

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 study, I don't see fancified 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.

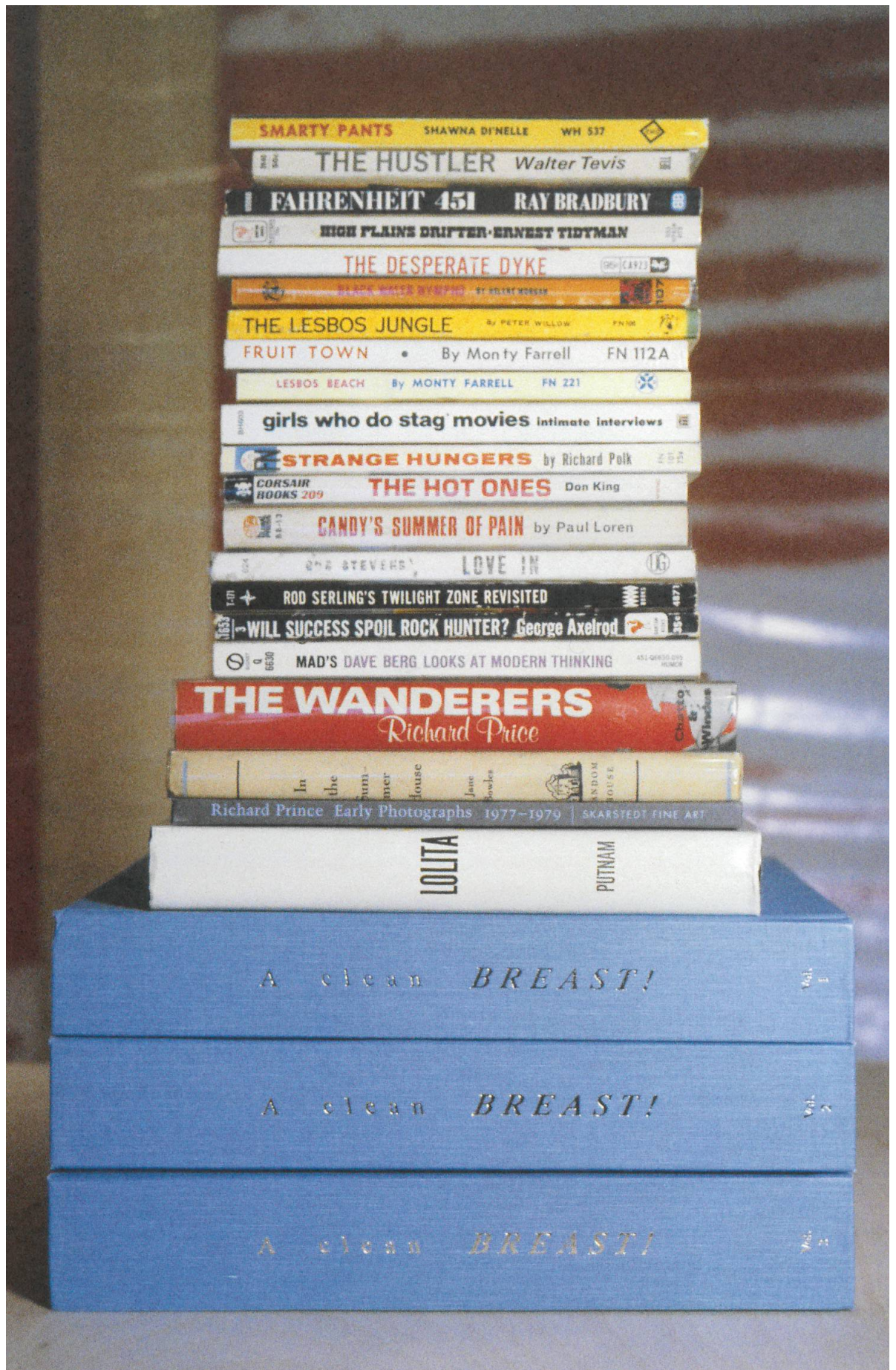
<p>The White Album by Joan Didion</p> <p>first editions</p> <p>Susan Sontag's On Photography</p> <p>The Imaginary Signifier by Christian Metz</p> <p>fragrance catalogue catalogues</p> <p>Pulse Points</p> <p>The Eternal Moment by E. M. Forster</p> <p>Forster's short story "When the Machine Stops"</p> <p>comic books paperbacks</p> <p>sci-fi paperbacks</p> <p>pulp paperbacks</p> <p>Walter Tevis's The Man Who Fell To Earth</p> <p>first printings</p> <p>Planet of the Apes by Pierre Boulle</p> <p>wrapper editions</p> <p>cover illustrations</p> <p>rare comics</p> <p>Tarzans- early Dell copies</p> <p>a Submariner</p> <p>a Superman</p> <p>books</p> <p>first trade editions</p> <p>Walter Percy's The Moviegoer</p> <p>Raid kills bugs dead</p> <p>Vanishing Point Film</p> <p>Mandingo, American edition</p> <p>Naked on Roller Skates</p> <p>Jack Woodford's Peeping Tom</p> <p>The Casting Couch and Me</p> <p>Thunder La Boom, a novel by Ann Steinhart</p> <p>movies</p> <p>photography</p> <p>autographed books</p> <p>humor</p> <p>lowest prices</p> <p>cartoon and humor books</p> <p>\$300 for a copy of Carrie, Stephen King's first book</p> <p>Gravity's Rainbow</p> <p>Horseman Pass By, by Larry McMurtry</p> <p>1959 first printing of Morey Amsterdam's Keep Laughing</p> <p>bought a signed and inscribed,</p>	<p>Joey Adams</p> <p>It Takes One To Know One</p> <p>Myron Cohen's Laughing Out Loud</p> <p>Harry Hershfield's Laugh Louder</p> <p>Live Longer</p> <p>Jack Douglas titles, all inscribed to Burt Bacharach</p> <p>Abner Dean's Come As You Are</p> <p>Whitney Darrow, Jr. titled Please Pass The Hostess</p> <p>first editions</p> <p>Helen E. Hokinson , There Are Ladies Present (Dutton, 1952 first printing)</p> <p>The Ladies, Hokingson</p> <p>God Bless 'Em, Hokingson</p> <p>When Were You Built, Hokingson</p> <p>My Best Girls, Hokingson</p> <p>cartoons</p> <p>deluxe copies</p> <p>James Joyce's Chamber Music</p> <p>first variants</p> <p>Robert Frank's The Americans, the Grove Press edition</p> <p>Michael Herr's Dispatches</p> <p>Francis Ford Coppola's Apocalypse Now</p> <p>Ridley Scott's Blade Runner</p> <p>Philip Dick's Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep</p> <p>Ninety-two in the Shade</p> <p>Play It As It Lays</p> <p>The Hustler</p> <p>The Subterraneans</p> <p>Panic In Needle Park</p> <p>In Cold Blood</p> <p>Kubrick's Lolita</p> <p>Monarch Select paperback, MS27. No image on the cover.</p> <p>All graphics.</p> <p>MGM/CBS Home Video</p> <p>14-page list</p> <p>The Comedy Dungeon</p> <p>Muchachas Espanolas Locas (or Crazy Spanish Girls)</p> <p>Tina L'Hotsky</p> <p>magazines</p> <p>records</p> <p>motorcycle magazines</p>	<p>cowboys</p> <p>popular iconography</p> <p>Time-Life, Tear Sheets</p> <p>authorless pictures</p> <p>art-directed pictures</p> <p>over-determined pictures</p> <p>Lolita, Vladimir Nabokov, (1955) x 51</p> <p>Smarty Pants, Shawna Di'Nelle, First Edition and First Printing</p> <p>The Hustler, Walter Tevis, First Edition and First Printing</p> <p>Fahrenheit 451, Ray Bradbury, First Edition and First Printing</p> <p>Gigh Plans Drifter, Ernest, Tidyman, First Edition and First Printing</p> <p>The Desperate Dyke, First Edition and First Printing</p> <p>The Lesbos Jungle, Peter Willow, First Edition and First Printing</p> <p>Fruit Town, Monty Farrell, First Edition and First Printing</p> <p>Lesbos Beach, Monty Farrell, First Edition and First Printing</p> <p>Girls Who Do Stag Movies, Intimate Interviews, First Edition and First Printing</p> <p>Strange Hungers, Richard Polk, First Edition and First Printing</p> <p>The Hot Ones, Don King, First Edition and First Printing</p> <p>Candy's Summer of Pain, Paul Loren, First Edition and First Printing</p> <p>Twilight Zone Revisited, Rod Serling, First Edition and First</p> <p>Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?, George Axelroad, First Edition and First Printing</p> <p>The Wanders, Richard Prince, First Edition and First Printing</p> <p>Lolita, PUTNAM, First Edition and First Printing</p> <p>A Clean Breast v.1,2,3, First Edition and First Printing</p> <p>Signed "To Richard Prince, 2001"</p> <p>Lolita, Vladimir Nabokov, Nabokov personal desk copy of the first edition</p> <p>...</p>
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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.





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 dust 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 Boulle'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.

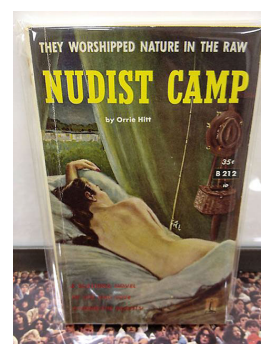
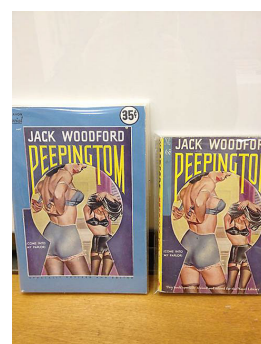
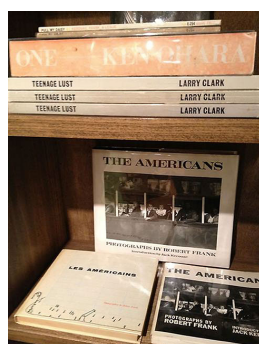
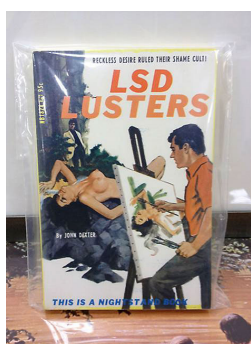
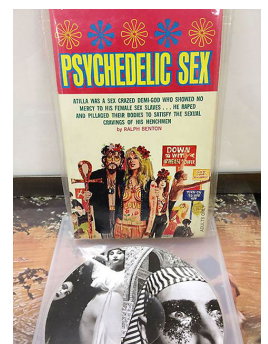
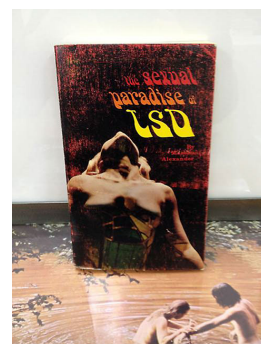
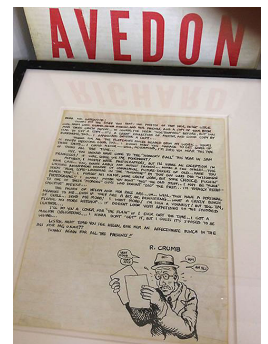
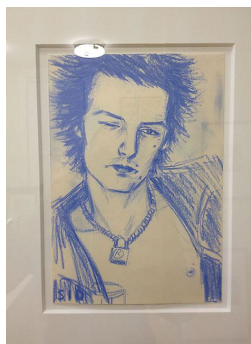
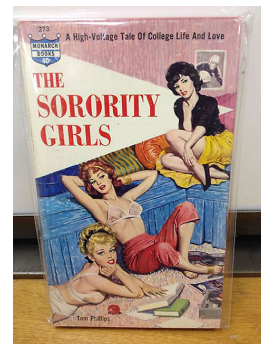
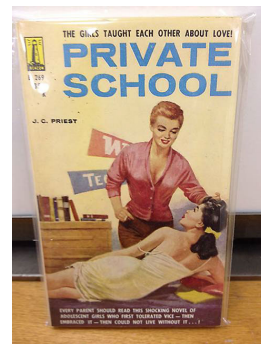
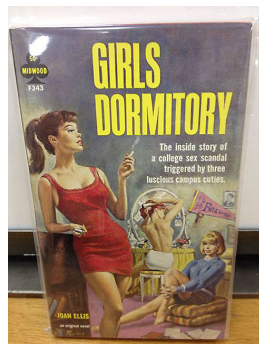
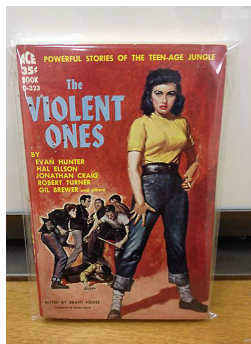
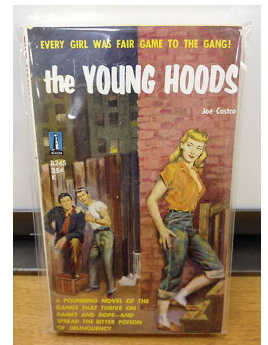
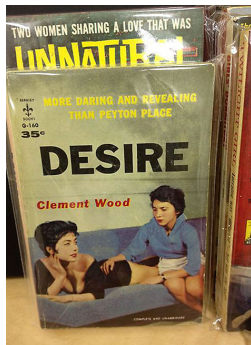
I remember finding a copy of Robert Frank's *The Americans*, the Grove Press edition, in a discard bin outside of Caldor's in Bridgehampton, Long Island, New York. There was a sign on the bin saying, "For Free". The find was like beach-combing. I thought I saw something, recognizing its outline up ahead: 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.

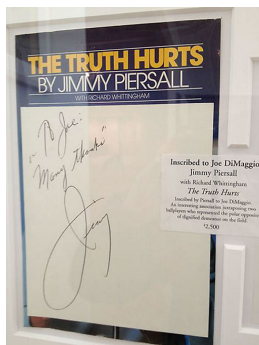
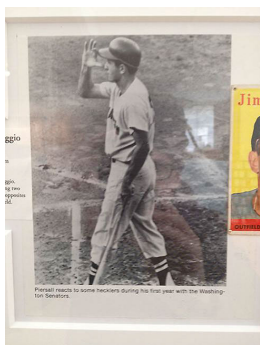
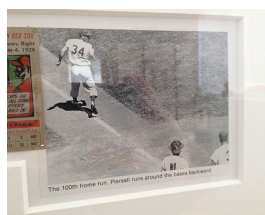
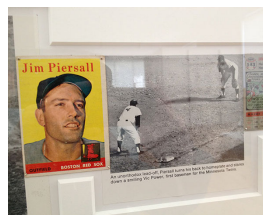
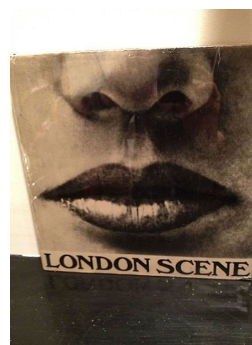
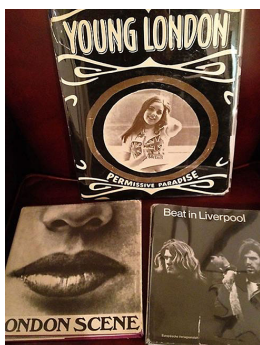
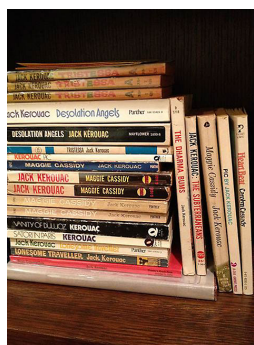
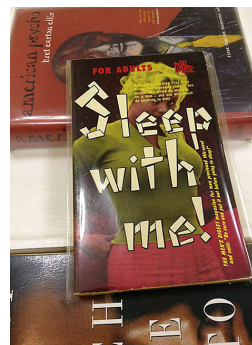
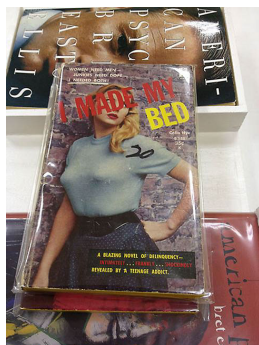
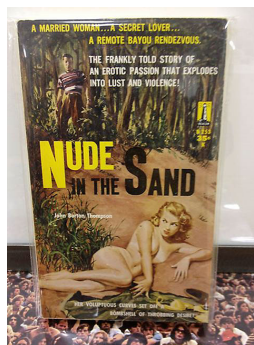
Where do you keep your collection?

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.

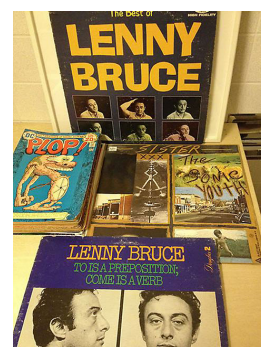
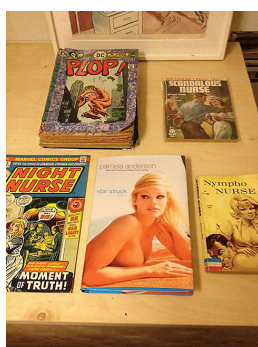
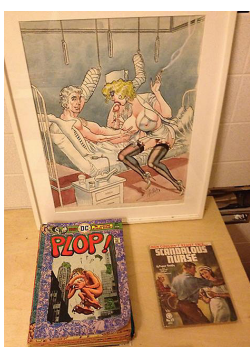
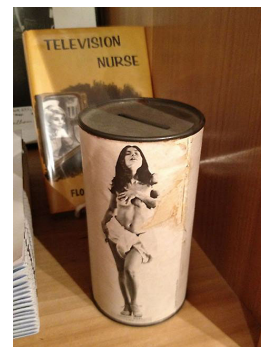
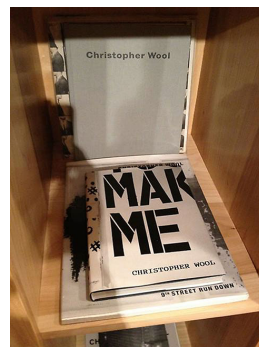
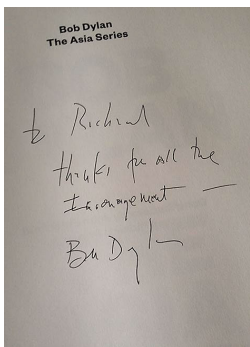
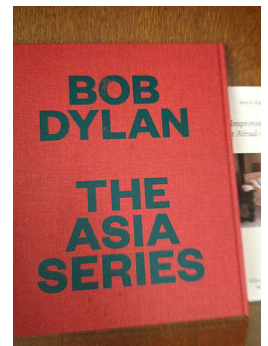
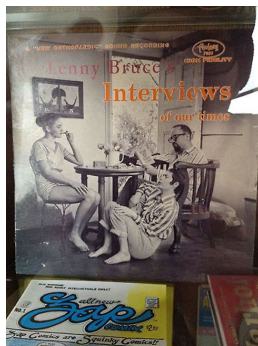
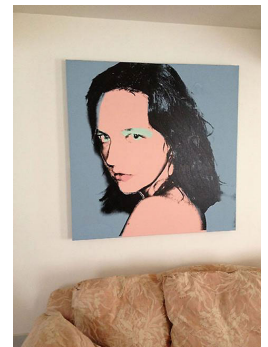




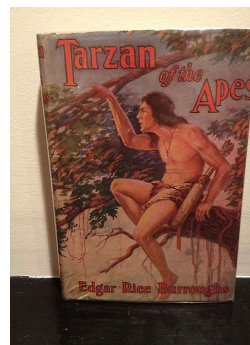
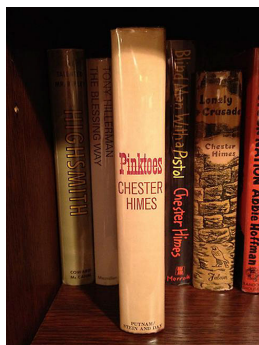
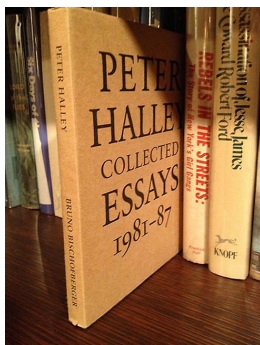
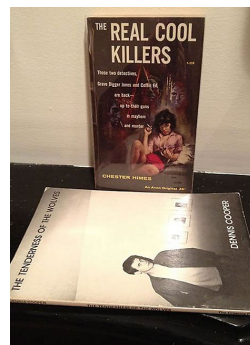
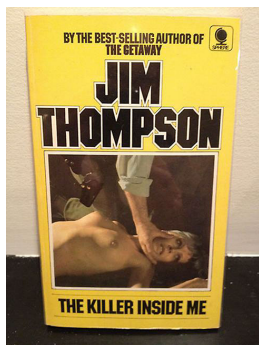
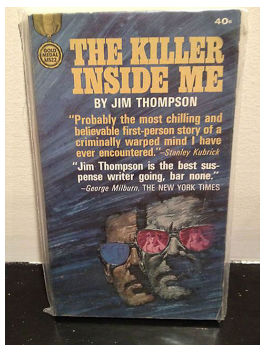
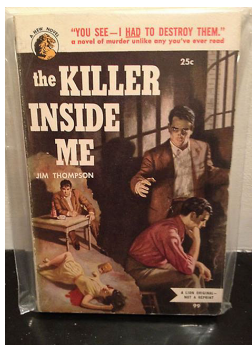
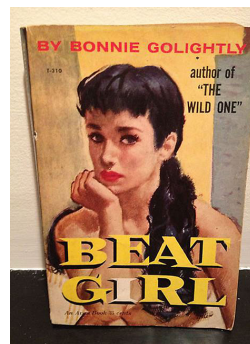
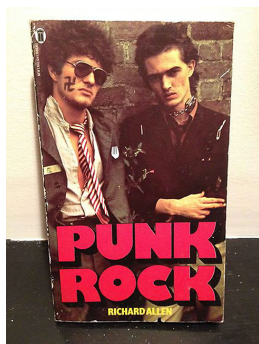
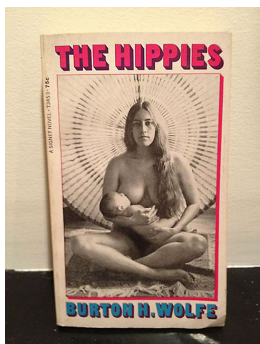
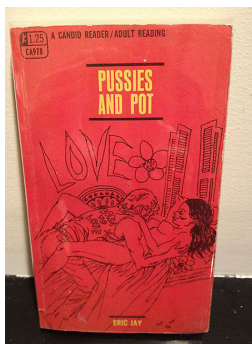
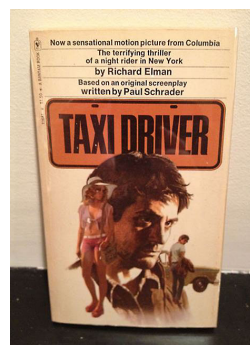
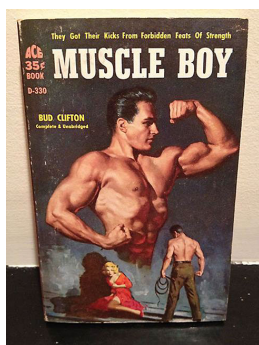
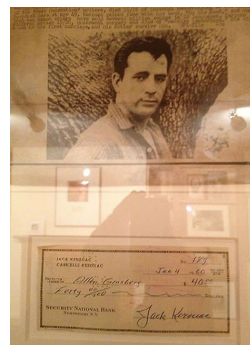
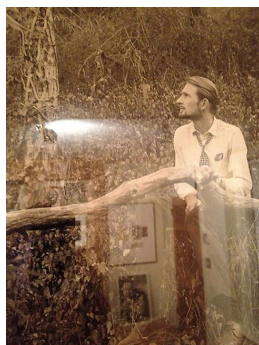
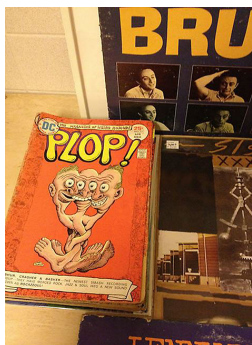




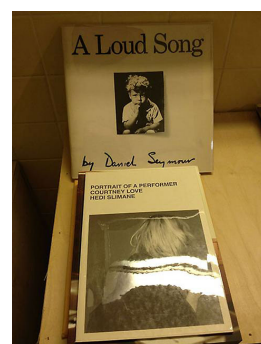
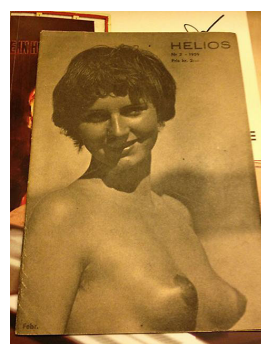
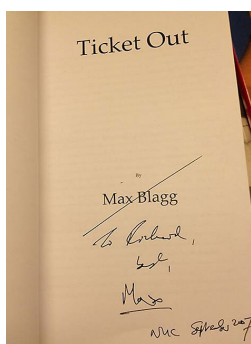
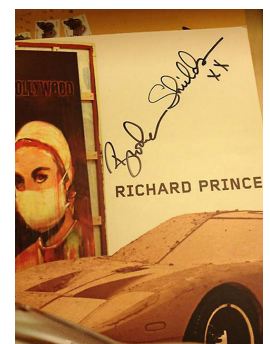
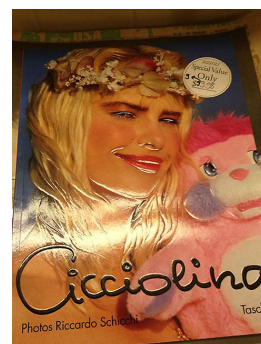
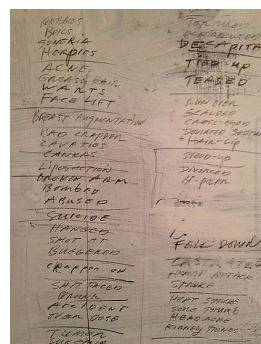
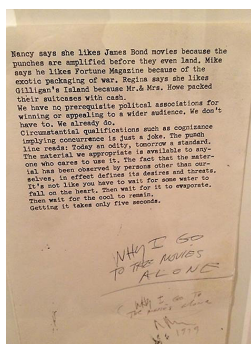
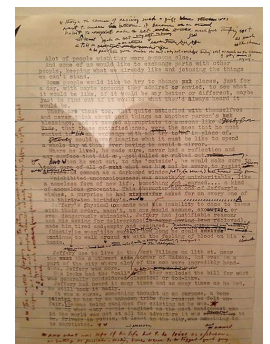
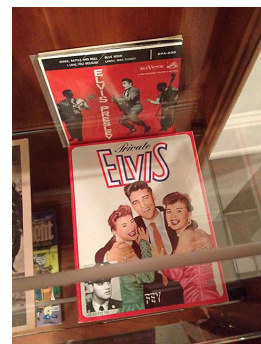
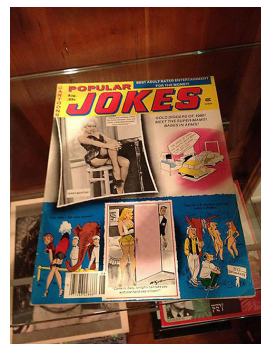
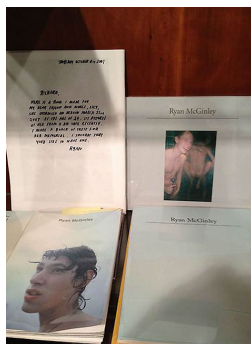
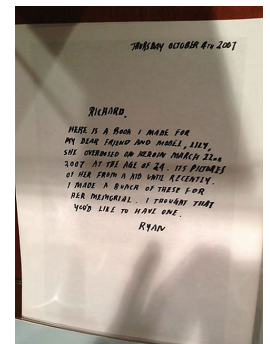
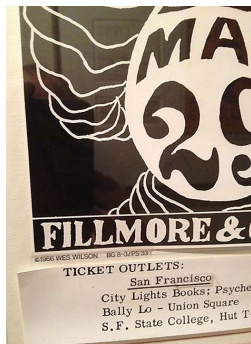
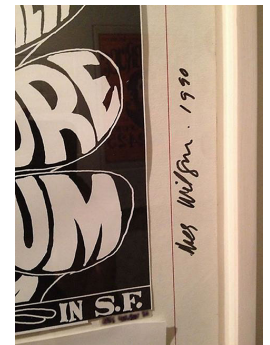
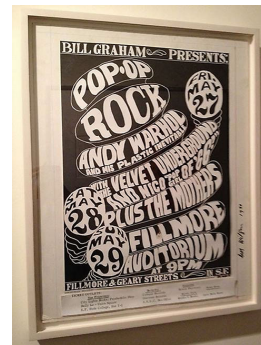
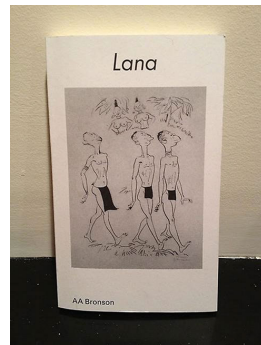
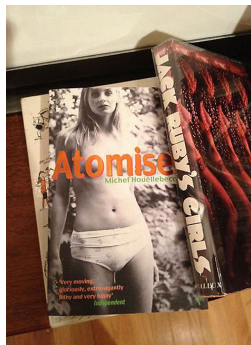




