



Glad you liked it,
you paid for it.

onestar press matthias herrmann & friends collections



I've turned 40 and I've turned 50,
and all I can save is: 40 is better.

Le contenu de cet ouvrage est susceptible de choquer la sensibilité des mineurs; tout possesseur de cet ouvrage s'engage à ne pas le laisser à leur disposition.

Der Inhalt dieses Buches ist fuer Kinder ungeeignet; Besitzer dieses Buches sollten Kindern keinen Zugang gewaehren.

The content of this book could be disturbing for children; owners of this book should not let children have access to it.

Matthias Herrmann & friends

COLLECTIONS

Onestar Press



WARTEZONE

GELB	BLAU
TÜR	
A	D
B	E
C	F
G	

AKH - WIEN

255

UNIV. KLINIK FÜR
CHIRURGIE

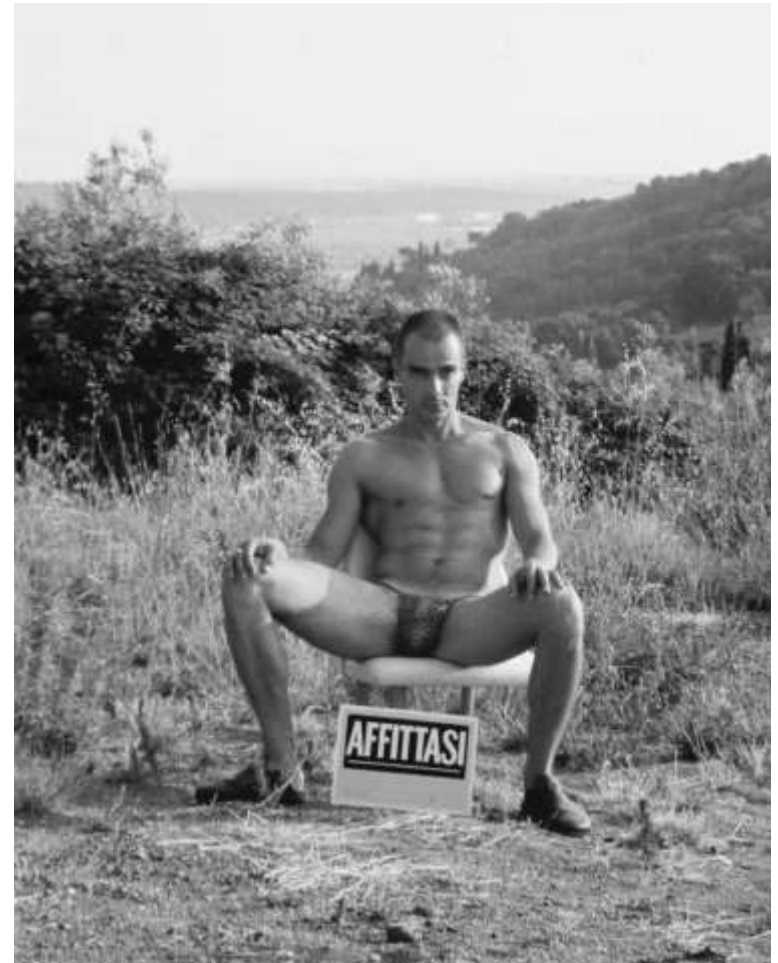
WARTEZONE

GELB	BLAU
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AKH - WIEN

233

UNIV. KLINIK FÜR
CHIRURGIE

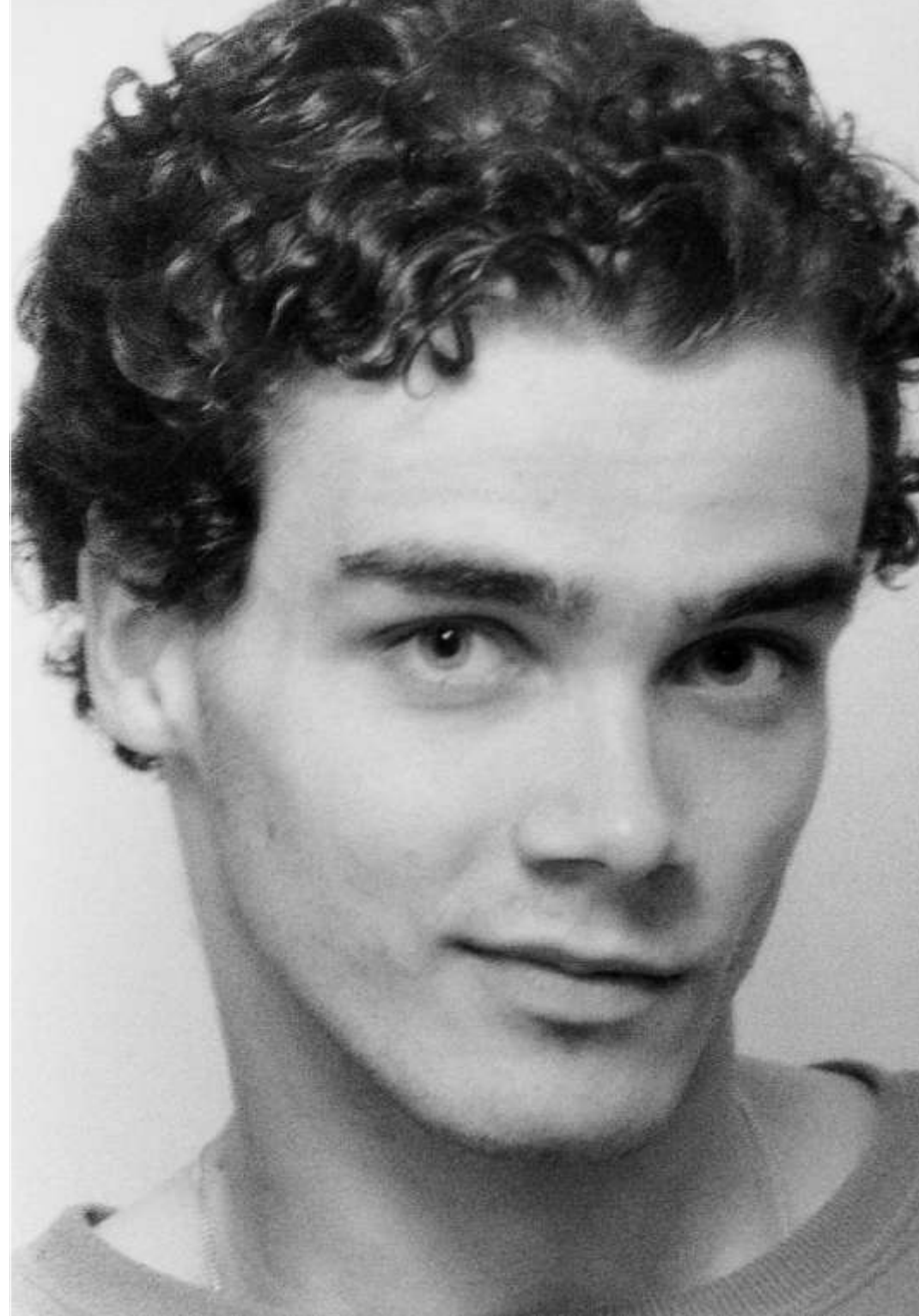


**Art is not
where you
think you're
going to find it.**

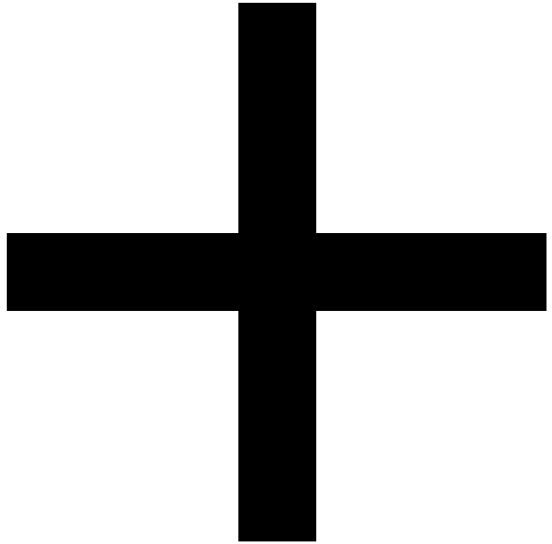


**Ganz herzlichen Dank
für die Einladung, ich
bin absolut für
solche Sachen zu
haben und es macht
mir Spass!**

E.W.







What you're doing still shakes them up though. What about the Politically Correct gays? You know in Multiple Maniacs when the character says, "Come and see the two queers kissing?" I have a "Naked Straight Guy of the Month" in one of my magazines and I get more flack from the gay community about that.

I think that's great. I think you should have naked convicts every month and show their parole cards for what they did. The bigger the crime, the bigger the picture.

I have a Thug-of-the-Month, Hitchhiker-of-the-Month, Straight Marine Genitalia...

I like your magazine the best. I've never been gaily correct. Especially when in pornography they all are shaved and are twinkies and come from LA. I don't know who they're sexy to.

My big mission is to change the body-shaving trend in this industry. It is so 1980s. Nobody wants that look anymore. Everyone I've ever met has said, "Will you ask the porn stars to stop shaving their nuts all the time?" We're sick of that diet. I drive the models crazy making them wait before photoshoots as their pubes grow back. Most of us want to look at men. Are they going to cut their balls off next?

I don't get it. My favorite pornographer of all is a guy named Bobby. He has about fifty tapes out. They're all marines. Some of 'em he blows and some of 'em he gets to jerk off and some of them fuck themselves. He does Andy Warhol's *Blowjob* for real. He's the only true auteur left. He really should win the porno Oscar. That's like the Dirk Yates films. What's hot about them is that you don't know what's going to happen next.

And some of them are better looking than any porno stars you've ever seen in your entire life. A friend sends [the Bobby tapes] to me and they're framed like Andy Warhol; he [keeps the camera] on the face. It's really the only pornography I watch anymore.

