



**Yorgo Alexopoulos,  
*Rising Invader*, 2001.**

I guess that's partly his point. *Space Control Panel* is a gridded circuit board that hangs on the wall like a canvas; its squares of lavender and yellow light up like buttons. Like a sleek terminal, reminiscent of Hollywood sets, it conjures "space" in our

**Yorgo Alexopoulos**  
**Bronwyn Keenan Gallery,**  
**through Aug 3**  
**(see Soho).**

Is space dead? Not space in the real sense of an interplanetary vacuum existing "out there," but rather the one of various mythical incarnations, residing in the popular imagination. Culturally, space isn't the hot topic it was even five years ago, let alone three decades ago when it was regularly featured in the news. Perhaps the American subculture of science geeks has pushed its collective telescope aside and turned its attention to the inchoate cosmos of cyberspace. No matter. In this interstellar installation, Yorgo Alexopoulos turns back the societal clock and revives some of our fascination with outer space. The result is less an exploration of the great unknown than it is a showcase for the gimmicks and conventions we humans use to make the infinite tangible.

Alexopoulos's seven pieces almost evoke the feeling of being locked in the ship command center on *Star Trek*, and

minds just as instantaneously as the artist's *Rising Invader*, a realist painting of a planet in orbit. Hollywood's approach to space gets further treatment in *Journey to Cydonia*, in which DVD screens flash images of planets and mathematical calculations. These images show how our every idea of space and the future is utterly media-created: Their air of authority resides precisely in a flashing technology we don't comprehend.

Best is the 2001-inspired *The Truth Will Be Far Stranger*, a gigantic monolith made mostly of black Lego blocks. Color patterns on one side are actually a visual representation of a signal sent out into the galaxy from the Arecibo telescope in 1974. This message, which includes information on DNA and atomic numbers, is here transferred onto an ominous body—yet the form is still made from childhood toys, materials found right here on Earth. In effect, Alexopoulos reveals how small and predictable our language is in describing the "out there" spinning just beyond our control.—*Christopher Bollen*