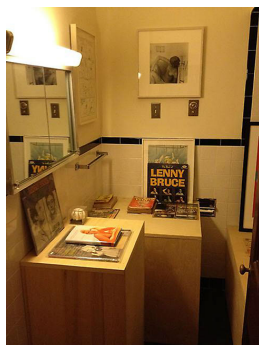
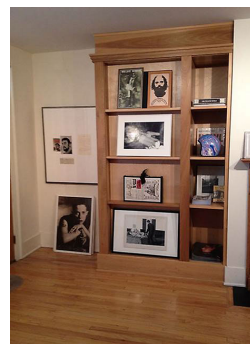
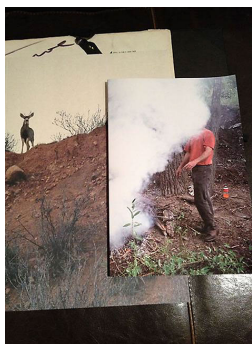
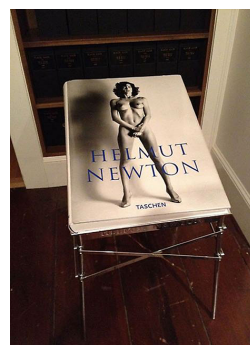
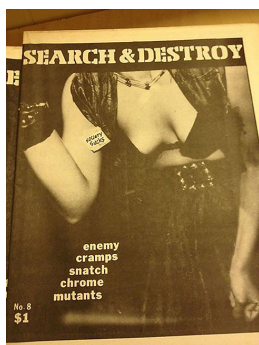
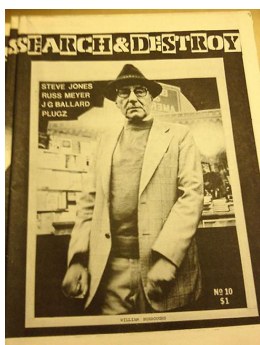
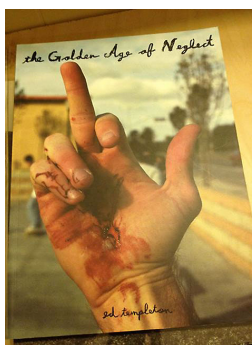
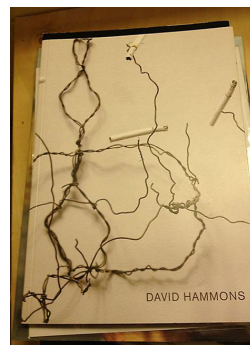
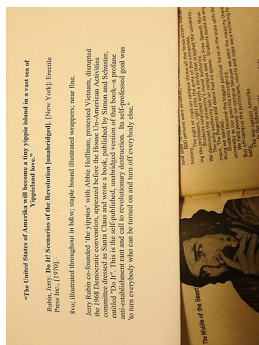
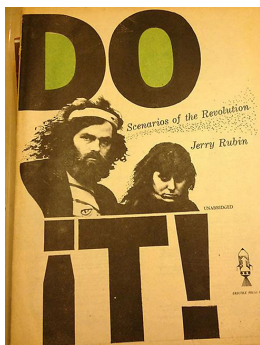
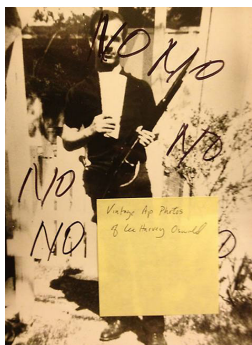




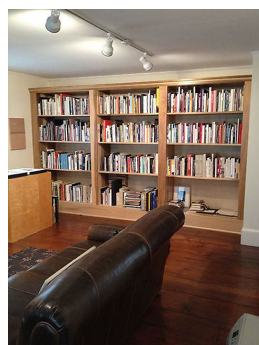
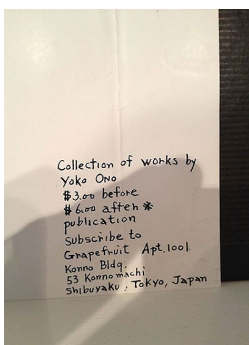
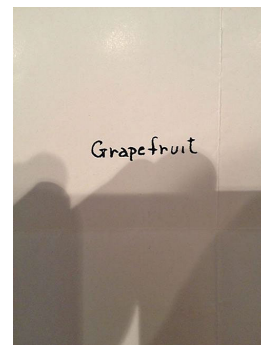
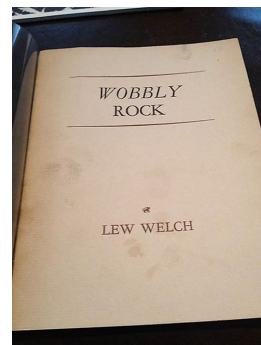
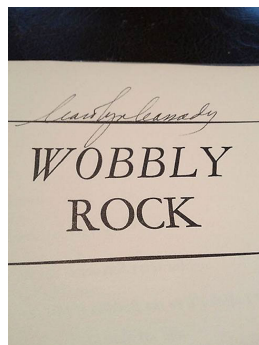
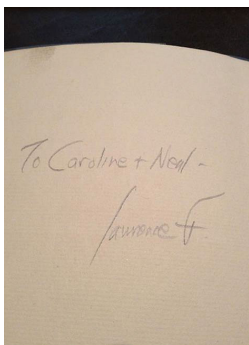
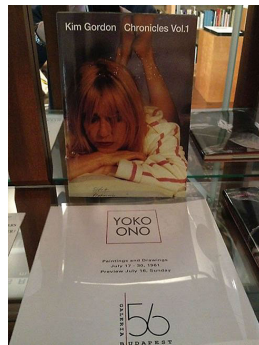
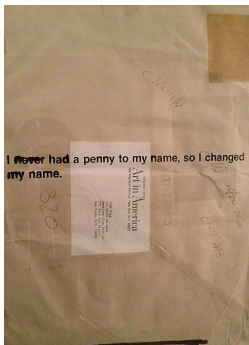
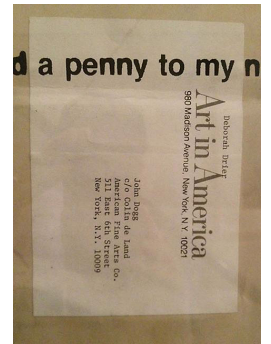
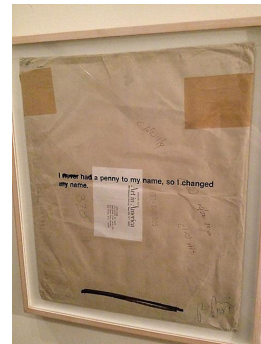
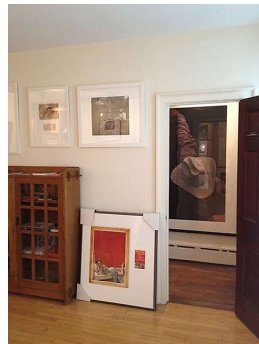




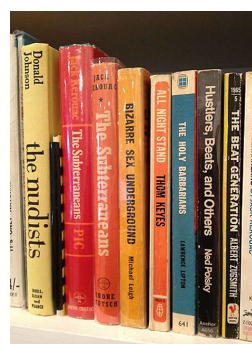
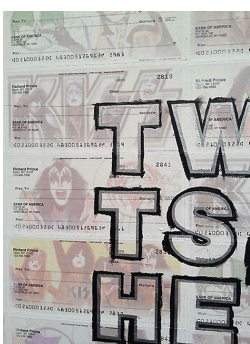
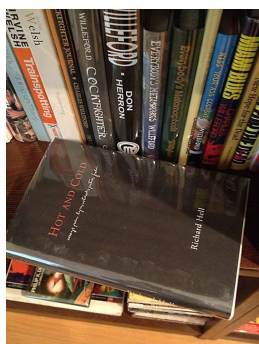
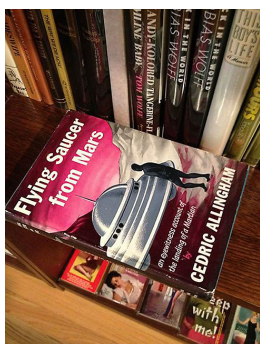
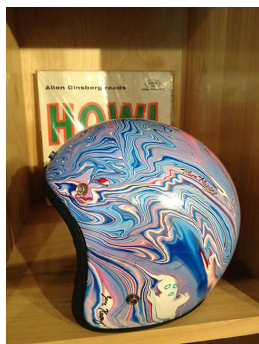
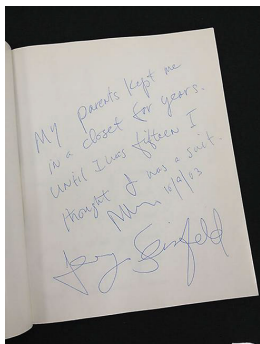
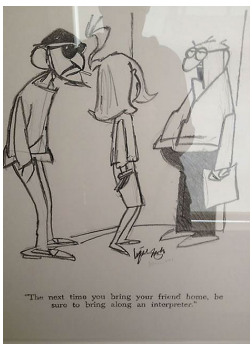




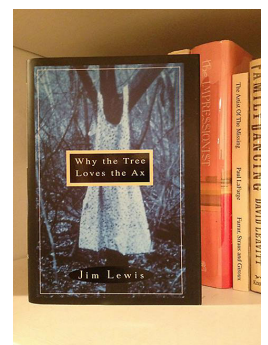
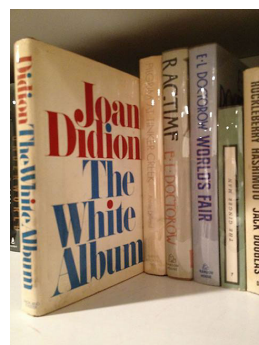
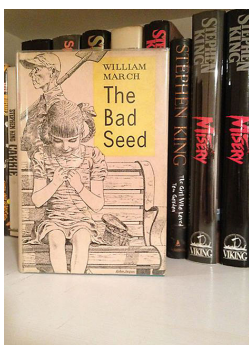
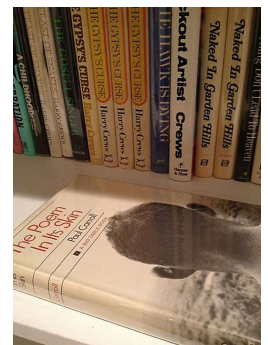
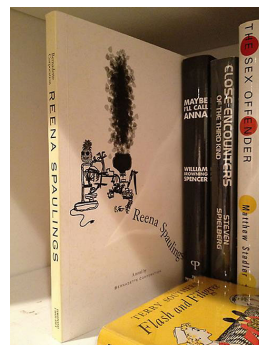
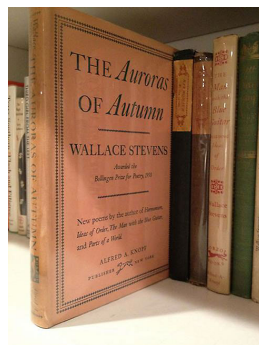
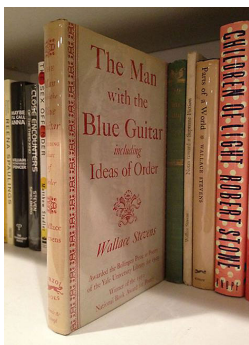
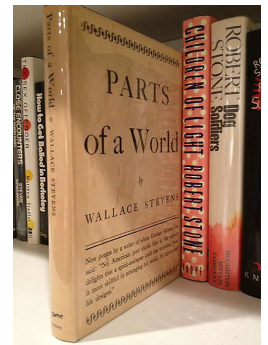
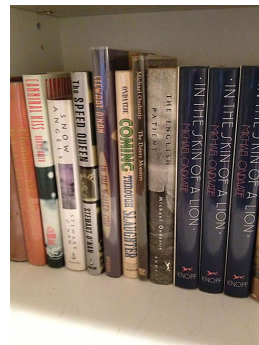
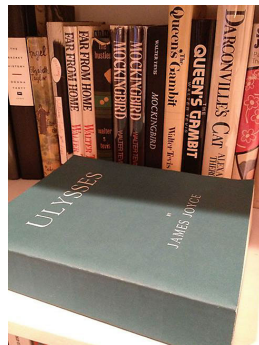
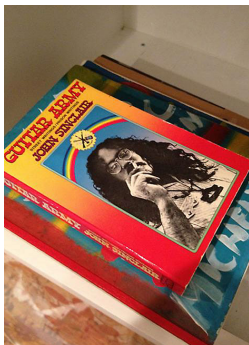
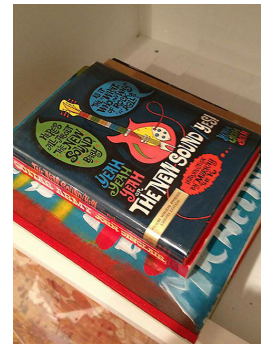
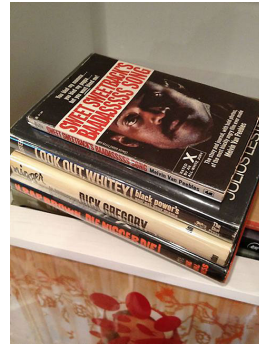
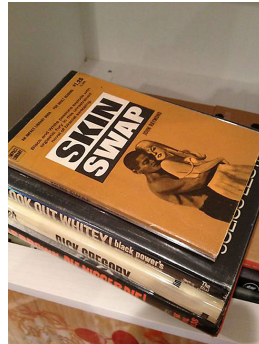




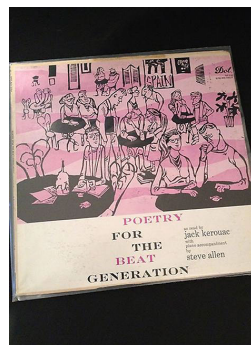
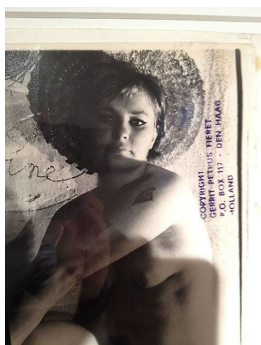
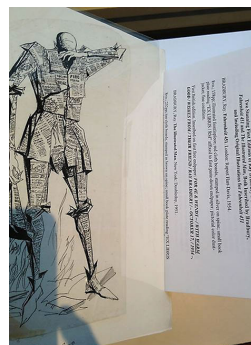
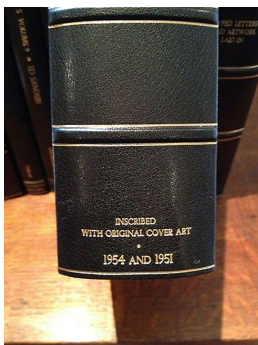
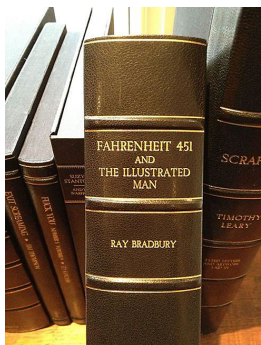
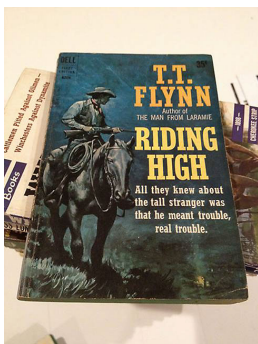
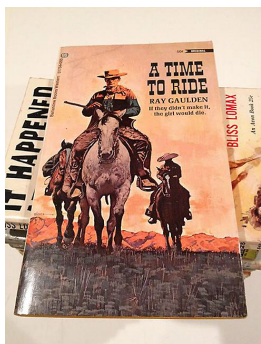
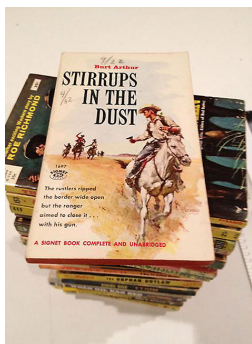
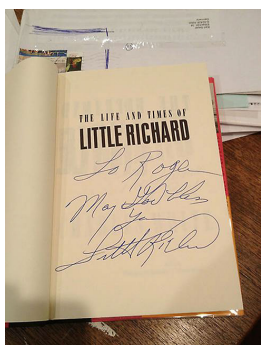
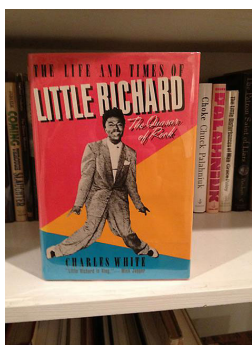
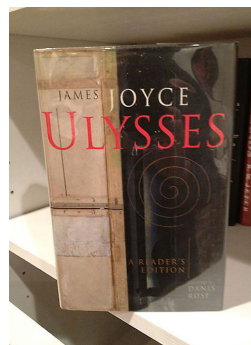
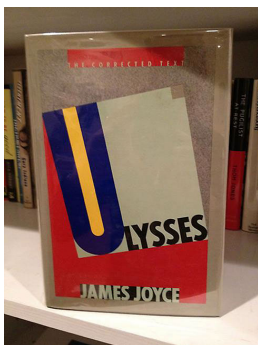
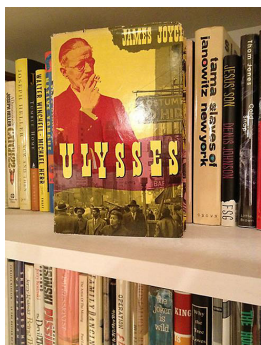
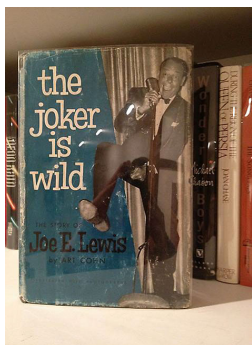




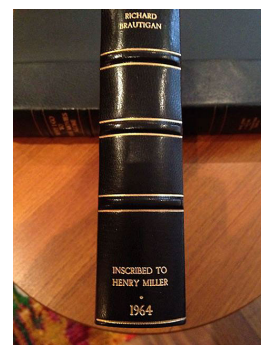
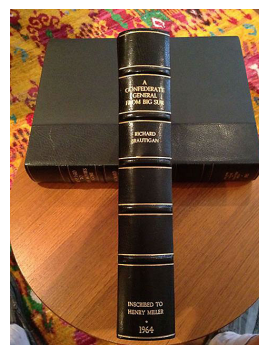
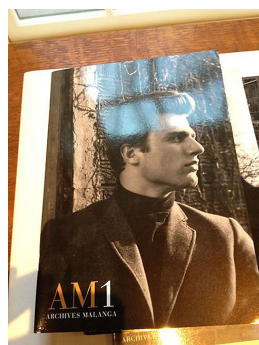
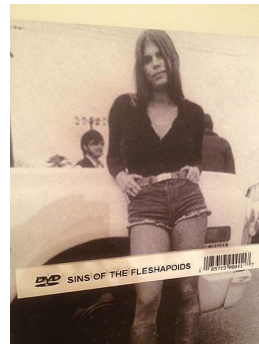
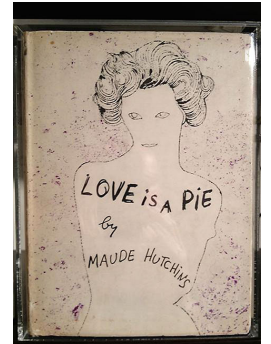
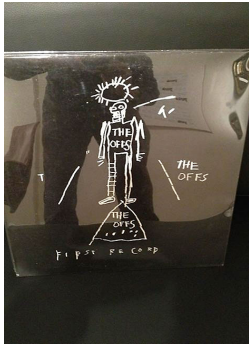




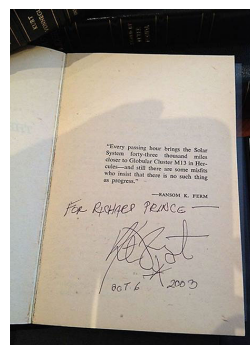
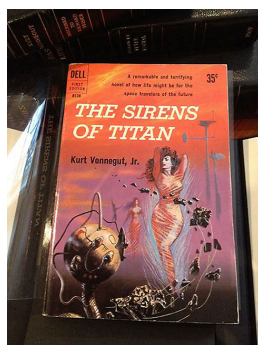
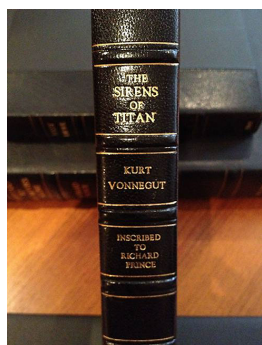
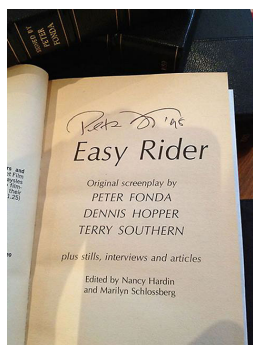
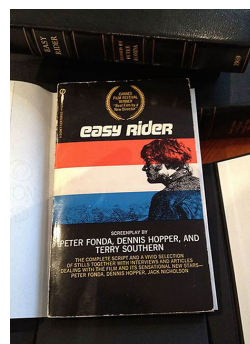
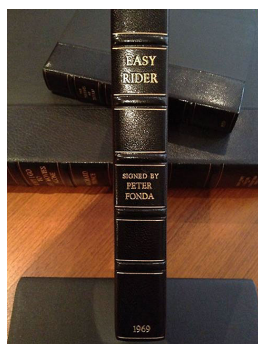
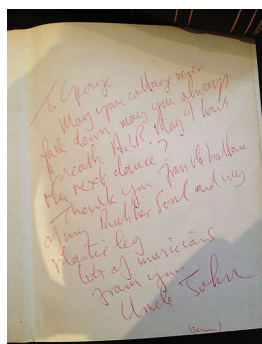
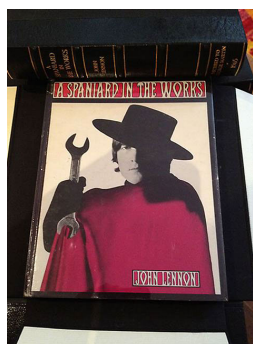
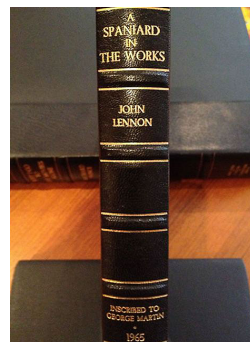
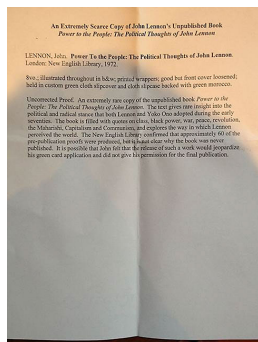
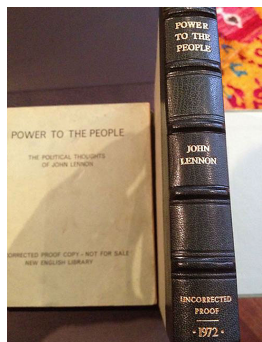
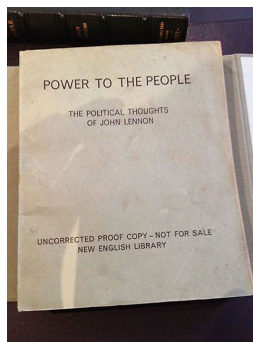
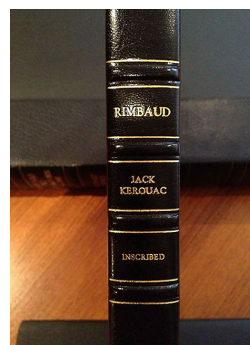
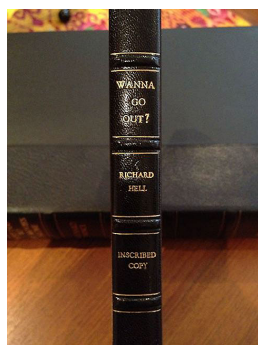
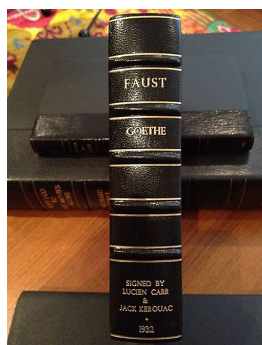
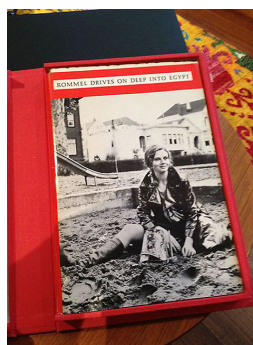
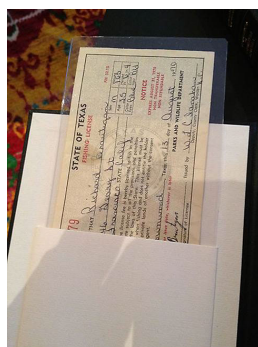
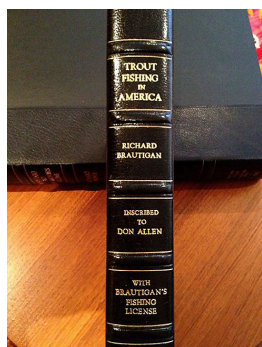
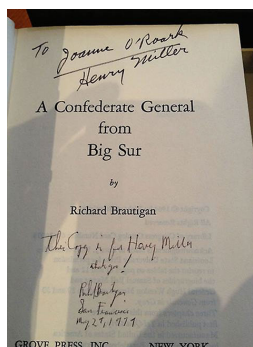




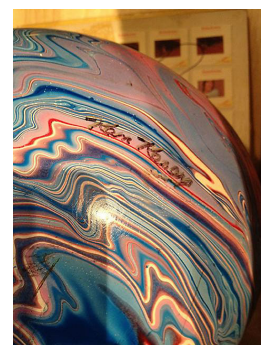
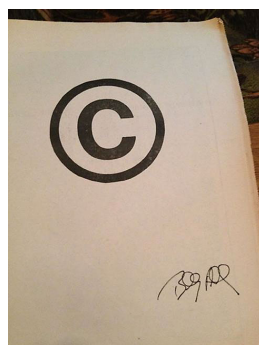
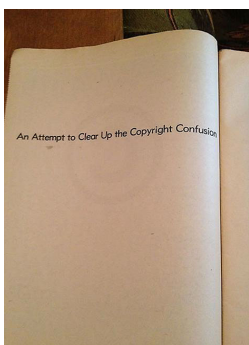
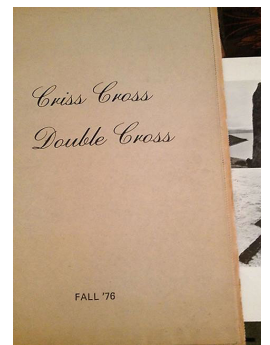
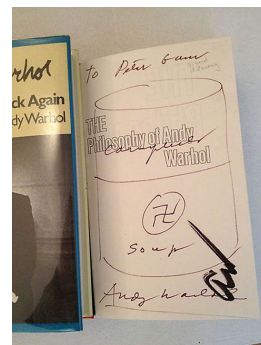
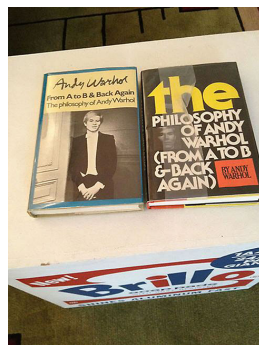
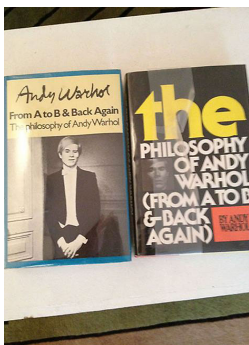
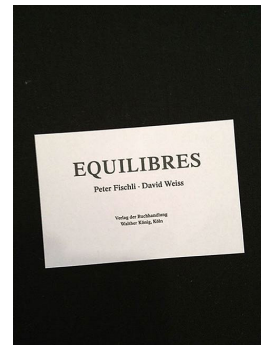
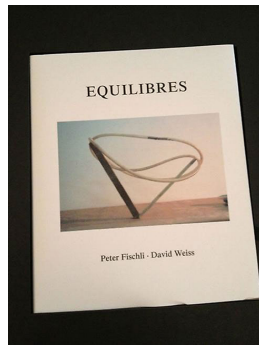
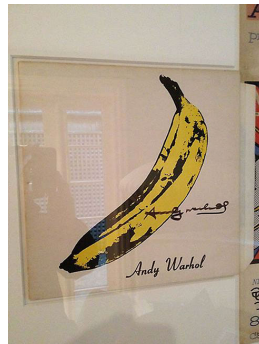
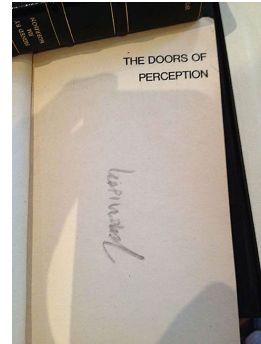
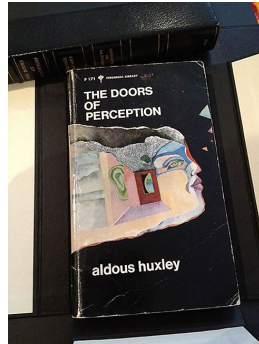
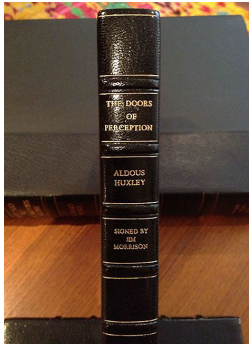




