, no-doubt, to transport us to a different psychological space, through as series of nightmarish props and tropes. He wants us to see his nightmares and to this degree he succeeds. The blackout interior, the decrepit old machine, a stark, anaemic, murky B&W projection, the oozy, slimy, growth breeding in all directions, grabs all our senses at once. There's a suggestion of an alternate time-world, fractured states of mind or another possible parallel universe, where synthetic biology and bioengineering run at the same pace as automotive engineering, where new organic forms exist and feed off out dated technologies, or where the cobwebs of our consciousness are made manifest, either way Donnelly wants to force us into his alternative dreamscape, he wants to get under our skin and into our psyches. His alien mind, his organism, continues its growth outside where parts of the car's frame, metal doors and bonnet melt into carapace and then erupt into lumpy fleshy forms, the Cylon life form is visible once again. But then its here the darkened veil is lifted, we are brought out of this terror state by a series of distracting animations encased in the surrounds of the car each with its own set of headphones. The vehicle goes from a complete manifestation of Donnelly's deep and dark desires to simply a prop supporting a series of artworks. The illusion is shattered and the dreamscape has departed. This is strong work and there is certainly dis-ease and discomfort to be found here but I'm not terrified... not yet at least.

Dobz O'Brien (Art/not art)

Simon Donnelly's Ford Fiesta transports visitors into a nightmarish world. The blisters of its ruptured skin hold videos recounting horrifying scenarios between awkward and frightened children and their hideous admonishers. Another nauseating video plays across the inner face of the windshield. Witnessing the psychological and physical torment of a figure tethered by veins on the body's surface also requires viewers share the vehicle's interior with the tentacled presence that resides there. Donnelly has effectively transferred the idea of the haunted house to the car. This work is the kind of thing that thrills teenage boys and anyone with a taste for gruesome fun.

John Gayer

IMELDA DONOHUE

Imelda Donohoe's exhibition is a video animation using sand to make the images. This work examines human emotion, specifically sadness. I think that the story is of shutting oneself away from reality and trying to find our way back. There is a feeling of loss and melancholy, but it's a bit safe. The soundtrack is distracting from the message, the tacky Irish music makes this like a tea add. This work without the sound track and shown in a more modern location could be very good, but in its current form it is more like advertising than fine art.

Eilish Tuíte

Although not particularly familiar with the process of sand animation, I can certainly appreciate the tremendous amount of work that Donohoe has invested in her film, with every frame having seemingly been composed individually. Haunting Irish music suitably conveys the melancholy content of the film, as a tale of isolation, depression and emerging community support unfolds on the screen. The artist could be ambitious with the commercial direction of this work, as it strikes me that it could potentially align well with one of the established or emerging campaigns for understanding depression or suicide prevention in the current Irish context.

Joanne Laws

NIAMH FAHY

Detachment, melancholia and uncertainty pervade Niamh Fahy's images and the single floor board component accompanying them. In her prints veils of intense colour permit only the faintest fragments of landscape to appear. These details hover precariously in the distance making it impossible to tell whether they might be emerging, disappearing or the product of a defective memory. In contrast, the pallid and anticlimactic What you'll live without barely warrants attention. It's your last breath also feels tenuous. Here, saccharin images of people and sunsets play on a small screen embedded in a suitcase full of moss, soil and old clothes.

John Gayer

These works are underpinned by the coherent development of a clear theme, 'The Knife of Never Letting Go'. The series of four mono-prints, wistful, evocative and dreamy, quietly dominate. The deep dense colours, pinks, reds, limey greens, strong orange and blue-purple, and strong verticals tensely compose the landscapes. Careful white mark making, delicate lines, tiny scratches and blurred puffs of ink offer a contrasting rhythm. The textures of the crumbling, dry soil, withering moss and deteriorating suitcase, components of it, it's your last breath, parallel the tactility of the prints. Unfortunately the plug and wiring is overly prominent and merges disruptively with the wall based sculptural print, What you'll live without.

Pippa Little

AMY HANRAHAN

In a long hallway, Amy Hanrahan's sixteen square photographs capture residual moments in the life of a family. Outwardly, Hanrahan declares a desire to concretise the relationships that give meaning to a family structure. One image sees a pit bull chained to the end of a caravan, and up to its waist in mud. Another shows a boy facing a faraway treeline with an axe slung over his shoulder. Seemingly innocuous props, like hoodies, bikes and piles of wood reveal that these photographs pivot on representations of difference, and the consequences of coming of age within a divisive social history.

