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By KEN JOHNSON

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Charles LeDray

*Sperone Westwater Gallery
415 West 13th Street
West Village
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Charles LeDray is best known for making miniature men's suits that are marvels of meticulous craftsmanship and poetic symbols of male identity. Here in a Plexiglass vitrine is a complete outfit for a pint-size mechanic. Mounted on a headless tailor's dummy, it includes neatly pressed green trousers with yellow suspenders attached; a heavy-duty jacket and blue work shirt; a leather tool belt with little screwdrivers, a hammer and a roll of tape in its pockets; and a pair of leather gloves. Everything, including zippers and buckles, is lovingly handmade. An embroidered name patch that reads "Chas" suggests self-portraiture, but in its tender, irony-free idealization it feels more like a Whitmanesque elegy for an endangered species of manhood.

Other works include a pair of big glass display cases containing thousands of tiny handmade ceramic pots, each differently formed and glazed; a matchbox-size, leather-bound sketch book and slip cover, the little book open to show a drawing of a bee hive; and an antique "Cricket Cage" reproduced in human bone, a commercially available material. "Jewelry Display," an assemblage of empty armatures for necklaces, bracelets and watches on boxes of different heights, all covered in black velvet, has the haunted air of a graveyard.

Mr. LeDray is one of those rare artists — Robert Gober and Charles Ray are two others — who bring to art-making no ideological program but only an acutely personal way with materials and techniques and a fabulously unpredictable imagination.

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