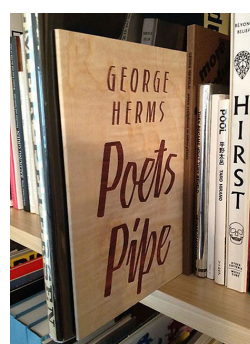
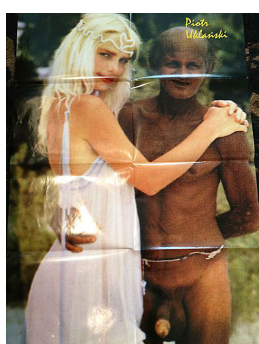
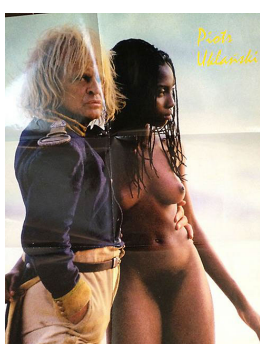
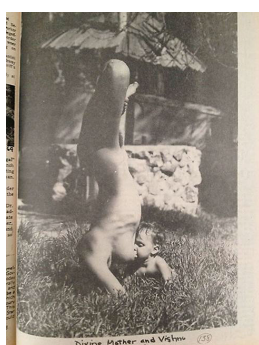
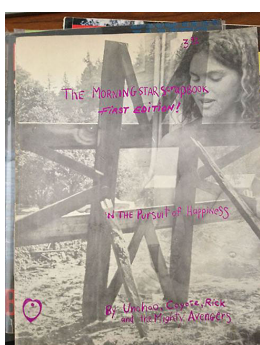
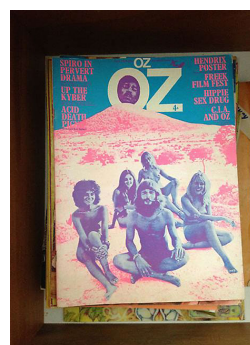
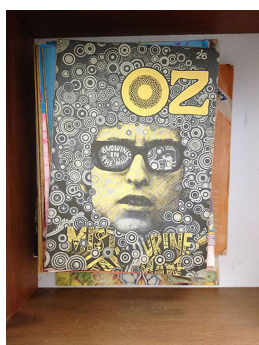
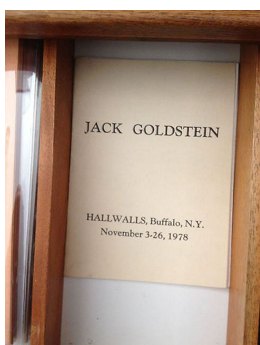
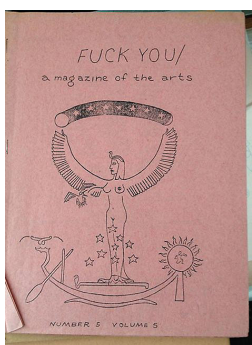
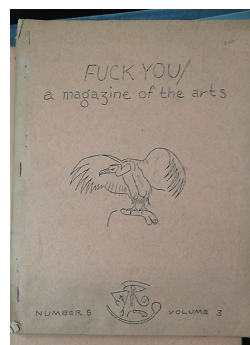
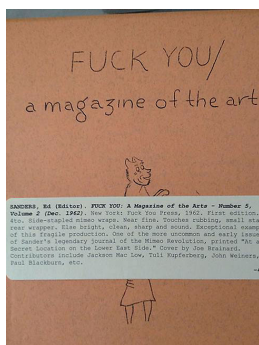
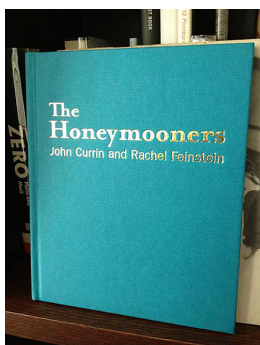
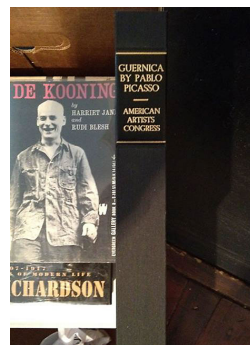
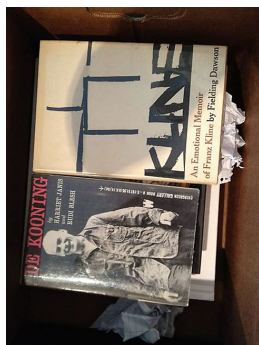
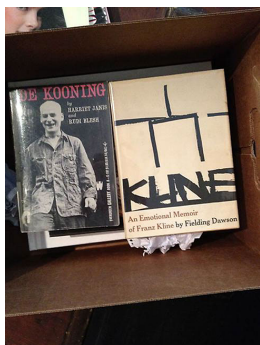
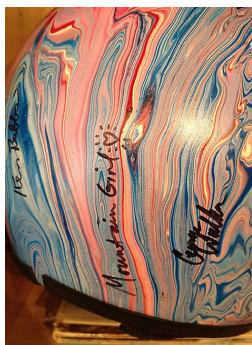




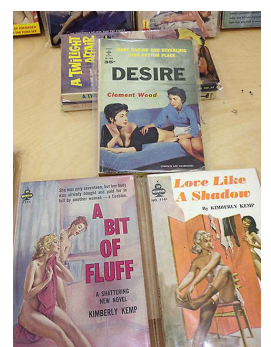
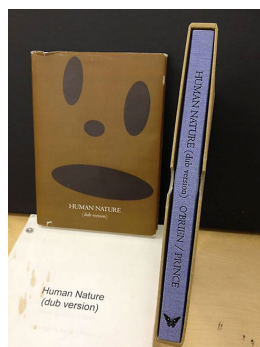
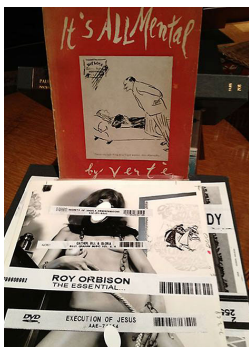
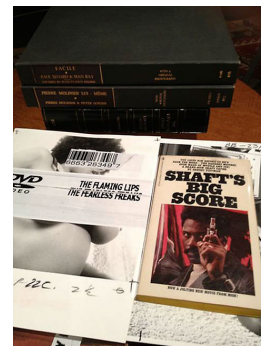
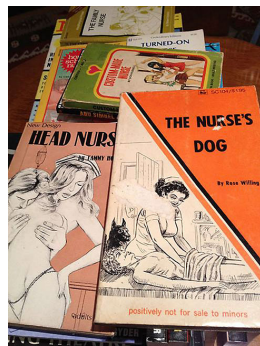
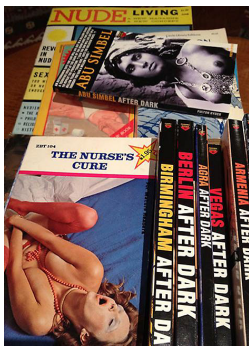
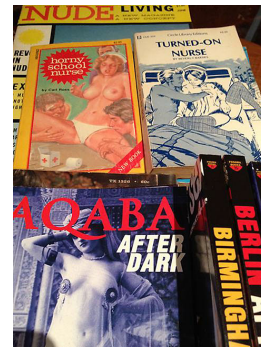
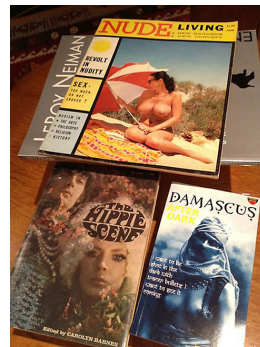
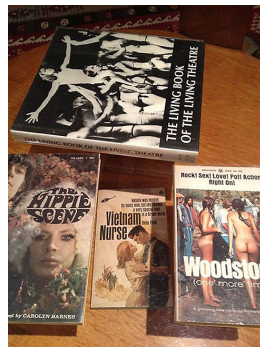




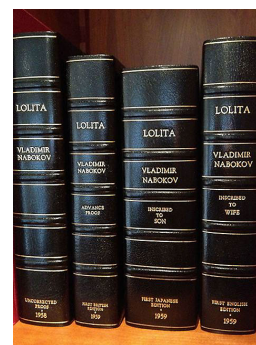
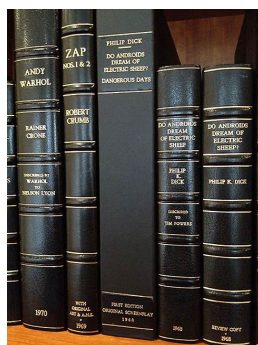
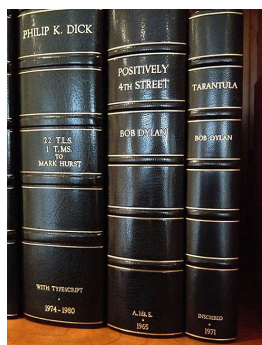
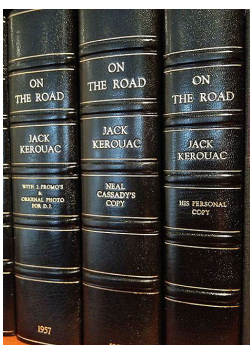
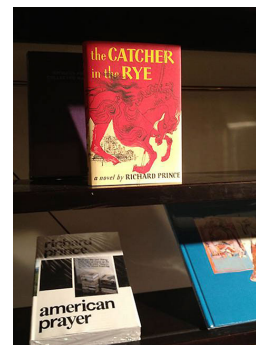
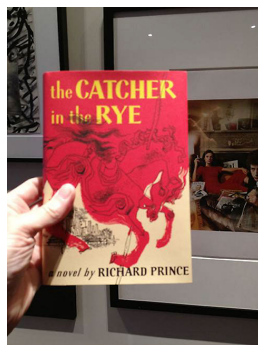
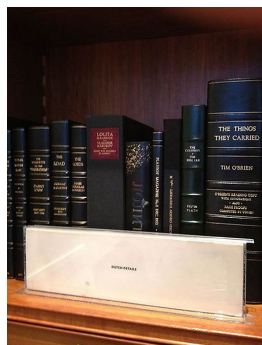
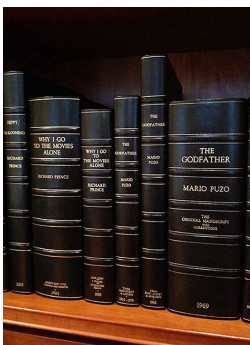
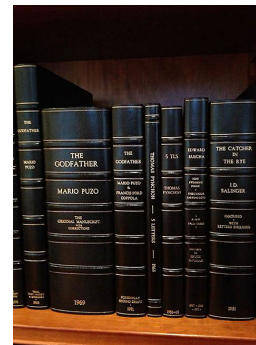
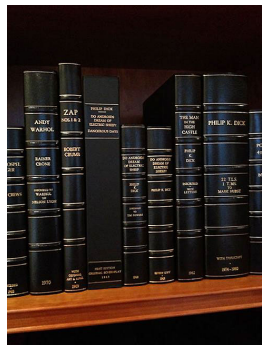
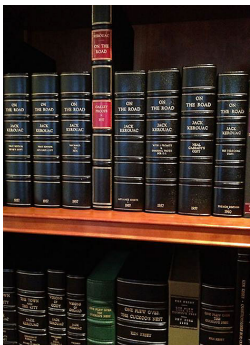
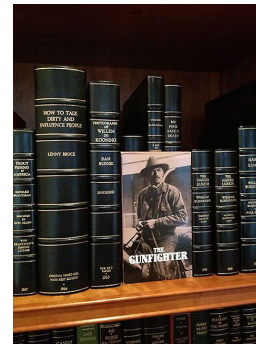
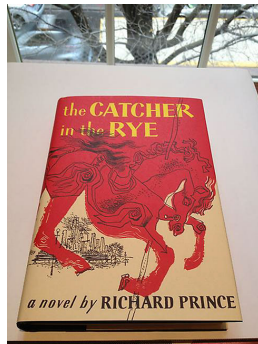
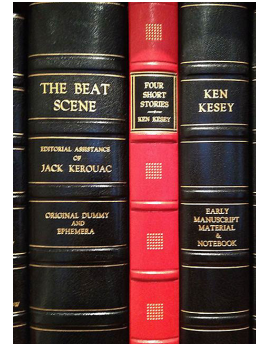
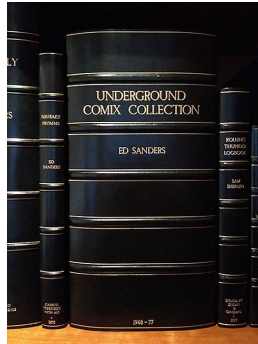
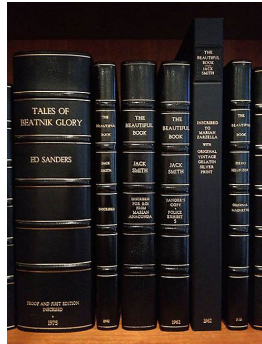
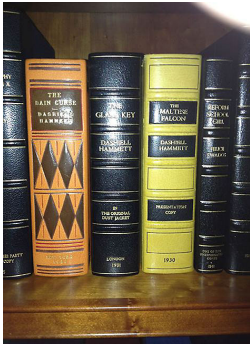




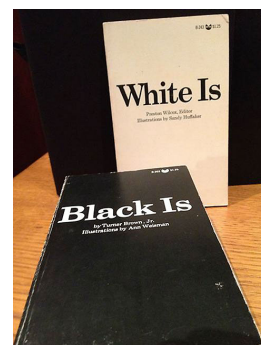
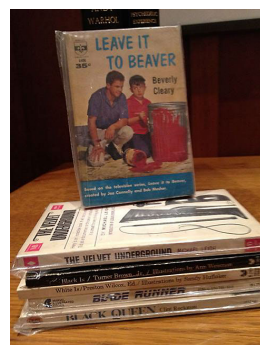
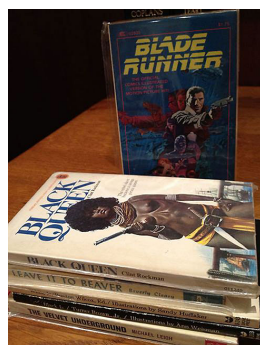
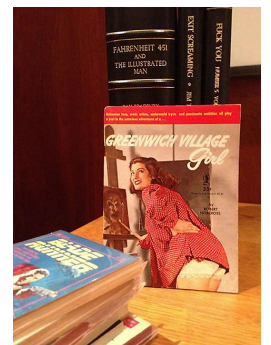
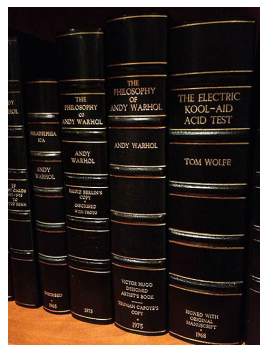
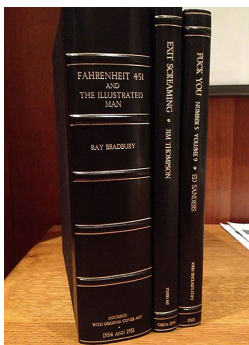
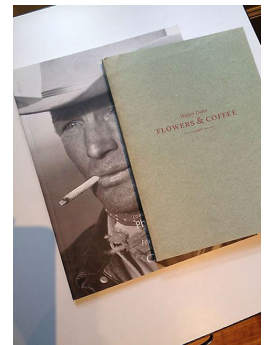
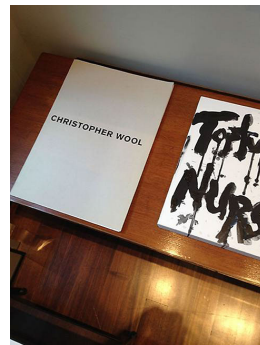
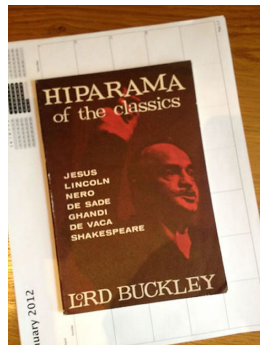
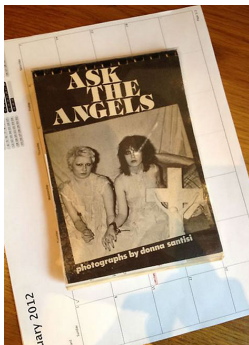
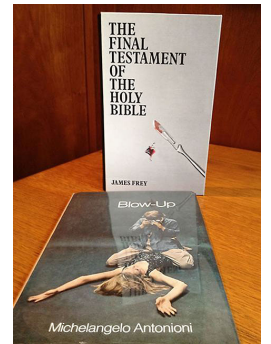
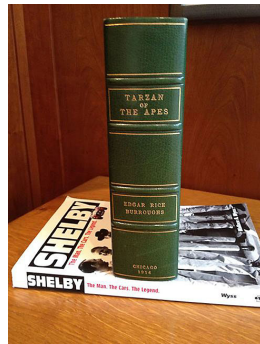
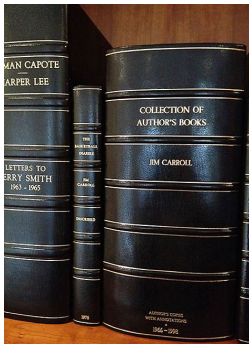
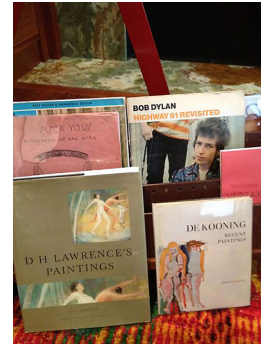
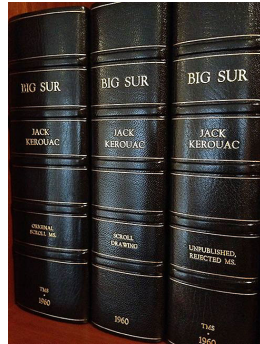
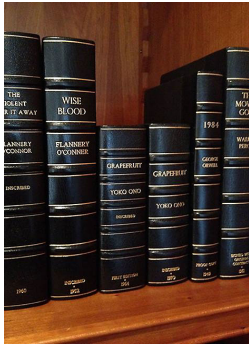




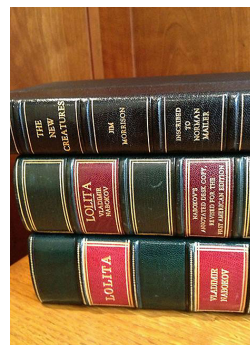
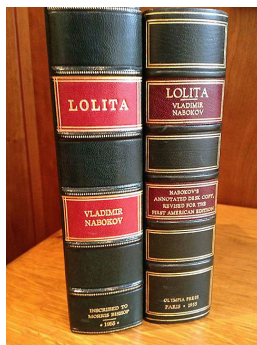
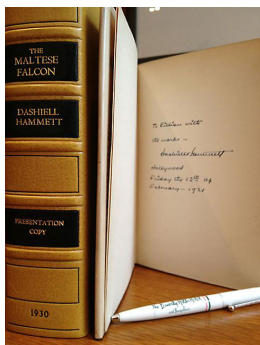
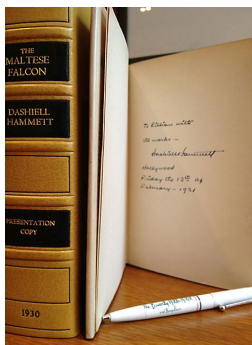
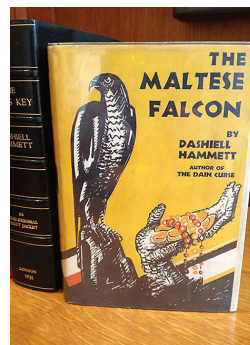
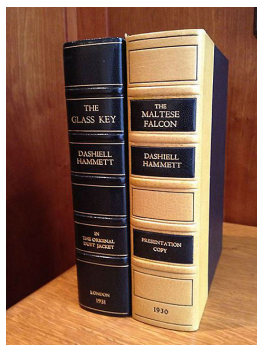
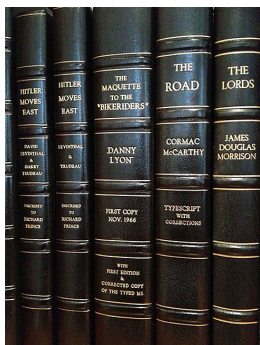
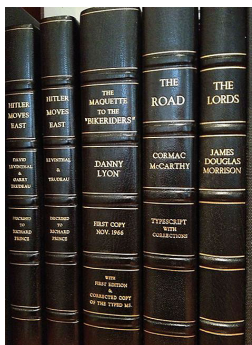
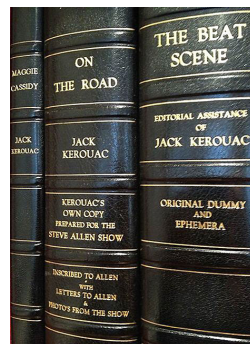
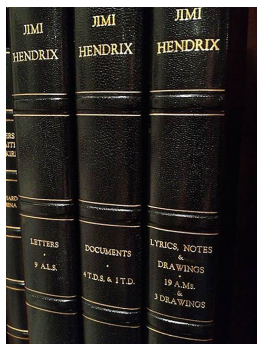
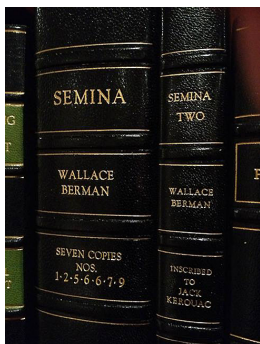
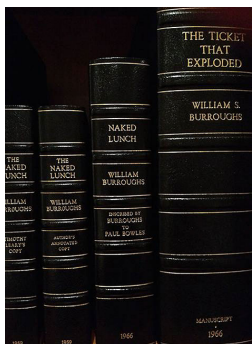
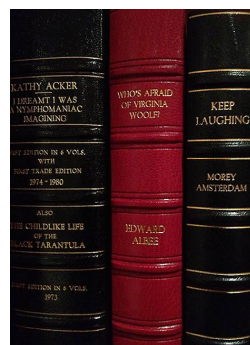
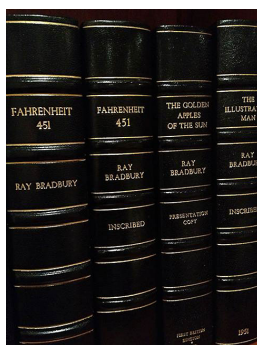
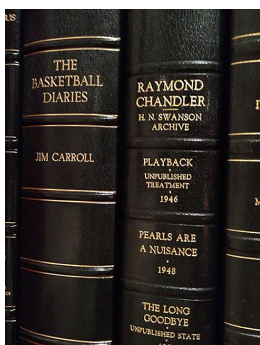
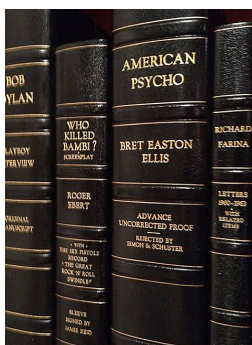
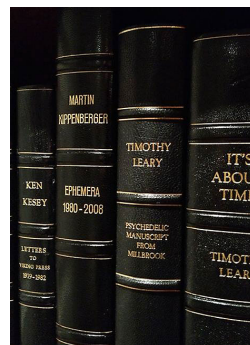
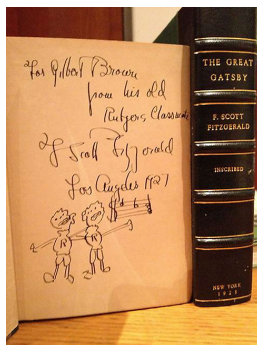
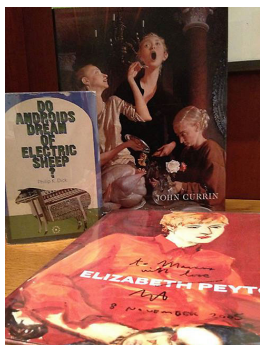




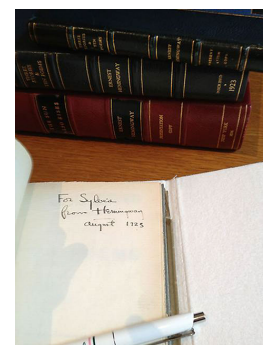
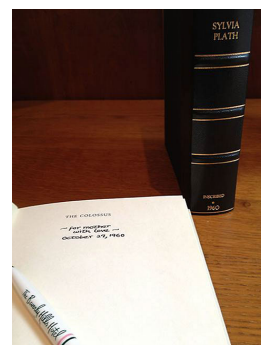
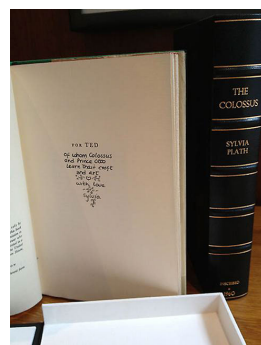
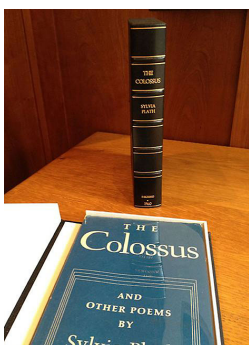
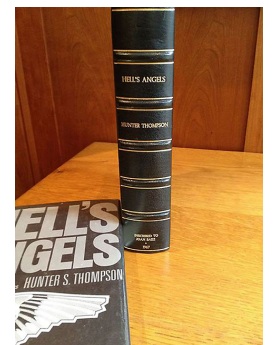
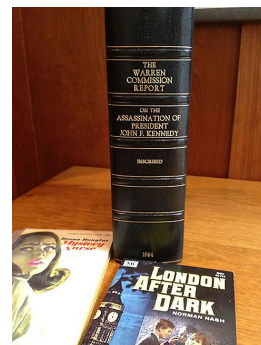
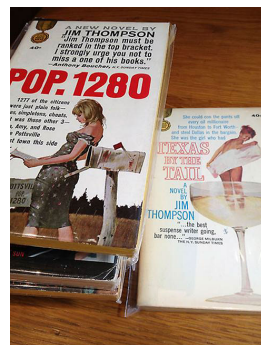
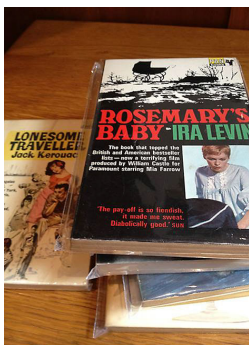
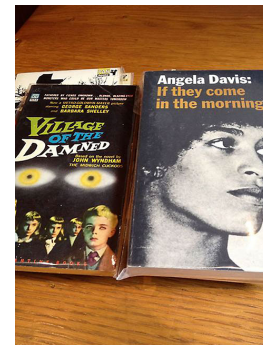
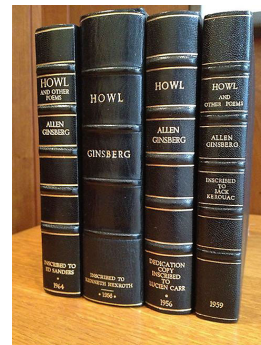
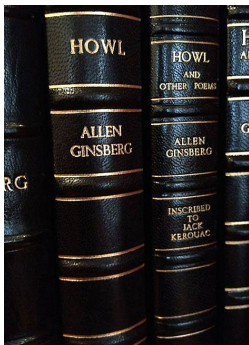
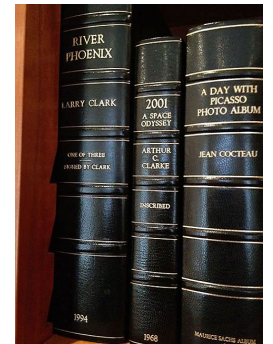
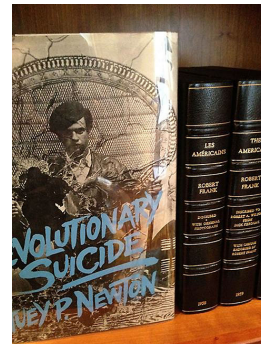
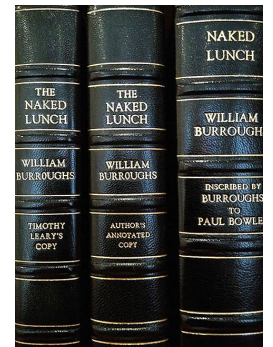
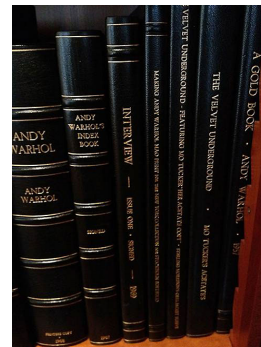
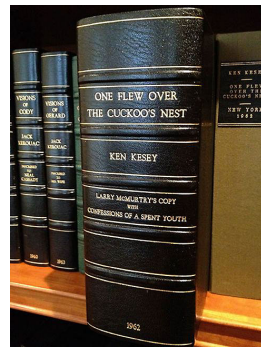
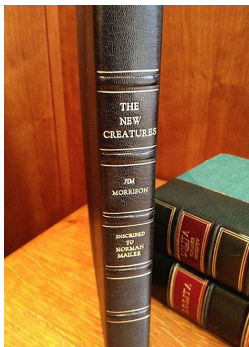




