

POSTMASTERS

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VOICE CHOICES MARCH 29—APRIL 4, 2006

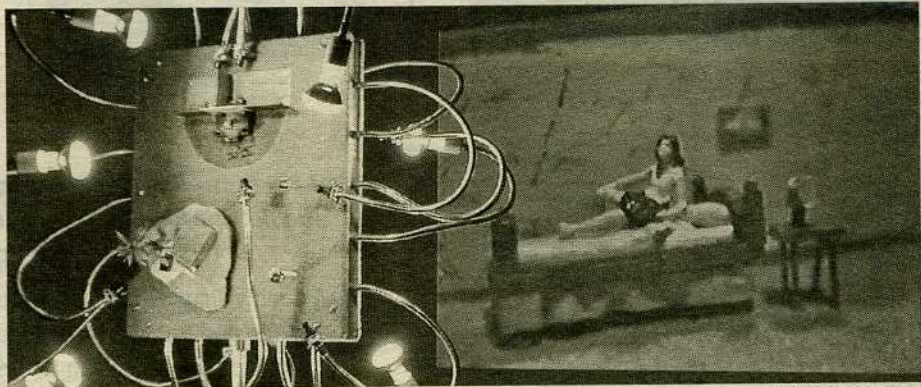
Art

**JENNIFER AND KEVIN MCCOY:
DIRECTED DREAMING**
Postmasters Gallery
459 West 19th Street
Through April 8

Whole genres embedded in these squirrely sculptures

Before I saw "Directed Dreaming," Jennifer and Kevin McCoy's current show, I would have said they could have been in the Whitney Biennial. I'm still a fan, but this exhibition finds them in an iffy transition, headed away from strength and enmeshed in weakness.

Previously the McCoy's made large tabletop diorama-like sculptures—fantastic-looking objects with tiny figures in teeny landscapes doing odd things. These works had presence, ingenuity, and mischievousness. Equipped with lights, computers, and mini-cameras, they projected wonderful films starring the miniature figures onto the walls. You might see a secret-agent scenario, a Fellini-



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like romp, a horror movie chase, or a scene from a Godard film. Whole genres seemed embedded in these squirrely sculptures. Even better, the connections between the objects and the films multiplied interest in both and made each better and weirder.

That's gone. The McCoy's are still making sculptures that turn themselves into films via little cameras, and the films are fine—especially the one that deals with the artists' fantasy lives. The

Double Fantasy II (sex), 2005

problem is the sculptures themselves are far less interesting because they're more compact. You can't really see what part of the sculpture is generating the film. This means you're only getting half the magic. Without the engagement of the objects, there isn't enough to carry both or either. With luck, this is only a temporary glitch. **JERRY SALTZ**