



Courtesy of Michael Hamson

## Philip Goldman

Philip Goldman is remembered as a notable London-based art dealer who specialized particularly in New Guinea and Asian art. Many of the objects that passed through his hands are today highlights of significant public and private collections in the United States and Europe.

In the aftermath of WWII, Philip pursued a career in electronics. He ran a small business with his wife, Rosalind, but was fascinated by exotic art. Some years later, in 1957, the American company for which Philip then worked sent him to New Guinea. This was to be the first of several trips he was to make over the course of the next twelve years. He initially went up the Sepik River to buy from the traders there, but later he explored the Highland region, acquiring some of the finest door panels from the Telefomin region and the distinctive Hunstein Mountain carvings with their curved spikes. Although he later dealt with other kinds of extra-European art, Philip's favorite remained that of New Guinea.

In 1960, Jimmy McMullan at the Obelisk Gallery on Crawford Street in London encouraged Philip and Rosalind to open a small gallery at 43 George Street, off Marylebone High Street, selling art from Africa, Melanesia, and the Far East. It was there that I first met Philip in the winter of 1961. The gallery was next door to another tribal art dealer, Herbert Rieser. Business was slow but picked up when they moved eight years

later to Davies Street, just off Berkeley Square, near Ernest Ohly's Berkeley Galleries. Important collectors such as John Friede and the Sainsburys became clients. We all enjoyed the summer parties that the Goldmans gave in their house and its huge garden in Finchley.

In 1963 Philip was sent to Nigeria by the U.S.-based multinational company for which he was a consultant, but the Biafra war put an end to those trips. He went to Borneo in 1970, a trip that resulted in the exhibition *The Divine Gifts: Dayak Sculpture from Kalimantan* in 1975. This was accompanied by a catalog, as had been his landmark 1971 exhibition *Hunstein Korowori*. He recently co-authored the book *Tiger Rugs of Tibet*.

Alas we have no record from whom he bought the fabulous Korewori hook figure that he sold to Bill Rubin, the then director of MOMA, New York, nor the Malu board now in the Gordon Sze Collection. In fact, no records of transactions from the gallery survive.

Returning from a trip to New Guinea in 1978, the plane encountered clear-air turbulence. Philip had not fastened his seat belt, was thrown up into the air, and landed on the armrest. Even after multiple operations on his back, his health never recovered and for the decades thereafter he was in constant pain. The gallery was closed and Philip dealt sporadically from home. He passed away at the age of ninety on October 12 of last year. He is survived by Rosalind and two sons. His contribution to the field of tribal art is permanent.

*Hermione Waterfield*



Courtesy of Michael Aulisio/Tribalmania

## Marsha Stanoff

Whenever visitors came to their home in Tarzana, California, Marsha and Saul Stanoff would always begin by showing them their garden in the backyard first. Not their exceptional collection of African, Oceanic and pre-Columbian art,

carefully and thoughtfully built over nearly sixty years of marriage, but a freshly picked and fragrant orange, lemon, tangerine, or grapefruit. "Take some more, here! They will go to waste! Look at that one up there! Can you reach that?" They would lead the way along the winding, perfectly manicured path, skillfully designed and built by Saul, through the citrus and apple trees that bordered the pool. "Next time bring your swim suit!" they would insist.

Those who were fortunate to know Marsha and Saul probably recognized Saul as the driving force behind their collection. Marsha was a profoundly dedicated and caring companion to him, a role she truly loved.

She cared deeply about her children and grandchildren, who loved sharing their dreams, passions, and lives with her. Behind the scenes, however, Marsha was involved in each and every collecting decision on an equal basis. She had a steel-trap mind and was an exceedingly good judge of aesthetic quality and of human character.

After Saul's death in 2005, Marsha remained visible, "schlepping" (one of her favorite words) to Paris for *Parcours*, New York for the tribal art auctions, Santa Fe for the annual tribal art shows. "I'm doing this for Saul," she would say, keeping his memory and their unsurpassed passion for ingenious works of art alive. Even alone, she remained a steward to the seemingly waning pulse of true connoisseurship in collecting tribal art.

After suffering a stroke last spring, Marsha's doctors pleaded with her to stay at the hospital, but she would not, could not. In late May, Marsha died peacefully in her own home, in her own bedroom, surrounded by her family and fond memories of a fully lived life, with a clear view of her garden of fragrantly blooming citrus and apple trees.

*Fred Backlar*