



THE NEW YORKER

MAY 8, 2000

GALLERIES-CHelsea

ROBERT TAPLIN

Our solar system's planets have been envisioned in many ways, but it's a safe bet that no one before Taplin has pictured them as a troupe of bald, beefy, middle-aged men—think Telly Savalas—dancing naked in pairs. Cast in plaster and translucent rice paper and illuminated from within by low-wattage bulbs, Taplin's figures make for an eerie, perplexing display. In a larger space, three surreal tableaux in forged steel from the eighties are on view, demonstrating a similar mix of clunky symbolism, skill, and idiosyncrasy. Through May 20. (Trans Hudson, 416 W. 13th St. 242-3232.)