

7pm in Paris

What keeps a critic going through Paris Internationale, Art Basel Paris, and a dozen exhibitions besides? Imagining the whole shebang happening in flip flops – plus a drop of culturally “useless” dew.



Paris boys, or “Gamins de Paris,” organized by Jenny’s, New York, was one of the best shows and best parties of the week. Works were hung in the underground dungeons of goth club Les Caves Saint-Sabin. I went early and watched Richard Hawkins’s agitated montage of ripped e-men masturbating in front of one of those soul-wrenching Francis Bacon paintings (*Painting 1946*). It was insane, an awkward kind of sexy muck that transfused into other works in the show, even if they were really just décor for the party. Hours later, crowds of cool *gamins* almost stampeded themselves into the stone floor. An even darker collective work.

This moment of release was an important antidote to the week’s crowning of masculine virtuosity (part awe, mostly angst, literally terrifying), with major institutional exhibitions for Gerhard Richter (Fondation Louis Vuitton), Philip Guston (Musée national Picasso), and George Condo (Musée d’Art Moderne de Paris).