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Paul's Art World

The former Editor at Large of Art World magazine, sets out ten recommended contemporary art shows in London now. He currently writes freelance, including for Art Monthly, The Art Newspaper, Photomonitor, STATE and Border Crossings, and has a quirky weekly online column at FAD Art News - see www.fadwebsite.com/?s=carey-kent+.

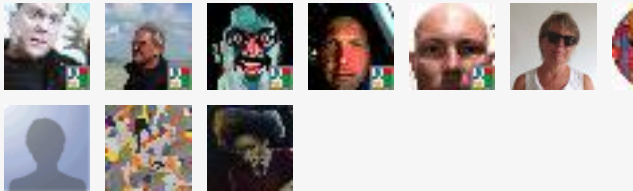
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Blog Archive

Thursday, 23 October 2014

CHOICES UP NOW

The latest in my rolling top ten, together with previous choices which you can still see

TEN CURRENT CHOICES

Martine Poppe: Anatidaephobia @ Kristin Hjellegjerde Gallery, 533 Old York Road - Wandsworth

To 16 Nov. www.kristinhjellegjerde.com

▼ 2014 (16)

▼ October (4)

CHOICES UP NOW

USELESS ART AT FRIEZE 2014

CHOICES FROM JULY - DEC 2014 NOW
CLOSED

TEN HOT ALTERNATIVES TO FRIEZE

▶ September (1)

▶ August (1)

▶ July (1)

▶ June (2)

▶ May (2)

▶ April (1)

▶ March (1)

▶ February (3)

▶ 2013 (33)

▶ 2012 (23)

▶ 2011 (25)

▶ 2010 (36)

▶ 2009 (6)

About Me



 Paul Carey-Kent

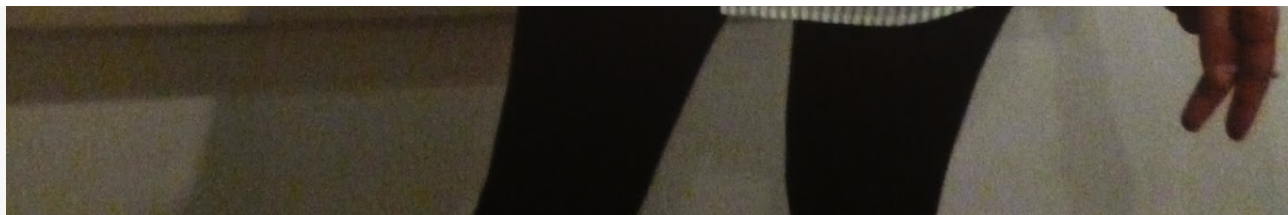
Southampton, Hampshire,
United Kingdom

I was in my leisure time Editor at Large of Art World magazine (which ran 2007-09) and now write freelance. I visit many art galleries and write widely on contemporary art. My tastes are fairly broad: to illustrate, I have written catalogue essays on Joseph



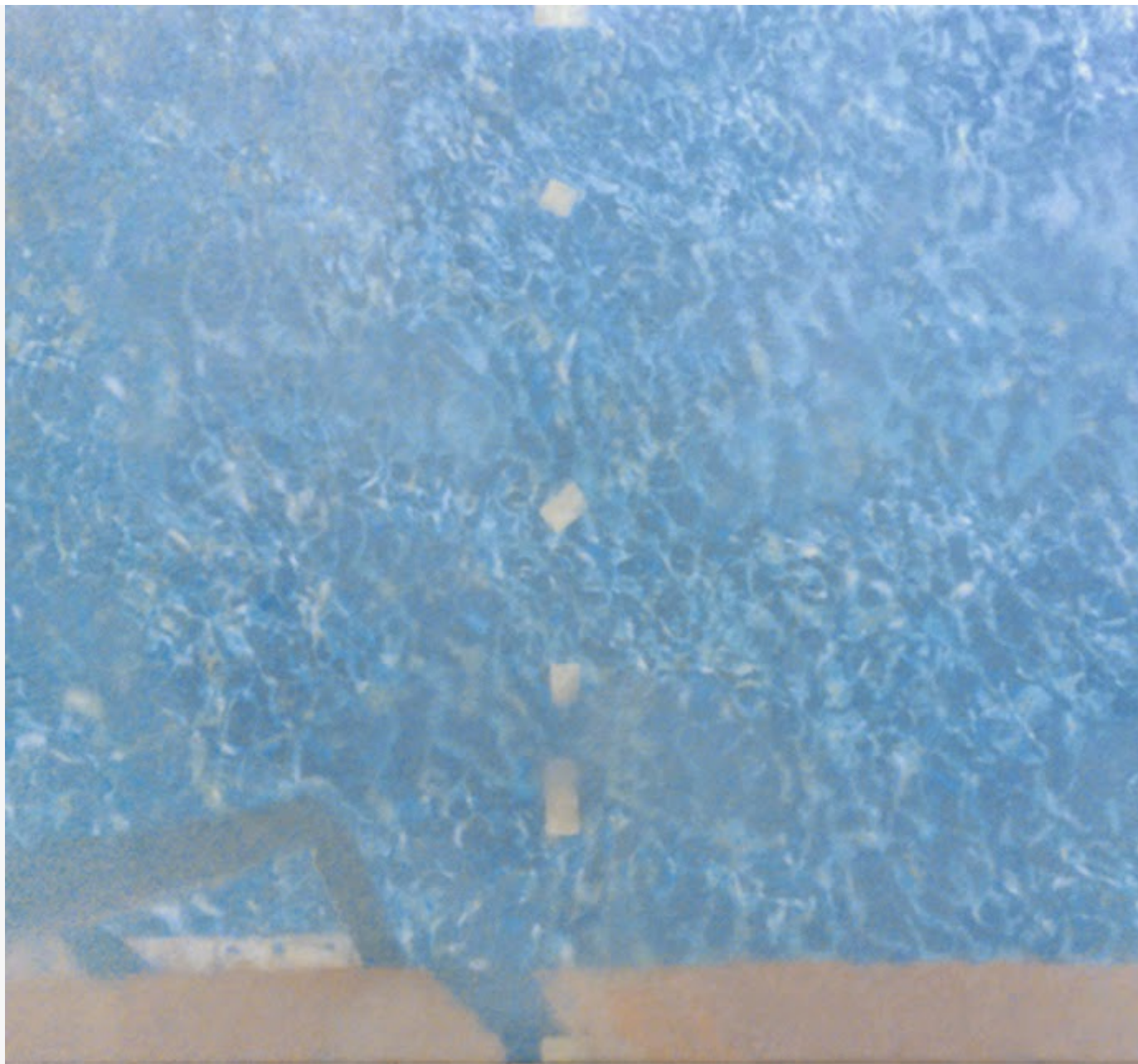
Beuys, German abstractionist Richard Schur, Spanish figurative painter Chema Cobo and London-based New Zealander David Rickard and . My interview features have included Arte Povera sculptor Giuseppe Penone, my favourite video artists Anri Sala and Aernout Mik and the multimedia Mexico-based Belgian Francis Alÿs. Among British-based artists I have interviewed such as Boo Ritson, Jemima Stehli, Nogah Engler, Roger Hiorns and Phyllida Barlow. I also favour 'picture essays', for example on destroying the gallery and on the upsidedown in art, and enjoy setting quizzes. Going back a bit my main writing background is poetry. My day job is the financial management of social care for Surrey County Council.

