



Celeste Dupuy-Spencer, *Durham, August 14, 2017*,
oil on canvas, 28 x 35".

NICOLA TYSON

Celeste Dupuy-Spencer (Marlborough Contemporary, New York) If someone were to wake me out of a stupor, shine a flashlight in my eyes, and ask, "What have you seen lately—culturally speaking—that impressed you?" I would instantly blurt, "That show by Celeste Dupuy-Spencer!" We humans, increasingly unmoored, operate within a fragile social fabric now stretched to the ripping point across an abyss of our own making. Dupuy-Spencer depicts this uneasy truth—the coping, the camaraderie, the pain, the love—with visceral humor, breathtaking empathy, and energetic painterly skill. *Sarah*, 2017—a crotch-shot masterwork—and its companion drawing, *Come Here, Comrade* (January 20, 2017), describe moments of addled domestic bliss, the relief of playfully escaping with your partner into each other's daylight nakedness, in triangulation with your cat.