

**STRANGE ATTRACTORS:
SIGNS OF CHAOS
THE NEW MUSEUM**

*Take an object
Do something to it
Do something else to it
Do something else to it*
—Jasper Johns, 1965.

I'm inclined to genuflect before curator Laura Trippi's ability to so even-handedly destroy both good and bad art in this unfortunate exhibition. It was quite a display of omniscience, and I'm reminded (in the spirit of the moment) of a Depeche Mode lyric: "... I think that God's got a sick sense of humor, and when I die, I expect to find him laughing." The conditions of chaos science—from psychedelic fractal computer graphics to the collapse of standardized social divisions between disciplines—were seen in this exhibition as ripe situations for the art scene's pickings. If there were artists dealing with the actual research (and there happen to be some: Carter Hodgkin and (Art)ⁿ, for example), one could have built a consistent show around their work. "Strange Attractors," however, wanted it both ways—chaos as a science and as an excuse for a party.

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