

“Solar Set”



Installation view

★★★★★

Foxy Production, through Aug 10
(see Chelsea)

Like the Joseph Cornell box that gives this group show its title, “Solar Set” is filled with odd bits of cultural detritus, artfully manipulated until they take on a bit of magic.

Siebren Versteeg has fed Google image search results for “Satan” through a drawing program. The quite lovely ink-jet prints that result—profuse with spidery superimposed outlines—have a delicacy and sootiness that recall etchings. He has also papered one wall with random images found on the photo-sharing website

Flickr. Its crazy-quilt look is misleading—the piece is actually composed from an orderly grid of snapshots.

March, Olga Chernysheva’s video, documents a post-Soviet rally in Moscow, complete with red, white, and blue balloons bearing corporate logos; pubescent boys in cadet uniforms; and nubile teenage cheerleaders in skimpy costumes who shake their pom-poms to a military brass band. The flabbergasting incongruity of the scene leaves the cadets visibly uncomfortable. Their palpable ambivalence toward encroaching adolescence seems to echo Russia’s uncertain embrace of the new world order.

Takeshi Murata delivers the exhibition’s knockout with *Untitled (Pink Dot)*, a mesmerizing video made from *Rambo* footage, digitized into a marbled abstraction that flows like pixelated lava. A seizure-inducing pulsating pink circle, overlaid on the screen, intermittently obscures the action until it’s shot up with a machine gun—by Sylvester Stallone, who is seen surfacing now and then from the molten swirl. The eponymous dot, meanwhile, explodes in a gorgeous psychedelic fireball. Cornell would have approved of Murata’s spinning artistic gold from pop-culture dross, if not of the fireworks.—*Joseph R. Wolin*