

LONDON SAKE WEEK Feb.22 - Mar.3







Diane Arbus: 'In the Beginning'

DIANE ARBUS WAS the original people-watcher. Some lads larking around by the coast, a glamorous receptionist at her desk, two women shooting evils at the universe:

two women snooting evits at the universe: nothing escaped her.

The Hayward Gallery's exhibition of photographs from the first seven years of her career (1956-1962) is sleekly arranged with each small print attached to one side of a tall white rectangle. The effect is like walking through a grayward a towerine Arlierton through a graveyard, a towering Arlington Cemetery dedicated to the memory of Arbus's

Centerly dedicated to the memory of Arbus's native New York.

Oral least it would be lift he faces she captured weren't so instantly almost creepily, alive (excluding, obviously, the photograph of a post-autopsy corpse). Arbus's talent was for pinpointing the welrdness of facial expressions. She looked at how other people looked at the

world around them.
Famously, Arbus chronicled the existence of people on the edges of NYC society, including the circus and cabaret performers considered freaks' by their paying audiences. And perhaps our ongoing fascination with this aspect of the photographer's career contains something (more than we'd like to admit) of that original circus

Freaks, geeks and everything in between: Arbus had a seriously brilliant eye.

We still, to an extent, get off on looking at a pair of conjoined twins floating in formaldehyde or nosily poking around the kitchen of an elderly woman with dwarfism. Especially now that we can look back to that era of travelling freak shows with feating the country of the control of the c

while feeling smugly superior.
Those images are here, the ones of a 'human
pin cushion', an entirely tattooed Jack Dracula (left), contortionists and strippers. A good dose of the macabre is also present – to accompany that corpse, there's a dead pig and an embalmed saint. But the exhibition also shows a different side

of Arbus's practice, one that's less sensationalist and more tender. The side people forget. If there's a recurring theme to this selection of early works, it's children. They pop up everywhere, as a tiny if's children. They pop up everywhere, as at iny baby on the subway as choolight carding books homeor, brilliantly, lin a snuggly hood pointing a toy gun at the camera.

This constant awareness of blinking baby blues shouldn't come as a surprise. Arbus had a kid's-eye view of life unjudgemental, obsessive and infinitely curlous.



71

THREE OF THE BEST

Free art shows to see this week



↑ Tracey Emin: 'A Fortnight of Tears'

Love her or hate her, this show proves that Emin is one of our greatest living artists. Overwrought, over-intense and over the top, but powerfully emotional stuff.



↑ Liu Xiaodong: 'Weight of Insomnia'

Throw out your Constables and Turners, because Liu Xiaodong has created a robot that can probably outpaint them all. Come watch it depict Trafalgar Square in real time.



↑ Nicole Farhi: 'Folds'

The fashion designer turns her hand to sculpture with this show of casts of women's bodies. They're full of references to antiquity, have a positive message and are gorgeous to boot.

→ Beaux Arts. ← Green Park. Until Mar 2.

Find even more free art to see at timeout.com/art

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