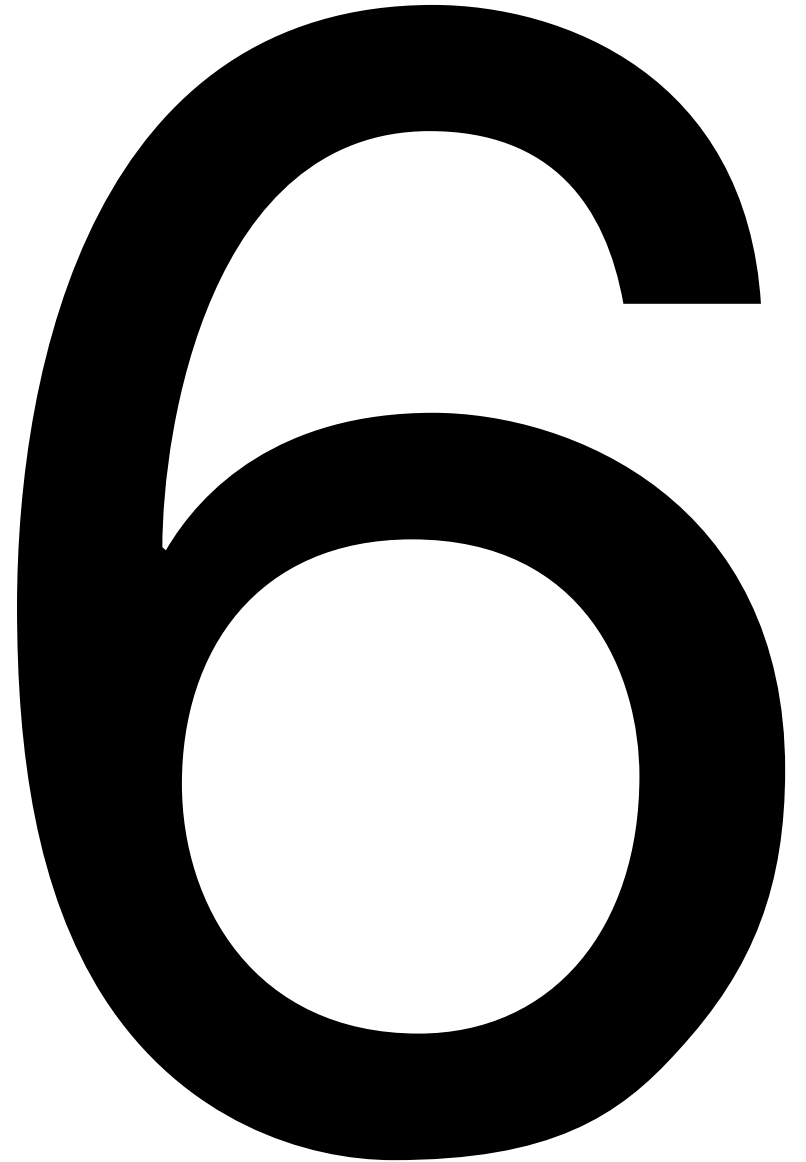
There's no voyeurism left. I try to do that in the magazine

At first I thought, no way, this is too obvious a thing to use for this venue, but I started playing with it.

Robert Gober

I don't think people will ever understand exactly
what I'm doing, but I think it's important to keep
doing it.

Rirkrit Tiravanija



5 NEW HOTEL COCKS:
CHICAGO



5 NEW HOTEL COCKS:
ARNOLDSTEIN



5 NEW HOTEL COCKS:
ARNOLDSTEIN



5 NEW HOTEL COCKS:
CHICAGO



5 NEW HOTEL COCKS:
SALZBURG









It stays with me for miles.

David Wojnarowicz

**Mom, I'm
going to do
everything.**

Alisha Klass

**I'll never fall
in love
again.**

David Wojnarowicz

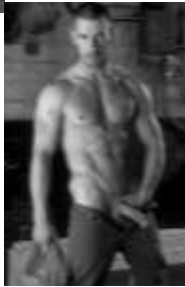




Noi siamo
immortali.

(Sex to me is a pretty private thing!
Max Stone, porn star)

+
Garantie d'hygiène
Unio S.R.L.



Your plane departed 17 hours and 39 minutes ago. I assume you're safely home, at work, continuing your life without me, thinking of me as I think of you. I slept with the down comforter last night, your absence depriving me of human warmth, your nakedness no longer brushing against my sensitively attuned skin that still tingles from another's touch—yours. I did finally sleep the entire night, probably much needed, though hardly a consolation.

Nausea greets my morning, especially heightened as I desultorily amble through the space glimpsing reminders of your visit. An empty beer can. Pamphlets on the floor. "Is Tom Cruise Gay?" blaring from the recycling box. Your crumpled towel carelessly discarded on the chair, the scent of your newly washed body (armpits and crotch) imbedded in its terry. I could go to it, immersing my senses in your being, suffocating myself in you, smelling your smile, your happiness, even your despair; I could go to it to refresh the intensity of the last few days; I could replenish our time together, get another dose. But I won't. I can't. I may never see you again. At least that's what you lead me to believe. Isn't it?

My stomach clenches and I am submerged in dread. It washes over me like the water sprayed on your back as you crouched in the basin, a cascade of chilliness exaggerating life. Its impermanence. Its frivolity. Its delicateness. Its beauty.

I don't know what to do, who to call, whether I should reach out to you, phoning to see that your flight arrived without incident. Or maybe I should just [sic]

Steve Rogenstein



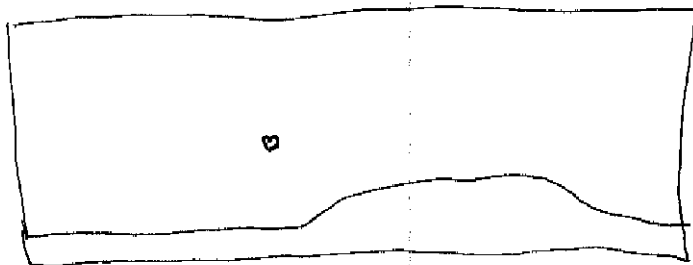
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WESTBURY



I all ways
Knew I
could be
had.

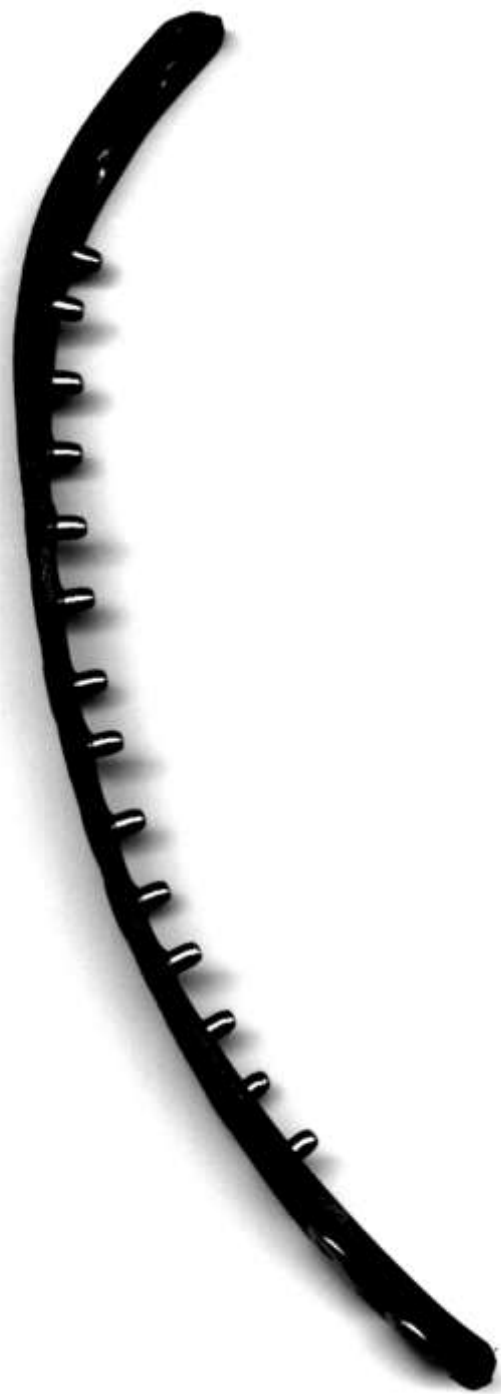
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La rivoluzione siamo Noi







