

On collections, gangs and series

How do you experience collecting? And how does this enrich you?

Collecting. A wonderful curse. You become manic and you can't help yourself. I'll go off on a bender sometimes and go out and buy six pieces in one day. Collecting has become more a part of the work. The fact that the material had possibly been observed, or unconsciously collected, by persons other than myself, defines its desire and threat. It is this prior availability that verifies this fictional transformation, and helps cool down the reference to an observable reality. I don't really think about 'how' as much as 'what'. What comes first. What's not on second. What's on first. I don't see fancy interest, I don't see hobby or appreciation, I don't see exhibition or connoisseurship. The thing is, I don't see these things on my shelf. I just stare at them. They're there everyday. They change me. I like having the lives of these things around me. I like having lives I can go into and out when I'm alone. Some people go out at night and party, go to restaurants and nightclubs. Well, I don't. My library is my nightclub. I feel independent here. I go to Thailand in this room, I go to the most exotic places in the world in my library.

How and with what criteria did you start your collection?

My collection begins in 1949, the year of my birth and the same year that George Orwell's 1984—the first rare book I ever bought at auction—was published. Basically, my collection is about sex, drugs, Beats, hippies, punks. And great reads.

The White Album by Joan Didion
 first editions
 Susan Sontag's On Photography
 The Imaginary Signifier by Christian Metz
 fragrance catalogue catalogues
 Pulse Points
 The Eternal Moment by E. M. Forster
 Forster's short story "When the Machine Stops"
 comic books paperbacks
 sci-fi paperbacks
 pulp paperbacks
 Walter Tevis's The Man Who Fell To Earth
 first printings
 Planet of the Apes by Pierre Boulle
 wrapper editions
 cover illustrations
 rare comics
 Tarzans- early Dell copies
 a Submariner
 a Superman
 books
 first trade editions
 Walter Percy's The Moviegoer
 Raid kills bugs dead
 Vanishing Point Film
 Mandingo, American edition
 Naked on Roller Skates
 Jack Woodford's Peeping Tom
 The Casting Couch and Me
 Thunder La Boom, a novel by Ann Steinhardt
 movies
 photography
 autographed books
 humor
 lowest prices
 cartoon and humor books
 \$300 for a copy of Carrie, Stephen King's first book
 Gravity's Rainbow
 Horseman Pass By, by Larry McMurtry
 1959 first printing of Morey Amsterdam's Keep Laughing
 bought a signed and inscribed,

Joey Adams
 It Takes One To Know One
 Myron Cohen's Laughing Out Loud
 Harry Hershfield's Laugh Louder
 Live Longer
 Jack Douglas titles, all inscribed to Burt Bacharach
 Abner Dean's Come As You Are
 Whitney Darrow, Jr. titled Please Pass The Hostess
 first editions
 Helen E. Hokinson , There Are Ladies Present (Dutton, 1952 first printing)
 The Ladies, Hokingson
 God Bless 'Em, Hokingson
 When Were You Built, Hokingson
 My Best Girls, Hokingson
 cartoons
 deluxe copies
 James Joyce's Chamber Music
 first variants
 Robert Frank's The Americans, the Grove Press edition
 Michael Herr's Dispatches
 Francis Ford Coppola's Apocalypse Now
 Ridley Scott's Blade Runner
 Philip Dick's Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep
 Ninety-two in the Shade
 Play It As It Lays
 The Hustler
 The Subterraneans
 Panic In Needle Park
 In Cold Blood
 Kubrick's Lolita
 Monarch Select paperback, MS27. No image on the cover.
 All graphics.
 MGM/CBS Home Video
 14-page list
 The Comedy Dungeon
 Muchachas Espanolas Locas (or Crazy Spanish Girls)
 Tina L'Hotsky
 magazines
 records
 motorcycle magazines

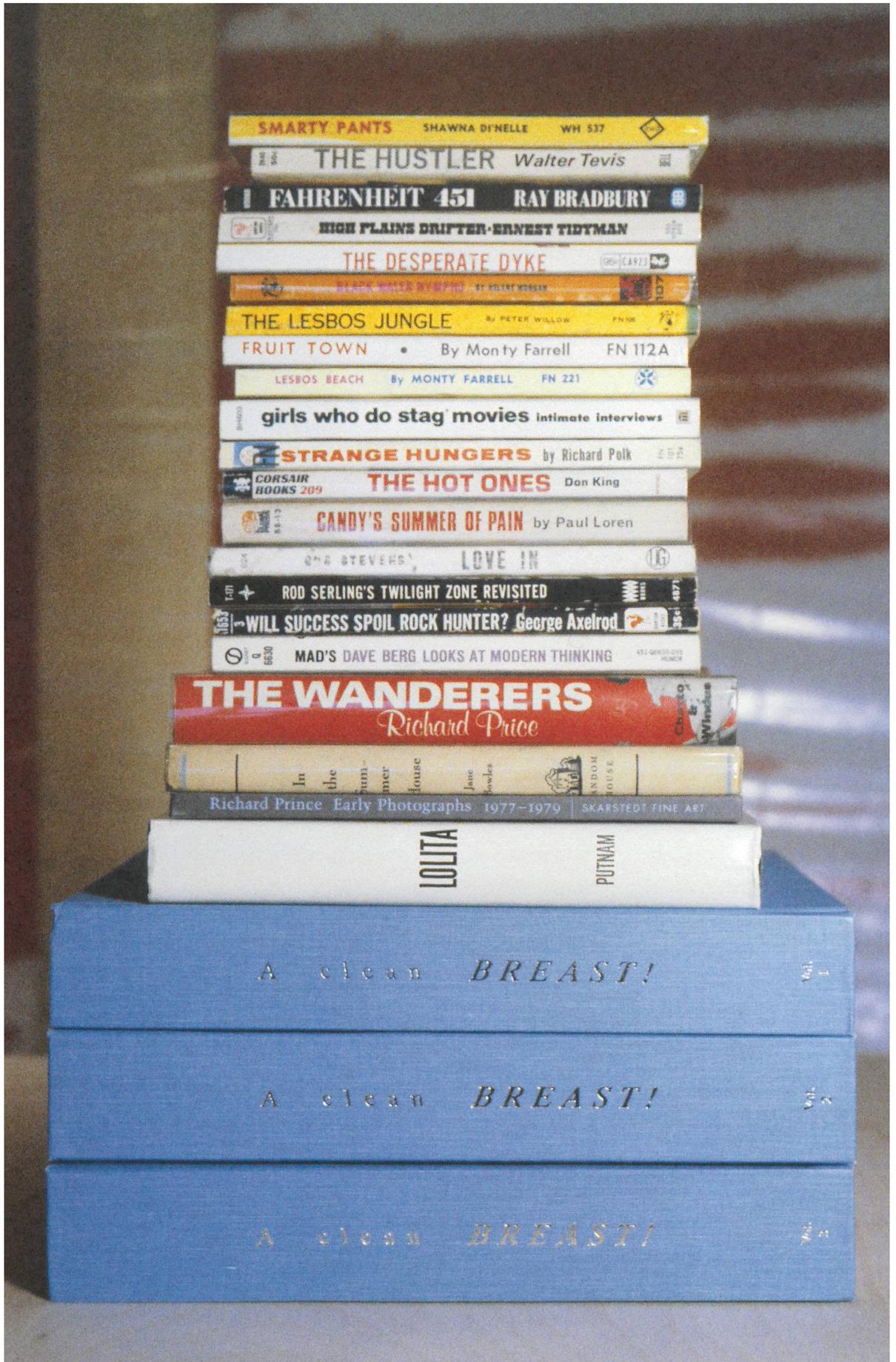
cowboys
 popular iconography
 Time-Life, Tear Sheets
 authorless pictures
 art-directed pictures
 over-determined pictures
 Lolita, Vladimir Nabokov, (1955) x 51
 Smarty Pants, Shawna Di'Nelle, First Edition and First Printing
 The Hustler, Walter Tevis, First Edition and First Printing
 Fahrenheit 451, Ray Bradbury, First Edition and First Printing
 Gigh Plans Drifter, Ernest, Tidyman, First Edition and First Printing
 The Desperate Dyke, First Edition and First Printing
 The Lesbos Jungle, Peter Willow, First Edition and First Printing
 Fruit Town, Monty Farrell, First Edition and First Printing
 Lesbos Beach, Monty Farrell, First Edition and First Printing
 Girls Who Do Stag Movies, Intimate Interviews, First Edition and First Printing
 Strange Hungers, Richard Polk, First Edition and First Printing
 The Hot Ones, Don King, First Edition and First Printing
 Candy's Summer of Pain, Paul Loren, First Edition and First Printing
 Twilight Zone Revisited, Rod Serling, First Edition and First
 Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?, George Axelroad, First Edition and First Printing
 The Wanders, Richard Prince, First Edition and First Printing
 Lolita, PUTNAM, First Edition and First Printing
 A Clean Breast v.1,2,3, First Edition and First Printing
 Signed "To Richard Prince, 2001"
 Lolita, Vladimir Nabokov, Nabokov personal desk copy of the first edition ...

What are the things that catch your eye? Of the items you collect there are always many editions, many variations, how do you know exactly what you want to have on your shelves?

What are the things that catch your eye? Of the items you collect there are always many editions, many variations, how do you know exactly what you want to have on your shelves?

I like the gnarlier stuff. The more lurid the paperback and the illustration, the more collectable it is. Collectable. I've always tried to give some attention to what appears to be ephemera, to collect the minor art forms. I find it's always best to collect what you like and what no one else is collecting. Two rules of thumb, so to speak. I want the best copy. The only copy. The most expensive copy. I want James Joyce's Chamber Music. I want the 1907 version, the "variant", the first variant, the one with the lighter green binding, the taller trim size, laid endpapers as opposed to wove, the one with the correct folding signature C. I want mine to be one of the advance review copies, one of 509 copies, the publisher's ALS to a certain British man of letters tipped to the front pastedown. I want the tipped-in letter to be dated May 3, 1907. I want this date because I know that the British Museum's copy (destroyed during World War II) was received on May 8, and the Bodleian Library copy was received on May 11. I want the earliest copy on record. I want the copy that is rarer than anyone had previously dreamed of. I want the copy that dreams. Three hundred soft-core nurse novels (Night Nurse and Jet-Set Nurse), a check from Lenny Bruce, a drum kit signed by the Velvet Underground, an acid test card belonging to Neal Cassady, a letter by Thomas Pynchon, and the first issue of Horny Biker Slut Comics, Truman Capote, Ed Ruscha, R. Crumb, the Slits, Russ Meyer, Jimi Hendrix, Isaac Asimov, Yoko Ono, and Richard Brautigan.

First edition first printings in the artist's collection.
Photograph by Richard Prince



Was this passion passed on to you by someone?

Growing up we didn't have books and art in our home, there was nothing, basically. My way back then of collecting was going through Sears, Roebuck catalogs and making believe I could pick one thing from each page. I would circle it, make a collage with it and put it on my wall.

Finding such sought-after items must be difficult, how do you get what you want?

Nowadays I go up to Saks Fifth Avenue to pick up the new spring fragrance catalog. The Antiquarian Book Fair. Forbidden Planet on 12th Street and Broadway, a bookstore that specializes in comic books, sci-fi and pulp paperbacks. A second-hand bookshop I know on 7th Street and Third Avenue. The lady who runs the place holds books for me. The Barnard Bookstore is an out-of-print bookshop on 18th Street, west of Fifth Avenue.

Today I reread the first part of **The White Album by Joan Didion**. I put an **acetate protector around the dust jacket** of a **first edition** of **Susan Sontag's On Photography**, and I read parts of it again before putting it back on the shelf. I read what Sontag had to say about how art and politics can and should mix. Maybe they already do mix, but she says this as if any question about their separation could only occur to the Man from Mars. I also thought about how she thinks that when you photograph someone it's like "sublimated, or 'soft' murder". "Soft murder" sounded pretty catchy, like cartoon language. It reminded me of **Didion's remark that Jim Morrison, the fourth Door**, had thought of himself as "an erotic politician".

I also reread parts of **The Imaginary Signifier by Christian Metz**. I read what he had to say about perfume. He said any socially acceptable art that depends on the senses of contact is a minor art. Not at all like the major arts, which he says are based on the senses of distance and transparency.

I made a note to go up to **Saks Fifth Avenue** to pick up the new spring **fragrance catalogue**. I had seen it over at a friend's house. It said on the cover, "A Celebration of the Senses as Seen Through the Eyes of Horst". The title of the **catalogue** was **"Pulse Points"**. A great little give-away.

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Later, I finished **The Eternal Moment by E. M. Forster**. I had managed to get a pretty fair **copy** at the **Antiquarian Book Fair** from a dealer from California. It was the **English edition** with only a **small tear on the dusk jacket**.

The back of the jacket has some minor rubbing, and the endpapers were foxed, but otherwise it was a **good copy of this scarce title**. A friend suggested that maybe later I should read **Forster's short story "When the Machine Stops"**. He said it had to do with desire for firsthand experience.

I went to **Forbidden Planet on 12th Street and Broadway**, a bookstore that specializes in comic books, sci-fi and pulp paperbacks. I was hoping to find a **copy** of **Walter Tevis's The Man Who Fell To Earth**, a **first printing**. I was sure they would have it, but they didn't. Instead, I found a **copy** of **Pierre Boullé's Planet of the Apes**; it was a copy I had never seen before, a 1964 Signet **wrapper edition**. The **cover illustration** depicted three astronauts- two whites and a black- superimposed on the large head of an ape. This configuration reminded me of some of Picabia's paintings from the 1940's, ones that were based on the **commercial illustration systems used for American movie posters and the covers of hard-boiled detective paperbacks**.

I looked at the **rare comics** and checked out the **prices** they were asking for a couple of Tarzans- early **Dell copies**. One of them had a cover in which the figure of Tarzan was a hand-drawn illustration superimposed over a photograph of the jungle. I had only seen this technique used on two other comics, one a Submariner and the other a Superman. For the Tarzan, the superimposition created a seamlessness that made it hard to figure out what was really happening. It was if the figure of Tarzan was a dream, a "real" illusion, and the jungle was a film, the impression of an illusion. I like it. I thought that if I could do this- use two different codes of representation simultaneously- then I might be able to create what appeared to be an "art directed" picture.

After I left the **Planet**, I went over to a **second-hand bookshop I know on 7th Street and Third Avenue**. The lady who runs the place holds **books** for me.

She said she had been saving for me a **first trade edition** of **Walter Percy's The Moviegoer**. I've tried to read this book three times, but I could never get past page 25. **On the jacket flap of this particular edition there was a summary**; it said, "A house, a street, a city can be more itself on the screen than in actuality." These were probably the words of some junior editor's assistant priming the curious, hyping he uninformed with a kind of Westernized haiku.

It was the sort of blurb language that has become so familiar through television and ad copy. Reading it, I thought of Lew Welch, the famous Beat poet, who used to support himself writing copy for clients' products. One of Welch's haikus, before he walked off into the desert with his shotgun, was **"Raid kills bugs dead."** I will try **The Moviegoer** a fourth time, but not with this copy. The lady who runs the store has marked the book **\$12**. I give her a ten and that's fine with her. Fine for me, too, because it's a **\$450** book in this condition. **This kind of "find" happens maybe once every six years**.

The **Barnard Bookstore** is an **out-of-print bookshop** on **18th Street**, west of **Fifth Avenue**. Since I had 20 minutes to kill before seeing **Vanishing Point** at the **Cinema village**, I thought I'd go in. Earlier in the week I had seen an **American edition of Mandingo**, a huge, completely **ridiculous copy** of this treasure.

Usually books of this size are broken at the spine and creased and stained, and even though this particular **copy wasn't exactly "jim mint"**, it was certainly worth a second look. It had a fine **bright dust jacket** with an

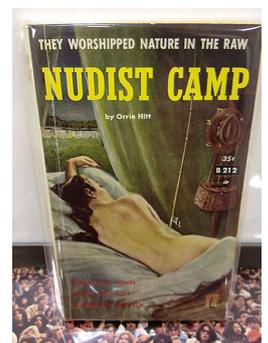
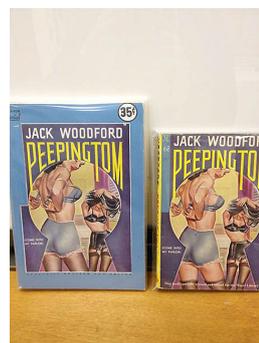
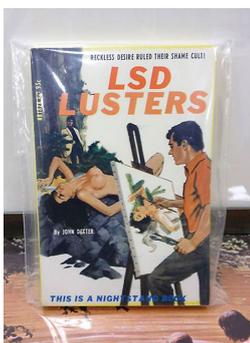
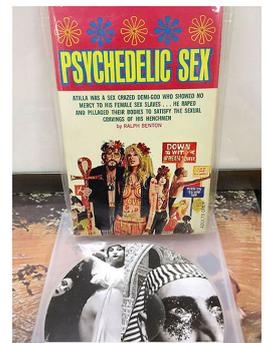
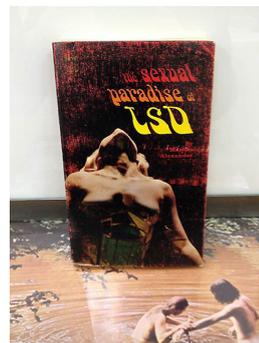
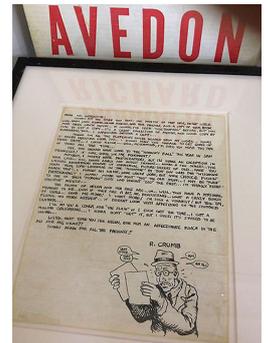
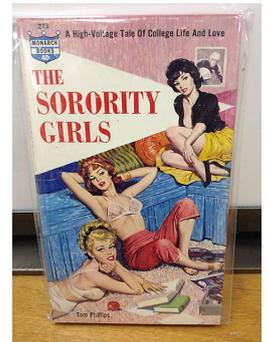
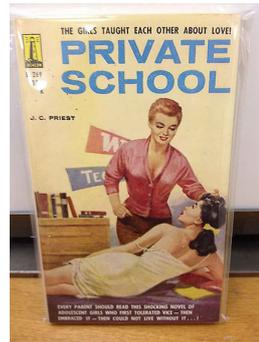
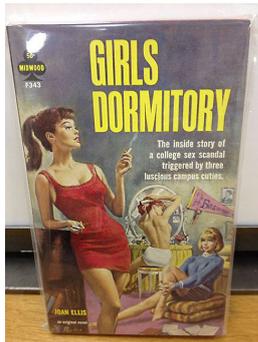
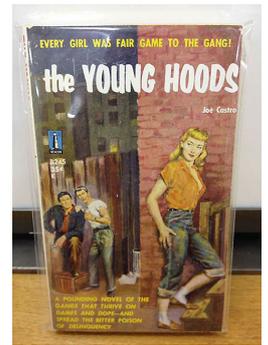
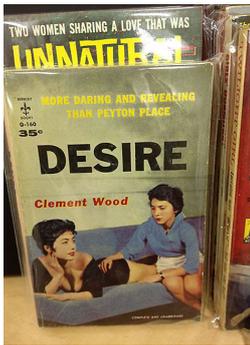
Tell us about the craziest find that ever happened to you.

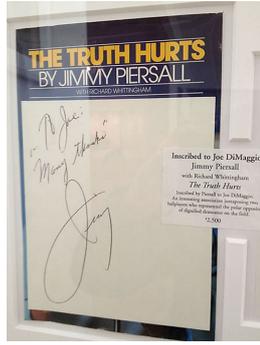
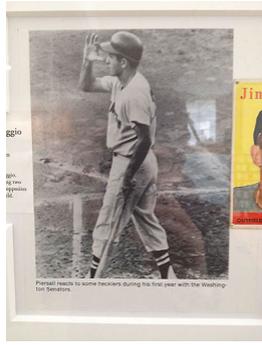
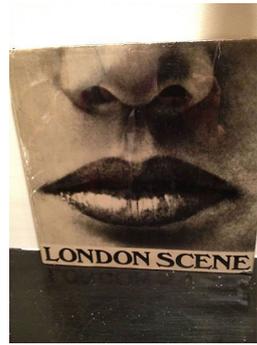
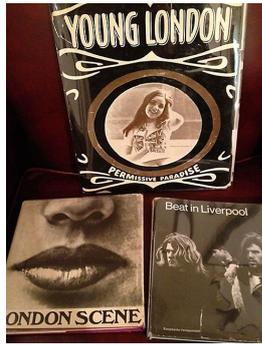
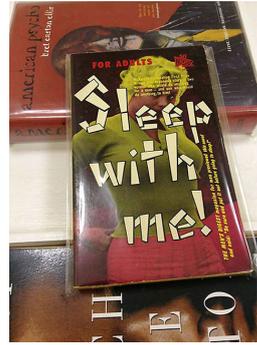
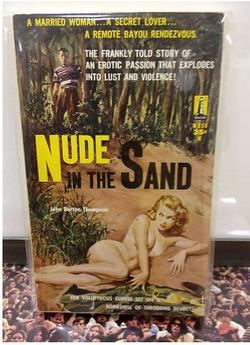
I remember finding a copy of Robert Frank's *The Americans*, the Grove Press edition, in a discard bin outside of Caldor's in Bridgehampton, Long Island, New York. There was a sign on the bin saying, "For Free". The find was like beach-combing. I thought I saw something, recognizing its outline up ahead: black and white, rectangular, short title, a photograph, people on a bus. I got closer. I felt myself moving by wading rather than swimming. The feeling had something to do with anticipation. The book was mixed in with bars of soap, odd-sized sneakers, children's coloring books, calendars, and Harlequin paperbacks with their covers torn off. How did I get there? It's not possible, I thought. I mean, what strange drift or current made it end up here? I thought about desert islands. I thought about the wave that brought it in. It must have been perfect.

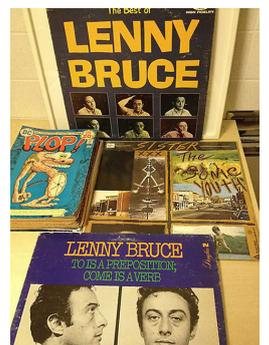
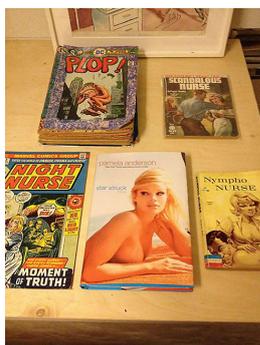
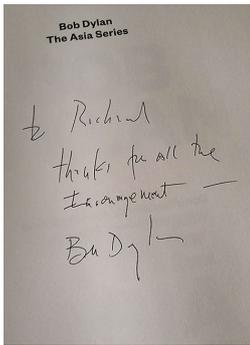
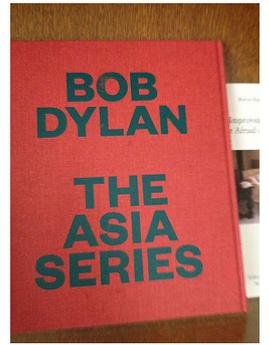
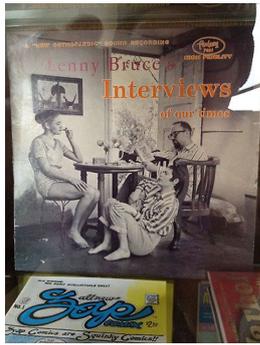
Amazing, *The Americans*, in this town, outside this store, in this bin, with a sign saying "For Free". This doesn't happen.

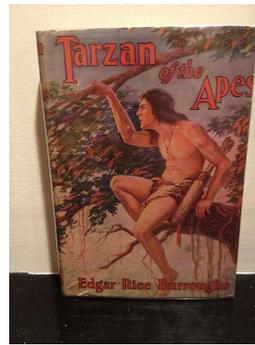
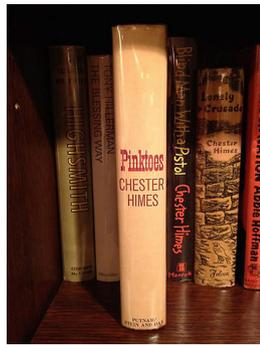
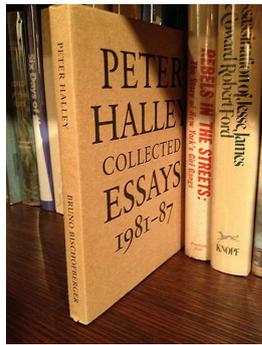
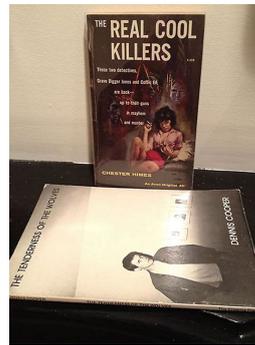
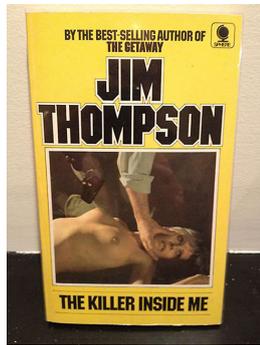
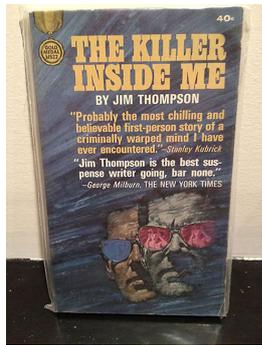
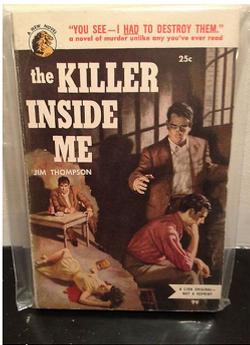
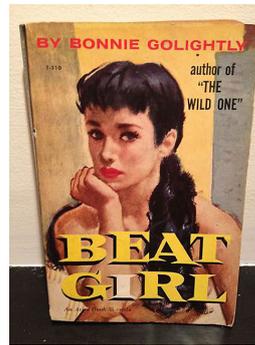
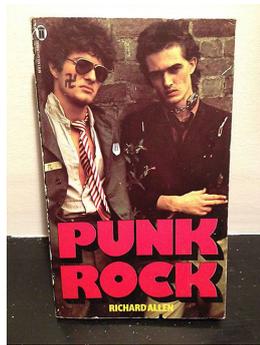
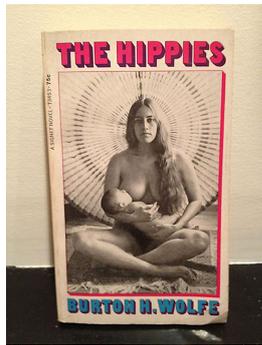
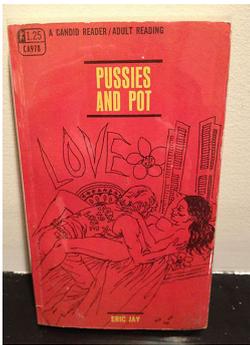
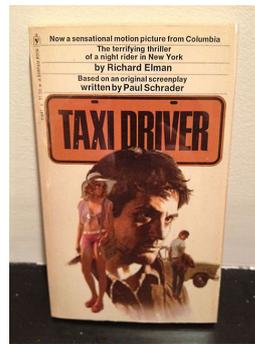
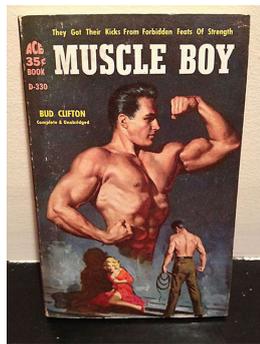
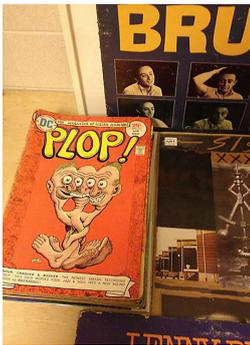
Where do you keep your collection?

