

Liz Craft
The Secret Lives of Spiders
January 23 - March 7, 2015

Liz Craft's first solo exhibition at Jenny's combines new ceramic works, mixed media sculptures, and wall drawings. Her life-size *Spider Women* are tethered to the gallery walls by webs and have eight eyes which cast questioning glances at each other, and at us. Tangled in conversation, their threads become an extension of thought. The gallery space is charged with nervous energy, chatter, brimming with polite talk and smiles, but beneath we can't help but think...

The daily web can get tedious. "*What cha been up to? Same old thing...*" Craft's table piece *Office Talk* features ceramic male genitals making chit chat. Both functional desk and sculpture, the piece is activated by the gallerists who join in the exchange. Craft's ceramic mouths and hand-drawn speech balloons suspend dialogue in mid-air, leaving words to inhabit the walls and seep into the surroundings. A stream of text bubbles and comments infiltrate our field of vision, interrupted by the snarl of yarn and by onlooking bodies and conversation.

Craft has created a complicated space, where objects rake the activity of the gallery and its inhabitants for gossip and maybe something serious. They want to talk.

Liz Craft (born 1970) lives and works in Los Angeles, and has exhibited extensively in solo and group shows worldwide. She is co-owner of Paradise Garage in Venice, CA, and co-founder of the Paramount Ranch art fair in Malibu, CA.

Recent exhibitions include *Dead End Street*, with Pentti Monkkonen, Shoot the Lobster, New York; *Golden State*, MOCA Tucson, Arizona; *Bathymetry*, Del Vaz Projects, Los Angeles; *Liz Craft & Pentti Monkkonen*, Prochoice, Paris; *Naughty By Nature: Lisa Anne Auerbach and Liz Craft*, Hacienda, Zurich, Switzerland; *New Age*, Nathalie Karg, New York; and *Temple of Folly*, LAND Project, Los Angeles. Forthcoming in 2015 is a solo presentation at Truth and Consequences, Geneva, Switzerland, and *The Reason We No Longer Speak*, with David Douard and Jesse Stecklow, Fahrenheit, Los Angeles.