

structured tableaux beautifully record a poetic sensibility in which ambience and atmosphere determine strongly suggested feelings of melancholy. The simple elements, often no more than a door or window opening onto a scene of greenery, underscore Terada's penchant for natural, unadorned effects. The bare, modern interiors are offset by the exquisite images of foliage visible beyond the rooms. Terada's beauti-

taken in Central Park), Terada makes us wonder about what is real and what is not. The would-be impartiality of the shot is central to the consequences of her photographs. As usual, we instinctively trust the photograph, even if we know that its supposed objectivity is misleading—the pictorial image is as much a subjective projection as an action painting. It is not quite right to call Terada's aesthetic classical, however,

between exterior and interior. *Glass door with path* (2006) stunningly juxtaposes a darkened view of a simple interior with a sun-dappled path leading away from an open door framed by windows. Foliage borders the path and appears very real, weighing against the impression that the interior is artificial, a hunch intensified by the seeming frailty of the door and window frames. The room, and the space beyond it, raises speculation: Why is the door open? Is there someone or something missing from the room? The questions underscore the viewer's gut feeling that something has happened, even if it is impossible to say what has transpired. As Terada has commented, "Memories of intimate relationships inhabit absent space." One appreciates the quality of the light without knowing why, wondering whether the mystery is part of the image or has been constructed by the imagination. In a strange way, these images are interactive, made actual by the empathic reading of the viewer, who senses something as strong as grief emanating from these apparently simple views.

Window with tree and cup (2006) provides an even stronger contrast between darkness and light, pairing an unlit room, empty except for a chair, and a lyrical vista of trees separated by a broad track. A cup sits on the lower edge of a window, a suggestion that the space has been recently left by someone—by whom, we will never know. The image of the trees is slightly unfocused, undermining the perception that what we are seeing is real. In this photograph, as in others, silence and inexplicable magic inhabit the space, constructing mysteries from tiny eccentricities of form. Terada's artisanal skill, always in the service of poetry, builds monuments to loss and grief, which inhabit her images without saying so.

—Jonathan Goodman

PORTLAND, OREGON

Dana Lynn Louis

The Art Gym, Marylhurst University

There was a time when form was the lingua franca of sculpture and sculptural works defined by line were the exception. Eva Hesse's groundbreaking sculptures incorporating lines and unusual materials, not to mention equally unusual configurations, resonate in the work of Portland artist Dana Lynn Louis. Her recent one-person exhibition, "Faith: Suspended," was dominated by large, fragile, suspended works that animated their airy setting. Not all were large, however, and not all were suspended. Some were attached to the wall, and one seemed to float a few inches above the floor. Their delicate materials—wire, glassine, rice paper, mica, and glass—allowed them to move slightly in the air currents. Louis's deft handling of her materials created a visual dynamic that unified the many and varied objects in the show, enticing visitors to enter and enjoy. Grasping the content was not so immediate.

Louis's art is fed from two sources, both based in her interest in Tibetan Buddhism. First is a concept of suspension, philosophically defined as *bardo*, the intermediate step between life and rebirth after death. It is materialized in her work by nearly weightless objects occupying the space between ceiling and floor. Second is the transitory nature of organisms. Louis's subjects are often small, invisible organs. She focuses on their cell structures, which signify the transition from growth to deterioration to the end of physical life. More specifically, according to the curator's statement, references are made to "cellular arrays and the webs of tiny vascular structures that capture air, transmit electrical impulses, or carry nutrients to an organ, limb, branch, or leaf."



Mayumi Terada, *glass door with path*, 2006. Gelatin silver print, 40.5 x 55 in.

fully made structures deliberately reveal their diminutive scale: a curtain might seem too large for its surroundings, or a bare wall and door might betray their status as models in the way that the wood has been cut. As convincing as these scenes may be, Terada destabilizes her remarkable skill by exposing aspects of her craft that speak to a greater sense of realism concerning her process.

Conflating exquisite artifice with images of a seemingly truthful nature (the outdoor imagery is based on a photograph of a photograph,

she employs a detachment that lends her melancholy a classical restraint. Her concerns are those of poetry, in which a sensitivity to surroundings, however manufactured they may be, takes the form of recording subtle shadings of light, both interior and exterior, in montages suffused with a lyrical absence. The tableaux pursue an atmosphere in which people are absent, even though the interiors suggest their presence. Something is always deliberately missing in these rooms.

