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My 168 Hours of Fame in the New Yorker and the resulting Gush of "Like" Letters

by Greg Lindquist on March 1, 2011



Beginning on Wednesday, the emails and text messages started pouring in. "You're in The New Yorker!" was the notion of the generally congratulatory remarks. This was not untrue. But, it also wasn't entirely accurate. My friend and former studio neighbor, Hope Gangloff, painted a portrait of me painting for her new current exhibition and a reproduction of it appeared in the "Goings On About Town" section. Although she adeptly captured my likeness, the portrait is very much Hope's world. Granted, I am more or less wearing what I paint during the sultry New York summer months — cut-off skinny jeans, black socks, beige suede loafers (basically ragged clothes) — and it's my lanky contrapposto.