

# *the* PARIS REVIEW

## Staff Picks: Stirrups, Stravinsky, Sink-feet

Nicole Rudick

March 25, 2016



Among the black-and-white photographs in Meryl Meisler's show at Steven Kasher Gallery is a vitrine that houses ephemera from Meisler's youth in Massapequa, Long Island. One piece, from 1969, is an invitation to a swingers' party that asks attendees to rendezvous in the Island Discount parking lot and boasts that "Our Color Coded Computer Carefully Coordinates Closely Compatible Couples, (put that in your Funk & Wagnalls)." Group adultery aside, this sounds like a fun bunch. And Meisler's photographs, which she began taking in her early twenties, bear out that notion. In one, an older woman lounges on a bed (whose butterfly spread

matches the wallpaper that matches the curtains) while staring openmouthed and goggle-eyed at the camera. In another, a young man in a too-short terry bathrobe shaves while a woman brushes his hair, another man climbs onto the counter to stick his foot in the sink, and a third man, visible only in the mirror, views the scene over the top of the shower doors. The Meislers and their friends are like Tina Barney's affluent subjects gone astray: kitschy, boisterous, and lovin' it.