



GALLERIST *ny*

A CHRONICLE OF THE ART WORLD
IN NEW YORK AND BEYOND



Immaculate conception:
Minter and Cattelan.

er, New Museum associate director Massimiliano Gioni, seemed reluctant to steal Ms. Minter's thunder—at one point Mr. Cattelan even grabbed Gallerist's pen to scribble himself off the record—but when the affected nonquotation became too much of a strain, Mr. Cattelan tapped Mr. Gioni and pointed to the journalist interloper.

"Oh, yeah," Mr. Gioni said, recalling a prepared quote, and he turned to us as Mr. Cattelan joined in. "We take out contracts on artists, not for artists."

Mr. Pettibon stood outside in the rain, still frowning. —*Dan Duray*

To Bushwick!

Friday night in Bushwick was marked by several firsts. It was the opening of Charles Atlas's first solo show in New York, where he has worked since the 1970s. It was also the first opening of Luhring Augustine's Bushwick location and the first outpost in the area for any Chelsea gallery. As the night wore on, and Mr. Atlas's enormous video projections swarmed with shadows of people—beanie-hat-donning Bushwick artists and slickly dressed Chelsea types—it felt like a historic event.

"We're thrilled to have this exhibition," said Lauren Wittels, a gallery director. "So many people have followed Charlie for so long. To be his first major gallery show in New York is just an honor." Will Luhring Augustine bring more traffic to the neighborhood? "I can't say," she said. "We'll see. I mean, I think

tonight will be crazy."

Mr. Atlas shuffled quietly around the gallery in black jeans, white sneakers and a bright orange hooded sweater, greeting friends in front of a new work, called *143652*—a projection of flickering numbers on a 45-foot-long wall.

"I haven't had a gallery—in New York in probably 12 years," he told Gallerist. "The gallery I had before," he said smiling and pointing to a corner of the gallery, "could probably fit in that space over there." A friend came up and kissed him on the cheek, and he was off.

"Biesenbach's here!" someone whispered.

"I'm just texting Marina [Abramovic] and Antony [Hegarty]," said MoMA PS1 director Klaus Biesenbach in a gray suit, looking up from his silver BlackBerry when Gallerist approached him. "They're in the car, on their way over.

"I love Charlie," said Mr. Biesenbach. "I think he's both an amazing collaborator—look at what he did with Antony, or Marina, or Leigh Bowery. But then he's also a great solo artist. You normally don't have this."

Why did it take so long for him to have a New York solo show? "Everybody who's ahead of their time, it takes a long time," said Mr. Biesenbach smiling. "That's the definition of being ahead of your time."

Known for his multichannel video installations and documentary work, Mr. Atlas has pared down his vocabulary here into simple, abstract forms: numbers, washes of light and movement.

"My goal was to make a piece that didn't look like any other work that I had done before," Mr. Atlas told us by email over the weekend. "I tried to imagine I was an unknown artist with a different sensibility—realizing of course that on some level it would probably be surprising but still be recognizable as my work."

"I actually thought it would be smaller," said Peter Hopkins, who runs a nearby gallery and recently held a salon on the topic of the changes in Bushwick's art scene. "I'm very impressed."

Mr. Hopkins looked around. "I think it's better," he said of the mixed Bushwick-Chelsea crowd. "There are so many more types here that are rougher around the edges. There are still non-Chelsea types, but I don't recognize every face. Which is good." —*Rozalia Jovanovic*

DS+Renfro's 'Profound' Rejection

Architect Charles Renfro was standing on conquered territory Thursday night, as he lectured in a screening room at Lincoln Center. The firm where he is a partner, Diller Scofidio+Renfro, reworked parts of the campus a few years back, slicing open some of the stolid modernist buildings, expanding others. "We like it!" he told the crowd of about 50, of the performing arts mecca. "That's why we got the job!"

The very slim Mr. Renfro was wearing a gray and white striped shirt and a gray jacket, and he was just back from Scotland to give this lecture for the Soane Foundation. "I have 200 slides tonight," he said, sounding thrilled, and he dove into his PowerPoint overview of recent DS+R projects.

The High Line, the firm's

greatest hit in New York, flashed on the screen. DS+R tried "to tap into the DNA of that romantic ruin," Mr. Renfro explained. "With the steel, with the weeds that had grown through the cracks, with the concrete, and not introduce any material that was not already there and manipulate it in such a way that it recalled some of the random, haphazard ways nature was taking over this structure."

Mr. Renfro said the partners asked themselves a few years ago, "How should architecture respond to the problem of the museum?" He paused. "Should it be like a peacock, flamboyant and exaggerated like the [Guggenheim] Bilbao, or should it be like the Goetz Collection by Herzog and de Meuron... *demure on?*" He marveled at his pun. "A very placid, background container for the art? No, we thought it should be neither of those."

He catalogued triumphs that seem to embody that answer: a 39,000-square-foot arts building at Brown University and a soaring 62,000-square-foot Institute of Contemporary Art along Boston's waterfront.

Despite the architects' recent winning streak—construction is underway on collector Eli Broad's private art museum in Los Angeles and a Museum of Image and Sound in Rio de Janeiro—not every plan has been embraced. A proposal for a private museum devoted to Viennese Actionism in Neuhaus, Austria, was rejected as too expensive.

The jury report, according to Mr. Renfro, said that their plan, which called for a long rectangular building to be wedged into a cornfield at a slight angle—deserved to win. "And then it said, 'But we can't let it win, because, to bring it in on budget, we would compromise the vision too much.' ... It respected the design so much, in a way, that they didn't give it to us.

"I actually think it was pretty profound in the end, for them to both acknowledge [the design] and deny themselves," he continued, "and in a way it is in keeping with the Austrian mentality of self-flagellation and the whole Aktionismus movement, which was really about humil..." He cut himself off. "Anyway." —*Andrew Russeth*