

Flotsam

Artists feed the hungry

A lunchbox auction draws models and rock stars



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Bill's bodyguard babes

Wooster Projects, the contemporary art space in the heart of the Meatpacking District at West 15th Street, was the venue for an auction of 100 celebrity-designed artistic lunch boxes all for the benefit of hunger relief in New York and South Africa. The designers included David Bowie and Iman, actress Maggie Gyllenhaal and many others. Charitable visitors including singers Alicia Keys and Bono, actors Charlize Theron and Mike Myers and models Helena Christensen and Naomi Campbell. In the auction-action, the most hotly contested item was the *19 Photographs* lunchbox by REM's Michael Stipe, above, which Bono and party host Mario Batali both battled over before losing out, at \$20,000, to Chris Martin of Coldplay. One of the most famous designers, Bill Clinton, was only able to visit the gallery earlier and by himself, causing some consternation to the President of Wooster Projects, Michael Haber, who assumed he'd apprehended two daring criminals attempting to bust through his magnificent skylights. Mr Haber was ready to rumble the suspicious duo until he discovered that they were in fact undercover female secret agents getting into position to protect the former President from every possible angle.



A devastating demolition

As one bohemia rises another dies. The latest dismal evidence of the real estate profit attack upon Manhattan's remaining rebels comes with the case of Colette. This legendary artist found fame by building her own personal world, "Maison Lumière", an extravagant, Baroque, ultra-feminine fantasia that not only starred in the first ever show curated by Jeffrey Deitch but was also an acknowledged major influence on the young Jeff Koons, not to mention Madonna. In 1979, Colette devised a video—*Justine and the Boys*—starring Koons and Richard Prince as her "conceptual husbands", a work shot by the great photographer Robert Polidori. Colette's salon was written up everywhere from *Vogue* to the *National Enquirer* and those who battled to have it listed as a living-monument included dealer Leo Castelli. This extraordinary environment, part boudoir, part private home (below), has now come under the wrecking-ball as the charming 1831 building that housed this womb-like wonder, on the appropriately named Pearl Street, has just been smashed to bits to make way for yet another damn condo. With all



interior elements in storage, surely some institution—Washington, DC's National Museum of Women in the Arts or the Brooklyn Museum's new feminist art wing—should recreate this groundbreaking installation?