[View my complete profile](#)



Martine Poppe at the private view

London-based Norwegian Martine Poppe disguises and half reveals the object represented as the viewer moves around her paintings. Inspired during a Greek holiday by a list of imaginary phobias, one being fear of ducks, Poppe has applied her method to beach scenes in which she tracks between the view as experienced, its photographic representation (several complete with 'bloopers' such as her finger over the lens or her own shadow), those photographs as the material for sculptures of boats, and her painted version of the photographs. The results are satisfying both for the complexity of investigation of different levels of remove from reality, and for the what the press release calls the 'signature soft opalescent fracture' of the painted surfaces.



Analogical change #30 (Pool), 2014

Paul Nash: Watercolours 1920-46 @ Piano Nobile, 129 Portland Road - Holland Park

To 22 Nov. www.piano-nobile.com



Ruined Country: Old Battlefield, Vimy, near La Folle Wood , 1917-18

Paul Nash has no rival as an artist who captured both world wars, and there's no doubt about what his art owes to the experience of conflict. Yet the landscape, modernised and psychologised (wounded ground, erotic trees) is what drives Nash's uniquely persuasive combination of English and modern, and what better way to show that than through the immediacy of his watercolours? Piano Nobile has somehow gathered 35 of the highest quality, and commissioned David Boyd Hancock to write the exemplary catalogue. Quite possibly the best value show in London: £50,000 would secure you what I suspect is the passing fad of a David Ostrowski, or the perky ambiguities of 'Comment on Leda', 1935...



Comment on Leda, 1935

Justin Adian: Strangers @ Skarstedt Gallery, 23 Old Bond Street - Central

To Nov 22: www.skarstedt.com





Bellini, 2014 oil enamel and spray paint on ester foam and canvas

American artist Justin Adian's first UK exhibition is in line with current trends in deconstructing painting (yet again! – see, e.g. the 12 strong 'Beware Wet Paint!' at the ICA). His bulging, shaped, glossy canvases – often combines – go halfway to sculpture in their anti-traditional form. Add in his titles, though, and they turn out to have more figurative origins than you'd have thought, pricking the seriousness with which, say, Mondrian and Malevich are regarded. 'Bikini', 'Baffle' and the creased but intact 'Never Break' are among the knock-about titles. The jokes are consistent with the material: the canvas is wrapped around the sort of foam in which paintings are normally transported – so they are in a way the packaging of art moved inside to masquerade as art.



Celia Hempton: Chat Random @ Southard Reid, 7 Royalty Mews (off Dean St) - Soho

To 22 Nov: www.southardreid.com



Aldo and Jesi, Albania, 16th-august 2014

Celia Hempton has made a splash with a colourful and intimate paintings of those close to her. This new stream of work complements that by depicting 'live' 40 contrastingly anonymous subjects taken from her own interactions on the Internet site Chat Random. These reverse the usual power relationship between artist and model, as the model can terminate the process at any point. Sized to her computer screen, they are all male and often sexual – that's the nature of the site - and she's forced to work fast, faced by the chance aspect of when she will have to consider the painting finished. That helps energise

and vary the resulting combination of digital and painterly worlds.



Control Lapse @ Josh Lilley, 44-46 Riding House Street - Fitzrovia & **Brand New Second Hand** @ Vigo, 21 Dering St - Mayfair

To 10 Nov (Vigo) / 28 Nov (Lilley)



Kathleen Ryan's glazed ceramic and epoxy putty over steel stair rail

Control Lapse consists of cast objects, the title indicating that the nine artists chosen - largely American - allow processes to develop their own logic. The standard is high: this is the first London show for Scott Niall Macdonald's clinically surreal combinations of objects cast into white plaster purity. Ruairiadh O'Connell combines security railings with casts of net curtains caught up in them in a stand-off of privacies, linking neatly to Kathleen Ryan's ceramic cast over a railing, which takes on an angularly animated pose. An obvious

missing artist is Nika Neelova... But no problem: her latest castings, silicon rubber versions of the packaging from her own discarded sculptures, so refocusing onto her own practice her way of trapping the past in the present, are one of several highlights in the excellent 'Brand New Second Hand' at Vigo.





Nika Neelova 2011-2014 (*the practice of conscious dying*), 2014

What Marcel Duchamp Taught Me @ The Fine Art Society, 148 New Bond Street -
Central

