

Art Review:

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New York Reviews Marathon

By Tyler Coburn

Debo Eilers, *I've got \$3,000 in my Wallet / On Stellar Rays*

A recent spat of laptop thefts from the likes of Museum 52 and Rachel Uffner hardly dampened the mood of On Stellar Rays owner Candice Madey, who on the occasion of my visit confidently abandoned her desk shackled machine to make me an espresso in the gallery basement. Over that Sunday afternoon, when I should have been visiting neighboring institutions and making a good show in AreReview's behalf, I perused the California Biennial catalogue with Madey and shared her sense of loss at what occurs on the far-end of a red-eye flight, coffee-fueled curator and artist visitors, and somewhere along the way managed to take in a few eyefuls of exhibiting artist Debo Eilers's assemblages, which set a Schreber-esque level of neurosis for the capitalist-schizophrenic set. Foamboard constructions of clinical interiors and candy-colored moulded plastic friezes - of bananas, cherries, pears, and goats- form flipsides of the artist's perverse currency.