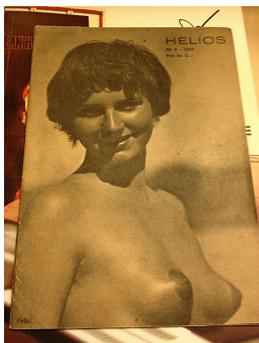
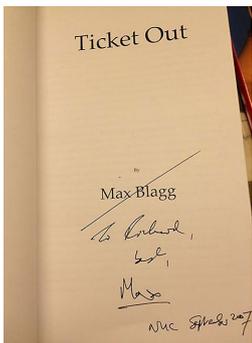
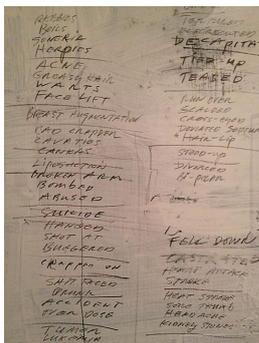
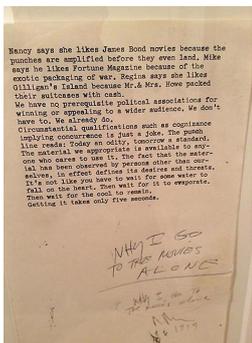
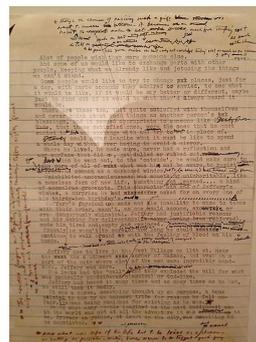
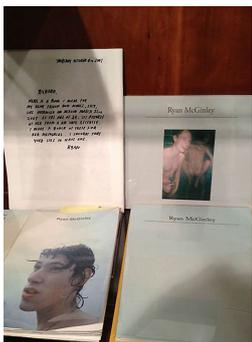
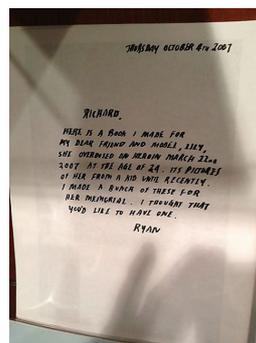
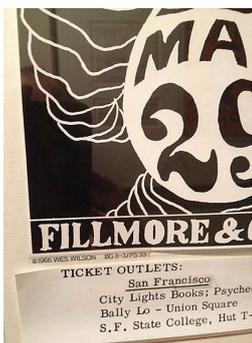
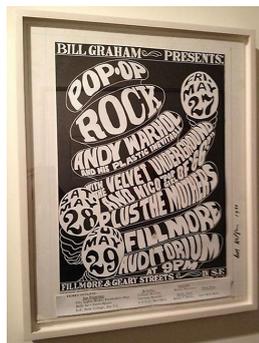
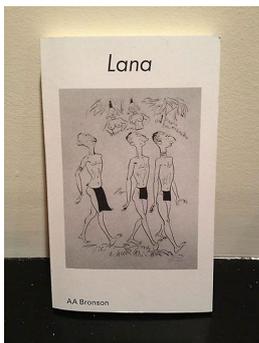
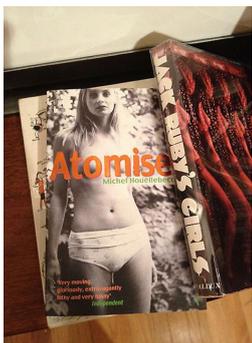
In Rensselaerville, a formerly wealthy, now eerily becalmed, mill town in far upstate New York, in a neat, substantial, brick-built house at the center of town. It's elegantly austere, nineteenth-century, with two doors and six windows symmetrically arranged on the front, and on the side is one of those plaques telling you how far you are from other places in the world: 29 miles from Catskill, 262 from Montreal, and 2,358 from Panama. There's a serious security system, and within the house is a sanctum sanctorum, a room-size, walk-in fireproof safe where the truly irreplaceable treasures live. The place is uncluttered. The moment you enter you're in no doubt that you're surrounded by wonders.

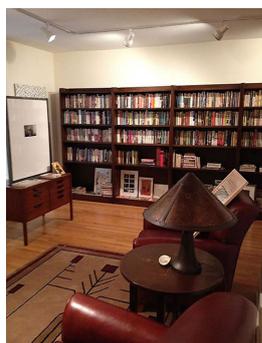
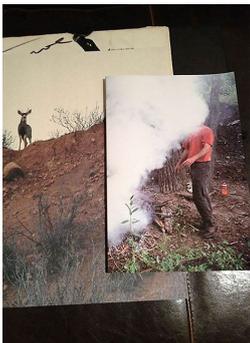
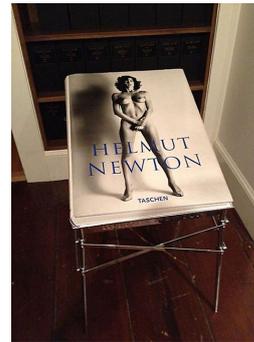
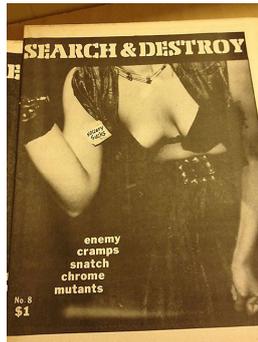
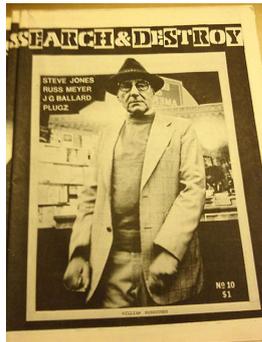
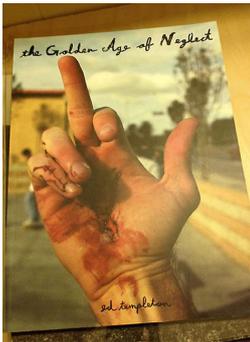
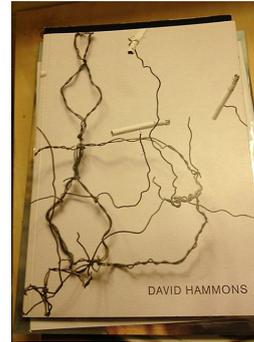
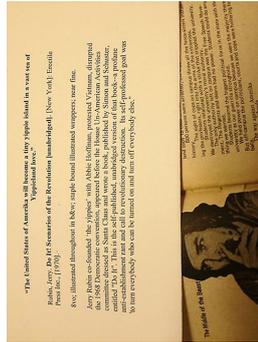
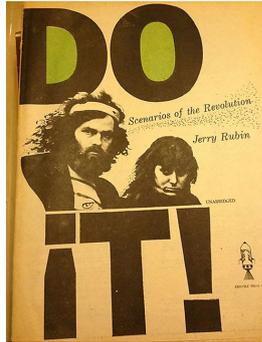
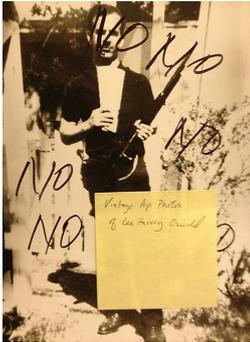


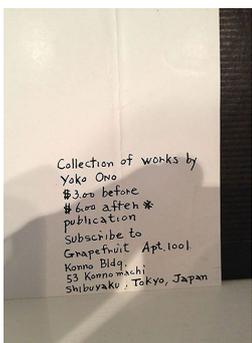
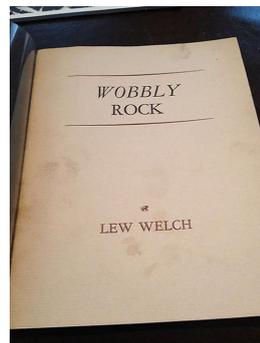
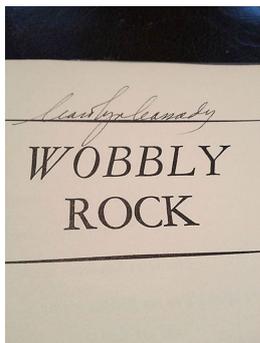
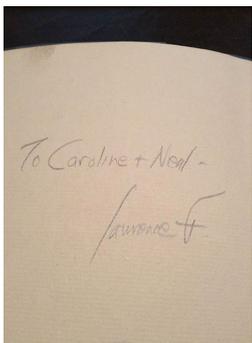
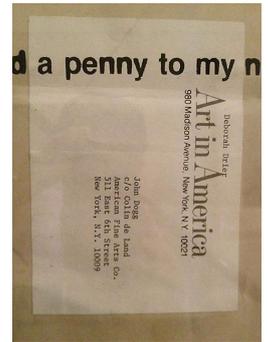


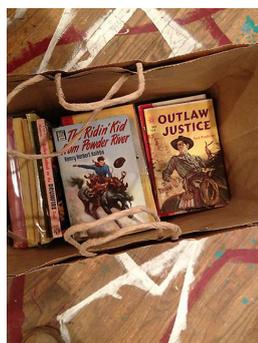
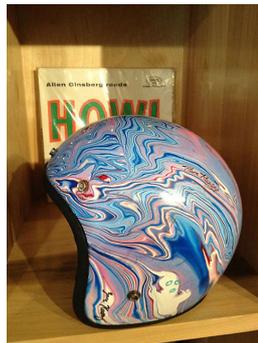
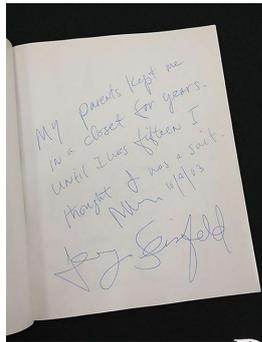


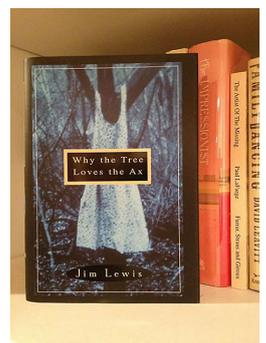
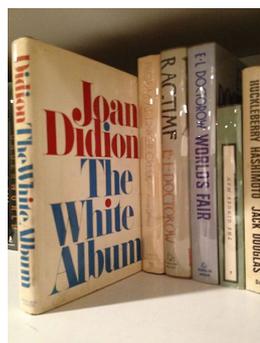
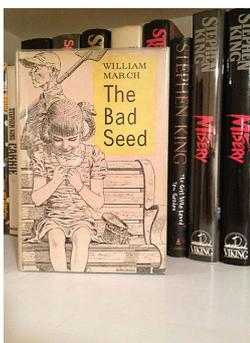
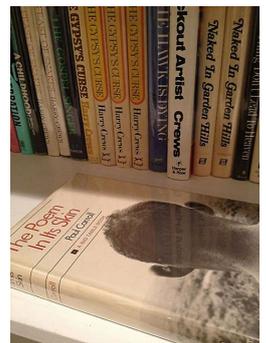
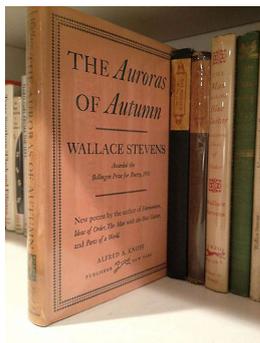
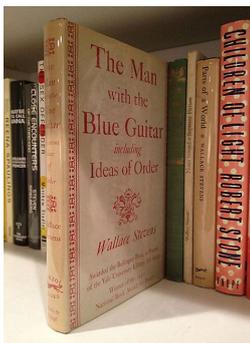
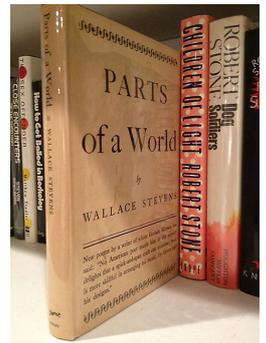
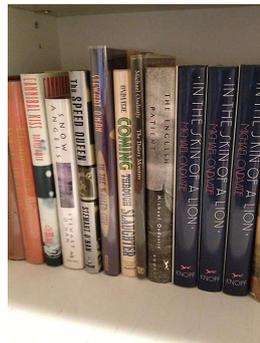
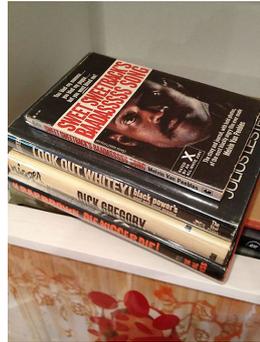
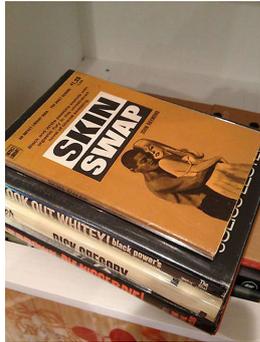


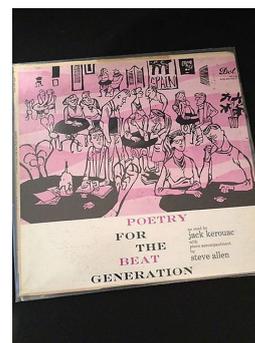
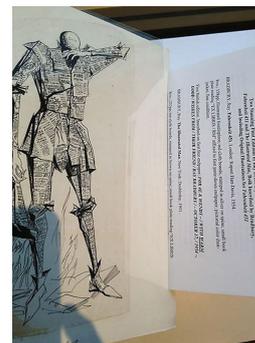
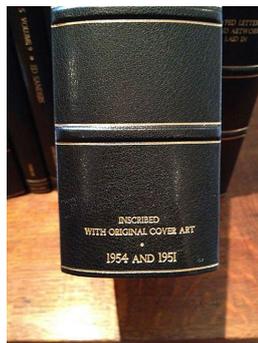
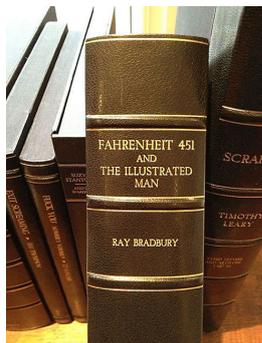
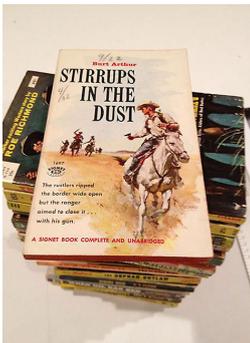
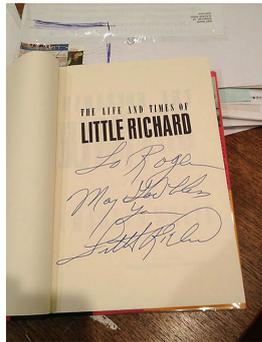
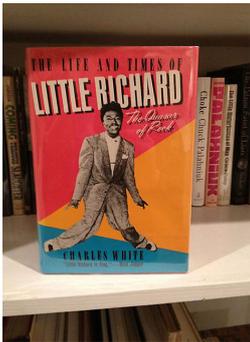
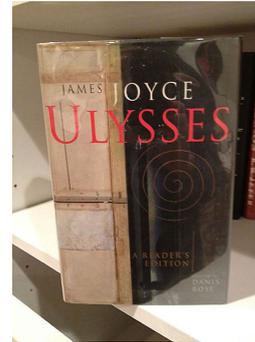
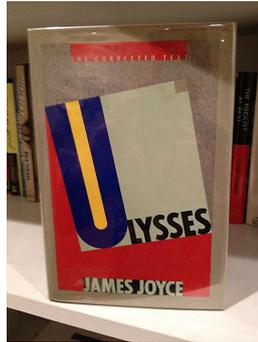
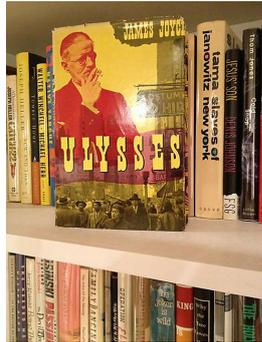
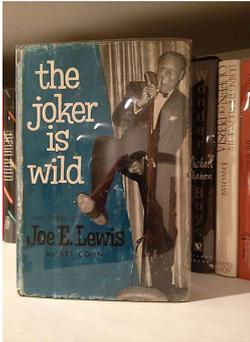


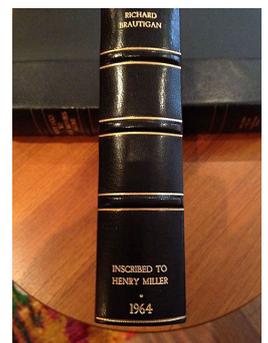
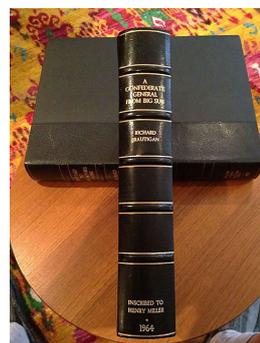
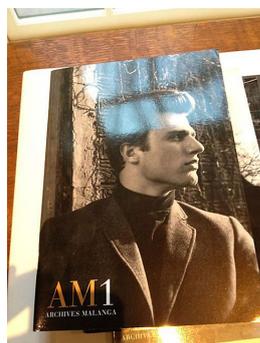
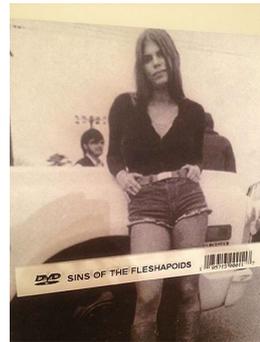
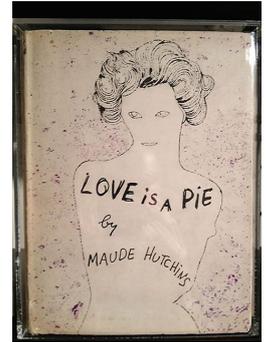


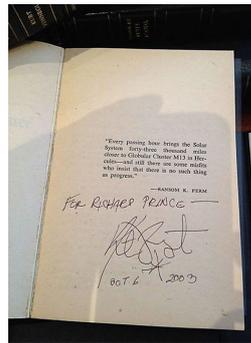
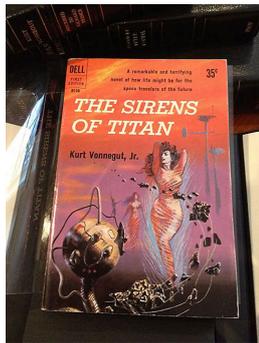
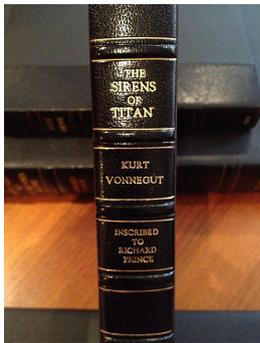
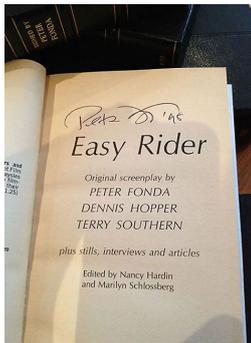
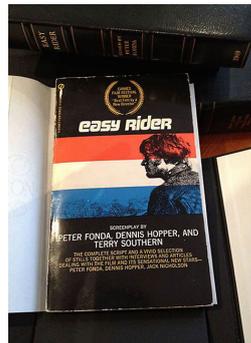
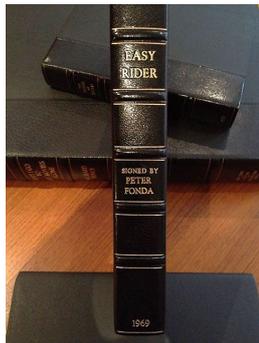
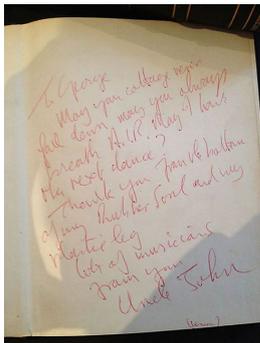
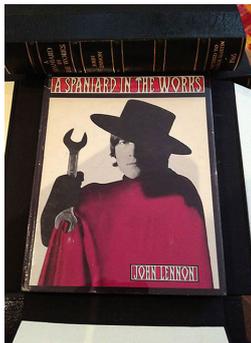
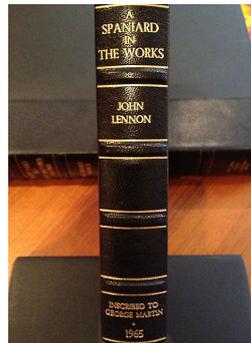
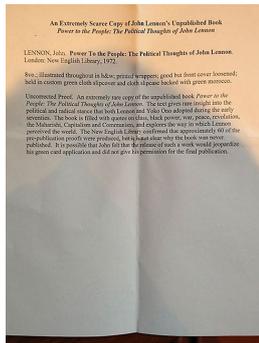
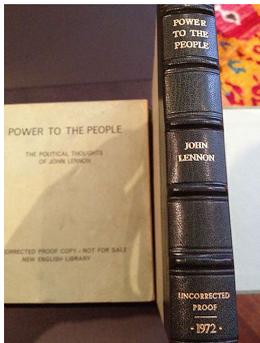
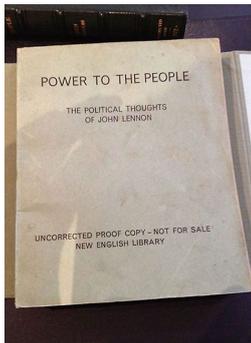
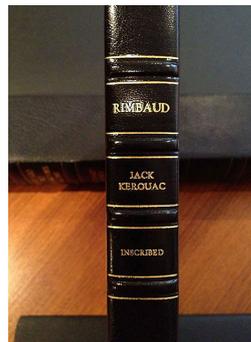
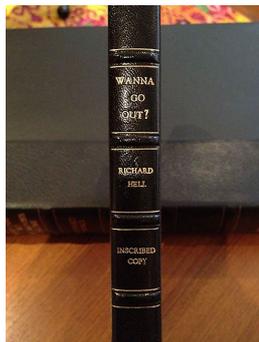
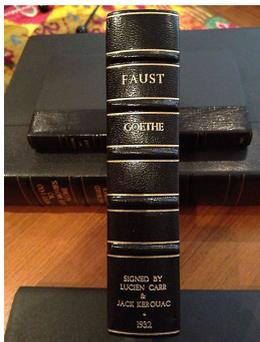
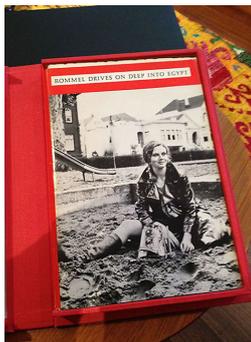
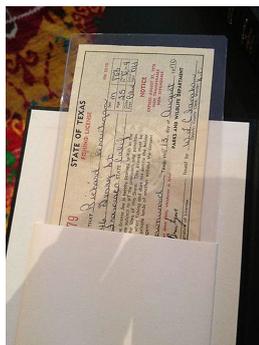
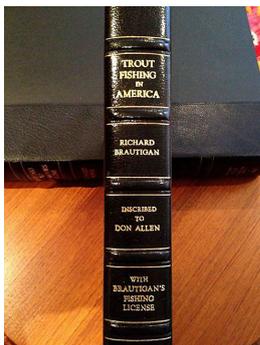
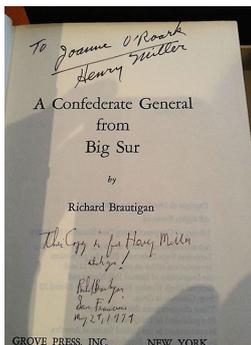


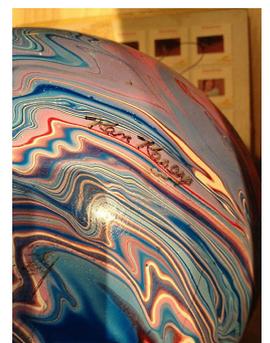
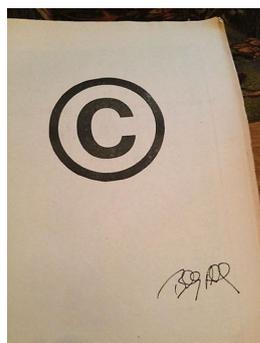
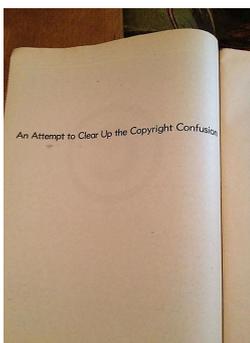
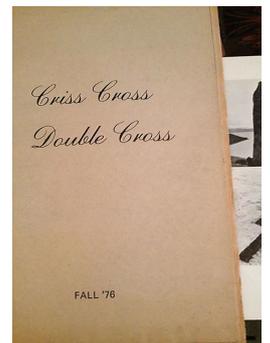
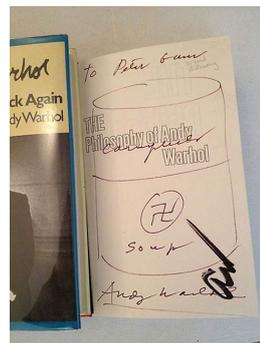
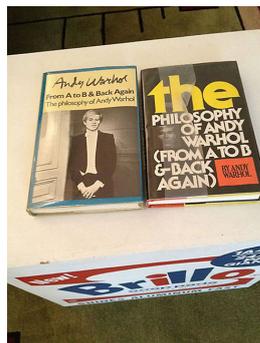
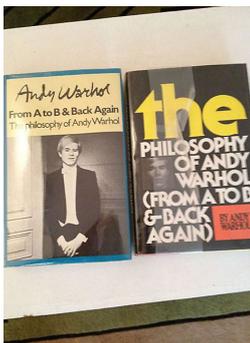
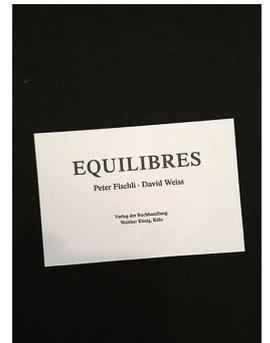
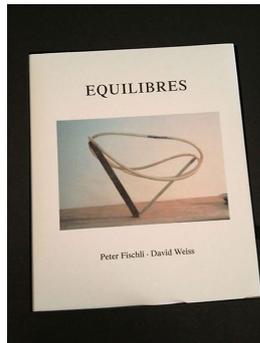
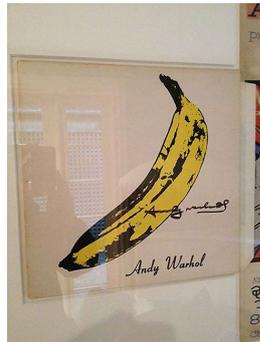
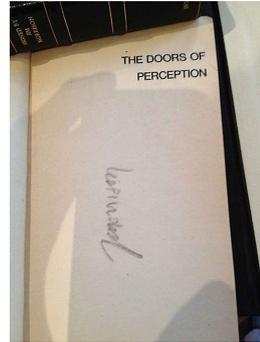
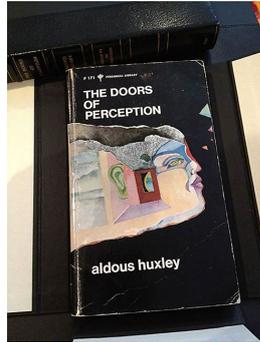
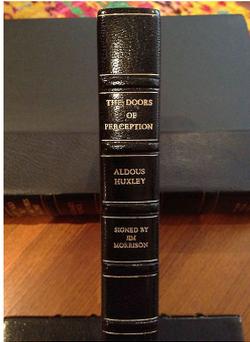


