

CHOW

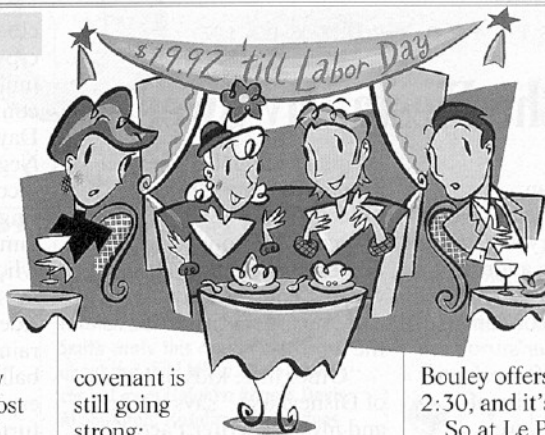
Nouvelle Covenant

THIS IS ONE SWEET SUMMER for the forgotten middle class. All through the Democratic Convention, while Clinton gave 'em lip service, New York's silkiest restaurants just gave 'em service—three courses' worth, at lunch, for a puny, puny \$19.92. And not just scraps from the Republican tables: The discerning partisan palate could wend from the tequila-cured-salmon appetizer at Arizona 206 through American Harvest's smoked swordfish to

the chocolate pear tart at the Cafe Pierre.

Tim Zagat and Joe Baum, restaurant and hospitality co-chairmen for the New York '92 Host Committee, cooked this up as a four-day treat. Reservation phones literally rang off the hooks—and most of the calls were from Shun Lee-shy New Yorkers.

So now the balloons have fallen and the campaign wonder bus has left Manhattan behind. But the nouvelle



covenant is still going strong:

More than half of the original 90 restaurants, including Aquavit, Coco Pazzo, and Les Halles, have extended the \$19.92 lunches through Labor

Day. And maybe forever: Arcadia's Anne Rosenzweig, creator of Tipper Tartare, plans to keep it up till there's a Democrat in the White House. (There are some restrictions:

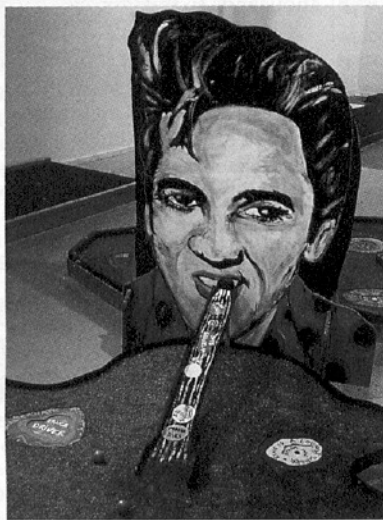
Bouley offers seating only at 2:30, and it's already booked.)

So at Le Périgord last week, there was an unexpectedly full summer house that included Walter Annenberg—though he spent more than \$19.92.

TISH DURKIN

DOWNTOWN

MODERN ART COURSE



Hunka-hunka hole in one.

Holzer—designed balls inscribed with "truisms" such as BOREDOM MAKES YOU DO CRAZY THINGS.

Does it ever. These little links originated in the brain of gallery staffer Ken Buhler, who recalled a job he'd had on a mini-golf course as a child in Wichita. Buhler expected "dead silence" when he approached artists, and was shocked when so many accepted. Even more so, Buhler says, "I was amazed by the potential for political and social commentary in miniature golf."

Commentary is as common as Astroturf on the 3,000-square-foot course. Chris Clarke, who usually works in neon, constructed a model White House from empty AZT bottles; putters must retrieve their golf balls from a hole surrounded by a gooey red liquid. Built into the hole created by performance artists Pat Oleszko and Ward Shelley is an electric eye that inflates a twelve-foot-tall, twenty-armed figure called Censorama. Beyond Censorama lies an inflatable doll covered with nipples.

"My work tends to be pretty serious," Shelley says. "So this was a chance to just cut loose. It kind of gave all of us permission to have fun."

Photographer Cindy Sherman donated a life-size photo of a female mannequin dressed as a twenties flapper, with a triangle cut into its crotch through which the ball passes. And architect Frank Gehry made his hole out of stacks of magazines.

Certain to be among the biggest crowd-pleasers is painter Gregory Amenoff's *The King's Hole*, about the life of Elvis. Putt off the fairway, and you consign the king to various alternate realities—truck driver, *Star Search* contestant, Elvis impersonator.

Also in the goofball genre, sculptor Sandy Skoglund's hole features Cheez Doodle bunnies dangling over a

whirling Cheez Doodle flower.

The exhibit raises money for Artists Space: Putters rent for \$5; a souvenir Holzer-designed ball is \$25; watching is free. And air-conditioning has been installed to make the average hour-long loop easier to bear. But beware. "It's not like hitting a ball through a windmill," Buhler says.



The Cheez Doodle—bunny hazard.

"Some of these holes are pretty difficult." Then again, good art is always challenging. MARTIN KIHN

IF MINIATURE GOLF IS blue-collar polo, then "Putt-Modernism" is bowling for bohemians. The only SoHo gallery exhibit doubling as an eighteen-hole putt-putt course, it lets aesthetic athletes play holes designed by Cindy Sherman, Michael Graves, Frank Gehry, and sixteen other renowned mini-golfers. The exhibit, at Artists Space (223 West Broadway) from August 1 to September 27, even sports Jenny