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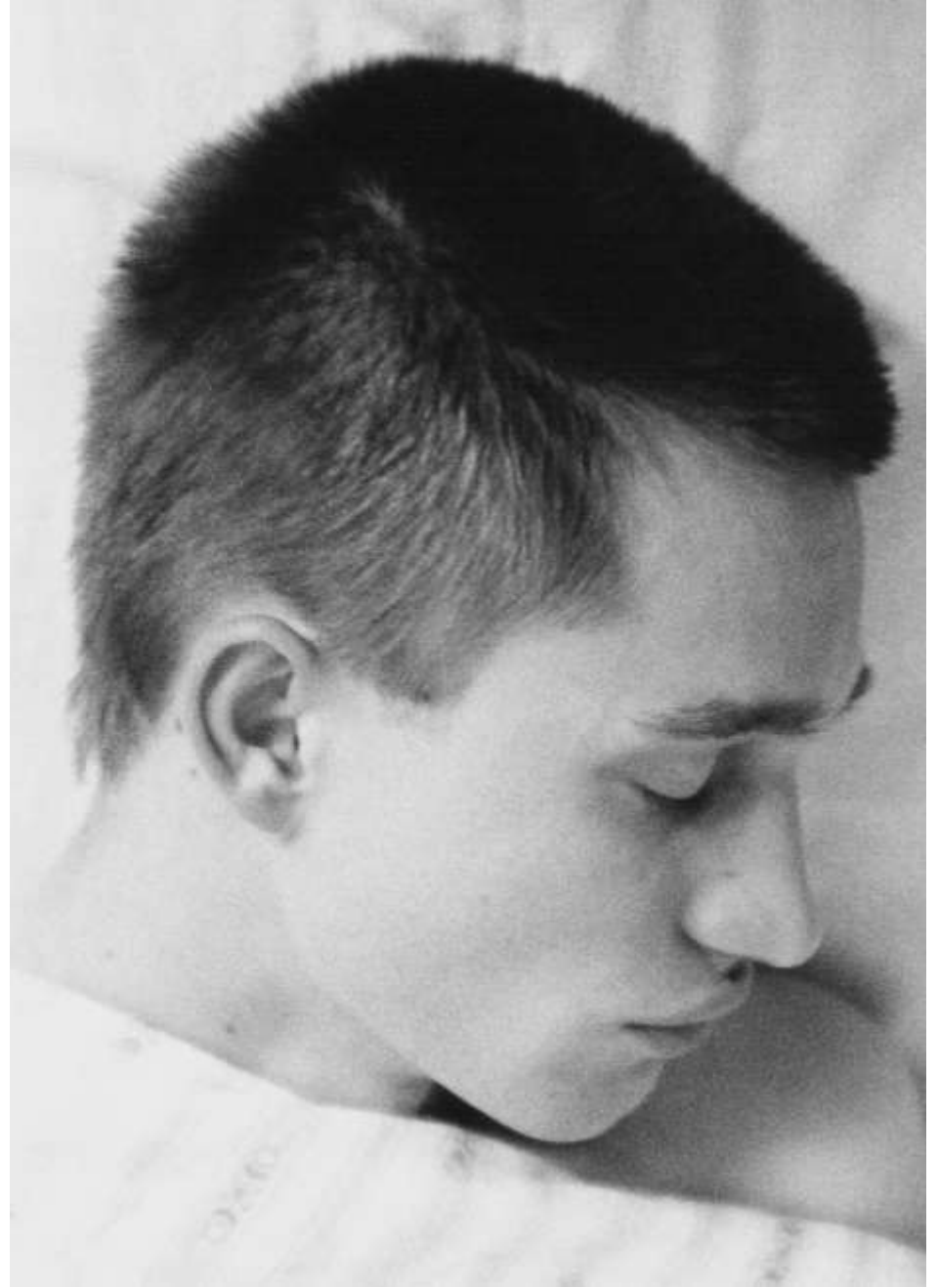
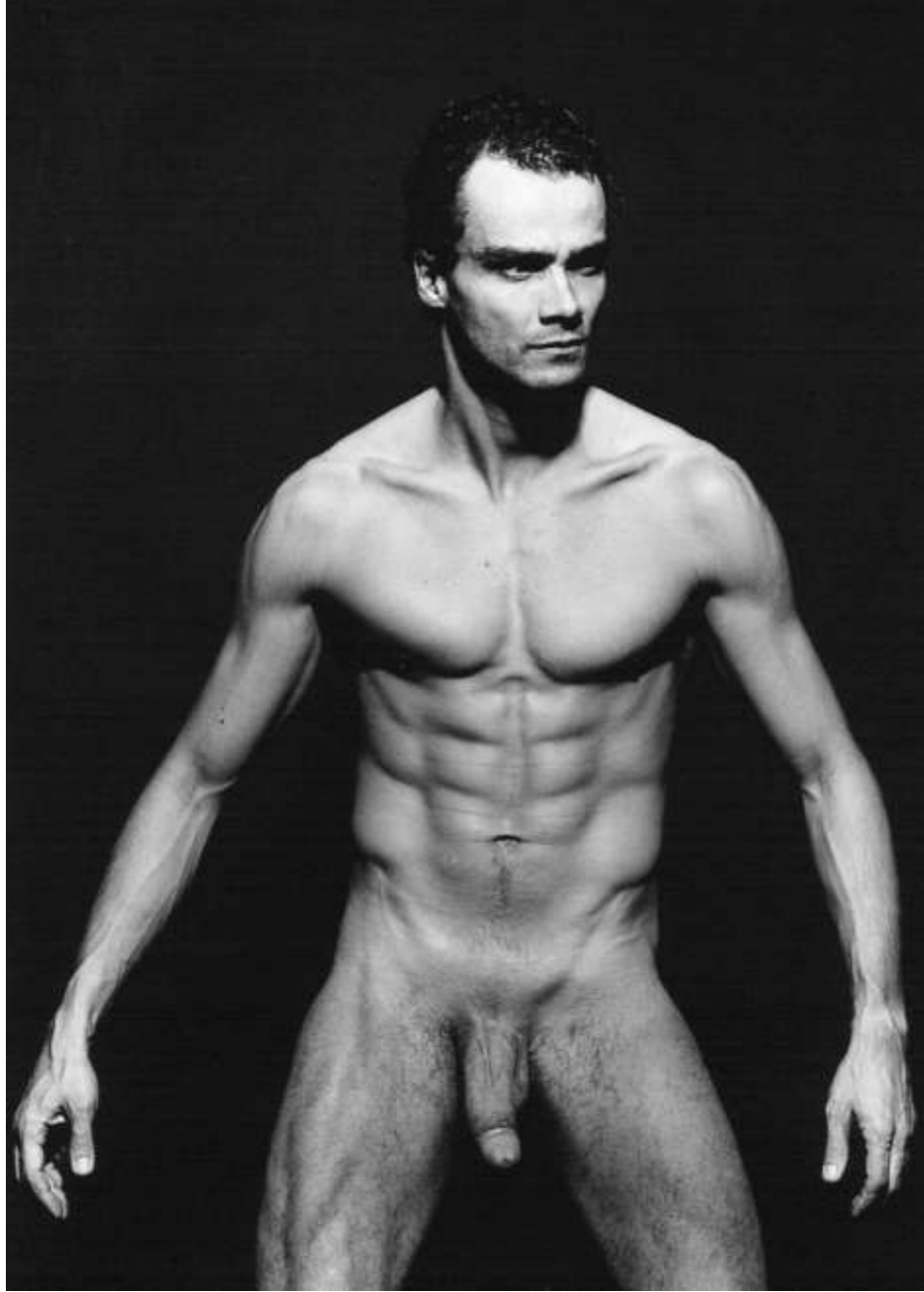
the Best of
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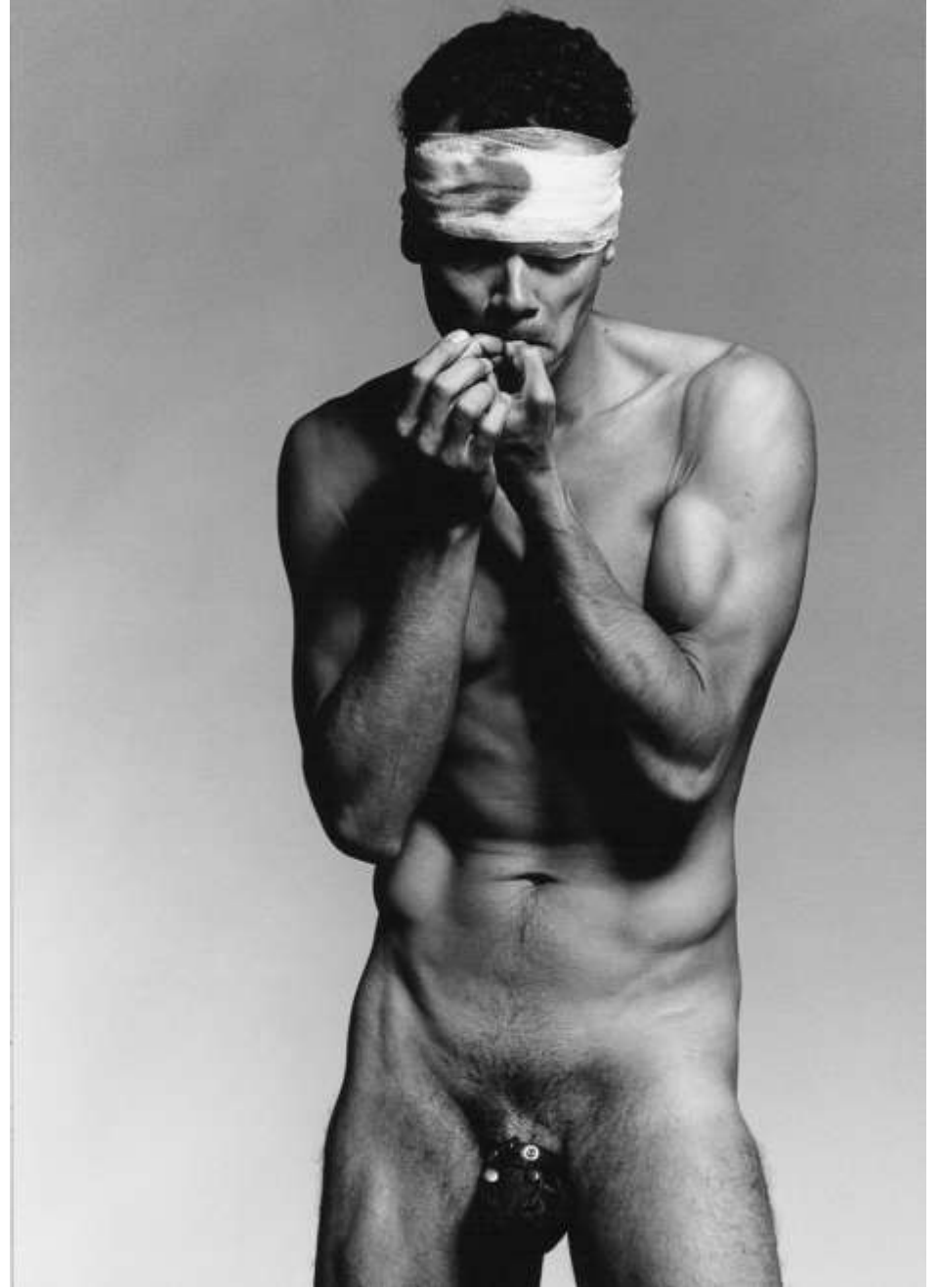
Part 5 & 6

Films

NINE COMPLETE FILMS • ALL MALE CAST









O

O

O

Notes

**INSERT
ROB CLARKE**









**Geht in
Ordnung
etwa 10.15
Uhr wäre
gut!**

**This is
the only
NOW
I get**

Doug Aitken

Pour revenir à ta question et pour parler franchement je ne peux pas au vu de tes derniers travaux te consacrer une exposition personnelle. Je sais que cela ne marcherait pas auprès du public français. Les Français sont extrêmement conservateurs et la radicalisation de ton travail le rend très difficile ici.