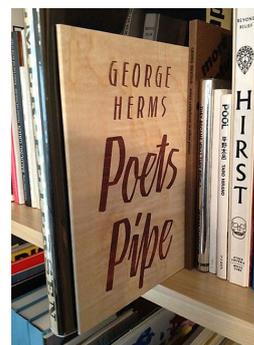
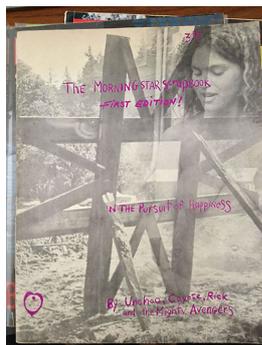
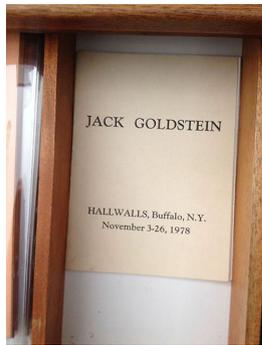
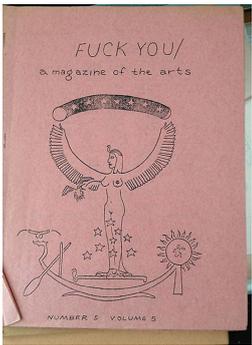
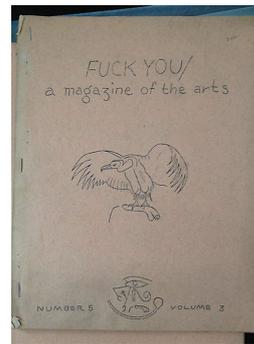
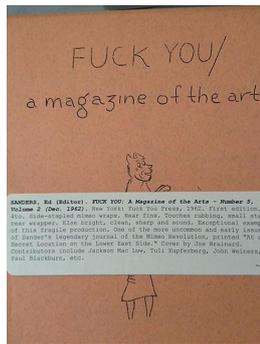
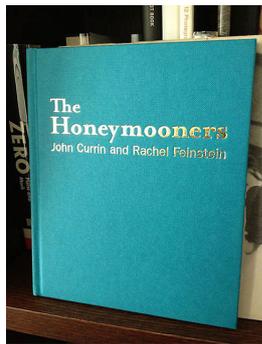
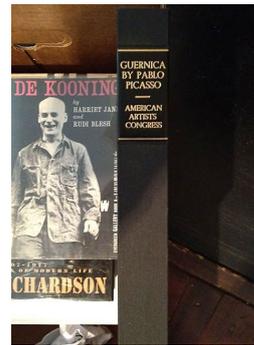
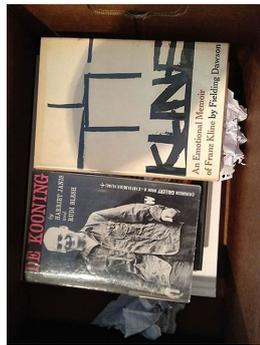
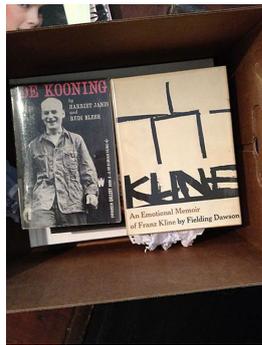


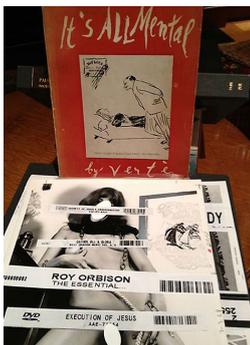
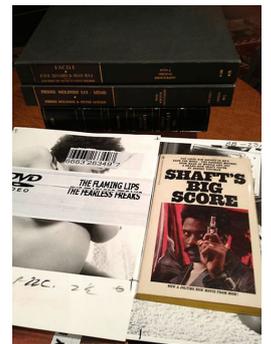
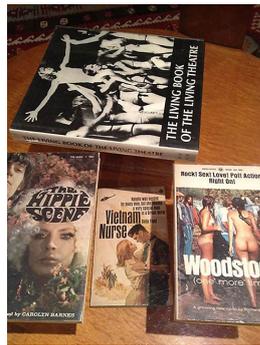


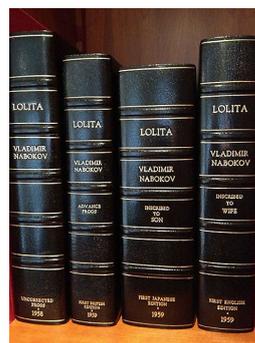
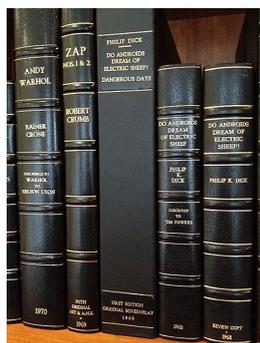
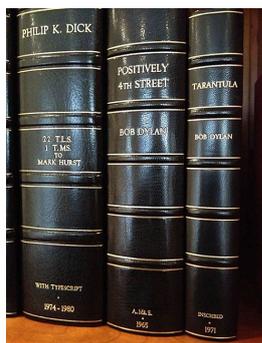
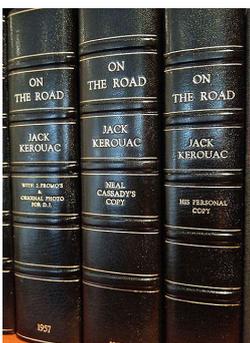
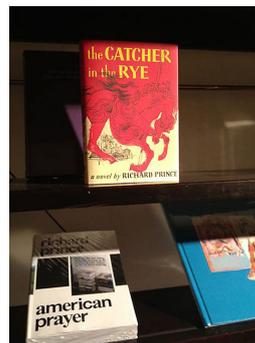
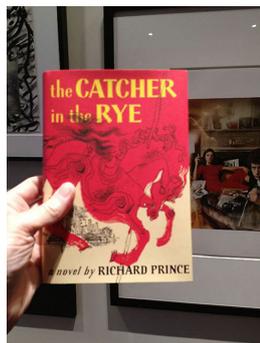
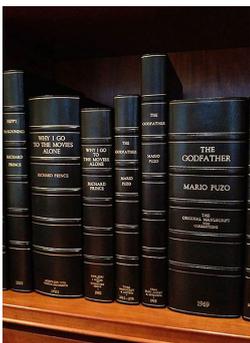
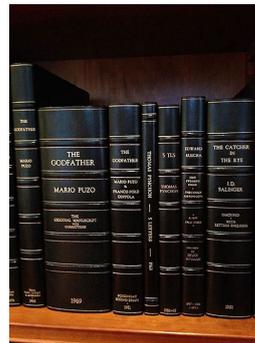
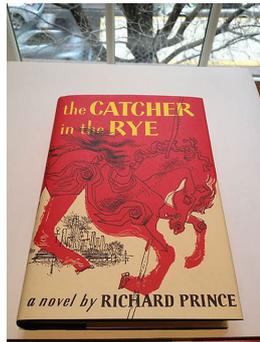
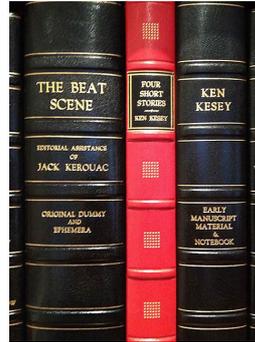
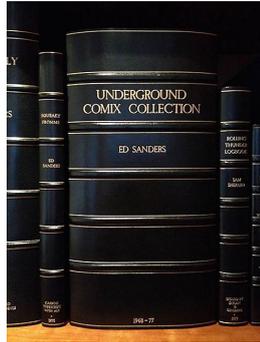
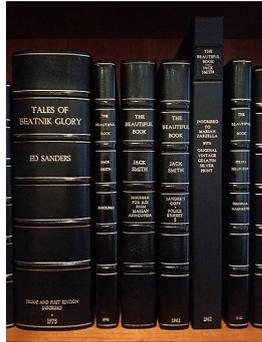


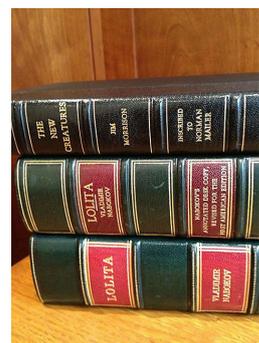
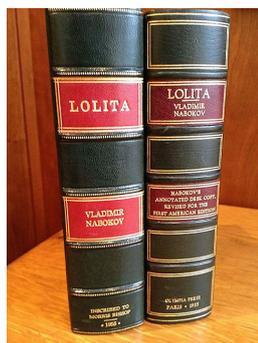
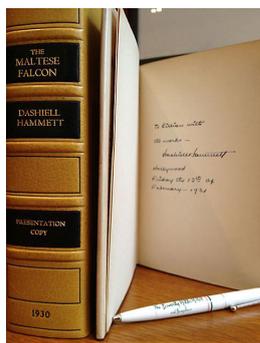
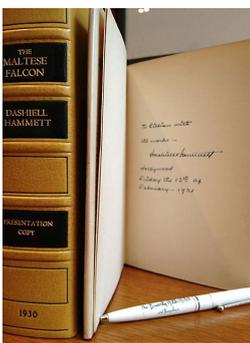
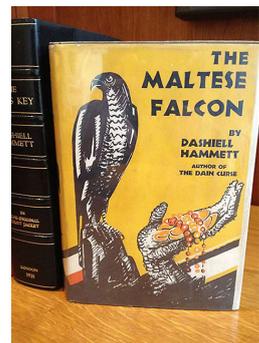
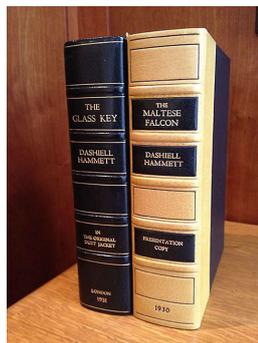
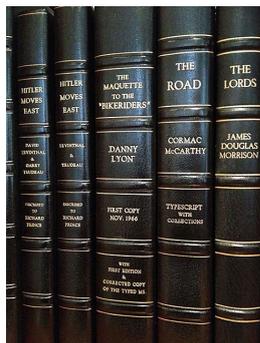
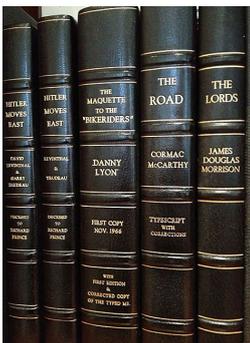
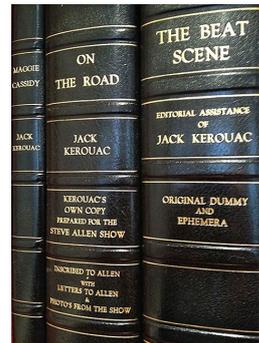
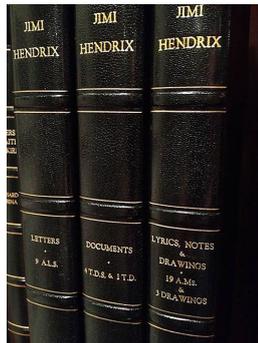
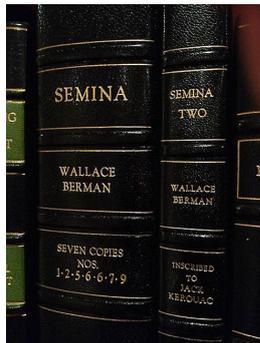
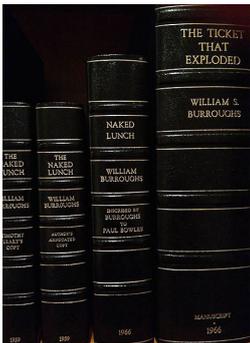
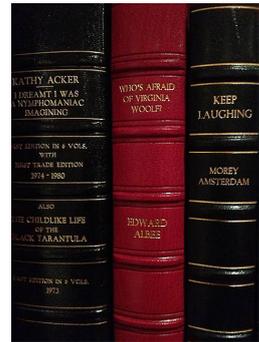
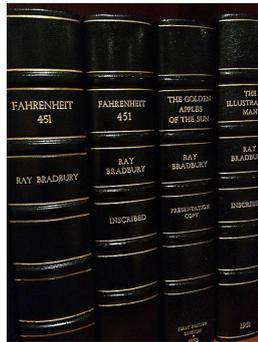
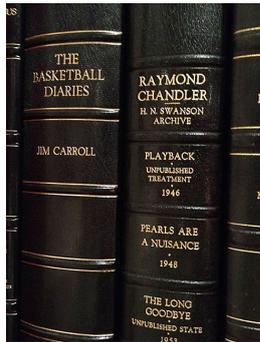
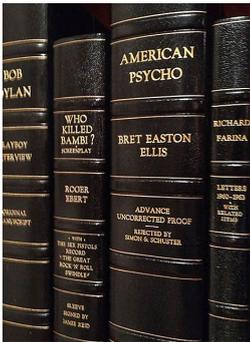
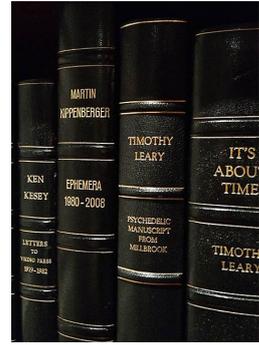
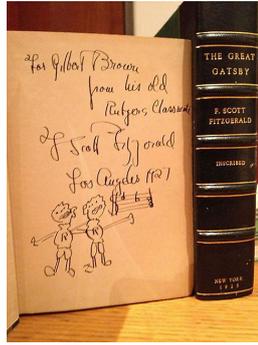


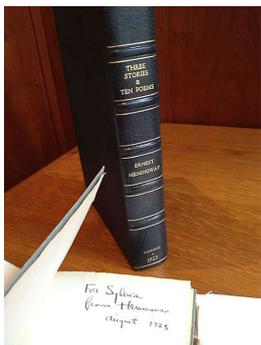
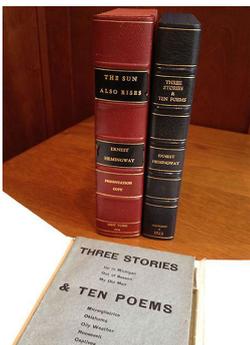










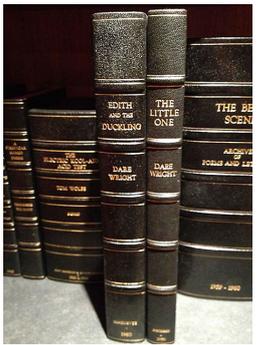
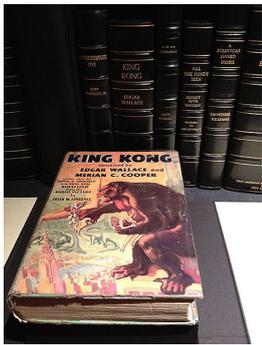
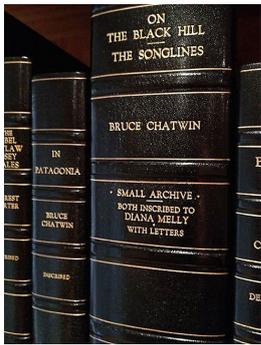
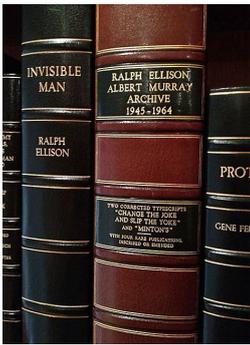
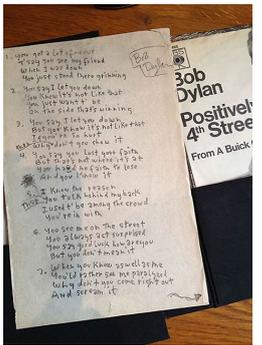
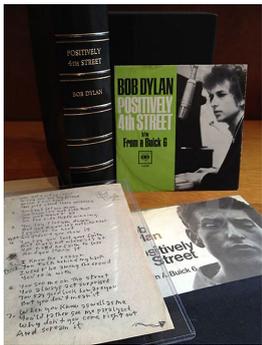
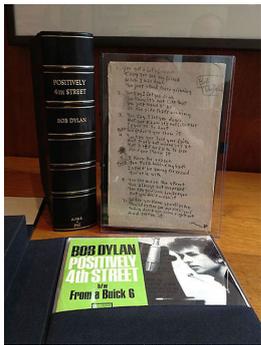
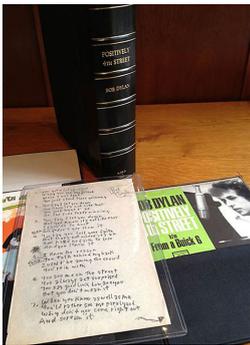
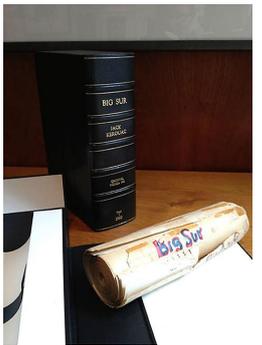
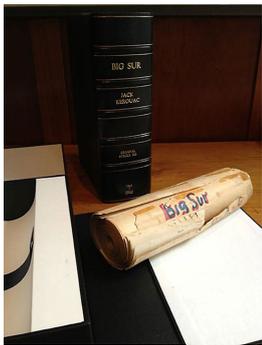
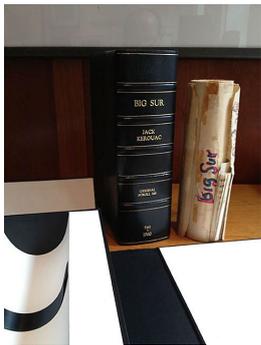
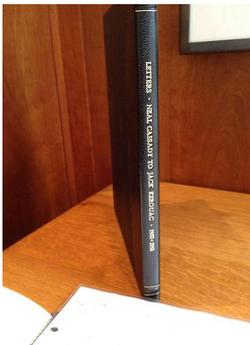
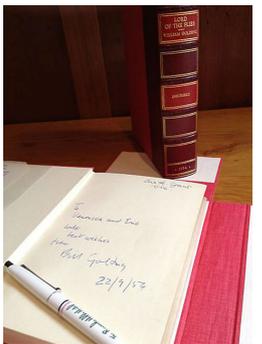
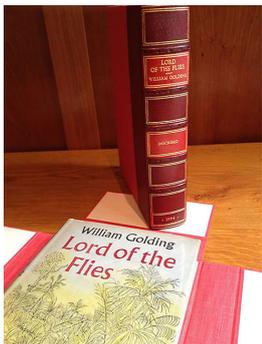
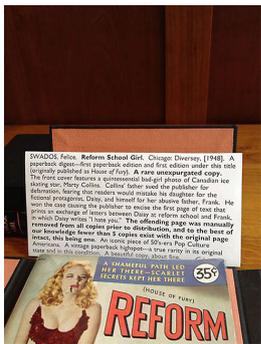
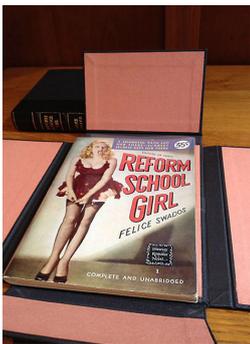
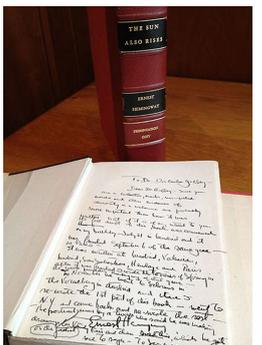


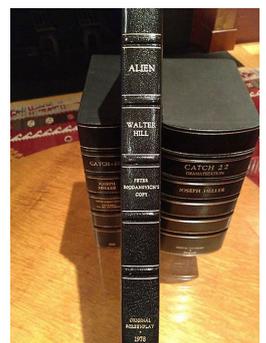
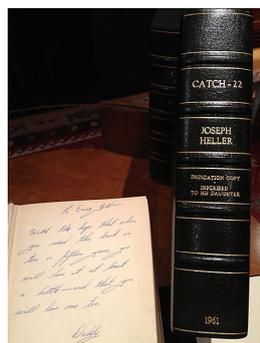
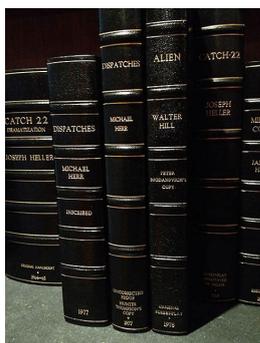
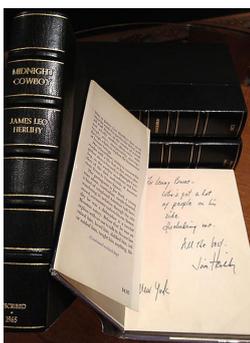
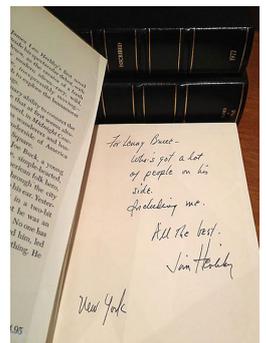
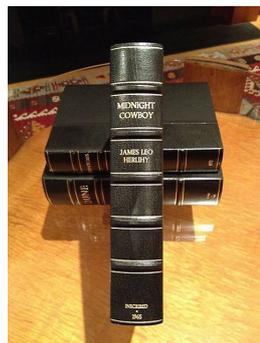
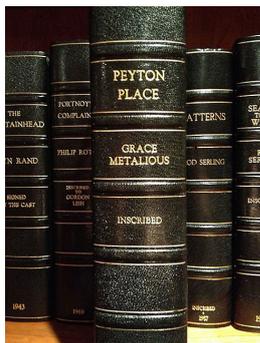
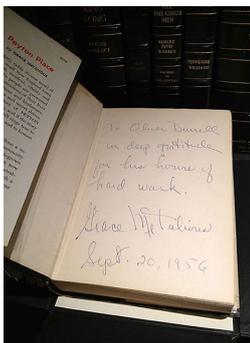
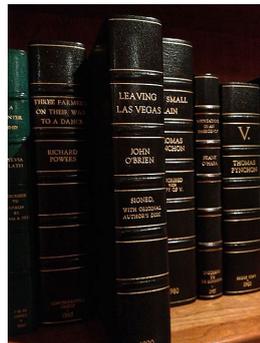
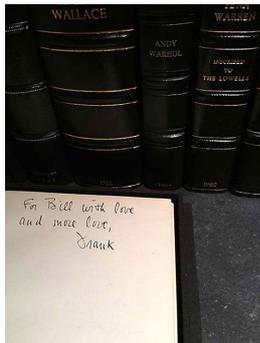
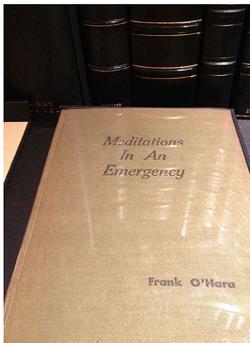
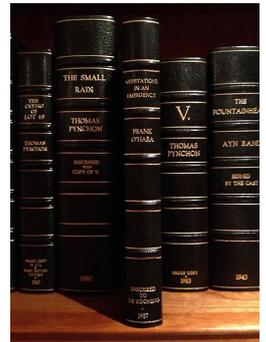
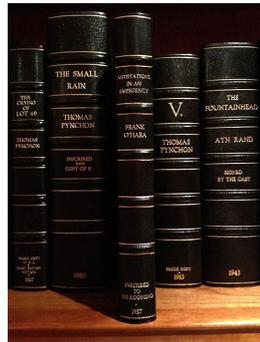
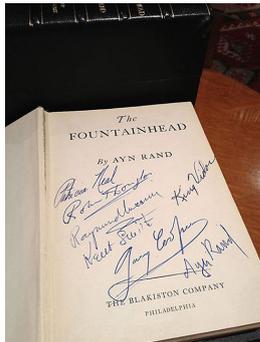
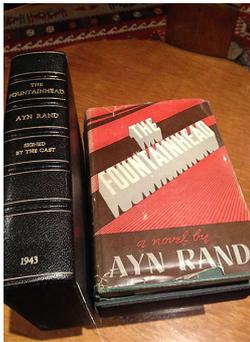
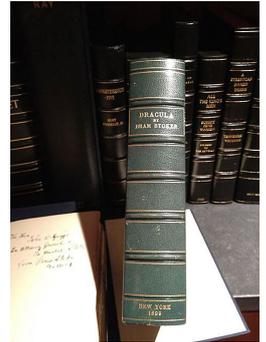
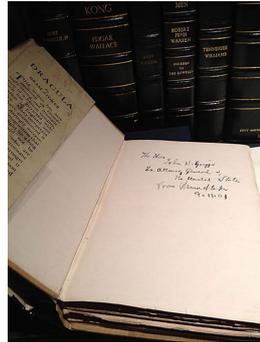
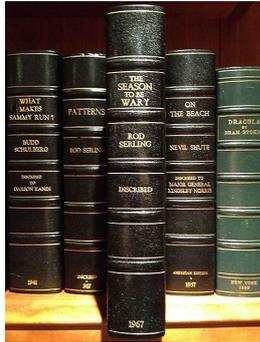
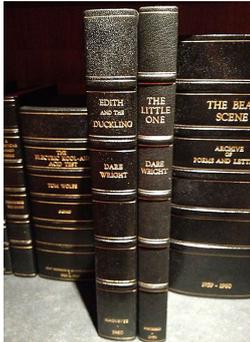
A Rare Association Copy of Ernest Hemingway's First Published Book
Three Stories and Ten Poems
Inscribed to Sylvia Beach, Friend, Fellow Expatriate, and Proprietor of the
Legendary Shakespeare and Company

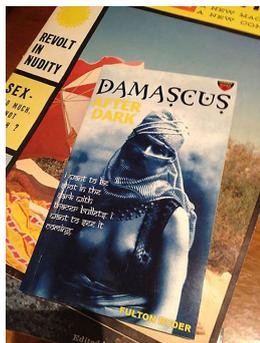
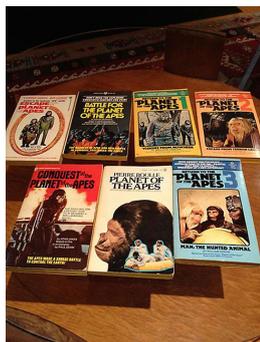
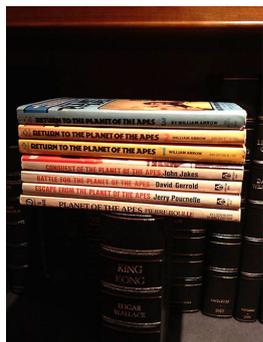
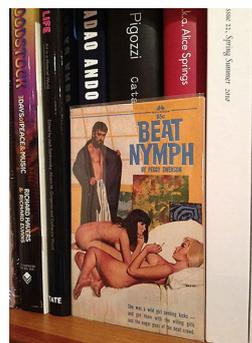
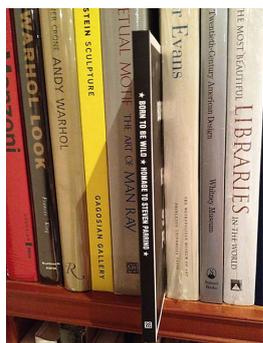
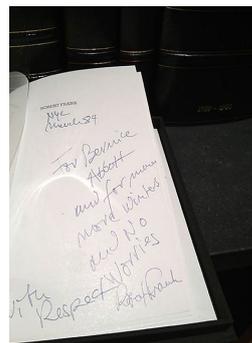
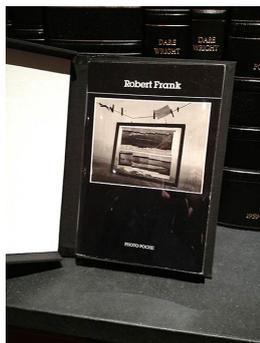
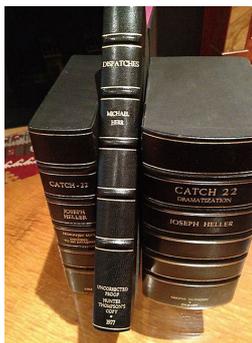
HEMINGWAY, Ernest. *Three Stories & Ten Poems*. N.p.: Contact Publishing, 1923.
12mo; printed wrappers; held in Marbled paper and slipcase.

