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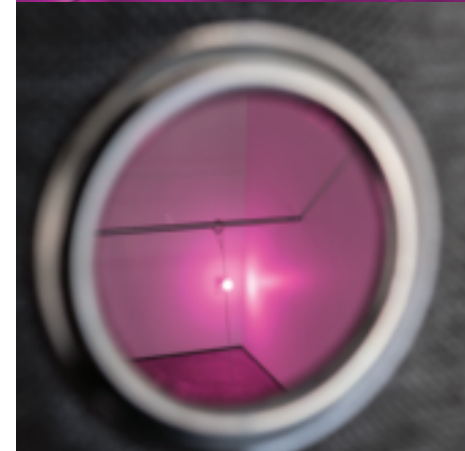
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Nayland Blake, *Workroom*, 2017.
Mixed media, 3 views of installation.

openings in walls, often, but not always, the partition between bathroom stalls. Yet something else, or several “something elses,” of a funny, provocative, slightly disturbing nature seemed to be going on as the imagination roamed over the companionable possibilities presented by the three side-by-side pillows or considered the faint invocation of homelessness (unavoidable in a city where nylon tents full of the dispossessed cluster under freeway over-

passes). The sci-fi/disco-bar/sex club atmosphere created by the hot pink lighting not only recalled San Francisco’s long-gone dives and meet-up spots, it also conjured the complete and total antithesis of the world encapsulated within the house to which the garage is attached.

When sculptor David Ireland first moved into the old building at 500 Capp Street in the 1970s, he meant to clear it out and use it as a studio. Instead, room by room, he transformed it into his masterwork—not only a source from which other ideas came, but a monument in itself, wall to wall and floor to ceiling. With its reopening in 2016 as a foundation, the building has become a “home museum”—a curious hybrid institution that sometimes preserves its contents like a fly in amber, sometimes rearranges them, but generally strives for a kind of timelessness.

In this case, the dominant narrative that it frames is that of its creator: the world of the white heterosexual male conceptual artist.

The garage, separated from the rest of the building, offers itself as a place where different, parallel stories can be told. With *Workroom*, Blake—a pansexual, biracial artist who lived in San Francisco between the mid-’80s and the mid-’90s—transformed it into a hilariously sinister space where sex, then and now, could be addressed in ways both public and private, sacred and profane.

—Maria Porges

BOSTON

Niho Kozuru

Miller Yezerski Gallery

Niho Kozuru grew up in a clan of distinguished Japanese ceramists, led by her father, Gen. She tried clay, glass, and metal before settling on the material that has become her signature—cast rubber. Infused with bold hues, it’s translucent and looks good enough to eat, like gummy bears. Based in Boston for most of her career, Kozuru has often used casts of architectural ornaments from old New England houses in her freestanding works, stacking them into towers with distinctive personalities and energy.

In her recent shows, however, she has switched to cast rubber reliefs in varying thicknesses and brilliant colors set against white wooden panels. Since the white is also brilliant, there is a delightful play between positive and negative space, forward and back. Like Kozuru’s fully three-dimensional works, her reliefs have the kind of energy that makes them look ready to jump off the wall. Some of the patterns are inspired by traditional Japanese kimono, while others are informed by mechanical gears. Still others suggest Islamic tiles. *Waterfall*, on diamond-shaped panels, rushes downward, mostly in shades of blue and green, inexplicably interrupted by a patch of red.

Rainforest, which also has a watery look, consists of a series of interconnected gurgling white blobs, surrounded by sections of deep blues and greens. Here, subject and background are reversed.

On January 10, 2016, the home and studio where Kozuru’s family had lived and worked for 50 years, and which was hand-built by her father, burned to the ground. It was just a month before an exhibition of works by several Kozuru family members—including Niho and Gen—was scheduled to open at the Kyushu Geibunkan Museum in Fukuoka Prefecture, on the northern shore of Japan’s Kyushu Island. Despite the tragedy, the show went on and was well received by the Japanese press. Kozuru called a subsequent solo show “Positive Vibration,” after her family’s indomitable spirit. One of the most impressive works in this show, and one of the largest at 12 feet wide, was *Infinite Vibration*, whose title sums up its effect. The patterns, roughly diamond-shaped and sprouting knob-like forms out of the sides, repeat from left to right, but the colors do not. Instead, they transition from greens in one of the six sections to blue-greens, then blues, then purpley reds and a lighter version of the same, ending with eye-popping sunshine oranges. This is a simple description of hues that shift subtly within each section. (It’s worth noting that some of Kozuru’s larger, multi-panel works can be purchased by the panel by those who can’t accommodate, or afford, the whole thing.)

