

THE NEW YORKER

GEORGE CONDO / ROSEMARIE TROCKEL

Condo paints up a squall in new modern-art mash-ups. Welters of wristy line on washy grounds describe crowd scenes of besuited, solid men accompanying (or dreaming of) gracefully limned nude women. Forms recalling Picasso, drawing à la de Kooning, and yakking faces out of Francis Bacon commingle, with smart zest. The resolutely eclectic Trockel is seen in a mini-retrospective of paintings, drawings, sculpture, and knitted works (including, in one diptych, a grid of Woolmark symbols in beige on red and Playboy Bunny heads in red on beige). There's a segmented, black ceramic leg on a base of black tiles with a glass of something that, a sniff test determines, is good Scotch. Through March 27. (Skarstedt, 20 E. 79th St. 212-737-2060.)

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