

# Time Out New York

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## David Dupuis

White Columns, through Nov 23  
(see Elsewhere).

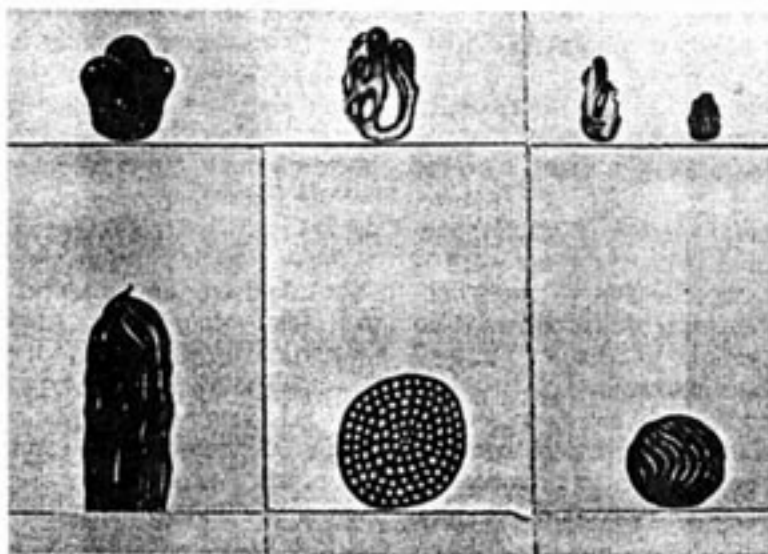
At 38, David Dupuis has had nine one-person shows, yet he remains an artist's artist with an angelic touch. Here, in 26 sunny, surrealistic landscapes rendered in colored pencil and graphite on small pieces of paper (plus one large lexiconlike work), Dupuis mixes Peter Halley's diagrammatic abstraction with Carroll Dunham's biomorphic psycho-narration. Along the way, he adds parts of Yves Tanguy's mystical sci-fi vision, the undulating lines of folk artist Martin Ramirez, a splash of Pop and a dab of Minimalism.

Dupuis employs a vocabulary of oddly recognizable shapes—waves, towers, meteorites, clouds, disks, rainbows—drawn on open fields of white space. Striated lines define horizons, while certain geometric forms stand in

for architecture. The results are both extremely beautiful and a little cartoonish; it's as if Saul Steinberg had suddenly blossomed into an abstract painter.

In his own methodical way, Dupuis is mapping a kind of interior topography, one that's shrouded by solitude and riven by libido. Drooping scrotal shapes hover over buttocklike hills, a giant drop of water hangs over a tiny ocean, a lone pole supports a preposterous organic shape. Emptiness and abundance intermingle in Dupuis-land.

Visually, Dupuis's world is well ordered: neat, tidy, crystalline. What Dupuis lacks in originality, he makes up for in his sureness of line and an almost culinary approach to pictorial structure. It would be interesting to see what he might do with painting's scale and texture. If I were Dupuis, I would simply enlarge these drawings, stand back and watch what happens. Possibility beckons.—*Jerry Saltz*



David Dupuis, *Rocks In My Bed*, detail, 1997.