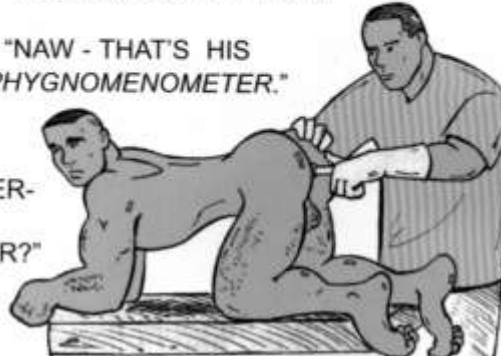
cough... EASY, DOC! I *NEED* THOSE!



"HEY LADINSKY... SEE THAT BLINKING RED LIGHT? Y'THINK THE DOC **HID A CAMERA** OVER THERE?"

"NAW - THAT'S HIS *SPHYGNOMENOMETER*."

"HIS *SPHINCTER-MA-WHATAMER?*"



We've spent another four months terrorizing the Marine Corps Athletic Clubs with our tiny little color surveillance cameras. The hardest part? Getting those phony smoke detectors into the locker rooms at night and gluing them to the ceiling without getting caught by the M.P. at the desk...

Tape Six

RELAX THE MUSCLE, PLEASE.

Nude physical exams! Completely naked on the exam table, three **KNOCKOUT** Marines get poked and prodded by an actual Navy sports doc until he's satisfied that they're in prime physical condition. Hernia checks, urine draws, rubber-gloved prostate exams - for real. A ritual that is supposed to be a *private experience* between a physician and his defenseless male patient is captured **ON TAPE**.



Tape Seven

THEIR CUPS RUNNETH OVER.

The 10 surly members of the 11th Marine Softball Club stomp into their team room, strip and suit up for practice. Handsome, muscular American guys, hung like *kielbasas*. They bitch about the coach, the fungus under their nuts and the lack of air conditioning. Check out the *DUCK EGG-SIZED testicles* on the guy in the batting helmet just before he drops them into his protective cup. Cussin', chewin', spittin' & pissin' in the showers... These guys just don't give a rat's ass.

**Order
BOTH
Today!**

No Actors. Actual Military Athletes.





Rick "Humungous" Donovan
says: "Turn on the power and
feel your cock grow! Call now
for \$5 worth of facts.
BCR 8800 is fully
guaranteed."

SYSTEM THAT WORKS
FOR ENLARGING YOUR

COCK

BALLS

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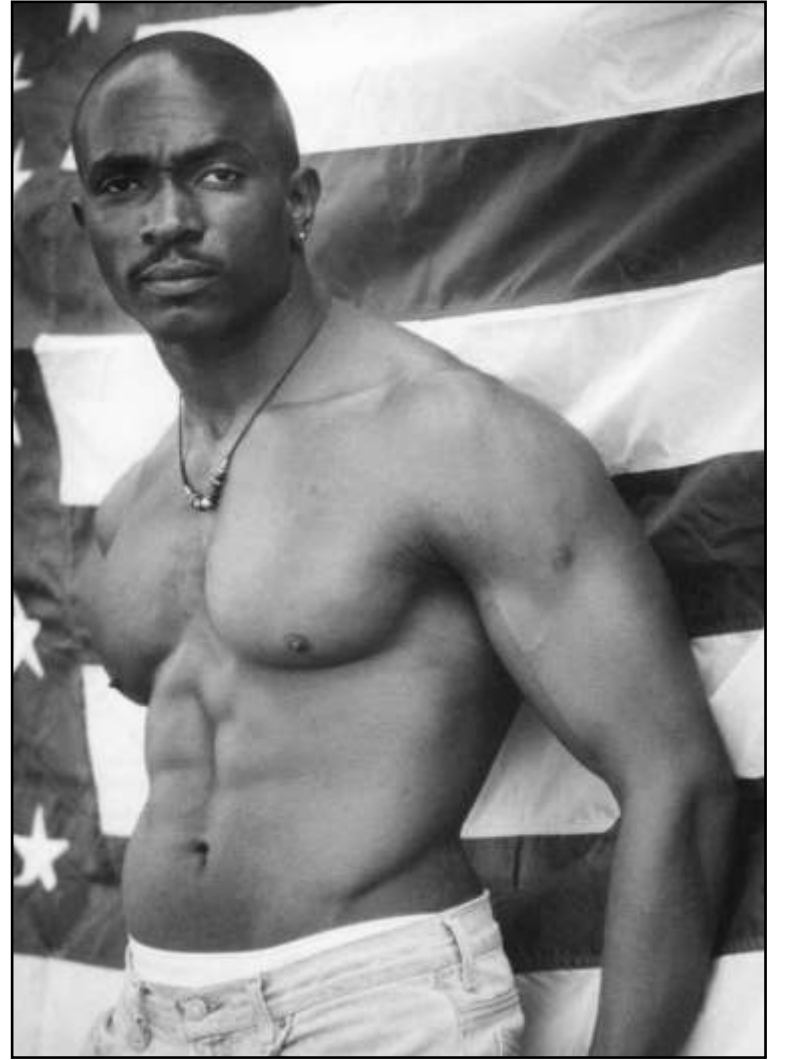


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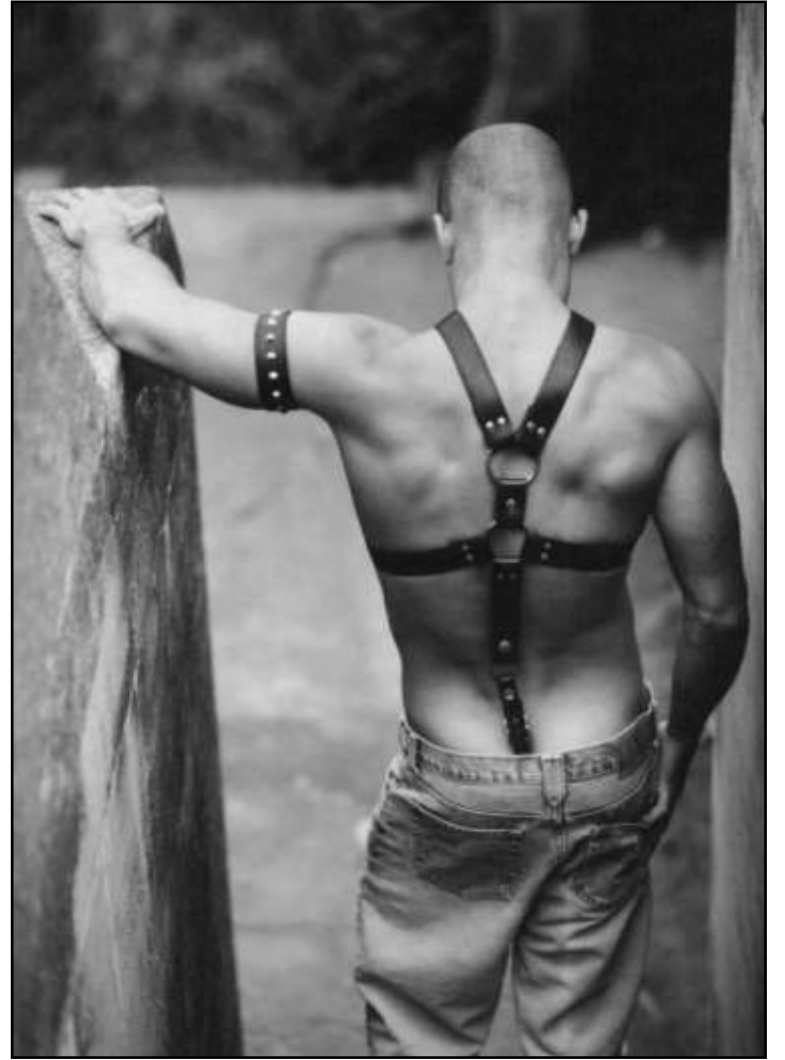
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www.DuaneCramer.com



