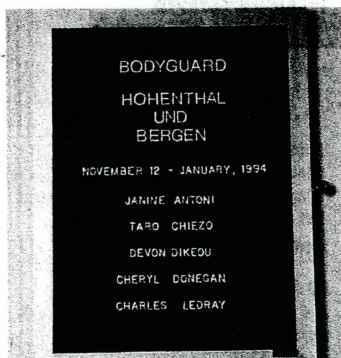


POSTMASTERS

postmasters gallery 80 greene nyc 10012 212 941 5711

Time Out
New York

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Devon Dikeou, installation detail.

Devon Dikeou, "What's Love Got to Do with It?"

Postmasters Gallery, through Oct 11 (see Soho).

Earning a living usually means being exploited somehow, but exposing just how this happens is a built-in perk for artists. Hell, it's practically expected.

Devon Dikeou's new installation, *What's Love Got to Do with It?*, obliges, revisiting the issue of the artist-as-commodity. Using the lobby directories one normally finds in office or gallery buildings, Dikeou lists every artist in every group show she's ever been in since her first in 1991. Each of 61 shows is given its own panel. Certain names—Janine Antoni, Andrea Zittel, Matthew Ritchie, Karen Kilimnik—recur frequently, suggesting how these artists (much like

young British artists today) are marketed to collectors in "waves."

Presumably, Dikeou is also out to establish a context for her work, but compared to other artists' deconstructions of art-world politics, her simple black-and-white panels are both overly theorized and much too tame. In a gallery handout, Dikeou goes on about her use of "the lexicon of gallery/office furnishings rather than normal contextual viewer iconization," a shift from "anachronistic signage" to "nostalgic histrionics." Hmmmm. Don't get me wrong—I'm all for theory, as long as there's a visual payoff or an interesting idea involved. Here there's neither.

Dikeou's other, smaller installation, however, is much more accessible, dealing with a contextual shift of a different sort. *What's Love but a Second Hand Emotion?* features the kind of cheap plastic fan usually installed in taxis to convey air-conditioning to passengers. Mounted on the wall, it's rigged to a motion detector: When you approach, a nearby speaker emits the same insipid reminders to buckle your seatbelt—from the likes of Eartha Kitt, Jackie Mason, Dr. Ruth Westheimer, Plácido Domingo, Joe Torre, Judd Hirsch and Joan Rivers—that you now hear in every cab.

Wafting through a gallery, these announcements are especially hilarious, and Dikeou really makes a connection here. After all, most of us are all too familiar with taxis, celebrities and the public/private realms they straddle, which so often blur.—*Martha Schwendener*

ART

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ART GUIDE

DEVON DIKEOU, "What's Love Got to Do With It?" Postmasters Gallery, 80 Greene Street, (212) 941-5711 (through Oct. 11). On black display boards with stick-on white letters—which, for some viewers, recall elementary school lunchroom menus—Ms. Dikeou has spelled out the names of every New York group show she's been in, along with dates and lists of participants. As an art-of-

the-résumé gesture, it's fun, and possibly a little more than that for SoHo nostalgia buffs (Cotter).