

WET PAINT IN THE WILD

I've admired **Sarah Hoover**'s Instagram presence from afar long before I met her. To my delight, when I finally had the pleasure a few years ago to visit the surf shack-cum-sculpture that she and her husband **Tom Sachs** own in the Rockaways, I found her exactly as I'd imagined: full face of makeup, bright purple bikini, scrolling through emails while balancing two plates of pasta on either knee. The moment couldn't have been more *Hoover-esque*. It was with true delight that I passed her my disposable camera for this week. Let's see what she got up to...



It began as all very good weeks begin, and ended that way too: with food.

First, a tasting for a party with some of my favorite art-world women. Yes, that's right, parties are back, no matter how you feel about that, and the first nonprofit event I'll be going to is pretty much the last one any of us went to, the Art Production Fund's [gala], this year on April 5 at the Grill! Casey Fremont and Kathleen Lynch, as well as the most fabulous nonprofit art consultant Michelle Hellman Cohen, and I had our first tasting for the gala, for which I'm curating the menu again. So buy your tickets! Unless you hate public art and mouth watering delicacies.



Friday night, I stopped by Nicola Vassell's gallery to see what all the cool kids have been talking about when they go on about Moses Sumney, and was floored by the video of his beautiful performance. I kidnapped the loveliest gallerist in all the land and took her with me to see New York City Ballet, which has one week left in its season. We saw two of Balanchine's greatest hits: an energetic *Serenade* and a crowd-pleasing Tchaikovsky *pas de deux*, with Indiana Woodward's gorgeously arched feet stuck between in a short piece I'd never seen, and the glamorous Sara Mearns in the confused and discombobulated version of *Swan Lake* that City Ballet loves to torture us with. Nicola is pure joy to be around and talk about art with, and we don't deserve her.



I shared champagne on the terrace with the prima of the American Ballet Theatre, Isabella Boylston, and talked about all the crossover visual artists should be doing with the ballet. DM me if you want in on that!



Saturday, baby Guy requested to get his nails done by Ten Over Ten during mama's cocktail hour, which made me so happy I could cry.



Then I went to Ridgewood so I could convince you all I'm hip and very young, like TikTok young, to balance out the mom thing. While it's probably not working, it was worth it anyway because I got to visit the studio of one of my favorite modern feminists, Nick Doyle.



He makes work out of dyed denim, and we saw one of his first paintings to use non-blue toned color, which is about to ship out for his debut show at Perrotin in Paris. I bumped into the artist Chris Beeston (who shows his intricately engineered work at Patrick Parrish), the graphic designer Olivia Vander Tuig, artist Andrew Jilka, and Gagosian's Jason Kotara.



Having dipped delightfully into an art world I like, I was nervous to head to the Upper East side for my first NFT opening, but luckily, Snowfro (on the left) is an absolute mensch. Look. I have my own opinions, as we all do, about NFTs, but you can't argue the absolutely wonderful ethics behind the idea that artists should, in perpetuity, get a piece of the pie, and for all the reasons you have to be a naysaying douche about crypto, it's the only currency I know of that is protected from seizure by dictatorship and fascist regimes. So unless you love those, maybe try to look for some virtue here? Why does the art world love to hate stuff?



As the love of my life, Tom, says, if you like Sol LeWitt's *Incomplete Open Cubes* (which you damn well have to), you better wrap your mind around generative crypto art. He also tells me I'm pretty nearly every day, so he can't possibly be wrong, right?! That's Kenny Schachter on the right, there. I think maybe the Artnet staff has heard of him. Maybe.



I bumped into plenty of the usual crew, and also some NFT faves, like Sarah Meyohas, who released the very first tokenization of art on the blockchain, Bitchcoin, and Dylan Hunzeker Bonilla, the crypto venture capitalist who can definitely do math better than you. We love to see the ladies holding it down in this space.



I had to peel off for some sushi with iconic fashion photographer Mario Sorrenti, and his muse. Mary Frey, hoping some of their insouciant good looks would rub off on me (been working at that for years now, have yet to accomplish anything).

I'm off to Frieze L.A., where temps have gone from highs near 90 last week to the low 60s, just to spite me personally. I sat next to Al Acquavella on the plane, and wondered for all five hours of the flight why all men in the art world can't be more like Al? Guys, please be more like Al. I hope to see a lot of you art folks, at least the ones that are nice and fun and not balls of insecure corporate patriarchal energy, at openings and dinners this week. We can talk all the shit about NFTs and crypto and ballet and art you want; we love a high energy intellectual debate. Isn't that why we all do this at the end of the day? And if you're really extra fun, maybe I'll take you off the beaten to Ronan for the best pizza and crispy roast chicken in the city. P.S. they have frozen drinks and a playlist that's even better than the Superbowl's.

