

Jeffrey Joyal
Raze the Little Feelers
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David Lewis
88 Eldridge Street, Fifth Floor
New York, NY 10002

People fight time in different ways, some of them ignoble.

In the game of to-scale lifestyle modeling, the restaurants and bars of gentrified and gentrifying neighborhoods wear a confused drag of exposed tin roofing tile and Edison lightbulbs. Excavated on-site or imported from nearby not-yet-renovated former homes, they scream to you from their soft-light-exposed-brick-wood-panelled luxury interior: "These guts are real and not barren," they yell, "we've taxidermied our own apocalypse!" Beams are exposed to compensate for the cold and empty feeling achieved by covering over the not-empty with a sheepish violence. Which is harder: the true or the lie?

On an old nickel, a drama of doubly poetic justice unfolds: the five cent coin transcends its arbitrarily fixed value as currency through the artistry of an eBay merchant who has whittled its surface to depict a poultry revolt – the turkey who, elsewhere, has had its lifestuff sucked out of it, stuffs the human ass of its would-be murderer.

In the horizon line glimpsed in views of unobstructed landscape, we imagine the overwhelming possibility of floor and ceiling meeting without the chaos of collapse. It, like the poultry revolt, is a fantasy, and a severe or funny one depending on the context of the meeting.

Laid out on military cots of unglamorous provenance, the fruit of the artist as infrastructure scavenger. Or: the artist as bad habit.

"But we put it there!" They repeat. "It's cute, and also relaxing!"

And you, courageous exaggerator, say to no one: "It's a flood without water."

-Jack Gross