To 5 Nov: www.faslondon.com

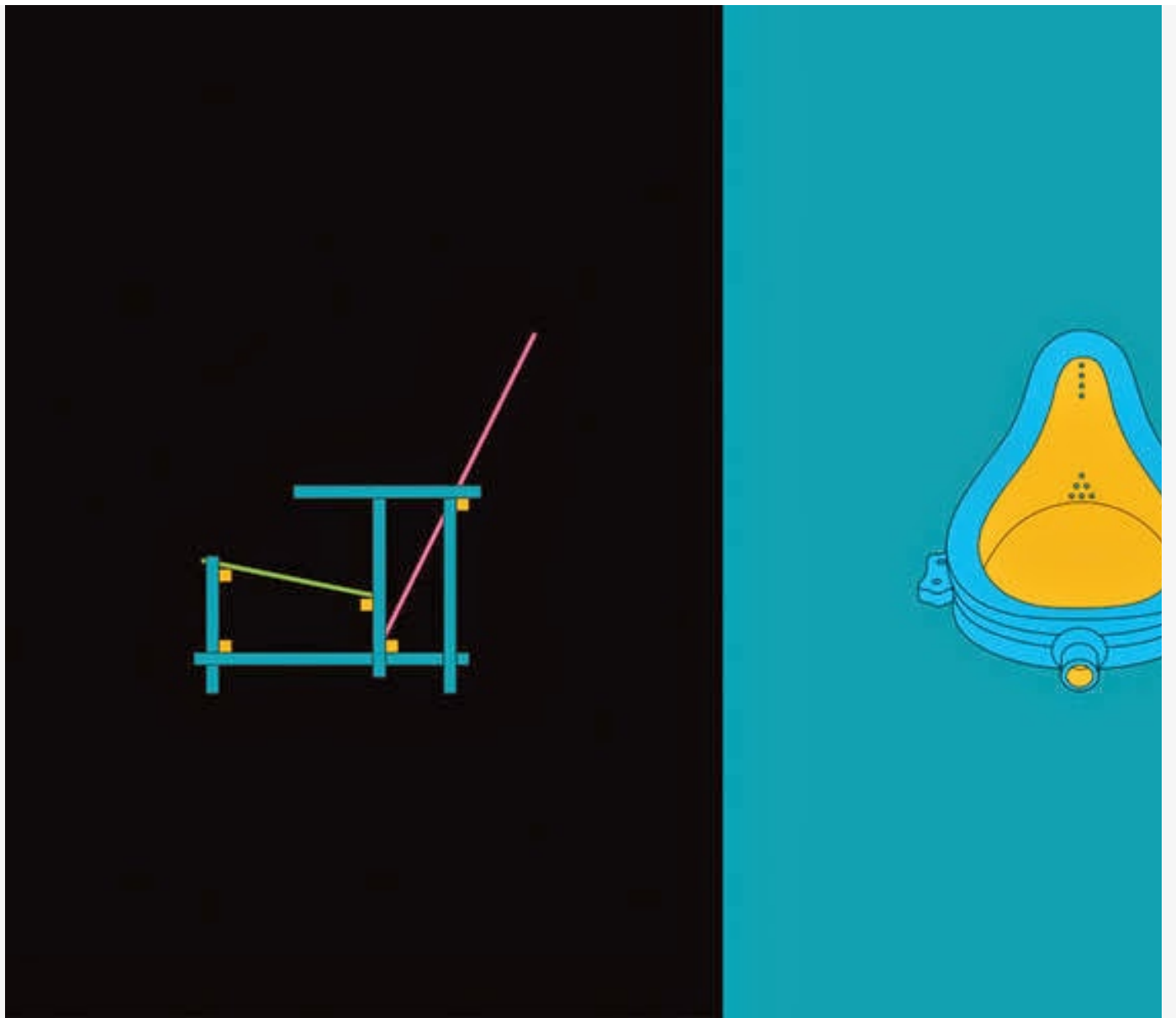




Annie Kevans: *Marcel Duchamp as Rose Selavy*, 2014

The oldest commercial Gallery space in London commemorates 100 years since

Duchamp's first ready-made with a riot of a show: over 50 artists on all five floors provide thoughts on the great enigma as well as work inspired by him, plus you can take a knockabout guided headset tour of the building's history. It's uneven, but all entertaining, and among the many highlights are Juliette Losq's take on *Étant donnés*, Alistair Mackie's forest and cuttlebones, Alex Seton's marble Glory Hole and Cedric Christsie's branding of the stairwells. Among the artists' comments I was struck by David Mach ('Duchamp didn't just move the goalposts, he obliterated the pitch') and David Shrigley quoting Bruce McLean: 'all the best artists piss about. Duchamp was brilliant at pissing about.'

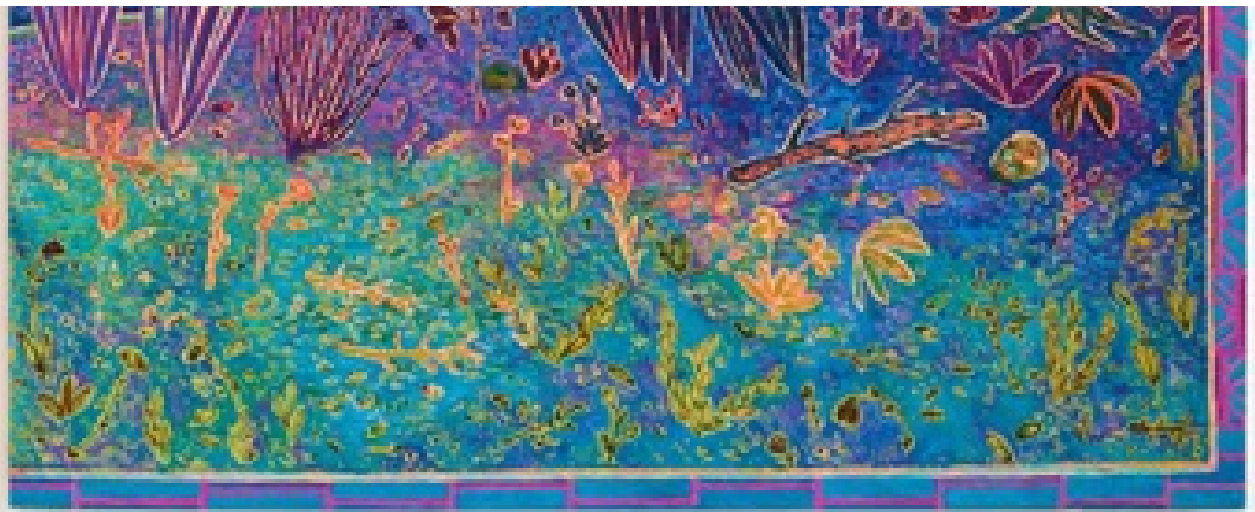


Michael Craig Martin: *Art and Design*, 1917, 2013

John McAllister: *stellar crush the sea* @ Carl Freedman Gallery, 29 Charlotte Rd &
Nogah Engler and Ori Gersht: *On Reflection* @ Mummery + Schnelle, 44A Charlotte
Rd - Shoreditch

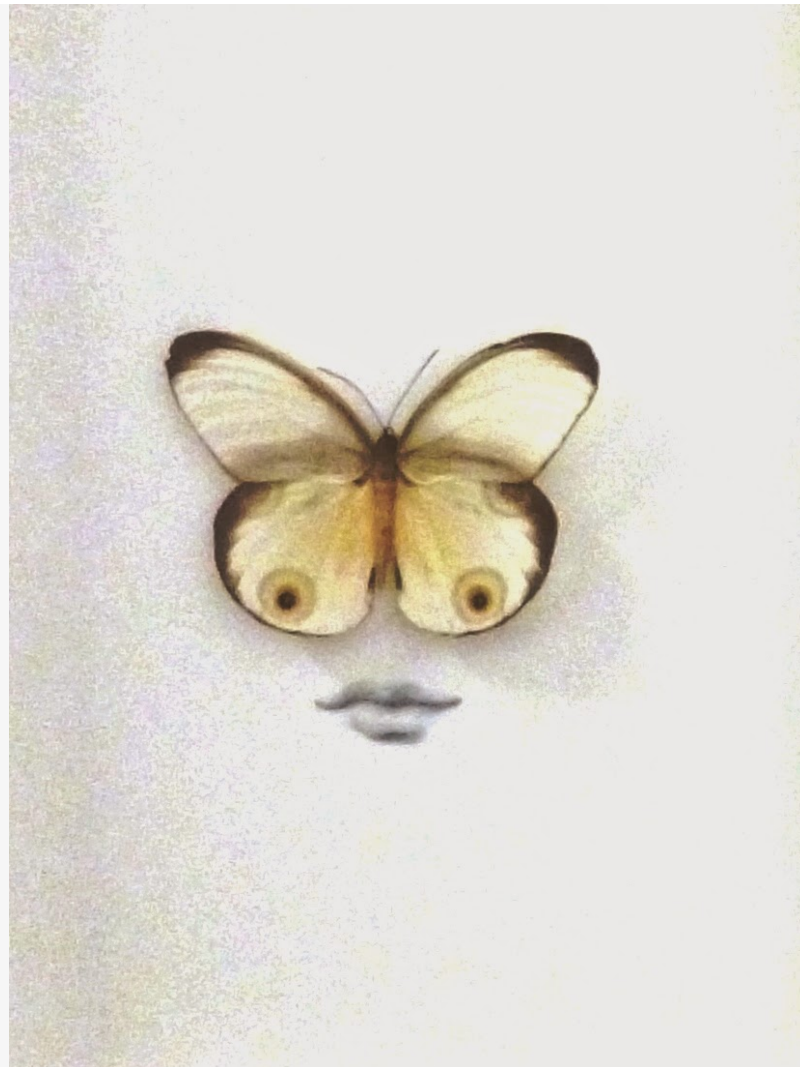
To 8 Nov - www.carlfreedman.com / 29 Nov - www.mummeryschnelle.com





