

Hugging for James Murphy

BY ALAINA STAMATIS » Girl-moshing, bird camp, space cowboys, and other adventures in merry NYC nightlife.



Cell phone pix by Matthew Mann

CLOCKTOWER GALLERY

The Clocktower Gallery introduced their wild western installation in conjunction with the release of *Javelin's EP-and-short-film Canyon Candy*, directed by [Mike Anderson](#). I had seen it when it was in-progress, but the finished product was incredible. Instead of walking into their big white gallery space, visitors enter a small rustic cabin, made of dark, hundred-year-old wood, and garnished with fur hides and Pendleton blankets. Upon exiting the cabin you worm into a narrow, dark mountain range, with dead cowboys, **papier-mâché psychotropic cacti**, and taxidermied coyotes around every corner. At the end you arrive in the gallery space, where gingham picnic tables and a large projection screen greet you with red and white wine.

At 9pm Javelin howled a short, vocoded country tune, and afterward the film screened; its set was only dissimilar from the installation itself in that it was loaded with soft, clean sand. The *Canyon Candy* starred a girl that looks like Natalie Portman and Pat Noecker of *These Are Powers* (*spoiler alert* he goes down in a hail of gunfire.) [Joe Ahearn](#), the gallery's curator of performance and installation, was wearing a **red plaid shirt and a white five-gallon hat**, and [David Weinstein](#), Clocktower and Art on Air's Program Director, was wearing a Sheriff's badge, but I never got to ask him what his jurisdiction was. Phong Bui, who runs the [Brooklyn Rail](#), was wearing a small red-and-black jester hat that he apparently always wears. I bumped into [Rebecca Smeyne](#), who also does party reviews - awkward!

Rating: 3 weed leaves

