

Flotsam

Missing: Meyer's mail to Dash's grandma

What Sotheby's man had to say about Snow



NEW YORK DIARY

ADRIAN DANNATT

Who stole Toby's tribute?

No sooner had Triple Candie announced their latest exhibition entitled "Maurizio Cattelan is Dead", than everyone started dropping unexpectedly, from Michael Jackson to Dash Snow, the latter unleashing a media frenzy unmatched since Basquiat. Impressive indeed was the appearance at a "tribute" show to



Snow (pictured), deftly assembled overnight at Deitch Projects, of a long message from Sotheby's Tobias Meyer. Sent to Snow's De Menil grandma, Christophe, it detailed Meyer's love for his work, including pieces he owns himself, one of which was prominently on display, and his last vision of Dash setting off by foot into the dark Los Angeles night. Surrounded by "street" art, wild graffiti and sprayed RIP tags, this epistle struck an elegant elegiac note and after a few days was either removed for being too revealing or was pinched by some teen outlaw fan of Meyer's impeccably ingratiating prose.

Callow youth revisited

The crushed "Cold Wave" concert hosted by Mac cosmetics to launch their collaboration with Richard Phillips at his Chelsea studio at least boasted the appearance of star-curator Francesco Bonami (pictured) bracing himself for his forthcoming Whitney Biennial. Waxing nostalgic one recalls when, as a humble *Flash Art* hack, Bonami himself interviewed the curators of the 1997 Biennial, posing such still-pertinent questions as: "You didn't release the final list until very late. Is that a matter of secretive strategy or, as I thought, more a matter of work in progress?" Or: "Do you feel like you are participating in the making of a career when you decide to select an artist or not to select another one?" But best of all Bonami's Biennial may be accompanied by a special show of his own paintings, for when the young Italian first arrived in New York it was very much as an artist. Flotsam can reveal that his biggest fan, who has long planned a show of this work, is none other than Andrea Rosen, who way back then was a desk-girl at Bonami's East Village Sharpe Gallery. And Deborah Sharpe herself has gone on to glory with her eponymous line of linens, "coordinating bedding for hundreds of clients' homes, yachts, and even a plane", with famous fans including Oprah, Dustin Hoffman and such collectors as Sylvester Stallone and Vidal Sassoon. So expect a celebrity-packed opening next March for "Bonami: the Early Years" at the Andrea Rosen gallery.



McLaren and the "Dear Leader"

Legendary Sex Pistols manager Malcolm McLaren was in fine form at a recent townhouse drinks bash, revealing that his blossoming career as a visual artist is about to receive a deliciously improbable boost in unexpected Asian quarters. For that equally notorious art world entrepreneur James Birch, best known for taking Francis Bacon

to Soviet Russia and Gilbert & George to Communist China, is about to pull off the coup of his career by staging a full-scale McLaren retrospective in... Pyongyang! That the North Korean state should happily host a major McLaren exhibition boggles belief, but apparently the clincher was vintage footage of the New York Dolls as presented by their then-manager Malcy, live on American TV beneath a giant hammer and sickle.



Clifton's designs on Deyn?

Ricky Clifton (pictured) may be Manhattan's most modish decorator, a man "never seen twice in the same trousers", as renowned for his social ubiquity as his connections in the contemporary art world, but Flotsam was still surprised to catch him in the upstate-town of Hudson with none other than super-super-model Agyness Deyn. "We've just bought an amazing coral table for only \$300," explained the designer gesturing to



the Stair auction house across the road. Clifton went on to reveal that so famous is his young friend that he went to meet her at the bank very early one morning only to discover she was already surrounded by hungry paparazzi. "Let's pretend you're my new boyfriend!" joked La Deyn, with rumours of their improbable liaison reaching the international gossip industry soon after.

Once a punk...

Nicholas Hall (pictured) has transformed Christie's old masters, not least recently folding it into their 19th-century department, but some of us cannot forget his rather wilder *jeunesse* as a King's Road punk rocker, his appearance on the cover of a *Clash* record sleeve now reverently framed in his SoHo bathroom. If Hall's 50th birthday dinner was cause for celebration—Le Bilboquet booked for the occasion—revellers were shocked to receive an official Christie's email a week later revealing they were actually expected to pay their way for this festive feast, Hall himself having generously offered only the wine. This nearly led to Hall having a "white riot, a riot of my own".



Salander: the catalogue clues

Preparing to move to Paris (ciao, Manhattan!), Flotsam has been going through 20 years of papers and coming across many an oddity, not least the Butler Institute catalogue for its 2004 exhibition of that renowned part-time painter and full-time gallerist Lawrence Salander (currently facing charges of massive fraud in the US courts). His chosen painting titles are oddly revealing, whether *Never Asked Questions* or his self-description as a *Nothing Man*, and the accompanying essays are rich indeed. Thus his old friend Leon Wieseltier admits: "It is not an appetite that can ever be appeased. Give this hunger what it wants and it grows." A perfect description of Larry's lust for lucre, followed by: "There is no New York swagger here. Grandiosity has been pulled down by privacy. It is not a void that Salander displays...it is a plenitude." Even more prophetic is the other essay which concludes: "He was trying, often with heartbreaking honesty, to imagine how we endure the colossal and often arbitrary forces arrayed against us." ■

□ This will be Adrian Dannatt's last New York diary, as he is relocating to Paris, though not the end of his association with *The Art Newspaper*

Jetsam

Canvas on a landscape? That can't be right...

