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Sean Landers

Hilarious yet oddly heroic new paintings pit nature against the unnatural. The mammals of North America are seen in their habitats, resplendent in Tartan plaid, from a pink-and-green jaguar to a red-and-blue moose to a gray-and-tan whale. If the Surrealist joke has shades of Magritte, it's no accident; Landers even slips a pipe into a coyote's mouth. The creatures recur—tiny and au naturel, without patterns—inside gleaming snow globes that grace the must-read paintings of bookshelves that are the show's highlight. In each work, the spines of books spell out the diaristic texts that are Landers's signature. Together, they form a moving portrait of the artist, once a bad boy, as an older and wiser man, at the top of his game. Through Dec. 20. (Petzel, 456 W. 18th St. 212-680-9467.)

Andrea K. Scott, "Art: Sean Landers," *The New Yorker*, December 22 & 29, p. 30.