



Loud and In Tents | Frieze London



A view of Toby Ziegler's "The Cripples," at an underground car park.

By Rocky Casale

In its 10th year, London's Frieze Art Fair is bigger and more extravagant than ever, with 175 of the world's leading galleries, and some of London's hippest restaurants like Hix and Rochelle Canteen, packed under one Carmody Groarke-designed tent. At the entrance visitors are clocked in the face by "Sloping Loafers," a long corridor feeding into the fair and carpeted with a loud print of overlapping green, yellow and red loafer shoes, a collaboration

between the Frieze Foundation, the textile company Maharam and the German artist Tomas Bayrle. Inside, the usual power brokers, like Gagosian and Victoria Miro Gallery, hog the prime real estate, showcasing a giant carbuncular sculpture by Franz West and Grayson Perry's brilliantly colored and intricate tapestry work, respectively. But not to be overshadowed were smaller installations at Herald Street Gallery that included a sketch by Pablo Brownstein of London's Liberty Department store being demolished or the Alison Jacques Gallery, where Lygia Clark's relatively diminutive black and white collage works were on view. A sign of the economic times? On the whole, there were few showoff behemoth installations in favor of paintings, prints and sculptures on a more domestic scale.

Many visitors took advantage of the mild weather and milled around Regent's Park where the Frieze is held, taking in the beautiful flower gardens and turning leaves, but also the scattering of sculptures like the giant spotted, dragon-necked flower by (surprise, surprise) Yayoi Kusama and Anri Sala's tall, warped "Clocked Perspective." A 10-minute walk to the opposite end of the park revealed a second enormous tent (this one designed by the architect Annabelle Selldorf), dedicated to Frieze Masters, a new fair for art created before the year 2000. The masters fair aims to send a jolt into the market for work that wasn't born yesterday. But admittedly it was a bit of struggle to leave the Frieze tent, buzzing as it was with exciting new artworks, cultivated eccentrics and unwashed asymmetrical hair sculptures, and move into a different tented world populated by Picasso prints and Andy Warhol drawings. Also in the jumble at Frieze Masters were exquisite Persian rugs, Roman statuary from the first and second centuries, and, my favorite, Giovanni Stanchi's "An Allegory of the Four Seasons" — anthropomorphic portraits composed from painted flowers, fruits and vegetables.

Two off-site exhibitions not far from the Frieze tents are definitely worth a peek. Toby Ziegler's "The Cripples," concealed 14-floors below street level in an underground parking lot, is dazzling. Five large sculptures make reference to a work of the same name by the Flemish painter Pieter Bruegel and six enormous light boxes featuring thickets of horse legs glow and dim in the large concrete room (3-9 Old Burlington Street; through Oct. 20). And down the road at the Marlborough Contemporary, a new offshoot of Marlborough Fine Art, is Angela Ferreira's exhibition "Stone Free": sketches, photographs and installations connecting the Cullinan Diamond Mine in South Africa with Chislehurst Caves in South East London, ground zero of '60s counterculture. (The title of the show comes from song by Jimi Hendrix, who performed there.)

The after-party, tonight at the Scotch, is a joint production with The Gentlewoman Magazine. Aside from a V.I.P. Frieze pass, it's the hottest ticket in town.