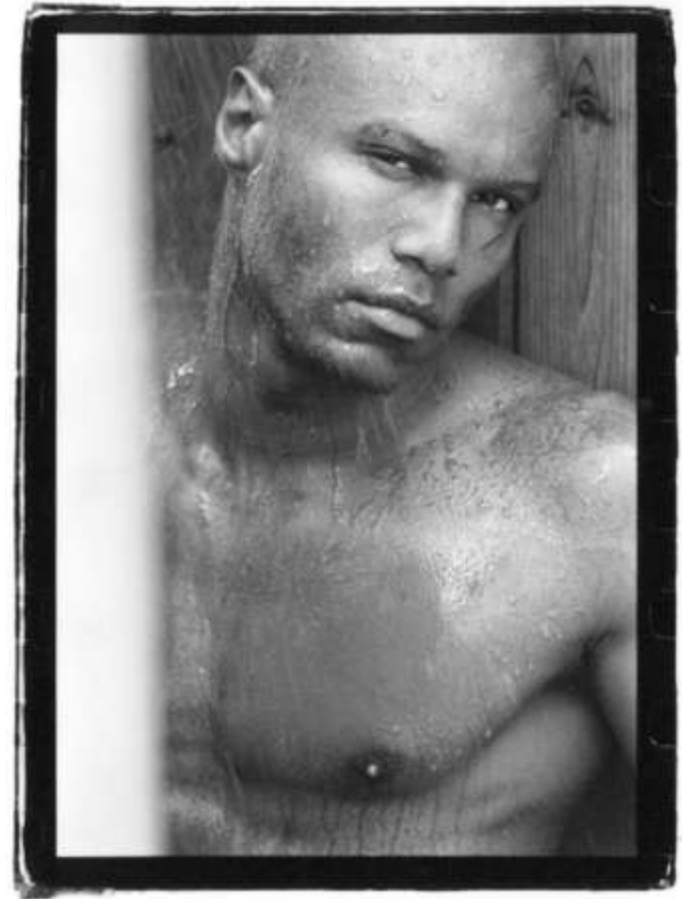








"Angel", San Francisco, California 2000
Dan Wicking, "Albano Trucking", San Francisco, California 2000
Mike Lacy, "All American" San Francisco, California 1997
From the "Masked Series", Untitled #1, San Francisco, California 2001
From the "Masked Series", Untitled #2, San Francisco, California 2001
From the "Masked Series", Untitled #3, San Francisco, California 2001
Ulisses Guimaraes, "Untitled", San Francisco, California 1998
Morten Skaerved, "Please Ring the Bell", San Francisco, California 1997
"Cock", San Francisco, California 2000
Duane Cramer, "Self portrait", Fire Island, New York 1997



**Those are my
principles.
If you don't like
them I have
others.**

Groucho Marx

**Beauty is
a rare
treasure.**

Steve Rogenstein

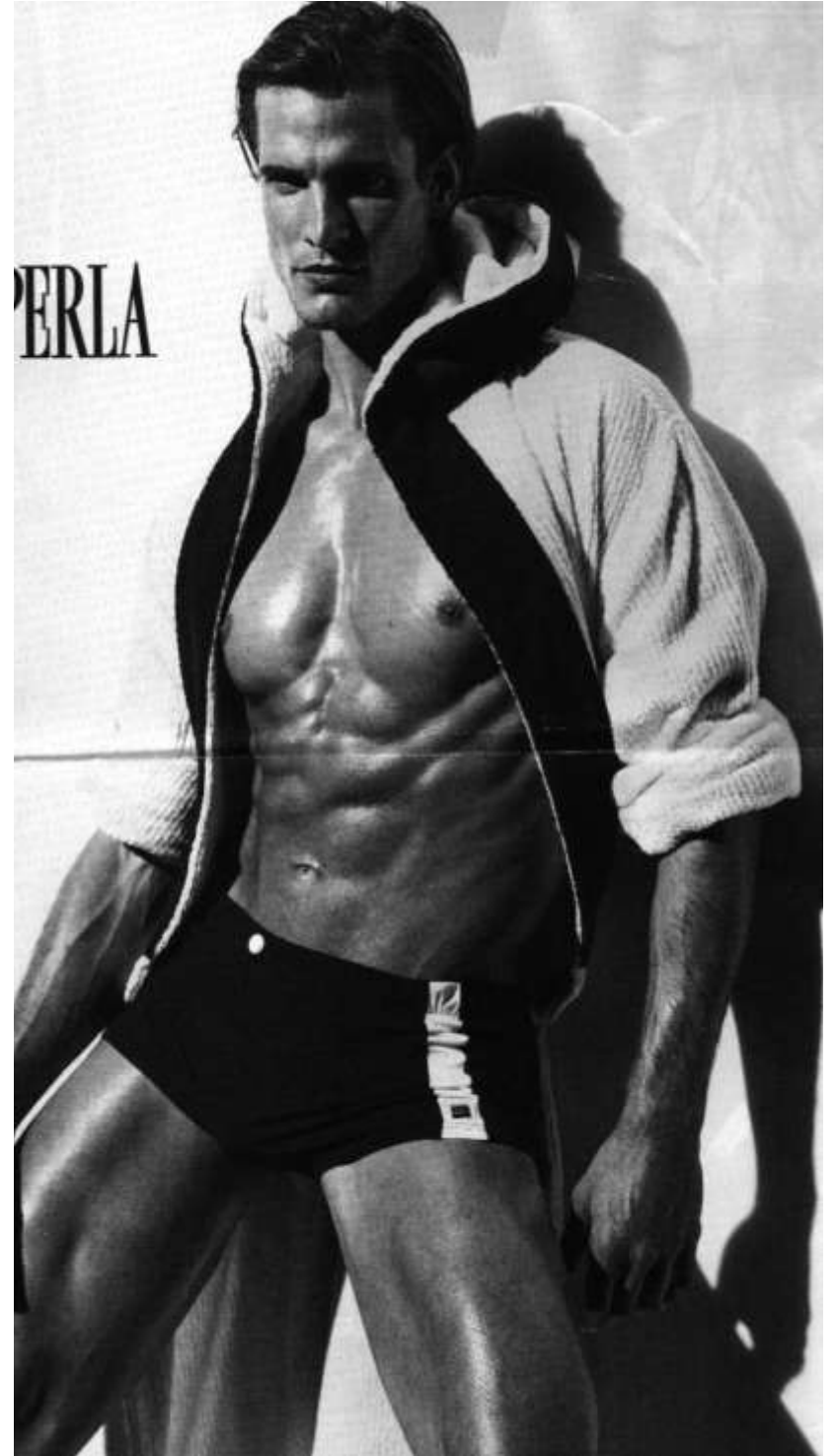
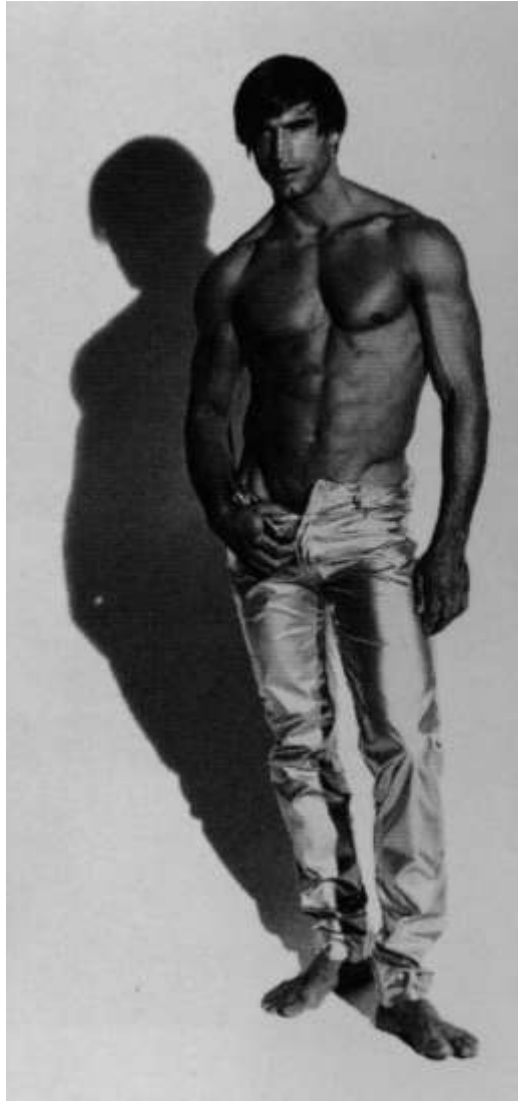
After the revolution,
who's going to take
out the garbage on
Monday morning?

Mierle Laderman Ukeles

**You
could be
shit on
by the
artist.**

Jason Rhoades











**For me a photograph
is most successful
when it doesn't
answer all the
questions,
and it leaves
something to be
desired.**

Greg Gorman





STEVE ROGENSTEIN *DIARY EXCERPTS*

8/1/98 NYC

I fell in love with C today. It was a cataclysmic event, one that left me a sobbing mess of ecstatic elation and simultaneous uber-dread in a heap in the bathroom. In dark solitude with a furry rug clinging to a quivering cheek, I shuddered with the overwhelming realization of what LOVE means: helplessness, dependence, need, bliss, freedom, confidence, security, selfish hedonism. Flashes of color, images of chaotic scenes of subconscious meaning, I am unable to contain the spillage of comprehension. I cry more. I cry for me. I cry for him. I cry for K -- will she ever know this feeling? I cry because I deserve it -- finally. I cry because it will only end in black, empty loneliness. We start alone. We finish alone. He will die. I will die. We will fall out of it. Nothing so pure, so beautiful, can perpetuate unharmed. One of us will suffer unimaginable pain for having been granted the privilege of living with one another, having found one another, after having grown with one another to soaring heights of human achievement. Do I dare compare our love to J & Y? No one will ever know why I have cried. He will never know the horrific end -- the suffering the survivor will bear. The loss. The absence. The pain of knowing that the most pure, most perfect creature was unfairly extinguished before his time -- at the peak of potential -- and not a single soul other than yourself can feel your loss. I cried having seen the beginning and end in a simultaneous divine vision. I cry knowing it can't last. Happiness is always fleeting. True love is too rare to be allowed to prosper and live its full course. It will be snuffed out, erased in a flash. I want to hold his limp, dying body in my arms, his life essence pouring out, while I rock his soul to rest. It will live on forever. I will never forget the intensity of this moment. I loved him for a second in time.

4/29/99 Brooklyn

He's gone. I got my last hurrah, my final wish to sleep with him, to wrap my arms around his body, to bury my head in his neck, to smell his sweet fragrance, and gaze into his blue eyes. It was a satisfaction that was surprising as we had already said a perfunctory goodbye. It was an emotionless, informal, cheap farewell, deprived of ceremony, void of personality. In a heart-wrenching panic I called his temporary residence, wishing to entreat him to hop in a cab and stay with me one more night. No M; I left a message. At 9:34 he called back. "Don't speak, just hear me out...I may never see you again. I have you now and I should capitalize on this good fortune. Please come." He said that he would consider it, and that no matter the decision it would be at least another 2 hours. "That's fine. Just call me."