Sean O'Sullivan

Although there are instances when the rural protagonists ("families") in Hanrahan's black and white photographs seem to be intentionally choreographed by the artist, these episodes of familial everyday habits are just shot with good timing and positioning. The pinhole blur at the edges of the photographs simulate an eyelash, evoking the blink of the eye before the moment is gone, and with that the memory of the event. Underpinning these modest portrayals of the familiar is an element of dysfunctional play: a young child sits in the driving seat of a quad whilst the axe that is carried by her 'brother' is positioned halo-like above her head. All in all, a cohesive and confident pictorial output that is narrative rich.

James Merrigan

MIKE HEFFERNAN

Mike's work leans more towards indie film and cinema rather than fine art video. Two stories, two highly stylized works, are presented on a computer screen and TV monitor complete with soundtrack. The story of the drunk farmer and the day-in-the-life of a young man are humorous, introspective, violent and visually arresting. Although the work is not autobiographical, he suggests he hides behind or perhaps within his characters – he draws from his own failures and disappointments to feed his narratives.

Mary Conlon

A melodrama-style film and a narrated slide-show each documented scenarios involving a fictitious Mr Warr, his descent into madness, and his attempts to seek solace. The slide-show best showcased the artist's ingenuity and talent in this regard, demonstrating a cool capacity for literary and symbolic association, executed with meticulous aesthetic and technical proficiency. Divided into 'acts', with fairy-tale symbolism, the unfolding plot was graphically illustrated with still compositions. The work would benefit from a slower-paced, less dense voice-over narration, but overall this is an innovative and theatrical model of narrative construction that the artist should definitely pursue and further make his own.

Joanne Laws

DANIEL HICKEY

Daniel Hickey's exhibition is a large modern spinning lantern, and two large woodblock prints. The concept of this work 'death', which eventually renders our life's labour insignificant. The installation can be described as masculine and sinister, it reminds me of Dante's Inferno and it's description of hell. The noise renders the audience mute by its volume, the spinning lantern moves so fast it feels like it will tear itself apart. The prints are in a forgotten hallway, they are good but can be past bye and are a bit of an anticlimax from the insulation.

Eilish Tuíte

The German Expressionists of the early twentieth century used the versatile discipline of woodcut printmaking to roughen and fragment their images, producing skewed, distorted renditions of figures, textures, and landscapes. Daniel Hickey emulates their fractured pictorial touches to depict scenes of wretched folk in sitting rooms and alleyways. The artist's establishment of atmosphere assures us of the psychic beating they've taken. His reference to German concentration camps may overstate the case, but the stilted hypocrisy of the axiom "labour sets you free" also colours his broken subjects as victims of a heartless plutocracy, or other forces beyond their control.

Curt Riegelnegg

OWEN A KELLEHER

Now there are a lot of artworks in this small exhibition space and not all of it totally works. A good curatorial edit would have been of great benefit to Kelleher. The main floor was taken up with a wooden and perspex skate ramp, which housed numerous of video works, maybe a work for the future but for now seemed indigeneat, a bit leaden and under realised. On the walls there were a number of assemblages using skateboard detritus boards, boots, spray cans, tools of the trade for every boarder but again it seems to be more sketches rather than finished work maybe with the exception of the humorous fake neon works etched on the backs of raw boards. Maybe on the other hand these lend themselves to create an overarching atmosphere or sensibility, a vibe, from which to read the rest of the show. But, for me, it's the photographic works that steal the show. The ghostly presence of the skate park at night. Lit like a theatre of dreams, of endless activity and repetition, captured magically and vibrantly through the trace movement and flow of boarders animating the still night. In the series of smaller B&Ws photographs Kelleher seems to doff his baseball cap to the west coast Santa Monica aesthetic of the Z-boys of the 70's. The framing built from broken boards awash with colour and style and personalised signatures are full of charm and add a dynam

that offered a memorable moment of humour amongst the tones of immanent doom.

James Merrigan

ALICIA LYDON

Alicia Lydon's restrained presentation consists of three interrelated parts: a video installation, a series of drawings and an accompanying text that speaks of the eroding quality of image files shared on the internet. The video absence.rar consists of a short looped sequence drawn from Hitchcock's *North by Northwest* that exemplifies the latter practice. The drawings offer a parallel linear narrative. Depicting a pixelated landscape in progressive stages of development or decay, we can read the story from left to right or vice versa. This compilation of elements constitutes a potent meditation on the use and evolving nature of visual information.