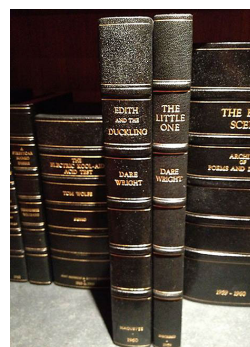
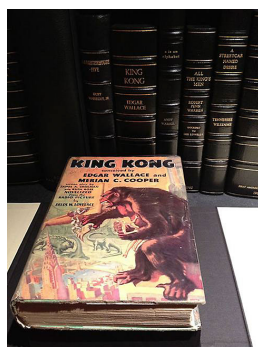
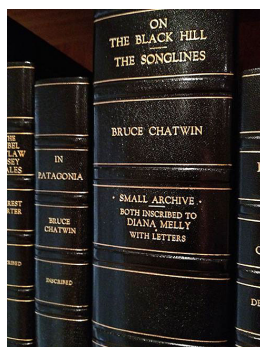
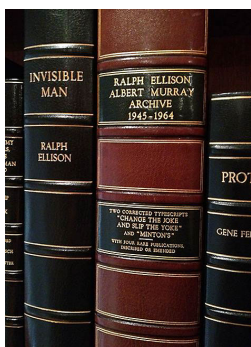
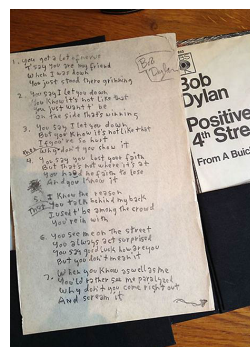
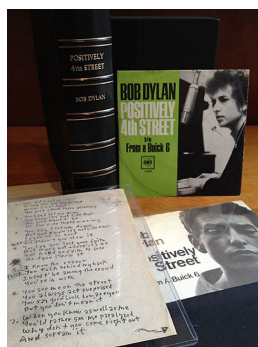
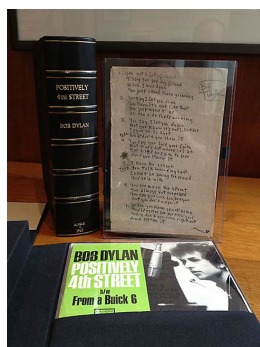
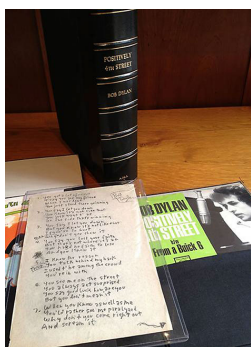
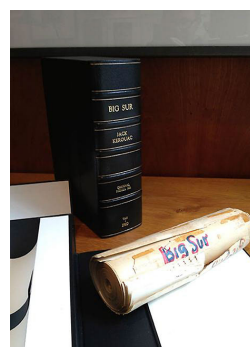
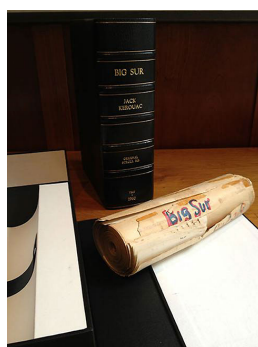
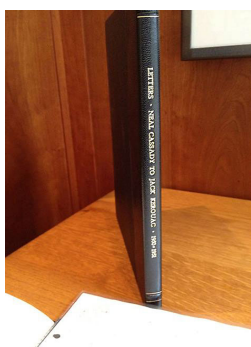
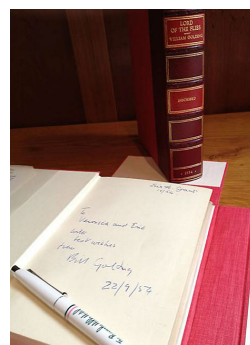
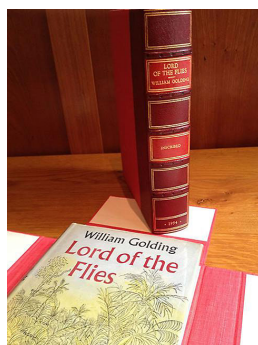
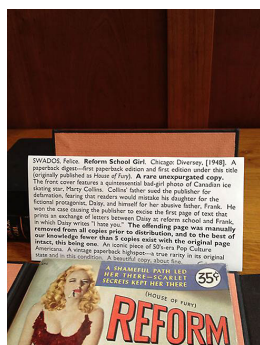
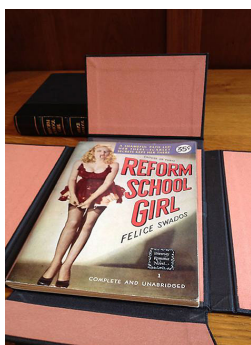
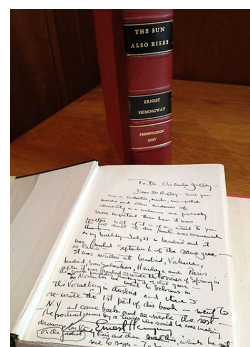
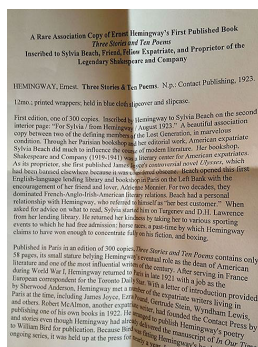
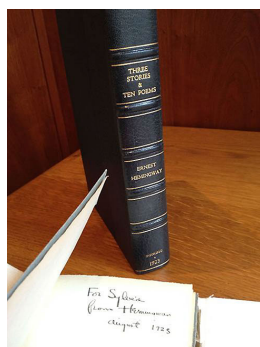
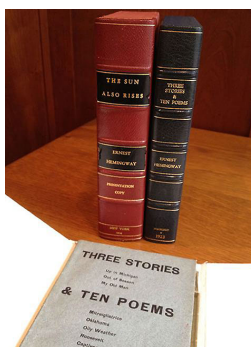




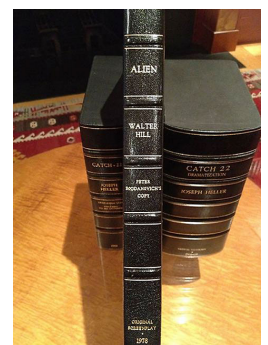
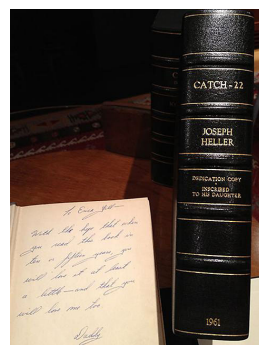
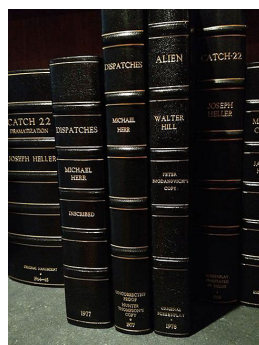
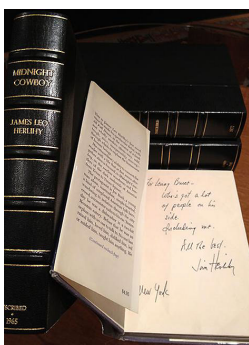
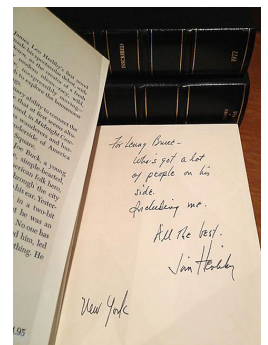
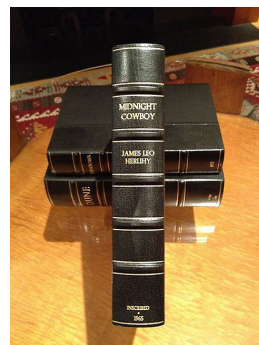
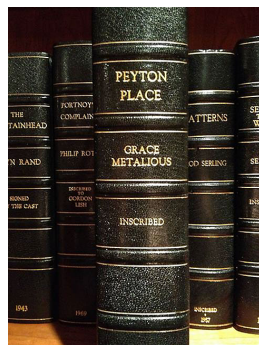
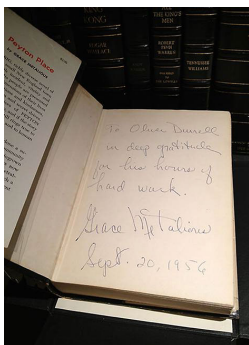
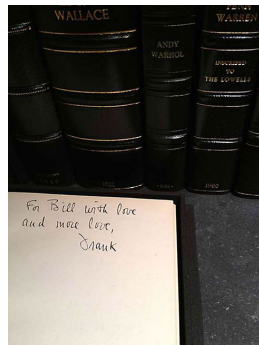
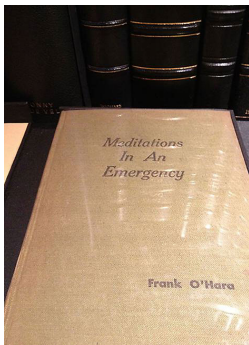
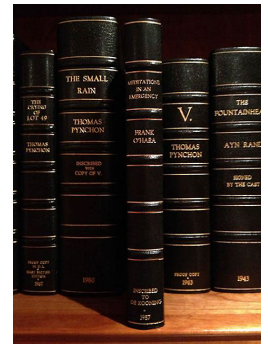
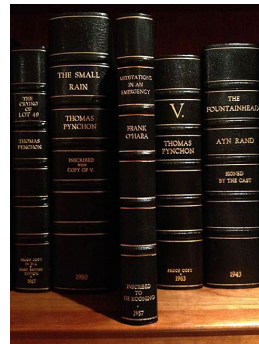
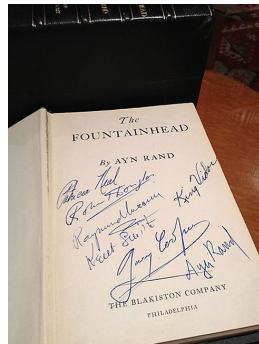
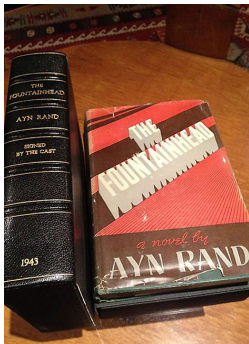
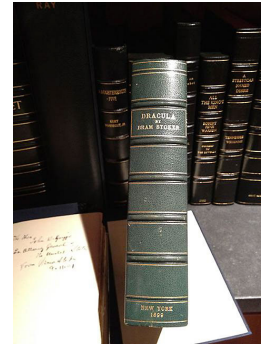
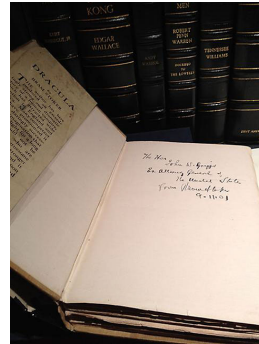
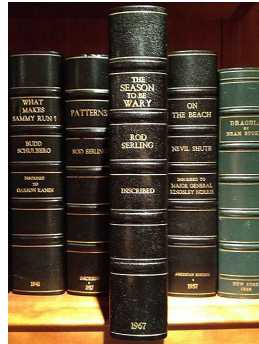
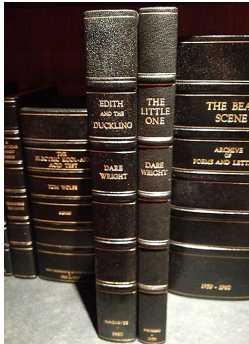




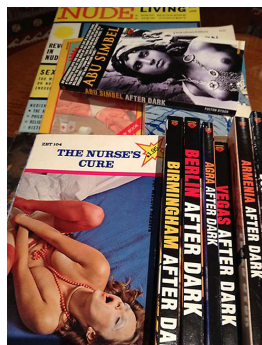
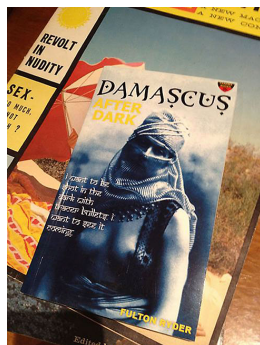
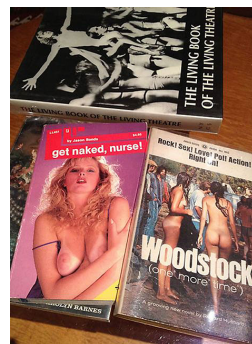
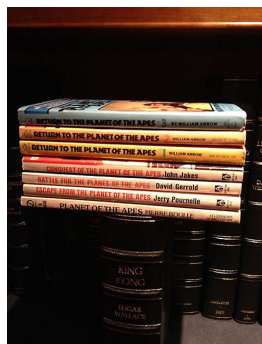
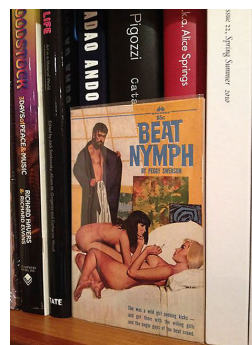
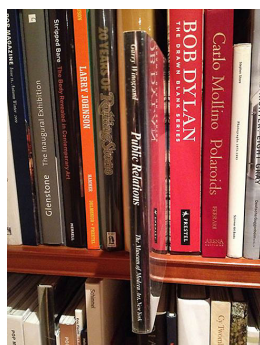
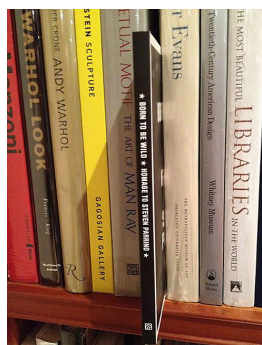
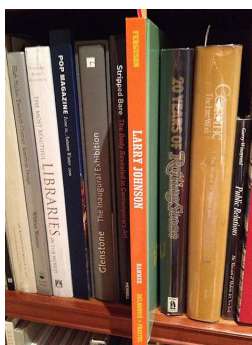
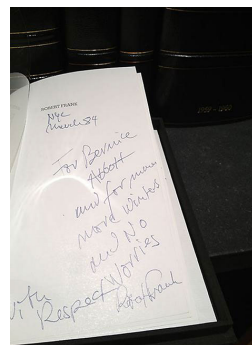
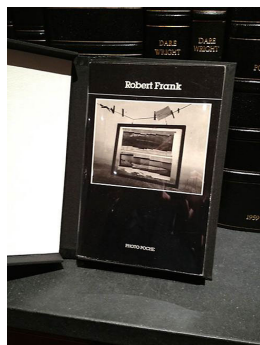
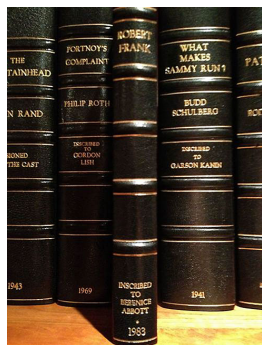
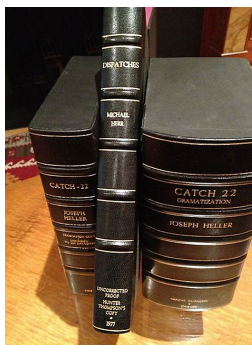




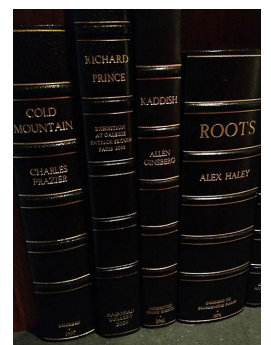
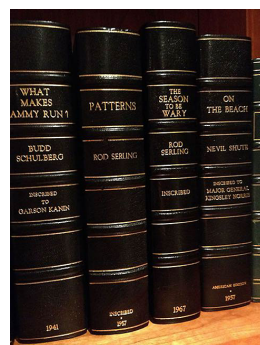
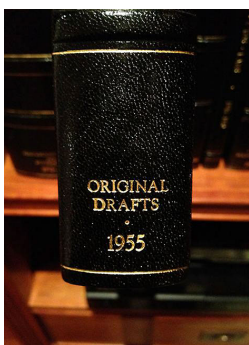
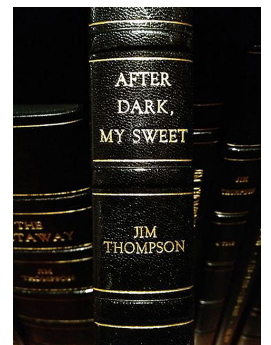
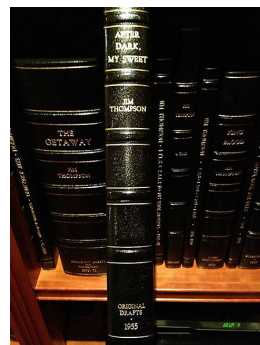
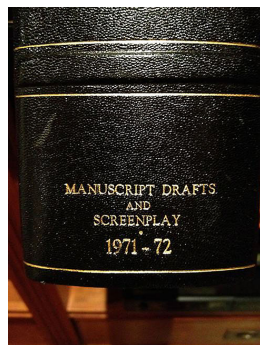
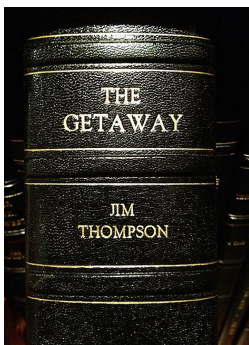
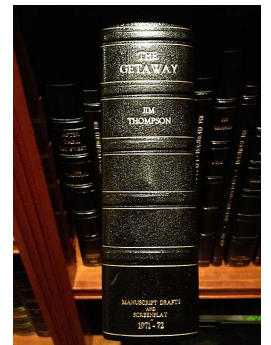
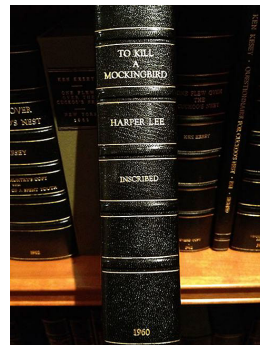
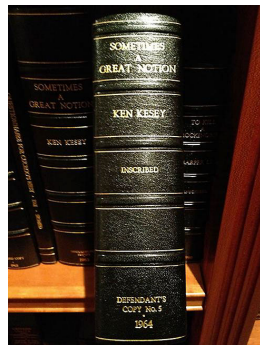
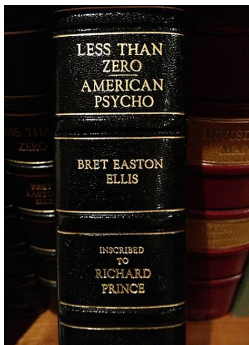
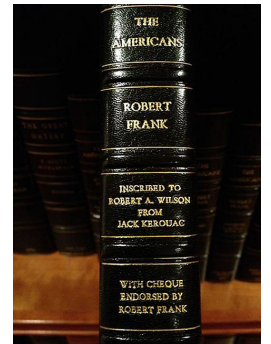
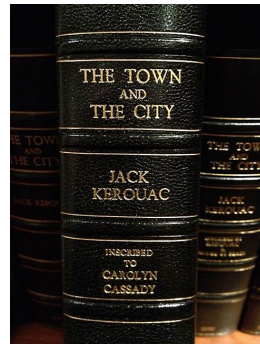
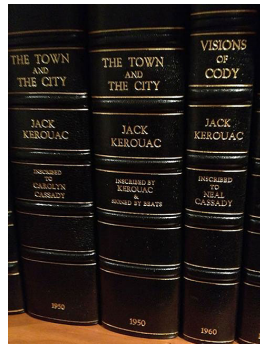
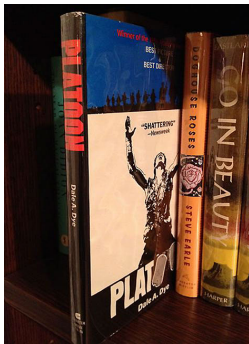
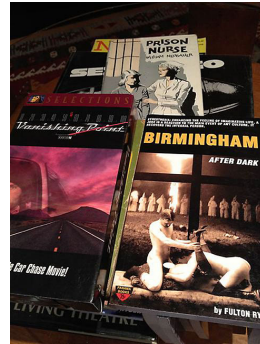
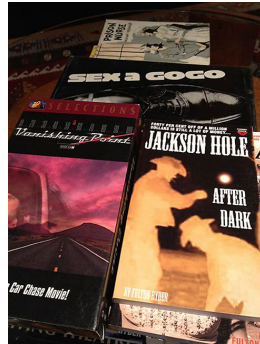
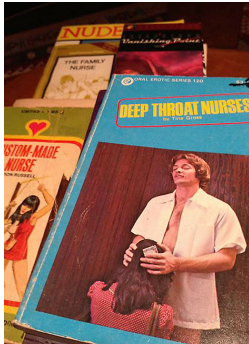




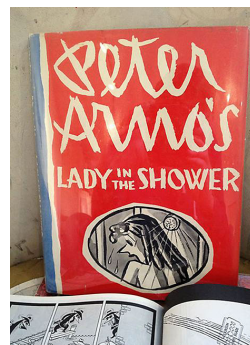
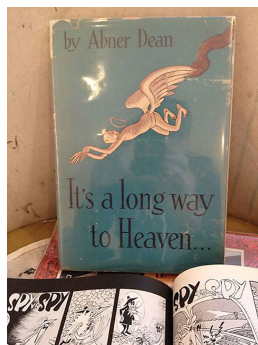
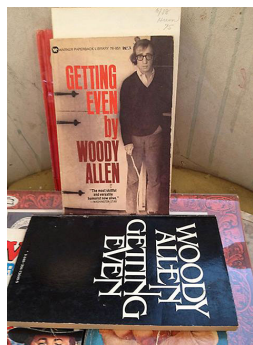
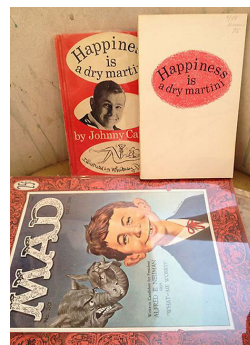
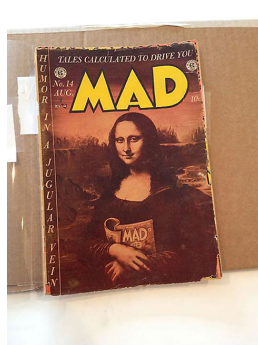
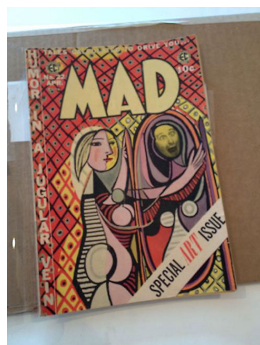
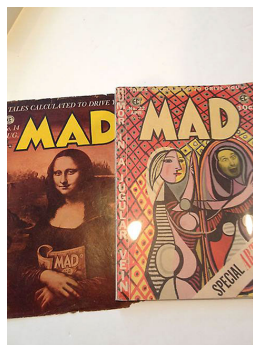
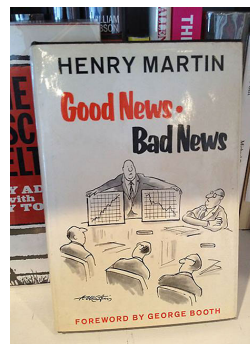
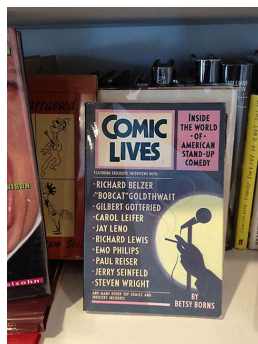
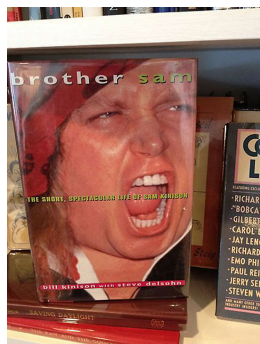
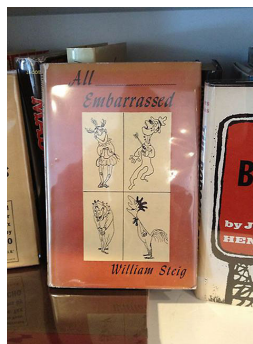
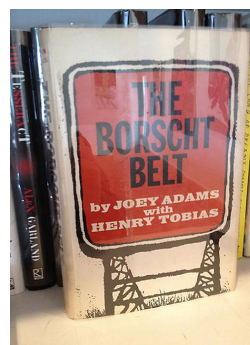
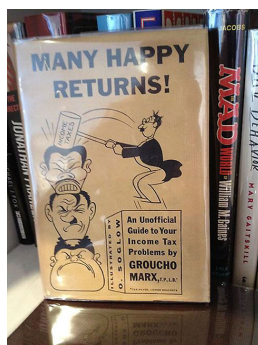
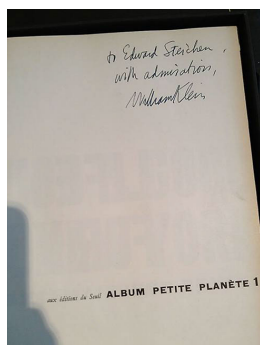
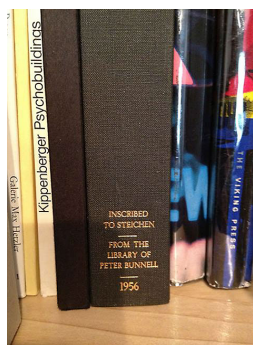
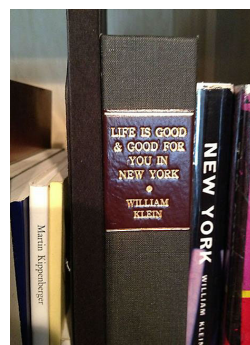
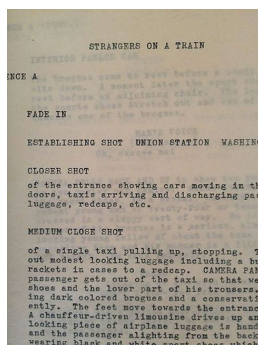
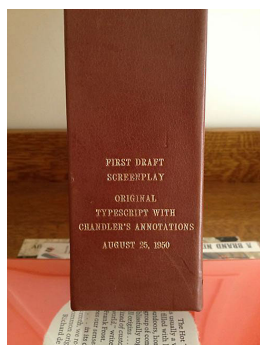
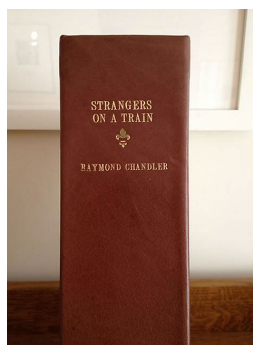




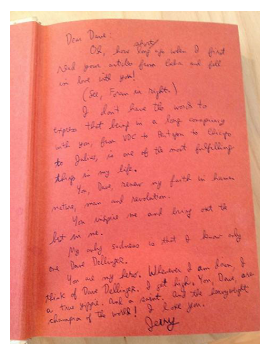
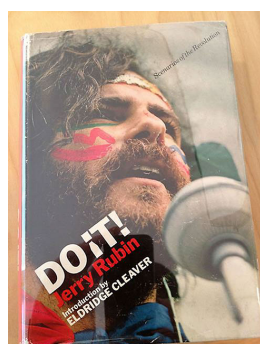
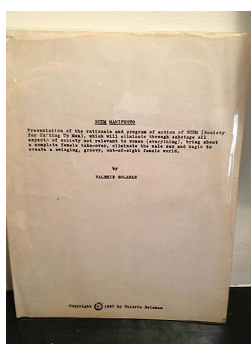
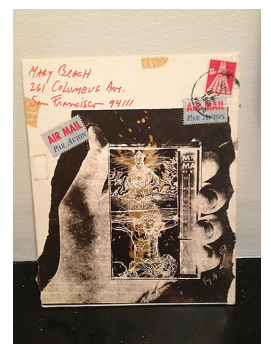
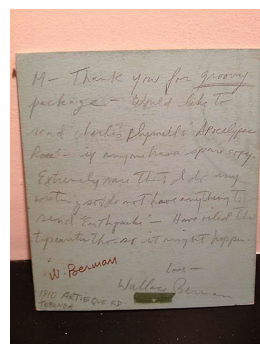
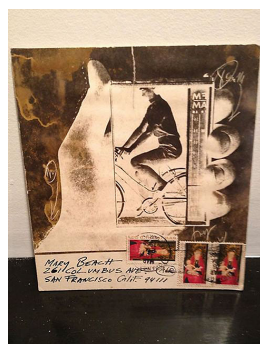
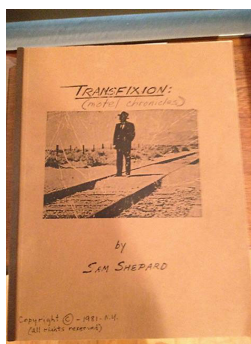
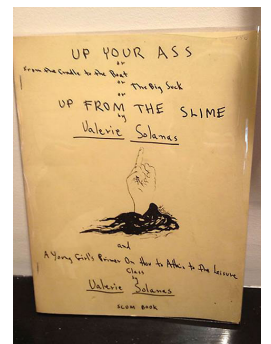
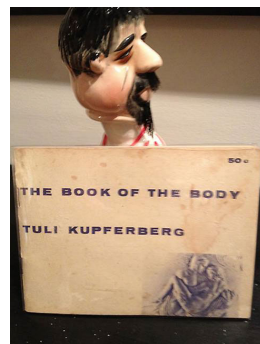
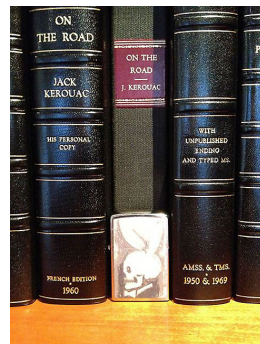
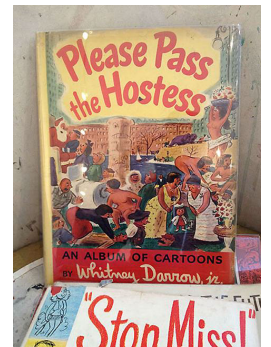
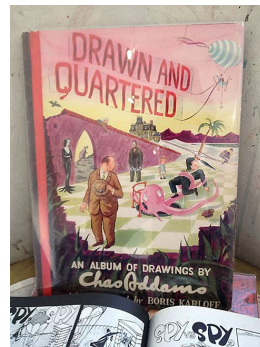
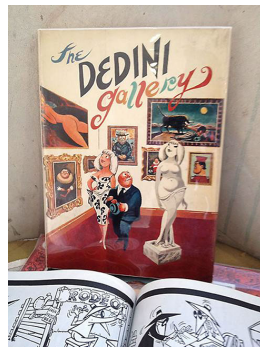
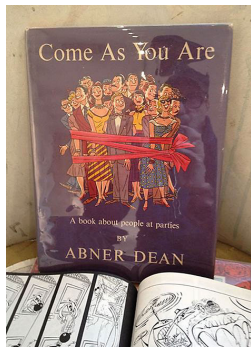




