

## Mark Manders

Tanya Bonakdar

Dutch artist Mark Manders continues his project of constructing his "self-portrait as a building." While his 2007 installation at the gallery included painted and printed grids, multicomponent sculptural ensembles, and stand-alone furniture, this show was sparse and laconic.

Manders, a relentless hybridizer, populated this latest addition to his "building" with disparate sculptures. *Silenced Drum* (2009) unites rodents and an oddly shaped fragment severed from a snare drum, evoking Surrealist angst, while the nearly monochrome construction *Landscape with Colours* (2009) conjures the



Mark Manders, *Large Figure with Book and Fake Dictionaries*, 2009, painted canvas, painted epoxy, wood, painted wood, offset print on paper, rope, 86½" x 26" x 20".  
Tanya Bonakdar.

Spartan minimalism of a Reinhard Mucha. Here these works served as prelude to *Livingroom Scene with Enlarged Chairs* (2009). Split on a vertical axis by wooden beams, it features a totemic figure hovering over a long desk surrounded by four Modernist chairs.

The gallery's upstairs spaces were

dominated by two figurative mise-en-scènes. Twin smokestacks intrude on a stereotypical meeting-room ensemble in the installation *Room with Chair and Factory* (2008). Beside the table a figure lies supine, its foot touching a protruding metal loop, ominously evoking such associations as the "third rail" and an incident at a concentration camp. Like all of Manders's sculptures, *Large Figure with Book and Fake Dictionaries* (2009) was made from shaping and surfacing one thing to look like another. What appears to be clay is actually colored epoxy, mounted atop books—fake ones, as the title indicates.

Unlike his odd object tableaux, Manders's figurative groupings here

confirmed that the strength of his project lies in his giving physical form to human dilemmas and contradictions. His figures are grounded, as if in a dream or a nightmare, by the everyday stuff of work and home.

—Christopher French

## Clark Greenwood Voorhees

Hawthorne Fine Art

Clark Greenwood Voorhees (1871–1933) is a half-rediscovered figure in American art, one of many talented painters who were respected in their day and then more or less forgotten. The pictures in this beautiful little show made a case for his full recovery. His style moved from muted tonalism to brilliant impressionism, but since almost none of Voorhees's pictures are dated, the precise course of his development remains unclear. What is certain is that these landscapes painted in Massachusetts, Connecticut, Bermuda, and Newport, Rhode Island, reflect a sensitive response to light and atmosphere. Voorhees could capture the

warmth of sunlight on a nippy spring morning or the chill of a cloudy day in winter. The title of the show, "The Light Lies Softly"—the phrase comes from an anonymous 1908 review in the *New York Times*—couldn't have been more apt.

Voorhees was studying advanced chemistry when he decided to pursue art seriously. After spending a few years at



Clark Greenwood Voorhees, *Winter Moonrise*, n.d., oil on canvas, 28" x 36".  
Hawthorne Fine Art.

the Académie Julian in Paris, he returned to the United States to become one of the earliest members of the art community in Old Lyme, Connecticut. He married and bought a house nearby, where his wife created a spectacular garden, which he recorded in *My Garden*, sprinkled with flower-dots of pure color. In the winter, he would go to Bermuda and capture the scrubby fields, giant cedars, and turquoise ocean in the distance.

Voorhees had an affinity for moonlight. *Winter Moonrise* is the visual equivalent of a poem by Robert Frost. The full moon shines through a curtain of bare trees in the middle distance, while in the foreground a half-frozen stream cuts through the snow. The red roof of a farmhouse visible beyond the trees provides an indispensable horizontal bar of color. In *Moonlight Mystery*, the light falls on the classical columns of a mansion looming up close to the picture plane. Does someone live here, or is the house abandoned to ghosts? Beyond its open doorway is darkness, but there's a hint of a light in an upper window.

—Sylvia Hochfield