

By Kay Larson

"VICTOR FACCINTO is a genius," somebody wrote in Phyllis Kind's guest book. He's a fantasist, anyway, with a remarkable, Boschian view of hellfire, sin, and damnation; it's so intense you don't know whether he's funning you or getting ready to join the Holly Rollers. Faccinto is a filmmaker whose animations have been shown at the Whitney and elsewhere. Wooden snakes and forks are his favorite motifs (I assume the forks are the devil's pitchfork). On them he paints pejorative asides to lust and loose women, falling angels and the materialist paraphernalia of hell. While diabolical exoticism has been hep since Colette (the original, I mean), and while I love the obsessively anal detailing of these paintings-on-objects, I'm getting tired of art that loathes women even in fun—if that's what you call it. Irony is an artist's raw material, but as Richard Goldstein observed last week, the joke is only funny if you're the one on top.

No irony in the next room, just the literalism of DIANE SIMPSON's corrugated-board constructions. Simpson builds somewhat like Jackie Ferrara—no complicated glues, just an interest in joints, layers, planes. Her cardboard is held together by dowels and string, and it looks effortless but isn't. The compass-drawn shapes stand on the floor, and would be a lot less interesting if they stayed in "proper" perspective; as it is, they're flattened slightly, like cinematic projections. (Both at Phyllis Kind Gallery, 139 Spring Street, through April 12 and April 26, respectively.)