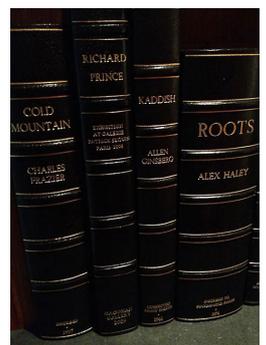
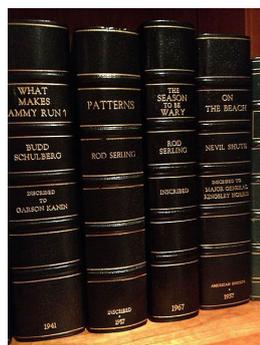
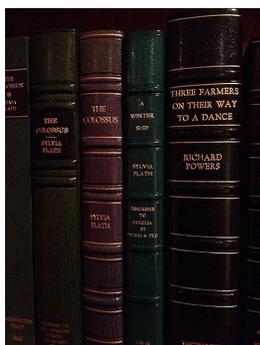
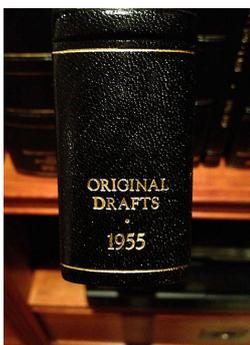
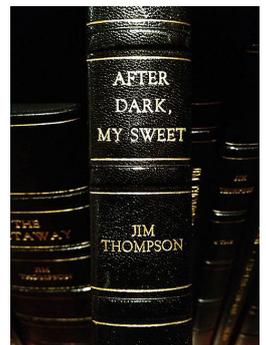
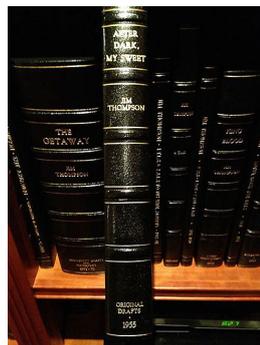
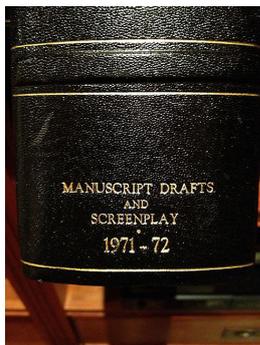
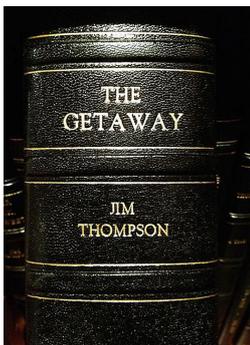
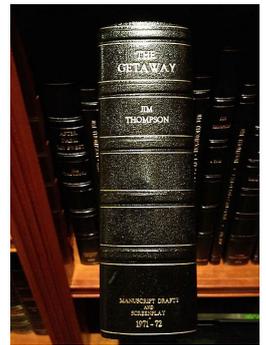
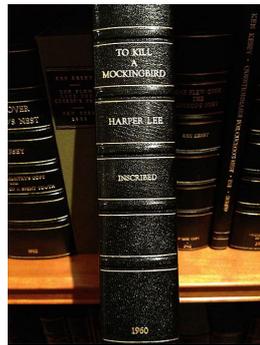
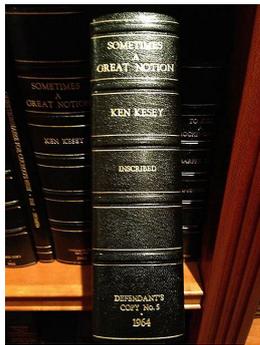
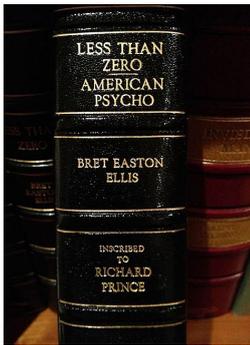
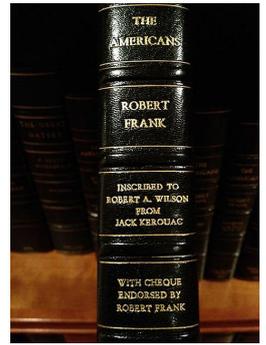
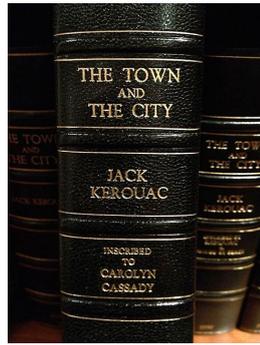
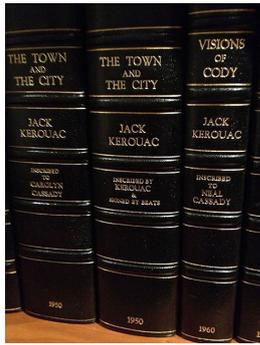
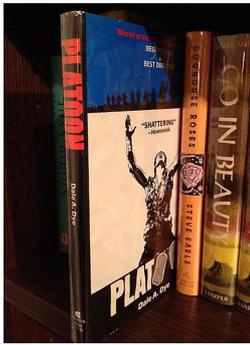
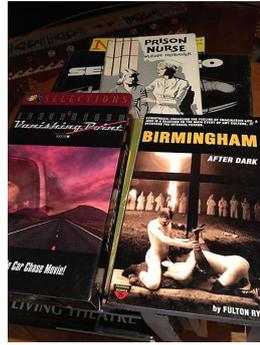
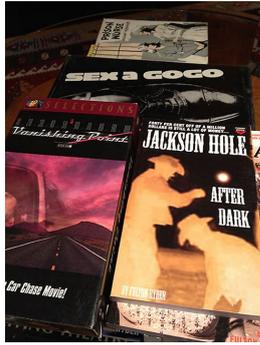
First edition, one of 300 copies. Inscribed by Hemingway to Sylvia Beach on the second
inside flap: "For Sylvia from Hemingway August 1923." A beautiful association
copy has never been located before. The book is a small, pocket-sized, in marvelous
condition. Ernest's first bookshop had no official American expatriate
Sylvia Beach did much to influence the writing of modern literature. Her bookshop,
Shakespeare and Company (1919-1941), was a meeting place for expatriate writers.
As its proprietor, she first published *Journal of an American Traveler in Europe*, which
had been translated directly from French. *Three Stories and Ten Poems* followed in 1923.
English-language reading library and bookshop on the Left Bank with the
management of her friend and lover, Aldous Huxley. For two decades, they
dominated French Anglo-American literary relations. Beach had a personal
relationship with Hemingway, who referred to her as "the best customer." When
asked for advice on what to read, Sylvia turned to her on Fitzgerald and D.H. Lawrence
from her reading library. He returned her books by using her to various sporting
events to which he had no admission; there was a postcard by which Hemingway
claims to have won a concession at the fiction and being.

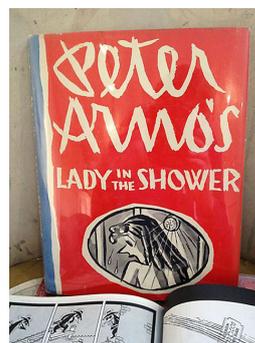
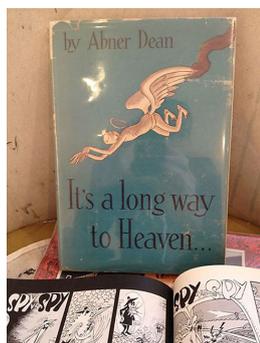
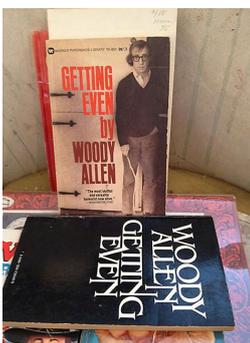
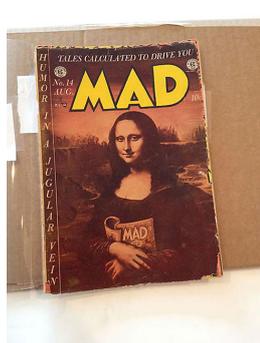
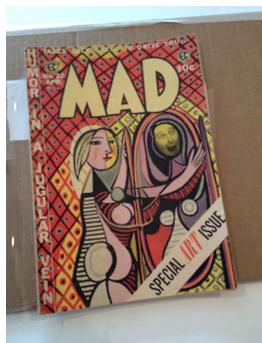
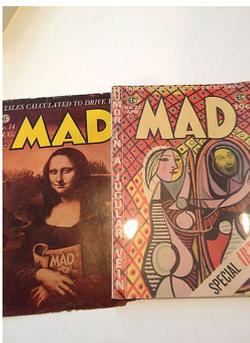
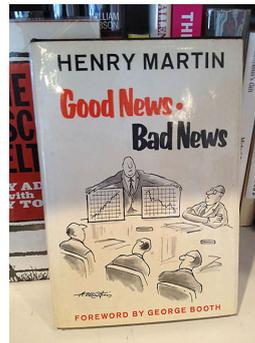
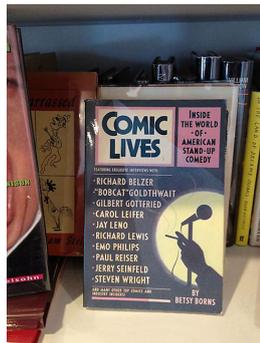
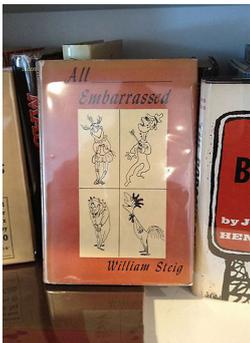
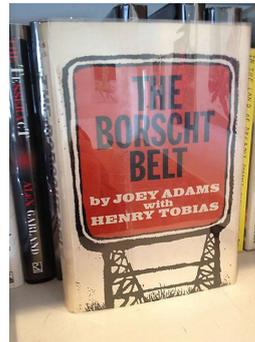
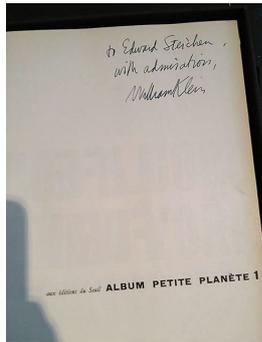
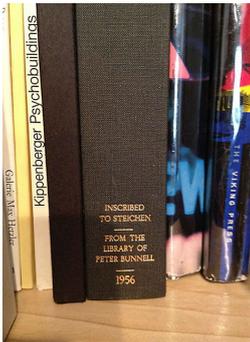
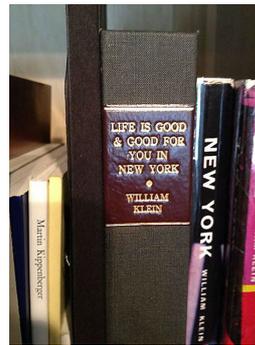
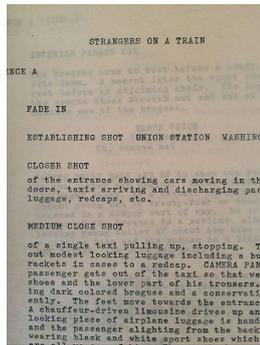
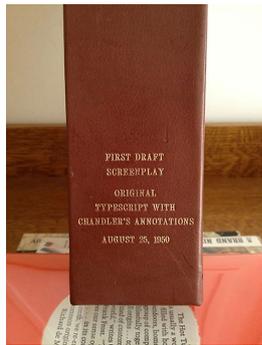
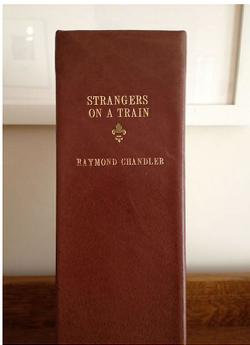
Published in Paris in an edition of 300 copies, *Three Stories and Ten Poems* contains only
54 pages, its small size being Hemingway's central role in the development of American
literature and one of the most influential works of the century. After serving in France
during World War I, Hemingway returned to Paris in late 1919 with a job as the
foreign correspondent for the Toronto *Star*. With a letter of introduction provided
by Sherwood Anderson, Hemingway met a number of the expatriate writers living in
Paris at the time, including James Joyce, Gertrude Stein, Wyndham Lewis,
and others. Robert McAlmon, another expatriate writer, had founded the Contact Press by
and name even though Hemingway had already begun to publish his poetry.
It was in William Field's publication, because the manuscript of *Three Stories and Ten Poems*
was held up at the press for several months, it was held up at the press for several months.

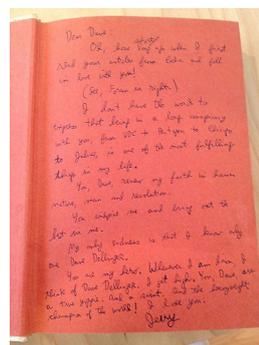
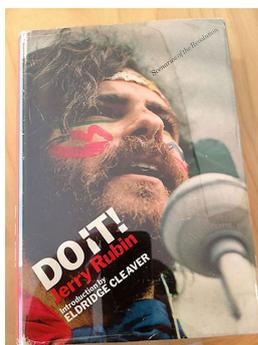
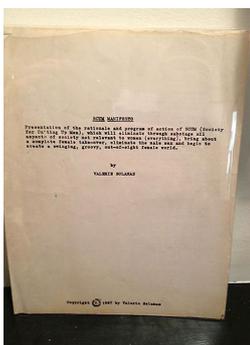
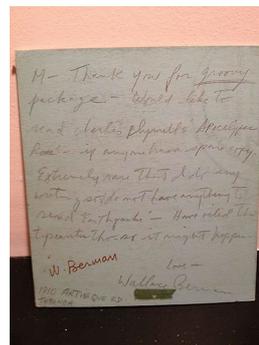
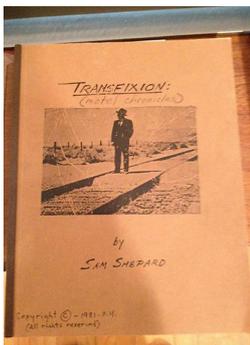
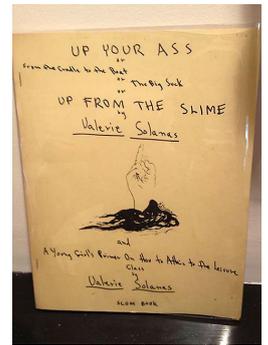
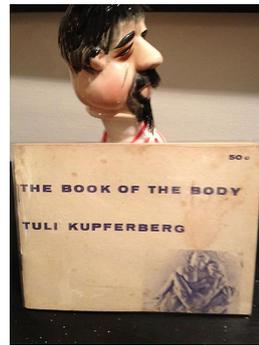
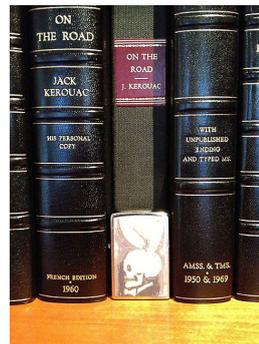
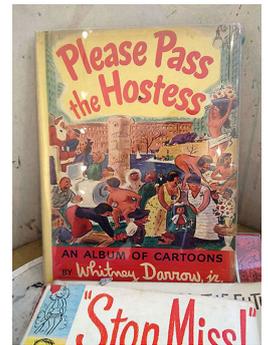
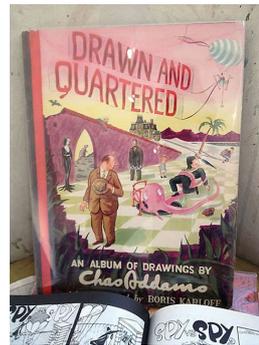
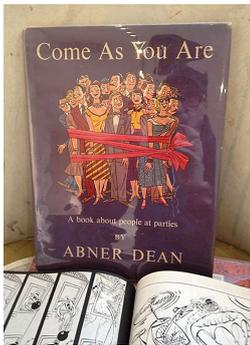


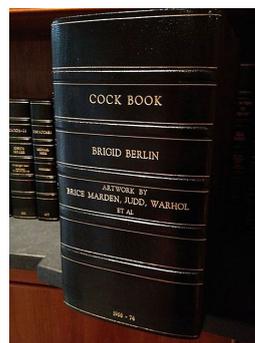
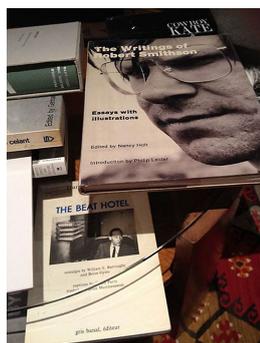
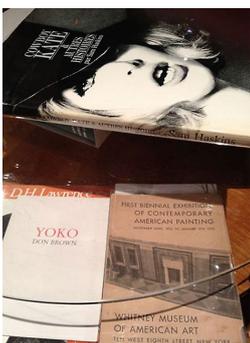
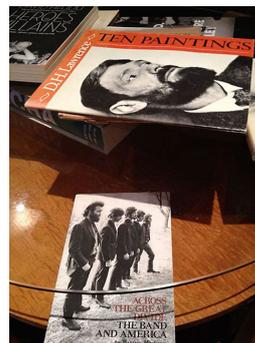
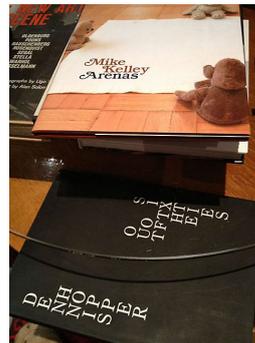
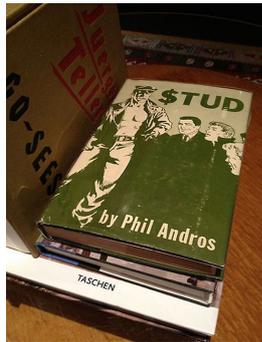
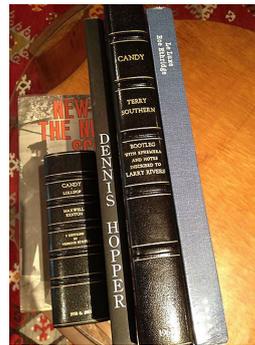
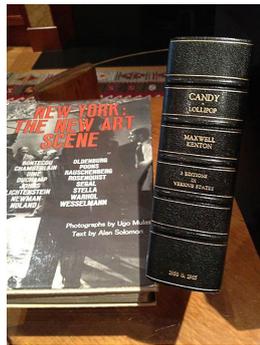
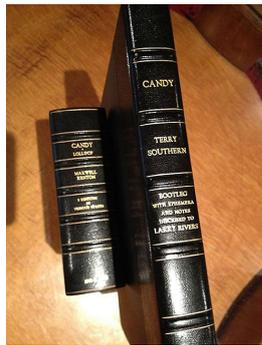
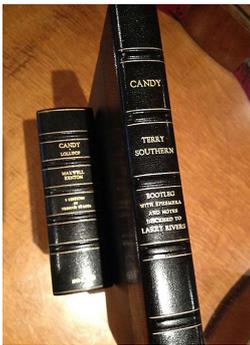


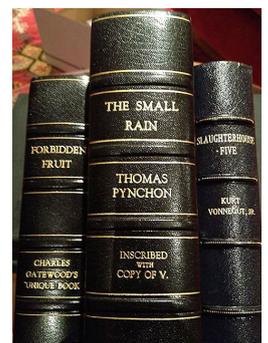
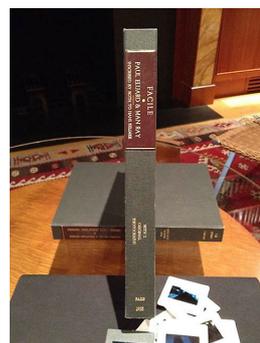
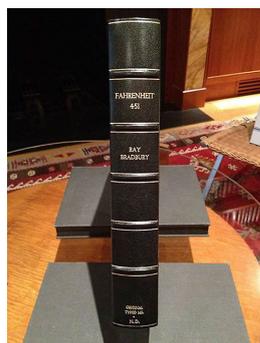
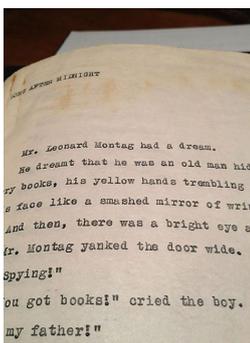
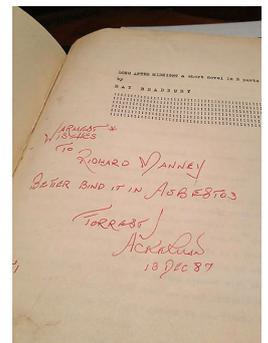
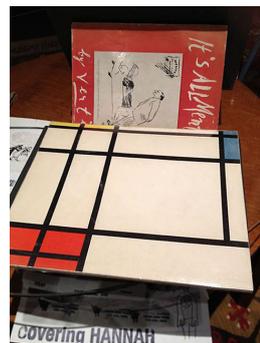
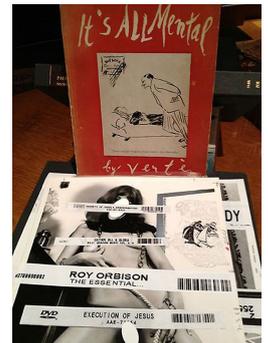
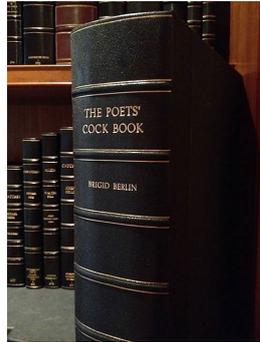
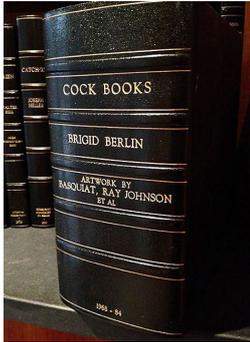






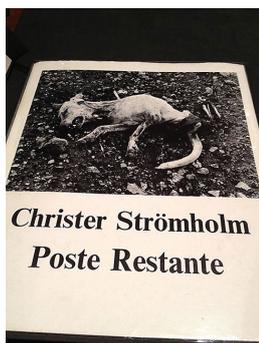
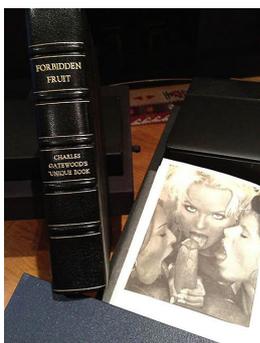
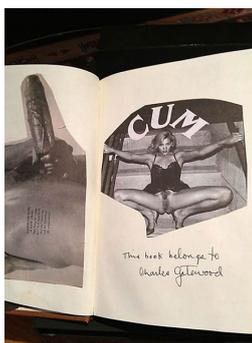
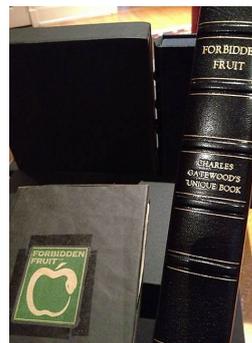
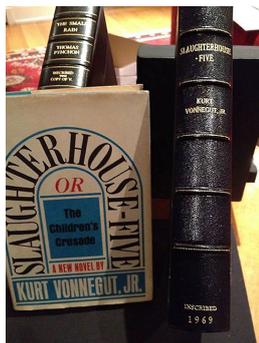
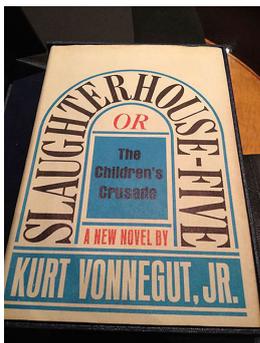
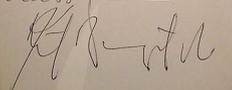




