

# Quick! Read This!

BY GARY INDIANA

5. *Jimmy De Sana, at Pat Hearn Gallery, 735 East 9th Street, through February 7:*

I always feel a bit strange visiting Pat Hearn Gallery, because of the location. The rubble-packed lots in the area, the general surrounding atmosphere of poverty and desuetude, vividly remind us that New York has washed its hands of the concept of social justice. Or as Alan Pryce once put it, "Everybody wants justice but you've gotta have money to buy it." Now, on nearby Avenue C, an elaborate open-shack structure serves as a soup kitchen for the homeless. So you can watch the dispossessed freezing to death on your way to the gallery.

Jimmy De Sana's recent Cibachrome photographs are attractive, cryptic, beautifully installed; I don't understand them, particularly the one that seems closest to saying something, a picture called *Gooseberries*. The word "deathlessness" is covered by three jagged rows of prosthetic eyeballs. A booklet accompanying the exhibition features numerous koanlike statements that relate, I imagine, to the photographs. For example: "A/simple/shoe/would fit/on/any/foot/if/the/simple/shoe/was any size." Not bad, actually.

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