John Gayer

The room might be an installation in its own right. Seating squeezed accordion-style up the rear walls. Metallic circles resembling hubcaps hang above the door. Whilst vibrations of sound make themselves felt through our bodies, the vibrations of light are smoothed out by the eye. This looped film tries to make the image move, jitter and flicker, and succeeds in creating a harsh unease. The endless circularity of the chase around Mount Rushmore produces anxiety but it seems as though the images shake because they are over-burdened by the weight of information and drama that allows little room to breathe. In some ways, the pencilled images on graph paper better communicate matter's movements and information's redundancy.

Aislinn O'Donnell

CIARA J MCAULIFFE

In the centre of a room, Ciara McAuliffe rigged three rocking chairs to oscillating gears, so they would swing forward and back. One seat was decorated in colourful wool, and another in hanging tags and stick-on plastic phrases. The gears produced an impressive, repetitive thud. McAuliffe's thread and lettering were likely inherited from an accompanying series of modified photographs, and her installation is the poorer for it. The rocking chair is already fossilised as a prop for familial identity. Its unsettling sound conveys a concise aesthetic message, which is undercut by extraneous artefacts; the idiom 'kill your darlings' feels appropriate.

Sean O'Sullivan

Psychological and social trauma nourishes artists now the same as it ever has, and Ciara McAuliffe chooses a time-tested vehicle of childhood anxieties in her yarn depictions of the tropes of fairy tales. Her double exposure prints of chairs on which are stitched overlaid images of grandmothers (likely hers) and wolves sparsely illustrate the fairytale dichotomizing of love and fear with an attenuated, light-hearted sensibility. The nearby rocking chairs are an installation version of the same idea, but rely distractingly on the inclusion of totems like tea bags in a decorative homage to the Mad Hatter.

Curt Riegelnegg

MICHELLE MCCLOSKEY

Shadows form the focus of McCloskey's digitally produced photo works. She finds herself seduced by their duality – the fact they are simultaneously real and ghost-like – and incorporates these views into her practice. Suggesting something between or combinations of photographs, night vision technology and negative images, her pictures are suitably eerie, but not totally unconventional. They depict white spectral figures from unusual perspectives. Marks suggesting the presence of splatters, scratches, dust and hair also interrupt some views. Presented in two sets of 3, the works occupy adjacent spaces. This welcome participatory element urges viewers to compare and contrast the two groups.

John Gayer

Domestic interiors can often be imagined as the sites of concealed malice. Such is the effect of Michelle McCloskey's photographs, washed out negatives of the hallways and staircases of a comfortable-looking home. The edges grow misty and blurred, as if in viewing the pieces we are inside the vision of someone drowsy or drunk. The tilted worm's eye angles accentuate the reorientation of perception, with the crux being the insertion of shadows, sharp remnants of human presence that slant along doors and walls. Thanks to the clear direction of McCloskey's formal choices, the effect is understated and consistent.

Curt Riegelnegg

REBEKAH M NOLAN

Rebekah's work pays homage to the women's rights movement since the 1960s. Grainy black and white photographs are placed in long strips to mimic a roll of analogue film unting these women as they protest against violence, fight for equality, demand to be heard. The aesthetic could suggest that the movement has not moved on or as a challenge to post-feminism. Has the complexity of the situation been grasped? What of the

JOSIE O'CONNOR

A wall drawing of blonde hair, a telegraph pole, a female nude, all tied together to a floating flat screen of whistling girls and hand puppets. Then two screens with headphones, one of miscellaneous urban scenes, mumbling voices, escalators, toilets, signs, the banal and the everyday once again just passing by. The next video work was probably the most interesting of all and the one I felt (prayed) might unlock this poser or tie it somewhat together as an exhibition but to my disappointment it only fuelled the already billowing fog.

On the monitor was a theatre set, for naked hand puppets engaged in short fragmented conversations veiled in an orange hue. Mesmeric in its own right one became attracted to its sense of play, with obvious levels of humour, but ultimately it left me, the viewer, un-satisfied or outside of the collective narrative unfolding. Unfortunately for me the loops, the fragments, the drawing, the dialogue and humour just didn't tie together as much as I really wanted it to and if I'm to be completely honest I'm not fully sure if I'll ever know exactly where O'Connor was going with this, and that's not necessarily a bad thing.