It all depends on the in-tent, of course



LONDON DIARY

LOUISA BUCK

The great outdoors

The art world is never averse to a spot of Festival-going, but this summer saw an especially strong artistic presence at musical events across the countryside. At Glastonbury, a green-painted Gavin Turk



made an anarchic departure from his own family-friendly "House of Fairytales" performance extravaganza to storm the stage during Richard Strange's set, where he provided an impromptu cabaret element throughout; while the Big Chill saw the inauguration of Cedric Christie's "Blank Canvas" project, an installation of specially commissioned works of art by the likes of Tracey Emin, Rachel Whiteread (pictured), Jake and Dinos Chapman and Sir Peter Blake made from 15 army issue "pup" tents to be auctioned for homeless and human rights charities next year. The artistic adaptation of these unconventional canvases ranged from Sarah Lucas writing on and then burning hers, Christie paintballing one side and machine-gunning the other, Sir Richard Rogers parcelling up a human figure in his and Jake and Dinos Chapman substituting theirs for a pink girlie version bought at Argos.

Women have the final word

The chips were certainly down at the ICA's recent one-night performance of artist Liliane Lijn's *Power Game*, which transformed the capital's favourite art house into a pop up casino, complete with leafy palms, sexy music and killer cocktails dispensed by cross-dressing waiting staff. Originally staged in 1974, this gambling game of words was given a boisterous 21st-century revisiting with artists and writers



engaged in vigorous interpretive debate as they betted and battled over which of the words inscribed on their hand of cards carried the most "power". One particularly animated skirmish involved writer Hari Kunzru going head to head with the female contingent including Lijn herself (pictured, with ICA director Ekow Eshun) over whether the word "zero" carried more power than "woman" (Jetsam is pleased to report that "woman" carried the day). Significantly at the end of the evening the only card missing from the pack was the one bearing the word "sex".

No smoke without Hockney

No nicotine abstinence at the public street parade organised by Jeremy Deller for the Manchester



International Festival where one of the most vigorously cheered participants processing down Manchester's Deansgate was "In the Air", a diehard band of unrepentant smokers all puffing away and brandishing an ashtray-emblazoned banner specially designed by David Hockney, the art world's most committed smoke-o-phile. The 72-year-old artist had planned to take part in the procession but was unable to attend on the day, a little too short of breath perhaps?

Simply smashing!

One of the most dramatic pots in Grayson Perry's forthcoming Victoria Miro show (see p40) is *The Westfield Vase*, a mighty vessel which has been deliberately smashed and then painstakingly put back together again, with all the broken edges highlighted in gold leaf. But while Perry did the smashing, he left the reconstruction to the nimble fingers of maestro conservator Bouke de Vries, who miraculously restored Jetsam's very own Perry pot a few years ago when it fell victim to her teenage son and a gym ball. But it turns out that Perry's vase is not De Vries's first foray into reconstruction for art's sake, for he is now gaining an impressive parallel reputation for his own sculpture which uses his mending skills to dramatic effect. Earlier this summer Kay Saatchi put him in the launch exhibition of art website Murmurart at Selfridges where all five pieces were quickly snapped up, with Anita Zabłudowicz keen to acquire his sculpture *NO NO NO*, in which a broken 19th-century Samsonware statuette devoted to the muse of music is given a new contemporary incarnation as an utterly convincing Amy Winehouse, resplendent in beehive and full Glastonbury costume with the addition of a syringe protruding from her arm. "It's a tribute—she's amazing but broken—and often these things go together," the artist declares.



Hydra-therapy for artists

Of all the art world's invitations, few are more eagerly anticipated than the opening of the annual exhibition at The Hydra Workshops, collector Pauline Karpidas's warehouse space situated directly on the harbour of this idyllic Greek island where, every summer, a select gang gathers to view the latest show and stay for a sybaritic long weekend of sun, sand and sea, hosted with legendary generosity by Mrs K. and organised



with quiet efficiency by Sadie Coles. This year super-trendy New York artist Nate Lowman (pictured with some of the younger guests) produced a Warholesque installation of over 70 paintings derived from photographs of his friends and Hydra regulars—including girlfriend Mary-Kate Olsen, fellow artists Adam McEwen and Dan Colen, Tate Modern director Vicente Todoli and photographer Johnnie Shand Kydd—all of whom were present in the flesh to view their artistic incarnations, with J.S.K. providing many of the original images. But a certain pall was cast on the proceedings by the untimely death of Lowman's friend Dash Snow, with Snow's partner Jade Berreau and young daughter Secret amongst the New York contingent. It was therefore up to the British posse to inject some levity into the proceedings which they did with a vengeance, most notably in the form of an impromptu waterborne cabaret courtesy of theatre designer Christopher Woods, who choreographed a flurry of midnight synchronised swimming from a bevy of eminent curators, including Xavier Salomon of Dulwich Picture Gallery and Maria Balshaw of Manchester's Whitworth Gallery as well as Jetsam herself. The display was deemed so successful that considerable pressure was applied to fellow guest Matthew Slotover to incorporate it into this year's Frieze projects programme. ■