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## 'Superimposition'

Caren Golden Fine Art  
526 West 26th Street, Chelsea  
Through July 27

"Superflat," a much-noticed exhibition of contemporary Japanese work recently seen in Los Angeles, was about art skimmed from the slick surface of pop culture. "Superimposition," a group show of young American artists organized by the critic David Hunt, also takes pop culture as a reference, but points to a different art, one derived from stacking, layering, recession, depth.

An incremental dynamic is most obvious in sculpture. Richard Dupont creates a towering female nude by slicing up a life-size cast, then doubling all the pieces. Gedi Sibony pieces together a pair of legs from small stones and cement. Jeffrey Reed turns plywood, fluorescent lights and beer cans into a kind of heavy-metal altar, while Matthew Bakkom fashions a funereal-looking urn from meticulously stacked reels of "The Insider," a film starring Al Pacino that is based on a "60 Minutes" exposé of the tobacco industry.

There are references to the illusory depths of video games in attractive paintings by Jon Widman and Luke Dowd, and in a spectacular one by Jay Davis, which transplants modernist architecture to the moon. The deep space of science fiction gets some play in Yorgo Alexopoulos's "Thrill of It All," a Minimalist wall piece that doubles as a star ship control panel, or the other way around. (Mr. Alexopoulos's work can also be seen in a solo show at Bronwyn Keenan in SoHo this month.)

Layering is subtle and abstract in a milky, luminous new painting by Jacqueline Humphries. It takes digital form in computer-generated prints by Marsha Cottrell and terrific multimedia animation by Jonathan Calm, titled "A Place to Live." Mr. Calm's piece, for all its high-tech polish, has a personal, stream-of-consciousness feel. The same is true in Jessica Rankin's "Constant Return," with its chart-like play of words — read, overheard, spoken, obsessively thought about — hand-embroidered in overlapping layers on sheets of opaque fabric.

"Superimposition" does not try to tell us anything definitive about new art. But it certainly gives a sense of its range, depth and quietly concentrated ambition. One comes away reminded afresh of how much of interest there is to choose from these days, and thinking how smart so many of Mr. Hunt's choices are.

HOLLAND COTTER