

A portrait of Amanda Seyfried with long, wavy blonde hair, wearing a black strapless dress with a white collar and a large diamond earring. She is looking directly at the camera with a neutral expression. The background is a solid light blue color.

*Amanda  
Seyfried*  
Young, Bold,  
and Beautiful

# Fashion's New Ideas

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Couture to  
Supercool  
Urban Style*

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Artists, and Musicians to Watch Now*

## WHERE ART FRONTIERS



### ESSEX STREET

Essex Street gallery, Maxwell Graham's two-year-old storefront in a former Chinese restaurant next to what was once a brothel, is actually located at 114 Eldridge Street. (A rent hike forced him to move, and he never bothered with a name change.) And while the 30-year-old dealer, who struck out on his own after stints at Renwick and Greene Naftali, represents a crew of rising stars—like Valerie Snobeck, 33, whose transporting installations are featured in the current Whitney Biennial—he is just as interested in reintroducing artists like the union activist Fred Lonidier, 72, who had been absent from the New York art world for several decades before reappearing recently (thanks to Graham) and staking his own place in the Biennial. "It's good to not do things properly sometimes," Graham says. In fact, he adds, "I don't always like the shows that happen here—but sometimes it's not about me. It's okay if something fails, as long as it's taking a risk. I don't want my artists to rely on art to make a living. I almost wish my younger artists would take after the older ones and disappear for 30 years. And, hopefully, I'll be here for them to come back to."

Left: Maxwell Graham in his gallery, Essex Street, with an installation by Park McArthur.

# HOT POT

New York's Chinatown art scene is bubbling with upstart galleries nestled among dumpling shacks and convenience stores. *Fan Zhong* takes the tour.

### 47 CANAL

Before there was 47 Canal, the gallery Margaret Lee and Oliver Newton started in 2011, there was 179 Canal, a rambunctious den in a burned-out Chinatown building where Lee and her friends—emerging talents like the photographer Michele Abeles (see page 64) and the multimedia artist Josh Kline, both now 47 Canal artists—hosted offbeat exhibitions and wild parties. After the not-for-profit clubhouse closed in 2010, Lee, an artist who also works for Cindy Sherman, sought to keep the family together. "It was a little too *Melrose Place*," she says. "But I just couldn't stand the idea of everyone going off to separate galleries." She brought on Newton, her boyfriend and a former director at Chelsea's Alexander and Bonin ("He actually knew how to run a proper gallery," Lee says), and the two set up shop, professionalizing the operation but keeping the esprit de corps. New additions to the roster are often vetted collectively by the gallery artists, and Lee and Newton go to great lengths to transform the second-floor walk-up space to suit their artists' wants, often closing down for a month to build out an exhibition. For a 2011 installation by Anicka Yi, who uses food and other perishables (her latest show opens there this month), they erected a small room that unfortunately "leaked olive oil all over," Newton recalls. "But we don't think it was disastrous. It's the art world—how wrong can things really go?"

Below: 47 Canal; Margaret Lee and Oliver Newton, with works by Gregory Edwards.



### DAVID LEWIS GALLERY

For almost a year before he settled into a 2,000-square-foot space on the fifth floor of 88 Eldridge Street last fall, David Lewis was a gallerist without a gallery. In early 2013 he parted ways with Balice Hertling, the Paris gallery he had partnered with to open a Manhattan outpost in 2011. During what he likes to call his "nomadic" period, the 38-year-old former art critic kept up a running conversation with artists, curators, and collectors in cafés and bars, and staged pop-up shows like Lucy Dodd's exhibition at Vladimir Restoin Roitfeld's gallery on the Upper East Side. "For me, the experience clarified that a gallery can really be anything," Lewis explains. "The white cube isn't the be-all end-all—even if I have one now." The first solo exhibition at said cube was an earthy bazaar of sculptures, furniture, drawings, and abstract paintings by Dodd. The show received ecstatic reviews, but Lewis is just as happy to talk about the spirited food fight that was part of a performance at the opening. "That energy is invigorating," says Lewis, who will debut a performance piece by Dawn Kasper this month. His goal, he adds, is to import some of the happy chaos of his transient months. "I want to make sure that the gallery doesn't ossify into a box with art." ♦



From left: David Lewis's gallery; Lewis, with paintings by Lucy Dodd.