

RYAN TRECARTIN

The thought of sitting through an hour-and-forty-minute video could fill any gallery-goer with dread, but Trecartin's "I-Be Area" is worth the investment. It's a plummet down a cyberspace rabbit hole, filled with campy characters- club kid meets vaudeville-sporting cheerfully grotesque makeup, and discussing cloning, adoption, and replication. It all makes sense, when considered through the filter of media culture, where MySpace hopefuls dream of superstardom ("I can't live without an audience," a character quips). You keep waiting for Trecartin to slip and for the video to lose steam. To his credit, it never does. Through Oct. 13. (Dee, 545 W. 20th St. 212-924--7545.)