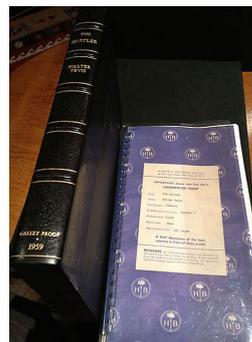
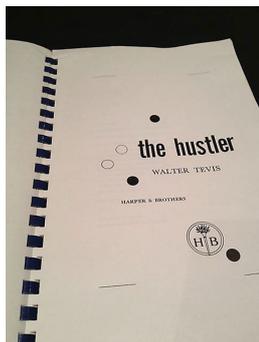


Slaughterhouse-Five
OR
THE CHILDREN'S
CRUSADE

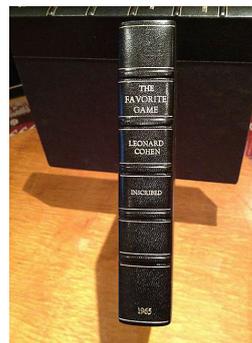
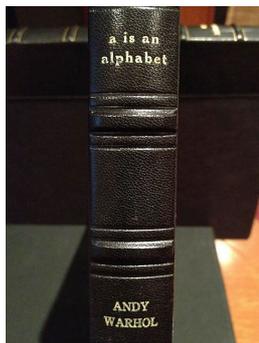
Perhaps our PEACEY
TO ERIC ZIEGLER,
A LONG-TIME FRIEND
WHO SOLD THIS TO
THE MOVIES, AND GAVE
ME MY FIRST FINANCIAL
SUCCESS



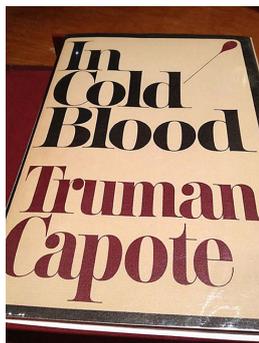
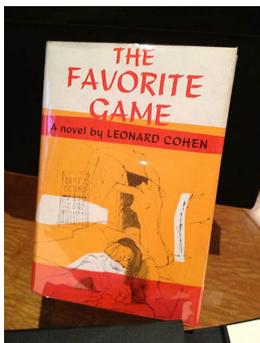
for
Allen Foster
from
Christer Strömholm
given
Anders, Agneta, Anders



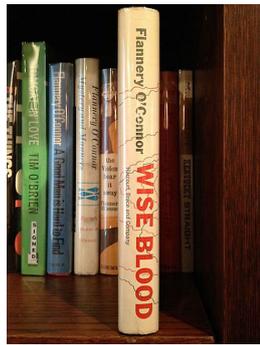
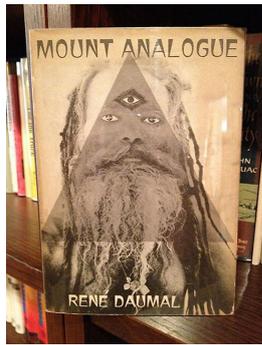
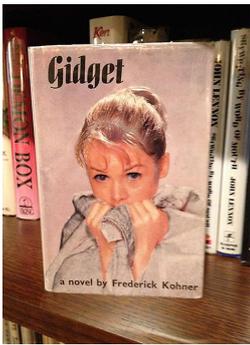
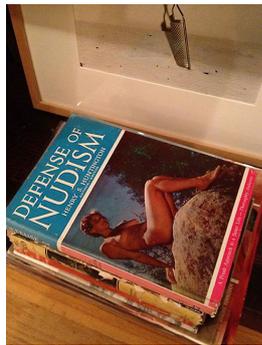
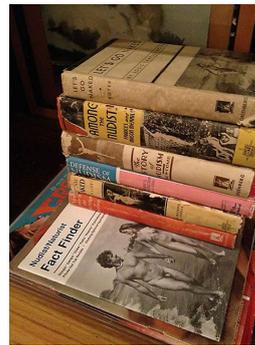
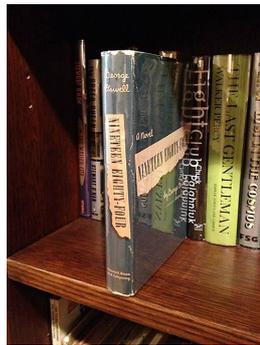
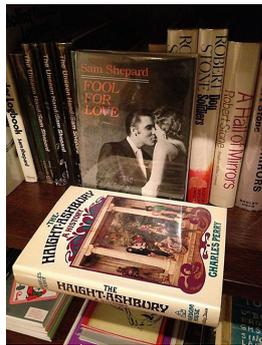
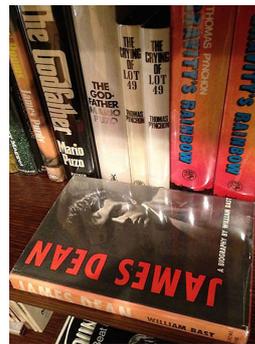
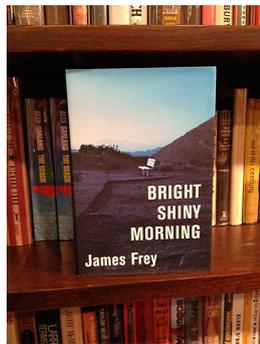
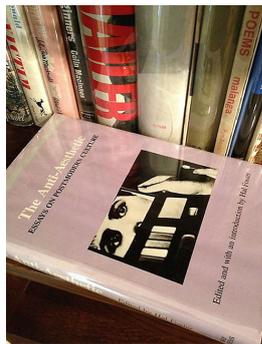
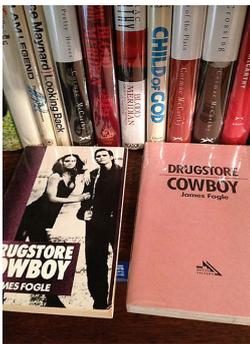
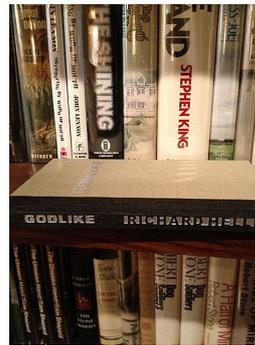
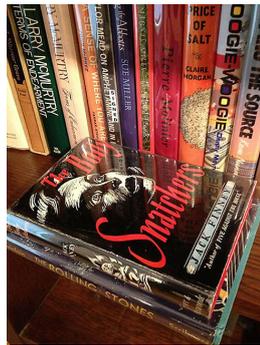
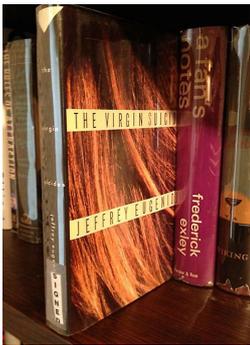
I was a bat
who got caught in this young lady's hair,
and so of course, she wore it as a hat.

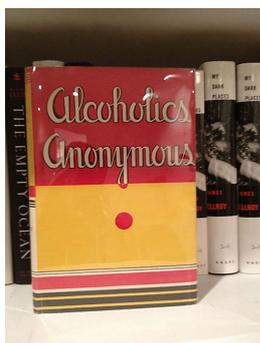
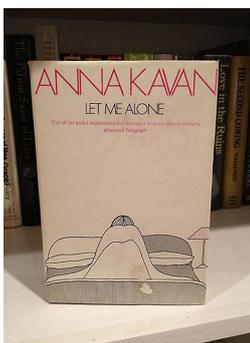
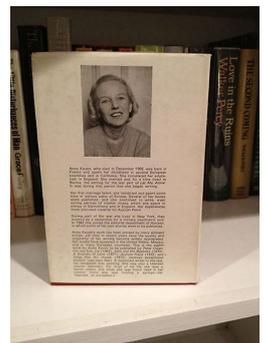
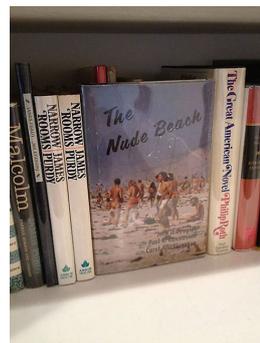
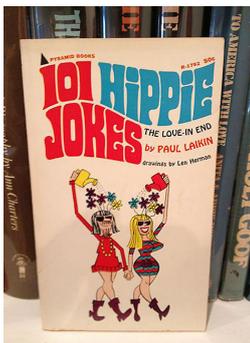
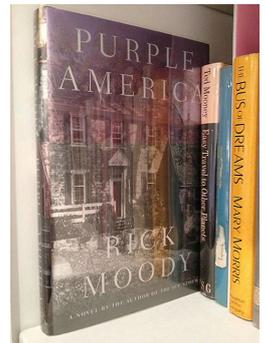
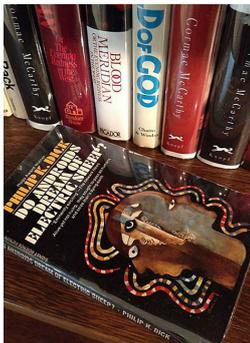
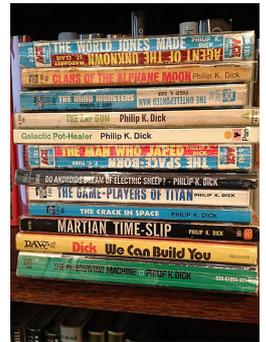
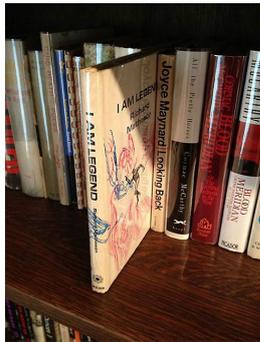
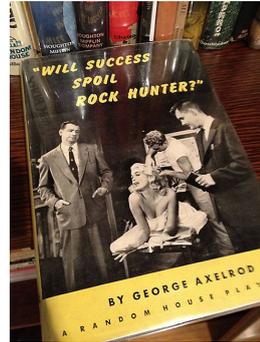
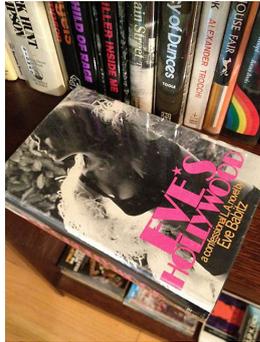
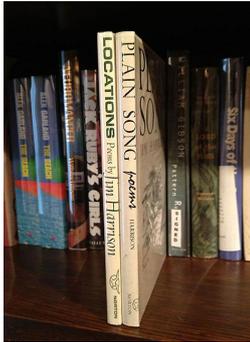


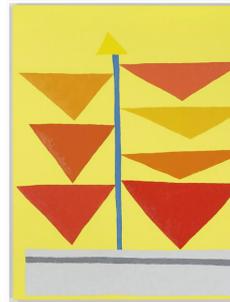
for Allan Savoy
all good things
Leonard Cohen
New York
November 16 1965



for Emma Hinkov
with admiration
and affection
Truman







John Wood
Dotted Big Yellow Tree, 2010
Oil on canvas
87 x 54 inches
221.3 x 137.2 cm



Gregoire
Carnet and Scribble and Eyes Beautiful Face #1, 2010
Oil on canvas mounted on linen
60 inches
151.4 x 142.3 cm



Steven Parnes
Spin on 'Spin', 2008
Paint on canvas
77 1/2 x 51 1/2 inches
192.7 x 130.2 cm



Walter Dill Scott
Jack Brack, 1924
Acrylic on canvas
96.8 x 91.80 inches
246 x 234 cm



Peter Okun
Final Details: Stakes, 2004
Painted metal on masonry board and aluminum
19 1/2 x 16 1/2 x 24 1/2 inches
49.2 x 41.6 x 62.2 cm



Carl Gustav Bruns
Final Details: Stakes, 2004
Mixed media on linen
34 3/8 x 20 1/2 inches
87.5 x 51.8 cm



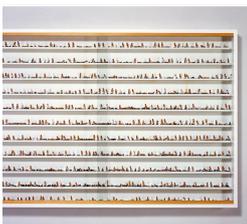
Christopher Wood
Mourner, 2005
Silkscreen on canvas
107.99 x 71.87 inches
274.5 x 182.6 cm



Dean Cain
More than a quarter bucket of Gatorade poured over his head (exactly only a quarter of a second left to play)... Fumble... Touchdown... pneumonia. An early death... an unexpected trade... It only took the off season for the transformation to take its toll. From winners to losers.
2008
Oil on canvas
40 x 30 inches
101.6 x 76.2 cm



Gary Nunn
Gunter Seating Press (Furgler), 1983
Underwear and wax
10 3/4 x 15 3/4 x 15 3/4 inches
40 x 40 x 40 cm



Carl Gustav Bruns
Final Details: Stakes, 2004
Mixed media on linen
34 3/8 x 20 1/2 inches
87.5 x 51.8 cm



Peter Okun
Final Details: Stakes, 2004
Mixed media on linen
34 3/8 x 20 1/2 inches
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Carl Gustav Bruns
Final Details: Stakes, 2004
Mixed media on linen
34 3/8 x 20 1/2 inches
87.5 x 51.8 cm



Gary Nunn
Gunter Seating Press (Furgler), 1983
Underwear and wax
10 3/4 x 15 3/4 x 15 3/4 inches
40 x 40 x 40 cm



Mark Lancaster
Snooping, 2010
Aged on canvas
82.5 x 48 inches
210.8 x 121.9 cm



David Hammons
Rock Head, 2004
Mixed media
18.5 x 13.4 x 7 inches
47.0 x 34.0 x 17.8 cm
(don't SPEECH)



Robert Rauschenberg
Untitled, 1965
Screened ink
on paper
27 1/2 x 19 inches
70.2 x 48.3 cm



John Steiner
Lena II, 2004
Vintage
9.25 x 2.91 inches
23.5 x 7.4 cm



Lucy Searcy
Untitled
2008



Kim Dornfeld
Blue Hooded Girl, 2008
Oil on butcher-knifeboard on wood
48 x 35 1/2 inches
121.9 x 90.2 cm



Art Smith
Bent and Stray, 2009
Oil on canvas
82 x 48 inches
208.3 x 121.9 cm



Anna Karina
Julien II, 2008
Acrylic on canvas
42.2 x 42.2 inches
107.3 x 107.3 cm



Kim Gordon
Totting Nurse, 2009
Acrylic on canvas
14 x 11 inches
35.4 x 27.9 cm



Robert Rauschenberg
Untitled, 2002
Mixed media
on paper
100 x 100 x 1 1/2 inches
254 x 254 x 3.8 cm



Bob Thorne
Till It's Underneath, 2010
Wood, expanding foam, acrylic, model car track
88 x 78 x 28 inches
224 x 198.1 x 71.1 cm



Eric Brown
Untitled, 2008
Mixed and acrylic on paper
11 x 18 inches
27.9 x 45.7 cm



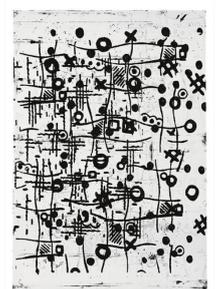
Eric Brown
Nude III, 2006
Acrylic, encaustic, acrylic paint
on 12.5 x 12.5 x 10.5 inches
31.8 x 31.8 x 27 cm



Eric Brown
Untitled, 2005
Oil on canvas
37 1/4 x 29 1/2 inches
94.8 x 75.2 cm



Robert Rauschenberg
Untitled, 1965
Screened ink
on paper
27 1/2 x 19 inches
70.2 x 48.3 cm



Christopher Wood
Untitled, 1987
Mixed on aluminum
94 x 68 inches



David Hammons
This and That, 2001
Pine, dried cow, spread dog food
Dimensions variable



North Eastman
Untitled, 1992
Oil on canvas
25 1/2 x 29 1/2 inches



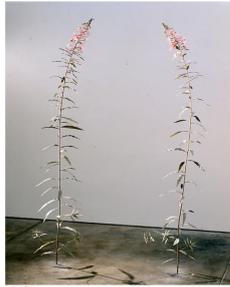
Peter Fischli and David Weiss
The Trumpet Hand from Shiver, 1985
Mixed and video photograph
24 x 30 cm
9.8 x 11.8 inches



Eric Brown
Untitled, 2008
Encaustic, acrylic and spray paint on paper
10.4 x 11 inches
26.5 x 27.9 cm



Keith Connor
Forever, 2002-2003
Sculpture in two parts: vinyl, cast-aluminum, clear resin/polycarbonate, dental acrylic, paper, oil and acrylic paint, metallic ink (1 that art, St. Helena, Washington, 1980), over steel structure
72.5 x 70 inches
182.9 x 181.0 cm



Keith Connor
Forever, 2002-2003
Sculpture in two parts: vinyl, cast-aluminum, clear resin/polycarbonate, dental acrylic, paper, oil and acrylic paint, metallic ink (1 that art, St. Helena, Washington, 1980), over steel structure
72.5 x 70 inches
182.9 x 181.0 cm



John Lerner
Orchid, 1987
Orchid, buttermilk, peaty and glass
44.5 x 24.5 x 20.0 inches
113.0 x 62.1 x 50.8 cm



Philip Guston
Untitled (Roselle), Roselle circa 1973
Oil on canvas
12 x 9 inches
30.5 x 22.9 cm



Robert Rauschenberg
Untitled (as opposed to "Newborn") (as opposed to "Newborn"), 2000
Oil on canvas
24 x 12 inches
61.0 x 30.5 cm



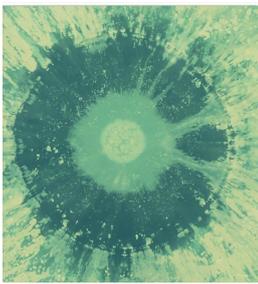
John Lerner
Orchid, 1987
Orchid, buttermilk, peaty and glass
44.5 x 24.5 x 20.0 inches
113.0 x 62.1 x 50.8 cm



John Lerner
Orchid, 1987
Orchid, buttermilk, peaty and glass
44.5 x 24.5 x 20.0 inches
113.0 x 62.1 x 50.8 cm



Richard Gere
Pharos (Roselle), 2000
Oil on canvas
12 x 9 inches
30.5 x 22.9 cm



Robert Rauschenberg
Untitled (as opposed to "Newborn") (as opposed to "Newborn"), 2000
Oil on canvas
24 x 12 inches
61.0 x 30.5 cm



John Lerner
Orchid, 1987
Orchid, buttermilk, peaty and glass
44.5 x 24.5 x 20.0 inches
113.0 x 62.1 x 50.8 cm



Bob Thaw
Orchid, 2002
Acrylic and paper on wood
44.5 x 24.5 x 20.0 inches
113.0 x 62.1 x 50.8 cm



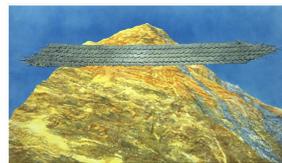
Richard Gere
Pharos (Roselle), 2000
Oil on canvas
12 x 9 inches
30.5 x 22.9 cm



Robert Curjel
Untitled, 1972
Ink and watercolor on laid paper
28 x 17 (24 x 13) inches framed
71.1 x 43.2 (61.0 x 33.0) cm
14 x 11 inches paper size
35.4 x 27.9 cm



John Currjel
Bogus, 2000
Oil on canvas
80 x 48 (82 x 120) inches
127 x 111.8 x 3.0 cm
signed and dated on verso



Philip Guston
Untitled (Roselle), 1973
Oil on canvas
44.5 x 24.5 x 20.0 inches
113.0 x 62.1 x 50.8 cm



Richard Gere
Pharos (Roselle), 2000
Oil on canvas
12 x 9 inches
30.5 x 22.9 cm
signed



John Currjel
The New Yorker, 1987
Mixed Media
20 (12 x 8) inches
50.8 x 101.6 cm



Elser Gunter
Untitled, 2000-2001
A portfolio of 40 printed images with aquatics, dry paint, photographs, silk, shell, fibreglass, aluminum, encaustic, latex, machine engraving, neon, varnish, acrylic, cyanide, ice, paper, ink, stone, glass, gold leaf, gouache, graphite, oil, plasticine, polymer medium, gypsum, wax, encaustic, watercolor, ink, etc.
Edition of 20



George Condo
Untitled, 1994
Oil on linen
21 x 17 inches
53.4 x 43.2 cm



Diane Arbus
Identical Twins, Roselle, NJ, 1966-67
3 x 5 inches
7.6 x 12.7 cm



Shio Kusaka
Dot 12, 2011
Porcelain
8 x 6 1/2 x 6 1/2 inches
20.3 x 16.5 x 16.5 cm



Richard Prince
Untitled (Self-Flag and Friends), 2010
Edition
12 individual photographs
24 x 24 inches each
61 x 108.3 cm



Richard Prince
The Engine Bath of Destruction, 1993
Edition
4 x 100 copies
16 1/2 x 108.3 cm



Julian Landgrave
Aster 1, 1982
Oil on linen
84 x 112 1/2 inches
212.5 x 122.4 cm



Meyer Herman
Trash and Trash
1981
Edition
8 x 100 copies



Philip Taaffe
Bacterium, 2007
Edition
100 copies
10 x 10 inches
25.4 x 25.4 cm



Philip Taaffe
Bacterium, 2007
Edition
100 copies
10 x 10 inches
25.4 x 25.4 cm



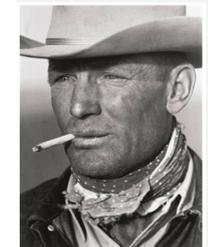
Robert Rauschenberg
Blue Stone
1971
Edition
100 copies
11 x 11 inches
27.9 x 27.9 cm



Alex Katz
Building, 1997
Edition
100 copies
12 x 14 inches
30.5 x 35.5 cm



Robert Rauschenberg
Yellow
1980
Edition
100 copies
10 x 10 inches
25.4 x 25.4 cm



Leonard McCombe
Portrait of Texas Cowboy Clarence Halley Long, 1949
Gelatin silver print
13 5/8 x 10 inches
34.6 x 25.4 cm



Robert Rauschenberg
Village, 1985
Edition
100 copies
10 x 10 inches
25.4 x 25.4 cm



Robert Rauschenberg
No Title
Edition
100 copies
11 x 14 inches
28.1 x 35.5 cm



Robert Rauschenberg
Three Dog, 1980
Edition
100 copies
10 x 10 inches
25.4 x 25.4 cm



Mark Gimpson
United States and Canary Yellow Butterfly #1, 2010
Edition
100 copies
10 x 10 inches
25.4 x 25.4 cm



Mark Gimpson
The City, 2010
Edition
100 copies
10 x 10 inches
25.4 x 25.4 cm



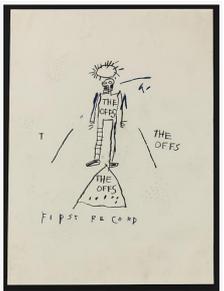
Shio Kusaka
Dot 12, 2011
Porcelain
8 x 6 1/2 x 6 1/2 inches
20.3 x 16.5 x 16.5 cm



Bryan Hunt
Maenad II, 2002
Bronze
18 x 8 x 9 inches
45.7 x 15.2 x 22.9 cm



Andy Warhol
Shades of Grey and White, 1970
Edition
100 copies
10 x 10 inches
25.4 x 25.4 cm



Jean-Michel Basquiat
The City, 1985
Edition
100 copies
10 x 10 inches
25.4 x 25.4 cm



Robert Crumb
Yell, 1977
Ink on paper
11.5 x 8.86 inches
29.2 x 22.5 cm



Tit Kurbak
Homage to Freud, 2001
Oil on canvas
28.74 x 20.87 inches
73.0 x 53.0 cm



Jean-Luc Mylayne
No. 1 juillet, 1978
C-print
38 3/4 x 38 1/2 inches
98.4 x 97.8 cm



Francesca Woodman
Untitled, Rome, 1977-1978
Gelatin silver print
5 3/4 x 5 3/4 inches
14.6 x 14.6 cm



John
A First Step, 2010
Paint, metal, and stone
1.0 inches
26 x 26 x 26 cm



Raymond Pettibon
Group 1 (LA New Open), c.1985
Photocopies
variable



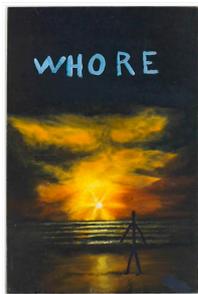
Richard Prince
Head and other photograph and text
19.1 x 14.1 inches
48.4 x 35.7 cm



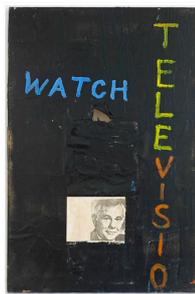
Walter Dahn
Les premiers jours du Printemps, 1984
Acrylic on canvas
58.42 x 71.8 inches
148 x 182 cm



Al Hirschfeld
Alice, 2012
Figure print on fine paper
20.5 x 30 inches
51.8 x 76.2 cm



Mark Froid
Whore, 1983
Acrylic and Rembrandt spray paint on found painting
20 x 30 inches
50.8 x 76.2 cm



Mark Froid
Watch Television, 80
Acrylic, Rembrandt and other colors on canvas
24 x 24 inches
61.4 x 61.0 cm



Lee Bonta
Untitled (Image from Richard Lutz), 1975
The original image from Richard Lutz



William Butler
Francis Bacon, 1953-57
Oil on canvas
63.13 x 43.31 inches
161.3 x 110.3 cm



Edward Weston
Nude on Sand, Ocean (Faka Dowell), 1936
Black and white photograph and stickers
7 1/2 x 8 5/8 inches
19.1 x 21.9 cm



Robert Rauschenberg
Chicken dog, 1989
Acrylic on enameled steel
38 x 68 inches
97.4 x 172.9 cm



Leroy Neiman
Playboy Bunny, 1964
Acrylic on board
30 x 22 1/2 inches
76.2 x 57.2 cm



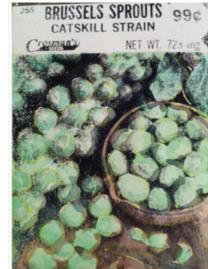
Goldman
Self (The Observatory), 1982
Ink on canvas
60 inches
152.4 x 152.4 cm



Walter Dahn
To David Metzer, c. 1982
Ink on cellulose, parchment
13.8 x 8 inches
35.1 x 20.3 cm



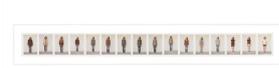
Scott Rappaport
Untitled, 1993
Laser, acrylic and pigment on canvas
70.75 x 101.5 inches
180 x 258 cm



Lucien Smith
Brussels Sprouts
Seed Packet Printing, 2012
Watercolor on paper
4 5/8 x 5 1/8 inches
11.5 x 7.5 cm



ert Matter
I in Reeds, Provincetown, 1940
tin silver print



Cherry Hill
1968
Color photograph
50.8 x 101.6 cm



Leah Chaves
Untitled, 2013
Oil, ink, acrylic, and oil on linen
137 1/2 x 120 inches
349.3 x 304.8 cm



