



Enid Crows' mustache and other self-portraits.

“A Major who lost the band, 🍷 Army personnel who won't be made to fly, 🍷 A disgruntled group from Queens not being let into a Hamptons beach, 🍷 A law firm watching their case go up in smoke, 🍷 I just saw a black males' penis, 🍷 The lost detective, 🍷 ACDC fishing in Vienna and appearing at the Stadthalle, 🍷 The evacuation of the Elm St. neighborhood Tupperware party, 🍷 Another Italian barber shop opens in Williamsburg, 🍷 I just served a customer a roach in their soup, 🍷 Another false alarm for the Red Cross, 🍷 A nurse forced to “home services” in Brownsville, 🍷 A “log” floating in a pool, 🍷 The Engineer who got kicked off the train, 🍷 The student who felt they deserved an “A”, 🍷 The demolition of another half-pipe, 🍷 That was an ace damn it! 🍷 Witnessing the Bijou in Times Square being refurbished into “Victoria Secret”... That would be my guess for titles because as disasters go these images don't evoke empathy but they're not intended to.

In the early 90's I was introduced to the work by an artist who would remove the advertisements from inside the subway cars in New York City and paint out the text. This was before the advent of photo shop as we know it. The work had a very distilling affect because in the absence of text to support and contextualize the image it refused the subjective impulses that would normally be used to define and orient and forced one to accept the images and their milieu as abstract regardless of their highly-rendered and stylized formatting...Enter the images by Enid Crow which are as sardonic and efficient. The levity inherent in the images is almost upstaged by the adeptness in the operational fundamental that is required to turn out such a succession of work. Each image is concise and carries the same power of content without the threat of dissemination. As if in a mocking stance the production quality has the savvy that usually is associated with the cache of source material reserved for photo stylists and art directors on location(s) for an advertising campaign whose tag could ultimately be, “Nothing to Fear” And if there is it would be the danger of the antidotal usage of the iconic symbol to represent one's mocking association to gender known as the “Mustache” which in this case would be an albatross if not for the resolute visual impact and the prolific essence this series contain. And if you want the truth behind Enid Crows' “Mustache”, I invite you to visit “The Ones We Love” at www.theoneswelove.org

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