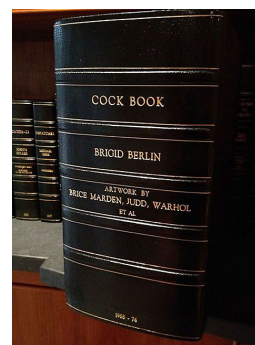
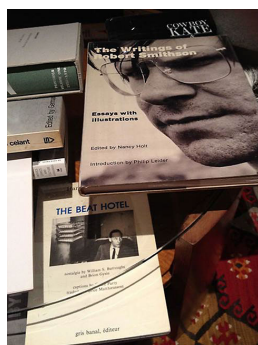
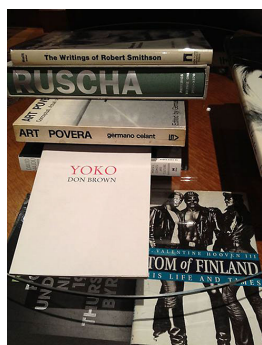
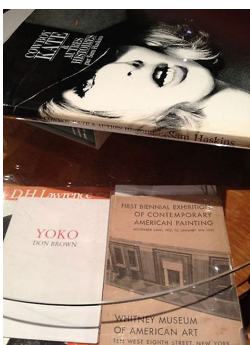
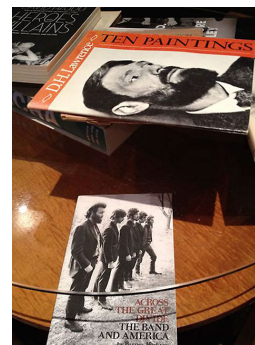
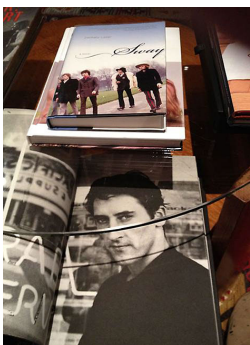
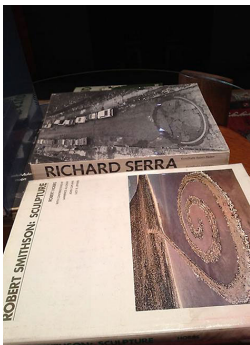
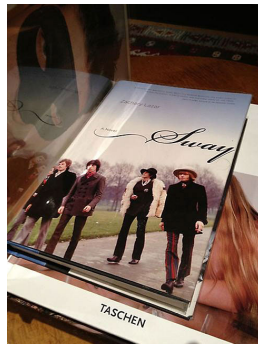
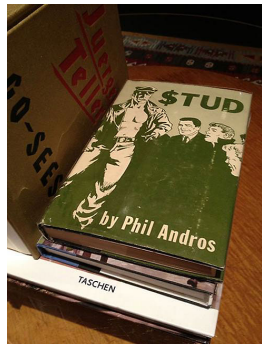
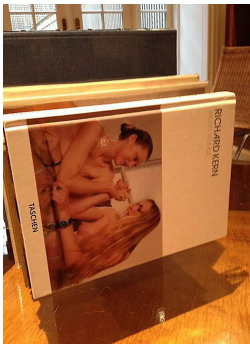
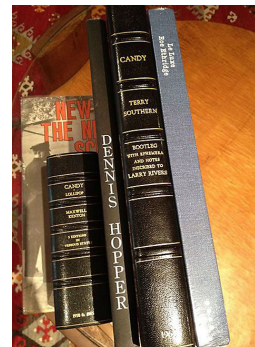
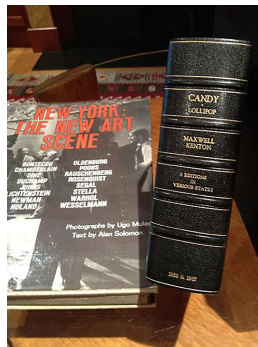
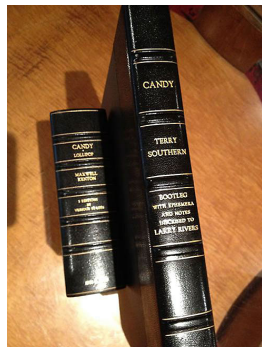
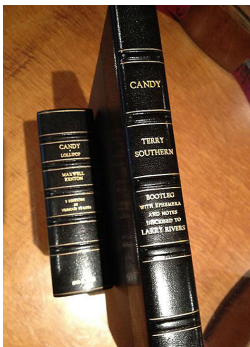




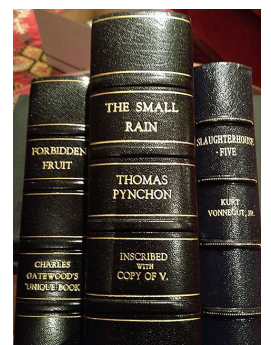
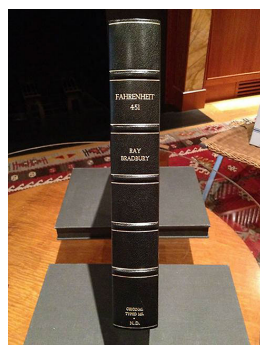
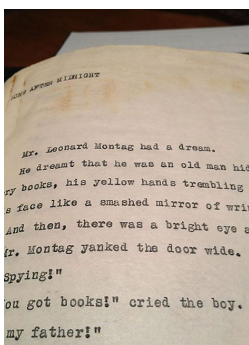
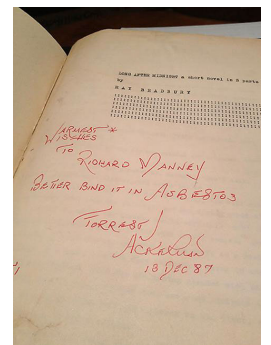
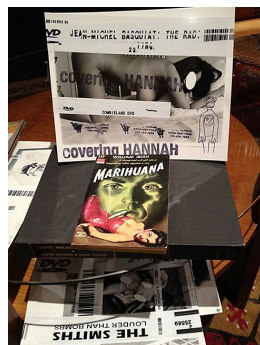
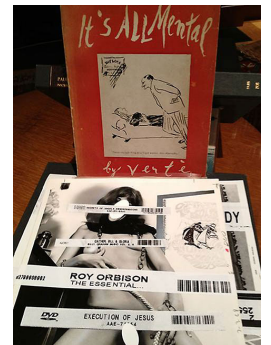
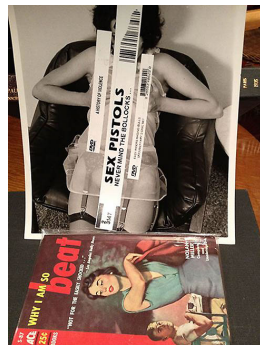
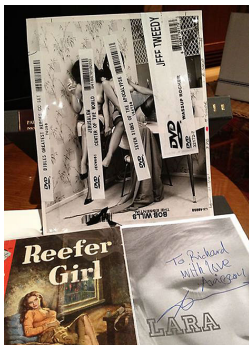
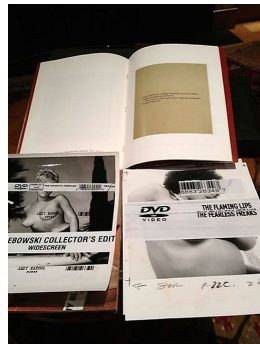
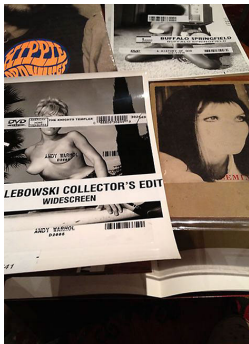
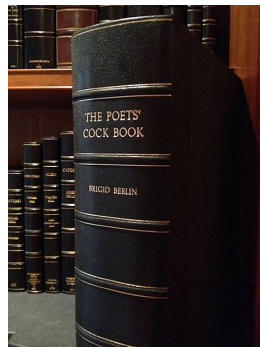
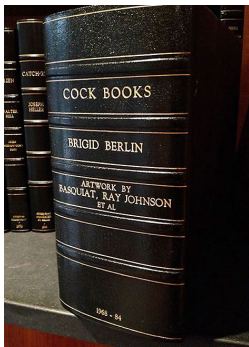




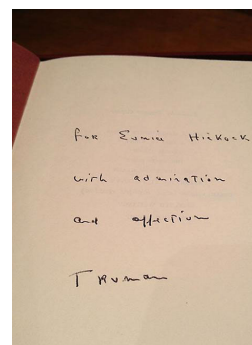
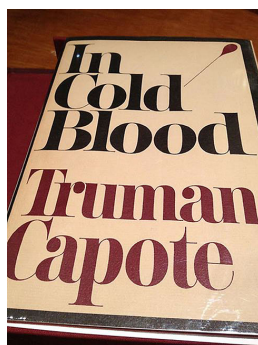
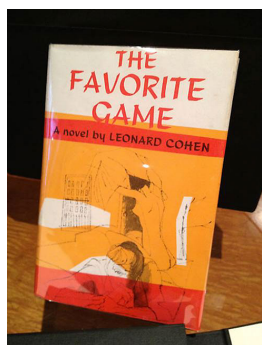
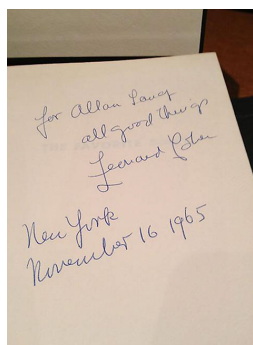
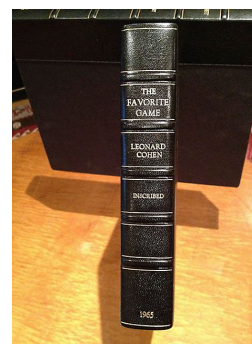
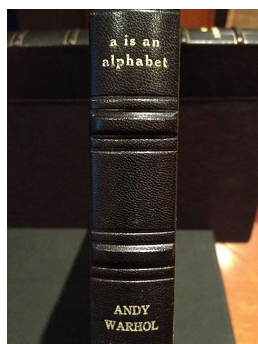
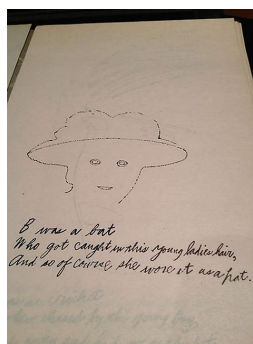
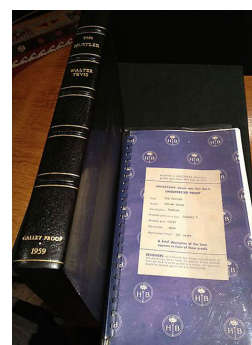
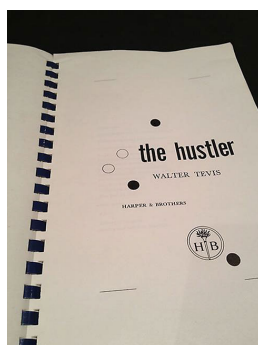
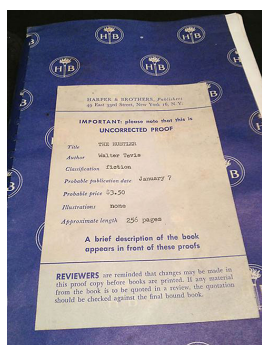
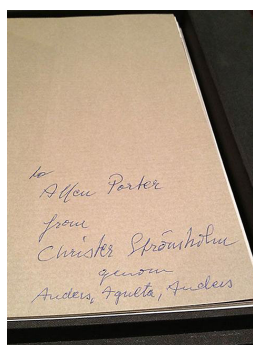
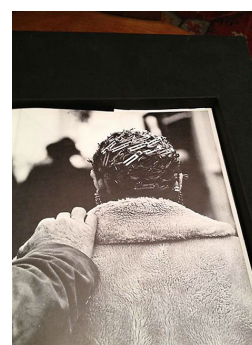
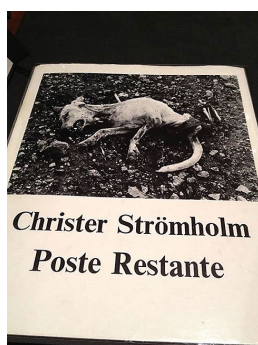
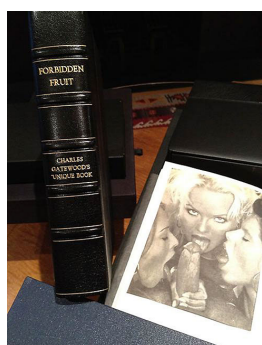
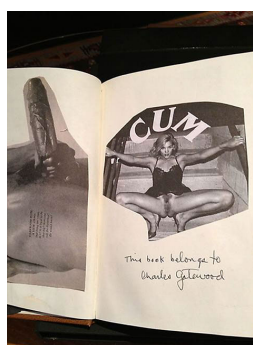
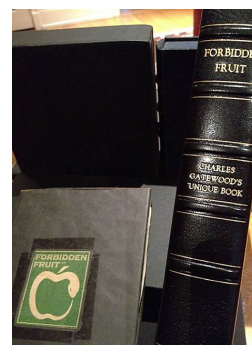
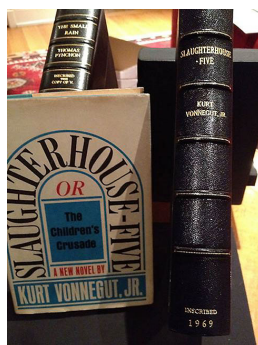
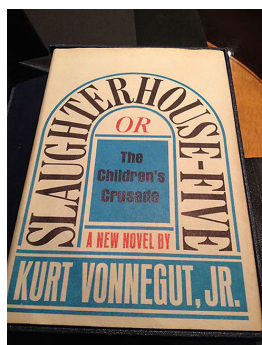
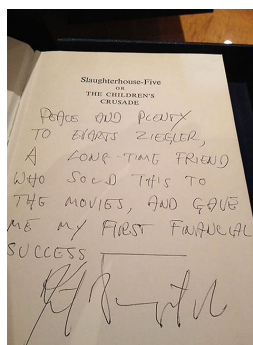




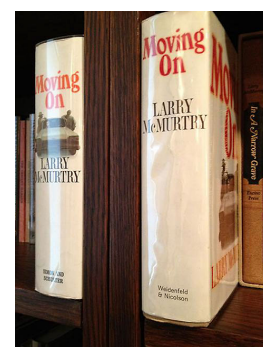
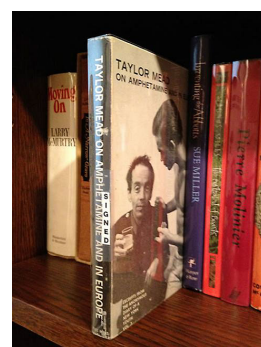
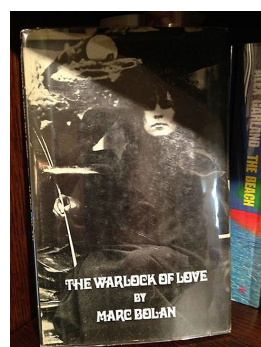
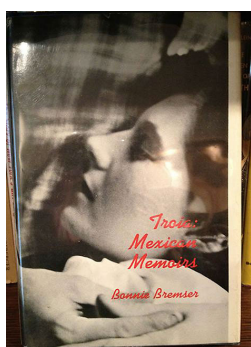
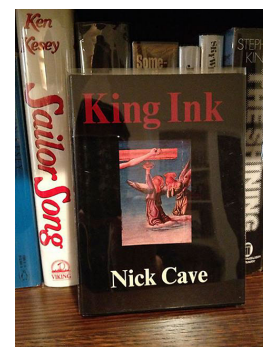
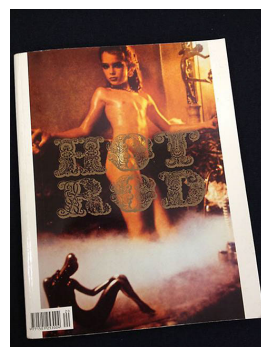
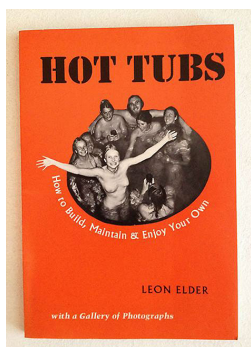
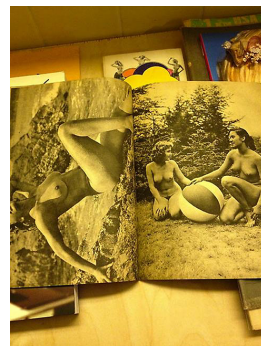
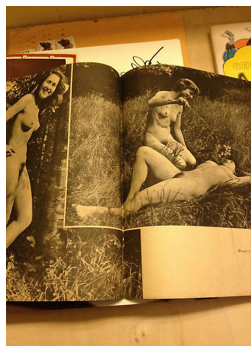
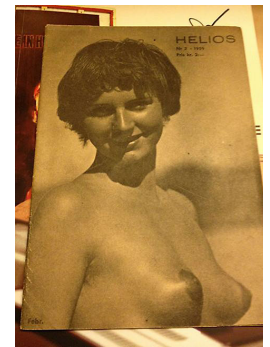
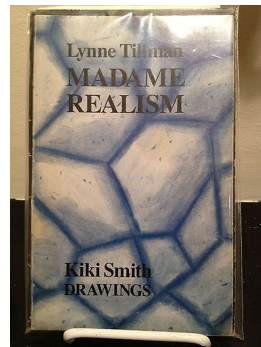
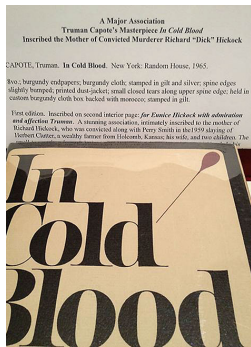




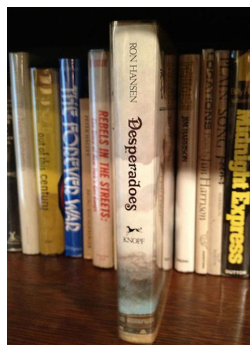
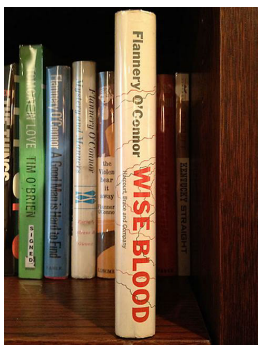
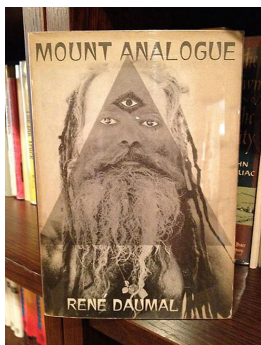
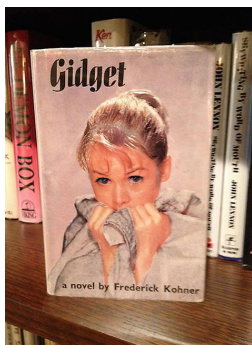
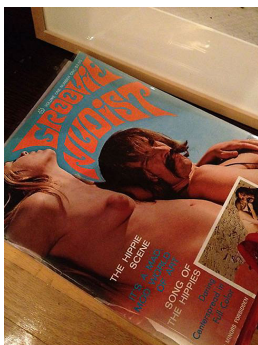
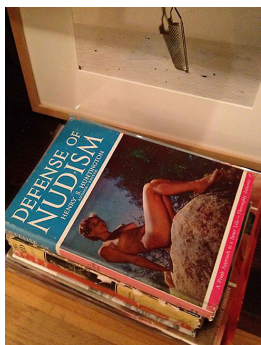
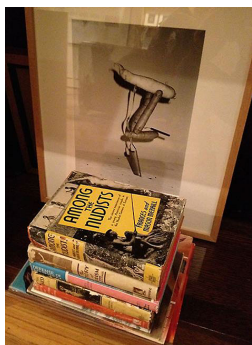
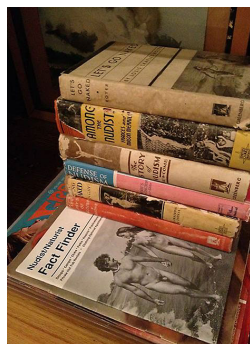
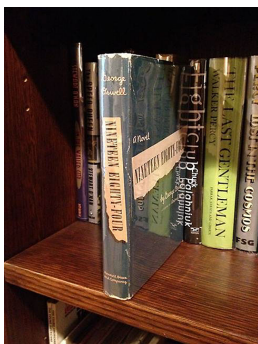
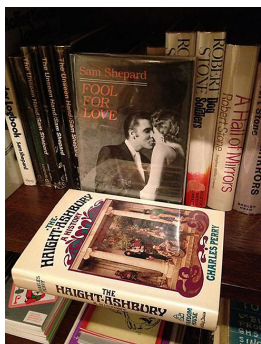
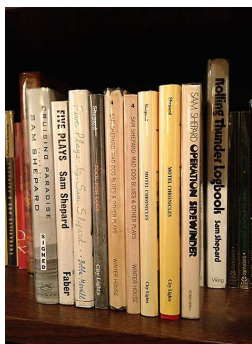
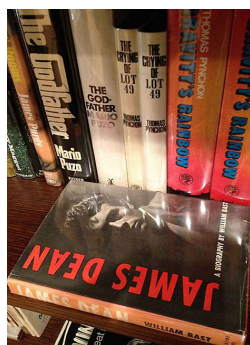
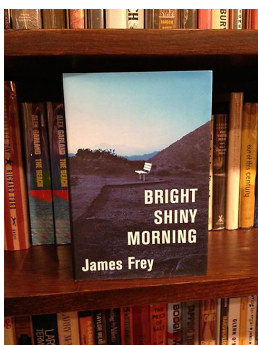
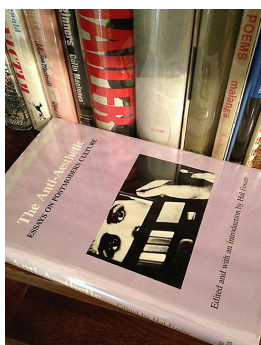
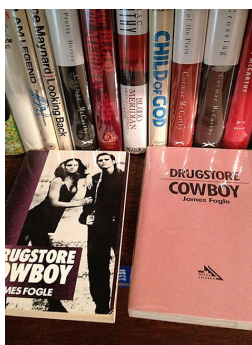
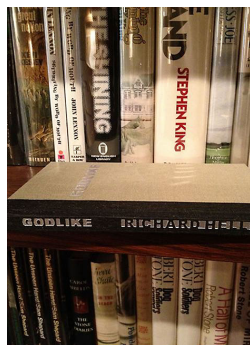
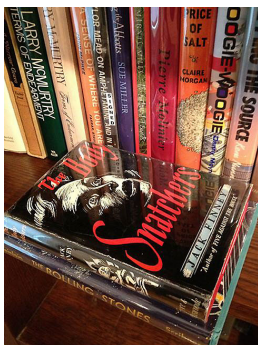
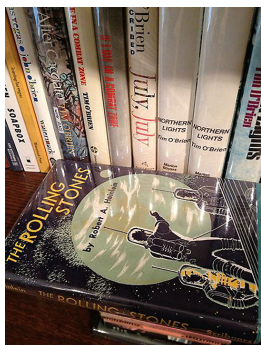
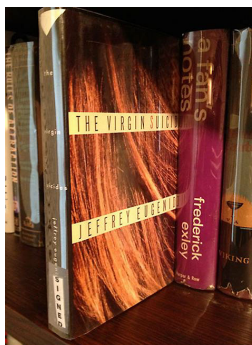




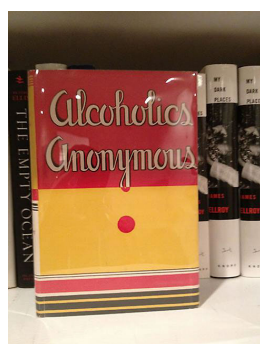
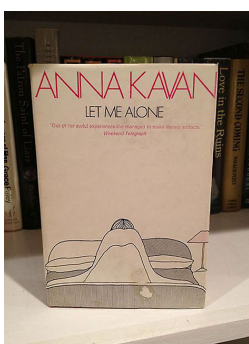
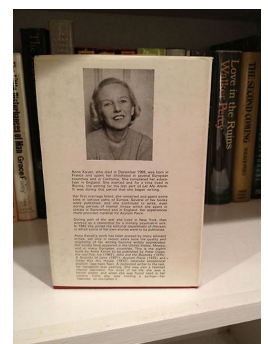
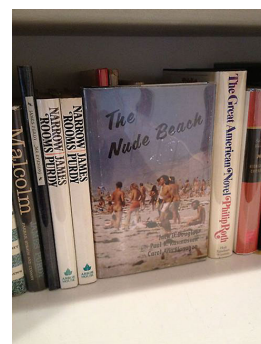
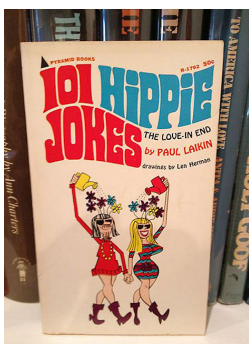
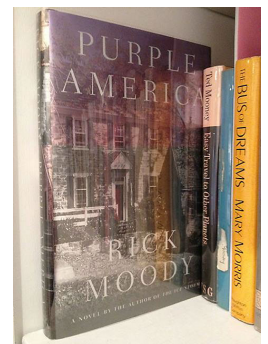
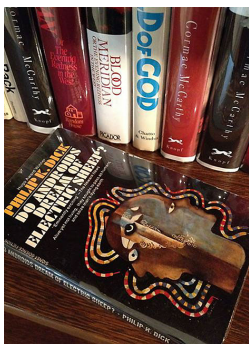
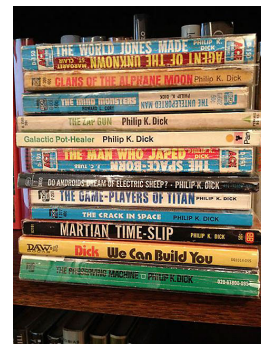
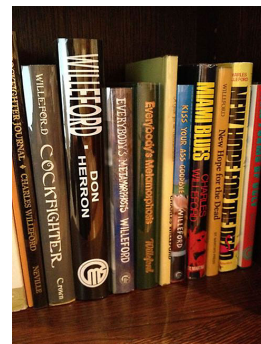
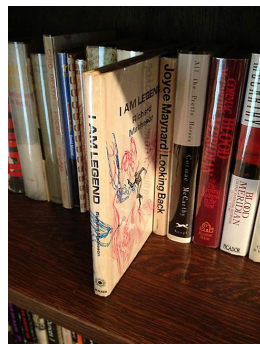
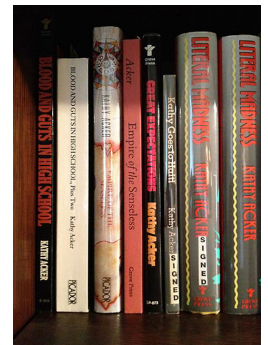
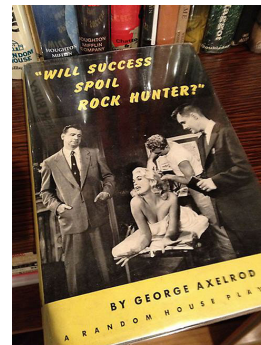
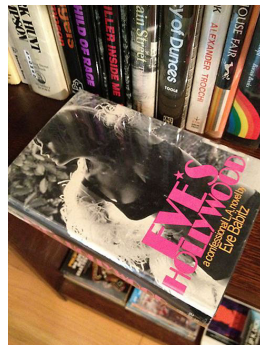
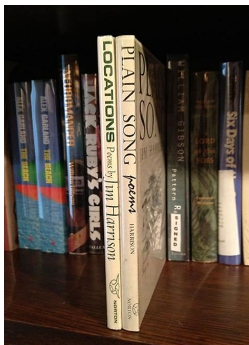




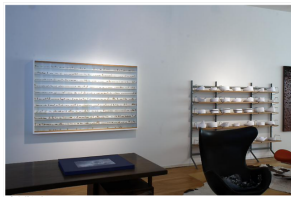
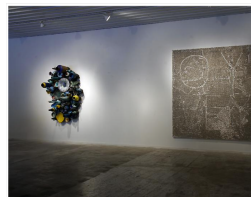
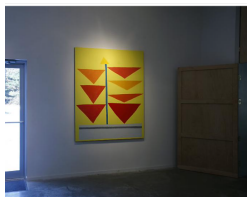