Kozuru occasionally still works in materials other than rubber. *Biomorphic Connection*, a freestanding painted aluminum piece, is all shiny curves in bright colors that can be placed in one of two ways. One way, it’s pure sculpture. The other way, it becomes playful seating fit for a kindergarten.

—Christine Temin



Above: Niho Kozuru, installation view of “Positive Vibration.” Left: Niho Kozuru, *Biomorphic Connection*, 2015. Water jet cut aluminum and automotive paint, 107 x 147 x 114 cm. Below: Roni Horn, *Pink Tons*, 2008–11. Solid cast glass with as-cast surfaces, 48 x 48 x 48 in.

from the top, and surrounded by a glowing field, gave agency to the object. *Pink Tons* recasts masculine Minimalism not as its gendered opposite, but as a neutral, mysterious object. As the figure undergoes a resurgence—one need only think of last year’s Whitney Biennial—Horn deftly shows that abstraction is still valuable. Rather than just a faceless object that speaks of a post-humanist society, *Pink Tons* uses its material, scale, and form as an invitation for viewers to pause, look more closely, and reconsider the history that is being written in the present.

—Amanda Dalla Villa Adams

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK
Jen Durbin
ART 3 | SILAS VON MORISSE
gallery

The title of Jen Durbin’s 11-part installation *90 Moves in Nine Seconds* (*The Jackie Series 2001–2017*) refers to the actions of Jackie Kennedy in the immediate moments after her husband, President John F. Kennedy, was shot in Houston. Durbin’s immensely complicated, immensely ambitious project follows the movements of Jackie’s pillbox hat, as captured in nine seconds of film, in a sequence of sculptures that rise as high as 30 feet. Made of cast-off poles and other random pieces of wooden debris, the sculptures

the monumental pink glass cube *Pink Tons* (2008–11) were housed in a room with pale lavender-gray walls that enriched their color and material palettes.

The strongest work was *Pink Tons*, which glowed under the low natural lighting from a nearby window. Instead of putting the 48-inch cube at the end of the exhibition, Horn placed it in the front room as a statement piece. And it made quite a statement. Yes, it engages the legacy of clinical Minimalism, recasting it in a fleshy pink light, but the complexity of the cast glass, with its shifting appearance of cloudy opaqueness from the side, translucence

POTOMAC, MARYLAND

Roni Horn
Glenstone

“Roni Horn,” a survey of work from the last four decades curated by the artist from the museum’s permanent collection, featured photographs, sculptures, and drawings divided into eight rooms: the earliest work, *Ant Farm*, dates from 1974, but the majority of the works were produced from 2000 to 2015. Horn’s work was ideal for Glenstone, a private museum outside Washington, DC; architecture, site, and art melded seamlessly together into a total experience that allowed for contemplation of complex ideas.

Though Horn is often discussed in relationship to post-Minimalism and post-conceptualism, this exhibition could be enjoyed by a wide audience—it was anything but purely cerebral. The works themselves (with the exception of the 36 headshots of a clown in *Cabinet of* [2001–02])

were inviting, particularly a series of large-scale “drawings,” as Horn calls them. Each of these works on paper began as a drawing that was cut, collaged, and then drawn on again to create lines of vibrant crimson or cerulean blue on a manila ground. Written words are visible; and while some are legible, other scrawls are indecipherable. The drawings at first seem to be diagrams or maps. Legibility, however, is not the goal, and for the committed viewer, it becomes apparent that these beautiful pieces subvert the communicability of language itself.

As in other Horn exhibitions, artificial and natural lighting were closely considered here, to the benefit of the work. In addition, instead of relying on the standard white or industrial gray cube, Horn selected the color of each wall and thereby changed the perception of the works. For example, *Gold Field* (1982–2003), a paper-thin sheet of pure gold, and



TOP: STEWART CLEMENTS / BOTTOM: RON AMSTUTZ, COURTESY GLENSTONE