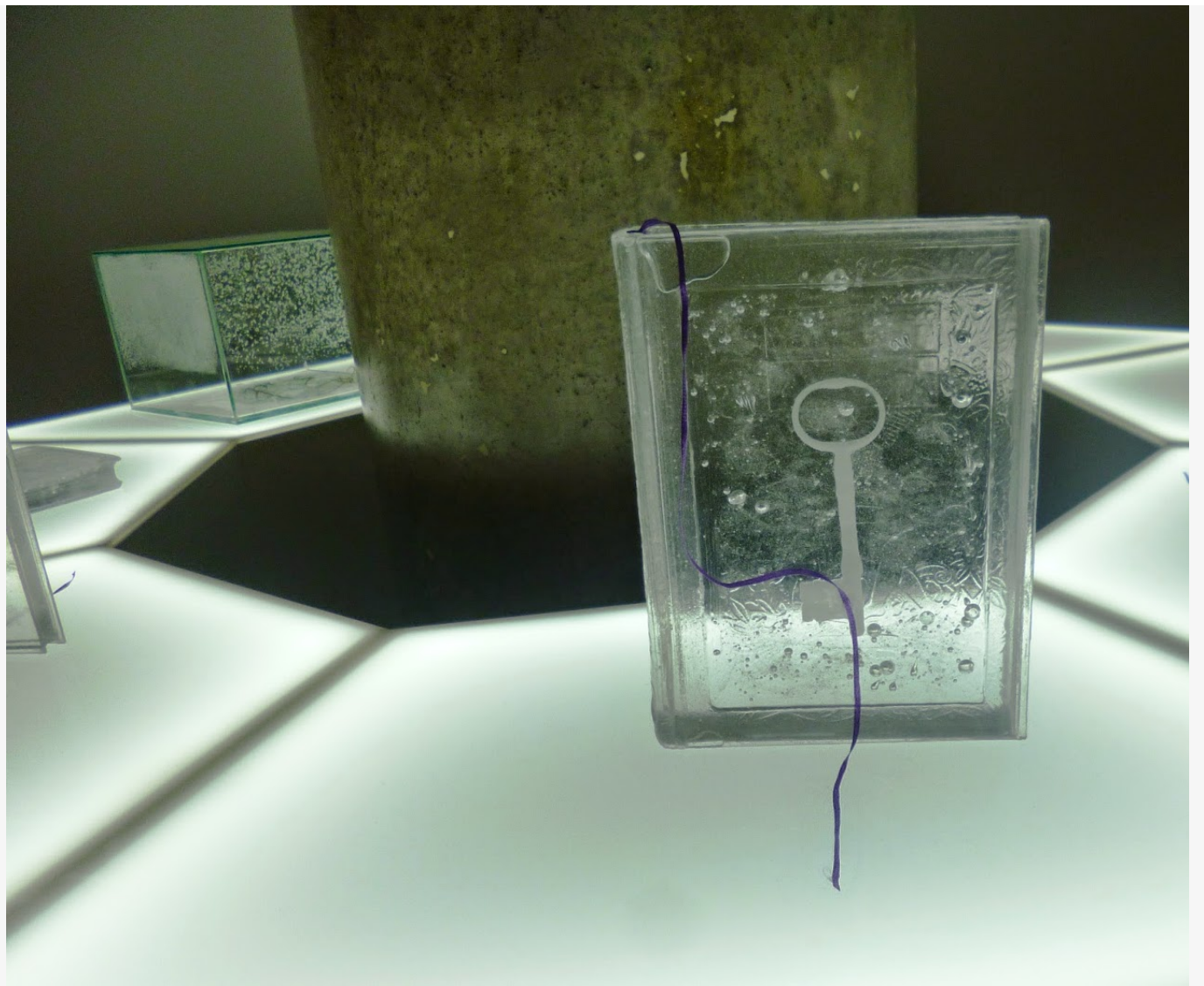
John McAllister: *botanic ocean*, 2014

There are four reasons to visit Charlotte Road now. On one side, John McAllister's hotly-coloured paintings play with pattern, borders and pictures within pictures as he luxuriates in gardens like an American Bonnard (it's also worth checking the prints and collage downstairs). On the other, husband and wife Ori Gersht and Nogah Engler team up to turn butterflies into Venetian masks in a wing-light adjunct to their separate practices - as well as showing her painterly fracturing of memory in landscape, his photographic fragmentation of apparent flowers in mirrors.



Nogah Engler & Ori Gersht: *Virgin Parade 02*, 2014

London is having a something of a Japanese moment: Yoshimoto Nara at the Dairy and Shinro Ohtake at Parasol unit probably need little introduction, but there's also Aiko Miyanaga at the newly opened Japanese-run White Rainbow, and, at Berloni, the fruit of Carl Randall's ten years of living in Tokyo.



Aiko Miyanaga - Strata: Origins @ White Rainbow, 47 Mortimer St – Fitzrovia
To 22 Nov: www.white-rainbow.co.uk

Alko Miyanaga's interest in origins, in whether one can pin down the decisive moment at which one thing becomes another, feeds into some gently impressive work for White Rainbow's inaugural show. Items - notably keys set to unlock the knowledge in resin books - are cast in the volatile compound of naphthalene, better known from moth balls, which evaporates and resolidifies according to conditions. That leads to frost the glass of enclosed items. In the back room is a subtle in which you can - no, really - hear the sound of ceramic pots.



Soramimimisora

Carl Randall: Shōzō / 肖像 @ Berloni, 63 Margaret St – Fitzrovia

To 15 Nov. www.berlonigallery.com



Tokyo Portrait 2, 2011

Carl Randall's practice all stems from observation of people, but leads to very varied results from individual portraits (sometimes knowingly kitsch) to orientally-styled ink drawings to storyboard triptychs putting faces into their life contexts to the combination of many individuals into serried and meticulous multi-portraits which suggest isolation in the midst of overcrowding. Those last are Randall's signature and strongest works, along with a grid of 68 instant hand-sized sketches by which he notes characters seen on the

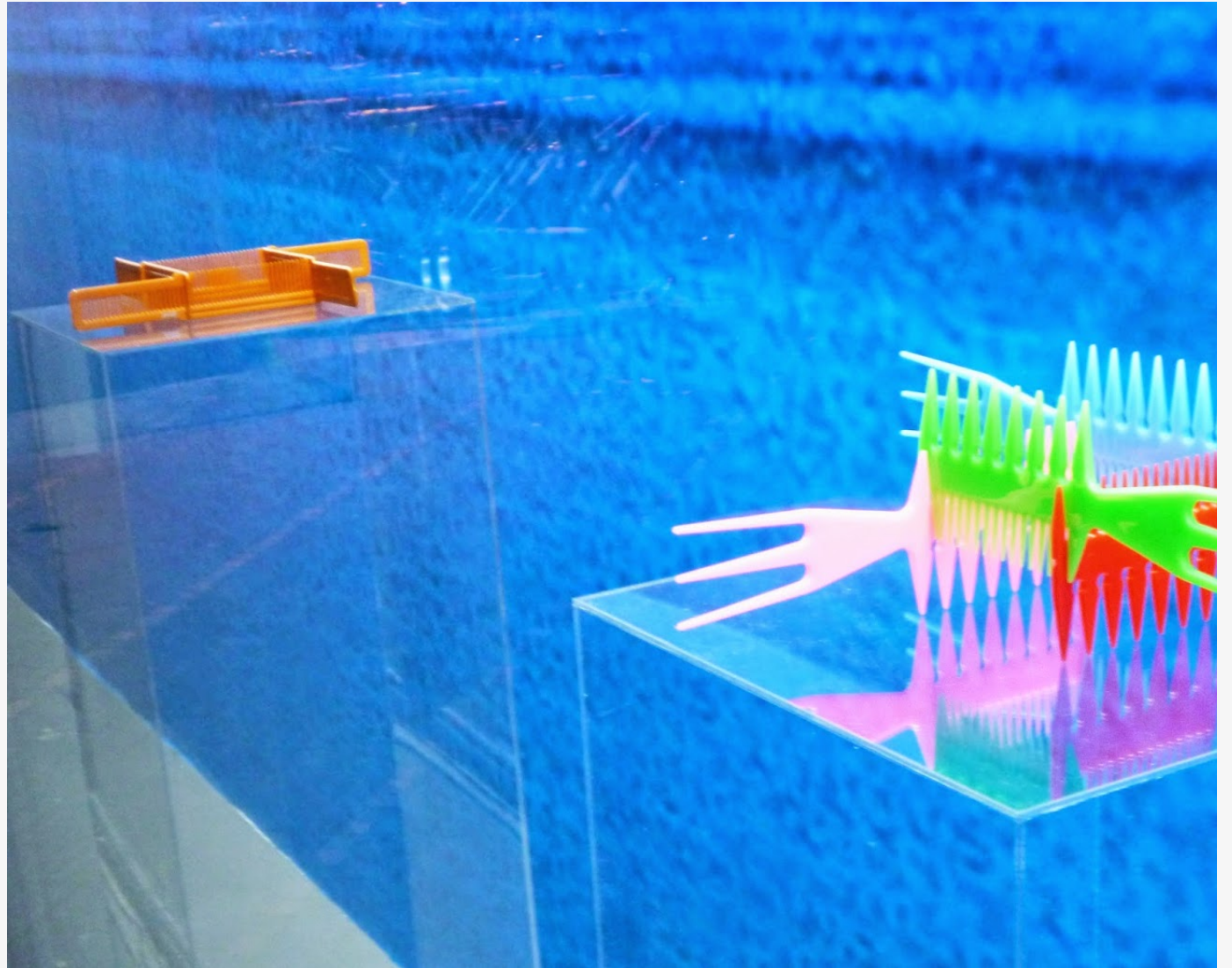
underground.