How to distract myself? I fell asleep doing the crossword. At 11:00 I startled awake. No call. No M. He's not coming. I arose to prepare for bed: floss (thinking of him as we flossed each other), brush, remove my lenses.

"Steve," a call rings out from below. I run full speed to let him in. Shocking! He's come to surprise me. Again my heart races. Oh, the emotional rollercoaster. I am overjoyed. He's here. He's come for me, to spend the night, to consummate the relationship, to get sex.

He relays that at the art opening he attended a woman's piece, entitled "Wishing Well," would grant one's desire if written down. To temper his for decency, he confides to me that he wanted to have sex with me (actually he wanted to write that I'd rim him again so seductively) that night. That was before my phone call. Evidently

the feeling is thoroughly mutual. We spend a really pleasant evening together whereby he worries about his decision to come, fearing its implications for me and how it may further fuel my infatuation. I do not state that he himself may be in trouble of the exact same outcome. Lots of smiles, glints in the eyes, laughs, moans, and caresses; we relish our last moments together. He is truly the greatest, realest person I know -- so honest, so humble, so pure, so beautiful.

He's gone now...to return to his life. Career, boyfriend, art, reclusiveness. An emptiness looms overhead. It's a loneliness akin to homesickness. What to do next? Who to talk to? How distract myself? I begin to clean but cannot shake the emotion. Only time will erode this feeling. It never will.

3/10/00 Vienna

Which to mourn more: the beautiful flirtatious Slav from Bratislav, B, or H's humiliation by denying my proposition to come back with me to the hotel. "I'm not a 5-star slut." And yet he'll stay an extra 15 minutes to desperately troll for love when the music sucks and it's the same old stupid Viennese gay scene. Oh woe!

Gay men are the same everywhere: bad taste in clothes, bad taste in music, cheap thrill seekers, empty cruisers. ... Awful club, supposedly the only place to go on Friday nights. I must contact Lomo or H; another night pursuing H's dragon will exhaust my patience and paint the wrong scene for Vienna. There must be better promises. (However do I get B's number. Beyond the tantalizing potential for his sex -- he kept caressing my ass, what an invitation -- it sounds as if he seeks more fulfilling forms of entertainment. He can hold a conversation without darting, searching eyes.)

03/19/00 Prague

Whew! Though I wasn't going to allow Prague to defeat my Sunday night, it has basically retreated into unseemliness with little potential for redemption. Presently I find myself at a sauna house with some very unattractive gay men, not the clientele expected -- though it's my first time ever and it's Sunday and it's barely 9:30pm and the extended version of "American Pie" is playing. Where are those brutish Slavs with sculpted cheekbones, tough looks, strong hands, and hunky bodies? I've found this place by searching the web: www.gay.cz. Could it be more obvious? It lists clubs, restaurants, "hothouses," sex shops, etc. with only ten or so locales being cited. Not many are open; Chaos is and it's within walking distance of the hostel with the computer. Hmm...will my curiosity deflate in light of this real disappointment or will I dive headlong anyway? I'll wait for more customers before delving to the depths below.

What to do to deflect the glances and seem to occupy my attention completely. And thus lies the problem, and the subject for rumination: one of the many borders which must fall before I attain oneness: being unfriendly or, better described, self-absorbed and coy amidst gays. Perhaps my distaste for H's lifestyle wasn't as discrete as I intended. I must accept and relish as another characteristic which distinguishes us and enlivens our friendship. It's not true; we were never so open about sex before other than him jokingly cajoling me to have sex, or was he serious and then, when rebuffed, slighted and begrudging? Was my proposition inappropriate? Forced? Desperate? However I may reproach myself, it ultimately ended for the best. What an unfortunate mess had we been intimate, shared a sexual bond (he's got to be good),

and then gotten emotionally involved. That would have most assuredly have been worse.

...The night at Chaos "hothouse" yields little excitement other than an erection spawned from porn videos, two sauna baths, two showers, a feel by a regular who apparently doesn't partake of new goods (I was willing), the leer of someone I definitely didn't seek any contact with, and furtive glances from the bartender who was the only other one I was remotely interested in though, typical of my luck, the only one definitely unavailable. Too bad because he epitomized the sturdy Czech I imagined: firm look, rough beard, broad back, piercing eyes, manly. And he, too, was mutually interested. Too bad. My attempted foray into steamroom sex ended in dissatisfaction. Perhaps we try the other place, Blake's, tomorrow where they're open "NONSTOP" and the backroom is full of "surprises and more." Oh la la!

3/23/00 Berlin

Feeling rested, I travel out again at 5:45pm, in the direction of Prenzlauerplatz, the apparent East Village. I'm not sure if I've bypassed it altogether, if this is it, or if I just have been misguided. There doesn't seem to be any concentration or salient cool factor, just typical shops, an occasional second-hand store, and other neighborhood establishments. Quick Internet hellos. Then a tea, or at least I attempted, as the three places on the map were closed. No movies in English here. I go to the sauna. Much busier than Prague, and the crowd is actually good-looking. In typical fashion, I dodge eyes, sit in an inconspicuous spot, and observe. Cruise cruise cruise. It's so pathetic. They strut and suck in their guts and shave their testes -- for what? Vapid sex? I avoid upstairs where, I suppose, the pairings occur based on mutual attraction and horniness. Two men strike my fancy but I only look, not knowing protocol, assuming they don't know English, and, more fundamentally, I wouldn't even know what to do.

So, I ask, why do I return to places like this? Ostensibly this time was to convalesce amid humidity and stretch assisted by heat treatment. But, there does exist a morbid curiosity that's insatiable. Is it to establish my seeming superiority by controlling sexual urges or to debase gay culture by demonstrating its ubiquitous insidiousness? I don't know the answer. And yet, there are instances in my past where I haven't hesitated at all; M: "I think we should have sex." M: "Let's go out." P, R, C. And though I knew all of them before, there was a degree of spontaneity. But never anonymous. (Although the guy in the park....)

I walk home all warm and content, cook up a zucchini, and listen to Electrolux's Ambient Diary 2. Find it!!

3/25/00 Berlin

...And the dancefloor: hard, unforgiving concrete easily forgotten during the frenzied melee of arms flailing, bodies bouncing, heads bobbing, feet pounding, shouts, shrieks, squeals, peals that ensue. It is a small dancefloor full of big fun. Energy sizzles. The lightshow dazzles, dancing to the beat without superfluous gratuities, maintaining a palette of green, red, and purple with the occasional white -- no more, no less. Strobe effects. Triangular beams that rotate. Long bulbs that flicker on and off in unison in the four corners of the grid. Blackness that envelopes the floor, timed with musical pauses so as to accentuate the building excitement. Rife with tension begging for release, the music plays with our expectations for catharsis, always

delivering but continually raising the bar. The rhythms whip my body around, at times following smooth paths of repetition; other times following the pulse of muscular contraction, uncontrolled and wild, neurally primitive. Moments of ascending gradation find me jogging in place, head pumping, arms mechanically timed to the beat until we reach that count whereby crescendo is achieved and chaos is again restored. LS is a true manipulator. The spirit is unanimous. Smiles and gleaming eyes, sweat on brows and fresh, strong bodies, layers of clothes being shed until hairless chests, sculpted stomachs, and elastic underwear bands are exposed. F disappeared a while ago. I can't stop dancing. I don't want to stop dancing. I shouldn't stop dancing, for, if in the duration when I pee or buy water, I fear my impulse will waver. I stay planted there, only slightly shifting location when bumped into or favoring left or right. It is comforting to see the same happy faces returning into view, though not a single world is exchanged between us. A bond certainly exists, one easily cemented if I initiated -- or they -- but I prefer to remain anonymous in my trance of pleasure. And then I dwell inside. I grin knowing that I am the only American present completely sober. No alcohol, no nicotine, no caffeine, no drugs. I relish the uniqueness of my genuine enjoyment. And I always wondered if I could attain such unfettered bliss without stimuli. A few men in particular strike my fancy. Their sexuality ambiguous, further adding to the appeal. Youthful, tall, shaved head, one with a pierced nose (and nipple I later learn after he removes his sleeveless "Give Peace A Chance" hooded pull), both with sincere smiles and eyes alive with curiosity, merriment, and contentment. They bounce around, disappear for a while, return to the hub, hug girls, hug boys, chug water, whip about, jump about, and lose themselves to the beat, thumping and pumping, and making us move. This goes on for what seems like hours. I am parched, soaking wet, stripped to my tank top, thoroughly exhilarated, and ready for more. But for now, water! If I lose the fire, I will have already fulfilled my night.

...I am surprised to see how packed this area is, 3 people deep at the bar itself, the perimeter lined with seats and banquettes all filled to capacity. There's a predominance of shaven heads, many of whom are, or look, gay. Friendly hugs, kisses, ass pats are exchanged. For such a rough-looking group of men, they certainly are frivolous with their attentions, much more liberated than I would expect. It is reassuring to see how freely gay men interact in a mixed environment: kissing on the dancefloor, embracing everywhere, and displaying other outwardly visible signs of affection. I receive a number of glares, which, as they aren't preceded by any engaging smiles, are repelled by quickly dodged eyes. As ME once said, "A smile is always welcome." How right he is. If only smiles were offered before the leer, I would be more comfortable with my orientation, feeling warmth between humans versus sexual impulses between animals lusty for sex. How nice it would be to grab this sexy one on the dancefloor, wrapping my arm around his waist, his back to my stomach, and sway as one to the beats...but I never venture there, rather keep it as my unrealized fantasy -- where it's often better preserved anyway.

