

ARTFORUM

Maggie Lee

REAL FINE ARTS

673 Meeker Avenue

April 2–May 1

In Maggie Lee's solo debut here, a teen mausoleum crawling with early-to-mid-aughts moods and references, the artist presents a suite of dioramas centered on the Jenny doll, a fantasy avatar the artist dresses and entombs in, mostly, glass tanks. Each takes on the logic of the miniature world, inviting viewers to lean in at different angles, as all but one work rest on custom stands of various heights. With a decisive but sometimes frenetic hand, Lee revisits transitional periods in her life. Her exhibition re-creates many familiar coming-of-age experiences and sites: bedrooms, vintage shops, nightclubs, acid trips, and at least one hangover.

In *I Want to Believe* (all works 2016), a Genzken-ish raver stomps across a reflective discotheque floor, indifferent to her own image caught in a shard of broken mirror as well as to the discarded Oi Oicha tea bottles and records—Comus, Peaches—lining the corners of her room. We witness other signs of 2000s adolescence: among them, tiny Orangina bottles, Keroppi stickers, shrunken Comme des Garçons ads, the Erowid logo, rhinestones, and trendy outfits for Jenny/Maggie, made with Hanna Törnudd. In *Psycho*, a club-ready Jenny is surrounded by spare notes of giallo glamour—a Dario Argento poster hangs behind the shiny chrome of a BDSM-looking hamster wheel near a furry black divan, close to a scrap of magic mushroom and an empty Adderall capsule. As if setting booby traps, she fills her installations with visual refrains—hamster bedding, salt licks—imbuing the works with arch self-awareness and twee humor.

— Boško Blagojević



Maggie Lee, *Psycho*, 2016, Jenny doll, glass tank, mixed media, dimensions variable.