

The New York Times



Caleb Considine's "Milk Crate" (2018) features a compression of four sides of a gray plastic crate. Bureau

Caleb Considine

Through June 17. Bureau, 178 Norfolk Street, Manhattan; 212-227-2783; bureau-inc.com.

[Caleb Considine](#) paints slowly. Relying on sandpaper, artificial light and tiny brushes, his process itself is labor intensive. But he also insists on putting into each [dizzily precise portrait or still life](#) more visual information than the eye can take in.

In an untitled view of a shuttered Brooklyn Chinatown store in his new show, "Sandpaper Tongue," this oversaturation of detail achieves a paradoxical kind of hyperrealism. Because you can't comfortably read the image as an intelligible whole, you're forced to experience it in abstracted pieces, the way a painter might — the bright yellow awning jumping out against its own black shadow; the complicated play of angles among shadows, bricks and steel gate. The 13-by-15-inch "Milk Crate," a gorgeous compression of four sides of a gray plastic crate, amounts to a philosophical argument for Mr. Considine's approach: The lines and angles of the mesh crate, with their extra-sharp edges, suggest a Cartesian graph of an infinitely divisible pictorial space whose beauty can never be exhausted.

Uncompromising precision takes on a different mood in the show's only portrait, "Don't Worship the Devil." Working from an action figure of an L.A.P.D. officer posed against a mirror, aiming an automatic pistol, Mr. Considine constructs an image in which the same stillness reads as dry, deadly aggression.

WILL HEINRICH