ANOTHER virtuoso performance by contemporary art’s most technically gifted purveyor of psychedelia, Fred Tomaselli’s new suite of complex collaged paintings extends a career-long fascination with the kaleidoscopic profusion he detects beneath the familiar surface of things.

As always, Mr. Tomaselli’s new work suggests a trippy descendant of the Italian Mannerist painter Arcimboldo; his richly decorated, increasingly figurative scenarios (here featuring trees and flowers, birds, snakes and even humans) are built from literally hundreds of tiny found images, carefully excised from their original contexts and integrated into intricately painted compositions.

These new works still occasionally employ the artist’s signature incorporation of actual drugs into the thick layers of high-gloss resin that encase his pictures. These dazzling arrays, with their cannabis-leaf rosettes and garlands of candy-colored pills, draft the very tools of pharmacology into images that evoke the perceptual enhancements they produce. Yet the current work gestures less toward the pharmaceutical than usual; the mind-altering substance here is unadulterated sensory saturation.
The 18 works on view include a lovely suite of altered photograms, in which tiny painted and collaged eyes float atop soft grisaille fields like unidentified deep-space objects. There is also a series of less convincing portraits whose lurid color schemes and fashion magazine source materials lend them the unfortunate air of a mutant Duran Duran video shoot.

The five big pictures that anchor the show include some of Mr. Tomaselli’s most fully realized works. “Avian Flower Serpent,” for instance, a 6-by-7-foot panel from this year, features a fierce-looking raptor clutching a snake. Set on a tree branch against a sky exploding with painted and collaged floral blooms, the bodies of both predator and prey are constructed from painstakingly sutured images of bird and snake parts.

In the show-stopping “Abductor” (2006), a Technicolor tornado writhes in the center of an eight-foot-high panel. It fills the sky with spinning mandalas whose painted forms and collaged elements — images of butterfly wings, blossoms and body parts — produce an exquisite carnivalesque canopy of wheels-within-wheels, like the gears of some colossal celestial machine.