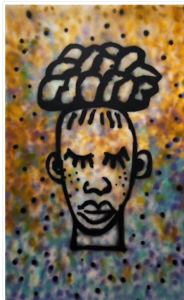
John Wurtel  
Untitled (Big Yellow Tree), 2010  
Oil on board  
87 x 54 inches  
100.0 x 137.2 cm



Gregory  
Untitled  
and Untitled and Untitled (Big Beautiful Face) #1, 2010  
Cardboard mounted on board  
Oil on board  
1 x 142.3 cm



Steven Parrino  
Untitled (Black), 2000  
Painted on canvas  
71 x 11 x 11 inches  
182.2 x 142.3 cm



Walter Dill  
Untitled (Black), 1998  
Acrylic on canvas  
96.0 x 96.0 inches  
244.0 x 244.0 cm



Paul O'Brien  
Untitled (Black), 2010  
Painted on canvas  
100.0 x 100.0 inches  
254.0 x 254.0 cm



John



Christopher Wood  
Untitled (Black), 2010  
Painted on canvas  
107.0 x 71.0 inches  
271.8 x 180.3 cm



John Cohn  
Untitled (Black), 2010  
Painted on canvas  
101.6 x 76.2 cm



John Cohn  
Untitled (Black), 2010  
Painted on canvas  
101.6 x 76.2 cm



John



Paul O'Brien  
Untitled (Black), 2010  
Painted on canvas  
107.0 x 71.0 inches  
271.8 x 180.3 cm



Paul O'Brien  
Untitled (Black), 2010  
Painted on canvas  
107.0 x 71.0 inches  
271.8 x 180.3 cm



John Cohn  
Untitled (Black), 2010  
Painted on canvas  
101.6 x 76.2 cm





Steve LaMonte  
Dead Bear, 2010  
Black and white  
80 x 48 inches  
193.0 x 121.9 cm



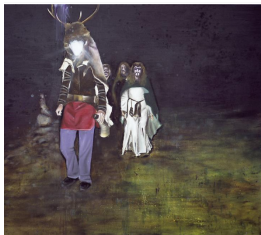
David Hammons  
Black Head, 2004  
Black head  
15.5 x 13.5 x 7 inches  
39.3 x 34.3 x 17.8 cm  
(not for sale)



John Currall  
Woman, 1994  
Acrylic on paper  
27 x 19 inches  
68.6 x 48.3 cm



John Currall  
Woman, 1994  
Acrylic on paper  
27 x 19 inches  
68.6 x 48.3 cm



John Currall  
Woman, 1994  
Acrylic on paper  
27 x 19 inches  
68.6 x 48.3 cm



Rita Dove  
Black Head, 2004  
Black head  
15.5 x 13.5 x 7 inches  
39.3 x 34.3 x 17.8 cm  
(not for sale)



John Currall  
Woman, 1994  
Acrylic on paper  
27 x 19 inches  
68.6 x 48.3 cm



John Currall  
Woman, 1994  
Acrylic on paper  
27 x 19 inches  
68.6 x 48.3 cm



John Currall  
Woman, 1994  
Acrylic on paper  
27 x 19 inches  
68.6 x 48.3 cm



John Currall  
Woman, 1994  
Acrylic on paper  
27 x 19 inches  
68.6 x 48.3 cm



John Currall  
Woman, 1994  
Acrylic on paper  
27 x 19 inches  
68.6 x 48.3 cm



John Currall  
Woman, 1994  
Acrylic on paper  
27 x 19 inches  
68.6 x 48.3 cm



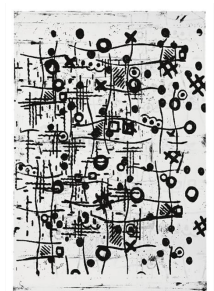
John Currall  
Woman, 1994  
Acrylic on paper  
27 x 19 inches  
68.6 x 48.3 cm



John Currall  
Woman, 1994  
Acrylic on paper  
27 x 19 inches  
68.6 x 48.3 cm



John Currall  
Woman, 1994  
Acrylic on paper  
27 x 19 inches  
68.6 x 48.3 cm



John Currall  
Woman, 1994  
Acrylic on paper  
27 x 19 inches  
68.6 x 48.3 cm



John Currall  
Woman, 1994  
Acrylic on paper  
27 x 19 inches  
68.6 x 48.3 cm



John Currall  
Woman, 1994  
Acrylic on paper  
27 x 19 inches  
68.6 x 48.3 cm



John Currall  
Woman, 1994  
Acrylic on paper  
27 x 19 inches  
68.6 x 48.3 cm



John Currall  
Woman, 1994  
Acrylic on paper  
27 x 19 inches  
68.6 x 48.3 cm

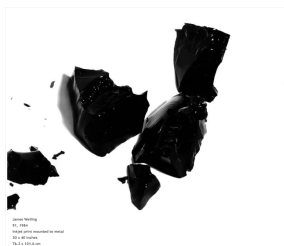




176g  
 10004  
 jacket and cloth on paper with fibreglass fabric  
 10004  
 176.7 cm



72 x 15 inches  
182.9 x 38.1 cm



Philip Guston  
*Metamorphosis, Executed circa 1972*  
 Oil on masonite  
 11 x 14 inches  
 30.5 x 35.4 cm



eg. *Neomeris*/land (as opposed to 'Neanderland') [Leat. 5AB2F], 2005  
 not an abbreviation  
 a bit silly  
 62.2 cm



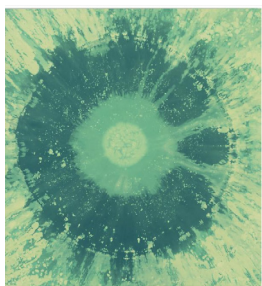
John Ikerd  
 Egg Market 8, 1985  
 Oil/pen on Canvas  
 15 x 15 inches  
 130.4 x 105.9 cm



Orchid, buttermilk, peeny, 1987  
Orchid, buttermilk, peeny and glass



Box 100-40  
Kings with Steel Gates, 2000  
6-panel  
43 x 55 inches  
106.7 x 139.7 cm



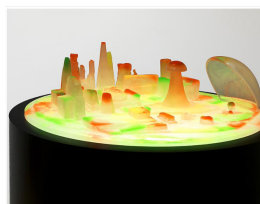
active dye on oxidized cotton textile stretched over cotton canvas  
1x 29 1/4 inches  
226.7 cm



Justin Adams  
Bever Group, 2011  
Oil enamel and spray paint on canvas and glass frame  
63 x 63 x 15-1/2 x 2-1/2 inches  
31.8 x 25.4 x 6.4 x 6.4 cm



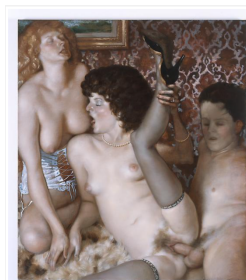
Blair Thurman  
Sickly Sativa, 2018  
Acrylic and neon on wood  
44 x 34 x 7 inches  
111.8 x 86.4 x 17.8 cm



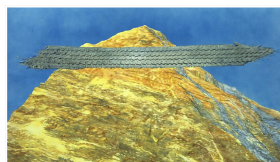
100% Recycled  
 Chip 10, 100% 100%  
 Wood made  
 10 1/4 x 11 7/8 inches  
 14.3 x 30 cm



Robert Crumb  
 Kathy, 1974  
 Ink and correction fluid on paper  
 20 x 17 1/2 x 1 1/2 inches framed  
 50.8 x 44.5 x 3.8 cm  
 14 x 11 inches paper size  
 35.4 x 27.9 cm



John Currin  
Rugens, 2008  
Oil on canvas  
50 x 44.02 x 1.38 inches  
127 x 111.4 x 3.5 cm  
signed and dated on verso



For further information:  
 Psycho Space/Art/Worship P.O., 2011  
 Acrylic on canvas  
 24 x 30 inches  
 60.4 x 132.4 cm



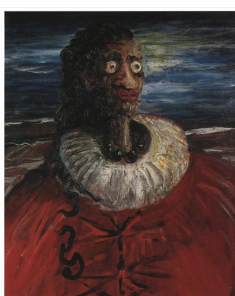
Richard Kern  
Pregnant (Symptoms), 2003  
C-print  
40 x 30 inches  
101.6 x 76.2 cm  
Edition 1/3



John Adler  
The New Father, 1987  
Mixed Media  
20 1/2 x 64 inches  
53.5 x 162.6 cm



Elton Galleguer  
 DeLone, 2004/2005  
 A portfolio of 60 printed objects with aquatint, dry-point, photogravure, spit-bit, lithography, silkscreen, embossing, surface machine engraving, laser cutting, collage, crystals, cut paper, enamel, glitter, gold leaf, gouache, graphite, oil, plasticine, polymer medium, parafilm, toy eyeballs, watercolor, velvet.  
 Edition of 30.

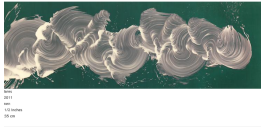


George Condo  
Red Portrait, 1984  
Oil on linen  
23 x 19 inches  
58.4 x 48.3 cm



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





Shigeo Fukuda

White Swirls

1960s

Oil on canvas

100 x 100 cm

100 x 100 cm



Robert Rauschenberg  
Continental (Self-Portrait and Portraits), 2001  
Edition  
12 individual photographs  
44 x 36 inches each  
88 x 108.8 cm



Robert Rauschenberg  
White on Light Purple by Robert Rauschenberg, 1981

White on Light Purple

1981

Oil on canvas

100 x 100 cm

100 x 100 cm



Julian Leighton  
Abstract 1, 1982

Oil on canvas

44 x 52 1/2 inches

112.2 x 133.4 cm



Myster Woman

MYSTER WOMAN

1991

Oil on canvas

100 x 100 cm

100 x 100 cm



Philip Pearlstein  
The Dancer, 1980

Oil on canvas

100 x 100 cm

100 x 100 cm

100 x 100 cm



Philip Pearlstein  
Abstract, 1987

Abstract made on paper

13 5/8 x 10 inches

32.7 x 25.4 cm

32.7 x 25.4 cm



Robert Rauschenberg  
White on Light Purple

1981

Oil on canvas

100 x 100 cm

100 x 100 cm

100 x 100 cm



John Kille  
Building, 1997

Oil on canvas

12 x 5 1/8 inches

30.5 x 13 cm

30.5 x 13 cm



Robert Rauschenberg  
White on Light Purple

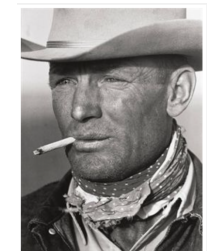
1981

Oil on canvas

100 x 100 cm

100 x 100 cm

100 x 100 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

34.6 x 25.4 cm



Robert Rauschenberg  
White on Light Purple

1981

Oil on canvas

100 x 100 cm

100 x 100 cm

100 x 100 cm



Robert Rauschenberg  
White on Light Purple

1981

Oil on canvas

100 x 100 cm

100 x 100 cm

100 x 100 cm



Robert Rauschenberg  
White on Light Purple

1981

Oil on canvas

100 x 100 cm

100 x 100 cm

100 x 100 cm



Robert Rauschenberg  
White on Light Purple

1981

Oil on canvas

100 x 100 cm

100 x 100 cm

100 x 100 cm



Robert Rauschenberg  
White on Light Purple

1981

Oil on canvas

100 x 100 cm

100 x 100 cm

100 x 100 cm



Shigeo Fukuda  
Dot 12, 2011

Porcelain

8 x 12 1/2 x 6 1/2 inches

20.3 x 16.5 x 16.5 cm



Bryan Hunt  
Maenad II, 2002

Bronze

18 x 6 x 9 inches

45.7 x 15.2 x 22.9 cm

45.7 x 15.2 x 22.9 cm



Robert Rauschenberg  
White on Light Purple

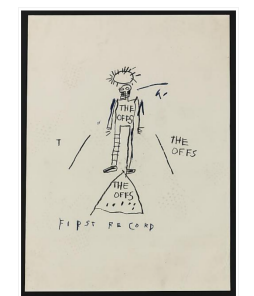
1981

Oil on canvas

100 x 100 cm

100 x 100 cm

100 x 100 cm



Robert Rauschenberg  
White on Light Purple

1981

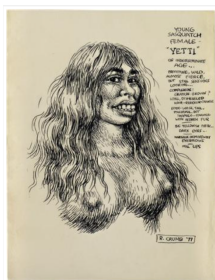
Oil on canvas

100 x 100 cm

100 x 100 cm

100 x 100 cm





Robert Crumb  
Yeti, 1977  
Ink on paper  
11.5 x 8.86 inches  
29.3 x 22.5 cm



T.J. Galarza  
Barragán House, 2001  
Oil on canvas  
78.7 x 103.87 inches  
200 x 265 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



Jim  
A Chair Box, 2002  
Painted wood, cardboard  
1.5 inches  
38 x 38 x 38 cm



Raymond Pettibon  
Group of LA Area Artists, c.1980's  
Photocopy  
variable



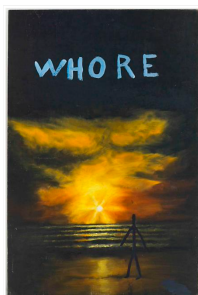
Massimo Sestini  
Black and white photograph and ink  
19.1 x 14.4 inches  
48.4 x 37.1 cm



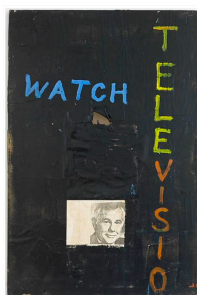
Walter Dahn  
Les premiers jours du Printemps, 1984  
Acrylic on canvas  
88 x 114.8 inches  
225 x 292 cm



Art Deco  
A Hand, 2012  
Pigment print on rice paper  
50 x 35 x 35 inches  
128 x 91.4 x 91.4 cm



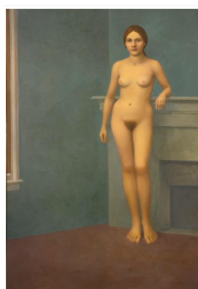
Mark Frost  
Whore, 1983  
Acrylic and fluorescent spray paint on board painting  
20 x 30 inches  
50.8 x 76.2 cm



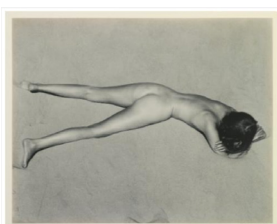
Mark Frost  
Watch Television, 80  
Acrylic, newspaper and latex on canvas  
24 x 32 inches  
61.4 x 81.3 cm



Larry Fick  
Untitled (Group of People), 1975  
Black and white photograph  
100 x 100 cm



William Butler  
Phaedra, 1952-57  
Oil on canvas  
63 1/2 x 43 1/2 inches  
161.3 x 110.3 cm



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



Robert Rauschenberg  
Chicken dip, 1989  
Acrylic on mounted steel  
38 x 48 inches  
91.4 x 121.9 cm



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



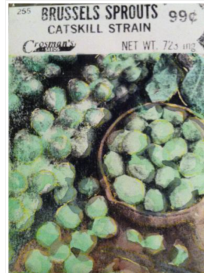
Goldstein  
Mind (The Observatory), 1982  
Ink on canvas  
80 inches  
4 x 102.4 cm



Valerio Bonini  
To David Foster, 1982  
Composite on cardboard, laminated  
1.5 x 1.5 inches  
3.8 x 3.8 cm



Walter Dahn  
Untitled, 1984  
Latex, acrylic and pigment on canvas  
70 3/4 x 58 1/8 inches  
180 x 148.3 cm



Lucien Smith  
Brussels Sprouts  
Seed Packet Printing, 2012  
Watercolor on paper  
4 5/8 x 3 1/8 inches  
11.3 x 7.9 cm





ert Matter  
1 in Reeds, Provincetown, 1940  
th silver print



Charles Ray  
1000 Figures, 1973  
Screen reproduction photograph mounted on board  
11 x 11 inches  
33.9 x 110.2 cm



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



Rita Scheraga  
Pine by Ross Bleck N., 2013  
Oil and acrylic paint on canvas  
100 1/4 x 75 1/8 x 2 1/8 inches  
257.3 x 192.7 x 5.4 cm



Gerard F. High  
The Lady in a landscape with a Bird, 2013  
Oil on wood panel  
38 7/8 x 24 1/2 x 1 3/8 inches  
79 x 61 x 3.5 cm



Robert Rauschenberg  
Untitled, 1982  
Acrylic on canvas  
78 7/8 x 58 1/8 inches  
200 x 148 cm



Yoko Kashi  
Black II, 2013  
Stoneware  
11 x 9 x 8 inches  
27.9 x 22.9 x 20.3 cm



Yoko Kashi  
Judy II, 2013  
Porcelain  
Variable dimensions



W. J. M.  
Untitled, 2013  
Oil on canvas  
100 x 100 cm



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



Russ Ray  
Last night, 1928  
34 x 23 inches  
86.4 x 58.3 cm



Rita Scheraga  
Untitled (Pine), 2013  
Oil and acrylic paint on paper  
24 x 18 inches  
61 x 45.7 cm



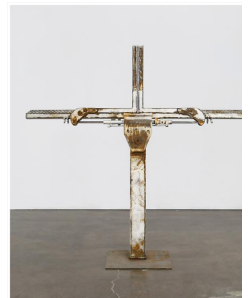
Robert Rauschenberg  
6 Polyester Suit, 1980  
In color print  
14 inches  
40.6 cm



Robert Rauschenberg  
Self-portrait (with make-up), NYC, 1980  
Gelatin silver print  
20 x 16 inches  
50.8 x 40.6 cm



W. J. M.  
Untitled, 2013  
Oil and acrylic paint on canvas  
100 x 100 cm  
254 x 254 cm

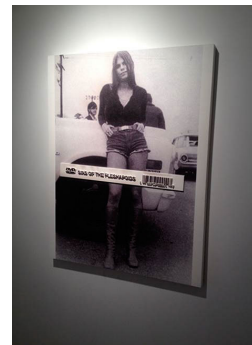
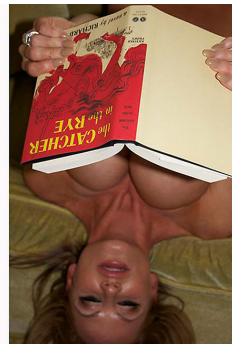
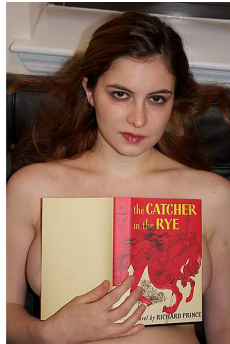


Rita Scheraga  
White Tree Trunk, 2010  
Steel, latex, and oil  
82 x 84 1/2 x 5 1/2 inches  
208.3 x 214.6 x 14 cm

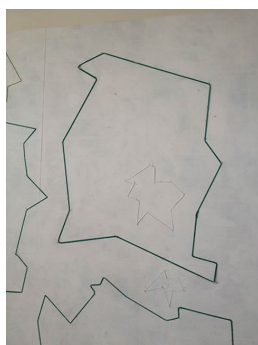
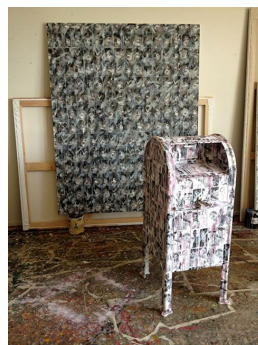
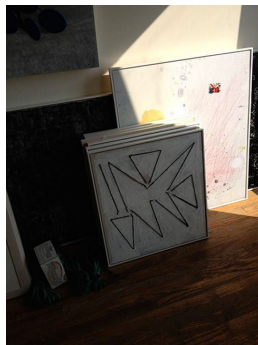
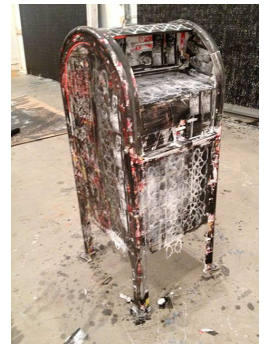
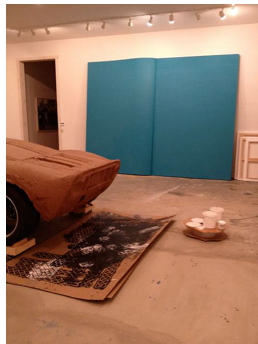
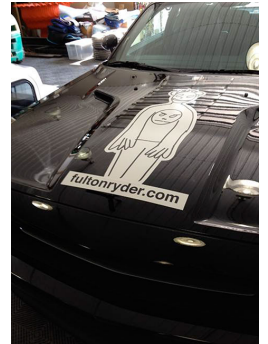
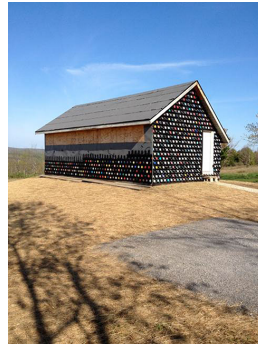


W. J. M.  
Untitled, 2013  
Oil on canvas  
100 x 100 cm  
254 x 254 cm

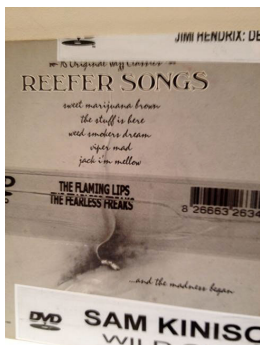




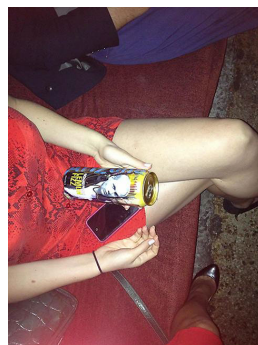
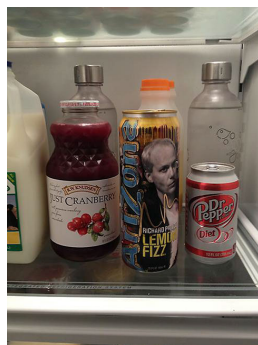
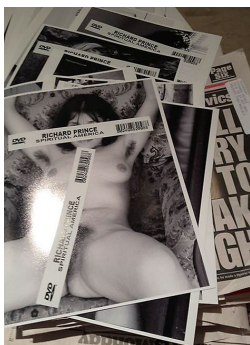
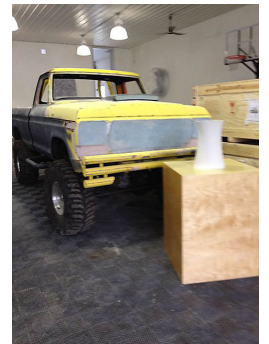
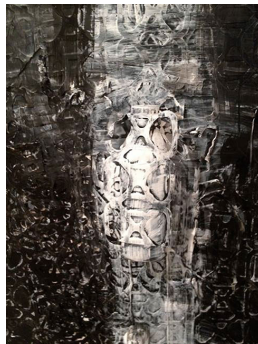




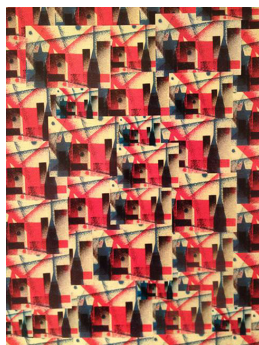
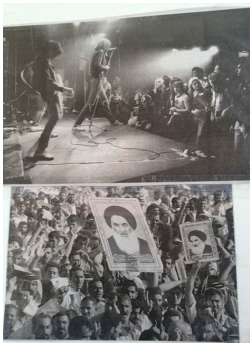
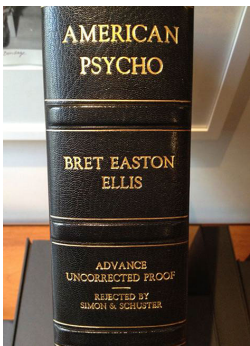
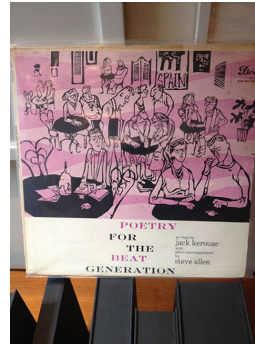
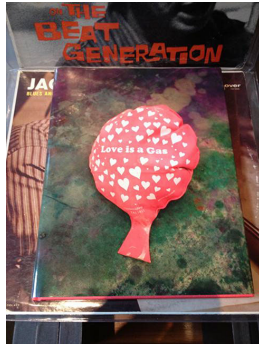




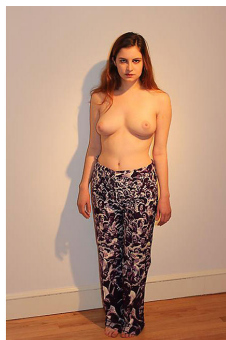
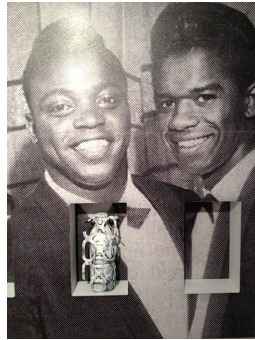
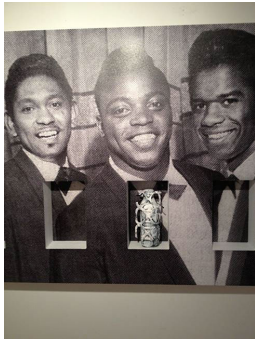




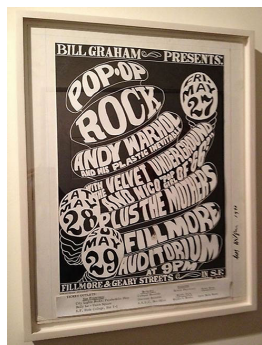
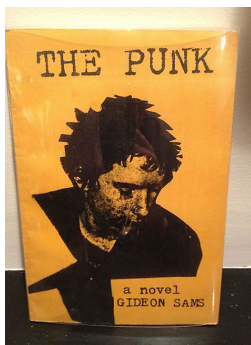
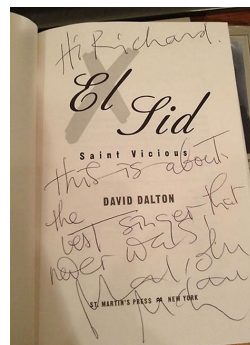
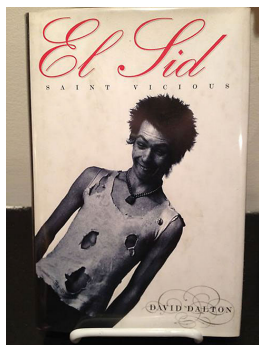
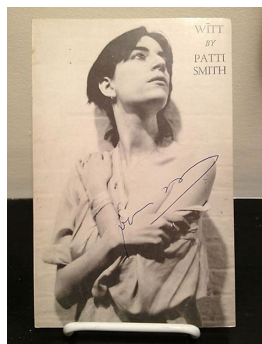
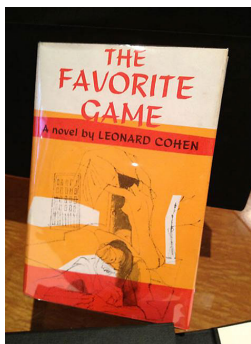
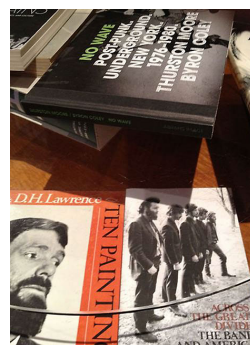
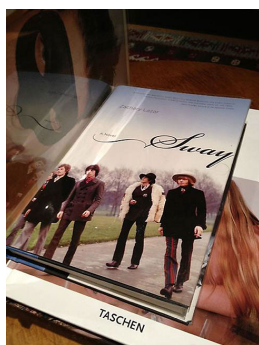
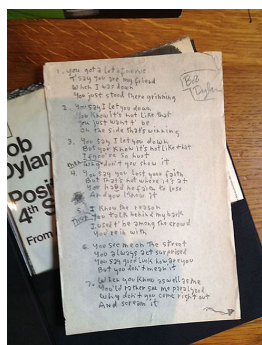
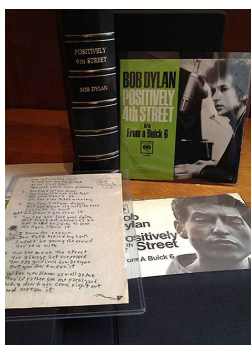
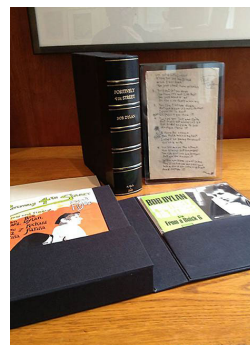




