

Seeing the totality of Wang Du's work promotes a desire to absorb all of it into one narrative. The connections between war, propaganda, protest, lust, sex, and the media are obvious, but the overall result is a cautionary tale about how these images and events are objectified and indeed assimilated into one mega-image. Wang Du's installations provide a titillating welcome to his worldview, but once in front of his work, one cannot help but feel unsettled, enraged, and incited.

— Aimée Le Duc

BOSTON

Niho Kozuru

Boston Sculptors Gallery

When Niho Kozuru was a graduate student at the University of Hawaii, she happened upon an early 19th-century house that missionaries had transported, board by board, from New England, so they could have a "civilized" place to live. The sight of that stern building standing in a grove of palm trees was a pivotal moment for the young artist, who comes from a well-known family of Japanese ceramists. For her first solo exhibition, Kozuru presented a series of finials, balusters, urns, and other architectural adornments that could have come from that house—were it not for their rich colors and phantasmagorical, translucent glow.

Kozuru's medium is cast rubber, which suggests used automobile tires but comes out looking good enough to eat: Gummy Bears gummed together as sculpture. The rubber is cast from real architectural details—hence the texture and wood grain on the surfaces. However, the overall shapes, and the way that light passes through the works, make them distinct—that and their isolation. The finials stand alone; the balusters support nothing. Some of the best pieces appear to float, as if just traveling through the gallery. A ghostly pale green doorknob and keyhole slither

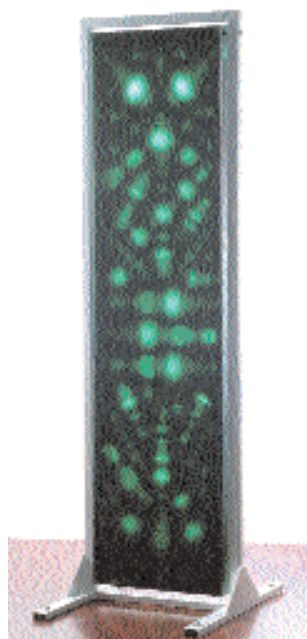


Above: Niho Kozuru, installation view of "Trans/Lucent," 2005. Right: Niho Kozuru, *Green Finial Scape*, 2005. Cast rubber, 80 x 19 x 3 in.

along a ledge as if searching for a door to open.

The eye-grabbing colors—reds, purples, and ambers dominate—help to define shapes that tend toward the vertical and refer, despite their architectural origins, to the human form, specifically to Kozuru's own body. *Spine*, a curved row of finials bulging out of the wall, is the exact length of her own spine, while six hanging spindles measure exactly her height. They're playful looking, like the canes that were once a standard tap dance prop.

Many of Kozuru's works look like they want to move, and finding a way to allow them to do so may be a challenge that she takes on in the future. Here, the only piece that could be set in motion (not that visitors were invited to) was *Green Finial Scape*. Pressed into one side of this long, narrow, emerald-green door-shape are the concave indentations of finials, playfully arranged. The other side is a flat swath of green, paler where the indentations have made the rubber thinner. The effect is like stained glass, and if you push on this "door," which hangs from a freestanding frame, it turns into a very heavy curtain that wobbles. That



frame, clunky white metal suggesting a piece of hospital apparatus, is an example of the only real flaw in this show, the obtrusiveness of the works' supports.

The element of absence in *Green Finial Scape*, the translucent material, and the references to furniture and buildings are all reminiscent of Rachel Whiteread's work, although not disturbingly so. Whiteread often goes for a monumental scale, a public presence. Kozuru's art, at least to date, is intimate, indoorsy, and hushed. She's an Emily Dickinson in rubber.

— Christine Temin

COLUMBIA, MO

James Cook

Bingham Gallery, University of Missouri, Columbia

The flickering shadows of Plato's puppeteers animate the deep recesses of James Cook's found-object assemblages. He seamlessly constructs sculptures from an assortment of disparate materials, some original and others cast in bronze, plaster, or wax. These apparently static structures reverberate with light and sounds from films and audio tracks that project from miniature monitors and speakers discreetly embedded inside his hollow forms. The juxtaposition of tangible structures and digital media produces poetic tableaux that appear to question our fundamental understanding of perception and recall Plato's famous cave allegory.

This intimate exhibition consisted of two freestanding sculptures, two wall units (each embedded with audio-visual digital components), and an independent central piece of multi-layered film footage projected on the main gallery wall. A row of three digital projectors mounted on stands at waist level presented a curious assortment of moving images, each from different sources. Drawn from Cook's personal archive, these films confronted viewers with a series of overlapping images that echoed the bizarre juxtapositions in Rauschenberg's combine works. On the right, a Hindu funerary pyre is accompanied by the sound of slow hammering; in the center panel, a tap dancer repeats the same movements over and over; and to the left, a construction site bucket swings up and down, interspersed with seated figures waiting endlessly on benches. The title, *Dance of Shiva*, invokes the destruction of all illusions past and present.

Facing this scene from the other side of the room stood a plaster cast mounted on a classical wooden