The delicate mood is established by contrasts in light and in relations



Above: Dana Lynn Louis, installation view of "Faith: Suspended," 2007. Below: Paula Winokur, *White Butte: Porcelain Landscape* (detail), 2004. Porcelain, stains, glaze, and ceramic pencil, 26 x 89 x 126 in.

Exemplifying Louis's strategy, *Wind*, essentially a large mobile, incorporates numerous glassine forms resembling pouches. According to the artist, the pouches are abstractions of lymph nodes. The glassine represents the lightness and delicate appearance of nodes, and the arrangement suggests an array of cells found in lymph nodes.

Translucence and lack of color contrasted with accents of strong color, which appeared in only a few pieces. A deep red cone titled *Oasis*, stretching from a hook on the ceiling to the floor, was made of red rice paper on which Louis, using sumi ink in a lighter tone, created an all-over pattern of elliptical shapes suggesting leaves connected by stems.

Centering, a striking piece that seemed to float a few inches above the floor, consisted of transparent Mylar rendered opaque by a red-painted surface completely covered with varying sizes of circles and solid round images. Nearby, *Cellular Shift*, a long, narrow, suspended wire piece that reached the floor and puddled in a mass of tangles, held clear glass medallions.

Loosely mounted on a wall, *Nocturne*, consisting of 14 ink-on-tissue drawings, echoed the sculptural forms and, like them, fluttered slightly in the air. Louis's use of insubstantial, even ephemeral, materials also responds to the tenets of Buddhism. In *The Tibetan Book of Living and Dying*, an influence cited by Louis, Sogyal Rinpoche writes that nothing has an existence of its own and this absence is the equivalent of emptiness.

The most impressive work in the show was a walled-off room that, in its emptiness, seemed like the interior of a sculpture. Cream-colored walls were covered with Mylar on which Louis had stenciled small white shapes suggesting organic forms like seedlings and anemones connected by stems or veins. Pinned to the Mylar were white paper disks cut in designs as complex as snowflakes, and the title, *Like Snow in the Desert*, suggested not just the appearance of snowflakes, but also their brief existence. Although minimal in its visual elements, the installation explicitly and beautifully exemplified the Buddhist saying, "Form is emptiness, emptiness is form."

—Lois Allan

GLENSIDE, PENNSYLVANIA

Paula Winokur

Arcadia University Art Gallery

One of the first pieces on view in Paula Winokur's recent exhibition, "Geological Sites," was a wall sculpture, a porcelain vessel delicately balanced on the edge of a high, narrow porcelain ledge, suggesting a sense of fragility and precariousness. Winokur's work uses the power of fire to transform the unstable into the permanent, echoing the creation of the earth itself.

Her subject here is landscape, inspired by her travels, but, as she explains, her "intention is not to make that thing, but the memory of it." *Chaco Memory*, a multi-panel wall relief, responds to the dwellings

built by the indigenous cultures of Chaco Canyon in New Mexico. The work is predominantly horizontal, with rough-edged, smooth vertical panels perched on ledges. The ledges are formed from slabs of clay torn and pressed together to evoke centuries of erosion and decay, as well as the processes of geology itself. Winokur breaks up the vertical surfaces by carving a few niches into the panels. Inside, she adds some color and places small forms—some rough and irregular, others geometric. On the surface, she draws a few lines and arrows. Time, nature, past civilizations, and the artist herself have made their marks, suggested directions, and drawn our attention.

In *White Butte: Porcelain Landscape*, an imposing floor piece with a commanding presence, a twisted, lava-like form thrusts itself up through a gently contoured grid of smooth tiles. The work is completely white, except for a few penciled lines and a gray circle painted over some of the tiles. A rough form erupts through the circle, confounding an otherwise geometric precision. The imposition of the drawn lines on the sculpted form results from Winokur's interest in presenting multiple views of the landscape. Here again are lines, arrows, and geometric shapes representing the marks we've made on the earth—irrigation circles, roads, bridges, telephone lines, and fields—which become visible patterns only when viewed from the air.