I guzzle the bottle, get my deposit back, go urinate, and return to the dancefloor with noticeably less energy but still ample to slide back into a trance. Nosing is still bobbing -- virility embodied. J and M say hello. I watch poor J trying desperately to get picked up. He never quite catches the beat, very awkward and soulless on the floor, too preoccupied with netting someone's glance which will, I presume, indicate mutual interest and a potential hook-up. Pathetic. Throughout the night I see his distracted stare, a vacant look for temporary satisfaction. However does he enjoy himself; to never be here, now, always searching for the next fix without pleasure

beyond the fleeting release of ejaculation.

I gradually lose spirit -- only after LS's set has concluded. In the bar area I spot M. "Where is LS from?" I inquire. "England, of course!" he exclaims partly annoyed. "No, but where?" "London. Like me," he smirks proudly. He avers that the party is just starting and that I shouldn't leave, not until, at least, 9:00am. "You're not on drugs!?" He offers to remedy my situation but comes up empty-handed. If he had produced, I still would have deliberated, enjoying my month of complete sobriety. (How long does it take to detoxify a body?) I gather my things and leave, stepping out into a new, fresh day. At the first telephone, I call G. We talk about GusGus in LA, LS in Berlin, and him spinning at Limelight. It's a done deal. I get home and sleep. It's 7:00am.









Notes





Delivery at Aircraft

Name of Passenger

IDIOT

Destination

HELL

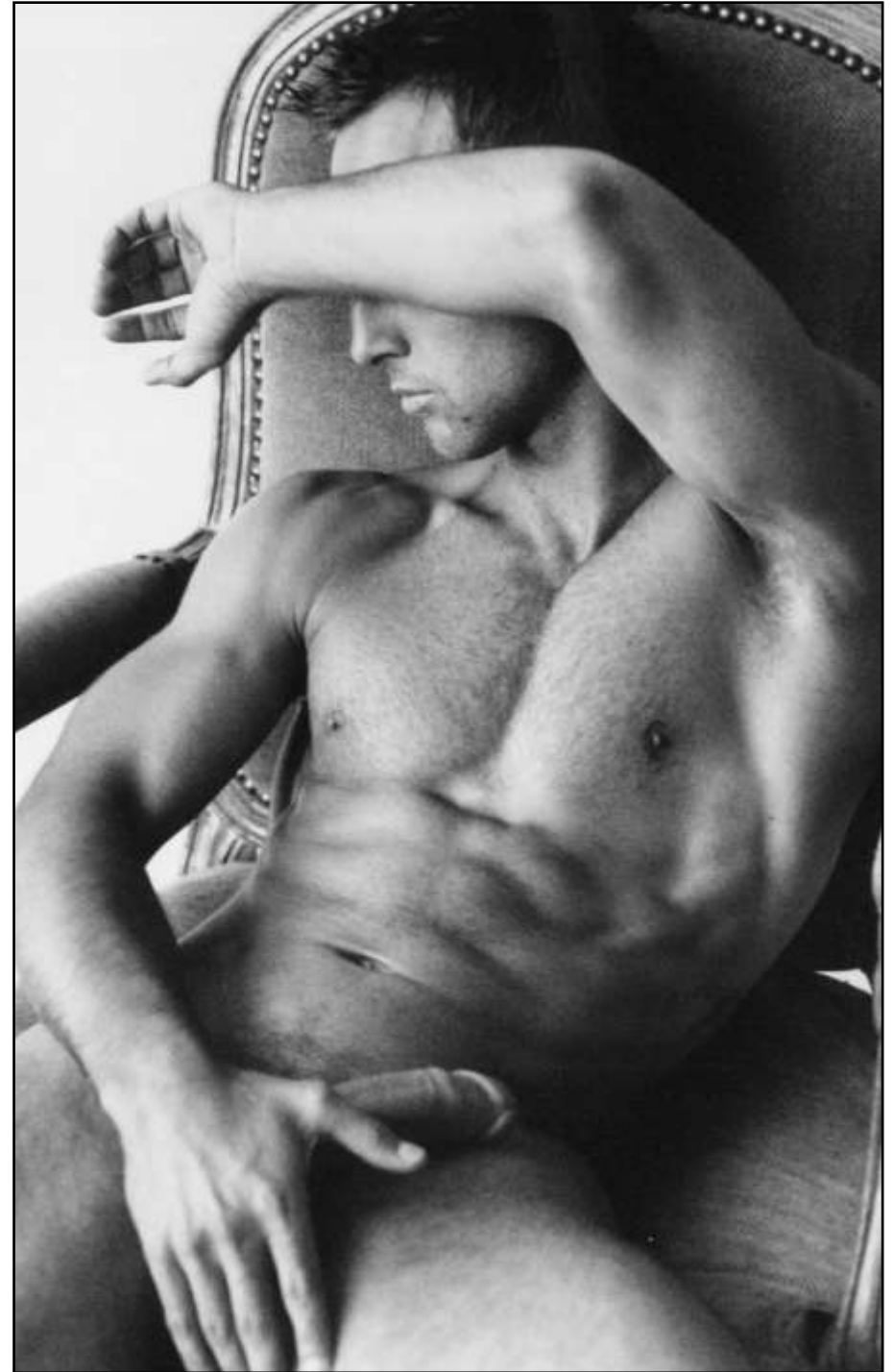
I like to make
things that
I don't
understand
from a point of
not
understanding.

Brice Marden

More

DUANE CRAMER

“Untitled #1”, San Francisco, California 2001
“Untitled #2”, San Francisco, California 2001
“Untitled #3”, San Francisco, California 2001





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A MATTER OF
SIZE

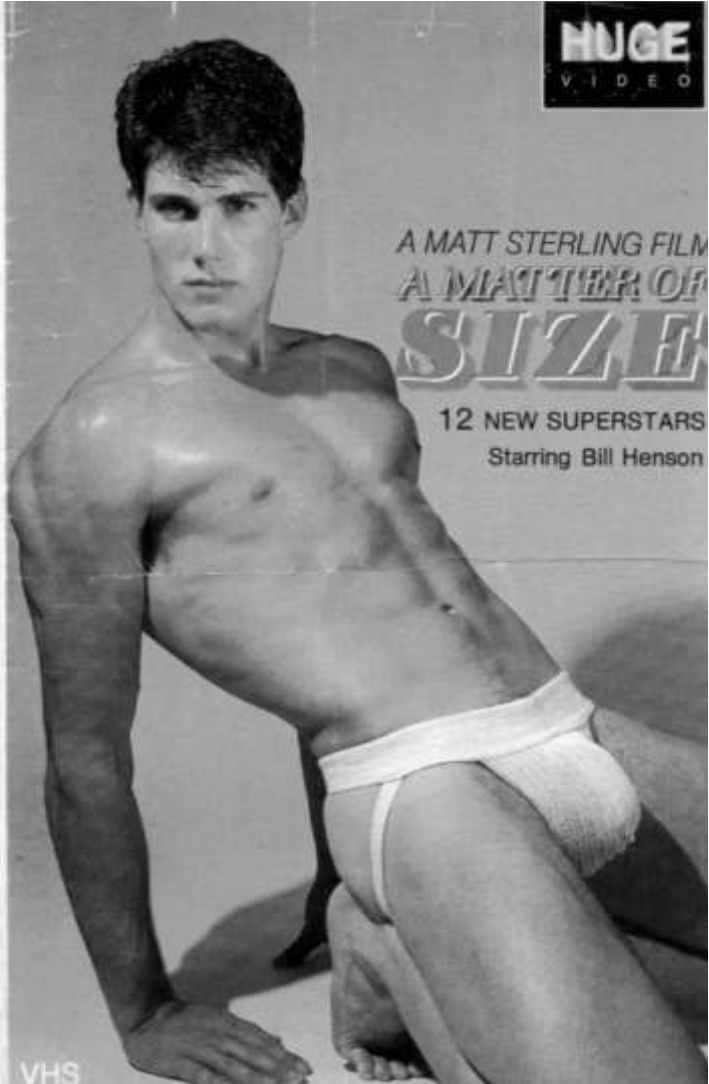
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LIVE-ACTION
SOUND
XXX-RATED

