

exhibitions

**John Waters**
London

As a director, John Waters reigns resplendent as the moustachioed cult king of high kitsch and bad taste. When it comes to skewering the pitfalls of fame and conventional beauty, his B-movies-cum-art movies, from the musical romcom *Hairspray* to the Hollywood satire *Cecil B Demented*, have always been delivered in an unashamedly hysterical key. But what happens when he turns his hand to gallery art? His exhibition, entitled *Beverly Hills John*, includes using Photoshop to deliver a slap-up plastic surgery job on himself (pictured) and vintage book jackets paired with their porn knock-offs (*Clitty Clitty Bang Bang*, etc). He's even turned his 1972 shockfest *Pink Flamingos*, which featured shit eating and sex involving chickens, into a new piece of video art, *Kiddie Flamingos*, with a clean script and a cast of children. Yes, the humour is crass and the images lurid, but would you expect Waters to deliver anything less? **SS**
Sprüth Magers, W1, Wed to 15 Aug

The Guide 37