PREVIOUS CHOICES STILL ON

Blue Curry & Karen Tang at Vitrine, Bermondsey Square - Bermondsey

To 25 Oct (Curry) / 15 March 2015 (Tang) : www.vitrinegallery.co.uk



Blue Curry: details from 'Souvenir'

Vitrine runs parallel programmes in the gallery (Jonathan Bladock's lively orifice-themed soft sculptures at present) and - round the clock - on nearby Bermondsey Square. The latter currently features an inspired pairing which works especially well by night. From a distance it looks as if some sort of blobby monster has just emerged from a sea littered with distant ships. Get close and the monster is revealed as Karen Tang's colourful firebreglass sci-fi meets Franz West sculpture. The sea is in an aquamarine window frontage, and each of the dozen ships is actually four identical combs, the quartets alternating between those of one colour (monocombs, I suppose) and those of many. A Brazilian sensibility, I'd say, informs Bahaman Blue Curry's 'Souvenir'. So if you're in Bermondsey to see Tracey's show (can I stop you?) be sure to pop along.



Karen Tang: Synapsid, 2014

Sigalit Landau: Knafeh @ Marlborough Contemporary, 6 Albemarle St - Central

To 1 Nov: www.marlboroughcontemporary.com



The titular Knafeh refers to a video in which the preparation and division of the sweetmeat, which is equally popular in Palestine and Israel, takes on a mutating spin-painterly quality in what Landau calls a 'composition in motion' over 15 minutes. That cues us in to the

surrounding works: photographs of games in which demarcations are made in the sand, Tapiés-like 'sand works' which set that into a more directly artistic context, marble sculptures of breastfeeding pillows which reinforce the body references and allude to Henry Moore, Louise Bourgeois and Sarah Lucas. Add some of Landau's well-known stream of salt encrustations, and you have a resonant meditation on themes of nurture and conflict.



Korakrit Arunanondchai 2557 (Painting with history in a room filled with men with funny names 2) (with Korapat Arunanondchai) @ Carlos Ishikawa, Unit 4, 88 Mile End Road – Whitechapel - also in 'Beware Wet Paint; at the ICA to 16 Nov

To 1 Nov. gallery@carlosishikawa.com



The summary here might be interesting exhibition, great chairs! The show combines mannequins, cushions and video which both form Part 3 (2557 is the year 2014 in the Buddhist Calendar) of an ongoing account of New York based Bangkok born Korakrit

Arunanondchai's life and performances, and lead to the paintings shown. The whole merge Thai and Western media and art: a kitschy temple, burnt denim, body painting inspired by a TV game show, and Manchester United all play. The paintings are just one aspect, but striking enough in themselves that Gregor Muir has included one in the ICA's punchy survey of current trends. All the same, visitors may remember the show mainly for the invitation to view it from much the most pleasurable massage chairs I have encountered.





Paradigm Store @ HS Projects, 5 Howick Place – Victoria and **Kendell Geers**:
Crossing the Line @ Stephen Friedman Gallery, 25-28 Old Burlington Street - Central

To 5 Nov. by appointment via alison@suttonpr.com / 4 Oct www.stephenfriedman.com



Kendell Geers: *Monument to the F-Word*, 2010

If you saw the seven floors of HS Projects' Interchange Junctions in the as-yet-unlet areas of this sparkling new office block, you might ask why only five floors? But of course, this seventeen artist examination of the interface between design and society is still huge. The highlights include and a face-off between Pilar Corrias (Elizabeth Neel, Tobias Rehberger, Ulla von Brandenburg) and Stephen Friedman (Beatrice Milhazes, Claire Barclay, David Shrigley, Kendell Geers). When the Belgian-based African artist makes political work, it carries an authentic backstory, as he left his native South Africa when faced with spending six years in gaol for treasonable actions against apartheid. Here and in Geers' concurrent solo show, that gives extra heft to his use of ideologically-charged readymade materials (such as razor wire), language (such as the four letter word, the negative shapes from which are insinuated into his *Monuments to the F-Word*) and his striking new use of plaster soaked in rust-saturated water to make skulls in which his own handmarks are prominent, as if clawing at death.



Kendel Geers: *Kaput Mortuum XXXII*, 2012

Pangaea: New Art From Africa and Latin America @ the Saatchi Gallery - Sloan Square


To 2 Nov: www.saatchigallery.com



Rafael Gómezbarros: 'Casa Tomada' (Seized House)

There are plenty of big shows which it hardly seems necessary to mention: such brilliance as Matisse at the Tate Modern; Veronese, all theatre and colour at the National Gallery, any lack of depth well-aligned to modern tastes – or at any rate to mine; Phyllida Barlow in ramshackle glory at Tate Britain; and Giuseppe Penone at Gagosian. And the less convincing: Schnabel at The Dairy, for example, or Herman Bas's two sites for Victoria Miro. Then there are mixtures like Chris Marker at the Whitechapel, and Saatchi's new ragbag of South America and Africa... if you've never been to the excellent Jack Bell Gallery, there's a crash course here as three rooms are given over entirely to expanded versions of four of the African explorer's lively shows. Still, Pangaea's signature room is its first: Rafael Gómezbarros' 440 giant ants swarm the walls, each made of two cast human skulls with branches for legs, and held together by dirty bandaging.

Images courtesy / copyright the relevant artists and galleries

Posted by [Paul Carey-Kent](#) at 04:30 No comments: 

Wednesday, 22 October 2014

USELESS ART AT FRIEZE 2014

Art, typically, is useless. Otherwise, we suspect it's design, though there is of course an art to that. Among the trends at this year's Frieze (dance, work for children, smiley faces, spaciousness...) there were plenty of works which rubbed this commonplace in: they were explicitly useless.



