

ON VIEW

'I Want That Inside Me' at Feature Inc.

By Will Heinrich | 07/09/13 3:33pm



Vlahovich's 'Red & Green & Black,' 2010. (Courtesy the artist and Feature Inc.)

Despite its title, and with the exception of Jared Buckhiester's watercolor typology of half-naked football players and one magisterially constructed, transparently explicit Tom of Finland sketch, none of the work in this **taut summer grouping** of obsessive drawing and collage is particularly concerned with evasion or desire—except insofar as anything can be an evasion, and everything, once you're looking for it, is desire. Tyler Vlahovich's ink drawing *Red & Green & Black* seems to show a partial patterned floor floating in the air—what was on the missing pieces? David Deutsch's four-foot-wide ink drawing *Daisies* and Gary Batty's smaller but equally intensive graphite drawing *skry* almost glisten with monomania and control. Léonie Guyer's faint pencil tracing of a vaguely medical shape on old paper trembles

with the unspoken, David Moreno's red *Reflections* has an erotic elegance and Jerry Phillips's untitled partial face is rendered in so many layers of graphite that it attains a photographic sheen.

Selena Kimball's *Untitled (early April)* uses *The New York Times* and multiple passes of scissors and glue to make a pushpin-hole-dappled shape something like the state of New Jersey. In the center, fragments of photos and advertisements make for a corridor of color—a sunset, a lamppost, a bat or pterodactyl skeleton, a pink square—and flying out from that corridor is a long black loop. But most of the shape is composed of expanses of blankness cobbled together in overlapping rows from margins and edges: evasion and exposure taking place in the very same act. And Mr. Buckhiester's football players, *Squadron of 12*, appear in a 3-by-4 grid of brash, floral watercolors over faint pencil outlines. The paint is applied in stains, with dark, fractal edges and a feeling of serendipitous form. The players wear jockstraps, shoulder pads, sports bras pushed up over their pectorals, and sometimes helmets, out from under which spills long brown or blond hair. Their feet, in tube socks, fit on as if in separate modules. That they're all in the same pose—hips turned, knees bent, fists curled, shoulders up, belly out—only goes to show that, despite its superficial differences, desire is always the same. (*Through Aug. 2, 2013*)