

SUMMER 2011

# ARTnews

## The World's Top 200 Collectors

**Jacqueline Humphries:**  
Minimalist Maximalist

**Going for the Gold:**  
Museums Showcase Jewelry

**Fighting the Fakers:**  
Protecting Goncharova's Legacy



light of the surrounding wilderness. The black-and-white tonalities and resolute sense of Edenic peace give the work a traditionalist sensibility. Heckel also produces small-scale bronzes that depict the female nude dancing or in motion, some of which were on display here.

A selection of Woody Galloway's photographs focused on waterfowl and other birds. Long hours spent in the Bosque del Apache wetlands of central New Mexico pay off in incredible images of migratory cranes and the occasional hawk or falcon. These images are at their best when the birds are reduced to silhouettes against a dusk or dawn sky above a blackened horizon, with leafless tree branches recalling Japanese woodblock prints in their succinct and elegant simplicity.

—Jon Carver

## 'Composing the Artist'

### Monroe Gallery of Photography

This exhibition of black-and-white photographic portraits felt like a series of encounters with some of the great writers and artists of the 20th century. Steve Schapiro's images of René Magritte are striking for the way they seamlessly and surrealistically frame the painter in front of—and thereby illusionistically within—his own paintings. One almost expects to see words in careful cursive spelling out "This is not a Magritte" across the surface of the print, so con-



Steve Schapiro, *René Magritte, Museum of Modern Art, New York, 1965*, gelatin silver print, 14" x 11".  
Monroe Gallery of Photography.

vincingly do these images embody the self-reflective paradoxes for which the Belgian Surrealist is known.

Carl Mydans's shot of Vladimir Nabokov leaning out a car window, looking at us with eyes that are somehow both piercing and laconic and a slight grin on his face, inspired a new level of appreciation for the writer's prodigious wit and perverse intelligence. Iconic portraits of David Hockney, Picasso, and Warhol were also on view here, but coming face-to-face with William Faulkner was a rarer treat.

The gallery's pairing of a Martha Holmes picture of Jackson Pollock pouring paint and an Ernst Haas image of Helen Frankenthaler caught in the same activity exposes the contrasting temperaments of the artists. Pollock crouches, cigarette dangling, flinging strands of pigment from a besmirched bucket with an expression of intensity, while Frankenthaler carefully bends at the waist to spill a quantity of paint from a sparkling stainless-steel pail. She is deliberate, even delicate in her approach.

—Jon Carver

## Andrew Romanoff Turner Carroll

To fully appreciate these diminutive but engaging gems, a little backstory is required: Prince Andrew Romanoff is the grandnephew of Nicholas II, Russia's last czar, who was murdered in 1918. Andrew's grandmother was rescued by the czar's cousin, King George V of Britain. Andrew grew up on the grounds of Windsor Castle and served in the British Navy during World War II. He now lives outside San Francisco and makes art out of Shrinky Dinks (plastic sheets that shrink by two-thirds when baked in the oven).

Seldom more than 6 by 6 inches, most of the 50-odd mixed-media works on view celebrate moments from Romanoff's past in a cartoonish, whimsical style that has the immediacy of children's drawings. He recalls a trip to the country with his grandmother, Queen Victoria's carp pond, and his experience as an altar boy, as well as more terrifying moments, like the sinking of an enemy



Andrew Romanoff, *Heart Beat*, 2010,  
mixed media on wood, 6" x 6".  
Turner Carroll.

ship that occurred when he served on board the HMS *Sheffield*. There's a cheerful equilibrium to these scenes, as though memories both good and bad can be summoned up and, if necessary, tamed in a naive retelling. Other works show a frankly ribald adult mind at work—a pair of provocative legs in high-heeled shoes or a naked woman going for a spin in a convertible. Romanoff also has a wonderful feel for animals: *Doggie Catch Ball* (2009) shows a hapless mongrel on its hind legs announcing, "This is silly." These quirky flashbacks tell of an amazing journey, and much of their power resides in the modest evocation of a lost and marvelous past. —Ann Landi

## Deborah Barlow Zane Bennett Contemporary Art

Deborah Barlow is a vexing painter. She lives and works near Boston, but is so starkly, deliberately, ocularly a creature of the West—where she spent her youth and formative years—that one risks confounding the senses even before peeling back the first layer of brusque sensuality that clings to the surface of her paintings. Here is a painter who, as evidenced by the bumpy, topographical stratification of her work and the blotchy but molecular precision with which she builds color on a surface, is dedicated to notions of process and technique. Her disregard for pat formalism and her easy embrace of a murky abstraction gives the work a soulful, sympathetic sensibility that is rare to find in such an obsessive technician.