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## The Hamptons Art Scene in an Eggshell

By MARSHALL HEYMAN



Pearl Gabel for The Wall Street Journal

Dancers at LongHouse Reserve Summer Gala.

EAST HAMPTON—In comparison to the seriousness with which everyone takes themselves and their blue-chip real estate around town, the art scene in the Hamptons can be pretty kooky.

Take, for instance, the exhibit that's up at the moment at the Fireplace Project, a gallery that tends to attract

a relatively stylish crowd. Last summer, the former fashion designer and local resident Helmut Lang showed his sculptures, made of melted, shredded clothing his company, when it was in existence, had made and manufactured.

Until Aug. 12, the Fireplace Project is showing "yes pleased," a solo exhibition by Terence Koh, a Chinese-Canadian artist who often gallivants around town with people like Marina Abramović and Lady Gaga. Mr. Koh made a piano for Lady Gaga to perform on at the Grammys and she has appeared on his YouTube show. He usually wears white and you see him quite regularly in the party pages of Interview, Paper and W.

"Yes pleased" features five sculptures: One is of a rooster made of neon tubing and wires with a purposely dirty title. The rest are eggs. Yes, eggs. Two are gilded in 22-karat gold. One that is not lies on a slab of snow-white Thassos marble, which is



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Monique Knowlton



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Jack Lenor Larsen, seated, speaks with another guest.



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Robert Wilson

apparently very, very rare and expensive. This piece is called "my family ate my son knot knowing about truth."

There is clearly a pun here—somewhere probably closer to the surface than anyone would like to admit—about the laying of eggs. Needless to say, there is no doubt that a few Hamptons residents will buy Mr. Koh's new sculptures. They will be displayed in their fancy, fancy beach houses. Both the house and the art will go up in value, and the proverbial egg, as they say, will be on our face.

Mr. Koh's new work is something of an amuse-bouche for the whole frittata that is Robert Wilson's big Watermill Center



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Musician Philip Glass and actor Ronald Guttman.

benefit next weekend. This is where you see some of the most entertaining, avant garde, some might even say absurd performance art in the Hamptons or pretty much anywhere else. People still talk about the two artists who buried themselves in the ground for last year's fundraiser.



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Board member Tina Maria Birch and performer Laurie Anderson.

Somewhere in between—perhaps an hors d'oeuvre, perhaps a small pasta course—is the annual LongHouse Reserve summer

benefit. This year's, coincidentally, honored Mr. Wilson, a regular supporter of the stunning institution and its impresario, Jack Lenor Larsen, a textile designer and weaver by trade.

Mr. Larsen happened to be celebrating his own 85th birthday





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Performer Lynn Needle

on Saturday. "I feel much better than I expected," he said.

There is always a theme, and this year's was "Composition." Besides Mr. Wilson, the evening also honored Dorothy Lichtenstein, the widow of Roy. That may have explained the instructions to "Compose yourself in black, white and yellow."

"I just wanted black and white," said Mr. Larsen.

"Next year we're going to do shades of white, which makes sense because we're honoring [architect] Richard Meier," said Peter Olsen, a member of the board of trustees.

But then, there would be no ladies wearing crazy yellow clown wigs, or men wearing bright yellow Crocs. Or yellow capes, like the one Mr. Larsen had on. Or yellow cocktails made from starfruit. Or tents made of yellow flags and sunflowers. Or lilypads assembled from yellow flowers in one of the several pools of water that line the property.

"It's sort of like Watermill light," said Bonnie Comely, the wife of the theater producer Stewart Lane. They had come to the party for the first time as big supporters of Mr. Wilson and his cabinet of wonders.

"Unless Karen Finley is going to show up over there and do something strange with chocolate and yams," she added, referring to the outré performance artist whose grant from the National Endowment of the Arts was famously vetoed.

No, nothing of that sort, though the party is certainly getting curiously more Watermill-ish. This year there were trapeze artists dangling from high structures, and "A Midsummer Night's Dream"-inspired dance piece with a group of women dressed like Nefertiti.

But perhaps everything can be encapsulated—in a nutshell, or an eggshell—by a group of sculptures that currently line the LongHouse entrance by Yue Minjun. They are of Mr. Minjun covering his ears, drowning out all the noise from outside. And there is really nothing like coming to this pristine, lovely property and doing just that.

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