



“MARGARET NOBLE: 44TH AND LANDIS”  
**Margaret Noble**, INSTALLATION VIEW  
ON VIEW: AUG 09, 2012 – JAN 20, 2013  
PHOTO: PABLO MASON, COURTESY MCASD

### SAN DIEGO

#### **Margaret Noble: “44th and Landis” at Museum of Contemporary Art San Diego**

The title of Margaret Noble’s first MCASD solo exhibition, “44th and Landis,” refers to a real street intersection in San Diego’s City Heights neighborhood, not ten miles from the museum. Through image and sound, Noble’s immersive installation engenders a criss-crossing of space and place, gesturing toward transporting viewers away from the museum out into the world, while at the same time bringing pieces of that world into the gallery. In the main room, hundreds of small paper cut outs are suspended from the ceiling by clear string, surrounded by eight speakers dressed like domestic lamps that also hang down from above. Out of the speakers projects an urban neighborhood sound collage, aural fragments of dogs barking, ice cream truck jingles, trains and cars passing, retro video game cues, and analog lullabies. These sounds provide the track to the collection of cut outs hanging lightly in the gallery, many of which are Victorian-style paper dolls colored anachronistically in a neon design motif that seemingly gestures to the 1980s. In fact, the treatment of the paper dolls and the recurring aesthetic nod to the eighties suggest the installation is as much a trip back in time, perhaps back to the artist’s formative years, as it is a trip through space.

The paper cut-outs are not all dolls; Sweet’N Low branded low riders hang softly among fire hydrants, locomotives, hot air balloons, tire swings, pay phones, cork screws, and picket fences. Of all the human figures dispersed among these neighborhood effigies, not one has a face. The sounds that project around the cutouts illustrates them in what at first seems like a simple one-to-one relationship; if you see a dog it won’t be long before you hear its bark. But there is an excess to the sound collage, a soft but persistent drone of spinning bottles or coins, rolling glass marbles, the eternal creak of a cabinet hinge, the rapt knocking on a door, or the sound of something falling over. These reverberations are strikingly material, a confluence and collision of metal, plastic, wood and glass that mash up and reconfigure what we can imagine as a neighborhood’s aural life. There is also, finally, a vague melancholy, the kind that comes in memory, or through the changes in time that break our memories off from what exists now in the spaces of our past.

—DREW SNYDER