AMANDA ROSS-HO, MANTLE, 2007. INCISED SHEETROCK, MOUNTED AND FRAMED ARCHIVAL LIGHT-JET PRINT, DIMENSIONS VARIABLE. PHOTO: ROBERT WEDEMEYER, COURTESY CHERRY AND MARTIN, LOS ANGELES.

LOS ANGELES
AMANDA ROSS-HO
CHERRY AND MARTIN

Amanda Ross-Ho’s recent show, “Nothin Fuckin Matters,” expanded on her ability to create disparate forms, mixing in her assemblages not only media but also unexpected formal and cultural references (think John McCracken’s sensibility as interpreted by Punky Brewster, or Claes Oldenburg raiding a lumberyard) to create subtly rhetorical moves. Sad Sack (all works 2007) is a six-foot-tall tote bag made from an oversize canvas drop cloth used for commercial painting. Inside are “sculpture remnants”: pieces of bandanna-covered planks, two-by-fours, and sheets of drywall that become haphazardly arrayed bones within the bag’s wrinkled skin. The show also features a group of archival ink-jet prints—images like the frowning arrows found on an Amazon.com shipping box—which the artist hung on Sheetrock panels that leaned against the gallery’s permanent walls. Giving this partial architecture a sculptural weight, Ross-Ho cut notches and apertures into the building material and inserted objects into the openings (high-top sneakers splattered with paint, a cushion shaped like a trout, and a small fish charm).

The heavy, material quality of Ross-Ho’s sculptures is offset by her smart play with negative space. Above the work Mantle—a hole cut into the gallery wall that exposed insulation and studs—the artist hung an image of the earth printed in photographic negative. The structural interruption and the print engaged in a pun—the hearth and the earth—that flaunts Ross-Ho’s mischievous attention to language, an essential milieu in which her work operates. —CATHERINE TAFT