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# 5 Must-See Gallery Shows in New York: Heidi Hahn, Amy Sillman, and More

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“this one is smaller than this one,” at Postmasters Gallery, through March 12 (54 Franklin Street)

Smallness — as virtue, as point of pride — is big these days. It’s a curatorial conceit (see: Chuck Webster’s “Age of Small Things,” 2013; Phong Bui’s “Intimacy in Discourse,” 2015; Artspace’s recent wallet-friendly small sculpture spotlight), and one that plays perfectly into a New Yorker’s ever-shrinking sense of personal and domestic space. Plus, who really needs another show of dick-swinging, it’s-impressive-’cuz-it’s-enormous art anyway? Enter the latest addition to the canon of tidy tininess, “this one is smaller than this one,” a show at Postmasters Gallery curated by director Paulina Bebecka. Ingeniously arrayed on a tiered platform that resembles a large-scale model of an exhibition space, the small sculptures encourage a slow, measured circumambulation. Some look like models for larger pieces, like two painted-wood structures by Olaf Breuning, or Nick van Woert’s shelf-sized statues, reproductions of classical sculptures of the male form, their pale surfaces molested by nickel-plated electroform copper, like an outgrowth of surprisingly beautiful warts. Hugh Hayden is another stand-out — pay attention to his subtle works, like one that appears to be nothing more than two logs propped against each other (one has been skinned of its bark, resulted with an elegant sheath of exotic bird feathers). Jen Catron and Paul Outlaw contribute a miniature arrangement of empty, purple-sheeted beds, each with a pair of Nikes next to it — a sick-funny homage to the Heaven’s Gate cult suicide that Charles LeDray might dig. Elsewhere, the body plays a primary role, with an emphasis on its more discrete bits: fingers, teeth, cocks. Witness Serkan Ozkaya’s pretty, pink terracotta offering, as dainty as a macaroon, and dubbed “Four Little Dicks On A Plate.”