



Best in Show

by **R. C. Baker**

July 6th, 2006

Justin Lowe: 'Helter Swelter'

Hot damn, summer in the city—it's 95 in the shade and all I want is a cold one. Ah, a bodega. Shoot! The fridge doesn't work—the Gatorade is baking! And those pork rinds and antediluvian pastries couldn't be less appetizing amid these harsh fluorescent lights, peg board walls, and drooping plastic streamers. What's that music coming from the back room? It sounds like an ice cream truck jingle on acid. Wait! It *is* an ice cream truck—but its gutted insides are plastered with posters from trippy, violent movies. Who is that woman popping like a jill-in-the-box from Winston Churchill's forehead? You'll

never find this video, not even at Kim's. Drug-front bodegas; abandoned scaffolding; E. coli on wheels—this summer show is too dead-on: You can feel the grit on the back of your neck. Run, don't walk, to the Hampton Jitney, before it's too late! **Oliver Kamm/5BE, 621 W 27th, 212-255-0979. Through July 28.**