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Paul's Art World

The Editor at Large of Art World magazine (which is currently suspended) sets out ten recommended contemporary art shows in London now plus ten upcoming shows which should be good. A version of this blog also appears on the Saatchi web magazine.

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About Me

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I am /was in my leisure time Editor at Large of Art World magazine (which is currently suspended, unfortunately). I visit many art galleries and write

Wednesday, 21 April 2010

SCULPTURE MAY RULE

Is sculpture in a better state than painting? Maybe so, but whether or not that's the case, I found myself drawn to several sculpture shows recently. It wasn't then hard to go all the way and make this something of a sculpture special for late April into May. And you don't even have to go inside galleries to see it: you could for example catch an established masterpiece, a striking recent work by a master and an impressive piece by an up-and-coming sculptor as follows: Richard Serra's 1987 corten steel 'Fulcrum' behind Liverpool Street station; Richard Wilson's 'Square the Block', the crumpled-up corner of apparently missing pavement added to the LSE's New Academic Building on Kingsway; and Alison Gill's 'Procession', designed for the window of the newly-opened Charlie Dutton gallery just off Theobalds Road. And half of my shows to look forward to are sculptural, too.

Comma 21: **Martin Honert** @ Bloomberg Space, 50 Finsbury Square - Moorgate

To 15 May: www.bloombergspace.com

This is the 21st in Bloomberg's admirable 'Comma' series of extensive new

Naama Tsabar: 'Sweat'

JaffaCakes TLV @ 33-34 Hoxton Square - Hoxton

To 15 May: www.jaffacakestlv.com

Three young curators have shown great energy in pulling together wide-ranging sponsorship for a group show of seven artists with connections to Tel Aviv-Jaffa, as it is officially known. It is presented in a space donated by Kenny Schachter (whose car dealership atmospherically retains most of the ground floor) and comes complete with a stylish catalogue with slip-in short story by writer Etgar Keret, who helps set the themes, and an impressive programme of talks - volcanic ash willing. Four women steal the show, I think. Two may well be familiar to London audiences: Nogah Engler contributes hauntingly resonant paintings, and Mika Rottenberg a typically spunky video in which a muscleman's sweat is fried. But I was also impressed by two sculptors I didn't know: Michal Helfman, who makes an implausible-sounding success of combining the registers of ballet and pole dancing; and Naama Tsabar, who has rather wonderfully designed a case to carry a broken guitar, and also picks up on the sweat theme - only it's cognac sweating into silk sheets. As that suggests, Tel Aviv is famous for its night life; and as that illustrates, this show gets well beyond any lazy assumption that all Israeli art is directly driven by political conflict.