

# POSTMASTERS

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# Art

## Best in Show

**Recommendations**  
by Robert Shuster

**'Colorific! We Make an Art Rainbow'**

Postmasters Gallery  
459 West 19th Street  
212-727-3323, [postmastersart.com](http://postmastersart.com)  
Through August 19

## Color Scheming

Arranging works of art according to their predominant colors might sound like a kids' game, but at Postmasters, where hijinks are a specialty, this rainbow scheme actually lends some order to a sprawling, end-of-season survey of the gallery's artists.

Hung with salon-style clutter, the show begins with red, where you'll find one of Diana Cooper's pencil-and-marker abstractions of dense and jagged geometry; like a child's impression of an overwhelming city, the drawing sets the mood. Nearby, playfully examining their own replacement, married couple Jennifer and Kevin McCoy present a photographic series of "self-portraits," in which friends don wigs and costumes to appear as the others' spouses. Over in the yellow quadrant, another angry, anti-establishment screed from William Powhida (actually a trompe-l'oeil painting) skewers art-world legalese. Right beside it, starting the green wall, a low-budget video by Guy Ben-Ner once again investigates family dynamics; the artist leads his wife and children, dressed as ostriches, around Riverside Park in a mockery of PBS nature shows. Flung around by the juxtapositions, your brain cells start to feel like pinballs.

Off-rainbow, in beige, you'll find sexualized flesh. In Monica Cook's painting *Succi*—taking cues, it would seem, from both Dutch Renaissance and Carolee Schneemann—gleaming octopus tentacles wrap around an erotic tangle of bare female limbs. Agata Bobecka's fearsome female satyr (a gouache cartoon) leads to explorations of gender identity from provocateur Katarzyna Kozyra, who films and photographs young men dressed only in pink, vagina-like jockstraps.

Even when color disappears, as it does in the back room, the visuals overwhelm. Here, among abstractions and impressions of Iraq, two competing videos complete the madcap tour. Anthony Gnicolea's *Septemberists* has vaguely fascist boys performing a cultish ritual that ends with a floating coffin, and a raging Rainer Ganahl furthers his studies of language, shouting English profanity printed on ceramic cubes before hurling them at a wall.



**Seafood tonight?**  
*Monica Cook's Succi*

Courtesy Postmasters