Roger Hiorns *United*, 2014 at Corvira (London)

Roger Hiorns famously filled a flat with blue copper sulphate crystals, and has grown them onto other objects, notably engines. Those examples are explicit about uncontrollable aspects of the chemical reaction set in motion. His dazzlingly hidden clock is a more measured, but that's simply how it worked out. Just so, even if we think we control time, it's actually the other way around. And it proceeds without us: perhaps the hands are still turning in there.



Cornelia Parker: *Decoy*, 2013 at Frith Street Gallery (London)

Cornelia Parker is an unusually clear explicator of her own work, so let me piece together some quotes: 'I prefer things when they're fractured for some reason. A very recognisable object can become mysterious and more open to interpretation when it's in pieces... And brokenness is very much a part of society. Civilisations fall, for instance. The premonition that this fragile material will break is the inspiration behind the glass drum I call Decoy, as it lures people in to want to beat the drum, whereupon it will shatter. The drumroll will be falling glass.'

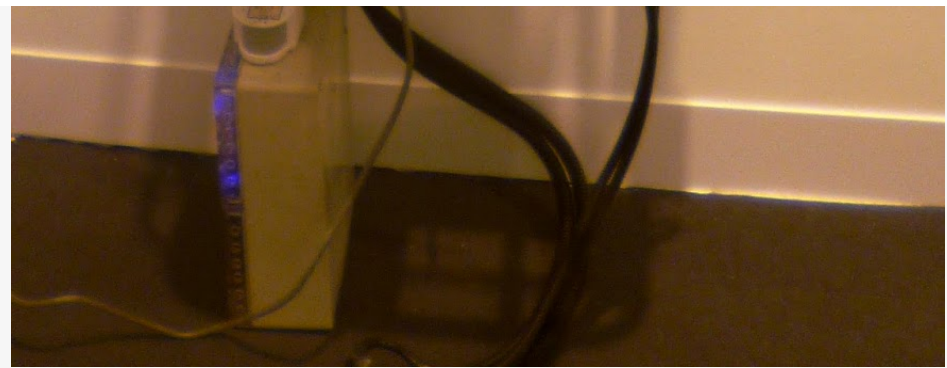


José Damasceno: *Erasure Sculpture*, 2013 at Galeria Fortes Vilaça, São Paulo.

The playful Brazilian artist José Damasceno has a high London profile with the opening of his Art Angel project at Holborn Library. That's more haunted by than revelatory of its eponymous *Plot*, making one suspect that this elegantly minimalist sculpture is meant to go beyond its jocular 'unsuitable materials' gambit. Marble is the stone of memorials, and

the obvious memorialisation from recent South American history would be of those 'disappeared' under dictatorships. But can the past really be erased?





Yang Zhenzhong: *Pleasant Sensation Passing Through the Flesh – 2*, 2012 at ShanghART (Shanghai)

This is the working mechanism of a massage chair stripped of its upholstery: you could watch the pressure pads ease themselves down then shudder their way up, with a compelling whirr, against the back of the wall – and wonder how pleasant the uncushioned sensation would be. Shanghai-based Yang Zhenzhong often brings foreboding into his wide range of work, for example his 2007 film of people saying 'I will die' - so perhaps it's no surprise that this skeletal form resembles an electric chair.



Alexandra Bircken: *Storm (assault)* at BQ (Berlin)

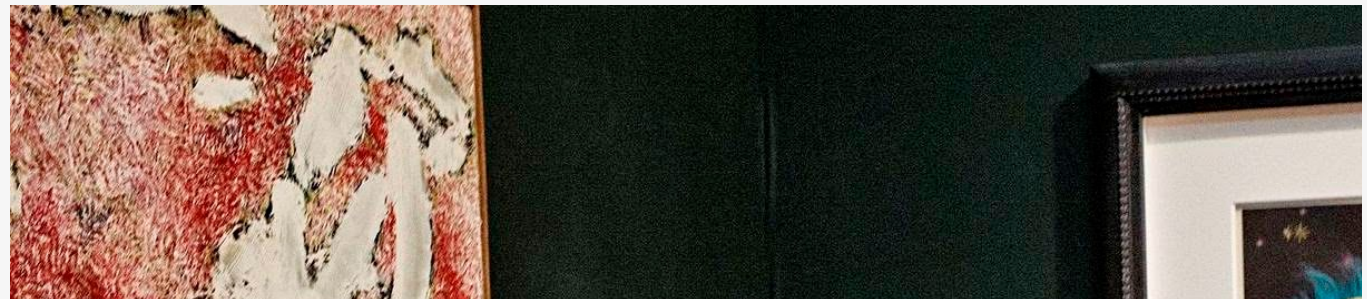
Cologne-based Alexandra Bircken - best-known for incorporating knitting with found items - is a motorcycling enthusiast. At Frieze, she re-purposed sets of racing leathers as paintings of sorts, complete with the sculptural protectors of knees and elbows. Her intervention is to slit the leathers open, ending its usefulness, then play like a carcass bearing the traces of competitive action.





Vija Celmins: *Saturn Stamps*, 1995 @ McKee Gallery (New York)

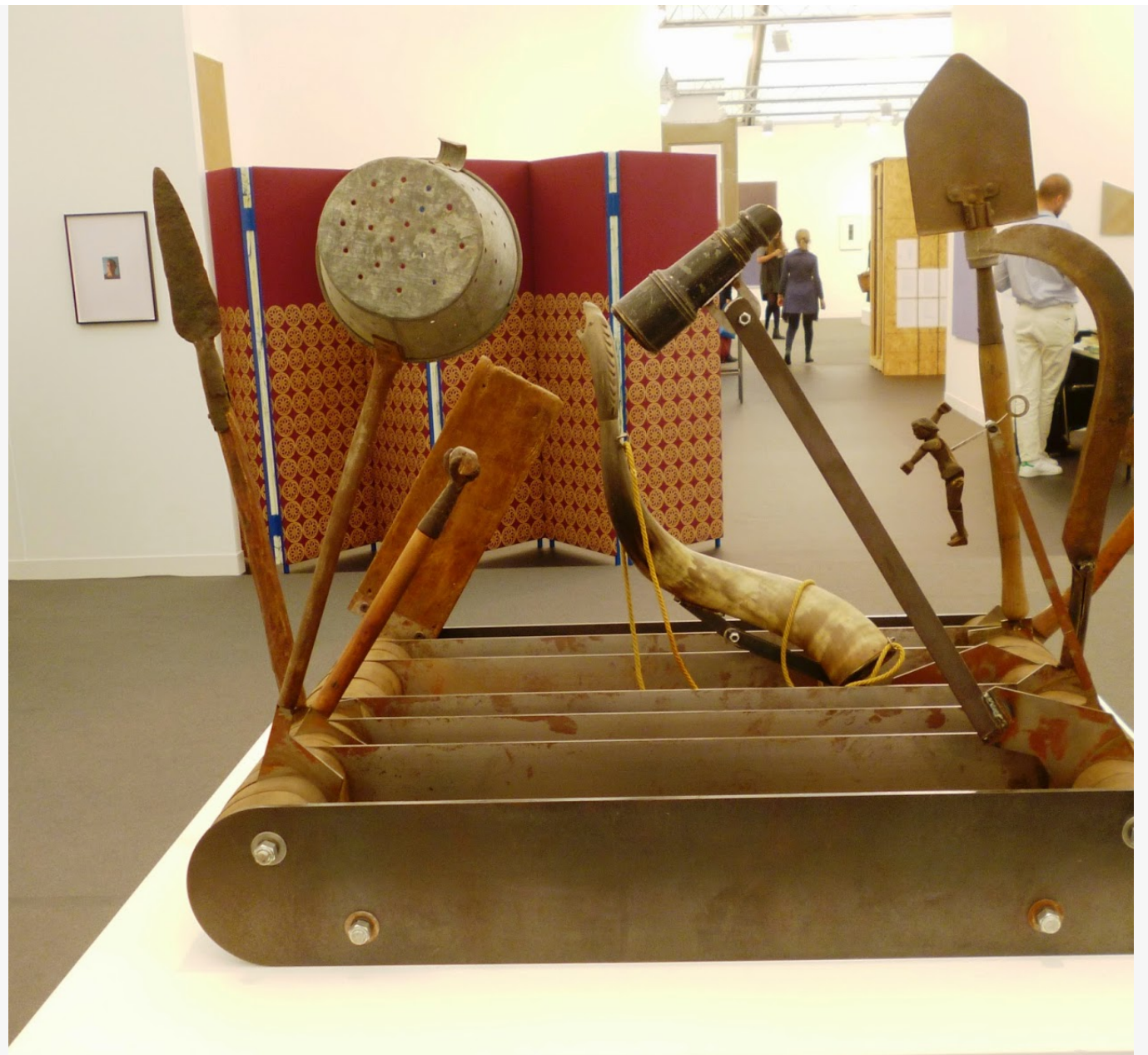
Celmins' ability to conjure intensity on a small scale makes her a natural choice to design stamps. She should be asked, but meantime took it on herself to make a lithographic edition of 200 sheets of 42 stamps showing Saturn. Though complete with perforations, they're not accepted by any postal system. Mind you, though cheap by Frieze standards at around £50 per stamp, they would - even by current standards - make for expensive letters.





