

A Gatsbyesque Hirst watches on

..as his studio assistant turns his PG party x-rated

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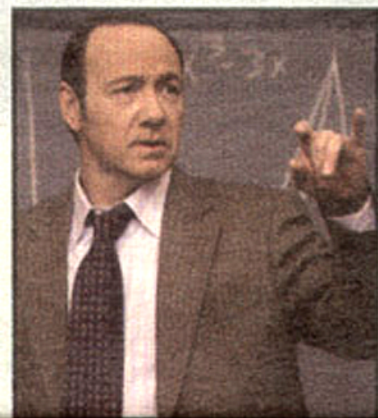
Lord of all he surveys

Damien Hirst has always been eager to distribute the fruits of his success amongst his mates and minions and this July's bash at his gothic pile Toddington Manor was no exception. However, unlike earlier bacchanals, this event was a strictly child-friendly one, with face-painting and a fully functioning fairground including ferris wheel, carousel and a picturesque but rather perilously antique-looking roller coaster (with something for the adults in the form of lavish high-end refreshments, courtesy of Hirst's mate, chef Giorgio Locatelli). The now toxin-free host cut rather a Gatsbyesque figure, benignly surveying the scene, his only stimulation the sight of all his merrymaking guests having fun. Thank goodness then, that amidst all this goodness one, of Hirst's male studio assistants decided to add a note of hedonism by staging a full streak through the guests and into the swimming pool.



Spacey takes on Koons rabbit

"Drama Queens", artist duo Michael Elmgreen and Ingar Dragset's hilarious encounter between six sculptural personages which was staged first at Münster and then at Basel last year, is now set to premier on the London stage at the Old Vic Theatre next month. There is currently feverish speculation as to which celebrities will play the line-up of 20th-century classics who swoop across the stage on their plinths, examining their audience and bemoaning the horrors of storage, but Jetsam's rumour-mill strongly suggests that the over-exuberant silver Koonsian Rabbit is to be portrayed by Old Vic supremo Kevin Spacey ("The Rabbit is in the House! Clap Hands! Clap Hands!"). "Drama Queens" is for one night only at The Old Vic on 12 October; Elmgreen and Dragset are showing at Victoria Miro from 14 October to 15 November.



Crystal gazing

Those living in the environs of London's gritty Elephant & Castle are well used to untoward activities of a chemical nature taking place in the neighbourhood's derelict properties. Perhaps this is why the local community have been remarkably sanguine about the strange toings and fro-ings that have accompanied Roger Hiorn's most ambitious large-scale work to date which involves growing bright blue copper sulphate crystals throughout an entire apartment in an empty housing block in Harper Road. One neighbour seems to speak for one and all by declaring: "It's a nice change for the area to see some crystals that have no street value." As the building is due to be demolished once the project is over, it seems that they will have no art market value either. *Seizure* is at 151-189 Harper Road from 3 September to 2 November. Above, the artist during the installation of his work.



Nightmare on Greek Street

The Lazarides Gallery is not known for its reticence—housed in a former Soho sado-masochism emporium and representing the likes of Banksy, Johnny Yeo and Stanley Donwood, the man responsible for Radiohead's visuals, the gallery's identity has always been associated with a jugular-grabbing immediacy. But along with the flamboyant activities that take place on site, it also seems to have the ability to attract strangely coincidental chance encounters with outside elements.



First there was the procession of Christian evangelists who provided a piquant counterpoint to Johnny Yeo's images made from snipped fragments of hard core porn as they marched past the private view, leafletting random guests en route; then at the recent opening of Ben Turnbull's agit-prop sculptures, no one would believe that the stream of young people trussed together at the ankle and clad in bright orange t-shirts bearing the word "Vision" were in fact taking part in a three legged race to raise money for a charity devoted to visually impaired children, not a breakaway performative element of Turnbull's sculpture, *Breeding Terrorism*, which presented a rocking cot full of model babies clad in matching orange Guantanamo jumpsuits. Yet another example of life imitating art, rather than the other way around. ■