Rob Acherman
Play by the Beach II, 2013
Oil and acrylic on canvas
160 1/4 x 73 1/8 x 2 1/8 inches
205.3 x 187.7 x 5.4 cm



Caroline Egan
The Lady in a Landscape with a Bird, 2013
Oil on wood panel
28 7/8 x 24 1/2 x 1 3/8 inches
73.8 x 61.8 x 3.8 cm



Walter D'Onofrio
Untitled, 1982
Acrylic on canvas
76 3/4 x 59.06 inches
195 x 150 cm



Wes Kovacs
Black II, 2013
Stoneware
11 x 9 x 9 inches
27.9 x 22.8 x 22.8 cm



Wes Kovacs
Purple II, 2013
Porcelain
Variable dimensions



Wes Kovacs
Untitled, 2013
Oil



John Stebbins
Fall II, 2009
Gelatin
8 1/4 x 5 1/2 inches
21 x 14 cm



Barry Lyman
Lynne, 1978
Black and white
34 x 23 inches
86.3 x 58.3 cm



Steve Nouri
Untitled (White), 2012
Gelatin and pigment on paper
24 x 18 inches
61 x 45.7 cm



Robert Mapplethorpe
6 Polyester Suit, 1980
tin silver print
14 inches
40.6 cm



Robert Mapplethorpe
Self-portrait (with make-up), NYC, 1980
Gelatin silver print
22 x 16 inches
56.8 x 40.6 cm



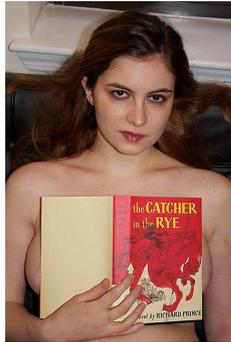
Wes Kovacs
Untitled, 2013
Oil and acrylic on canvas
101 x 101 cm
39.8 x 39.8 cm

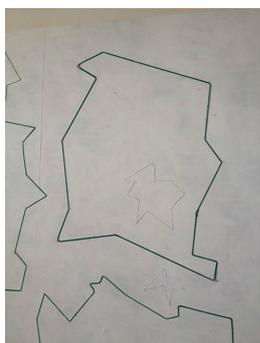
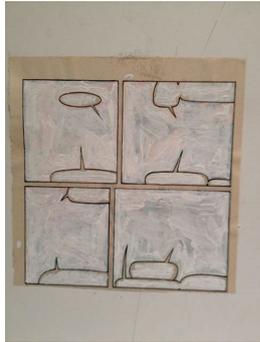


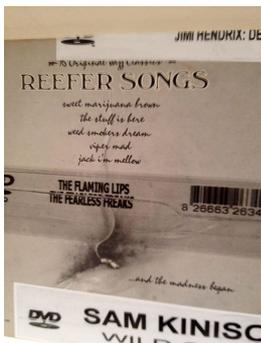
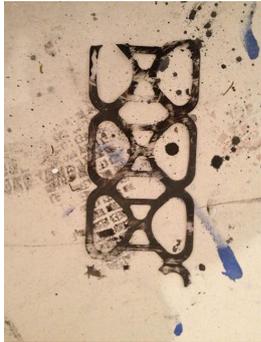
Wes Kovacs
White Sea Truck Beams, 2010
Steel, brass, and wood
83 x 84 1/2 x 112 inches
210.8 x 214.6 x 284 cm



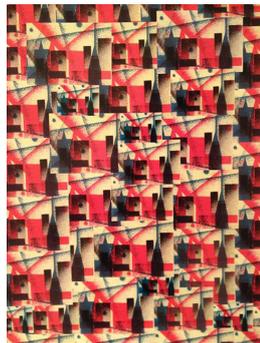
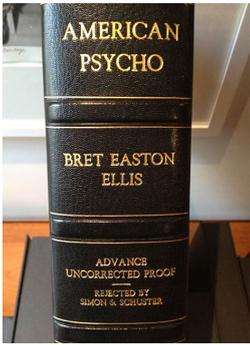
Wes Kovacs
Untitled, 2013
Oil on canvas
101 x 101 cm
39.8 x 39.8 cm

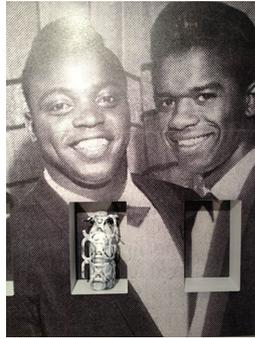


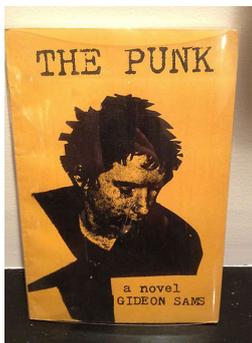
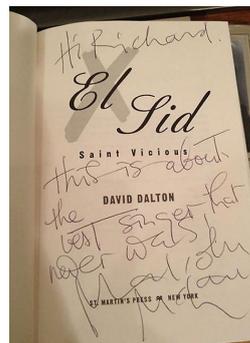
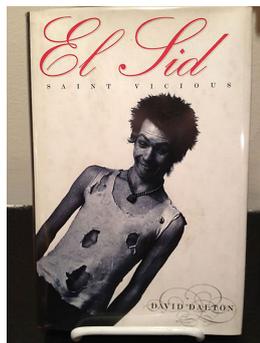
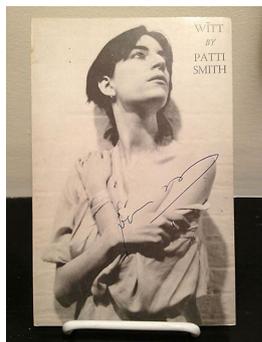
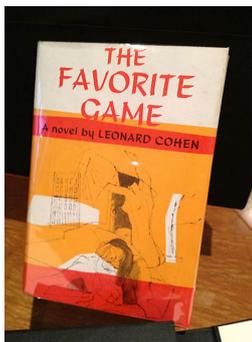
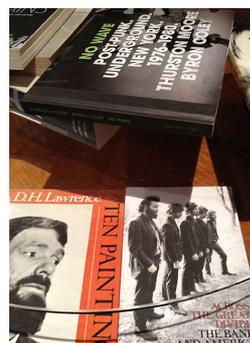
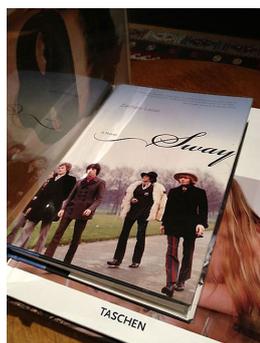
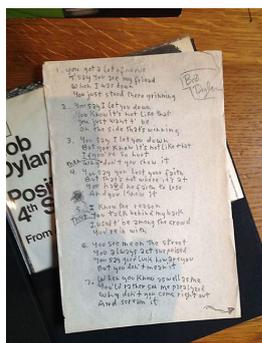
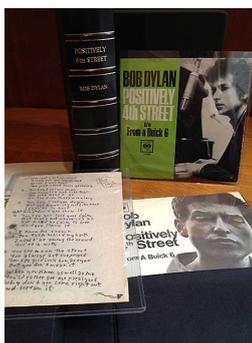
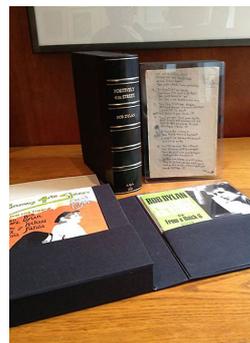


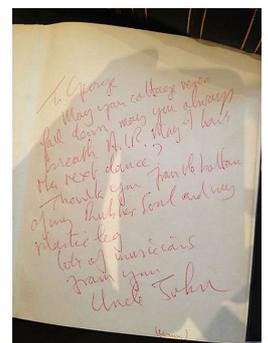
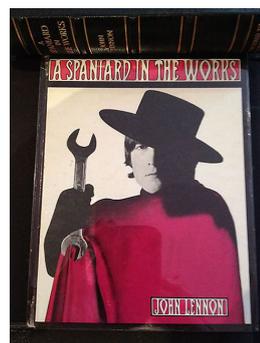
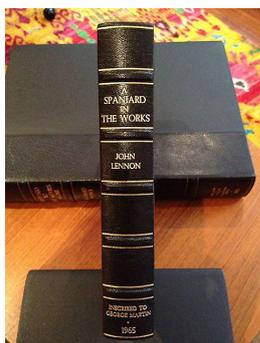
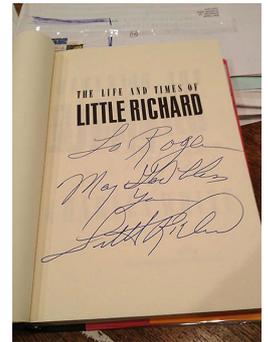
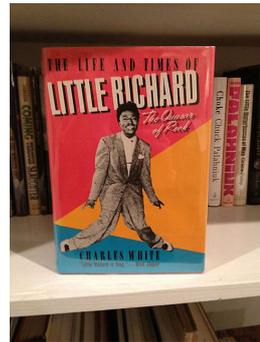
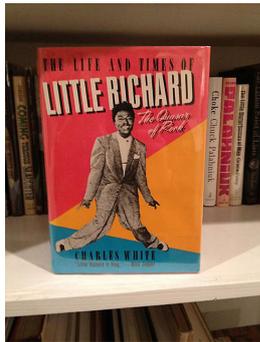
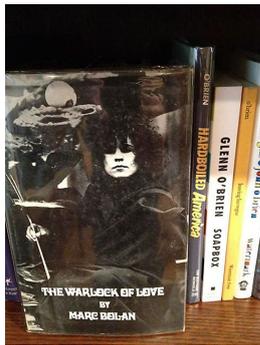
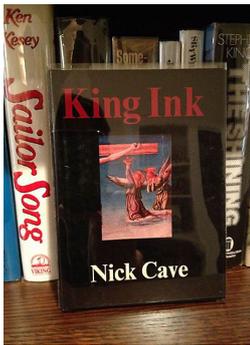


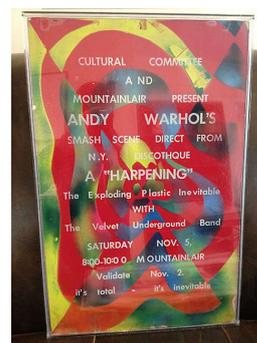
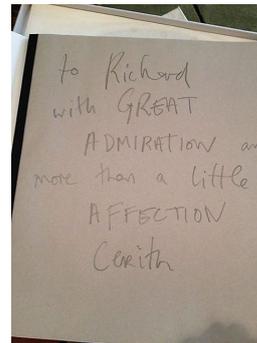
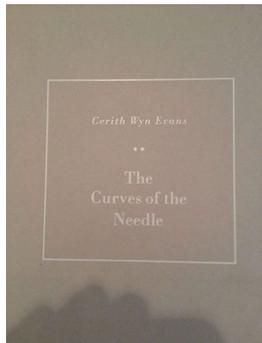
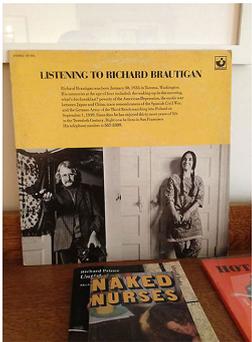
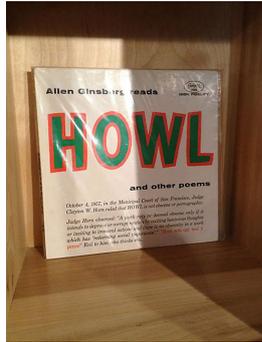
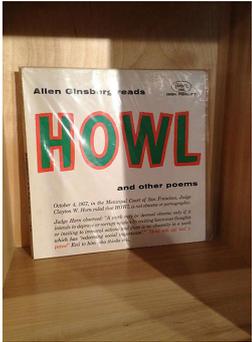


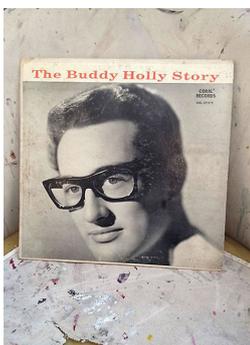
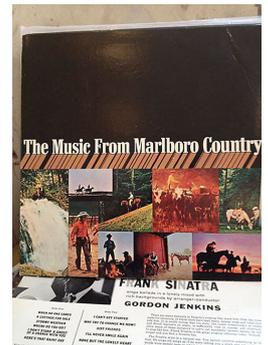
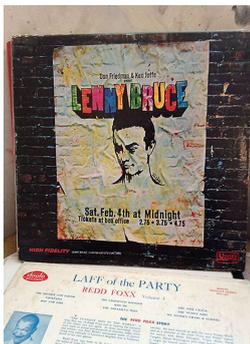
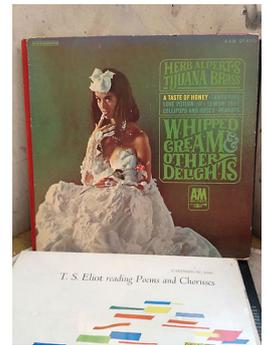
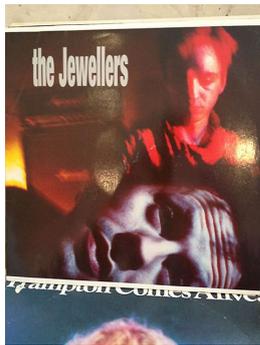
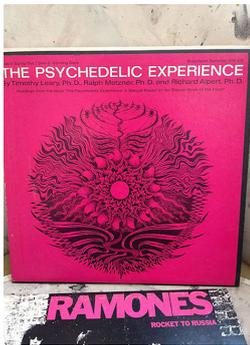


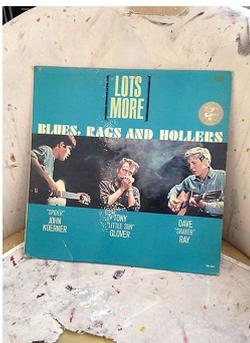
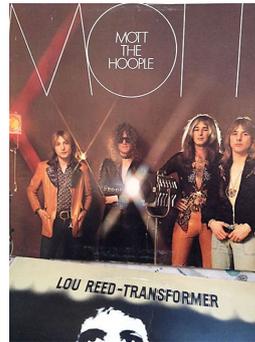
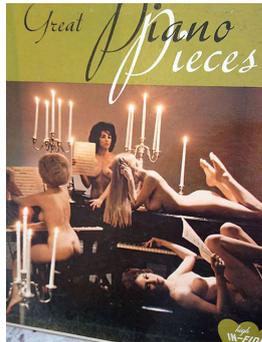


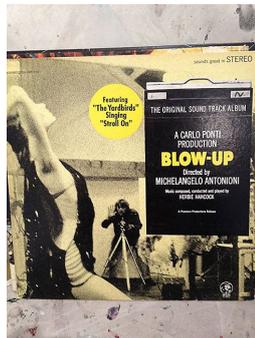
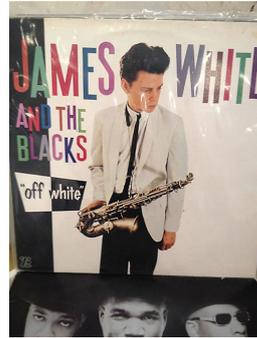














How do you choose the subjects you photograph? Who are they?
Where do they come from?

The choice became the act. This is what I like. This is what I chose. It was available. It was there if you wanted it. The show, the magazine, the movie, the records were all there. They were signs, signals, things that didn't need to be explained. I knew what they meant right away. What they looked like, what they sounded like ... I knew they were cool, and what was great. Criminals and Celebrities... Bitches and Bastards. The Velvet Beach ... Live Free or Die ... Girlfriends. Dirty jokes, third-rate magazine cartoons. Images from travel brochures. Sub-pop pictures. Mainstream cults. Cowboys, half-naked biker chicks lounging on their boyfriends' 'hogs', second-rate entertainers working in third-rate nightclubs: these characters and their under-worlds. Off the road, not on it. The sediment of culture. They weren't exactly obscure pictures. I mean they all had their own magazines. You could find them at any newsstand. It wasn't just me that was putting them out. Someone had already made some kind of choices for them. These were actual photographs, literal rather than figurative. I simply attached the literal, the actual, to what was in fact a set-up, a version of a scene or something that was close to a movie still. I came along and made a real photograph out of what was essentially an image in a magazine.



And what do they talk about?

The things that I probably know about are the things that I avoid dealing with. It's this thing about lives. People's lives. My life, your life. My friend's life. The lives of people I don't know and the lives of dead people. It didn't occur to me that the girl friends were, in fact, girl friends. It didn't occur to me that people take pictures of their girl friends and send them into magazines and then go out and buy the magazine. Those girls took me with sex. They were very sexual looking. I'm attracted to people who aren't necessarily desirable. In terms of the way most people look, I'm just the opposite. The more imperfect they are, the better I like them. Those first girl friends were portraits of a specific type of person. They were tough. The cowboy for me is mostly a conceptual image; it's much more about the formal aspect and the presentation, where it started and where it ends up.

A lot of works are also untitled, with a kind of description in parentheses. That's where you set up a kind of question. Something else is going on.

I don't know, the untitled and the parentheses thing is a way to title and not title ... to have it both ways I guess ... a way to change my mind, a way to describe the piece specifically, a way to make the familiar strange. Yes. The more one sees the same thing the better the chances for the thing to be true. The three women looking in the same direction ... that has to be true because it looks true. Again, it's just a feeling. It's twilight. It's in between. Just out of reach. I'm always falling out of planes and landing on top of buildings that don't have any windows or stairwells, only tightropes that are so loose you can only hang onto them with your hands. And then there's the clowns begging you to let go.

Girlfriend Gang, from Cowboys and Girlfriends, 1992
Ektacolor photographs
24 x 20 inches (61 x 50.8 cm)
Photographed by Richard Prince



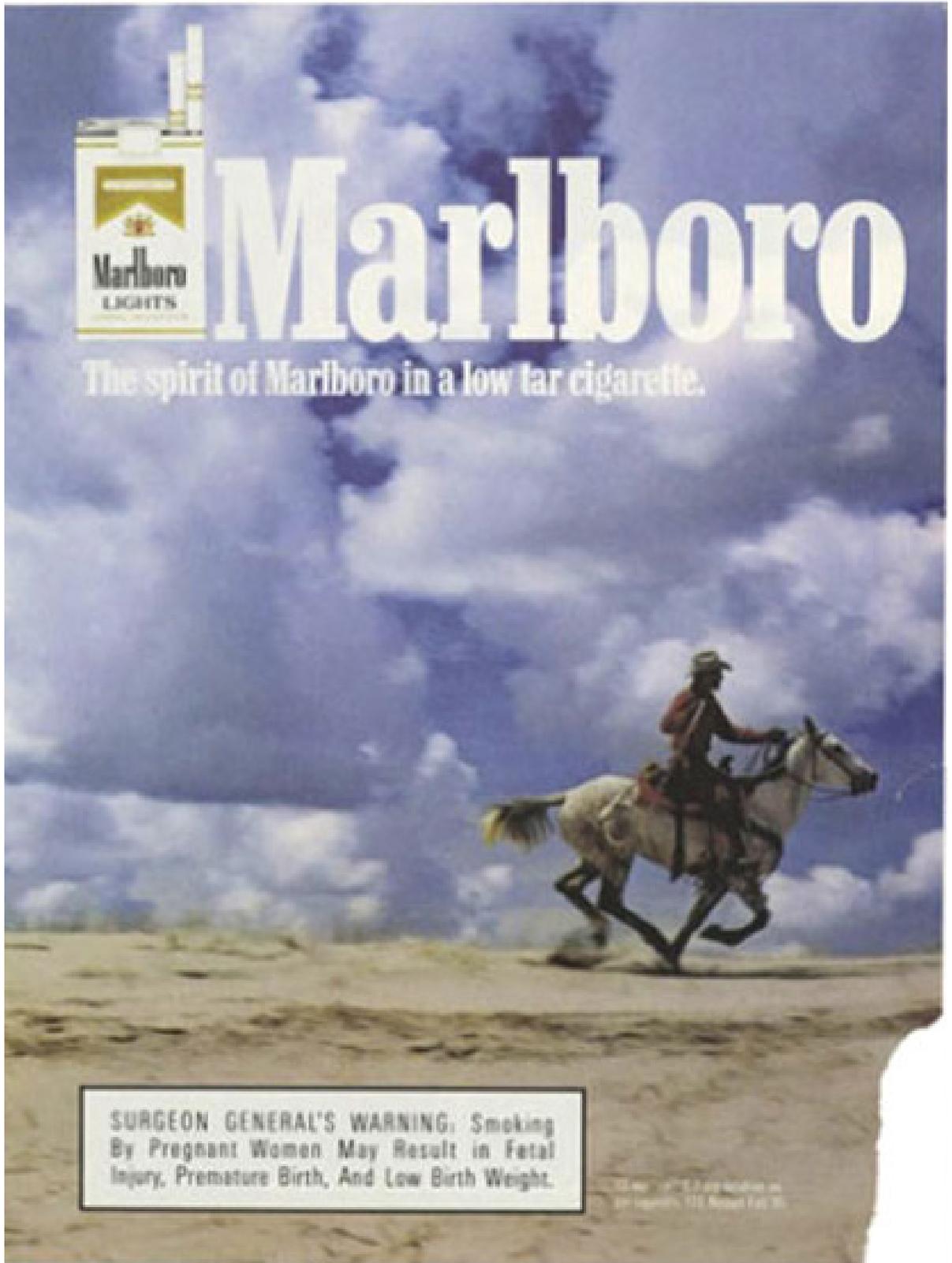
How did you come to use photography, or as you call it “re-photography”?

I was working at the Time-Life building in this department called Tear Sheets, where I would cut up all their magazines and send the editorial parts up to the people who called down for them to the authors. By the end of the day I was left with the advertising sections and nobody called down for those. They were like these authorless pictures, too good to be true, art-directed and over-determined and pretty-much like film stills, psychologically hyped- up and having nothing to do with the way art pictures were traditionally ‘put’ together. I mean they were so off the map, so hard to look at, and rather than tear them out of the magazines and paste them up on a board, I thought why not re-photograph them with a camera and then put them in a real frame with a mat board around the picture just like a real photograph and call them mine. I mean ‘pirate’ them, ‘steal’ them, ‘sample’ them. I mean, the picture I take has already been taken. I take it again.

So there is an act of transformation involved with re-photographing?

It makes the magazine picture a photograph. The picture reveals itself in a different way. The photograph is ‘close’. It’s real close. Close to the real thing. Yeah, self-consciously real. I feel a bit more comfortable, perhaps more re-assured around a picture that appears to be truer than it really is. I find the best way for me to make it real is to make it again and making it again is enough for me and certainly, personally speaking, almost me.

You can stare at it all day. The picture will never change. You don’t need the right light to re-photograph a picture. You don’t need the right moment... You don’t need to be lucky.



Marlboro

The spirit of Marlboro in a low tar cigarette.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.

© 1998 B&W T Co. All rights reserved. In U.S.A. only. 113 mg. "tar," 10 mg. "nic." per cigarette by FTC method.

But why photography? Did you work with this medium before?

Why did I use photography? I didn't know anything about photography. So it was a way to put together a picture that I didn't have any history with. I didn't have to care about the medium because I didn't expect to get anything out of it. I had no mentor. I had no method. I had no ideas. I had no technique, no training, no experience. For me, it was all brand new. I wanted to use photography because it had another history.

Painting, silk screen, drawing, they suggest something else. But photography suggested belief. It suggests fact. I thought that because I was choosing subject matter that was in fact, fiction, it might be better to use a factual medium to level that fiction, to occupy an area of "official fiction." I could operate in that kind of gray area where the literal and the figurative become the same. That was the reason to add on or to make more than one image. It was like going to court, that was like evidence. Because if you don't believe one, here's two more. I remember I wanted to make something seamless, no telltale signs about how it was put together ... no cut-up paper, no pasting, no pencil. The camera as electronic scissors. I wanted it to look as if it had been sent away for.

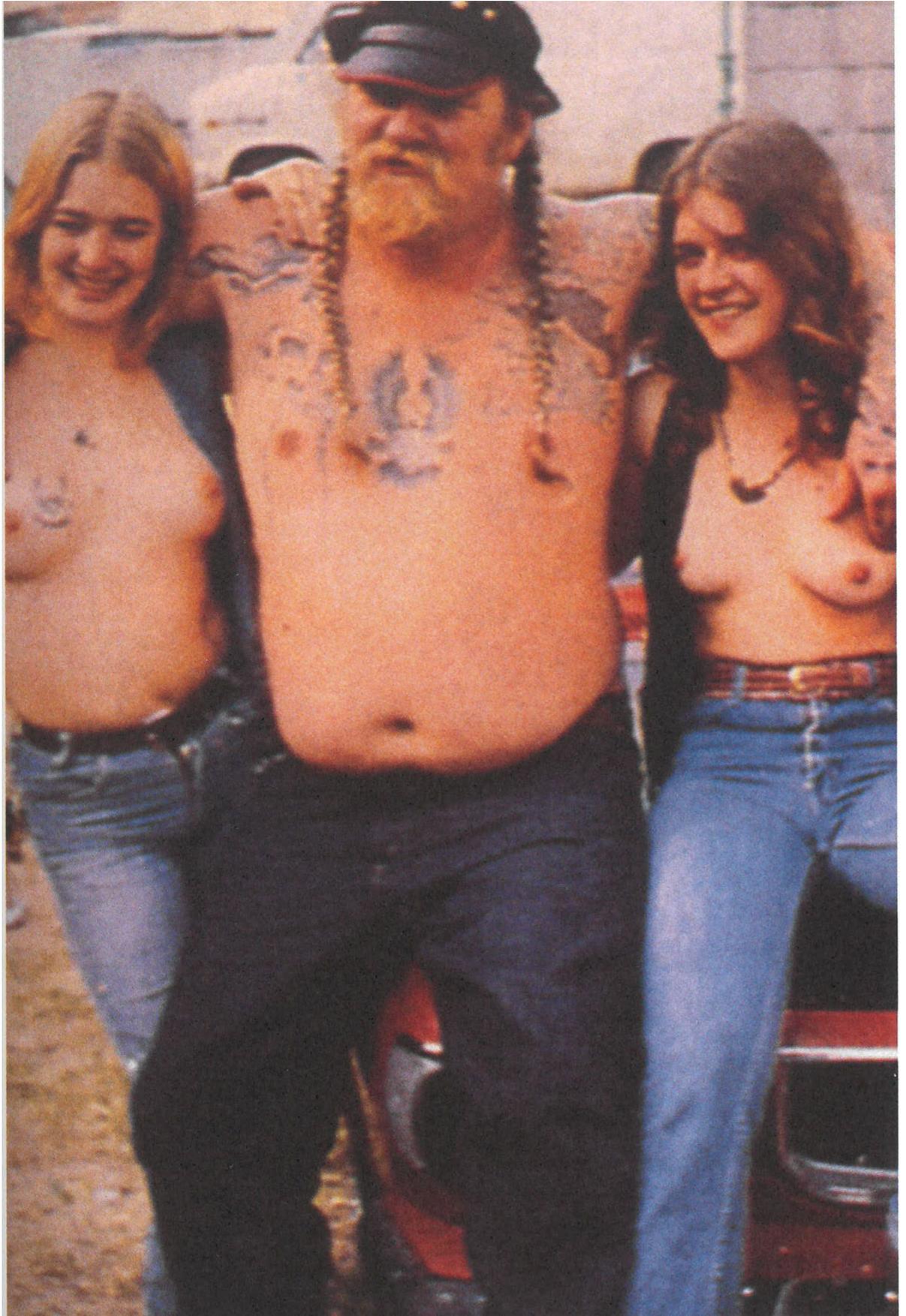
Untitled (cowboy), 1989
Chromogenic print
50 x 70 inches, 127 x 177.8 cm
Photographed by Richard Prince



Did you have a specific aesthetic in mind when taking your photographs?

