



Shezad Dawood

NICK HACKWORTH started his trendy London gallery, Paradise Row, in Shezad Dawood's attic while Dawood, 34, toiled downstairs on his multicultural mash-ups. He has previously re-imagined movie posters in different settings - setting *Taxi Driver* in Karachi, for example. *Feature*, the 55-minute film he is showing at Tate Britain, is a cowboys and Indians shoot-'em-up with a difference - that difference being that the piece also features zombies, Krishna and the Cambridgeshire countryside. Right: a production still from *Feature*



Katie Paterson

IN DECEMBER, the 27-year-old Glaswegian was voted the winner of *The Independent's* first Creative 30 award for her recordings of both the internal gurgles of glaciers in Iceland and Beethoven's "Moonlight" Sonata having been transmitted to the Moon and back. Her other works, which all capture ephemeral natural phenomena - tides, glaciers, stars, waves - include a Moon bulb (above), a chart of all the dead stars ever recorded (27,000 or so), and a mobile phone that connects to a microphone inside a melting Icelandic ice-cap.



◀ embedded in tablets. And Shezad Dawood's film *Feature* mixes up all kinds of clichés - cowboys and Indians and Krishna and Wagner - amid a general mayhem.

Meanwhile, some works are so thumpingly dull (step forward Simon Starling, doing replications of replications of replications) that they can only have been chosen because somehow they ticked the right boxes. That's the occupational hazard of a programmatic show.

But this exhibition is not just a showcase for a new-coined movement. It

performs a more simple function. It gives a prominent public platform to a new generation of artists. It may feature some experienced hands, like Tacita Dean and Mike Nelson. It includes that most ancient avant-gardist, Gustav Metzger, born in 1926, and a veteran of "auto-destructive art". But most of the artists here are "emerging" - the children of the late 1960s and the 1970s, and even the 1980s.

And if you are seeking trends among them, what's most noticeable is not a cosmopolitan theme but a particular aesthetic. It's an aesthetic of loose, dis-

parate combinations. That old label "mixed media" now really means business, with this and that and the other co-existing and no attempt to make them fuse. A single installation could consist of, say, a laptop with a film playing, a diagram, a piece of model-making - and the broad hope that these bits are going to add up, or at least relate in a sparky way.

Conversely, you can be in a room, and not be sure whether it has works by one, two or three artists, and actually things play equally well each way. Take Spartacus Chetwynd's bank of

monitors showing some wacky pornodetective show, and next to it David Noonan's sinister cut-out figures: the connections you can make between them (remote as they are) are just as plausible as those between the various diverse architectural elements of Matthew Darbyshire's *Palace*.

Or another tendency: undigested information. There are several works that are basically presentations of interesting facts, cultural references, research projects. This is the age not only of globalisation, but of Google and Wiki and YouTube. Olivia Plender is inter-

ested in a breakaway Boy Scout movement from the 1920s. Ruth Ewan looks at the history of the accordion. In his projection installation, *Giantbum*, Nathaniel Mellors draws on Pasolini, Rabelais, cannibalism.

There's a subject lurking somewhere behind or around the work, but it doesn't matter what form it takes. The artist's ability to give a lively interview is as important as what appears in the gallery. Read this Triennial's catalogue and you'll find that names are dropped like Saturday night litter.

Diffuse forms and diffuse subjects -