



KATSURA FUNAKOSHI

In his first U.S. show in fourteen years, the Japanese sculptor exhibits poetic distorted figures, nudes graced with (or burdened by) giraffelike necks, spidery legs, and hands joining the shoulders instead of the wrists. What saves the sculptures from falling into the trap of the neo-Surrealist commonplace—a refined update of Dali’s “Retrospective Bust of a Woman,” say—is Funakoshi’s exquisite sensitivity to his materials. Hand-carved, fine-grained, and uncannily fleshlike camphor wood is tinted delicate shades of rose and blue, and embellished with soulful eyes of painted marble. Through May 3. (Greenberg Van Doren, 730 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. 212-445-0444.)

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