

Jesse Goode and Alix Pearlstein (Postmasters, September 9–October 12) have both, in their own ways, responded to the loss of real value in the marketplace by variations of dematerialization. A blockage hovers over the potential of their work at present: an obscurity above, the faltering hope that art, finely crafted, with high technique, can sell, or make sense, blocks the way to a worldview. And so Goode and Pearlstein, each in their own way, go in reverse to search the closets and floors for an end-around out of the impasse. Goode presents double-hung rows of shredded suits: only the linings remain. Each fashion victim is suspended with inner linings turned out, the material degeneration emphasized, an exit from a quandary that results in a compensatory wilting of form and loss of po-

tential resonance. This work drains meaning away: as you try to follow lines and make equations to drawings, the eye continues the shredding process. Nothing steps in to put bias and pulse—starch and body—back into these ghosts. Nor is it clear that Goode knows if there is, indeed, a way out by way of the down-and-out way. Though Goode's openness to the metaphorical lessons of the homeless, with regard to the tremors of existential groundlessness shaking the art world to its foundations at present, is immediate and sincere, the gambit still wanders the streets.

Alix Pearlstein's *Floor Crack Fuzz* was introduced to me in a very sudden fashion: at the opening, a hand reached out and saved me from inadvertently stomping all over it. That blindness, that hiddenness, that act of being so invisible as to not be recognizable as art, is its first face. If taken as a type of Pearlstein's work, *Floor Crack Fuzz* speaks of a reductivist recoil from a loss of meaning in the upper registers of field or world discourse, and the strategy of going into hiding as a way to weather the storm: this involves a . . . subversion is the wrong word, a "submarining" of materialism, because the intention is to dive under, away from power discourses, from schema, to motifs, or even details. In this hidden world-in-a-grain-of-sand-life, some concepts will indeed Anne-Frank the winter away. When the critic's foot is giganticized into a brutal goose step, the alteration of scale is reflectively appalling. Looked at as works of art on a scale with the works-of-art world (all field-object or schema), *Shower Cap* and *Plastic Bag* look like a reductivist joke, the latest product of a close circle of artists all involved at present in a radically implosive spiral; but when the mind adjusts to the Gulliver effect of the implosion, they charm as Land of Counterpane Claes Oldenbergs, soft sculpture for the depressive soul that lately, by way of coping, takes two-hour showers. Pearlstein's best, most un-reproducible moment, came at the end of looking, in a single backglance at the ensemble, at *Wall Bumps*, at *Fuzz Circle*, and at others: it all looked like an empty gallery. A zone that I do indeed like the pull of at present.