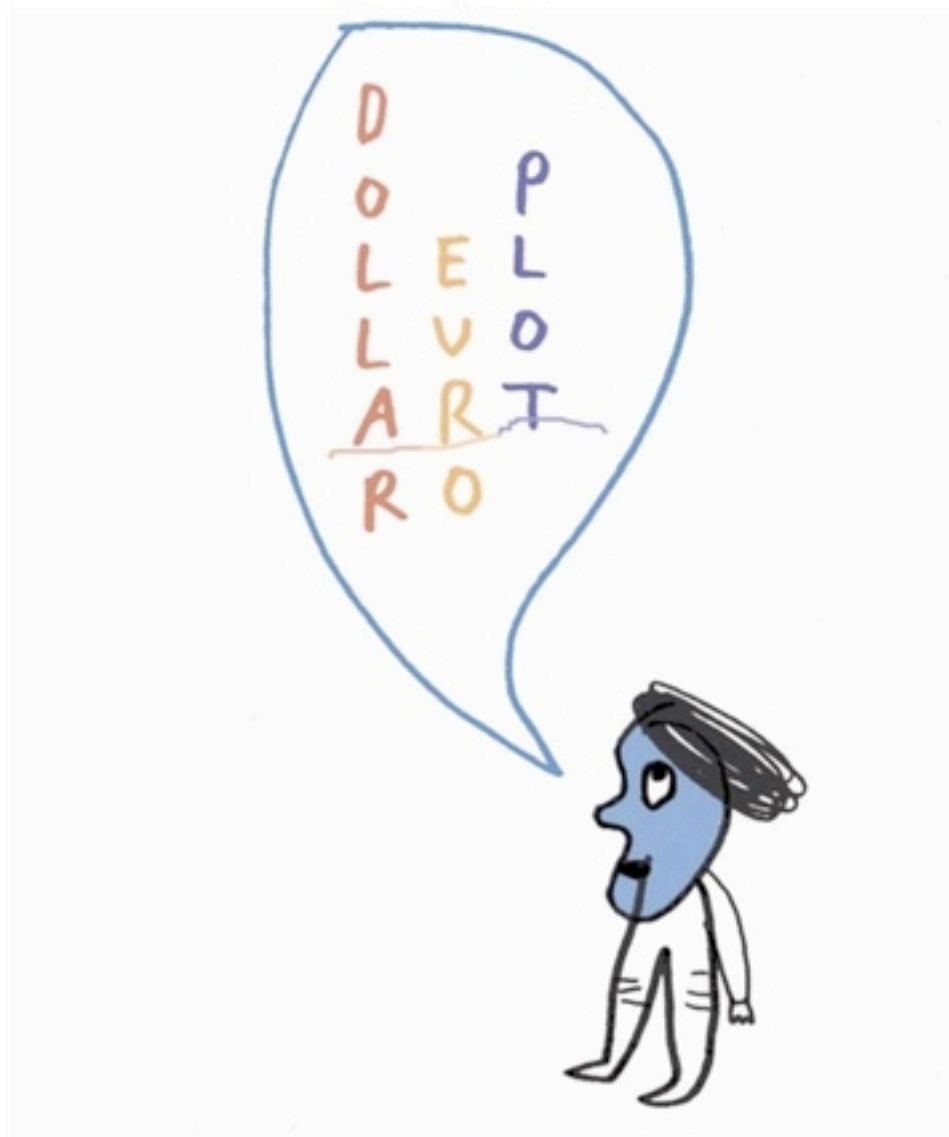


MARGARITA GLUZBERG The Money Plot,  
Paradise Row

You want zeitgeist? I'll give you zeitgeist. As the subprime crisis gathers pace and markets yaw, so artists have started to fret about money. What is art but a luxury good, and what happens to luxury goods in recessions? I ask you. So Margarita Gluzberg does at least have honesty on her side, her work being all about cash. Maybe it's because she's Russian.

Her show at Paradise Row revolves, physically, around a circular console built in plywood, on which sits a selection of books and magazines. Notionally, the show is based on the dramatis personae of Balzac's 1846 novel *La Cousine Bette*, known as the money plot. This suggests that Gluzberg's short history of capitalism post-Thatcher - for that is what this show is - is paralleled by her own story as a Soviet gal who found fame and fortune in the West. Ah, reader: but what are riches? Gluzberg's



paintings, hung centrifugally on the walls round about, concern themselves with markets of various kinds - trading floors, Leadenhall, bloated Western supermarkets selling quiches and pies. In one, the artist has excised the Russian letter 'v' from the word *pravda*, leaving... well, you don't need me to tell you what it leaves.