Dobz O'Brien (Art/not art)

O'Connor's presentation is made up of three videos framed by a mural: the mural lacks finish and adds nothing to the whole. However, the premise of the cyclic nature of women's storytelling vs the linearity of the "male hero's journey" is rich with potential and O'Connor's sense of play within the three works is infectious, if not fully realised. The best effort is a theatrical piece in which the performer is hunkered down within what could be a Punch and Judy booth. The crown of her head is visible and her raised hands 'talk' in sync with the audio and subtitles. The narrative, although intentionally tangled, needs some fine tuning but the possibilities are endless, minus the mural.

James Merrigan

SARAH O'NEILL

In her acknowledgements, Sarah thanks her "Mammy for always being the person (she) could count on when the shit hit the fan" – so already filled with positivity and hope, I went to see H.O.P.E – Have Only Positive Expectations. The backwall was wall-papered top to bottom with images, slogans and pithy axioms of positive thoughts and encouragement. Sarah is a one-man army against negativity and her propaganda is effective if tinged with hints of tongue-in-cheek cynicism through subtle military/political signifiers. The telephone booth is the highlight as sound-bites spliced together from movies, political debates and other sources speak to you down the receiver.

Mary Conlon

Printed wallpaper covers one entire wall while a red telephone booth stands in the middle of O'Neill's busy installation. Lettering from shop signs wind around the top of the phone booth spelling out the words 'Excel', 'Question', 'Dare', and 'Aspire'. Stepping into the booth and picking up the phone rewards you with positive reinforcements, snippets of sentiments from famous speeches cut together to form an optimistic medley. On the wallpaper, images combine with text to repeat this positive message, reminiscent of Shepard Fairey's HOPE posters for the Obama campaign. With this work O'Neill is attempting to fight the often negative spin that the media creates around world events.

Aoife Flynn

TERESA M OWENS

Owens' produces gentle images that exude a warm glow. They remind us of faded photographs or old paintings whose colours are obscured by veils of yellowed varnish. Exploring Romantic Ireland through photography, her work proposes narratives that evoke the passage of time. She accomplishes this through intimating atmospheric perspective and overlapping exposures to create multiple perspectives. Though my eyes were taken by the sensuous qualities of the work, the mind wasn't similarly affected. The larger and more complex *Cad a bhí uair amháin*, which pictures a ghost-like ruin, and *Haystacks* Réimse stood out as Owens' most successful creations.

John Gayer

Owens' Untitled film successfully balances providing a tongue in cheek nostalgic countryside with sufficient intervention to remain ambiguous. Doubt as to the age of the footage is cast by a little-too-new tractor and dilapidated sheds. This is off-set by a deadpan approach to filming a donkey, which is convincingly worthy of a historical Tourism Board sponsored promotional film. However, the exhibited work overall; two series of photographs, two books and the film, suffer from the temptation to exhibit almost all of the materials generated. A targeted selection process, clearly differentiating items associated with exploring and progressing an idea and those that are considered a final, finished artwork, would be useful.

Pippa Little

as a stove or a washing machine relieves the work of its potential didacticism – the domestic space as confinement for women. Her work is an enjoyable combination of comical performances with playful titles – *High Heels*, *High Hopes* or *Married to the House* instead of the *Man You Thought It Was*. All about.

Michaëlle Cutaya

MARIAN SHEEHAN

Marian Sheehan's exhibition consists of sketchbook, embroidered birds, painted trees and a nature sound track. It is examining the fragility of nature Sheehan wants to impose into the urban landscape. I like the quietness of the embroidered birds, but I think the other work is unnecessary; less is more. The sound track and the tree are a little armature theatre. A white wall with a few birds' pieces can talk more about nature than all of the other stuff. Another criticism is sound leak of the chirping bird effect my viewing of other work.

Eilish Tuile

In a room off the main reception, large cut out brown trees illuminated from beneath cast their shadows on the cornice, delicately embroidered birds adorn the walls and their song sounds from the confessional. I think of primary school. Projects on nature, the clumsy back drop of school plays and the woods behind the buildings. There is a rather quaint and awkward nostalgia to the space, less Victorian than the earnestness of the project of a child who enthusiastically gathers the world of the bird and gives it literal form.

Aislinn O'Donnell

HEATHER SHERRY

The Ugly Face of Beauty is a compelling work composed out of 195 drawn portraits that in today's appearance-conscious society are anything but appealing. But just step well back from the huge wall mounted rectangle of faces Sherry has assembled and you will see the visage of a glamorous model. While the idea of making a large picture out of many little ones has often been repeated, this image shift makes a powerful visual impact. Inspired by Katie Piper's documentaries, Sherry's carefully modulated drawings speak of injustice. They are empathetic and depict people affected by facial disfigurement as unique individuals.

