



Installation view of Jeff Shore & Jon Fisher, *Trailer*, 2008–12, at Derek Eller Gallery  
Courtesy the artists and Derek Eller Gallery

FOR THE TEXAN collaborative team of Jeff Shore and Jon Fisher, the camera obscura has been displaced as a metaphor by a surveillance-state Moebius strip. Everything is exposed for peering at, but there is no outside from which to peer in. Their new installation *Trailer*, currently biding its time in Derek Eller Gallery, consists of five ceiling-mounted projectors throwing five blank, digitally pixelated rectangles, each tinted a different color, onto or beside five groups of 17 wall-mounted plywood boxes, six power strips, and innumerable wires, caps, circuits and LED lights. The wires, whose elegant parallels and polite crossings bring to mind a schematic subway map, lead up the walls and across the ceiling to a secret control room in the back.

The plywood boxes, constructed by Mr. Shore, largely obscure but do not completely conceal a series of small dioramas: an egg-shaped trailer, a drum set with sticks carved from toothpicks, a phone booth. Mounted on the wall a discreet distance from one such set, like a piece of cheese labeled "bait," is a single square red button. The moment an unwary visitor presses it, he hears a banging drum: hidden computers, programmed by Mr. Fisher, start a 12-minute, black-and-white music video, fed live from tiny cameras inside the tiny sets and synched to prerecorded sound.

Beginning with a camera aperture opening on a mountainscape (and including a microphone stand on an empty stage, an untenanted diner counter, crowd noises and a tuba playing itself) the video as video is engagingly cliché. Or rather, it would be, if you were ever allowed to forget that it isn't a video: it's merely one moving part of a complex installation whose total pressure rests squarely on the viewer. When the tuba plays, you can hear the clicking of its little keys coming from its wall-mounted set, but the polka comes only from the speakers.