



**Reviews:** New York

**'Critic's Pix'**

**Black & White**

This impressive group show came together surprisingly well, considering its relatively loose premise. Art critic and curator Lilly Wei, a contributing editor of *ARTnews*, invited five New York-based critics—Carly Berwick, Stephanie Cash, Peter Eleey, Benjamin Genocchio, and Reena Jana—to select a few emerging artists whose work that they found to be “particularly engaging.”

If these critics have their fingers on the pulse of the contemporary-art scene, it



Kim Bennett, *Evening Peaches*, 2003, watercolor on paper, 30" x 22". *Black & White*.

would appear that esthetically packaged, lighthearted cultural critiques are supplying the beat.

Julian Montague's witty ongoing project *The Stray Shopping Cart, 2002–2004*, *An Illustrated System of Identification, v. 4.0* consisted of a chart with some 150 crisp photographs of shopping carts in various states of disarray or use, accompanied by a hilariously complex pseudo-scientific classification system that identifies and explains them.

Also amusing were David Shapiro's skinny white plastic pipes, which he fit together to spell out the word “help” in giant letters in the gallery's cement backyard, and Nick Brown's *LOT* (2004), consisting of sheaths of black tire rubber assembled on the wall and ground, suggesting fabric or curling leaves of plants. Jil Weinstock's sculptures—feminine fabrics partly encased in resin discs lying flat on the floor—suggested mannequins that had melted with their clothes on.

In his installation *Formalized arrangement of nouns in 3-D space* (2004), Jon-Paul Villegas created small plastic sculptures that looked like pastel-colored Mr. Potato Heads, melted and reshaped into glistening blobs that seemed obscene despite their abstractness.

Among the most impressive pieces were Kim Bennett's watercolors on archival paper. Bennett depicts boldly outlined tattoo-like designs in faded colors against yellowing grounds that suggest bark cloth, a presence in early-1960s interiors, giving suburban domesticity a Gothic edge. —*Meredith Mendelsohn*