John Gayer

Heather Sherry's *The Ugly Face of Beauty* is at first an imposing piece of morality. It is noteworthy that the artist hand-rendered, over God-knows-how-many hours, the faces of those with severe burns, facial tumours, and cleft palates and combined them into an 8-foot tall fuzzy mosaic of what is said to be a conventionally beautiful face in the centre. The stated intention is that we the viewers respect the beauty inherent in the subjects. The painstakingly and even tender penciling softens what might otherwise be oppressively confrontational images, and the piece, after a few minutes of observation, follows through in its modest aims.

Curt Riegelnegg

JACOB STACK

Stack's 'wee bits of drawing' on MDF hover at the fringes of the worthy world of cartoons. Much as he may dislike 'rambling concepts', the delicate drawings and figurines on miniature scale retain such sensitivity to the pathos and bathos of existence that tiny unmonumental scraps of fictional encounter come to feel like remnants of a Greek tragedy written by Andy Kaufman. A renunciant sensibility is evident even in the large scale drawing that people scour for moments of anti-heroic humour and observation. Torn fragments of pages, scraps of tape on cardboard, paint on wood: the anxiety before the infinite ordinariness associated with the sublime is inverted as the relentless masochism of the imagination driving reason to faith is supplanted with mischief and a rather less severe humility. So much for Caspar David Friedrich. I think I prefer these little robots and bears.

Aislinn O'Donnell

Portraying an eye for detail and a technical proficiency in draftsmanship, Stack's drawings and small models provided a modest showcase of some intricate work. Attempts to incorporate found-objects into the work attest to a potential area for growth, although the display of such elements could be given more consideration. The subject matter and focus of the work seemed unresolved, however the divergence between large and small scale worked well, with the larger drawing still retaining a capacity to draw the viewer in close. Most intriguing was his nonchalant artist's statement, which almost conveyed a different persona than was evident in the work itself.

Joanne Laws

DAVID WHELAN

David Whelan had a great time in college. In his graduate exhibition, David presents his 'freaky family' through drawn portraits and sculptural masks with an energy that smacks of confidence in his craft. It is bold, colourful, at times funny and certainly imaginative. Unfortunately not much

proposition. An invitation to the tech savvy to interact. If, on the other hand you don't have a smartphone or don't realize the surface of this work is a technological trigger point, you are left with trying to decipher what is left, namely two large prints. Therefore the work offers a number of ways in, with or without technology, and raises a number of questions about not just the possibility of understanding or interacting via the surface of an artwork but also the works inherent exclusiveness. Artemeva states "Through the juxtaposition of technologies I explore the ephemera of the inevitable control of both the private and the social. I aim to provoke a dialogue, whether it is world web wide, intrapersonal or discursive."

Paul Sullivan

To engage in its entirety, Entitled requires an iPhone to scan the QR code. Otherwise there is no means of reaching the website to which it connects, or to return to it, to reconsider the message and perhaps to leave a comment. This is a clear and largely deliberate issue presented by this work, although it remains debatable as to how successful a strategy it is for a viewer who quite possibly cannot access this aspect. The question is mitigated by the presentation of the diptych as photographic prints that initially resemble lino-cuts and the tensions involved in the discrepancy between the surface and the scanning activity. One connects and one is barren, as the pattern degrades into stripes and marks.

Pippa Little

LOTTE BENDER

In Lotte Bender's photographic installation, a figure sits in a chair, leaning forward with her hands cupped at her mouth to prepare for a yell. Her 'yell' takes form as a shadow, which extends out of the photo's frame, and across the floor to a perpendicular wall. This shadow is painted to match the figure's pose, as though the yell were floodlit from behind. Bender submits a promising arrangement, but one that should have been staged at a far grander scale, with the paint's surface and depth of colour receiving closer detail. Nevertheless, her conceptual premise is sensitive and intelligent.

Sean O'Sullivan

Quietly occupying the bottom corner of a square room, the artist's photographic print was displayed, featuring a woman sitting in a chair, gesturing with her hands, perhaps as if to shout (inaudibly) at the viewer. A pale shadow of the seated figure was cast on the floor of the room and on the adjacent wall, but closer inspection the viewer sees that the shadow has in fact been painted in a suitable shade of grey. From this 'drawn in' perspective, the viewer realises that sometimes it is the inobtrusive, less 'monumental' works that have the loudest and most robust takes to tell.

