

# The New York Times

## ART IN REVIEW

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### David Dupuis

*Derek Eller Gallery  
529 West 20th Street, Chelsea  
Through Feb. 6*

David Dupuis's meticulous drawings in graphite and colored pencil are like cartoon animations of biomorphic abstraction. In them, natural forms assume changeable roles and personalities. Clouds turn into fists, pebbles look like candies and flowers; drops of fluid double as breasts or larvae.

In one piece, a sluglike form droops in exhaustion over a nervous tangle of blue lines. In another, "Frank's Tiara," a serpentine coil ends in a pair of podlike heads, as if two creatures were, for better or worse, inseparably intertwined. A third, larger drawing, "Mansion," consists of a pyramid of stacked boxes, in each of which a tear-shaped droplet appears like a face in a window.

Together these vignettes add up to a kind of psychological mini-epic with quirky landscape settings, witty but anxious encounters and art history allusions. (Louise Bourgeois and Niki de Saint Phalle get a loving nod.) In every case, Mr. Dupuis's hand is judiciously exacting — he knows when to leave a drawing alone — and his tone restrained but intense, like an exchange of sighs and jokes between close friends. HOLLAND COTTER