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ADAM SHECTER

Eleven Rivington | 11 Rivington Street, near Chrystie Street | Lower East Side | Through Oct. 4

Adam Sheckter's solo gallery debut consists of "The New Atlantis," a double-channel hand-drawn video animation that is long on visual poetry but short on narrative sense. The two tapes — one projected on a wall, the other on a small monitor on the floor — are short and of different length, making all juxtapositions random.

To evocative sounds that sometimes match, the wall projection includes a freight train rumbling through the night past an expanse of glowing dots that is alternately a distant city or a field of fireflies. An illegible section of a neon sign (more dots) indicates the city in close-up, zeroing in on a lonely young man, apparently looking for love, who meets another. A grand hallway, perhaps in a large hotel or on an ocean liner, starts to fill quietly with water. Meanwhile, on the monitor on the floor, blue water flows, the train is seen again, and so is an even smaller section of the sign, this time in black and white.

Briefly, the screen goes completely blue. What this all means might be clearer, but maybe not. It definitely doesn't bode well. The implication is that we have seen the new Atlantis and it is us.