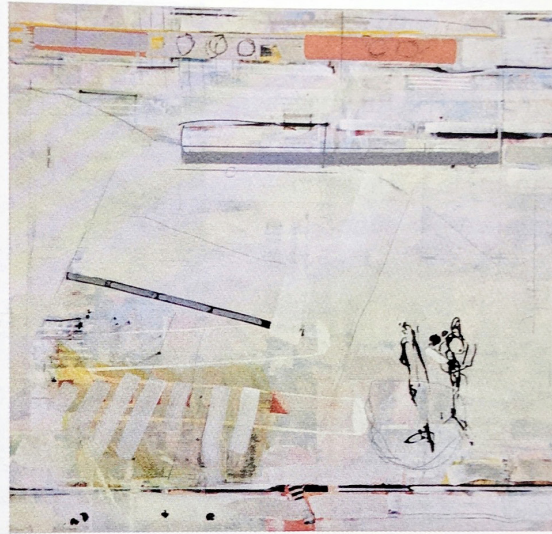


DOUG TRUMP: REUNIONCYNTHIA-REEVES • Walpole, NH • cynthia-reeves.com • Through January 27, 2018

Before they were arranged in three rooms at CYNTHIA-REEVES, some of the non-objective works in Doug Trump's latest exhibit, *Reunion*, were laid out on the floor and against the walls of his rustic Marlboro, VT studio. Wood panels, canvases, paper, archival museum board and polymesh screen serve as the foundations for Trump's creations, which dance between the expressive and minimal using, for the most part, oil, pencil, collage and ink. Some pieces hint at landscapes; lines—verticals and horizontals and diagonals—are constants in the diverse array. "I love line. Line is essential. There's line in everything," says Trump, who cites early Italian Renaissance painters Giovanni Bellini and Piero della Francesca as influences.

Words are also common, though the artist, once a creative writing teacher, cautions against reading too much into them. Dark figures are even more prevalent, providing references to open-ended stories for viewers to imagine. They have been a staple of Trump's



work during a career that spans more than four decades.

A 46" x 46" piece on polymesh, titled *Prudence* (2017), will grab gallery-goers. It features walnut and India inks as well as multi-colored collage pieces that don't overwhelm a lighter focus. A couple of figures demand attention to the right; seven broad white stripes yank from the left. To complete the work, the

Doug Trump, *Prudence*, 2017, 46 x 46", oil, pencil, collage, ink and marker on polymesh screen. Photograph by Rachel Portesi. Courtesy of CYNTHIA-REEVES/Doug Trump Studio.

kinetic, 67-year-old artist needed to pull back sometimes, taking a seat across the room.

"It's real important. It's not all action. There's a lot of just absorbing," he says.

With ample natural distraction surrounding the studio he moved into during the winter of 2011—the structure sits on a grassy hill with mountain vistas—Trump could be forgiven for getting sidetracked. For example, three apple trees and two pear trees beckon from a side window. He doesn't heed their calls.

"I'm not looking to even respond to this, let alone image it," he said, looking out at the trees. "I'm really not. My work is not depictive."

When he sees the red verticals in *Oh Plainfield*, though, he can't deny their impact on his work. "It's not disassociated," he said.

—Benjamin Cassidy