There was definitely an ‘attitude’ involved in standing behind the camera looking at a tear sheet from a magazine and re-framing the image, then clicking and depressing the shutter, knowing that what would come out was pretty much what was ‘almost there’. And I think ALMOST is the thing here. I mean the picture I was taking wasn’t going to change. It would look the same today as tomorrow. And it was ‘almost’ the picture it came from - pretty much what I could wrap my 35mm lens around. People use photographs as visual language, to provide information, to supply a window, to supplement text. Most editorial photographs sit beside a whole page of text. They work together. But what happens when you just hang a photograph alone? People look at them and see them on an aesthetic level. The only thing I knew was that I didn’t want to aestheticize in the sense of silk screening or painting or drawing on or changing it. They weren’t aestheticized in the same old way. Obviously they were in the sense that I changed an image from a magazine which was on paper to a photograph. If anything happened it was like adding onto the history of collage—instead of ripping the page out and pasting it up, the gesture was photographing the page, but in a way in which it looked like a photograph. And it was, in fact, a photograph. So with that small gesture, the depression of the shutter, the image was quite different from what most people were doing with found images or public imagery. I wanted to make an image that looked as if it had been made by someone else. These images were before Photoshop. Before digital. Before computers. But they had that ‘impossible’ look. Purple Haze. They were in and out of focus at the same time. The rear-screen projection look. They were over-determined. Psychologically hyped up. Artificially defined. Every flaw emphasized.

Untitled (party), 1993
Ektacolor photograph
20 3/4 x 16 3/4 inches (52.7 x 42.5 cm)
Photographed by Richard Prince



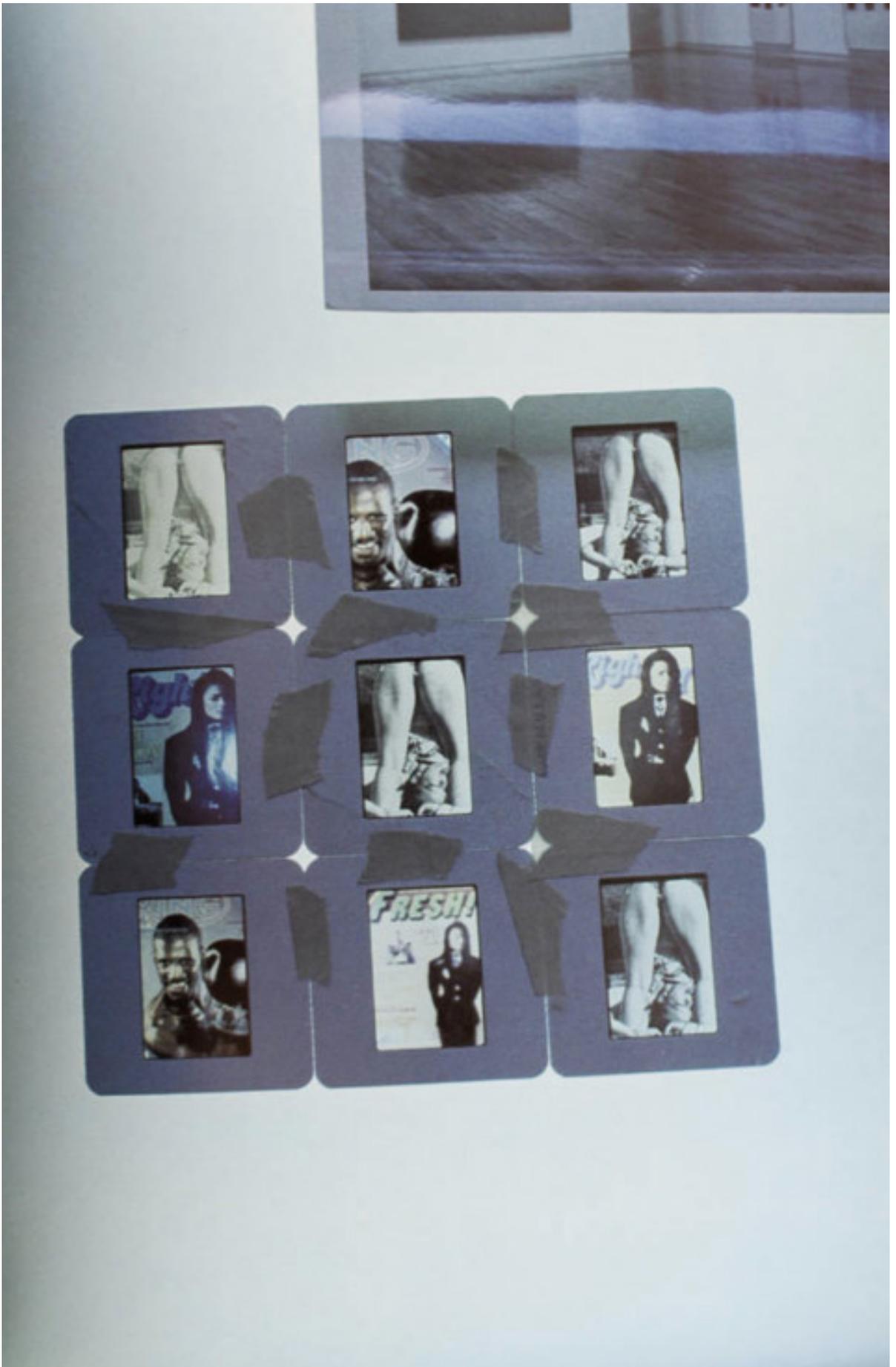
In what way do you think about your end product?

I started to think of a photograph as an object and not a repetitive multiple. I mean, for me the frame around the photograph was important: how it was presented and hung on the wall. Normality was the next special effect. I had no 'expertise' with the camera. I didn't use a dark room, I took them to a lab.

The edition was important. I started making editions of two. Not quite unique but almost. Up to then most photographers didn't care about editions. Most of them made editions of 50 or open-ended editions. Making an edition of two was really shooting the sheriff.

How and why did you start working in series, or more specifically the “gangs”?

The gangs were a photo-lab thing. There was a term used at the lab about ‘ganging’ pictures together on one negative, putting nine or twelve 35mm negatives onto one big 8 x 10-inch negative. It was a way to organize your work. When I realized you could do this gang thing and blow up the one negative on a huge piece of photo paper and have the nine different pictures come out next to each other, seamlessly, it changed the type of image and the type of magazine I looked at. I realized I could have a whole show on one piece of paper, instead of nine or twelve pictures in a room, on different walls. It meant I could start using pictures from different magazines. Not just the advertising sections but the editorial sections. Rather than being about a section of a magazine, the gangs were about an entire magazine.



What is your process when working on a series, how do you put them together?

I could push nine or twelve slides. I could have one great picture in the middle, surrounded by eight supplemental images. I could 'arrange' those slides on a light table, tape them together - gang them together - send them to the lab, and they'd take the taped slides and transfer them to an 8 x 10-inch inter-negative. That was it. Anyone could have done it. It was easy. Any nine or twelve slides taped together. The slides could be of anything. Taken from anything. And the slides didn't even have to be that good. They could be out of focus, overexposed, black and white or colour. You just gang them together and gave them to the lab. The lab would give you back this big 50 x 80-inch photograph with all those pictures on it - each one about 8x10 inches or about as big as it was when I first saw it. The space between each picture was just the slide mount. It's not what I made up. It was what was made up for me. Made up. I made up what was made up. The more one sees the same thing the better the chances for the thing to be true. Making that 'gang' was like dee-jaying ... Spinning the records. Dancing the picture.

3 x 3
 Pairs
 all portrait format
 same photo
 blurry/overexposed/dark



middle picture sharp



distance of 2 slide holders



My girl friends
 My boy friends
 My wife

annie and sonnie
 Paul and Pam
 Paul and Pam



John
 Tehrastar John John Tehrastar

overexposed

Here comes Dick
 he wearing a skirt

Here comes Jane she's sporting a chair

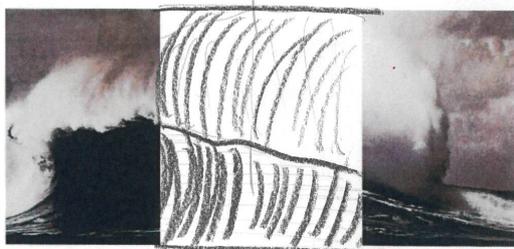
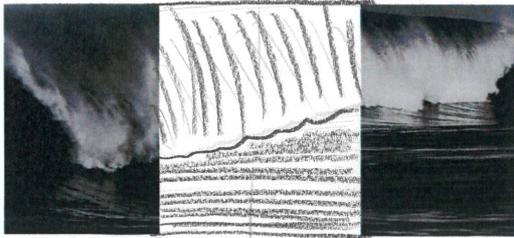
So where you from?
 Not from anywhere really
 what? Born in a balloon?

Combination:
 A diagonal with same photo
 no repetition in horizontal
 or vertical row

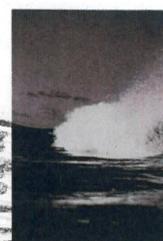
The Velvet Beach, 1984-85
Ektacolor photograph
218 x 122 cm
Annotated by Dzulija Jakimovska, Lorena Bassi

3 x 4
Waves

6 x w



(connection)

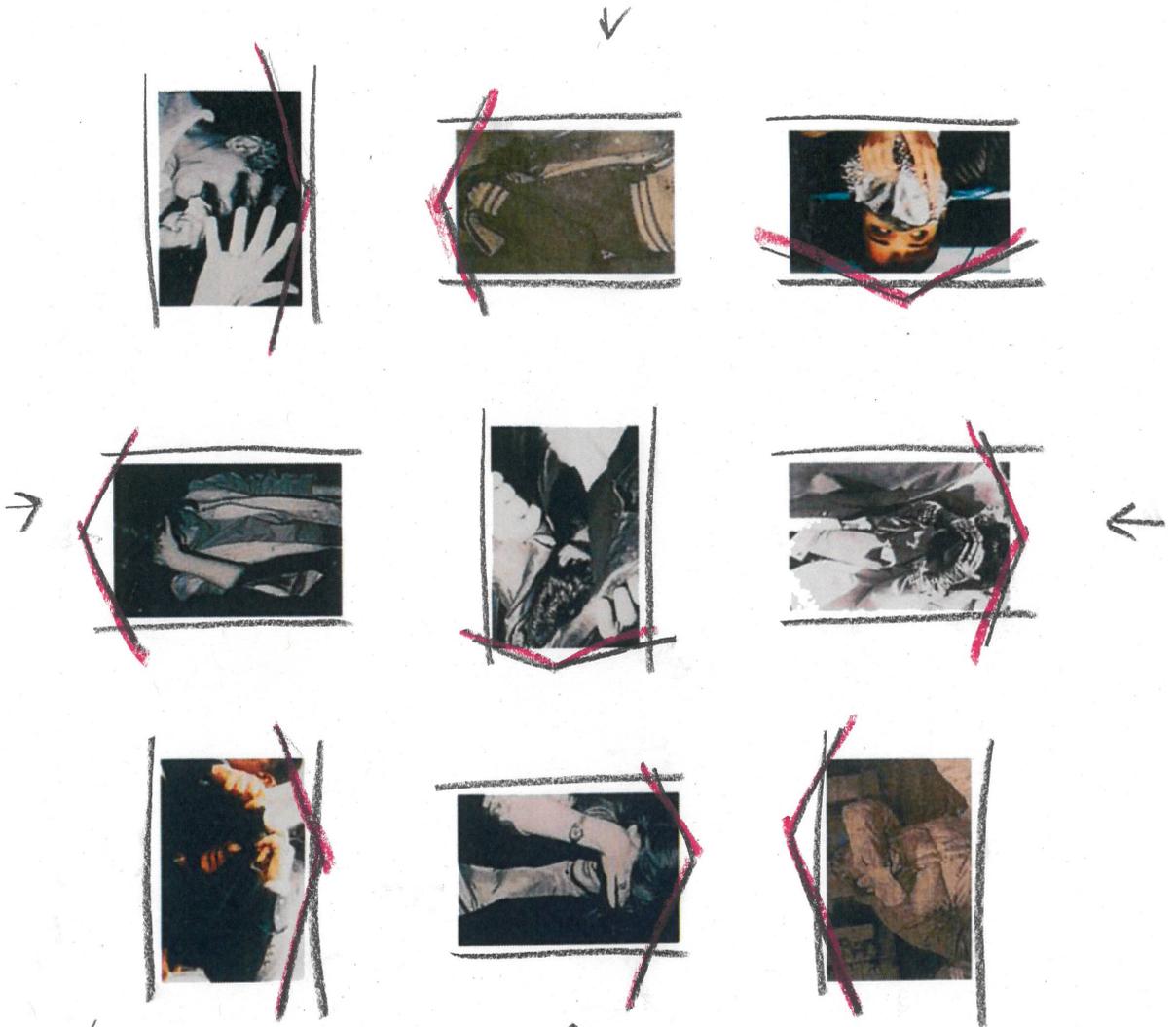


10 portrait, 2 landscape

People covering their faces

3 x 3

9 different photos
can be looked at from 4 sides



both portrait & horizontal

3 colourways: b/w, sepia, colour

3 x 3
9 different images
3 columns (b/w, overexposed, dark colour)
Women on motorcycles (Girlfriends)



b/w diagonal
1 image per row vertical & diagonal
2 portraits, 7 landscape

3 pictures / 3 lines
all portrait frames
purple haze

white space!

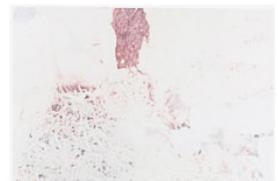


1 bike + 2 women with guns
darker colours in diagonal, lighter ones in between
different pictures horizontally, repetition vertically

Do you have a message in your pictures, a vision?

What is seductive, alluring in this picture? Taunting images, they take me places, tell me stories. Minimal investment, maximal productive meaning. Authenticity of investment. Showing what I find tantalizing. What I'm seduced by. No cynicism. Deadpan and simple, straightforward re-enactment. No closing down of meaning. Lightness and heaviness, ambiguity. Tricks. Exploitation of cultural dialectic, oppositions and complexities of meaning. The psyche of America in the two-dimensional space. The ambivalent space of the consumer image. These pictures exist. Pictures of the way I wished I could be. Maybe it's a kind of stupid desire. Passion. Is passion what we are? Is that what we are in pictures? Is what we are in pictures almost real? Maybe it's become the 'most' real thing. If anything, my relationship or contact with what's happening is probably a lot more intimate than personal; a lot more psychologically hopped-up than distanced. It's never been my intention to put any distance between myself and whatever the subject might be. In fact I try to get as close as I can. I suppose my point of view is to try to produce the closest thing to the real thing.

Good Revolution (Gang), 1990
Ektacolor photograph
84 x 48 inches, 213.4 x 121.9 cm
Photograph Richard Prince



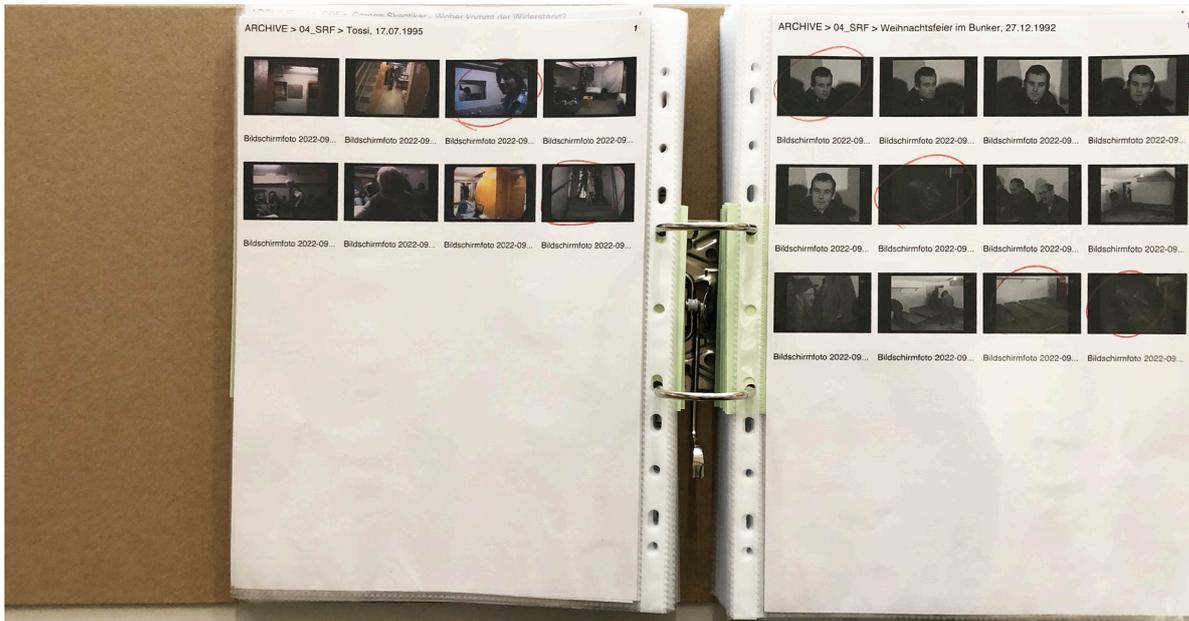
What kind of world do you talk about?

I was thinking about proving my case. I was having a crisis, a social, political, critical crisis about the belief system—confronting all the systems that we were told were one way and, you later found out, were totally another way. Existential loss, alienation and dislocation. Something dark at their heart. The country's most undeniable image of itself. Dismissable generic signifies. Art without transcendence. Self-consciousness. Realization of the nightmare of totalitarianism. The consumer-culture factory with art as its recycling plant. A sense of foreboding in the series; a combination of the tragic and the sublime, of beauty tinged with terror. The subjects of those spreads are effectively wild beasts, and the broad white margins are their cages. In the hushed, rectilinear confines of art they boil over with chaos.

Bitches and Bastards, 1984-85
Ektacolor photograph
218 x 122 cm
Photograph Richard Prince

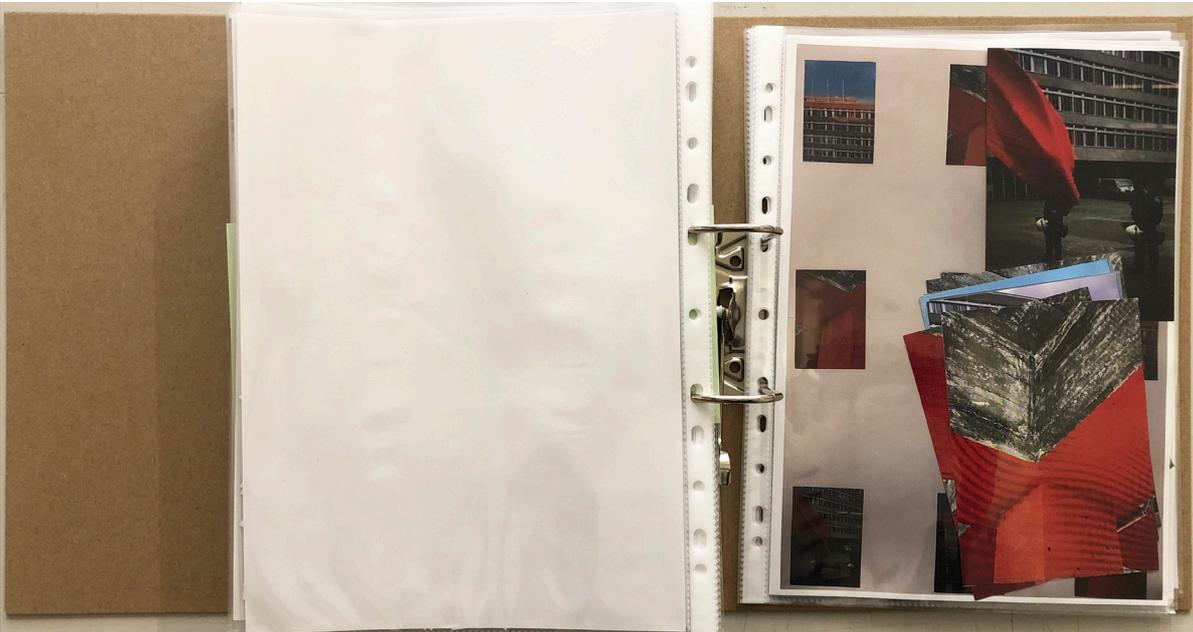


Process folder
Contact sheets of media found of Amtshaus/Helvetiaplatz



Process folder
Contact sheets of rephotographed media found of Amtshaus/Helvetiaplatz





Untitled (Hands)
Photograph Dzuliya Jakimovska, Lorena Bassi



Gang
Bestät

Mehrzahl der pos. Tests
falsch positiv
BAG lügt
RR(-1) lügt mit
und rechnet nicht

Stadt Zürich, Ambulatorium
Kanonengasse 18, 8004 ZH
Inhalt: 2 Spritzen mit Filter
2 Kanülen 0.5x16 orange
2 Alkoholtupfer / 2 Trockentupfer
2 Ascorbinsäure / 2 NaCl
Preis: CHF 2.00

Mehrzahl der po
falsch po
BAG Lü

Stadt Zürich, Ambulatorium
Kanonengasse 18, 8004 ZH
Inhalt: 2 Spritzen mit Filter
2 Kanülen 0.45x12 braun
2 Alkoholtupfer / 2 Trockentupfer
2 Ascorbinsäure / 2 NaCl
Preis: CHF 2.00

Gang-
Bestätig

ambulatorium
8004 ZH
Filter
Alkoholtupfer
Trockentupfer
NaCl

Kanonengasse 18, 8004 ZH
Inhalt: 2 Spritzen mit Filter
2 Kanülen 0.5x16 orange
2 Alkoholtupfer / 2 Trockentupfer
2 Ascorbinsäure / 2 NaCl
Preis: CHF 2.00

ambulatorium
8004 ZH
Filter
Alkoholtupfer
Trockentupfer
NaCl

Stadt Zürich, Ambulatorium
Kanonengasse 18, 8004 ZH
Inhalt: 2 Spritzen mit Filter

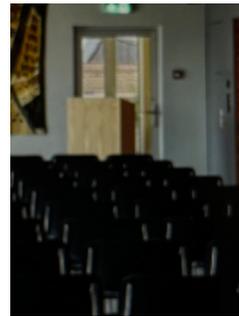
Gang-
Bestät

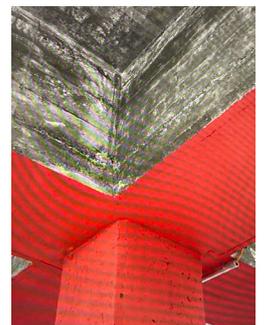
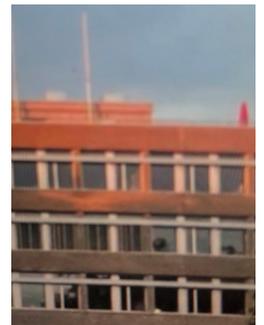
Mehrzahl der pos. Tests
falsch positiv
BAG lügt
RR(-1) lügt mit
und rechnet nicht



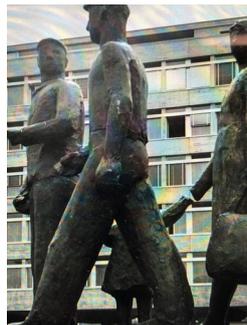


Untitled (Seating)
Photograph Dzuliya Jakimovska, Lorena Bassi



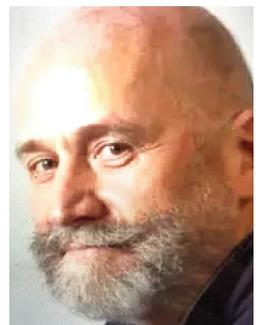
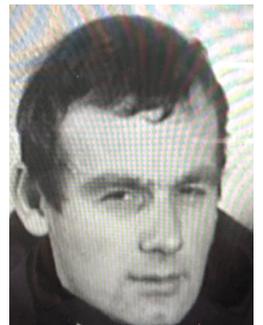
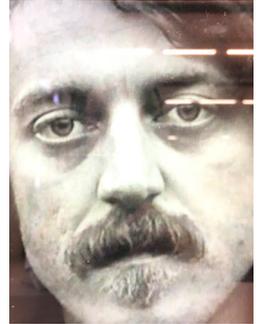


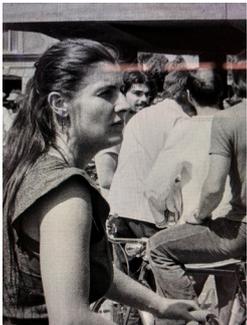




Untitled (Women)
Photograph Dzuliya Jakimovska, Lorena Bassi







On Prince's Writings

Tell Me Everything

1. BROOKS Rosetta, PRINCE Richard, RIAN Jeff, SANTE Luc, Richard Prince (Contemporary Artists), Berlin Phaidon, 2003, p.28
2. PRINCE Richard, Super Group, Berlin : Holzwarth Publications, 2017, p. 89
3. “Tell Me Everything : an interview with Richard Prince by Stuart Morgan”, Artscribe International, No. 73, January/February 1989, p. 47
4. Richard Prince (Contemporary Artists), Op. cit. p.24
5. Ibid, p. 48
6. “Tell Me Everything“, Op. cit. p. 48
7. Guggenheim Museum, “Conversation : Richard Prince”, interviewed by Nancy Spector, (31’50”), available on : <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Hu0Nic2tIdQ>, last consultation : 05.10.22

How do you catch a cloud and pin it down? ¹

I'm a bibliophile.

The smell, look, feel of books. Tattered, musty, the ones with the unsophisticated dust-jackets. "So what if I love books more than people"... is one of the definitions of a bibliophile. ²

Once more, what are the jokes about? ³

The paramount concern was never to care. ⁴

The problem with art is, it's not like the game of golf where you put the ball in the hole. There's no umpire; there's no judge. There are no rules. It's one of its problems. But it's also one of the great things about art. It becomes a question of what lasts. ⁵

What was the reaction to the jokes?

