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Don Dudley: *Red Corner*, 1979, acrylic on Homasote, 20 feet wide; at I-20.

able to enliven them with stunning visual appeal. Her relinquishment of a decisive statement suits the trends of post-appropriation photography, a wide-ranging movement with any number of photographers working against the conventions of the photo-essay, but her thoughtful manipulation of the medium is as modernist as a work by Moholy-Nagy.

—Barbara Pollack

DON DUDLEY

I-20

This exhibition marked Don Dudley's first solo outing since 1985, and an impressive array of catalogues from the (now 80-year-old) artist's past exhibitions was fanned out on the gallery's desk. They largely documented group shows, from 1972 to 1989, in which Dudley appeared along with some of his better-known contemporaries—Richard Artschwager, Jennifer Bartlett, Anthony Caro. The catalogues were yellowing, but the works on the wall—eight ambitious, Minimalist-inspired geometric pieces and six abstract Finish Fetish paintings on gently curved aluminum panels—felt fresh, optically powerful and utterly relevant. They made a case for the direct, optical pleasure that simple, well-wrought, color-based works (completely lacking in backward-looking irony or heavy-handed conceptualism) hold for contemporary viewers, no matter the work's provenance or the artist's age. Put another way: more octogenarian artists ought to grace Chelsea's walls.

Pieces ranged from 1966 to 1979, with one 1974 series reconfigured for I-20.

Throughout his career, Dudley has chosen his materials and methods judiciously, achieving complex effects through impressively simple means. The Finish Fetish works, the earliest in the show, have a decidedly West Coast feel (indeed, the artist lived in California in the 1960s when he made them). Matte, pale colors have been applied in slow, subtle gradations, which seem to blend and change in relation to your point of view and the gallery's ambient, natural light. (According to gallery literature, Dudley used Murano automotive enamel that, when sprayed onto surfaces, bonds at a 45-degree angle, "allowing for maximum light refraction.") *Lavender Prism* (1966-67), for instance, is a 7-by-1¾-foot tapered rectangle of the titular color. At its center, rainbow hues (red/orange, yellow/white, blue/purple) appear in thin bands.

The rigid geometries, repeating patterns and bold, opaque colors of "Untitled (aluminum module)," 1974/2010, a series of thin-gauge aluminum panels (each 46¾ by 12 inches and crafted by Dudley after his move to New York City in the early 1970s), contrast with the "eye-of-the-beholder" vibe of the Finish Fetish works. In one piece, two deep maroon modules are stacked vertically and flanked by a bright white module on either side. Another consists of 18 panels in cooler hues of pale blue, dark blue and gray. All the panels in this series are interchangeable; they can be (and have been) configured to respond to a particular space.

Best, however, are the installations Dudley made in the late 1970s using 2-by-8-inch pieces of Homasote (fiberboard

made of recycled paper) slathered with a single, solid color of acrylic paint. He assembles them like "bricks" to create large shapes on the wall. The 20-foot-wide *Red Corner* (1979) contains 23 red rows that span one of the gallery's corners to form an irregular octagon. *Green Triangle* (1978) is an 8-foot-high pyramid shape in pale green. Not a single pencil line was in evidence on the wall behind either of these painstaking installations. The payoff: form and color that seem to float of their own accord.

—Sarah Schmerler

ENOC PEREZ ACQUAVELLA

Before making the paintings for his recent exhibition, Enoc Perez had not picked up a brush in 17 years. Instead, his process involved applying pigment to sheets of paper using an oil stick, then placing the paper against the canvases and applying pressure to transfer the pigment. In this show of 22 medium-size and large works (all 2010), he added the brush to his tool kit while continuing to use his customary technique to treat characteristic subjects: architecture and rum bottles. Now 43, the artist was born in Puerto Rico and lives in New York.

