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VANITY FAIR

The Art Gang’s All Here—Christo, Kiki, Maya, Claes—For the Pace Gallery Opening

Fifty masters gather to celebrate an ambitious new tower in Chelsea—the world’s largest venue devoted to the sale of contemporary art.

It was Marc, reentering the fold after the occasional father-son rift, who made the case for a vertical tower to house Pace’s two New York galleries—and, perhaps, get the jump on the contemporary art market’s three other mega-dealers. So it’s come to pass. David Zwirner is racing to finish his own Chelsea tower. So is Hauser & Wirth. As for Larry Gagosian, he’s snapped up two more locations nearby (Pace’s just-vacated space and Mary Boone’s, after tax issues led her to shut down) to swell his global kingdom to nearly 20 dominions. For the moment, though, Pace has bragging rights to the world’s biggest single contemporary art gallery.

The new showpiece, by Bonetti/Kozerski Architecture, is a huge risk, not least because the Glimchers don’t own the building. Even after kicking in a reported $18.2 million to help build it, they merely have a 20-year lease—at $8.45 million a year. But on opening night, the place pumped with passion. All the gallery’s
luminaries were on hand, including Maya Lin, Claes Oldenburg, Lucas Samaras, Julian Schnabel, Kiki Smith, and Richard Tuttle. Sending their regrets were Robert Irwin, James Turrell, and David Hockney (who was in the midst of such a creative spurt, churning out dozens of new works at his retreat in Normandy, that he insisted on staying home to stay in the groove).

Up on the gallery’s vast open-air terrace, right on time and with spirit to spare, the Who’s Roger Daltrey and Pete Townshend serenaded the A-list art crowd, ripping into “The Kids Are Alright.” Daltrey’s tribute was telling. “Thank you, Marc Glimcher,” he cried, “and all hopes for your great success.” The new Pace was the n-n-next generation’s gamble, the son’s as bold as his dad’s.

- Michael Shnayerson