

# THE NEW YORKER



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ART

## ANTOINE CATALA

“I don’t feel the same anymore. I feel new,” says the bald-headed droid-child who stars in Catala’s spellbinding digital animation. The same could be said of the gallery, one of the most exciting on the Lower East Side, which inaugurates a new space with this show. In the thirteen-minute piece, Catala connects dystopic ideas of the post-human body to old-fashioned humanism. As teeth threaten to fall from its mouth, as if ill-manufactured, the androgyne talks about self-expression (never mind that the self in question seems factory-fresh). Nearby, a pedestal topped with tiny objects of various textures—gritty, furry, smooth—returns feeling to the realm of the haptic. Through Nov. 2.

September 28 - November 2

[47 Canal](#)