

THE NEW YORKER

ART

Caleb Considine



Courtesy the artist and Bureau

Visit Bureau, on the Lower East Side, before Jan. 9, and you'll be met at the door by two dogs—a pair of spare, exquisitely detailed graphite drawings by the American artist__Caleb Considine___. The sketches, of statues flanking a mausoleum in Brooklyn's Green-Wood Cemetery, are virtuosically lifelike (all of Considine's pictures are rendered from direct observation, not photographs), but they're also a reminder that works of art—discrete objects with the power to outlast what they depict—are only like life. Considine's quietly beautiful show of five very small paintings (including "Dre's Cup," pictured above) captures the mood of the past nine months, intensely concentrated and fragmentary, when the endless news cycle might be relieved by a walk outdoors (the subject of the darkly comic hybrid of landscape and still-life "Hardball with Chris Matthews in Central Park") and the nighttime view out a studio window in Industry City was uncannily quiet. But all of these sombre canvases are as timeless as they are topical.

— *Andrea K. Scott*