

THE NEW YORKER



GALLERIES—DOWNTOWN

Cory Arcangel

The artist recently offered tech support to Andy Warhol's ghost, helping to restore the computer files for the Pop star's long-lost digital paintings. In his first show of new work in New York since 2011, Arcangel is in fine Warholian form, compressing a complex critique—or celebration, or both—of our celebrity-besotted culture into the space of a punch line. Fittingly, for the age of the selfie, Arcangel places his viewers on a red carpet. Above it hang nine flat-screen TVs displaying video portraits of echt-American V.I.P.s, including P. Diddy, Larry David (with his arm slung around Skrillex), and, in the show's most pointed moment, Hillary Rodham Clinton. Each image is mirrored in shimmering water, thanks to an obsolete bit of software. The effect is ambiguous: are the idols basking in reflected glory or sinking? Through Oct. 26. (Team, 47 Wooster St. 212-279-9219.)

CREATORS: ANDREA SCOTT, STAFF