



THE NEW YORKER

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ART

Mary Carlson

How should we look at the Garden of Eden? This veteran ceramicist has an idea: forget the serpent, the fruit, and Adam and Eve, and zero in on the surrounding landscape. All but one of the irresistibly charming glazed-porcelain sculptures in Carlson's new show, at the Kerry Schuss gallery, isolates a marginal detail from an Old Master painting or a medieval manuscript. (The exception, a low-lying marvel in crusty cobalt and gleaming turquoise, depicts a contemporary reservoir and the hills that surround it.) A teeming scene by Lucas Cranach the Elder, from 1530, is reduced to a glassy lake of robin's-egg blue, flowing into a creamy rock grotto; elsewhere, a cluster of celadon trees, the size and shape of cremini mushrooms, cling to a sloping hillside modelled after one first painted in the fifteenth century by the French miniaturist Jean Fouquet.

— *Andrea K. Scott*

Sept. 12-Oct. 31

 Schuss
73 Leonard St.
Downtown

212-219-9918

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