

PICKS

# ARTFORUM



New York  
CRITICS' PICKS

## You

Irreplaceable, sweet embraceable: The "you" of curator Lisa Kirk's title is the second-person pronoun of pop odes from the Gershwins on. Kirk asked fourteen of her favorite youngish artists to lend works of their choosing, which she's installed in a temporarily reconfigured downtown apartment. Invited into the parlor, the fractious modes of contemporary artmaking conduct a lively klatch. Tamara Zahaykevich's small, odd, wholly contempo foamcore constructions flank Jennifer Sirey's pair of skinny, five-foot-ten vitrines filled with spoiled wine and fleshy pink sheets of cultured bacteria; though the untitled work dates from 2000, it could be a lost '70s-feminist classic. Ellen Alfest's plein air oil *Log in Snow*, 2003,

maintains a mood of quiet reverie next to Keith Mayerson's screwed-up *Scenes from Hamlet*, 1999, a seven-canvas grouping of dudes from Christ to Spider-Man to Keanu that just might be telling a story about visual representation from da Vinci to Stan Lee to the Wachowski Brothers. Though the show is far from sentimental (see Robert Melee's gleefully terrorizing *Wall Unit*, 2003, which includes his trademark images of a mom gone very, very bad), the premise's sunny vibes pervade. Near the door stands the show's generous emblem: a log carved by Kirk with the word YOU—as in "You the artists I admire, you the viewers with whom I share their work"—inside a heart.

—Domenick Ammirati