Featuring
JEANNE GANG, PETER SHIRE,
H.R. GIGER, OSCAR TUAZON,
PHILIPPE MALOUIN, ERWIN WURM,
JURGEN BEY, PAUL RUDOLPH,
LEONG LEONG and more...

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be my “keeper,” my “handler,” during the installation process?

That fear was all for naught. Alexan
be my “keeper,” my “handler,” during the installation process?

This is where, for the most part, I grouped the more challenging works — those that largely confront our current mindset regarding aesthetics, quality, appropriate content, etc.

This is where I put works in such a way as to suggest the building itself is — at least at this moment in time — unwilling to accommodate them (or unprepared to do so). This is the “kids’ floor” — works that will mature and eventually be moved downstairs to the adult salons.

Correction: the works, being inanimate, will not in reality mature — it is we who will evolve, in time.

An example: I hung an outrageously thickly painted Oiltisky — a so-called two-dimensional “flat” work in the act of metamorphosing into a three-dimensional “thing” — on a wall not long enough to contain it. The ends of the painting stick out beyond the wall. It’s an intentionally “ugly” hang. I wanted to suggest that architecture lags behind art — that is doesn’t, or can’t, always be expected to accommodate new ideas which are not trying to accommodate the present “given.” Art sometimes moves faster than architecture, and might look, on occasion, like the giant in the famous Diane Arbus photo. If books reflected in their girth the scale of the ideas they contain, they certainly would not fit onto our shelves.

I feel proud to have survived the closing of my gallery and shop on Greene Street and, in spite of the pain of that loss, and shame, to end up with a Giacometti in my hands instead of a fruit bowl.

I feel proud that my friend, Asher Edelman, who worked so hard to feed me the art so cavalierly requested, did so with generosity.

of spirit and trust and love, never questioning my judgment although I’m sure at times squirming inside.

I feel proud that my Franklin and I accomplished our little secret agendas together.

I don’t know what will happen next. I don’t know if I’ll ever get my hands on art again. I don’t know if the work will sell in eight days. But I do know I’ve won a big war.

And if anyone out there wants to hire me to argue this further, I’ll be at the Frick, enjoying my beloved Vermeers as they chat away with their friends and neighbors, the chairs, the console, the bowl, whilst the Greek statues at the Met, captive in their marble ghetto, continue their struggle to find something new to say to each other.

Artist Erwin Wurm takes humor seriously. The 58-year-old Austrian is already known to New Yorkers (whether they are aware of it or not) by way of his Big Kastenmann (literally “big box man,” 2012), which, from July through November, commanded attention in the forecourt of the Standard Hotel. An 18-foot-high head-and-pants-less figure, doused in pink paint and resplendent in an 80s-style, broad-shouldered suit jacket, it winked knowingly at the bipedal form of the building behind it (which was built astride the High Line by Ennead Architects in 2009). Architecture has often figured prominently in Wurm's inimitable hybrid approach to sculpture, both in the museum setting and the public realm — indeed in 2011, Miami’s Bass Museum of Art staged “Beauty Business,” an exhibition of Wurm’s sculpture comprising works that showcased the artist’s alluring, absurdist perspective on the dwelling and the home. At scales both large and small, Wurm endows his perplexing structures with a cartoonishly droll plasticity that is at once whimsical and disorienting. Pieces like Fat House (2003) and Narrow House (2010, a slimmed-down reconstruction of the house he grew up in in the Austrian countryside) distort classic building typologies in order to examine notions of the body and consumer culture, while simultaneously confounding notions of what it means to dwell. House Attack (2006) — dangerously perched upside down off the side of the Museum Moderner Kunst Stiftung Ludwig (MUMOK) in Vienna — imbues architecture with the twisted humor of a Tex Avery cartoon, while Wurm’s series of Melting Houses (2009-10) are playful pieces that dissolve deliciously into gallery floors or well-groomed fields of grass like enormous pats of butter. Exclusively for PIN-UP, Wurm combined all these different elements into an architectural reprise, which he set against the backdrop of the capricious collages that wallpapered his contribution to “Art and Press” — a recent show at Berlin’s Martin-Gropius-Bau — full of the artist's goofy self-portraits, suggesting, amongst other shenanigans, rear-end penetration with a newspaper. Those on the move this winter can catch Wurm in the act as he undermines the seriousness of various vaunted institutions: a survey at the Vitra Design Museum in Weil am Rhein runs through January 20, 2013, while a new show will open at New York’s Lehmann Maupin gallery around the first of the year.

Kevin Greenberg