

FLASH ART

I Candy: LA in Flux

Rosamund Felsen, Santa Monica

by Clayton Campbell

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Joyous and celebratory describes the abundance of energized works by sixteen LA newcomers to the art scene. Curator John Boskovich has unified a group of “theory challenged” art students who link together through their brushes with Fluxus, Asian winds of change, boredom with contemporary academia and a good old fashioned sense of humor

This is a smart show by artists, many of whom are Asian or non-European, and the first impression is one of the refusal to over intellectualize. The second is that this is the best group show of new work in LA this year.

Carry Kim sets up the scene in the gallery foyer with *Suckerfish*, a floor installation of 180 polaroids of lips (67 x 67 inches) and it moves smack into Byoung-Ok Koh’s *Roller Coaster for Snail*, an on-going erector set installation which snakes its serpentine way past the fey C-prints of Todd Swaim and the ceramic pop fantasies of Tetsuji Aono, coyly named *Rod Steward*, *Bob and the b-boy*, and *Golden Globbob*.

Glenn Kaino from East LA displays a precocious sophistication with *pan-optic3:dearly*. Comprised of acrylic, steel, air pumps, video, and all kinds of stuff, three illuminated aquarium glow ghostly blue in a darkened room. The stenciled words “embrace you dearly” catch your attention on the aquarium glass while the corner of your eye picks up the video image of a hand reaching in to grab the absent tropical fish from the numinous environment.

The other artists exhibit a variety of works in the salon style, shotgun approach to exhibiting and are best referenced by Yoko Ono’s words from 1966, “Swim in your dreams as far as you can.” They include Glendale Matias, Eduardo Sarabia, Sonia Wang, Mike Calvert, Eric Wesley, Ramsay Naito, Seung Her Koh, Homan Li, Steven Wong, Aiko Hachisuka, and Kira Harris.

Harris contributes two large installations. *Interstices* (16 x 22 feet), is a sort of “Monet Meets the Future” spray painting on mylar over a bed of black eye peas, which references the adjacent *Untitled (Bed)* floor covering of oyster shells, gathered with apparent difficulty from local restaurants.

Pluralism seems to be breaking out all over this show, reinforcing the notion of Los Angeles as the Western gateway to the Pacific Rim and Latin/South America.