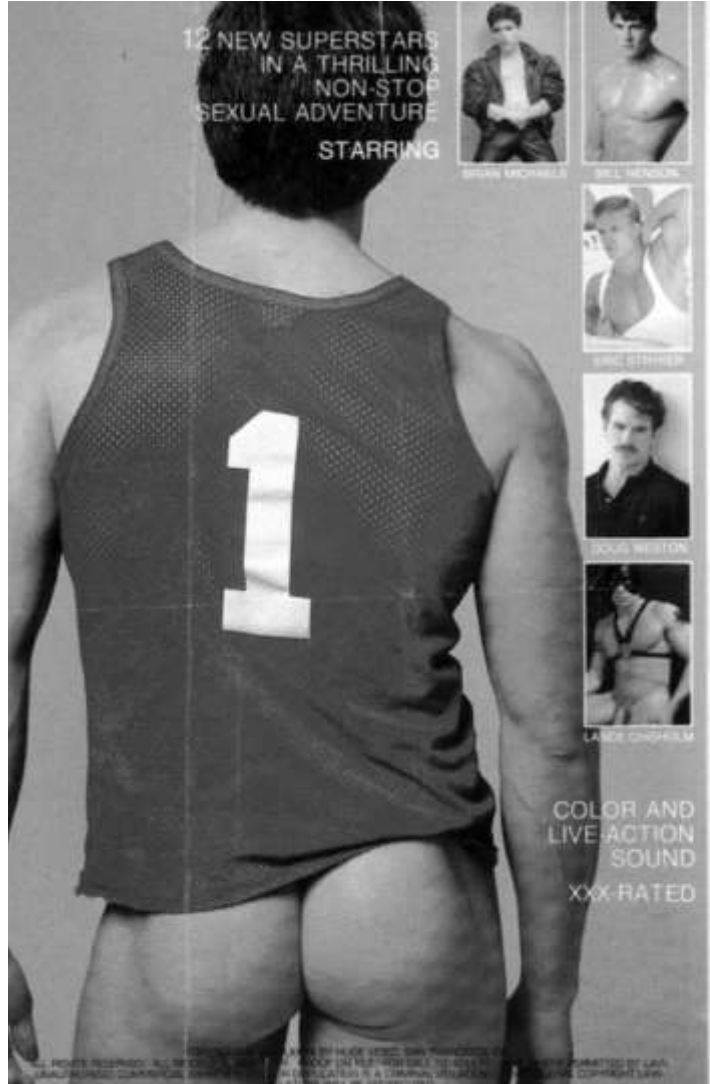
HUGE
V I D E O

A MATT STERLING FILM
A MATTER OF
SIZE

12 NEW SUPERSTARS
Starring Bill Hudson



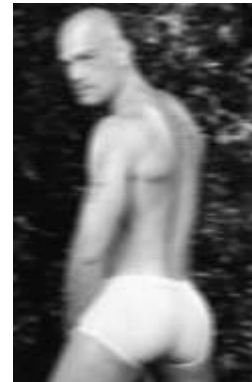
VHS



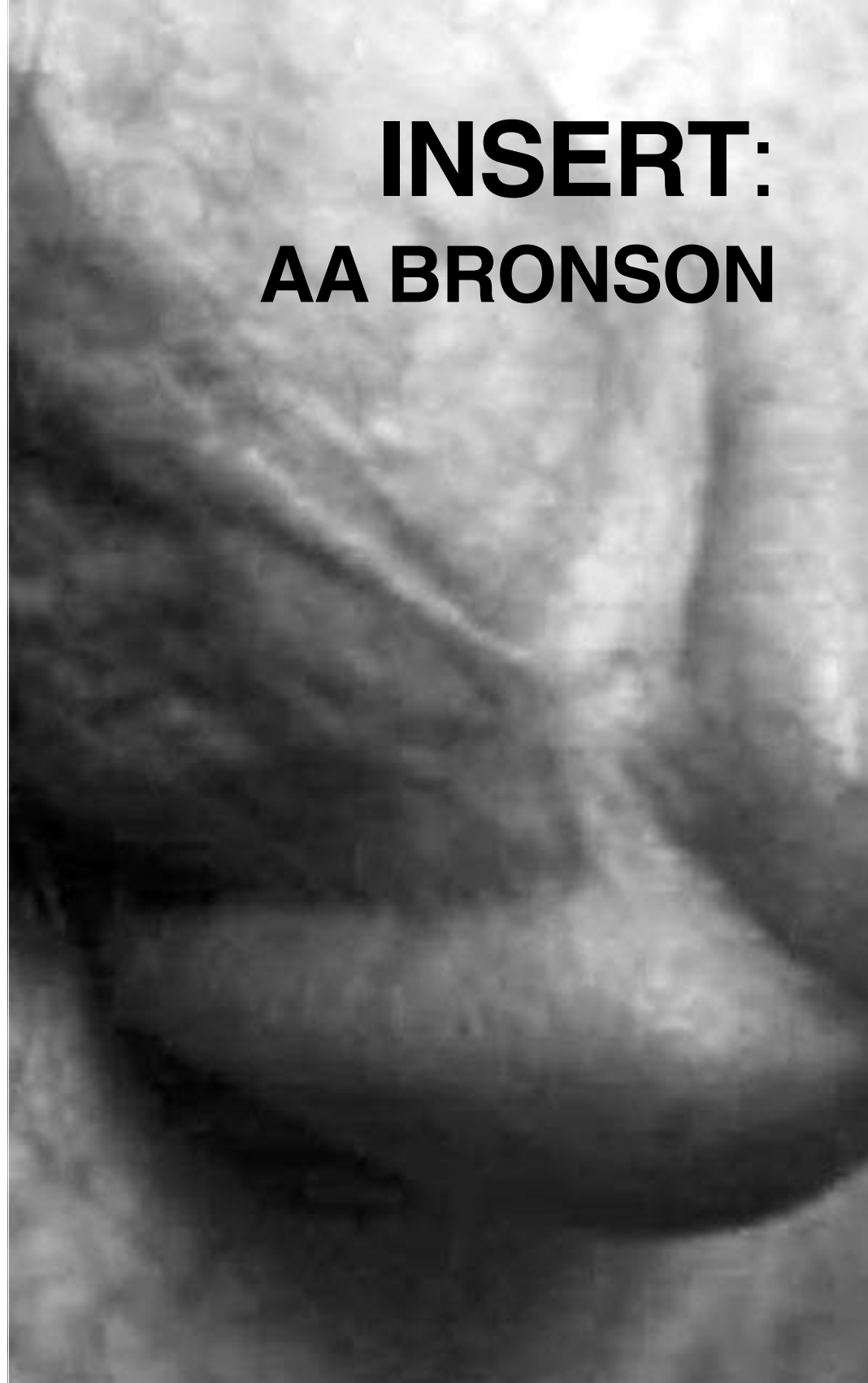
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**Art is like
medicine -
it can heal.**

Damien Hirst



**INSERT:
AA BRONSON**









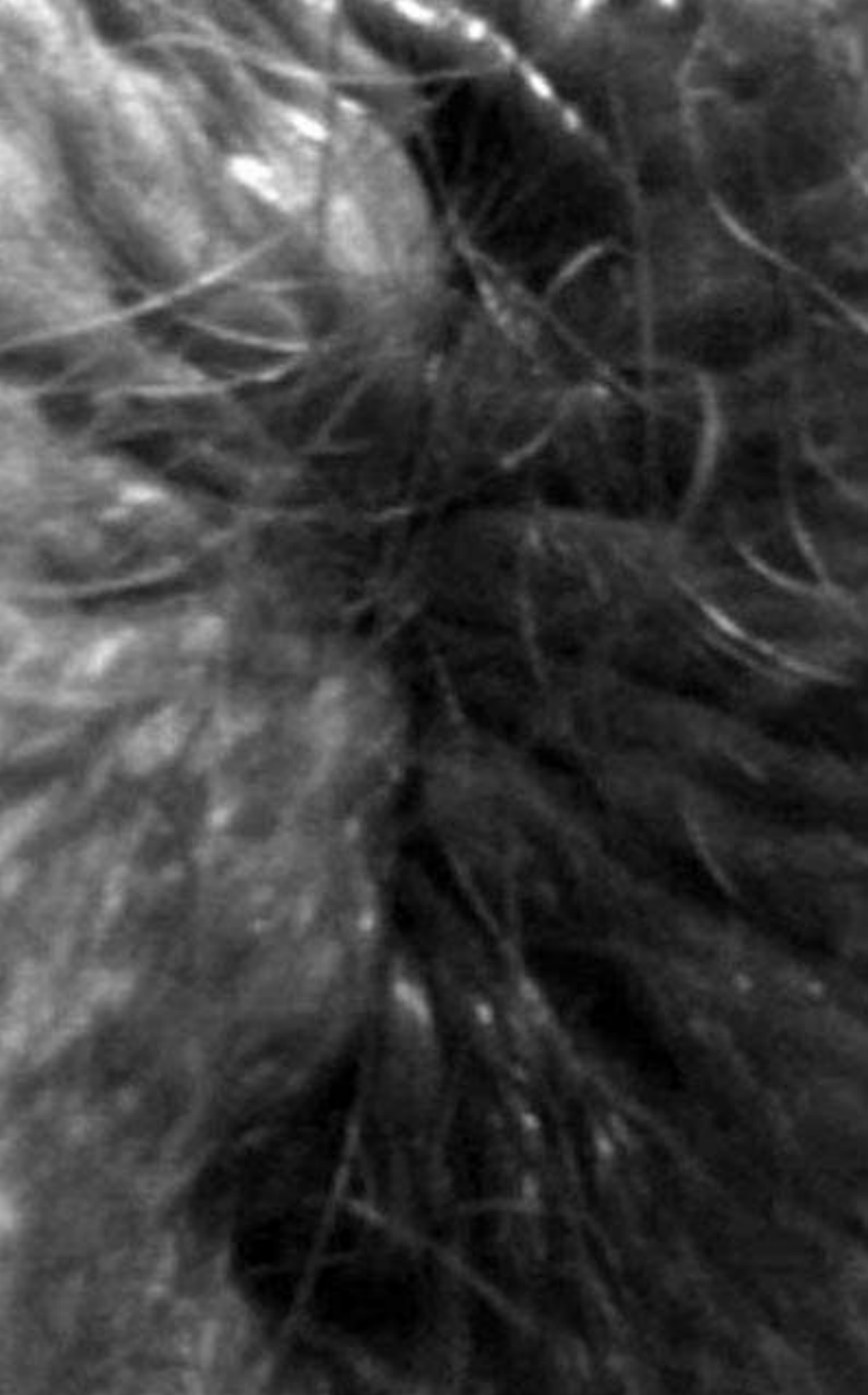






A black and white photograph. In the foreground, a hand is shown holding a lit cigarette. The cigarette is lit at the tip, with a small flame and a trail of smoke. The hand is positioned on the right side of the frame. In the background, a city skyline is visible, with several tall buildings and a bridge. The sky is bright and hazy. On the left side of the image, the text "WAR IS OVER!" is written in a bold, sans-serif font, stacked in three lines: "WAR", "IS", and "OVER!".

**WAR
IS
OVER!**



A COLLECTION of images and ideas that have a certain relevance for me. Many thanx to AA Bronson, Rob Clarke, Duane Cramer, Steve Rogenstein and those who wish to stay anonymous for sharing their vision with me.
M.H.

Matthias Herrmann, born in 1963 in Munich/RFA - lives and works in Vienna.

Matthias Herrmann & friends

COLLECTIONS

First edition limited to 250 (+20 artists' proofs) numbered copies.
A 50 copy deluxe limited edition of this book,
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is available from Onestar Press.

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