words and phrases, so common they might go unremarked were they not given a colorful, sparkly treatment. The texts in at least two works play on quotes from famous authors: Beckett features a variation on Samuel Beckett, “MUST / gO ONC / ANT GO O / MUST / CANT go / MUST / I’LL GO ON”; and the diptych Simple Country Girl reads like a punk riff on Edna St. Vincent Millay, with “I bURNed / my CANDLE / AT boTh ENDS I / SHALL NOT / LAST THE NIGHT buT / WHAT A FUCK- / ING LIFE.”

Jablon’s paintings offer the perspective of a New Yorker who has soaked up the city through his pores. The glass tiling recalls the mosaics that spell out the station names on subway platforms; the stylistic specifics of the letters vary among the paintings as they do from station to station. Jablon’s letters, in their manic handmade-ness, also suggest graffiti, but this is a graffiti that glorifies the word rather than the writer. Other associations that come to mind are the pixels of a Times Square advertising screen and elaborate cake decorations.

Text paintings are, of course, nothing new. But while Jablon’s paintings have something in common with Basquiat’s and Ruscha’s works, as well as with Christopher Wool’s stenciled phrases and with Deborah Kass’s recent, exuberantly colored canvases, they evince an approach and attitude that marks the arrival of a new voice.

—Jeff Frederick