

Money, money, money

By Janet Preston

Coagula New York Editor

The Warhol juggernaut hit a minor road bump at Paul Kasmin, where unsigned still life Andy sketches went begging for a while. Kasmin director Shannon Timms complained to us, "This is work!!"

But a second vernissage during the show's run brought out a few more red stickers. Shannon should have called David Bowie, who purchased three small satires on himself from Rupert Goldsworthy's Bowie tribute show, even though the thin white Duke branded the work "too conservative."

After selling out L.A.'s Laura Owens (the show, that is) the lone wolf of 15th street, Gavin Brown, turned his space into an Arab souk for two weeks, hanging carpets on the walls and hauling in sofas. But layabout slackers sipping Pernod don't make a scene. Gavin had some cameras and cables and some talk of "a film" but he's no Warhol—inertia ruled.

Over at Silverstein, dangerous Dan whipped candyland painter William Cotton in the home stretch—Cotton's confections were still wet at the opening, where guests bought two.

Then Danny Marcello and Damien Loeb decamped to Cecily Brown's Chinatown manse, where big-boobed transvestites danced on the bar.

Not to be out-titted, Ross Bleckner tossed a cocktail soiree at Lehmann Maupin to "celebrate" his awful double show of dinosaur DNA blowups (also at Mary Boone).

A beefed-up Barry Diller, looking like legendary Ohio State football coach Woody Hayes, exhorted Calvin Klein and

Sandy Gallin to pound the pom poms for Boss Ross, who was unusually jolly.

Vanity Fair's Bob Colacello graciously praised *Most Art Sucks* as Eric Fischl arrived with a serious posse. The copious flow of martinis and champagne made our "Poland Spring" all the more refreshing.

We kissed Thelma Golden, railroaded by the Whitney, hired by the Nortons, admonishing *Artforum's* Jack Bankowsky, "See what happens when you suck up to Thelma?"

Indeed, Stephen Seagal himself would relish the rough justice, dished out by Whit prep meister Max Anderson, who also dumped 1993 Biennial boss Elizabeth Sussman. Peter Norton also resigned from the whitless bored, uh, the Whitney board.

The white boy riot continued at MoMA where Anderson's best buddy, Glenn Lowry, banned curmudgeon Morley Safer from the Jackson Pollock show, calling Morley a "drive by shooter." Now, now, whitey, it's nothing a few martinis won't cure!!

One more middleaged, pale baldie, Jerry Saltz, reviewed Kara Walker's porny cut-outs in *The Village Voice* by using every derogatory term for African-Americans he could imagine, in a leaden attempt at "irony." We won't repeat them, Uncle Remus, yet, Rappin' Roberta Smith can't suppress the polymorphous perv because she's searching for her critical eye.

In *The Times*, Roberta derided Peter Boynton's cool morphs at Susan Inglett as being "too beautiful," while complaining that Tony Oursler's fantastic talking skulls at Metro (a boost for art's future in tech innovation) were dull memento mori.

Since she looked like the Bride of Frankenstein (or maybe Saltz Rumpelstiltskin)

in *Vanity Fair's* 200 top women issue, we understand Roberta's winter depression. So we offer this tonic, Bobbie—fly to Bermuda with a German stud—maybe you'll run into Thelma!!

Our favorite ex-chubby, Brigid Berlin, got to watch her portrait by Gerhardt Richter go for a cool \$750,000 at auction—it's a wistful gloss on Brigid's Park Avenue roots. John Waters revived his ghoulish movie triptychs at American Fine Arts, refining his visual punch lines in DeLand land. Gorney Bravin Lee lost their 18th street cube, before they could even move in, whereupon John Post Lee cut a deal for Kenny Schachter's temporary rove space at 26th street. Schachter bitched "I was putting up my Rick Albenda exhibit and here comes Post Lee, with his architect, making measurements."

Betwixt Hollywood production companies renting Chelsea garages and the arrival of Comme Des Garçons and other retail outlets, dealers have been priced out of Chelsea already.

To its credit, the Guggenheim heeded our long expressed desire for a new museum mile on the West Side Highway—the Goog plans to shut down their Soho branch and build Bilbao on the Hudson.

Perhaps The Drawing Center and The New Museum will eventually move there, too. And look out UCLA/Hammer—Drawing Center diva Annie Philbin is arriving as your new director.

The flame-haired femme fatale felt her new post didn't receive enough attention. She admonished her personal flacks, Carolyn Alexander and Josh Baer, for not spreading the news. "But, we didn't get your permission!!"—they cried. But, alas, Annie was gone.

—JP