



Jessica Halonen and Emily Joyce: *PLOT* at Park Projects

On view through March 2

Carlin Wing

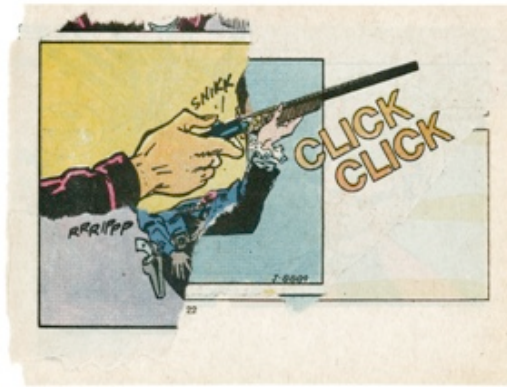
The most striking feature of *PLOT*, an exhibition of work by **Jessica Halonen** and **Emily Joyce** at Park Projects in Los Angeles, is an invisible one. On walking through the door you, a person, is immediately surrounded by a thick earthy smell that is more commonly associated with rural and rugged outdoor landscapes. The source of the odor is the rammed earth that has been compressed to form Halonen's pedestal-like objects in the installation, *Withersoever I roam...* (2007). The installation consists of a series of columns of various heights rising from the floor. Each stack of earth is topped with a white-painted concrete. About half feature a small pine tree growing from the earth stack. The shape of the objects in this context most directly references the gallery pedestal. But the materials, the smell and the landscape created by their multiplicity reference an outdoor and unpristine world of work and dirt distant from the gallery space. The work's title reads like an uncompleted phrase that longed to be completed - *Withersoever I roam, there's no place like home*. The tension between indoor and outdoor, urban and rural, a tree growing out of a gallery pedestal feels urgent and personal. For now, the perfect right angles and white tops of the columns make the gallery appear dominant. But the impending conflict between the trees and their man-made containers looms and the transformation of these currently pristine objects into a pile of sprawling roots and cracked concrete is almost visible.

A wonderful drawing by Halonen of a plant connected via a test tube to a cluster of purple pills comments on the transformation from the organic to the inorganic. We, humans, are the test tube in the middle. We facilitate these transformations. A concern with the confrontation between the organic and inorganic and the human role in this confrontation links the two artists' works together.

In For What Seemed Like a Long Time (2007), Emily Joyce's use of pieces of colorful cut vinyl create a somewhat sprawling world that nicely sets up a relationship between the micro and the

macro. One part of the installation, a flock of birds, hits the top of the wall and another part hits the bottom, establishing sky and ground. It is not quite clear why the installation takes up the specific amount of space that it does as opposed to enhancing the micro/macro relationship even further by pushing out to one, if not both edges of the wall. Why is it on the wall if not to confront the wall? But even as is, the piece simultaneously demands that the viewer stand back to take in the pieces as a whole and move in close to inspect the many small individual parts. The dominant shapes are those of several types of warplanes of various colors and explosions around them. The planes seem to reference our current state of war and perhaps even the particular event that catalyzed this war. But amid the bright colors and small and large organic shapes it is difficult to discern how any intended political commentary plays out. The strongest aspect of the piece is the attention it draws to the simple but foundational relationship between parts and wholes that begins with atoms and ends somewhere beyond universes.

Carlin Wing is an artist currently living in Los Angeles, California. She is an MFA student at Calarts.



Christian Marclay at White Cube

On view through March 10

Lillian Davies

Christian Marclay's *Crossfire* at White Cube's old Hoxton Square space recalls the pulsing immediacy that first drew the kids (and the artworld) to London's East End. The show is about sound—the arresting rhythm of music and noise that locks you into the very moment of its encounter.

Installed on the ground floor of the exhibition space, sound, or its bubble-lettered comic book equivalent, ricochets throughout a selection of Marclay's latest series of prints. He rips the corners off of comic book pages where he finds onomatopoeic outbursts. Stretched at the vowels and loaded with exclamation marks, Marclay makes simple collages from the pages that he then scans and enlarges. The over-amplified edge of each tear contains the implicit sound of appropriation, while each textual gasp or crash echoes its sonic parallel.