Time Out

Critics' choice

1. Paris Post War: Art and Existentialism 1945-55
Tate

2. Aratjara
Hayward

3. Burne-Jones — A Quest for Love
Peter Nahum

4. Wonderful Life
Lisson

5. Marcus Taylor
White Cube

Shaun Brosnan

Rebecca Hossack At St James's

Tucked away behind the throbbing bustle of Piccadilly Circus lies London's first West End sculpture garden. The inaugural show kicks off with Shaun Brosnan, whose sculptures, the catalogue informs us, are inspired by classical Antiquity. They are not as insipid as they sound.

Mounted on rusty metal plinths are an abundance of human body parts: male torsos, lips, a hand, female breasts and some noses. Seen en masse they conjure up macabre associations, like seeing the contents of Jeffrey Dahmer's freezer compartment sprawled across your lawn. The flagging shoppers languishing on the surrounding park benches seem unperturbed. Brosnan moulds his sculptures until they resemble bruised and battered flesh. Some have a greenish patina. In the dappled light that filters through the leaves, they take on a diseased translucence. Others are pitted with semi-circular indentations as if an unseen force had dug its fingernails into their surfaces. If there are echoes of Greek and Roman sculptures, it is not their grandeur that inspires Brosnan, but the traces of violence implicit in their limbless and beheaded forms. *Tania Guha*