

ARTNEWS

SEPTEMBER 2014



ALL TOGETHER NOW:
ARTISTS AND
CROWDSOURCING

REAR WINDOWS:
PHOTOGRAPHY'S
PRIVACY PROBLEM

YUTAKA SONE'S
HOT TROPICS



Nancy Grossman, *Hitchcock*, 1965, mixed media assemblage on canvas, 73 $\frac{3}{8}$ " x 73 $\frac{3}{8}$ " x 7".



Naomi Fisher, *Dancarchy*, 2014, acrylic on linen on panel with ballet bar, 94" x 59".

NANCY GROSSMAN

MICHAEL ROSENFELD
MAY 9 - JULY 25

A majority of the nearly 40 works here— assemblages on canvas in a variety of mediums along with small ink drawings, all from the 1960s—had never been shown before. In fact, most came from Nancy Grossman’s studio, where they had been wrapped for decades. The mystery is why Grossman, who has consistently produced works of intensity, originality, and vision, has had only an intermittent public presence.

The constructions here were created from earthy, rusty, and recycled materials including rubber piping, straps, chains, belts, hides, fur, shoe brushes, sleeves, and saddles. Grossman’s alchemical creations manage, with their folds and rugged protrusions, to appear at once male and female. Though apparently abstract, near-portraits of saints and animals sometimes emerge. Nails dot the Frankenstein-like assemblages made of animal skins on which topographical ridges appear as brows or limbs. The rugged reliefs are heavy and warlike but orderly and inviting.

In *Hitchcock* (1965) buckles, leather, rubber tubing, and baby-carriage wheels are mashed up to become a monstrous trophy in which brown leather sleeves reach for the edges of the canvas. *Mummy* (1965) is an artful vertical pile of definitively decomposed metals on canvas, wearing its compelling entrails as a proud map of its own creation.

DOUG McCLEMONT

NAOMI FISHER

HOME ALONE 2
JUNE 10 - JULY 15

Naomi Fisher’s three colossal canvases here were notable for their magnetism, grandeur, and beauty.

As the show’s title, “Dancarchy,” intimated, ballet was the artist’s inspiration, and each work was an experiment in movement and rhythm.

With wooden ballet bars horizontally affixed to the paintings, the pieces simulated the experience of a ballerina looking into a dance-studio mirror. But rather than literal reflections, Fisher presented viewers with abstract, dreamlike scenes. In each, a pair of long legs with lace-up pointe shoes dominated the canvas, framed by blue, green, red, and purple tangles of swirls and dancing starbursts.

The real joy of Fisher’s kinetic paintings, though, came after several minutes of viewing. Like hidden treasures in an “I Spy” book, small, camouflaged figures and symbols that were not visible at first began to emerge from each composition. In a green-and-aquamarine painting, a topless female figure peeks out in the lower right corner and a jumble of overlapping body parts can be discerned in between the central pair of legs. And in another, a set of handprints appears in the upper left corner, like markings in a cave painting.

Fisher’s fantastical creations rewarded the viewers for their patience—and reminded them that good things take time.

STEPHANIE STRASNICK