

THE NEW YORKER

June 1, 2015

GALLERIES—DOWNTOWN

Pam Lins

If there is such a thing as “post-Internet” art, this ambitious, rambunctious, and beautiful show might be its opposite: scores of glazed-ceramic tabletop sculptures about pre-digital networks. Along a corridor, on shelves lining opposite walls, are endearingly goofy renditions of push-button phones, resting on U.S. Postal Service boxes. (The boxes are “flat rate,” a gag about pictorial versus sculptural objects that runs through the show.) On one wall, the pieces are in gray scale, with grace notes of red; on the other, they’re all in color. This sets up a marvellous trick in the main room, in which tables full of small abstract ceramics (based on models made in a Constructivist workshop) appear unglazed as you approach them, but become polychrome when seen from behind. The conceptual overload is a bit taxing, but, formally, Lins’s show is a triumph. Through May 31. (Uffner, 170 Suffolk St. 212-274-0064.)