



*Artful commerce: Paintings by Cindy Kane (far left) on view at Regine Oesch-Aiyer's home; work by Joe Fyfe (far right) was shown at Living Room.*

work is now being done by young artists in installation art, video art, computer art, performance art, text art, photography and many other forms, both traditional and new. Artists are increasingly mixing forms, infusing video into sculpture or found objects into installations.

Among the rising artists currently crossing over from the do-it-yourself world are Michael Ashkin, who makes desolate, meticulously miniaturized landscapes from wood, dirt, resin and model trucks; Lisa Yuskavage, whose oil paintings float stylized images of women on monochrome backgrounds, injecting sexual politics into both realism and kitsch; Rirkrit Tiravanija, who changes a gallery's social balance by setting up stockpots and cooking for visitors; Charles Spurrier, who trades in paint and canvas for chewed bubble gum, pigmented petroleum jelly and fingerprints on layers of Scotch tape, and Christian Schumann, whose cartoon painting echoes Lichtenstein, Guston and Dubuffet, among others, but whose collage elements build on Donald Baechler's and Julian Schnabel's work in the 80's.

For all the disorder of this esthetic frenzy, there is a gathering consensus that strong new work is being done in all sorts of genres and that a growing audience exists to support it. (The gallery system, too, seems to be recovering: the Art Now Gallery Guide lists more SoHo galleries than it did before the art crash.) Mary Boone, who brought to prominence such defining artists of the 80's as Schnabel and David Salle, compares the moment to the late 70's, when she opened her gallery: a great time for risk-taking artists as well as venture-some buyers. Larry Gagosian, whose galleries in New York and Los Angeles have been among the few to prosper in both the 80's and 90's, thinks that the upsurge in art entrepreneurship may be a concomitant of the growth in exciting new work.

basement of 480 Broome Street, a former carpentry shop that Schachter has already arranged to use for an upcoming show of graduate-student work that Columbia University has hired him to curate. After that, the space is slated to become a furniture and clothing shop. Reluctantly, Schachter begins to ponder a four-week run, if Tarter can secure even that; the show can't be postponed into July, since the onset of summer virtually shuts down the art world.

Before leaving the room, Tarter hands Schachter a fat loose-leaf notebook. It contains photographs of work by artists in the Sculptors League, of which Tarter is a member. Schachter may not have a gallery to call his own, but everywhere he goes, paintings, photos, slides and résumés are pressed into his hands.

"I need a vacation," he mutters, dutifully leafing through the book.

Tarter returns and looks over Schachter's shoulder at the beautifully smoothed and rounded stone forms in the notebook. "It's stuff that people live with," he murmurs tenderly. "Not the stuff you show."

"I live with what I show," Schachter growls.

WHAT SCHACHTER AND OTHER DO-IT-YOURSELF dealers have to sell is, formally speaking, anarchy. Vigorous and sometimes very good

Neither Boone (who, before opening her SoHo gallery, sold paintings from her Bond Street living loft) nor Gagosian (who started out in 1975 selling posters in an open-air patio space near U.C.L.A.) knew much about Kenny Schachter. Neither one has been to Pierogi 2000. Nor do they seem particularly concerned over the competition that such dealers and venues might present.

"Ultimately," Boone says, "a gallery is only as interesting as the art it shows. The methodology of the venue is of lesser importance."

Gagosian paid the do-it-yourselfers the compliment of suggesting that other dealers might perceive them as a threat. But not him. In his view, the new, widely scattered subsoil of do-it-yourself galleries can only nurture the scene. "It gets more people looking at art, thinking about art, buying art," he says. For emerging artists, he believes, "It adds to the vitality of the work to have that kind of guerrilla gallery — the context gives the art a lot of energy."

SCHACHTER HAS PLENTY OF CONTEXT GOING for him when he arrives at Graham Gillmore's East 12th Street studio — a converted meat locker just west of Avenue B, half a block from one of the liveliest heroin markets in the city. Schachter is wearing gym shorts, unlaced black boots and a T-shirt he made himself with a picture of Marcel Duchamp and the legend "I Am Not a Role Model." The day is warm and the sharp wail of two electric guitars fills the street; when a middle-aged woman passes by, arms heavy with groceries, the burning joint in her mouth leaves an aromatic trail.

Schachter fumbles with the keys that Gillmore dropped off on his way out of town. Schachter has brought along Hey, his mostly Shar-Pei dog; the moment he unbolts the iron crossbar outside the

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*David Brown's performance art at Schachter's "Death" show.*