

WEEKEND UPDATE

by Walter Robinson

As long as we're going on about people standing around naked -- a motif that seems to remain both avant-garde and hidebound, so to speak -- there's **Richard Dupont at Tracey Williams, Ltd.**, in Greenwich Village. As has already been thoroughly reported -- the show got two reviews before it even opened, part of the whirl of art criticism that seems to attend every artist of promise -- Dupont cast the 24-inch-tall pink plastic figures from a digital scan of his own body, done with a laser just like in science fiction.

The artistic avatars are stretched or squashed along the horizontal axis, made wider or flatter or suchlike distorted so that an observer circling the sculptures can see them become more or less properly proportioned depending on the point of view.

But what makes the show hot is not this bit of digital legerdemain, but rather the subtle allure of the supple plastic contours -- hello, Barbie! -- and the narcissistic charge of standing around in the buff. Dupont's sculptures are naturism for the postmodernist age. "When the gallery goes dark for the night," says **Charlie Finch**, "the tiny Duponts tiptoe around and bugger each other!" A single figure is \$10,000, while a large group goes for \$50,000, in editions of three plus one artist's proof. Word is that **Ron Lauder** is a patron -- expect to see a Dupont at MoMA!