Joanne Laws

ANNA CAREY

The title *Stimulated Walls* brought to mind the Support Structure Manifesto although the work presented at LSAD did not keep true to the promise of "physical and intellectual" engagement but was a rather timid and contained reference to urban renewal. Anna's 'real' work is out on the city walls and unfortunately, in the traditional exhibition space, her work was not so stimulating. Perhaps documentation of her activities outside the studio/art college setting and of her working with groups would have brought a better understanding of her practice.

Mary Conlon

Probably the most immediately incongruous thing in the Sculpture and Combined Media Gallery, Anna Carey's bubbly, bright, graphic writing of the phrase "Stimulated Walls" is eye-catching to be sure. Since Carey mentions in her statement that she tries to let the style and wording of pieces like this serve as a commentary of the space around it, the glibly descriptive 2-word phrase does cause the viewer to connect it to its surroundings. Exactly how are these walls being stimulated? In fact, how can something of block and sheetrock receive that kind of input? It's casual, chewable food for thought, anyway.

Curt Riegelnegg

LAURA CAREY

This could be a perfect metaphor for surviving any Fine Art degree course, four years of fragility, fear, failure coupled with academic fragility, while exposing oneself for regular criticism and ridicule. Our pretty performer dressed in a little black evening dress struggles to maintain her balance as she slowly rotates on top of her own personal mountain of research, of academic journals, art and philosophy books and papers. This is not a slapstick gesture, there will be no moment of catastrophe & hilarity, while not without humour, it is the everlasting ritual of vertiginous precarity that all artists must tread.

We see it looped on a large flat screen that also sits loosely on the said same pile of tomes in the middle of the floor. It doesn't seem as fraught or having as much at stake, no precipitant sense of disaster, or the possibility of a calamitous crash to the floor as the screen is too safely rooted and fixed which practically negates the affect of the Carey's nimble acrobatics. If this is her metaphor its beauty lies in its simplicity. It's an arduous task – Art College, and maybe it's not for everyone. And I'm wondering if Carey is telling us this too.

Dobz O'Brien (Art/not art)

Sometimes there is a temptation to read work metaphorically as a grand narrative about the state of society (or physics) rather than looking at what is there. Carey's work invites plentiful pontification about futility and uselessness in capitalist life. It could be about work-life balance, the precariat, despair, crisis, inner peace or any number of pressing contemporary issues. Why such grand theorising? There are some books. Why not stand on them? Ah, the skill and disciplined intent required to sustain any persistently futile activity like trying to walk around on a stack of books. The proprioceptive capacities kick in and the toes curl. Resist the disease of interpretosis that tries to find a deeper significance in everything. Around and around in the kitchen, creaking sounds of metal accompanying the concentrated circles. No angst, rather serious. The task of balancing. The joy of existence.

Aislinn O'Donnell

DECLAN J CASEY

Company that the perambulating figure of Moby Struts might enjoy, if ever he broke with his solitude, could include denizens like Bartleby, Billy Budd, and Molloy. The film: A figure stands on a boat, waves through a river, climbs a tree, stands at the windows of a ruin, goes inside, looks. He contemplates the world and the world contemplates itself through him. Only movements. A gaze like Balzhazar the donkey. The 'real' Moby enters, sits, takes off his hat and coat, sits, looks at us, looks at himself on film. Leaves. This minimal and generic conception of humanity – a singular existent identified only by a hesitant gait, gestures (hands on plinth), rituals (around he goes), emanating decency – moves me in its resilient beauty. Persisting. On. On. Might such anti-heroes become the new exemplars for humanity?

Joanne Laws

The protagonist of Casey's film-work and performance art is his alter ego Moby Streets. An unlikely figure in a Magritte-esque black trench coat and bowler hat, Streets is steadfast against the elements as he embarks on surreal 'counter-conduct', scaling walls and walking up river, against the flow. His deadpan demeanour exudes comedy and absurdity, yet his relentless efforts are heart-wrenching, almost tragic in what they reveal about the human condition. It would be interesting to observe some sort of commentary from this pseudo-businessman given the current socio-economic crisis,



Laura Carey "Balance" 2012 "It's an arduous task – Art College, and maybe it's not for everyone. And I'm wondering if Carey is telling us this too." Dobz O'Brien (Art/not art)

which could anchor Moby Streets more purposefully in the immediate terrain, like Patrick Ireland before him.

Aislinn O'Donnell

DYMPNA CASEY

Dympna Casey's video installation explores her own unconscious mind and the Demons that are housed in it. Some of the images are quite interesting, even introspective they would make beautiful large photographs, but some of this work is clichéd in a B Horror Movie way. The sound is unconnected, it reminds me of a rock opera, the art work would have been better silent like many things. I would love to see some of the more obscure images in print. But at the moment it feels like an 80's music video.