Christoph Büchel: *Sleeping Guard*, 2009 at Hauser & Wirth (Zurich / London, New York).

The stand-out booth was curated by Mark Wallinger from the artists of his new gallery, Hauser & Wirth, a two part stand recreating Freud's study through 75 works with backgrounds of red (rational / conscious) or green (intuitive / unfixd thinking). The stand's architecture formed one of Wallinger's characteristic 'I' forms across both camps. The green section included Swiss maverick Christoph Büchel's particularly useless 'Sleeping Guard', seen here in front of work by Chiyu Uemae and Ellen Gallagher. Here was a man who could be sacked for appearing alert on the job.



Pedro Reyes: *Swiss Army Knife XII (Explorador Series)*, 2014 at Galeria Luisa Strina (Sao Paulo)

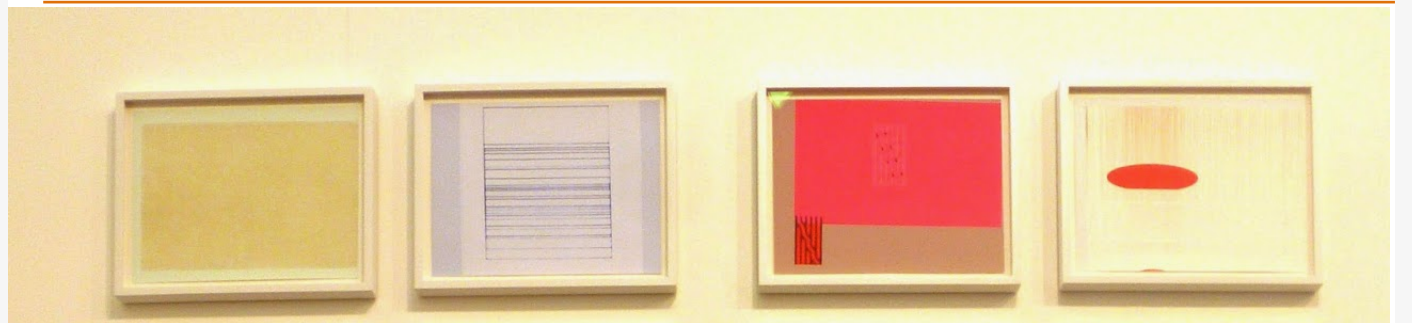
Pedro Reyes is best-known, perhaps, for melting down guns to make musical instruments in a critique of Mexican weapon culture. He he scoured Mexican flea markets for sound-making items to mount on a custom-made base. His novel form of Swiss Army Knife lacks cutting capability and is anyway many times too big to be pocketed, but the elements can be moved around rather satisfyingly to find new sculptural arrangements. That's Mexico I guess: much bigger than the Switzerland, with plenty of interest and potential for change – but far from as efficiently set up.

