

Anne Turyn

Top Stories

A handwritten signature in black ink, reading "Anne Turyn". The signature is fluid and cursive, with the first name "Anne" written in a larger, more prominent script than the last name "Turyn".

With contributions by

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A Conversation with Anne Turyn on the Occasion of her Exhibition at Weiss Berlin

SERIES

Anne Turyn frequently produces series of photographs, represented in this exhibition with photographs selected from *Dear Pen Pal* (1979-80), *Flashbulb Memories* (1985-1986), *Illustrated Memories* (1983-1995).

When I ask her about working in series, she answers, "It's kind of a tradition. A photographer goes to Alaska and makes a series of photographs of that place. Swap Alaska for idea. "

TEXT

Constance DeJong: I wanted to know about the inclusion of text in your photography and the origins of that inclusion.

Anne Turyn: It probably started with one photograph from right before I graduated undergraduate school. I put my friend against the wall which was right next to the photo lab. It said PHOTO on the wall with a big arrow. And that was funny. You look at my friend and to the left is the word photo with a big arrow. In a couple months, I started doing photos with captions. I was exploring the relations. My favorite was using the caption, "There are three types of captions: true, false, and inapplicable."

C: And the image is what?

A: It could be a still life. The thing is, that particular caption could go with any picture. A year or so later I did a series of still lifes called *Lies* and *Love Letter Lies*. The text was just little notes. I made a rubber stamp out of letters kids might play with. And under each one I stamped LIE.

Relatedly, at a later moment, Turyn said "I was interested in the lowest common denominator stuff as subject matter for art." Her "lowest common denominator" appears as a kind of inclusivity, something common to being a human, regardless of the identifying factors of being a person. Memory, for example.

MEMORY

A: I took a graduate level psychology course on memory.

C: And what was the interest that got you to enroll in such a course?

A: Well, I was interested for a long time in how the brain works. It took me a really long time to realize they don't really know. They do a model starting a hundred years earlier, and then shoot it down and then do that with another model. And I remember ... I just wanted to know the answer!

MEMORY (2)

Earnestly transcribing my recorded conversation with Turyn, I catch sound of a man being interviewed on the radio brightening his voice to exclaim, "It

was like a light bulb went off." Most everyone knows that moment of insight expressed metaphorically as "seeing the light." Experientially, something is illuminated. Flashbulb Memories is a conjoining of light and memory and brings to mind Turyn's commitment to the "common denominator." Already an accessible subject, memory is further characterized as those stilled moments when an event becomes indelible, each of us vividly imprinted with the precise attributes, with the where and what of when ... AMELIA EARHART FLIES ATLANTIC, FIRST WOMAN TO DO IT; or NAZIS IN NORWAY; or POWER FAILURE SNARLS NORTHEAST; 800,000 ARE CAUGHT IN SUBWAYS HERE; CITY GROPE IN DARK (three of twenty-six *Flashbulb Memories*).

One's particular set of embedded details accompanying events of meaning and magnitude, is a form of memory evoked in the carefully composed still lifes of *Flashbulb Memories*. Homely still lifes, Turyn favors domestic interiors arranged with everyday objects. Sometimes referred to as setup photographs, this way of working with photography found traction in the 80s, variously practiced in a lot of Turyn's output, also, for examples, in the photographs of Cindy Sherman, Laurie Simmons. On her website *Flashbulb Memories* is subtitled: inspired by the psychological phenomenon; created without collaging or digital manipulations.

SET UP

At the start of our conversation, I ask about two aspects of Turyn's work: series and the set-up photograph. She immediately notes "all photography, all photographs are set-up by framing. Framing creates an illusion of 'that's what is there.' Of course, it's not, it's not that kind of truth. A set-up photograph is a kind of truth."

C: Yes, it acknowledges there is nuance to the notion of truth, it disturbs the tidy divide of true-false, real-fake.

(We are talking about photography of the 1980s, early 1990s, an era-specific qualifying of real-fake distinct from contemporary digital technology used to manipulate an image to become entirely altered in meaning.)

AGAIN, THE SUBJECT OF TEXT, AND OF IMAGE-TEXT

A: ...because of semiotics because that was in the air in the late 70s, I thought wait...there's a field called linguistics? How did I not get to take a class in that? I love to talk and talk about talking. So, I made a decision to get another master's degree and I quickly enrolled at the New School in a Master of Liberal Studies program, then transferred to CUNY.