Eilish Tuile

Dympna's video work begins like a Prodigy music video: heavy base, gritty scene, jumpy sequencing. Populated by a series of grotesque characters, a Papa Lazarou look-alike is the ringmaster to this nightmarish freak show – there are references also to the notorious eyeball scene from the surrealist film, *Un Chien Andalou*. We are dealing with the 'unconscious mind' and the coping mechanisms of someone who was bullied as a child. In spite of incorporating issues of self-esteem and self-torment into her work, there is no sense of self-pity but a sense of resilience and defiance – and a touch of punk.

Mary Conlon

MICHELLE B EGAN

In her two wall-height marker drawings, Michelle Egan outlined the faces of two grinning young men, describing both their character and their respective physical imperfections. Both had their front teeth knocked out; the line drawings described minor damage to their gums, straggling hair and deeply bloodshot eyes. They're seemingly laughing the pain off. Their composition and pose could easily place them in mid-routine for the world's most awkward boy-band. Egan's unadorned, yet descriptive style of drawing is certainly adaptable to even more ambitious settings than this one wall; it already makes a convincing spectacle out of the sculpture studio's architecture.

Sean O'Sullivan

Taking her cue from Pedro Almodovar's fascination for defective (as opposed to idealised) portraiture, Michelle Egan presents two large portraits drawn with marker on the wall of two smiling men whose main defect is to be missing either tooth or teeth. Surely something to do with the title – a film in a video game? – but the work looks too much like a last minute job to spend the time finding out.

Michaëlle Cutaya

STEPHANIE FITZGERALD

Stephanie's work suggests a sense of dissatisfaction with the urban environment and the everyday. Whether this is a critique of modern development and planning is not clear but the work, which she grounds in psychogeography, is less about the political motivation of a *dérive* and more the pedestrian exploration of the *flâneur*. With commercial software she creates a new labyrinthine cityscape mapped in malleable steel. I would like to stand on a ladder or float above this low-level construction, which reminds me of 3D Pacman game, but... You are here

Mary Conlon

MEADHBH FITZGIBBON MOORE

On my witnessing of Fitzgibbon Moore's performance I first encountered the angelic faced performer stiffly sitting astride the keys of an upright piano. Dressed in a satin turquoise evening gown that now looked a bit worse for wear, she posed. Over the next 25mins she gracefully pirouetted and dextrously elevated herself to more precarious overhanging positions while creating her own discordant soundtrack through the accidental contact with the piano keys during her circum-navigation of the piano. The elements of physicality and endurance were translated to one of bodily form in space, balletic aesthetics and choreography. This wasn't about pain and penance but an exploration or reflection on grace and beauty of human extortion and form. Fitzgibbon Moore's adept ability for poise, the statuesque and flawless transitional segments suggest an inherent understanding of dance. And to me it read like that, a piece of interpretative dance, which I became suitably lost in and enjoyed as time drifted by at pace. One final work of wanting for Fitzgibbon Moore, she must become more aware of the performing art canon, in order to differentiate herself from other beautiful blondes in evening dresses, in order for her to fight for her own particular place within it.

Dobz O'Brien (Art/not art)

This is an exciting time and context for emerging performance artists, with an upsurge in recent years not only in the art-form, but also in the apparatus surrounding its distribution and critical reception. I would suggest that emerging practitioners attend the many live performances and symposiums currently occurring in mainstream institutions and artist led spaces, to familiarise themselves with the opportunities for real world applications within their field. Occasionally established performance artists require assistants or participants for particular projects, and this would be an advantageous opportunity for a recent graduate.

Joanne Laws

AIFRIC NI SHRUTHAIN

Aifric Ni Shruithaine's artwork is in a large group show. Her art piece is a ground installation of washing power with imprints of child's clothing, the small takes over the space hitting the audience long before you see the work. For those in the know before LSAD moved into this building it was a Magdalene Laundry, it is easy to read this work as a comment on this history. But this work is looking at rekindling memory through the sense of smell, it is a novel way to experiencing artwork. Would like to see this in a public space.