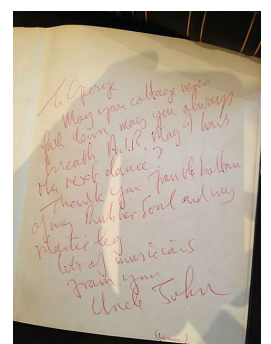
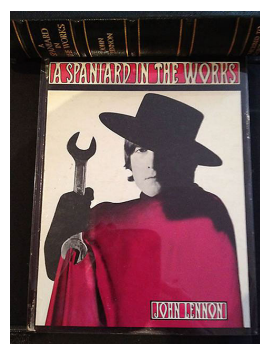
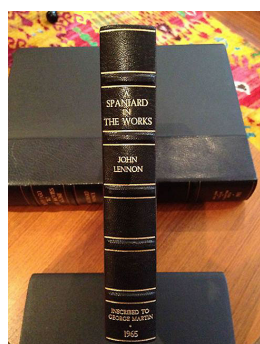
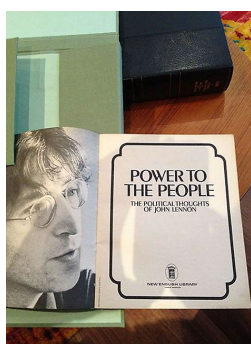
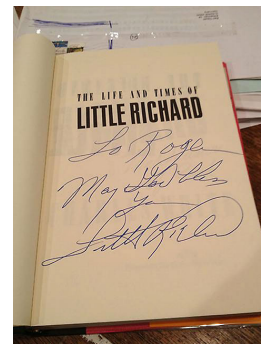
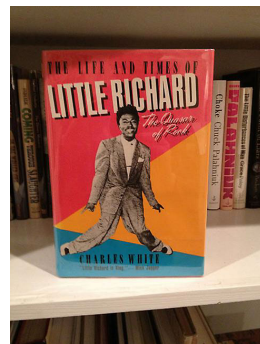
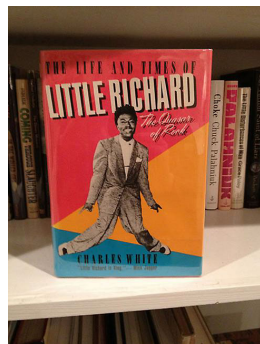
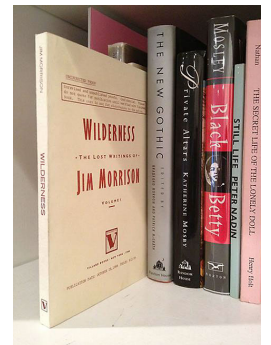
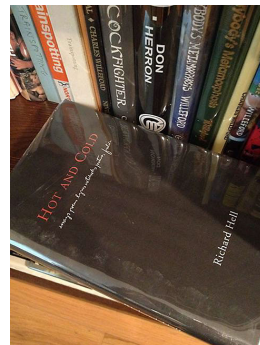
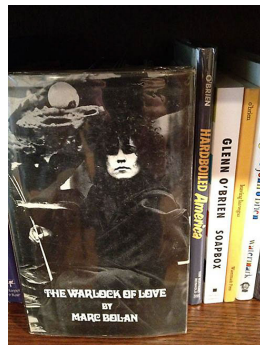
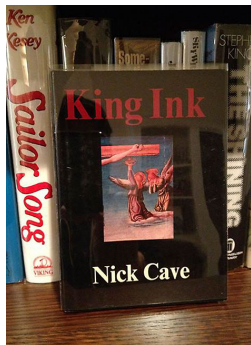




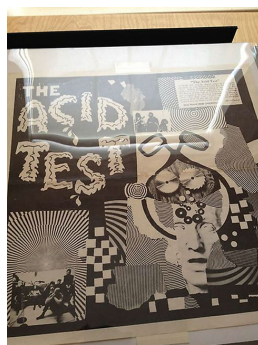
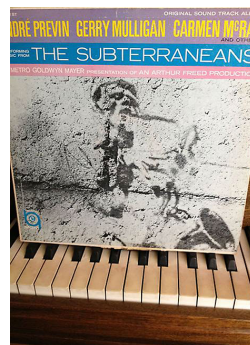
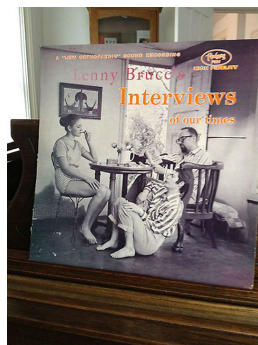
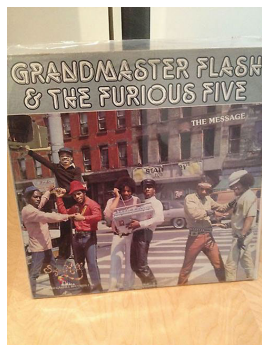
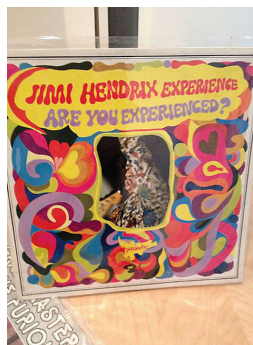
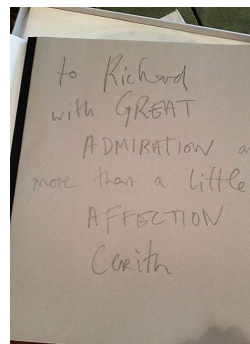
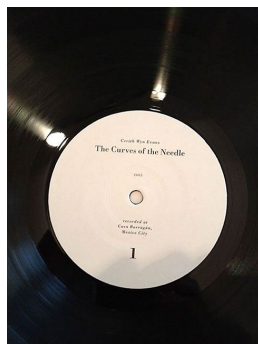
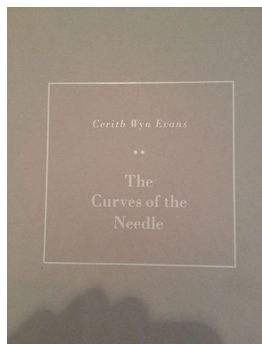
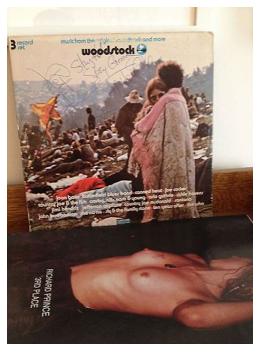
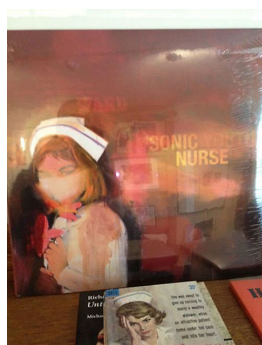
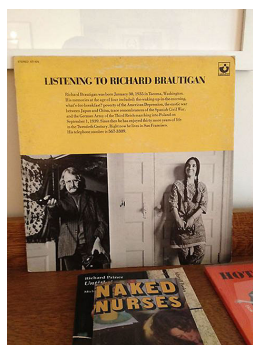
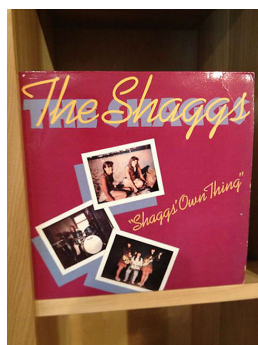
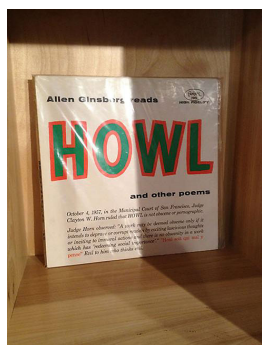
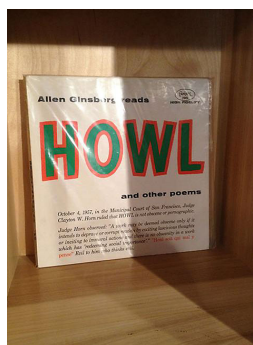




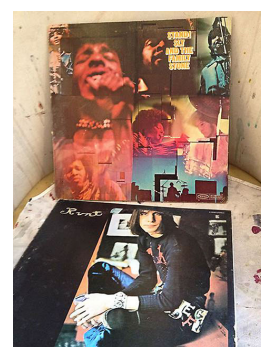
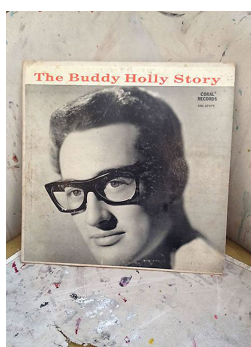
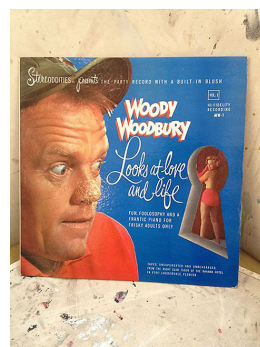
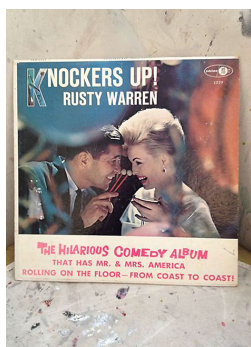
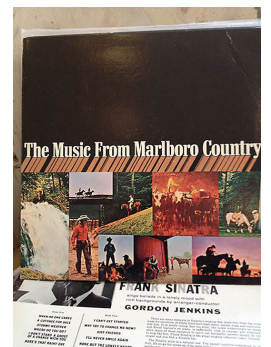
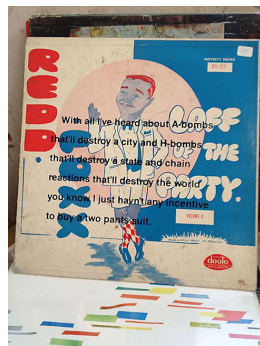
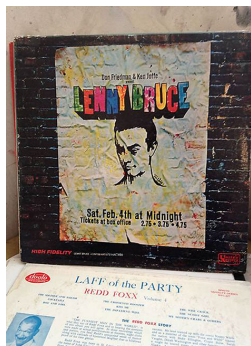
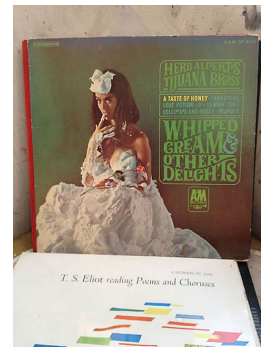
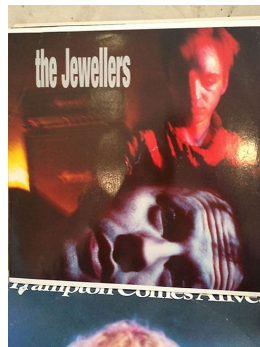
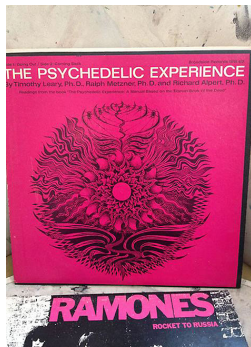




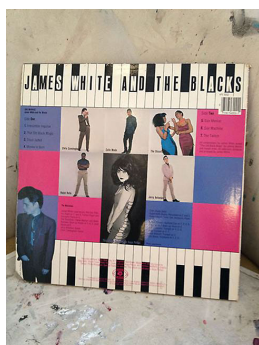
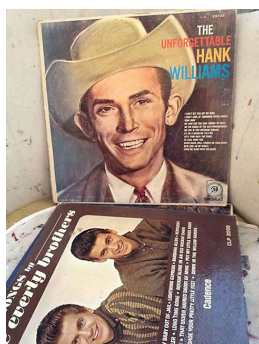
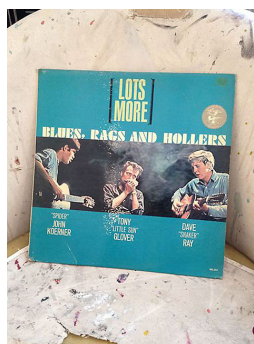
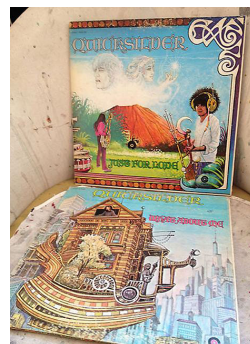
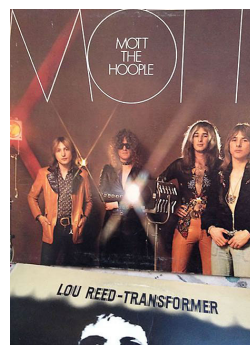
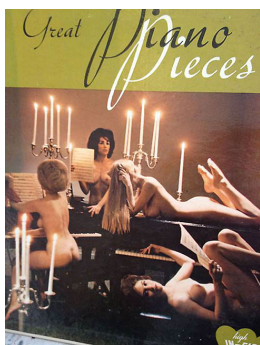
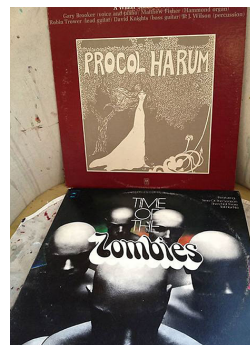
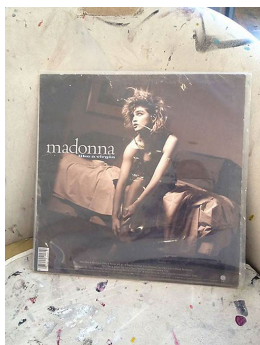
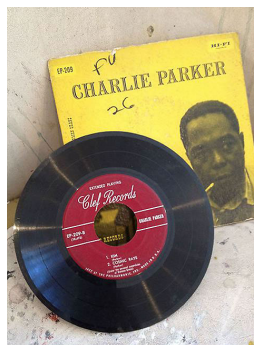




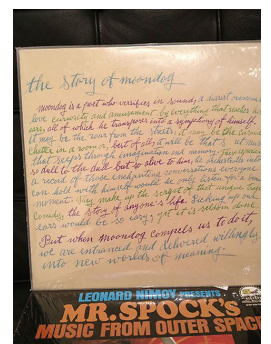
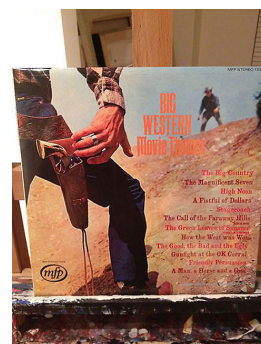
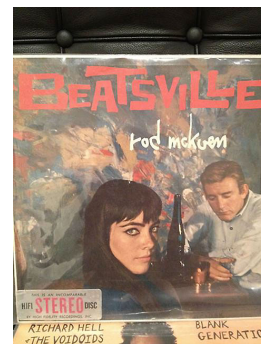
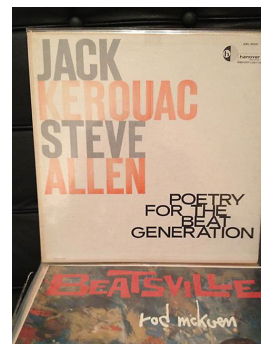
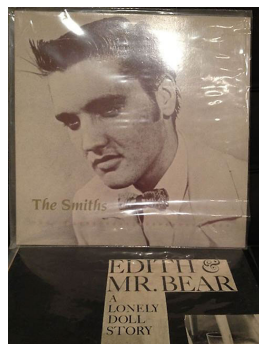
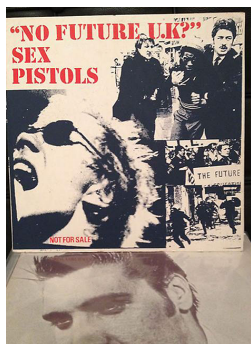
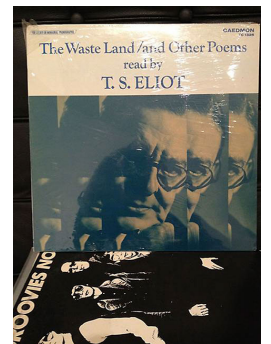
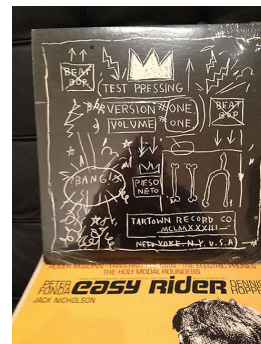
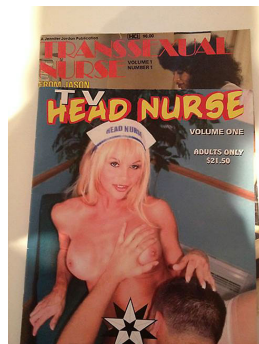
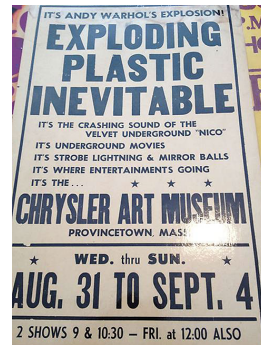
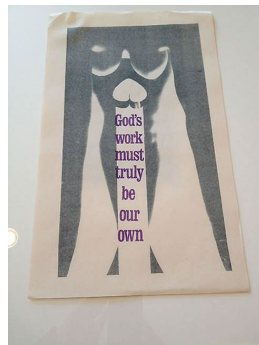




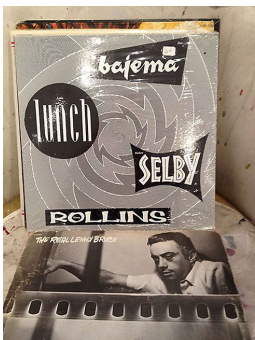
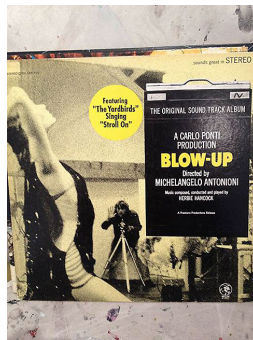
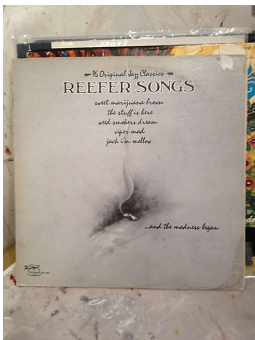
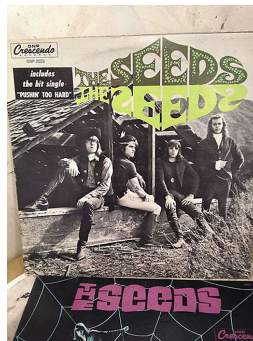


















How do you choose the subjects you photograph? Who are they?  
Where do they come from?

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”?

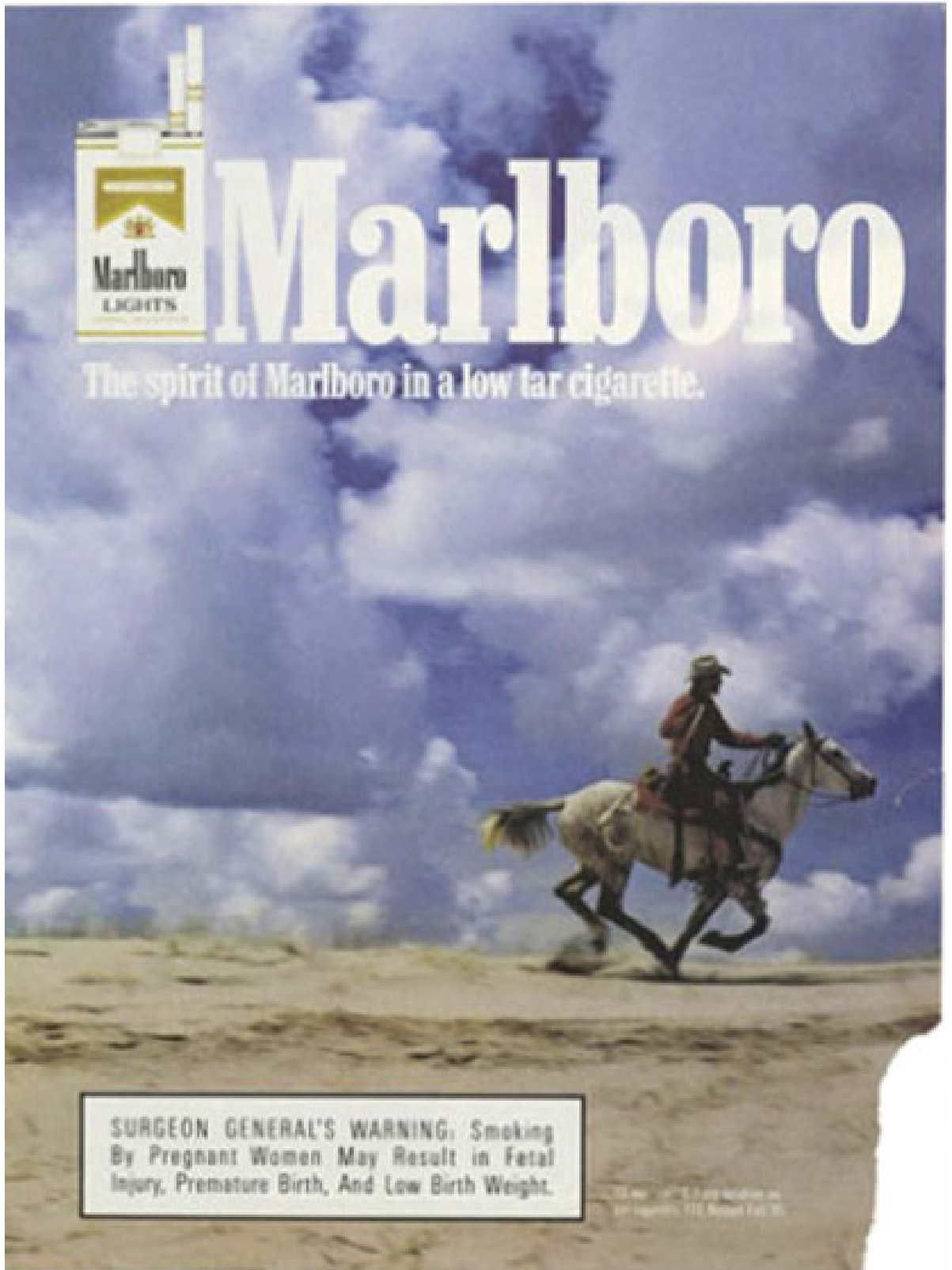
I was working at the Time-Life building in this department called Tear Sheets, where I would cut up all their magazines and send the editorial parts up to the people who called down for them to the authors. By the end of the day I was left with the advertising sections and nobody called down for those. 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.**

11 mg. "tar," 0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method. ©1995 Philip Morris Inc.



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



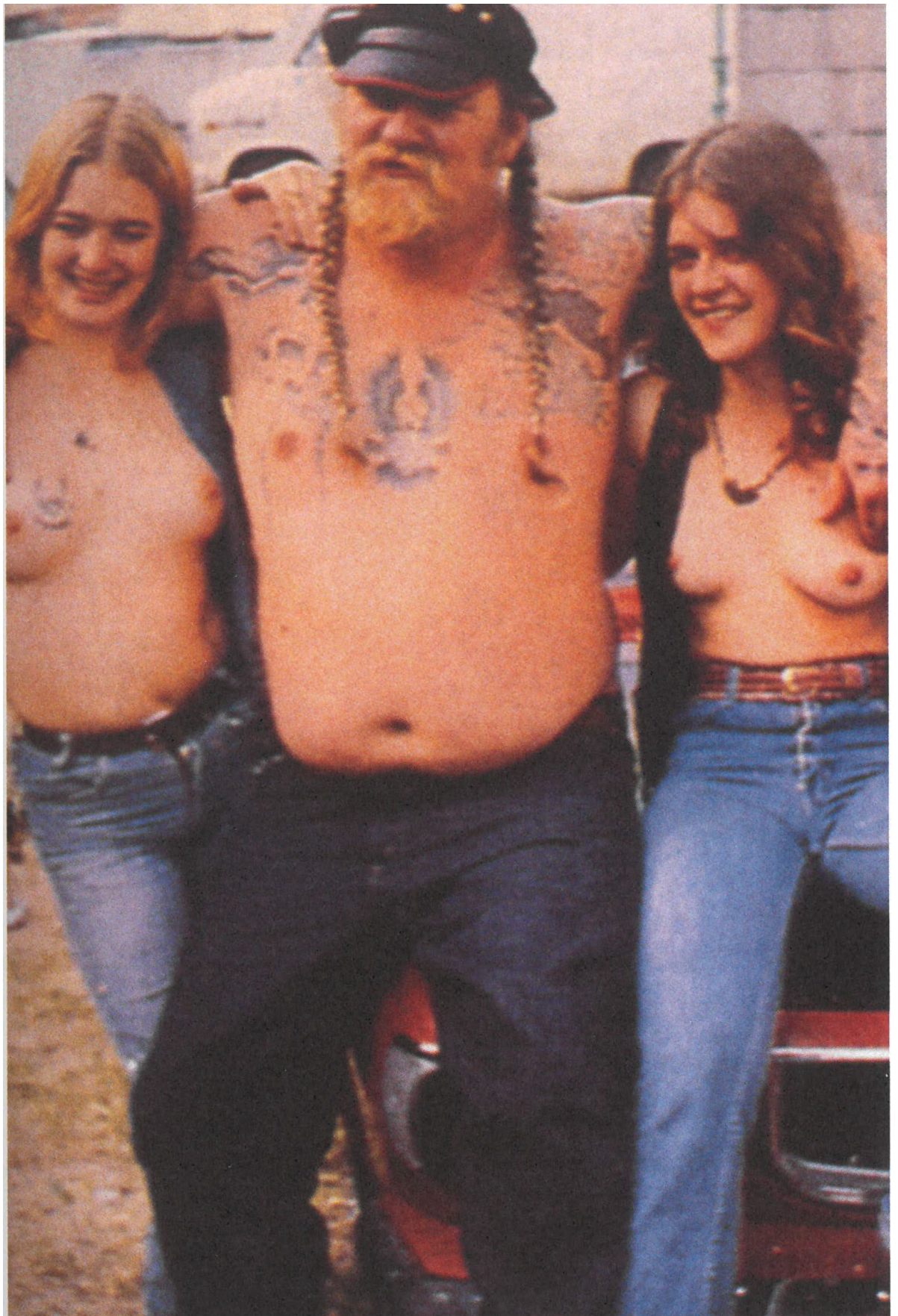


Did you have a specific aesthetic in mind when taking your photographs?

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.



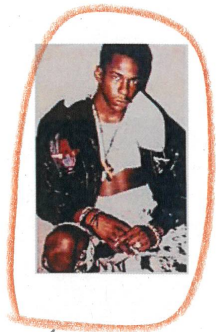
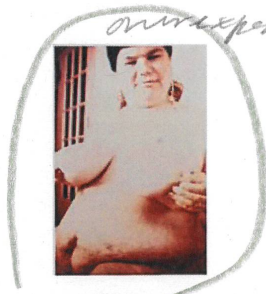




What is your process when working on a series, how do you put them together?

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.

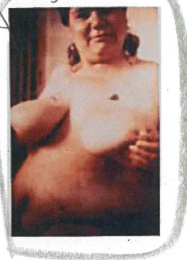
3 x 3  
 pairs  
 all portrait format  
 same photo  
 blurry/overexposed/dark



middle  
 picture sharp

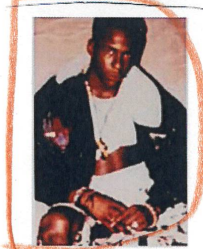


distance of  
 2 slide borders



My girl friends  
 my boy friends  
 my wife

annie and sonie  
 Paul and Pam  
 Paul and Pam



dark

Tehrastan. Shu Tehrastan

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?