Perez carries on his love affair with International Style structures. Two red monochrome canvases illustrate examples from the University of Puerto Rico: *Museum of Anthropology*, *History of Art*, *UPR*, *Rio Piedras* and *Biblioteca José M. Lázaro*, *UPR*, *Rio Piedras* (the larger at about 6½ by 8 feet). Though the molten palette creates a harsh mood

Enoc Perez: *Teatro Popular, Niteroi*, 2010, oil on canvas, 42 by 60 inches; at Acquavella.



in both works, these buildings recall the artist's childhood, since, as critic Hilarie M. Sheets points out in the catalogue essay, his parents taught at the university. Perez's brushwork is most evident and appealing in the highly tactile, varied, drippy surfaces of two 5-by-3½-foot canvases that present facades—*Hotel Jaragua, São Paulo, Brazil* and *First National City Bank, Hato Rey, Puerto Rico*—in sumptuous aquas and yellows, respectively. By comparison, the broad strokes in the images of the university museum and library remain washy and inert. *Dorado Hilton Hotel, Puerto Rico* goes to the other extreme, including gummy, piled-up areas of brown, purple and green that denote palm trees and challenge the eye to pull the colors apart. In passages such as these, figuration and near-abstraction take up a tense cohabitation.

The artist also represents newer architecture. *Vitra Fire Station, Weil am Rhein, Germany* portrays the broad, abstract planes of Zaha Hadid's first built project (finished 1994) in a hot, dry red. By overlaying two slightly out-of-register outlines of the building, Perez makes the structure vibrate. *Hearst Tower, NY* shows the bold Norman Foster project that rose in 2006 near Perez's Midtown studio. Some of the tower's distinctive triangular windows are colored in violets and oranges against a purple sky; hovering to the left is a ghostly echo of the building's facade, akin to the repetition in Warhol's *Double Elvis*. The exhibition's most simply beautiful work was *Teatro Popular, Niteroi*, showing Oscar Niemeyer's 2007 edifice

by night. The architect's trademark winding, curved shapes become abstractions under a vigorously brushed sky in a rich, electric shade of midnight blue.

Several medium-size canvases picture Puerto Rican rum bottles, a subject Perez likened, in an article in *Modern Painters*, to self-portraiture. In some, he stays with his familiar technique, while in *Don Q*, off-register overlays, drippy paint and a discordant palette form an image that looks intriguingly like it might have been assembled from several sources. Perhaps this aggregate character emblemizes an artist broadening his repertoire, as Perez did in this mixed but admirable show.

—Brian Boucher

SUZANNE CAPORAEI AMERINGER MCENERY YOHE

Road trips are never really how you remember them. So many interstitial moments—of abject boredom, blurred roadbeds and pit stops—are lost to memory or replaced by the seemingly more important aggregate moments frozen in photographs. If what you're after is to record the perhaps truer, more internal impressions of a journey, writing would seem a better medium. That said, if Suzanne Caporael's engaging show was any indication, easel painting can trump both camera and pen.

New York-based Caporael is an inveterate road tripper (having covered some 30,000 miles in her lifetime), and she used her most recent cross-country excursion as the basis for the 12 paintings on display here (all 2009 or '10). Despite their highly abstract forms, the canvases, some of

them fairly substantial in scale (the largest are 60 inches tall) and many with thickly painted surfaces, manage to convey Caporael's journeys in a way that feels as fresh and honest as a lap-held diary.

Caporael takes a less-is-more approach to her compositions, distilling events into a shorthand of simple lines and strokes, and letting her titles—590 (*Shelby, Montana*); 592 (*Sugarcreek, Ohio*), etc.—as well as brief travel notes on the checklist, do the talking, affording us hints of time and place. One of the best and most highly abstracted images in the show, 617 (*Clarksville, Tennessee*), features five straight lines, suffused with a gentle pink glow, marching down the center of a deep alizarin crimson ground. The lowest line makes a right angle that meets the broad bottom border, painted white. "Each night Bruce steps into darkness to find us food," the artist writes in the entry accompanying the painting. "This time he returned with pulled pork." Is that bottom line on the canvas indicative of Bruce's "step"? Nothing quite so literal at work here, but Caporael's softened geometries are just specific enough—and evocative enough—to keep us wondering.

613 (*Wagner, South Dakota*) is a low-horizoned abstract vista sporting large stretches of empty white. Its lines, with their shifts of width and idiosyncratically sudden switchbacks, bespeak the specificity of map markings or perhaps paths limned from memory. And two bulky black forms meet at an oddly shaped juncture in the bottom half of 598 (*Woosung, Illinois*), while two narrow,