Eilish Tuile

It is brave to (carefully) chuck a load of washing powder on the floor, give it form and then imprint the impressions of children's clothes, in particular when non-attentive viewers are prone to stumble through it or take it to be a participatory artwork. The faint whiff of its detergent qualities intimates to us that the substance of the work matters. Then the eye trails to the sink, the metal bars, and the high windows. Suddenly, the force of the past shatters our faint curiosity with the realisation that the women of the Magdalene

Laundry once moved through this space. The imprints seem almost superfluous as an unadorned rectangular scattering of Daz (or any other brand) might carry sufficient revolutionary charge to provoke the shame required to re-examine our relation to our institutions.

Aislinn O'Donnell

TERESA B O'DWYER

In one of Teresa O'Dwyer's photographs, a girl lies in the ivy, apparently nude below the waist with her limbs unaturally contorted. The soles of her feet are caked in dark dirt. The viewer mostly sees the pale skin of a left leg, half curled toward her tank top and divided between shade and sunlight. A sheet of glass covering the photograph exaggerates this permanent freeze. Three other scenes in the series capture women in various states of sedimentation, in one case being compacted between two boulders. O'Dwyer's return to the earth is inextricable from the prospect of a death.

Sean O'Sullivan

Theresa B.O'Dwyer treats the figures in her mounted photographs as landscapes into themselves. Whether meshed with ivy or bridging the gap between stacked timbre, they rest like mountains and take on a colossal, elemental role. Given their organic monumentality, a larger printing of the work might bolster the positing of the female body as a stubborn force of nature. Nevertheless, the consistency of the figure's intransigence and her anonymity (a face is never visible), speak of a distinct respect for the female that is delicate enough not to muddle itself in polemics when a strong visual is at stake.

Curt Riegelnegg

MARTIN O'MAHONY

Martin O'Mahony makes miniatures of recurring social figures one might see in the news: loitering youths in trainers, an overweight man or a priest, which are then staged and photographed within a life size environment. Each of the three photographic prints presented here is accompanied with its own figurine placed as a footnote on a piece of perspex underneath. The photographs might be the subjective fantasies of the figurines below: the obese man eating junk-food seems to be contemplating a slightly slimmer self maniacally exercising in a carb-free world of vegetables; is the priest in a wheel chair daydreaming about the good old days when he could chase after choir boys? With minimal means O'Mahony sets up his little world that is both singular to itself and comment to our larger one.

Michaëlle Cutaya

FIONA SCALLY

Fiona Scally's work is drawn from an interest in architectural drawing and spatial relations. The lines of her stainless steel sculptures are clean and elegant (despite some rusting at the welds) creating three-dimensional diagrams of building structures and supports not dissimilar to Karl Burke's *Reveal* shown at King John's Castle in 2010. Her stated intention is to reflect on how buildings occupy space and how we interact with them: it is a pity that there appears to be little connection with the work here and the architecture of the exhibition space.

Mary Conlon

Created as responses to architectural diagrams, these minimalist structural studies are concerned with reflecting on how man-made space is occupied. This seems a worthwhile endeavour, given the recent collapse of the property market, the excess of depreciating vacant property and the devastation caused when homes become commodities. However I am placing my own interpretations onto the work in the absence of anything more definitive to go on. If the formal qualities of minimalist sculpture constitute the desired outcome then the fabrication needs to be more meticulous and seamless.

Joanne Laws

ELIZABETH TWOMEY

Elizabeth Twomey's work is inspired by childhood memories of tea rituals and develops as a pseudo ethnographic study of tea drinking and tea memories in Irish families. She is presenting 60 wall mounted photographs of handheld mugs of tea arranged 10 by 6, a video of a black cast-iron kettle over an open fire which we are told was how you boiled the water for tea 'in the past' – with accompanying audio of a crackling turf fire – and a book *The Visual Tales of Tea: Tea Talk*. The book has an introduction by the artist on the social and ritualistic dimensions of drinking tea and interviews on tea memory accompanying the mugs photographs and it would make an ideal – albeit inappropriately named – coffee table book.

Michaëlle Cutaya

'Tea Talk' is very literally the 'Visual Tales of Tea', and how this simple ritual is engrained within daily Irish life. The most engaging aspect of this work, for me, was not the glossy close-ups of hands holding tea-cups, or the video of an old kettle boiling on a turf fire, but a small, unassuming notebook containing a fascinating compilation of primary research. Interviews conducted in people's homes over tea (in the discussion of tea) retain a far more sophisticated series of propositions. Could these conversations be the art itself? (as in Duchamp's 'extended definition of Art' - Social Sculpture).

Joanne Laws

Information on "After the Future" and Fringe exhibitions can be found at www.eva.ie and runs until 12 August 2012. LIT graduate degree show, Clare Street, Limerick until 15th June 2012

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