The same as the reaction to the re-photographed stuff ten years before. Complete disbelief. ⁶

I don't think they were used to seeing something that was in fact a joke. Again it gets back to this idea of giving yourself permission. It was a real turning point, a bit difficult... it wasn't difficult for me, I think the rejection helped me think that I was going in the right direction. ⁷

8. Richard Prince (Contemporary Artists), Op. cit. p. 19

9. PRINCE Richard, Collected Writings, ed. and with an introd. by Kristine McKenna ; essay by Jonathan Lethem, Ostfildern : Hatje Cantz, 2011, p. 129

10. PRINCE Richard, Collected Writings, ed. and with an introd. by Kristine McKenna ; essay by Jonathan Lethem, Ostfildern : Hatje Cantz, 2011, p.35

11. Richard Prince (Contemporary Artists),
Op. cit. p.23

Is the only hope the joke at the end of the day? ⁸

Our collective unconscious holds all kinds of clichés, clichés so immediate, so obvious, that at times we respond to pedestrian situations as if we'd been through them before. ⁹

Sometimes I feel that when I'm sitting there, my own desires have nothing to do with what comes from me personally, because what I'll eventually put out will, in a sense, have already been "put out." ¹⁰

What's the difference between your generation and those who came before - between then and now?

Prince You know the biggest difference between us and the people who went before 'us' is the auctions. I mean 'they' ... Pollock, Rothko, Newman, Picasso, Duchamp, Klein -yeah, Yves - they didn't have to live with people fucking speculating on what they put out. I mean it happens twice a year. October and May. These auctions. It's unbelievable. Unbelievable. I guess that's the word. Anyway ... just a what? ... A reaction? An episode? A knee 'jerk' ... I don't know ... How do I know? Am I suppose to like it? Feel flattered? I'm at the end of a dead-end dirt road reading skin magazines. Tits. That's what I like. Tits. ¹¹

12. “Tell Me Everything“ , Op. cit. p. 49

13. “Richard Prince” interviewed by Steve Miller, Musée Magazine, No. 11, 2015, available on : <https://museemagazine.com/features/2020/3/25/from-our-archives-richard-prince>, last consultation : 05.10.22

14. “A Conversation with Richard Prince”, Whitney Museum of American Art, 1992, available on : <https://americansuburbx.com/2012/04/interview-a-conversation-with-richard-prince-1992-2.html>, last consultation : 05.10.22

15. *Super Group* , Op. cit. p. 73

Making relationships plays a large part in your work. But calling gangs Girl or Boyfriends seems a little cruel or sad somehow.

Either that or it's accurate. Those Girlfriends are actual girlfriends of boys who sent their pictures to the magazine. It's a strange lifestyle. The Boyfriends don't work that way. That's about some kind of struggle with myself, the idea of not censoring what I'm attracted to, the possibilities of relationships that exist between men and men, men and women, women and women. Calling those sad would be more about you, which is what the work should be about. ¹²

There is something banal in the ubiquity of social media and at the same time it seems to be much more a representation of our time than painting's escapist nostalgia for itself. As an artist or a painter, is this something you think about? ¹³

I'm mostly thinking in a very boring way. It's really about going into the studio every day and working, so many of my concerns are really formal, straight-out, boring problem solving. ¹⁴

In 1990 I was living in Rome working in a stone cold studio and I teamed up with Joan Katz, aka Annie Anne. She played drums and terrorist and I played guitar and friend. We called ourselves Black Bra and played twice in public. The music we played was based on a song I wrote in the winter of 1986. I played the song on a Casio keyboard and recorded it on cassette in my bedroom. The song was about hee-bie-jeebies, humiliation, and existential agony. I called the song LOUD SONG. ¹⁵

16. “Tell Me Everything“ , Op. cit. p. 49

17. “Richard Prince” interviewed by Steve Miller,
Op. cit.

18. Money, Paint and Jokes – An Interview with Richard Prince, ASX, 2017, available on : <https://americansuburbx.com/2013/03/interview-richard-prince-2007.html>, last consultation : 07.10.22

19. Bringing All Back Home in *Collected Writings*,
Op.cit p. 197

20. “Richard Prince” interviewed by Steve Miller,
Op. cit.

How do you see your relationship with your audience?

I derive a certain pleasure from reminding them that things exist despite the fact that they might want to deny them. Sometimes it works, sometimes it doesn't. Sometimes I'm aware I'm not being offensive or inoffensive enough. ¹⁶

Does timeliness or timelessness matter when investigating contemporary culture? ¹⁷

Most things popular aren't very interesting. Once something becomes popular it takes a bit of the edge out of it. When everybody knows about it, do I need to? ¹⁸

I've always tried to give some attention to what appears to be ephemera, to collect the minor art forms.

I find it's always best to collect what you like and what no one else is collecting - two rules of a thumb, so to speak. ¹⁹

I actually own one of Warhol's fake Brillo Box's. I own a fake. I know that sounds weird, but it's true. Does that answer the question? ²⁰

Introduction

<https://www.richard-prince-text.com>

Richard Prince has written numerous texts, most of which can be found in a book called *Collected Writings* published in 2011. These texts have no real storyline or clear narrative structure, but by means of precise indications of place and cultural references, Richard Prince situates his texts in time and space. Most of the scenes take place in or around New York between the 1970s and 2000. The characters are often anonymous, kinds of 'types' in an American society marked during the 70s and 80s by the economic crisis, the sexual liberation and the pop culture, and later, by the emergence of DVD and the consumption society.

These characters lead lives built on ideals and patterns derived from the movies they watch and the advertisements they see, but are also experiencing subtle dramas and live complex relationships, frustrations, desires.

Prince's position in these texts is ambiguous. While he could be identified as the subject of some of the stories, the precise descriptions of the individual fates of characters from different backgrounds place him in the position of an observer. He seems to blur this question intentionally, for example by writing the same story twice, once using the first person «I», and the other using the third person « he » (in *The Wonderful World Of Video and Anyone Who's Anyone*). Prince seems to write from a position of camouflage, a technique of dissimulation that Hannah Rose Shell refers to in her book «Hide And Seek» as a way of seeing without being seen, an adaptive logic of escape from photographic representation, an - impossible - attempt to disappear into one's environment in order to observe it.

We have constructed this interpretation of Prince's writings through a careful reading of his texts, which we classified according to the themes of our analysis[...] For example, the category « She takes herself for the things she's already seen » collects text fragments showing characters living a life built on the a construction determined by the culture (films, music etc.) with which they have been nourished.

With these fragments, we constituted a website that functions as a library of texts. By clicking and reading through the website, the viewer should find his own path into the sometimes fairly confusing writing of Prince, and over time be able to form an understanding for it.

We complete this research work with a speculative work, for which we have put together a chapter in a separately printed booklet. In this chapter we aim to "read" the Volkshaus in Zürich, through the the lense of Prince's texts, by combining and rearranging fragments of Prince's texts with photographs of our site that we found on the internet.

where the fuck we were ²¹

<https://www.richard-prince-text.com/1-0-0-where-the-fuck-we-were>

21. Super Group, Op. cit. p. 5

22. Volkshaus, Weisser Saal, available on : <https://fr.foursquare.com/v/volkshaus--weisser-saal/542d-041c498eabf60921345b>, last consultation : 06.10.22

23. Prince Richard, «Overdetermination» (1983) in Collected Writings, Ostfildern, 2011, p. 152



22

They would go to a place like the Three Roses on Canal Street, and sit there and joke around about what was going on, or what wasn't ... and complain, and brag to each other about the state of their work, and why or why not it was or wasn't making it. ²³

they had an identity. they had weight.
they were freer. ¹⁴

<https://www.richard-prince-text.com/2-0-0-they-had-identity-they-had>

14. Super Group, Op. cit. p. 81

15. AC/DC concert at the Volkshaus, © H2ACDC.COM, available on : www.highwaytoacdc.com, last consultation : 06.10.22

16. Super Group, Op. cit. p. 87



15

Loved his body spazzing out. Having a fit. Epileptic. The guy could belt it out. This was around twelve one o'clock. ¹⁶

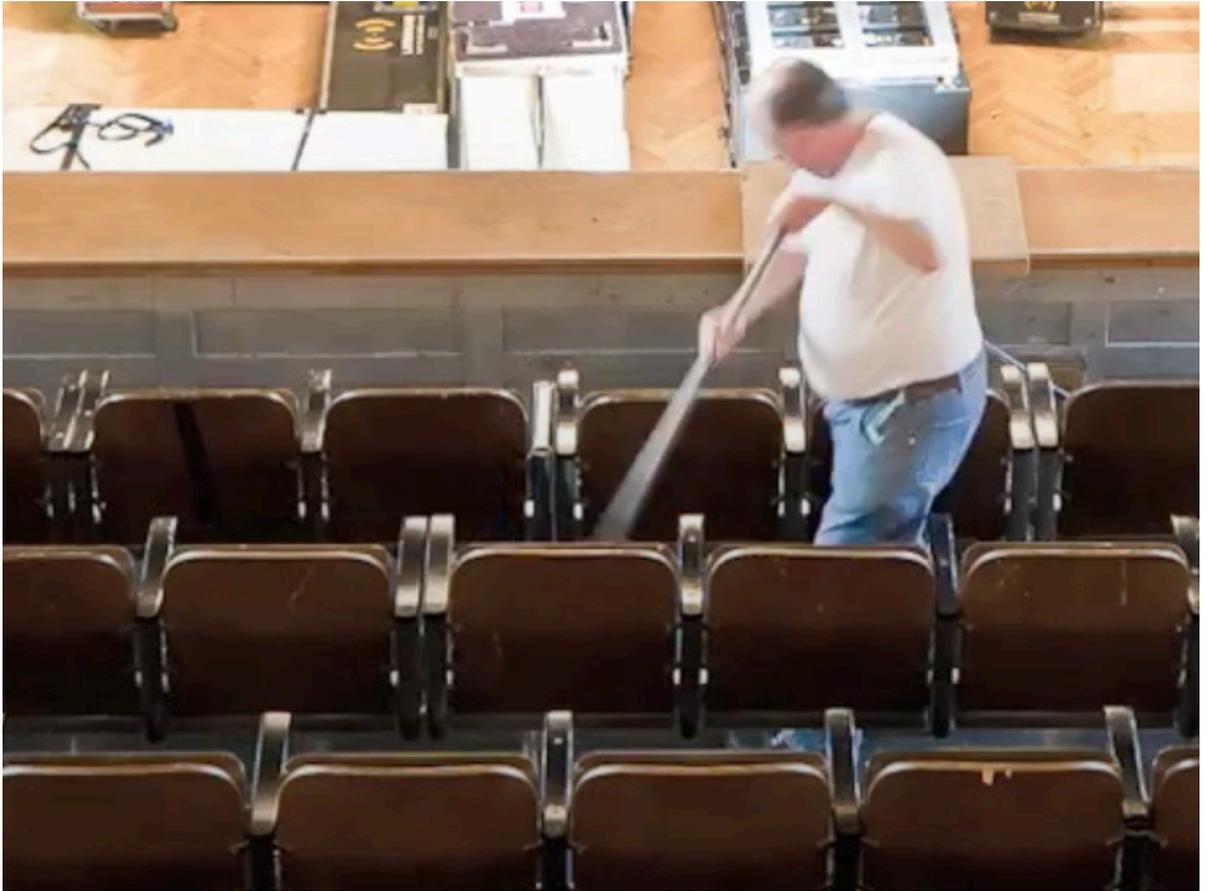
people who work behind the scenes, play the secondary
and supporting roles ¹⁷

<https://www.richard-prince-text.com/3-0-0-like-most-everybody-else>

17. «The Counterfeit Memory» in *Collected Writings*,
Op. cit. p.38

18. BLIGG - Volkshaus, ZH - 9.3.2011 - Zeitraffer,
available on : <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=F-Da6wrnjkE>, last consultation : 06.10.22

19. «Flea Market» in *Collected Writings*, Op. cit. p.
117



18

He's not naïve. He doesn't make folk art, and you can't describe his work as «outsider» art. He doesn't hide anything. Shows you exactly what he's looking at, and presents it like a love letter. ¹⁹

Her name is Mary. I've never met her,²⁰

<https://www.richard-prince-text.com/4-0-0-her-name-is-mary-i-ve-never-met>

20. «Portraits» in *Collected Writings*, Op. cit. p. 41

21. Buchhandlung im Volkshaus, 14 Juni, available on : [https://www.facebook.com/Volkshausbuch/photos/pb.100063467693877.-, last consultation : 06.10.22 2207520000..2251135564934592/?type](https://www.facebook.com/Volkshausbuch/photos/pb.100063467693877.-,lastconsultation:06.10.222207520000..2251135564934592/?type)

22. «Anyone Who Is Anyone» in *Collected Writings*, Op. cit. p. 72



21

Once a year, around Christmas ... the mother sends me a photograph of her.'

'What's her name?'

'Patricia. She's Patricia in the photograph. That's how I know her.'²²

let me humor you²³

<https://www.richard-prince-text.com/5-0-0-let-me-humor-you>

23. Super Group, Op. cit. p. 88

24. Ralf Schmitz, Programmed comedian at the Volkshaus, available on : <https://www.allesmuenster.de/ralf-schmitz-bedient-sein-publikum-ordentlich-aber-nicht-berauschend/>, last consultaion : 06.10.22

25. Fireman and Drunk, 1989, Silkscreen and acrylic on canvas, 187x190 cm, in BROOKS, Richard Prince, p.107



24

Fireman pulling drunk out of a burning bed :You darned fool, that'll teach you to smoke in bed.

Drunk : I wasn't smoking in bed, it was on fire when I laid down.²⁵

they could always pretend to enjoy their relationship
for its own sake ²⁶

<https://www.richard-prince-text.com/6-0-0-they-could-always-pretend-to-enjoy>

26. «The Perfect Tense» in *Collected Writings*, Op. cit. p. 62

27. Volkshaus Restaurant, Der Internaut, available on : <https://derinternaut.ch/schweiz/zuerich/ankerstrasse-zuerich/>, last consultation : 06.10.22

28. Prince Richard, "Overdetermination 1983" in Richard Prince (Contemporary Artists), Berlin Phaidon, 2003, Ostfildern : Hatje Cantz, 2011, p.113



27

She ends up giving as much as she takes. She's so imaginary that even when she's extreme her absurdities never disturbed him. When he looked at her the only thing he never saw, was his own body. Everything was there but his own reflection, and because it wasn't, she made him feel, at last, absent. ²⁸

She takes herself for the things she's already seen. ²⁹

<https://www.richard-prince-text.com/7-0-0-she-takes-herself-for-the-things>

29. «Over-Determination» in *Collected Writings*, Op. cit. p. 149

30. Stadtbad Zürich – Hammam und Spa im Volkshaus, available on : <https://www.zuerich.com/de/besuchen/wellness/stadtbad-zuerich>, last consultation: 06.10.22

31. Overdetermination 1983, Op. cit. p.115



30

She thought perhaps her actions in such a matter might be the measure of her real value. But of course, secretly, she hoped that this particular test would remain speculative.

Mostly, she was afraid of what her friends referred to as her weakness for cowboys, mountains, and sunsets. ³¹

(New) Portraits

How did it get there?

In 1984 I took some portraits. The way had nothing to do with the tradition of portraiture. The way I did it was different. If you wanted me to do your portrait, you would give me at least five photographs that had already been taken of yourself, that were in your possession (you owned them, they were yours), and more importantly . . . that you were already happy with.

You would give me the five you liked and I would pick the one I liked. I would rephotograph the one I liked and that would be your portrait. Simple. Direct. To the point . . .
Foolproof.

Looking at someone this way, someone who just handed over a big part of themselves, their photographs, pictures of themselves, their favorites, I think has something to do with trust. What's it about?

They didn't have to sit for their portraits. They didn't have to make an appointment and come over and sit in front of some cyclone or in front of a neutral background or on an artist's stool. They didn't have to show up at all. And they wouldn't be disappointed with the result. How could they? It wasn't like they were giving me photos of themselves that were embarrassing.

And another advantage was the "time line." If you were in your sixties and you gave me a photograph that had been taken thirty years earlier, and that's the one I chose, your portrait ended up in a kind of time machine. I couldn't go forward, but I could go backward. Vanity. Most of the people I did liked the younger version of themselves. So, the future didn't really matter. Half of H. G. Wells was better than no half at all.



Who was shot? Who are these people?

After friends, I did people I didn't know.

I had access to Warner Bros. Records and their publicity files. The files were filled with 8 × 10 glossies of recording stars that they had under contract. How I had access is beside the point. It was a long time ago. Let's just say an A&R guy gave me access, "permission."

They had the impression that all he did was watch movies. From what I read in the newspapers, it sounded like you were living inside an enormous novel.

Not knowing these people, having never met them, or talked to them, but still being able to do their portraits, excited me. Satisfaction. I spent weeks in the basement of Warner Bros. I thought I had an advantage. My method, if you could call it that, was far more flexible than the regular way portraits were taken. I didn't need a studio. A darkroom. A receptionist. A calendar. Makeup. Stylists. I didn't have to deal with agents or the "personality," good or bad, of the sitter. My overhead was minimal and I could do the portrait all by myself. By myself. That was the best. Why I Go To The Movies Alone (laughs).

I continued to do friends. By the end of '84 it was over. I'm not sure if it was the lack of interest in me, or in others. My energy evaporated.

You're finished already?

What I think about is you could talk about it in terms of this idea of continuation.

Thirty years. Time passes. The social network. I looked over my daughter's shoulder and saw that she was scrolling thru pictures on her phone. I asked her what she was looking at. "It's my Tumblr." "What's a tumbler?" I asked.

That was . . . four years ago? About three years ago I bought an iPhone. Someone had shown me the photographs you could take with the phone. The iPhone was just what I needed. I couldn't believe how easy it was to point and shoot. You didn't have to focus. You didn't have to load film. You didn't have to ASA. You didn't have to set a speed. The clarity . . .

You need help?

I asked my daughter more about Tumblr. My daughter's "grid" on Tumblr reminded me of my Gangs I did back in '85 . . .

Richard Prince
@RichardPrince4

Jennie, nother cuz. Never knew what what. Always picked strange places to catch rays. Xeroxed her V-Jay & ass once.



RETWEETS 3 LIKES 15

8:47 AM · 15 Jun 2014

Mmi

Richard Prince
@RichardPrince4

Cousin Brad's family. Bobby in the middle a real Drug Store Cowboy. Free base. His mind split open. Hit&Run.
pic.twitter.com/Pt-toRant4k



[//twitter.com/RichardPrince4/status/40792933860075680/photo/1/large](https://twitter.com/RichardPrince4/status/40792933860075680/photo/1/large)

1 RETWEET 1 FAVORITE

9:48 AM · 3 Dec 13 · Details

Flag media

Richard Prince
@RichardPrince4

Sister-in-law and her kids at some fucked up theme park. Used this image for a Xmas card. Freaked us out? I'D SAY SO!
pic.twitter.com/OUCDuMdvEX



RETWEETS 2 FAVORITES 12

2:50 PM · 1 Mar 2014

Flag media

Mmi



Then what?

I got to Instagram thru Twitter. Twitter first. I'm not sure when I first started tweeting, but I liked trying to fit a whole story into 140 characters. Twitter accepts photos, but is mainly text-based. I like to combine the two and tweet both photo and text.

I called the photo/text tweets I was posting . . . "The Family."

What family?

I posted photos of my extended family . . . I would caption the photos with a short description of who, what, why . . . measuring my words so that they fit into the guidelines of the platform.

After posting the photo/text, I send the information to my printer and inkjetted an 11 × 14 print of the marriage. I made thirty-eight "Family" tweets. I placed each "Family" tweet in a plastic sleeve and pushpinned the sleeve to the wall. The wall was at Karma. I put all thirty-eight up. Salon style. It was Saturday. The doors opened at 12 pm. By 12:15 pm all thirty-seven were gone.

How much do you want for those?

I sold the “Family Tweets” for \$12 each. First come, first served.

And then two summers ago, my niece was working for me out on Long Island and she showed me how to screen save. I didn’t know about the option. Screen Save. This might be one of the best applications in an apparatus that I’ve ever encountered.

What was that about?

This past spring, I signed up for Instagram. I pushed things aside. I made room. It was easy. I ignored Tumblr, and Facebook had never interested me. But Instagram . . .

There’s a lot of cats on Instagram. Food too. And there’s tons of photos of people who take photographs of themselves. Yes, I know the word. I started off being RichardPrince4.

And then one day I was on the phone talking to Jessica Hart and had just looked at her “gram” feed before picking up the phone. I asked about a picture she posted of herself standing in front of a fireplace wearing what looked to be ski clothes and big fur boots. I told her someone should make a portrait out of this photo. She said, “Why don’t you?”

No, really?

I went back to her feed and screen saved her “winter” photo. I sent the save to my computer, pressed “empty subject,” pressed “actual size,” and waited for it to appear in a doc, checked the margins and crop, clicked on the doc, and sent it to my printer. My inkjet printer printed out an 11 × 14-inch photo on paper . . .

I took the photo out of the tray and put it on my desk. Looking at Jessica’s feed reminded me of 1984. Except this time, I had more than five photos to choose from. I went back to her feed a second time. I scrolled thru maybe a hundred photos she had posted and looked at all the ones that included her. The one in front of the fireplace was still the best.

I went back to my desk and kept staring at the printout of Jessica. I didn’t want to paint it. I didn’t want to mark it. I didn’t want to add a sticker. Whatever I did, I wanted it to happen INSIDE and before the save. I wanted my contribution to be part of the “gram.” I didn’t want to do anything physical to the photograph after it was printed.

I went back to the comment. I commented on Jessica’s photo in front of the fireplace, but my comment was one of hundreds and showed up outside, way down at the bottom . . . out of the frame.



1jessicahart

5w



3127 likes

1jessicahart Please do @richardprince4 !!

richardprince4 JH&BB 🍷 Bulls Eye 🎯

richardprince4 Ten Ten Wins 🐶



What are you gonna do about it?

I got lucky!

I'm terrible when it comes to the tech side of technology. But somehow, I figured out how to hack into Jessica's feed and swipe away all her comments and add my own so that it would appear under her post (laughs). The hack is pretty simple and anyone can do it.

To get rid of the comment, you click on Spam or Scam, I think... It's gone. Just like that I could control other people's comments and Jessica's own comments. And the comment that I added could now be near enough to Jessica's photo that when I screen saved it, my comment would "show up." Make sense?

Where did you get that one? Who are these people?

The first three portraits I did were of women I knew. I can start out with someone I know and then check out who they follow or who's following them, and the rabbit hole takes on an out-of-body experience where you suddenly look at the clock and it's three in the morning.

You are kidding, wow jeez, sounds like concentration.

What can I say? Einstein and cuckoo . . .
So now I was in. Waiting to follow.

Richardprince4 would appear at the bottom of Jessica's final portrait.
My comment, whatever it would be, would always be the last
comment. The last say so.

I was shook you know. How do you want to be seen? Trolling.

If you say so. I never thought about it that way. The word has been
used to describe part of the process of making my new portraits. I
guess so.

How do you do it? Accident? Coincidence?

How do I tell you who or why I pick? I can't. It would be like telling
you why I pick that joke. WHY THAT ONE? I mean people on
Instagram lead me to other people. I spend hours surfing, saving,
and deleting. Sometimes I look for photos that are straightforward
portraits (or at least look straightforward). Other times I look for
photos that would only appear, or better still . . . exist on Instagram.
Photos that look the way they do because they're on the gram.

Selfies?

Not really. Self-portraits. I'm not interested in abbreviation.

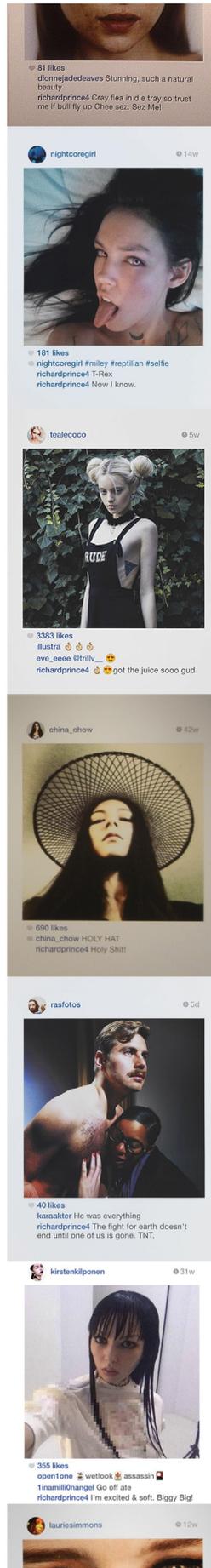
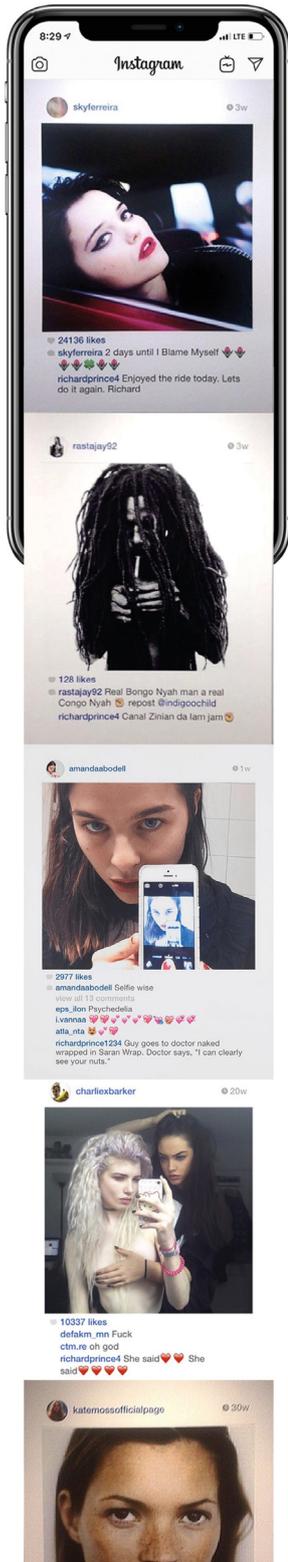
Yeah. Portrait would be the simplest description. To remake it again, and to present it as effortlessly as it had first appeared, was always hard work. Those greens couldn't be that green and those blues weren't the same. What are you supposed to do with that kind of take? Can that be changed?

At first, I wasn't sure how to print the portrait. I tried different surfaces, different papers. I tried them all. Finally, this past spring my lab introduced me to a new canvas, one that was tightly wound, a surface with hardly any tooth. The surprise was perfect. Perfect doesn't come along very often. It was brilliant, great color. You might call it "vibrant." All descriptions I used to use when I tried describing my early "pens, watches, and cowboys." The ingredients, the recipe, "the manufacture," whatever you want to call it . . . was familiar but had changed into something I had never seen before.

Having fun?

For now, all I can say is . . .
they're the only thing I've ever done that has made me happy.

Incredible! What could be better?























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