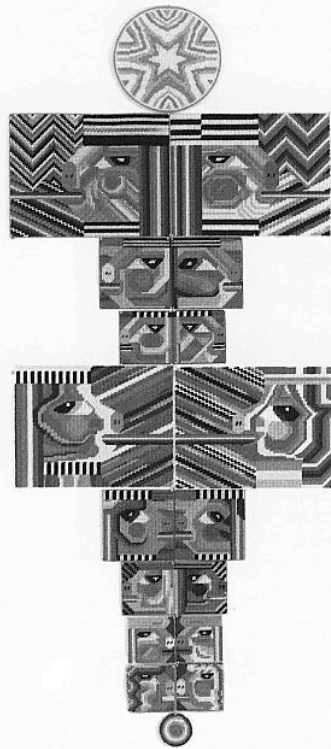


Flash Art

R E V I E W S



JESSICA CIOCCI, *Pig Portraits*, 2006. Yarn with plastic grid, 160 x 69 cm. Courtesy Foxy Production, New York.

JESSICA CIOCCI

FOXY PRODUCTION

Straying from collective Paper Rad in her solo P.E.A.C.E. work, Jessica Ciocci strikes out in her own wry vernacular. Meshing childhood camp crafts with technicolor cartoony painting, video and an installation of a fort, Ciocci juxtaposes the slickly mass-produced with the clumsily hand-wrought. Art compatriot to Jim Drain, Ciocci zigzags among embroidered and painted patterns — herringbone, Native American, basket, pixilated, checks and stripes. She relishes the methodical craft process of rhythmically organizing repeated elements. However, constantly interrupting the absorbing artisanship here is the persona of a glaring pig. Fueled by the emotional compulsion of a careening more-is-more society, Ciocci's pop iconography — paper strip stars, striped lollipop disks, Indian yarn diamonds — is constantly shifting and beating down on the impressionable pigs. In the video *Pigs in Space*, a streaming repertoire of stylized motifs gradually gains celerity until it ultimately spins into flashing, psycho-frenetic collisions. All is mesmerizing; nevertheless, a certain disquiet lurks beneath the glib, garish surfaces. Sewn into the fake saccharine pink-happiness of manufactured childhood, the pigs look out, disgruntled. Truncated by black-and-white or rainbow bars, tethered to their contrived hyped-up surroundings, the pigs are in jail. Like real pigs in barred factory farms, strapped to floor or narrow pen to prevent any reduction in fat profits, Ciocci's creatures are cogs in the machine. All the same, like Yoshitomo Nara's indignant children, the hip pigs are cognizant that all is not right in candyland. In fact the pigs have so gorged themselves on Barbie-pink plastic tchotchkes, cartoons, decals and toys that they are spewing out the day-glo consumer overload. Where live and stuffed animals, Afghan blankets and crafts were once a comfort to kids, now amidst a nature-less childhood of buying, sweet pigs retch in

disgust. It is clearly a "strange trip" for this generation to have inherited '70s psychedelic iconography, peace signs and rainbows, but only as jejune trend, fashion ploy. A cool joke of sorts.

Gae Savannah