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HEARD & SCENE

Taking the Gloves Off for Public Art

By MARSHALL HEYMAN



The turnout at the Art Production Fund benefit on Wednesday night, which took place at a swanky if restrained private women's club on the Upper East Side, was a splashy one.

There were lots of artists, including Max Snow, Cindy Sherman, Marina Abramović, Aaron Young, Rachel Feinstein, her husband John Currin, Nate Lowman and Cecily Brown.

There were a bunch of those art-world types, like Thelma Golden, the director of the Studio Museum in Harlem; Amy Cappellazzo, who recently left Christie's; Tobias Meyer, who recently stepped down from Sotheby's; and Salon 94's Jeanne Greenberg Rohatyn.

Social fixtures in the mix included Lauren and Richard DuPont, Mark and Renee Rockefeller, Gigi and Averell Mortimer, Lisa Perry, tattoo artist Scott Campbell, Amy Phelan, model Karlie Kloss, jewelry designer Zani Gugelmann, Allison Sarofim and Stuart Parr and Fabiola Beracasa, the creative director of the downtown gallery the Hole.

And because fashion designer Carolina Herrera was being honored, she brought along her daughter Patricia Lansing, her husband Reinaldo and a few celebrities, notably

Actress
Emmy
Rossum

Emmy Rossum, Dianna Agron and Dita Von Teese.

A lot of kudos for amassing such an eclectic and attractive crowd, of course, go to Yvonne Force Villareal and Doreen Remen, the ladies who founded the Art Production Fund. They create splashy public art projects, but they also seem to work hard at creating equally splashy fundraising events that are notably interactive.

Wednesday's theme was the slightly cumbersome "White Glove Gone Wild," with the idea that this bastion of civility was upended by eccentric artistic projects. When guests walked in, they were given actual white lace gloves to put over their bare arms. Other areas of bare skin could be covered by temporary tattoos as designed by the Brooklyn-based artist

Wangechi Mutu, including one that said "Yo Mama" in a kind of Victorian cursive.

"I've got to steal some to take home for my kid," said Ms. Greenberg Rohatyn.

In another room, for an additional donation of \$1,000, the artist Marilyn Minter would take your portrait using some of her special techniques, including a clear windowlike shield with a



kind of Vaseline on it. She encouraged many of the women present to use their jewelry as they were being photographed.

"Marilyn told me to bite them," Jamie Tisch said of the strand of pearls hanging around her neck. "And they broke."

Up a floor, the Italian artist Vanessa Beecroft created an installation with several women, some wearing wigs—including nightclub owner Amy Sacco, model Frederique van der Wal and former MTV veejay Karen Duffy—gazing at the portraits of women hanging on the wall, as well as the guests who came to observe.

"You can really feel the power in here," said Ms. DuPont.

Over the course of the evening, there was an emphasis on the power of women, not only when it came to Ms. Beecroft and her living tableau, but also Ms. Force Villareal, Ms. Remen, Ms. Herrera and the journalist Linda Yablonsky, who was the evening's second honoree.

The curator Stacy Engman seemed to be playing with this concept by wearing an early prototype of an outfit designed in tandem with the artist

Clockwise from above: Marilyn Minter takes a portrait of a guest; Renee Rockefeller and Lauren du Pont; Mark Fletcher and Tobias Meyer; and John Currin, Rachel Feinstein and Marina Abramović.



Rachel Mason. It was a dress made from broken mirror shards.

"It's actually extremely dangerous, but I'm light on my feet," said Ms. Engman, as she reached for a tiny hors d'oeuvre sprinkled with cream cheese and marmalade. "We have to sand the edges or put bumpers on it."

In other words, don't come too close. "Air kisses only," she said.

By the end of dinner, which included a mushroom and white truffle risotto cake and a salad of shredded fennel, Ms. Engman had taken part of the mirror off and was carrying two centerpieces created for the tables by Aurel Schmidt—black and white mannequin hands holding cigarettes—to place at home with an orchid or two.

Ms. Sacco, still in her platinum blonde wig, was finally



taking a load off to Instagram a few photos she'd compiled from the evening. A friend of Ms. Beecroft's "since she was a baby," Ms. Sacco said standing for three hours straight—an hour and a half for Polaroids and another hour and a half for the installation—wasn't easy.

"It was painful. I haven't been on my feet that long since I was 21 and working at Boule," Ms. Sacco said. "But even the kids half my age were complaining."

A short while later, as guests went to grab the portraits Ms. Minter had done of them on their way home, Ms. Sacco was on her feet again, heading downtown to the afterparty at her nightclub No. 8.