

Threethousand



For *The Sum of its Parts*, [Ben Howe](#) is coming at you equipped with more tools than a surgeon. Foremost among them, a brush. But before he slathers on the oil paint, he enlists the use of sculpture, film and photography too. The result: a painterly, multipronged attack of the human body and its attendant associations with movement. Photographs of crowds caught in a colourful motion blur are translated on canvas as frozen movement. Colour-drained sculptures - of crowds too - are painted as calcified movement, a Terracotta Army once all have slipped out of their military wear and started scrambling to clock off and catch the tram. Ben even goes so far as to take clay sculptures of human bones and rearrange them into unusual compositions before, yes, painting them - movement reduced and reconfigured into its stillest form. He's like a surgeon, sure, and a physiotherapist and a radiologist all rolled into one, an artist/doctor using every means at his disposal short of climbing into your skin to figure out how everything works.

Toby Fehily