

THE NEW YORKER

ART

TABOR ROBAK

May 3 2015 - June 21 2015

In a quartet of works completed this year, the twenty-seven-year-old digital wizard emerges as a new star, pushing the time-honored format of wall-mounted pictures in strange and ravishing new directions. (Jeremy Blake's computer-animated paintings are touchstones, but quaint by comparison.) The showstopper is "Where's My Water," a twelve-foot-tall grid of a dozen screens, across which plays a strange dance of containers (coffee mugs, pen holders, tumblers) and the objects that fill them (Sharpies, kitchen spoons, toothbrushes). Here, a familiar Pop Art formula—everyday object plus eye-popping color—is complicated by moments of Surrealism gone Silicon Valley (Apple's screensaver ladybug ascends a blade of grass). In the back room, a hundred palm-sized LCD monitors house as many artificial life-forms, equal parts machine and mitochondrion. It suggests a sci-fi aquarium, incubating the alien kin of the human typologies of Ernst Haeckel. Through June 21.