Understatedly brilliant, Rosemarie Trockel’s first one-person exhibition in New York is predominantly a compilation of drawings with one large installation sculpture. After having expectantly awaited the infamous Trockel knitted pieces, bronze seashells and perfume bottles, each laden with swastikas or hammers and sickles, the drawings come as a surprise, and they succeed with a lyrical and intelligent eloquence that evokes the drawings of Polke, Klee and Beuys.

These formal and informal drawings are simple, erotic, enigmatic, derisive, ironic and full of wit. Here, Trockel has revealed her uncanny capacity for the opening of doors through suggestion and recognition. The approach appears free-handed and questioning rather than merely whimsical—the drawing of a star or a starfish reaches its conclusion in a second drawing where the inner thighs of five nude women, drawn from the waist down, make up the points of the star. In the portrait of a young man, his Elizabethan or punk-stud collar is comprised of phallics—almost unrecognizable in the harmonic and quiet composition of the drawing. Women often wind up with fishes tails, bound by the evolution of their species or caught in the plight of the mermaid. A double portrait of a transvestite Christ is crowned with thorns and sheds a tear in one rendering, while the other is beautified in his/her glory. An ape reads a book. A trinity of the word “vendetta” is divested of its overcharged meaning.

In lieu of forcing conclusions Trockel poses quiet questions with an expanding repertoire. The overall appearance of light and harmony resounds as a spectral echo—Trockel’s unflinching voice that refuses the dress up in the masculine suit of dogmatism remains unforgettable through the silent force of her singular conviction. In an interview Trockel responded that the most important resources in her art are “love and grief.” The drawings, more personal than the other works, delineate the vast arena Trockel’s resources have unleashed and present her as one of the foremost contemporary artists: afraid neither of being a woman nor a feminist, and refusing to make either of these factors her primary issue.

Shaun Caley