

*Social*, is a two-person exhibition set between the practices of Justin Chance and David Sprecher. For this exhibition, the artists are presenting a series of elaborate leftovers – favors without a party.

After the evening ends, the fear of missing out is replaced by the melancholy of having done it all. You danced with all the people, sampled all of the drinks, saw all your friends, only to wake up the next morning born again and strange to yourself. “I’ll never drink again” you say, “I’ll clean all this up before the days done” you say, “but first, the toilet.” Looks like last night’s confetti congregated into the bowl of the ceiling light melting *ad hoc* into stained glass. You feel all the shame you would as if you were back in Church, coincidentally it’s Sunday too.

The misery that comes after the party isn’t caused so much by a sudden drop in dopamine, rather it’s the annihilating knowledge that you had a really good time in the most mediocre way possible and this will be as good as it gets. You can scroll through your feed and relive it all as much as you want the next morning, but it all looks like different people doing different versions of the things you were doing. The blister on your heart and on your memory gets rubbed when you believe that what you were doing in the moment was actually meant to be engaged with afterwards, reexperienced as a memory that can repeat itself *ad nauseum*. You say, “That was fun”. If that *last man* ever said anything, it would be that.

“Social,” is supposed to be a good word: slick, sexy, as fluid as its meaning implies, but its not. It just makes everything around it less intelligent. “Social” is a brick wall, a dense sack of concrete that paves over the abyss where relationships used to be. It’s a thought-terminating cliché, and I don’t want to be social anymore. The bureaucratic layers of affect that mediate every interaction are peeled off and only immediate sensation is left. It’s real but it’s disappointing. A baby rolling around in clay, balloons that are slowly deflating, the poetry hidden in a cut ribbon after the ceremony and that fucking dent in the wall that will absolutely obliterate any chance of getting your security deposit back. It’s the bells and whistles of a life attempted, God dwells in these fringe details too.

A party flies close to the sun but cowers in the face of getting too close, the carnival strips the subject off of you, you are exposed, you cannot relive this there is only now, the eternal morning after.

Apparatus Projects is an artist-directed off-space specializing in exhibition-making, publications, and free public programming in Chicago, IL.

Our exhibitions and texts look to build relationships between strangers and deepen already existing ones between friends.

Apparatus Projects is 501(c)3 registered, and all donations are tax-deductible to the fullest extent allowed. Please consider supporting our program with a donation if you would like to see our work continue.

Justin Chance (b. 1993 in New York, NY) is an artist and writer based in New York. Chance received a Bachelor of Fine Arts and a BA in Visual & Critical Studies from the School of the Art Institute of Chicago in 2015. Chance’s work has been the subject of solo and two-person exhibitions at the following venues: Tuesday, Richmond, VA (2021); Smart Objects, Los Angeles (2021); Gern en Regalia, New York (2021); The artist’s work has been presented in numerous group exhibitions including: JTT, New York, (2022) Downs & Ross, New York (2021); Thierry Goldberg, New York (2021); Housing, Miami (2019); and Institute of Contemporary Art, Baltimore (2018).

David Sprecher is an artist and educator living in Chicago. He received a BFA in printmaking from the Maryland Institute College of Art in 2006 and an MFA from Northwestern University in 2016. He teaches sculpture at the Chicago Academy of the Arts and integrates art education into primary schools through the Chicago Arts Partnership in Education. His work has been exhibited internationally.