

# VAN DOREN WAXTER

London  
**Evening  
Standard**



## Frieze Masters review: Stunning, soothing relief from Hepworth to Jarman

Reviewed by Ben Luke | October 3, 2018

If you plan on doing both Frieze fairs, I recommend seeing Masters second. Frieze London's intensity can be exhausting; its relentless heralding of the new can rise to a cacophony. Which makes a visit to Frieze Masters soothing. Yes, it's an art fair, but it's the closest these events get to the pleasure of seeing art in a museum.

Its strongest quality is the potential to cross-pollinate your looking. Within a short period, I was immersed in 18th-century samurai armour at Jean-Christophe Charbonnier; the Renaissance-period books of hours on the stand of Dr Jörn Gunther; a beautiful little cluster of works by Bauhaus linchpins Josef and Anni Albers at David Zwirner; and a stunning display of Indian miniature paintings in the booth of Francesca Galloway. The latter's luminous gems include an image of Shiva and his family preparing bhang, a form of edible cannabis, against a dramatic backdrop of lakes and mountains.

The Dickinson gallery's recreation of Barbara Hepworth's sculpture garden in Cornwall is unintentionally kitschy and hilarious, despite the great work, *River Form*, at its heart. But it's often curated and solo-artist booths that are the most satisfying.

Adam Pendleton's selection for Pace's stand reflects the sharpness of an artist's eye: all in black and white, it features sculptures by the minimalist Sol LeWitt and a marvellous abstract with hole-punch dots by Howardena Pindell, among others. There's a superb display of Richard Diebenkorn works, mostly works on paper, at Van Doren Waxter — some philanthropic soul should buy one for the Tate, which scandalously still doesn't have a unique work by the Californian master. And Amanda Wilkinson features paintings filled with righteous anger by Derek Jarman: made amid the Aids crisis, these visceral protests against tabloid prejudices remain apt.