



View of Leonardo Drew's *Number 135*, 2009, wood and mixed mediums, 15 by 57½ by 5½ feet; at Sikkema Jenkins.



Charline von Heyl: *Woman #2*, 2009, acrylic, oil and charcoal on linen, 82 by 78 inches; at Friedrich Petzel.

Watching a senior officer of the Myanmar regime throw rose petals on Gandhi's memorial in New Delhi (where Kanwar lives) would be confusing to anyone. Similarly, viewing a barrage of unexplained images that seem to have been generated by dissident websites, personal cellphones and other handheld electronic devices helps defamiliarize the otherwise banal Midwest imagery.

Also on view was *The Lightning Testimonies* (2007), an 8-channel video installation first shown at Documenta 12. A harrowing montage of accounts of women and girls raped by men on both sides during the war of partition between India and Pakistan, it has a ferocious clarity that makes for an illuminating comparison with *The Torn First Pages*. The earlier work can move you to tears and righteous anger. The recent one, both more alienating and, for many viewers, closer to home, forecloses the comforts of catharsis.

—Nancy Princenthal

## LEONARDO DREW SIKKEMA JENKINS

Spatially aggressive, materially raw and ominous in tone, Leonardo Drew's new work would surely convince anyone who doubts abstraction's potential to tap depths of emotion. The artist's recent solo exhibition was staggering. He has jettisoned the decorousness that has dulled his work in the past, reviving and refining the confrontational tone of his memorable 1992 debut at Thread Waxing Space. The 17 works shown (all 2009) range in size from intimate to enormous but each is heroic in effect.

The 57½-foot-long *Number 135*, made largely of plywood, spanned the main and back galleries. It begins with a bristling protrusion of furring strips, a tangle of old leather straps and rotting fabric, and an encrusted paint bucket. There is a torrent of black at its midpoint; beyond is a prolonged, desolate denouement of sawdust and wood chips. The work's undulating bottom edge suggests creeping slime. If the piece had a soundtrack, there would be distant sirens.

At 15 by 23 feet, *Number 134* develops Drew's familiar barricade format. Stacked against the wall, tightly packed tiers of rough-cut lumber erupt with snaggy roots and plywood scraps. Ad-hoc buttresses shore it up, extending as far as 7 feet into the surrounding space; an unwary viewer might have tripped on one. The work's blackened patina and brooding, geometric shadowland trigger the associations with Louise Nevelson that were once routine in responses to Drew's work.

Two plywood islands, both a bit Manhattan-shaped, bump against each other in *Number 127*. The left and right extremes of this 13-foot-wide work peel off the wall like enormous tongues. One sprouts another bundle of roots; the other, a quiver of sawed-off frame stock, extends perpendicular to the wall. The work's stout, built-out infrastructure heightens the impression of a ruined city seen from above.

An inky, root-and-vine-encrusted totem, *Number 132* hums with the compressed energy of densely packed, disparate materials, as if the Philadelphia Wireman had raided a New Jersey truck garden to produce it. *Number 136* is organized in a

grid, its 42 components—roughly framed pictographic shapes suggestive of Arp, but streetwise—nasty and elegant.

Relatively small works on paper, involving graphite, acrylic, thread, wiry vines and wood, underscore the pictorial implications of Drew's method. *Number 128D* embellishes a blackish trapezoidal shape with a stand of splintery shims and a splash of sawdust, a masterful orchestration of design and debris.

—Stephen Maine

## CHARLINE VON HEYL FRIEDRICH PETZEL

German-born Charline von Heyl has a predilection for blunt, semiabstract painting. Her work is largely self-referential and has an autonomous air. It almost feels as though it doesn't need the attention or approval of a viewer—and the first impulse of many a viewer may be to return the favor. Her esthetic is fraught with paradox. Paint handling and color is too one thing or another (tentative, dry, dull, bright), and design decisions are either a twist on a cliché or so odd as to be innovative. (I mean all these remarks as compliments.)

The nine recent (2009 or '10) paintings she showed at Petzel were large (nearly 7 feet at their greatest length), and mainly oil and acrylic on linen and/or canvas. *Black Stripe Mojo* features a centrally placed, chimeralike critter painted in a mottled ocher with black spots. Its contours are complex and the spots seem random; they do not help clarify the form's vaguely suggestive parts. This uncomfortable