(Quick! Pull My Animated Finger!)
organized by Matt Silverstein & Dave Jeser

The two Jews from L.A. that bring you Drawn Together present the people that help write and draw the series in an "art" exhibit. Artists from Rough Draft Studios show unpublished, unaired, uncensored and mostly unseen stuff.

With work by: Stephanie Arnett, Dan Bond, Edgar Duncan, Edmund Fong, Bari Kumar, Gennady Kornyshev, Samantha Harrison, Jeff Mertz, Mike Wodkowski

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Left to right/top to bottom:
Dan Bond, Boys Night Out, 2003, animated short, 5 min.
Samantha Harrison, Chanel, 2006, graphite and acrylic on paper, 15 x 19 in.
Gennady Kornyshev, The Faun, 2006, acrylic on canvas, 30 x 40 in.
Jeffrey Mertz, 7-11 Jesus (self portrait), 1997, graphite on paper bag, 13 x 30 in.
Edmund Fong, Untitled, undated, color photograph, 30 x 40 in.
Bari Kumar, Army of Forgotten Souls, 2005, video and sound, 3 min. 30 sec.
Michael Wodkowski, Untitled, 2007, installation, dimensions variable.
Elijah Aron, the part of the text Elijah didn’t write.

Elijah Aron, the part that Jordan didn’t write.
TV as an artform

Since the dawn of the cathode tube, television has been one of the world’s most defining forms of expression. From the broadcast of the first man to walk on the moon to the first turd squeezed on to a pizza (Drawn Together Episode 107), television has demonstrated its massive ability to change the world. Anyone can slap some paint on to a canvas or take a picture of a baby dressed as a stupid flower, but it takes a certain amount of, let’s call it “magic” to bring TV to the masses.

TV unites the great and the small as one. How else could a Noble Prize winner and an auto worker connect if not for the shared joy of NBC’s Thursday night lineup? The answer is that they couldn’t. Eventually, after hours of trying to listen to the inane chatter-chatter of the lesser mind, the Nobel prize winner would end up using a torque wrench to smash a large hole in his own occipital lobe.

Certainly a glass-half-empty type might call TV a tick, sucking away all individuality, and leaving us nothing more than Smartness, Professor Smart Guy Ph Smart.

Before TV, the only form of entertainment was watching retarded people fight their reflections in mirrors. God forbid talking with each other. But most of the time, they talked about how great it would be to have a TV.

One of the many awesome things about TV, which is awesome, is that everyone is pretty. I would have sex with anyone who lives inside my TV, definitely including Lou Dobbs. I certainly can’t say that about that piece of shit invention of Marconi’s, the “radio.” Or as I like to call it the “sucks-ass-dio.” For no matter how smooth and silky Radio Folk sound, in fact all radio stars are ugly! Uglier even than the stars of books. I know for a fact that everyone on the radio has a face like that fat fuck Marconi’s greasy Italian anus. Here it is: *.

Another thing that makes TV better than radio or fruit, is that it weighs more. Everyone likes things that are heavier. Shut up, you! We are television writers. Equal parts artist and philosopher. The natural merging of Van Gogh and Descartes. And we are better than you. You think you’re so great reading an essay on a pamphlet? I should stick a broomstick up your baby daughter’s pussy, you printed-word-loving mongoloid!

I am so certain that TV is awesome, I can spend a whole paragraph not talking about the subject at all, with perfect confidence that this essay will still drive the point home. This paragraph will be about how small Dave Jeser’s penis is. In fact, Dave Jeser’s penis is so small that his wife uses an electron microscope just to put on his condoms. True story, I was standing at the urinal next to Dave one day and noticed that he actually needs to use tweezers to pee. If we were in cave times we could have discovered fire by rubbing two of Dave’s penises together. The Indians would have called him “walks with acorn between legs.” Dave’s penis is so small, not only can he fuck a cheerio without breaking it, he can actually fuck a capillary without breaking it. Dave’s penis is so small that the Prime Minister of China invited him to visit just so his countrymen could feel more self-confident. He used to put a roach clip on his dick just so stoners would suck it. He has a smurf urologist. Dave used to have a problem with premature ejaculation, now he just tells women they popped a zit on his crrotch.

Enough about Dave Jeser. Matt Silverstein, on the other hand, is almost perfect. He’s a brilliant writer with a lovely wife and two beautiful children. He only has one flaw. He works with a partner, Dave Jeser, who’s penis is so small when he hooked up with a blind girl he found out his penis in Braille spells out small penis. Speaking of miniscule genitalia, Dave once sat in a pile of incredibly tiny pens and couldn’t find his penis.

Speaking of this Apex Art exhibit, I would give this show an F, but that would make it a fart, which is infinitely more entertaining than this. If your art is so much better than TV how come fifty million people a week watch “According to Jim” and there are only seventeen people here? None of whom know Jim Belushi’s opinion on any matter.

In conclusion, TV is great.

Oh and by the way, Drawn Together Season two comes out on DVD over the summer!

By: Matt “The Fonger” Silverstein

** translation available at www.apexart.org