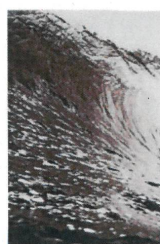
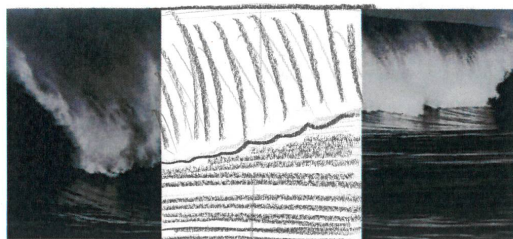
Combination:  
 A diagonal with same photo  
 no repetition in horizontal  
 or vertical row



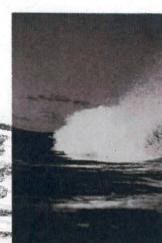
The Velvet Beach, 1984-85  
 Ektacolor photograph  
 218 x 122 cm  
 Annotated by Dzulija Jakimovska, Lorena Bassi

3 x 4  
Waves

6 x w



(connection)

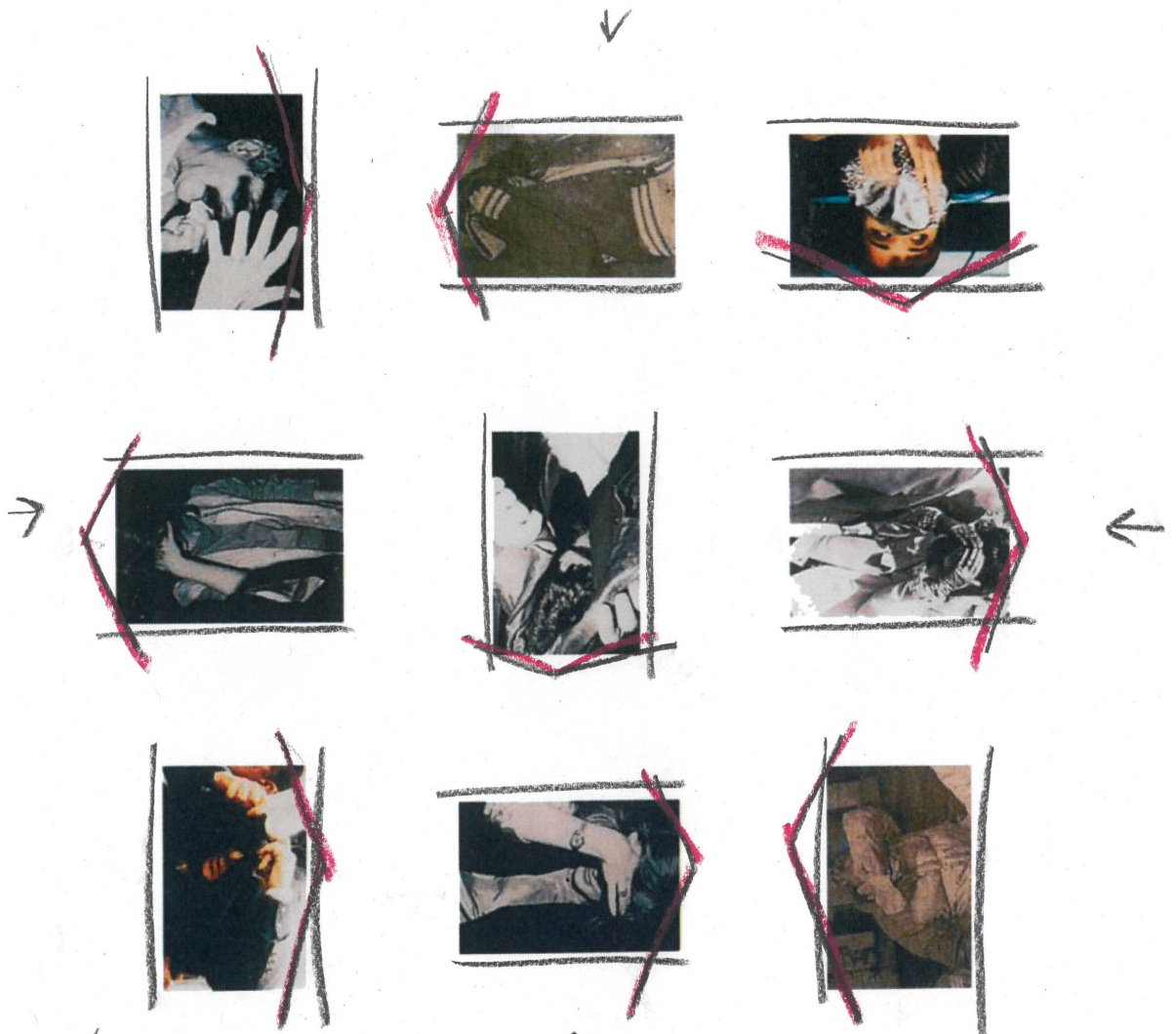


10 portrait, 20 landscape

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



Live Free or Die, 1986  
 Ektacolor photograph  
 219 x 122 cm  
 Annotated by Dzulija Jakimovska, Lorena Bassi

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 portrait, 7 landscape

3 pictures / 3 times  
all portrait frames  
purple haze

white space!



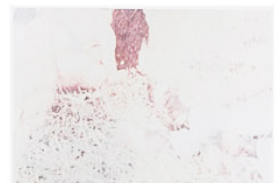
1 bike + 2 women with guns  
darker colours in diagonal, lighter ones in between  
different pictures horizontally, repetition vertically



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?

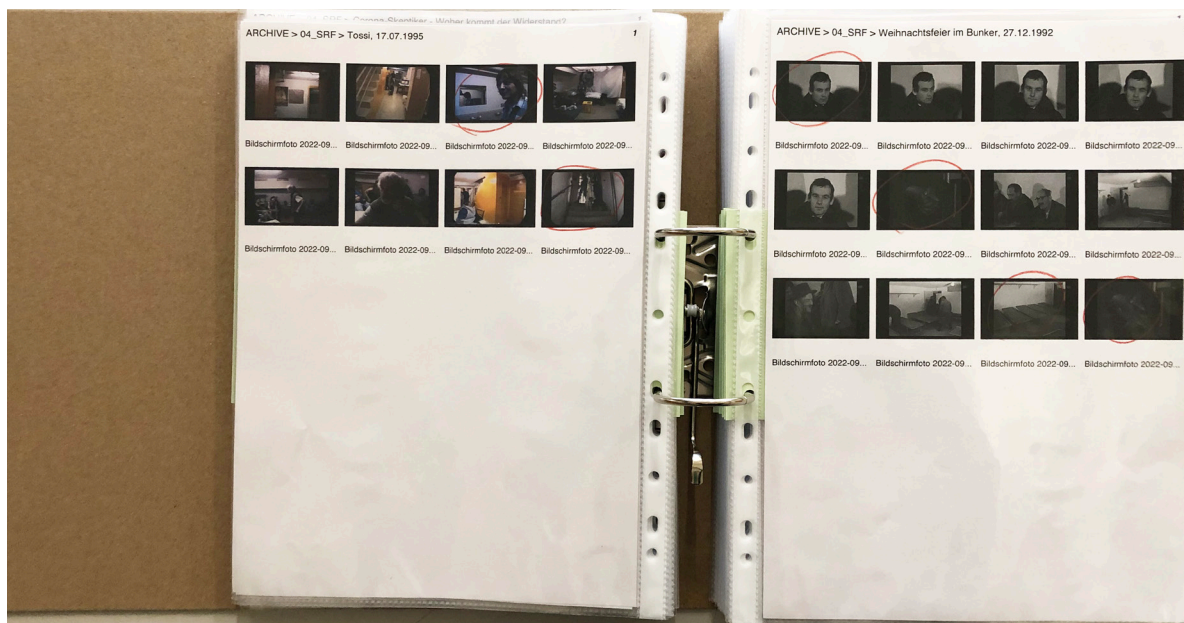
I was thinking about proving my case. I was having a crisis, a social, political, critical crisis about the belief system—confronting all the systems that we were told were one way and, you later found out, were totally another way. Existential loss, alienation and dislocation. Something dark at their 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





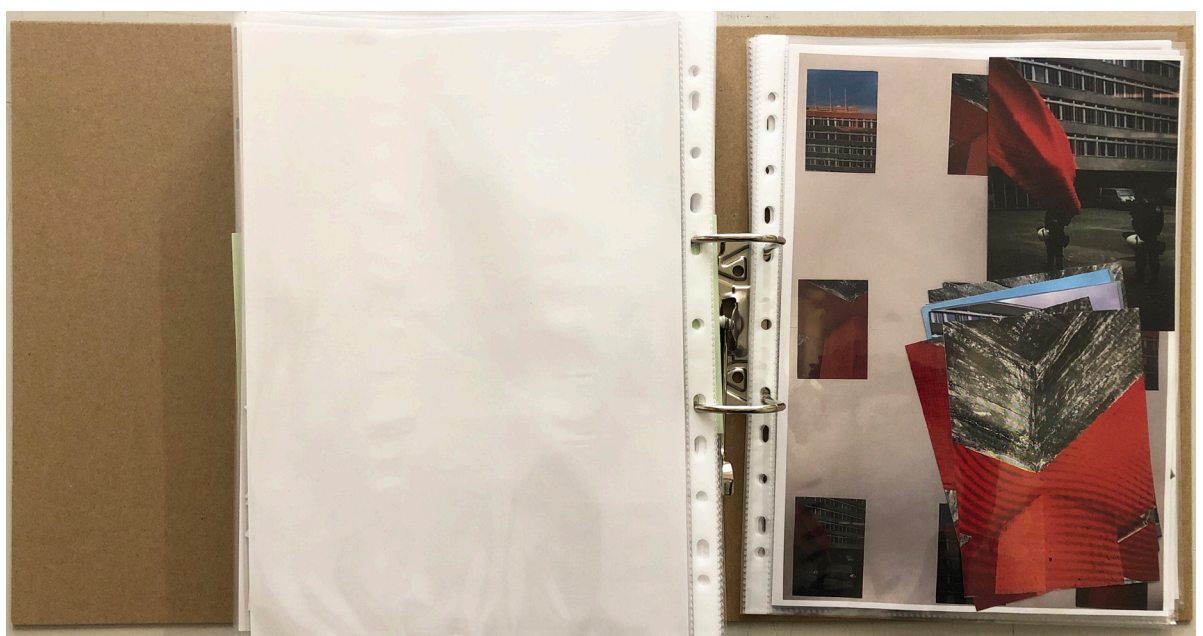
Process folder  
Contact sheets of media found of Amtshaus/Helvetiaplatz



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

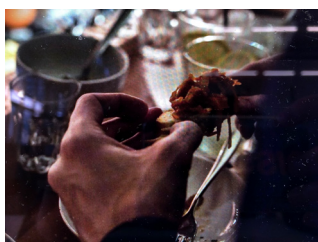
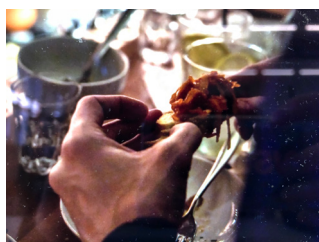
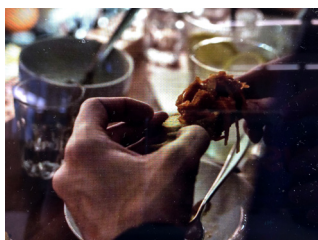
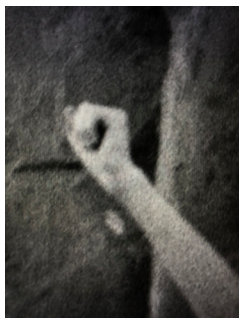


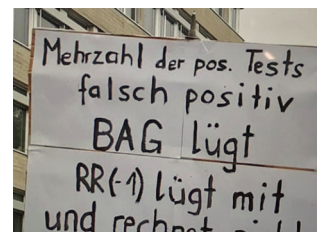
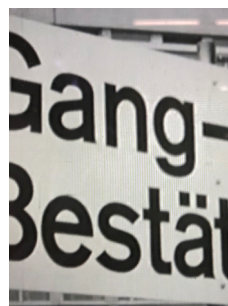
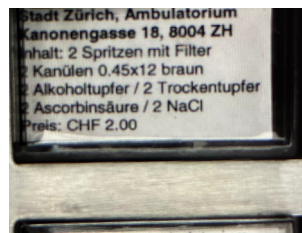
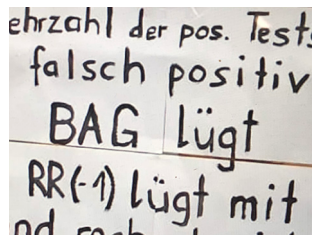
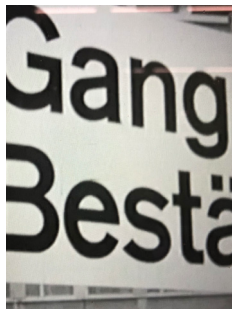






Untitled (Hands)  
Photograph Dzuliya Jakimovska, Lorena Bassi

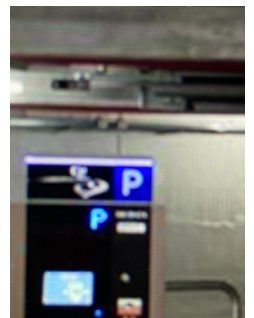
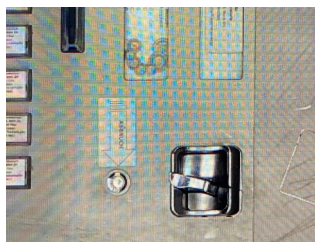
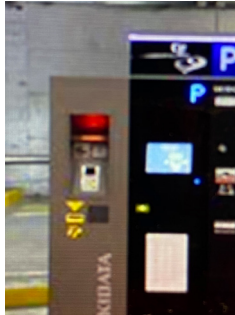
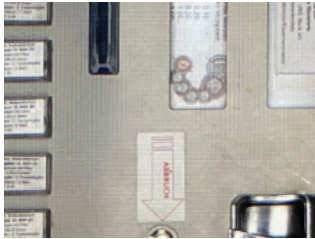






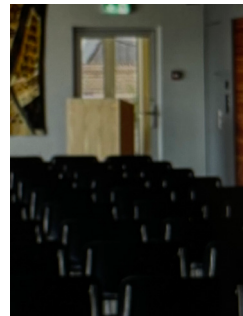
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Photograph Dzuliya Jakimovska, Lorena Bassi

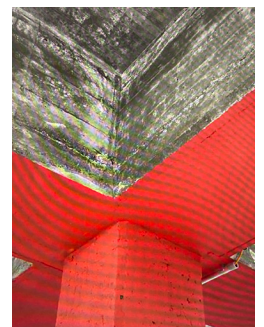
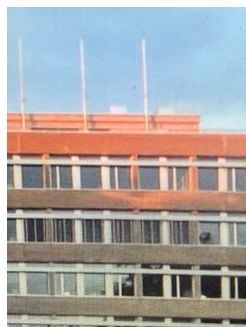
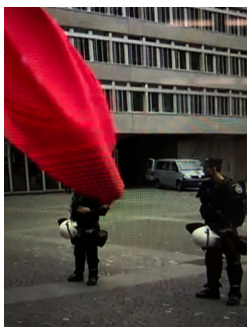
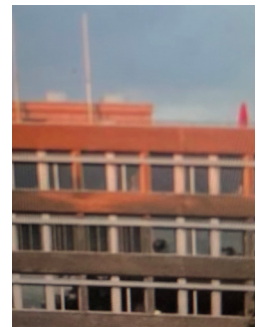
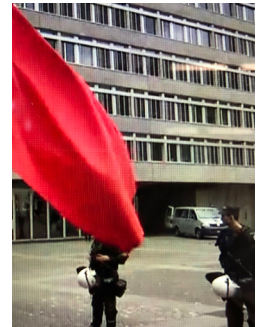




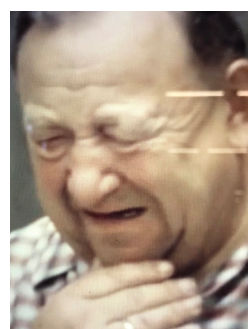
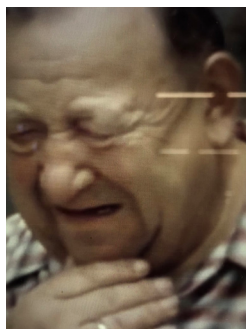


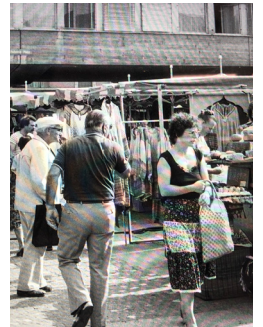
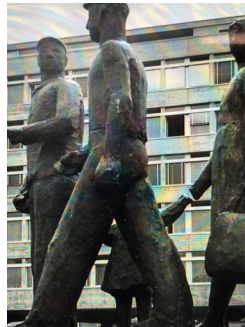
Untitled (Seating)  
Photograph Dzuliya Jakimovska, Lorena Bassi





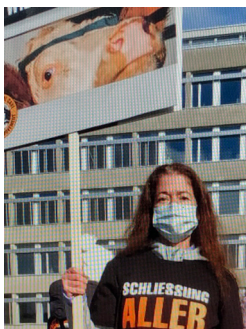


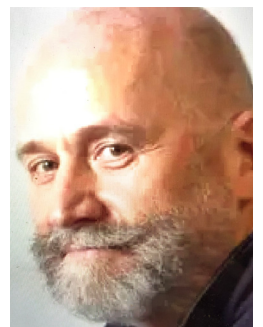
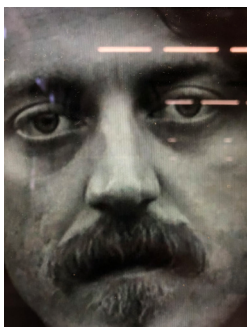
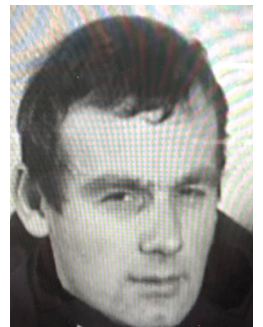
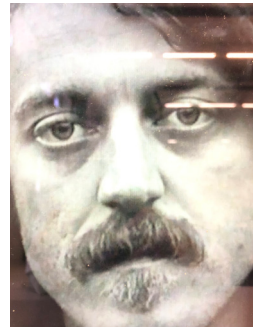
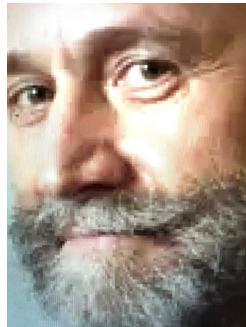






Untitled (Women)  
Photograph Dzuliya Jakimovska, Lorena Bassi







Untitled (Women 2)  
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? <sup>1</sup>

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. <sup>2</sup>

Once more, what are the jokes about? <sup>3</sup>

The paramount concern was never to care. <sup>4</sup>

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. <sup>5</sup>

What was the reaction to the jokes?

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

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. <sup>7</sup>



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? <sup>8</sup>

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. <sup>9</sup>

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." <sup>10</sup>

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. <sup>11</sup>



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.<sup>12</sup>

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?<sup>13</sup>

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.<sup>14</sup>

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.<sup>15</sup>



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. <sup>16</sup>

Does timeliness or timelessness matter when investigating contemporary culture? <sup>17</sup>

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? <sup>18</sup>

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. <sup>19</sup>

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? <sup>20</sup>



## 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 <sup>21</sup>

<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/542d041c498eabf60921345b>, 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. <sup>23</sup>



they had an identity. they had weight.  
they were freer.<sup>14</sup>

<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](http://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. <sup>16</sup>



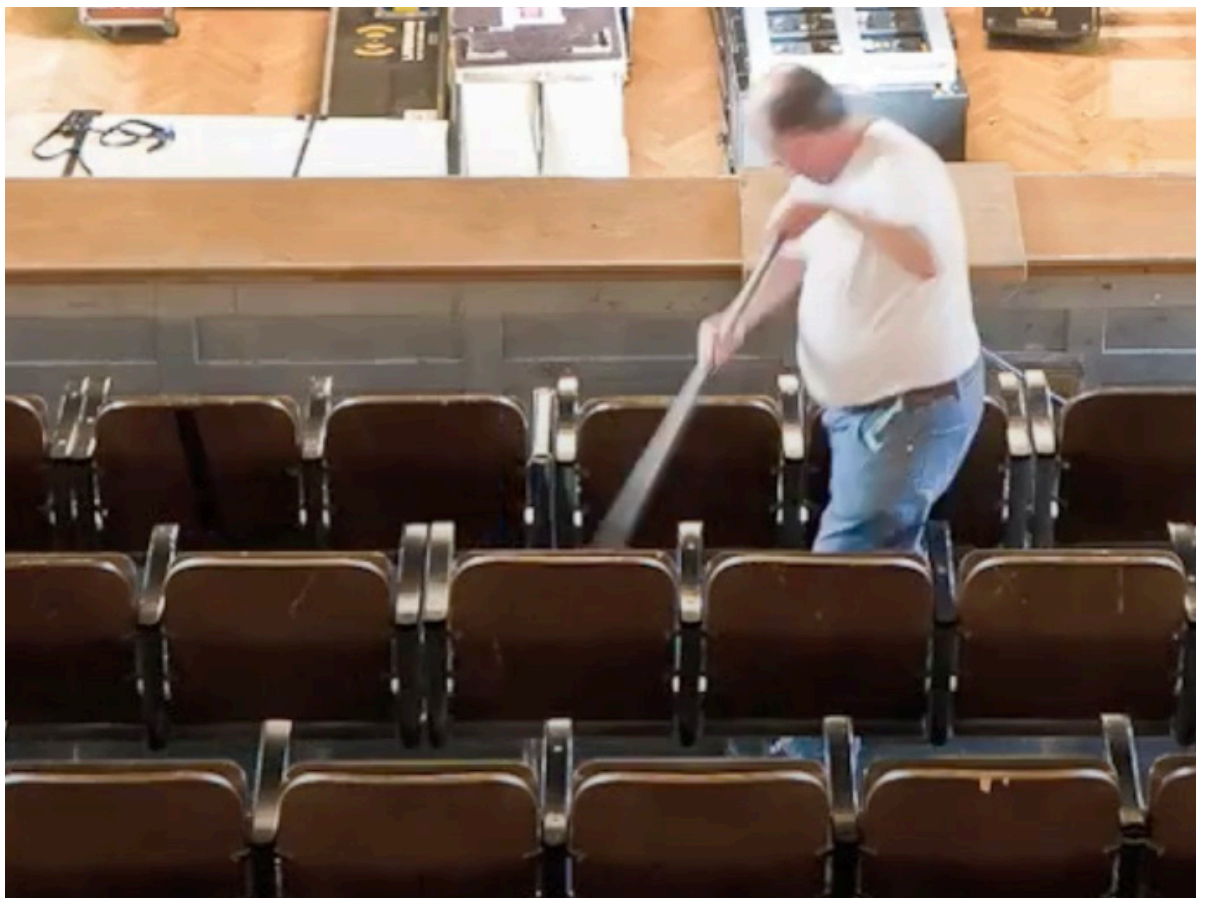
people who work behind the scenes, play the secondary  
and supporting roles <sup>17</sup>

<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-Da6wrnjpKE>, 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. <sup>19</sup>



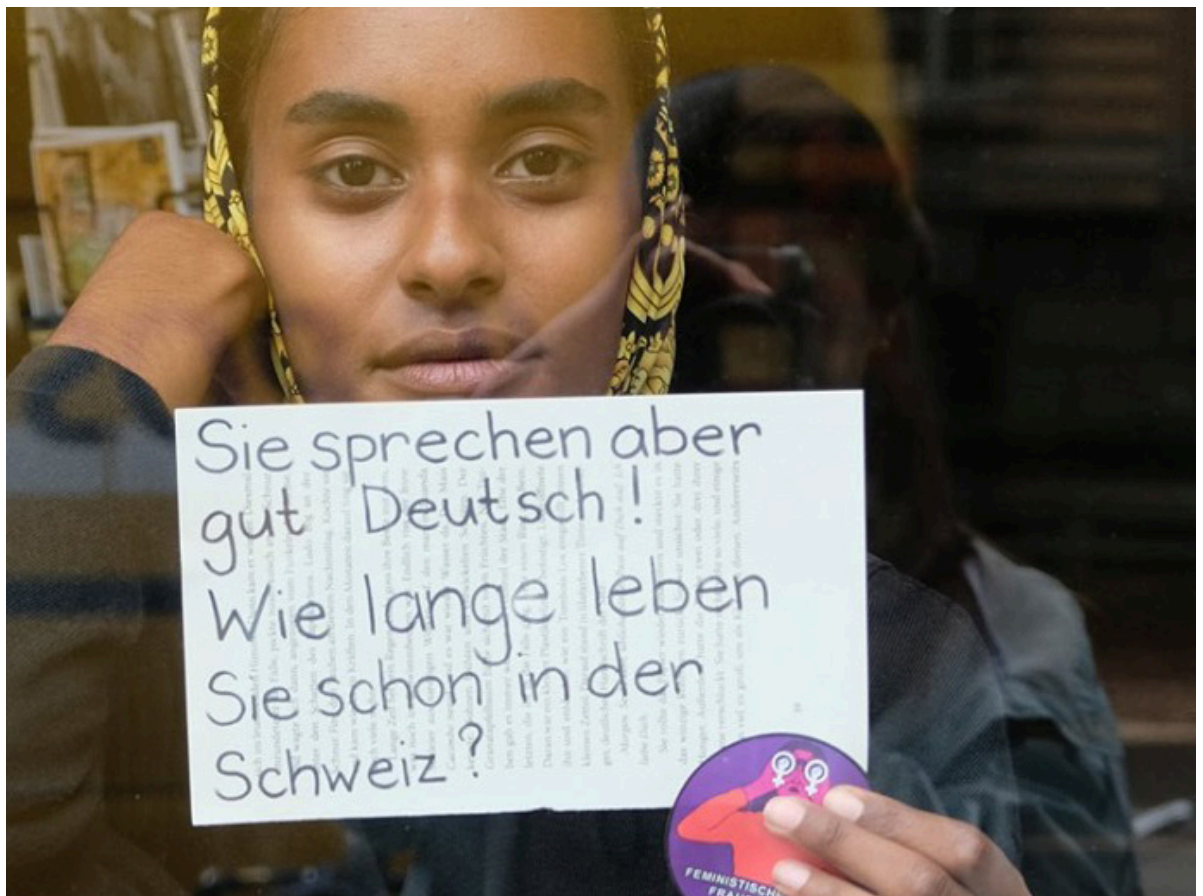
Her name is Mary. I've never met her,<sup>20</sup>

<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.'



let me humor you<sup>23</sup>

<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.<sup>25</sup>



they could always pretend to enjoy their relationship  
for its own sake <sup>26</sup>

<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. <sup>28</sup>



She takes herself for the things she's already seen. <sup>29</sup>

<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. <sup>31</sup>





## (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.

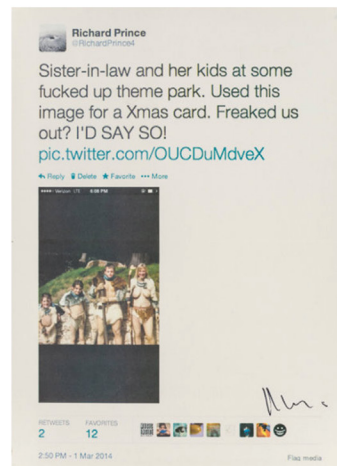
Thirty years. Time passes. The social network. I looked over my daughter's shoulder and saw that she was scrolling thru pictures on her phone. I asked her what she was looking at. "It's my Tumblr." "What's a tumbler?" I asked.

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 . . .









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.

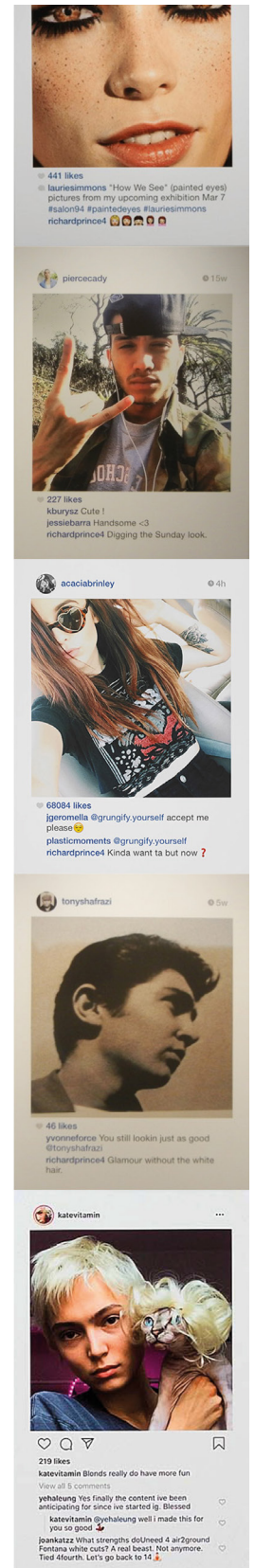
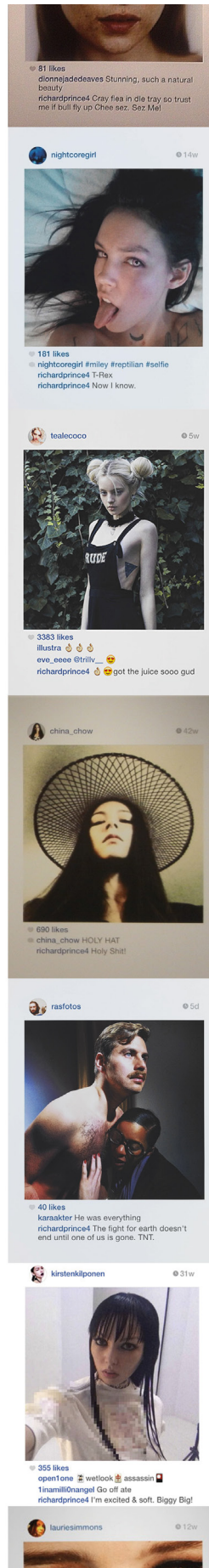
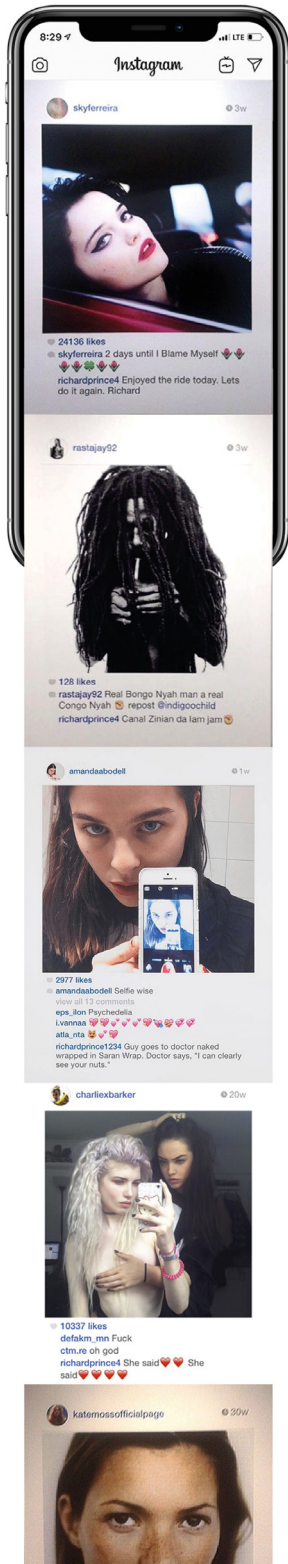
Yeah. Portrait would be the simplest description. To remake it again, and to present it as effortlessly as it had first appeared, was always hard work. Those greens couldn't be that green and those blues weren't the same. What are you supposed to do with that kind of take? Can that be changed?

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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