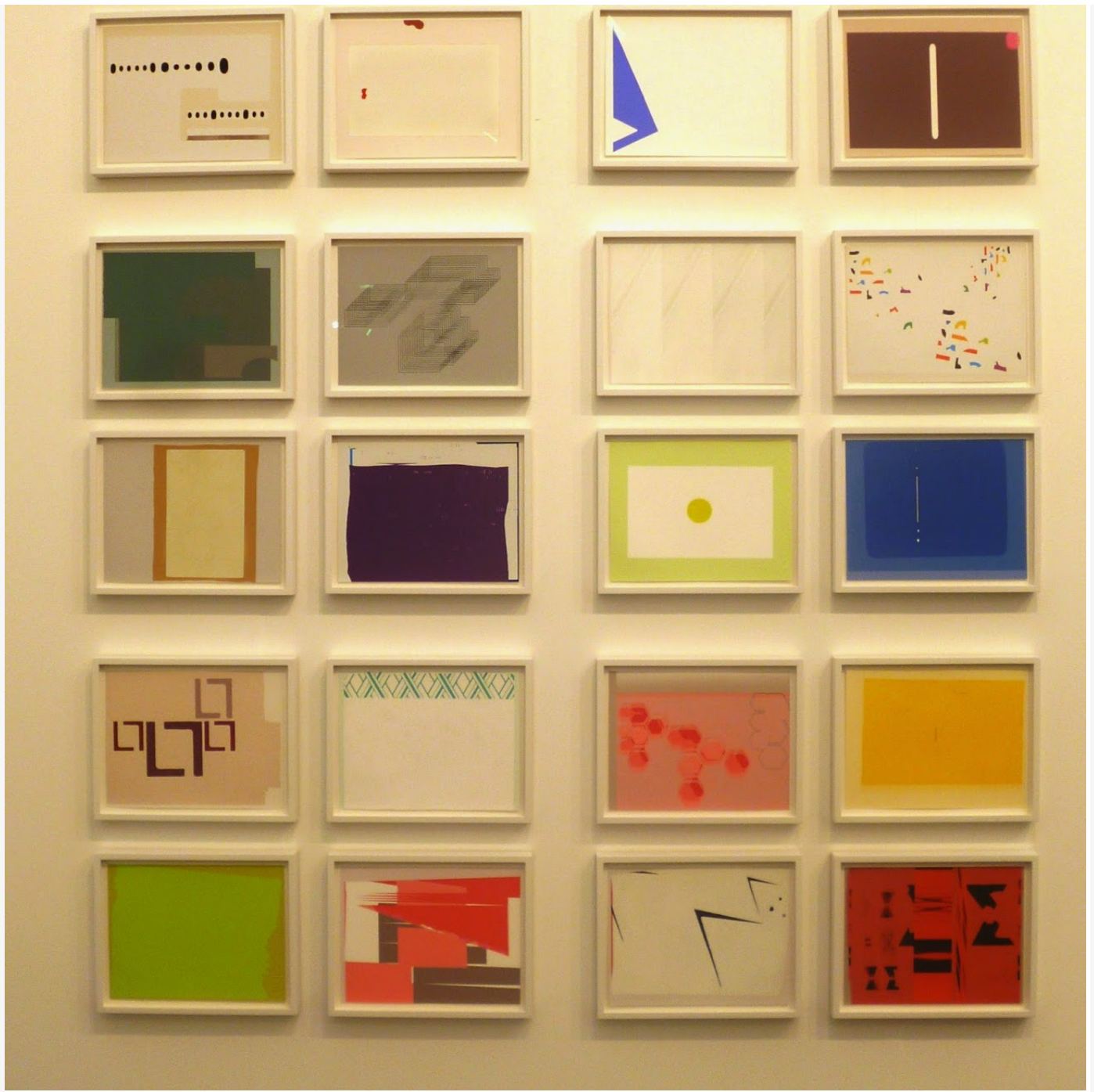




Richard Prince *Untitled*, 2013 at 303 Gallery (New York)

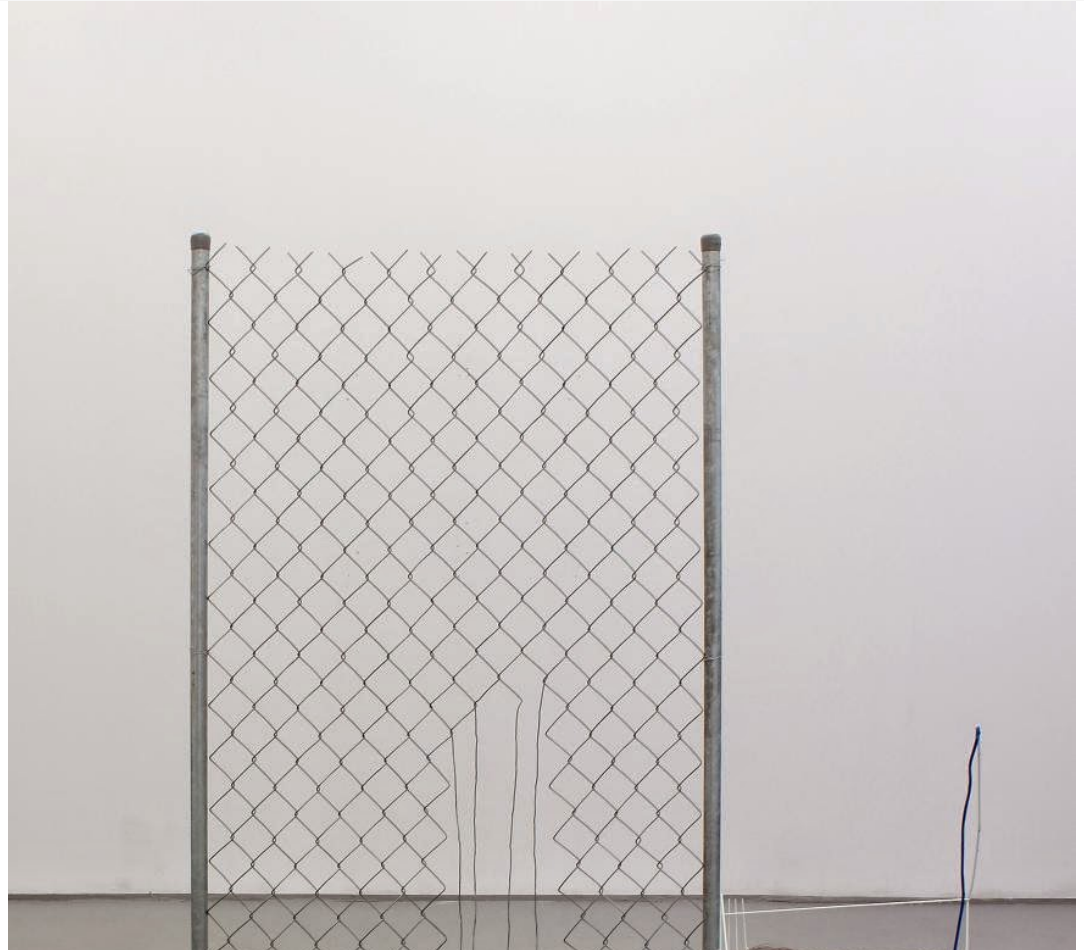
Prince is an artist of many streams, from jokes to nurses to photo-appropriation to car bonnets to de Kooning-esque nudes to various series of abstract paintings. In the group he calls 'Band', underlying information – here a text and a record – is rendered inaccessible by white paint, on top of which angular abstract shapes are made by stapling the rather impermanent medium of rubber bands to the canvas. 'Normality as a special effect might be another form of hysteria', said Prince by way of several explanations when he first showed in this mode in 2011. 'These paintings are like an unrecognized dinosaur... a beautifully feathered tyrant'. I trust that clarifies the intent.





Walid Raad: *Letters to the reader by Suha Traboulsi, 1943, 2014* at Sfeir-Semler (Beirut)

Lebanese media artist Walid Raad merges contrasting languages in these 27 prints, for which he fed the computer the many business cards he has been given over the years. They are said to mimic the formal approaches of the cool proto-Minimalist abstract 1940's paintings of the Palestinian Suha Traboulsi (born 1923). Presumably Raad has invented her as a paradigm case of how any such woman's art would have been overridden by corporate male cultures.





Gizela Mickiewicz: *Rolling Back Ahead*, 2013, at Galeria Stereo (Warsaw)

You might think of the Pole as making things less useful, though her practice is more about separating objects out from our normal view of them, so that they acquire individuality on their terms: she says she's interested in 'the ontological status of objects'. Here she reverses the production process by unpicking things towards the point before they become what they are. How far back is that point?



Morgan Fisher *Ilford Selochrome 120* September 1954, 2014 at Maureen Paley (London)

This, on the other hand, is a case of arrested development. Experimental filmmaker Morgan Fisher has bought undeveloped rolls from all the major 1950's film manufacturers, and resisted temptation by photographing them rather than attempting to access their contents. He was born in 1942, so they stand in for the possibility of revisiting his own years of development as well as constituting a tribute to the days when photography provided a direct physical link to the past.



Jesse Wine *Boyfriend's classics II*, 2014 at Mary Mary (Glasgow)

Chester man Jesse Wine likes it if 'artists understand how to apply a method and purposefully do it wrong; they are in control of knowing they are doing it wrong, but not in


control of the outcome'. Accordingly, he pushes clay forms towards mis-shapen breaking points. Ceramic trainers may be wrong for the feet, but they do share a containing functionality with vases. Indeed, given what his vases are like, these shoes might be a better place in which to put flowers. Also available for a girlfriend.





Taro Izumi: *Untitled*, 2012 at Take Ninagawa (Tokyo)

It's difficult to generate uselessness in quite the same way in film, but Fluxus-influenced Japanese artist Taro Izumi pursues a related path in a set of videos for each of which he produced a cumbersome white 'anti-social' abstract sculpture (seen on top of the monitors), and asked participants to integrate them into their everyday lives. We see various shapes being washed, fed and put to bed... So just what is the connection between art and reality?

Posted by [Paul Carey-Kent](#) at 02:37 No comments: 

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