I had always understood Turyn got a graduate degree in linguistics. I needed clarification on the words 'semiotics' and 'linguistics,' to which in an email she wrote: "My understanding was that semiotics grew, in a sense, out of linguistics. So, the term 'linguistics' entered my consciousness and sounded like some illicit and fantastic topic that I never got to hear about or study. So, I needed to do that. Also, the most interesting things to me in the late 70s were the film *Poto* and *Cabango*, and Koko the gorilla. When I went to San Francisco and we (*AT and Tony Conrad*) stayed with Joe (*Gibbons*) in 79 or 80. He asked if there was something we would like to do and hadn't done in SF and I said, 'meet Koko.' He couldn't deliver on that. I also asked my cousin, an anthropologist, what field is this called if these are the things I am interested in. He said psycholinguistics (which may be wrong) but it confirmed the linguistics topic. And then Saussure (!) (where semiotics may have been hatched) (in one version) had actually studied a woman who believed she had

woken up speaking Sanskrit, a foreign language from India, and it was called xenoglossia - which was so cool as to be unbelievable.”

Turyn’s mention of “semiotics in the air in the 70s” harkens the appearance of language in art of which there were numerous manifestations - in the work, among others, of Barbara Kruger, Jenny Holzer, Lawrence Weiner, Joseph Kosuth; in the artist-produced publications *Art and Language*, *The Fox*. Turyn’s interest seems to me singular for adopting language associated with the vernacular, with talk and with colloquial communications known to the senders, the receivers of *Dear John*, *Dear Pen Pal*.

If memory and text are at work in many Turyn photographs, related to her abiding interest in “how the brain works,” then angling language to be funny, to be witty, to be uncanny reflects a semiotic penchant for deploying language-image to perform the difficult operations of humor. At times her humor is a critique delivered by the arrow of satire, so evident in the text-image skew of Turyn’s *Dear Pen Pal* series. Example, text: DEAR PEN PAL, WE AMERICANS LOVE VARIETY is the text under a row of three glasses filled with three kinds of soda. On her website, the series is subtitled: *traditional still lifes; created with no manipulation of the negative*.

When I want to converse about humor, about her sense of image-text wit, she only says: “Yeah maybe that’s an absence of imagination.” How wrong she is. She adds, “My fellow students didn’t consider me to be a photographer because of text in my work. And a curator once told me “get rid of the text, it’s a crutch.” How wrong she was. I will maintain my perspective that incisive wit, that critique-humor reflects the linguist in Turyn, the skewer of meaning.

A VERY DIFFERENT IMAGE-TEXT PROJECT

Issue #9 is unique in *Top Stories* for Kathy Acker and Anne Turyn agreeing to an image-text publication.

C: Did your experience with, your appreciation of comic books and narrative graphics inform your relationship to the text and what you chose to photograph?

A: I guess. Because I was already interested in not illustrating - where the caption just reiterates what the photo is. Like in your typical newspaper, “Firemen Put Out Fire on 14th Street.” Ok, the 14th street part was extra. The way I did the Kathy Acker *Top Stories* is the picture is skewed from/to what the text is saying.

C: Was #9 a shared idea, you both had the idea of an image-text book? How did that work?

A. Kathy sent the text and wrote, “Here it is.” And she said, “I’d like to have a photographer put pictures in.” And, you know, I had worked on other image-text things and a friend, Linda Neaman, encouraged me to do the photography and so I did. Kathy had written me a letter of wanting the photographs to undermine the text, some Russian Constructivist idea of undermining. “And let’s make it wonderful, Love, Kathy.” Of course, that’s what I would have done anyway, undermine the text. That would have been my strategy. I didn’t want one and one to add up to two I wanted image and word to be more. That was one thing she didn’t have to tell me. I wasn’t about to go to the Mudd Club, to someplace mentioned in the text and just depict it.

C: What did you respond to in the text?

A: I was thinking about different things. For instance, the safety pin. There’s

something in the text about a guy with a safety pin in his nose. How I got my picture, I just don’t know, I love that picture. Somehow, I just got. The safety pin is just on someone’s kilt going by, someone walking on the streets of Manhattan. It’s blurry and up close, it’s not a safety pin in someone’s nose which I could have taken, I just responded more to...for instance, the money structures in Manhattan. There’s a photograph of an eagle next to a big building by Penn Station. I was walking through the New York Kathy was talking about. **C:** So in a way because you’re keen on not depicting, you’ve kind of absorbed things from the text that interested you and kept them in your mind. And then is finding or seeing what to photograph more like a spontaneous moment, collaborating in a spontaneous moment with a piece of text in your mind and the City and your way of seeing, framing?

A: Yeah. Right. And, I remember showing Kathy the dummy of the book. I had an image of these open legs and of these closed legs. I had it where the open legs were at the beginning, the closed legs at the end of the book. One of the only things Kathy said was. “No, it should be the other way around. Because a novel opens up possibilities, at the end.”

C: Wow. That’s interesting! Did the text encourage you to shoot in black and white?

