



ANN CARRINGTON

Tin Fish

Rebecca Hossack Gallery



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WHEN THE pundits do a round up of the year's most successful exhibitions it will be a dereliction of duty not to include Ann Carrington's fabulous and ecstatic show at Hossack in Fitzrovia. If ever a show succeeded on its own terms it was this one.

Carrington's wild ideas: fish made from tin cans, aeroplanes covered in feather, a crocodile trophy made from old leather shoes flattened out on to the wall – these were heart lifting pieces which blew away the dust of pretension that has settled over the majority of works by young sculptors eager to jump on the Lisson bandwagon.

With working radios embedded in make-believe 'rock' (rock music!) and chandeliers that were a visual cacophony of wire and metal, Carrington has naturally, and without quasi-intellectual manifesto, produced objects that the spectator simply wants to handle and own. What greater reward can a sculptor have than that? Of course it would be possible to offer deep and meaningful reasons as to why the smart young set were snapping up her large tin boats and trains (the tin cans, still with their red and yellow colourings, are very reminiscent of the 1950's toys that once adorned every nursery before plastic was the norm) but the same cannot be said of her hairgrip lecterns – unless you had a very odd Sunday School.

Mike von Joel