

was *Fluxus 1* (1964–65), an art suitcase filled with editions by group members, including several by Japanese artists. The most famous of them was Yoko Ono, who had six works here. Replicating an earlier piece, Ono interrupted the tranquillity of the Getty galleries by periodically calling in to a white princess telephone and talking with any visitor who answered.

The exhibition closed with a look at Expo '70, now viewed as the final co-opting of the avant-garde. A slide show of the fair's Pepsi pavilion, which was organized by a group of Japanese artists in collaboration with the Experiments in Art and Technology (E.A.T.) collective, documents an exquisite fog sculpture by Nakaya Fujiko, which shrouded the pavilion in mist. —*Susan Emerling*

Jay Davis

Shoshana Wayne
Santa Monica

In eight obsessively layered paintings, Jay Davis offered an idiosyncratic mix of psychedelic abstraction, flat, graphic patterning, and realistically rendered plants and household objects. The artist tempers

emanating from a white orb. The rest of the painting is a web of branches, green tendrils, and skeins of colored rope, topped by a rough, rainbow-striped pyramid. This juxtaposition of the symbolic and the banal gives an impression of tongue-in-cheek spirituality: at once sincere and self-mocking.

A more rectilinear composition, *Everything in that Place Scares the Shit Out of Me #5* (2006–7) shows a dining room whose rattan chair back, leaf-covered wallpaper, and garishly curtained window form

an interlocking grid. Davis confines his exuberant webs to discrete areas here, carefully framing two doleful plant cuttings in the middle of a table. With its emotionally charged title, the painting calls attention to its domestication of the organic motifs that usually overrun the artist's work.

Excess and restraint strike a balance in *Trying to Get to the Magic Inside* (2006–7). A network of spare, long leaves dances across the cloudy panes of a gridded picture window, punctuated by comical, gourd-shaped birdhouses. The painting's play of interior and exterior, chaos and structure, is a fitting analogy for the spiritual and ironic elements that animate Davis's work.

—*Sharon Mizota*

Mark Mulroney

Gregory Lind
San Francisco

Mark Mulroney is a jester. A master of elision, he lets the part stand for the whole in his graphic paintings and installations that feature overlapping fragments of landscape, figures, and animals. The effect is dreamlike yet not quite surreal.

Opening the show, titled "What fits in your mouth doesn't always fit in your stomach," was a series of works inspired by irreverent one-liners. *The Desert Be-*



Jay Davis, *Everything in that Place Scares the Shit Out of Me #5*, 2006–7, acrylic on vinyl, 30" x 24".
Shoshana Wayne.

his tendency toward mysticism with deadpan humor.

Axes (2006–7) portrays only one wood-handled ax; the viewer realizes the title jokily refers to the hard-edged lines

Reviews: National

gins Here (2007) made its point with a dozen small papier-mâché cacti in terra-cotta pots lining a wall. Nearby, two phallic cactus paintings were rendered



Mark Mulroney, *Over a Desert with Its Naked Hills . . .*, 2007, acrylic on canvas, 48" x 72".

Gregory Lind.

with cheerful color and brushy paint handling that would not be out of place in a cartoon. The larger of the two works appears to be turned on its side, perhaps overwhelmed by its 43-word title, which begins with *Over a Desert with its Naked Hills . . .* (2007).

Elsewhere desert gave way to dessert, as hokey printed images of baked goods abounded. They are collaged to jarring effect in *What's Missing is You Volume 1* and *Volume 2* (both 2007). In the first, a hand reaches for a disembodied pyramid of the sticky treats; in the second, a beautifully rendered but brutally amputated foot balances a glazed doughnut on its toe. The bright-colored sweets take the edge off the anatomically precise steel-pen drawings.

Mulroney shows off his considerable skill as a draftsman again in *The Temptress* (2007), which features a studious come-hither type who, with breasts spilling out of her tank top, stares at the viewer through heavy-rimmed glasses. Her abundant curves are captured in tiny, crow-quill-pen strokes. Throughout the show, Mulroney skillfully combined a hatful of styles with good humor.

—*Lea Feinstein*

Ben Aronson

Jenkins Johnson
San Francisco

Boston-based painter Ben Aronson chronicles the urban landscape, striking a thoughtful balance between description and abstraction. He completes light