A: No. At the time, the reality of publishing *Top Stories* was just having so little budget. Color was just prohibitive. For a small press.

C: So you weren’t thinking of the city in a noir-ish way?

A: Not really. In the cover photo a little bit. But really because of the financing color was never a possibility.

COVER

On providing Anne with my text for *Top Stories* #15, I groused to her about book covers. How I couldn’t bear the practice of deploying a single image as the face of a composition with, in my case, multiple subjects, time periods, perspectives and POV’s. Her response was to go out and spray paint my title, *I. T. I. L. O. E.*, as part of the graffiti on a Lower East Side building, producing an iconic black and white image of the time and brilliantly conflating graffiti and title in a single cover image. Yes, of course, Turyn would conspire a perfect solution to my refusal of cover image conventions. Also, of course: the title sprayed onto the wall of existing graffiti is a kind of “fake,” a very Turyn kind, bridging the great fake-real divide.

SIZE

C: How do you determine the size of a work, of a photograph. What’s at play?

A: Probably all along it was finances. Certainly, at the beginning, it was finances. As I got a little more money I could shoot bigger film and make bigger prints. And also, in the early 80s, people just weren’t used to big photographs. Big was 11x14. And then, well there was a show at MoMA in 1981 called *The Big Picture*. Artists, photographers with a lot of money could afford these big pictures. Which just seemed really dumb to me.

C: For the photographs in this exhibition, is size an aspect of the work and that size would never change?

A: I don’t think of it is part of it. Large size is still expensive. And cumbersome. All along I would make 11x14 prints, to get the series going.

C: And why would or how would you choose 11x14?

A: That’s standard photographic paper size: 8x10, 11x14, 16x20, 20x24, 30x40.

C: Do you find those standard predetermined sizes irritating, limiting. Or is that not relevant?

A: I always thought I just was releasing images into the world. You know, before digital was invented, there's a huge burden...certainly in color photography, certainly in the 80s that we knew it wasn't going to last. That it wasn't stable.

C: What is "it"?

A: The negatives and the paper. So, with the burden of negatives not being stable, I stored some in a safety deposit box. And I comforted myself that even if the negative is destroyed, I've put the image into the world. The image has existed. It's appeared places.

Some days after our conversation I recall Anne had twice narrated discovering graphic narratives:

A: Driving upstate with Tony Conrad and Robert Longo, stopping for drinks and snacks, probably fall 1977 or 78, Longo came back to the car with photov novellas. They landed in my head, a big wow. I stayed with photo novellas all that year...studied and thought about them.

A: I got interested in comic books...what are they called now, narrative graphics?

C: Graphic novels?

A: Yeah, narrative graphics. I'd been very uninterested until I saw a show in the Art Gallery of Ontario probably in 1975. I was living in Toronto. The artist's name was Martin Vaughn-James. They were just calling it "narrative graphics" at that time and I thought, well that is really interesting. And the artist had a book, *The Cage*, published by Coach House Press which is in Toronto, so I went right over there to buy some things. Being at Coach House was the inspiration that publishing was an honorable way to make a living. Once the door opened on some kind of narrative in graphics, then I started looking at comic books which I never had...and love comics are a big one. Probably initiated or opened the door to the *Dear John* photographs.

Two incidents remembered in the flow of Turyn conjuring a response to a particular question. While both of her anecdotes capsule factual details and information, I've come to recognize there's also unspoken residue - the long-term persistent sinuous life of an idea emanating from an incident.

At the start of this section, I purposely used the word "narrated," so much of Turyn's "I love to talk" consists, in meet ups and phone calls, of past incidents recalled in soliloquys of length and of detail abundance. Her granular talk-threads do not support interruptions, the back and forth of conversation. Any remark will be silently tolerated until the episode can continue on its winding and looping course to its known-to-the-teller finish line. I begin to wonder if each of her tellings for all its detail harbors an idea or concept, an unexpressed meaning that outlives the incident. And, if too, as a viewer of Turyn work, I discern or am drawn to experience that enduring resonance - meaning larger than capsulation that trembles in a photograph. Perhaps I am thinking particularly of *Flashbulb Memories* when "swap Alaska for idea" sets in motion a series of photographs I characterized earlier as "homely," to suggest humble household objects in the dwellings of domestic life. I might well have in addition made mention of the swell, the breath of meanings encountered in the company of Anne Turyn image-text works, there's chemistry there.

Illustrated Memories

A Fictional Autobiography Told in Pictures
1983-1995





Looking

Searching for Wolves at Yellowstone National Park 2011-2015







Chris Kraus Talks to Anne Turyn About Kathy Acker, *Top Stories*, a Prose Periodical, and Street Photography

Chris Kraus: The images in *New York City in 1979* make a huge difference in how the book reads and feels. Then and now, most literary chapbooks are text-only. But this is more like a series of magazine spreads. Did all the *Top Stories* pamphlets include pictures?

