Taking the Gloves Off for Public Art

BY MARSHALL HYMAN

The turnout at the Art Production Fund benefit on Wednesday night, which took place at a swanky if restrained private women's club on the Upper East Side, was a splashy one.

There were lots of artists, including Max Snow, Cindy Sherman, Maurizio Abromovic, Aurore Young, Rachel Feinstein, her husband John Currin, Blake Levene and Cecily Brown.

There were a bunch of those art-world types, like Thomma Golden, the director of the Studio Museum in Harlem, Amy Cappellazzo, who recently got Christie's Tobias Meyer, who recently stepped down from Sotheby's; and Salon 94's Jeanne Greenberg Rohatyn.

Socialites in the mix included Lauren and Richard Donahue, Mark and Renee Rockefeller, Gigi and Averil Mortensen, Lain Perry, tattoo artist Scott Cannobeli, Amy Phelan, model Karlie Kloss, jewelry designer Zam Gugelmann, Allison Sarofim and Stuart Parr and Fabiola Beracasa, the creative director of the downtown gallery the Hole.

And because fashion designer Carolos Herrera was being honored, she brought along her daughter Patricia Lamsbey, her husband Rottolino and a few celebrities, notably Emmy Rossum, Dianna Agron and Ola Voi Teee.

A lot of artists for amassing such as eclectic and attractive crowd, of course, go to Yvonne Force Villareal and Doreen Remen, the ladies who founded the Art Production Fund. They create splashy public art projects, but they also seem to work hard at creating equally splashy fundraising events that are notably interactive.

Wednesday's theme was the slightly morbid become "White Gloves Gone Wild," with the idea that this batten of civility was upbeat by eccentric art projects. When guests walked in, they were given actual white lace gloves to put over their bare arms. Other areas of bare skin could be covered by temporary tattoos as designed by the Brooklyn-based artist Wangchi Muta, including one that said "I'm MAMA" in a kind of Victorian cursive. "I've got to steal some to take home for my kids," said Ms. Greenberg Rohatyn.

In another room, for an additional donation of $1,000, the artist Madsyn Minter would take your portrait using some of her special techniques, including a clear stop draught with a kind of Vaseline on it. She encouraged many of the women present to use their jewelry as they were being photographed. "Madsyn told me to hide them," wrote Tisch said of the strand of pearls hanging around her neck. "And they broke."

Up a floor, the Italian artist Vanessa Beecroft created an installation with seven women, some wearing wigs, including right-hander model. In the installation of women hanging on the wall. As well as the guests who came to observe. "You can really feel the power in here," said Ms. Beecroft.

Over the course of the evening, there was an emphasis on the power of women, not only when it came to Ms. Beecroft and her living tableaux, but also Ms. Force Villareal, Ms. Remen, Ms. Herrera and the journalist Linda Yablonsky, who was the evening's second honoree.

The curator StacyEngman seemed to be playing with this concept by wearing an early prototype of a skirt designed in tandem with the artist Rachel Maser. It was a dress made from broken mirror shards. "It's actually extremely dangerous, but I'm light on my feet," said Ms. Engman, as she reached for a tiny hors d'oeuvre sprinkled with cream cheese and marmalade. "We have to sand the edges or put bumpers on it."

In other words, don't come too close. "Air kisses only," she said.

By the end of dinner, which included a mushroom and white truffle risotto cake and a salad of shaved fennel, Ms. Engman had taken part of the mirror off and was carving two centerpieces created for the tables by Aaric Schmidt, black and white monochrome hands holding cigarettes, to place at home with an oiled or two.

Ms. Sacco, still in her platinum blonde wig, was finally taking a lead off to Instagram a few photos she'd compiled from the evening. A friend. Ms. Beecroft's "Since she was a baby." Ms. Sacco said standing for three hours straight—an hour and a half for Polaroids and another hour and a half for the installation—wasn't easy.

"It was painful. I haven't been on my feet that long since I was 11 and working at Best Buy," Ms. Sacco said. "But even the kids half my age were complaining."

A short while later, as guests were to grab the portraits. Ms. Minter had done for them on their way home. Ms. Sacco was on her feet again, heading downtown to the afterparty at her nightclub No. 8.