

THE NEW YORKER



GALLERIES-CHELSEA

MARK GROTJAHN

Kern

Grotjahn's seething way with paint, formerly constrained by geometric schemes on canvas, boils over in tall bronze slabs, cast from cardboard constructions. Ragged holes for eyes and mouths and protruding tubes for Pinocchio-like noses hint at art-brut portraiture. But the main event is the painterly assault in growlingly intense melees of texture and color. Grotjahn scrawls on each piece the date of its execution, à la Picasso. (Is he ambitious? You bet!) In contrast to their elegant blond-wood pedestals, the works look stunningly cruddy, but wait—they plan to roughly romance you. Through Oct. 29.