Anne Turyn: Not all of the issues have image and text, but I was open to it and eager for it. This is where my interests as an artist were. Still, I conceived of *Top Stories* as a literary series. I was doing some programming at the Buffalo, NY, alternative art space Hallwalls when I published the first several issues. Many of the writers were people I'd invited to read or perform at Hallwalls. Laurie Anderson, Pati Hill, Constance Dejong, Kathy Acker, Judith Doyle and Ursule Molinaro were all invited to Hallwalls in the late '70s. I invited Laurie Anderson to publish text, after seeing her performances. I'd seen text from her performances published elsewhere. I invited Pati Hill, a writer who was also working in Xerox and copier art, to do an issue, based on a novella she'd published that included images. Pati chose to submit three short stories and a cover image.

My working mode was to give an open invitation to an author, and then I'd print anything so long as their submission/piece fit in the 5x8" format, and the back covers were consistent. Kathy asked for photos to be included. She described how she wanted the images to challenge the text. I shot in black and white in New York for the issue, which was not my way of working at the time.

CK: *NYC in 1979* came out in 1981, and it's No 9 in the *Top Stories* series. How many issues did you publish in all? When did you start? Who were some of the earlier writers?

AT: There were 29 "issues" of *Top Stories* (1978-1991) but three were double issues, so we made 26 books. The double issues were perfect bound, not stapled.

CK: *Top Stories* was a huge influence when I moved to New York. Definitely I was thinking about *Top Stories* when I began the *Native Agents* series for *Semiotexte* in 1990. I'm surprised no one has made the connection! The *Top Stories* books are so intimate. I can still remember lines from some of them, like Gail Vachon. "Disco music makes you want to buy ..." Acker made a good choice, including the photos. Your images amplify the text. They lift it off the page and make the story even more readable.

I notice you chose the most "urban" looking images to include in the book. The outtakes are surprisingly unsexy, old-fashioned - it felt almost like looking at Vivian Maier's pictures of mid-20th century Chicago. Did you take pictures often? Was photography part of your work at the time? What was it like, going around NYC, image-grabbing for Kathy?

AT: I certainly saw a connection between *Native Agents* and *Top Stories* and there are overlaps between the two series. Ann Rower was someone on my "possibilities" list for some time.

I most identify as a photographer. Most of my creative work has been in photography. But at the time, I was mostly shooting color, and studio and / or set up work, often using text. I was very attuned to literature. I studied writing with Walter Abish and Ray Federman, and finished the coursework for a Linguistics PhD.

Between the late '70s and mid '90s I felt disconnected and disinterested in street photography. But when Kathy wanted images for *NYC in 1979*, it made sense to go out and shoot.

It was 1981. I shot from 57th Street down to Chelsea and felt like my relationship to the city was changed. I was looking at big buildings and corporate New York and looking at people differently than I would have otherwise. I was thinking of Kathy's (or Jancy's) Nana. I spent most of my life downtown, working in Tribeca and Soho, although I also had a job in Times Square at night. Several of the outtakes are taken around Port Authority or on 42nd Street. I'm somewhat sorry I didn't document the peepshow storefronts. Although, in some of the outtake photos you can see the marquees. On the other hand, I purposely did not want an illustrative relationship to the text.

CK: Did Kathy give you the story, or did you select it? She rarely wrote short, so it seems as if it was written to be a pamphlet.

AT: Kathy had been a visitor to Hallwalls. At some point in 1980 or 1981 I saw Kathy read at the "Poetry Project" and invited her to do an issue. She didn't take me up on it immediately, but she wrote me from San Francisco asking if the offer was still good. She sent *New York City in 1979*. I had been giving open invitations, not asking for anything specific. *New York City in 1979* had been published in the San Diego 'zine *Crawl Out Your Window* and had won a Pushcart Prize. She asked that photos be added. My first inclination was to ask several photographers to submit individual images. Friends encouraged me to do the photos myself.

Here's what Kathy wrote:

What I really like, as far as books go, collaborating with an artist, not just using pictures to illustrate (subordinate role) but having another mind (desire) to destroy my egotism & multiply the energy. However since you're the publisher, it's finally your decision. But it is hard for me to say - oh, just a picture on the cover, or a picture of this & this - when what I desire is a whole - a whole visual language object. How about a sort of Russian constructivist (like) object? Do you have any ideas? I know people in NYC who would help and I am sure you do too. Why not make it AMAZING as long as we're making it?

Love,
Kathy

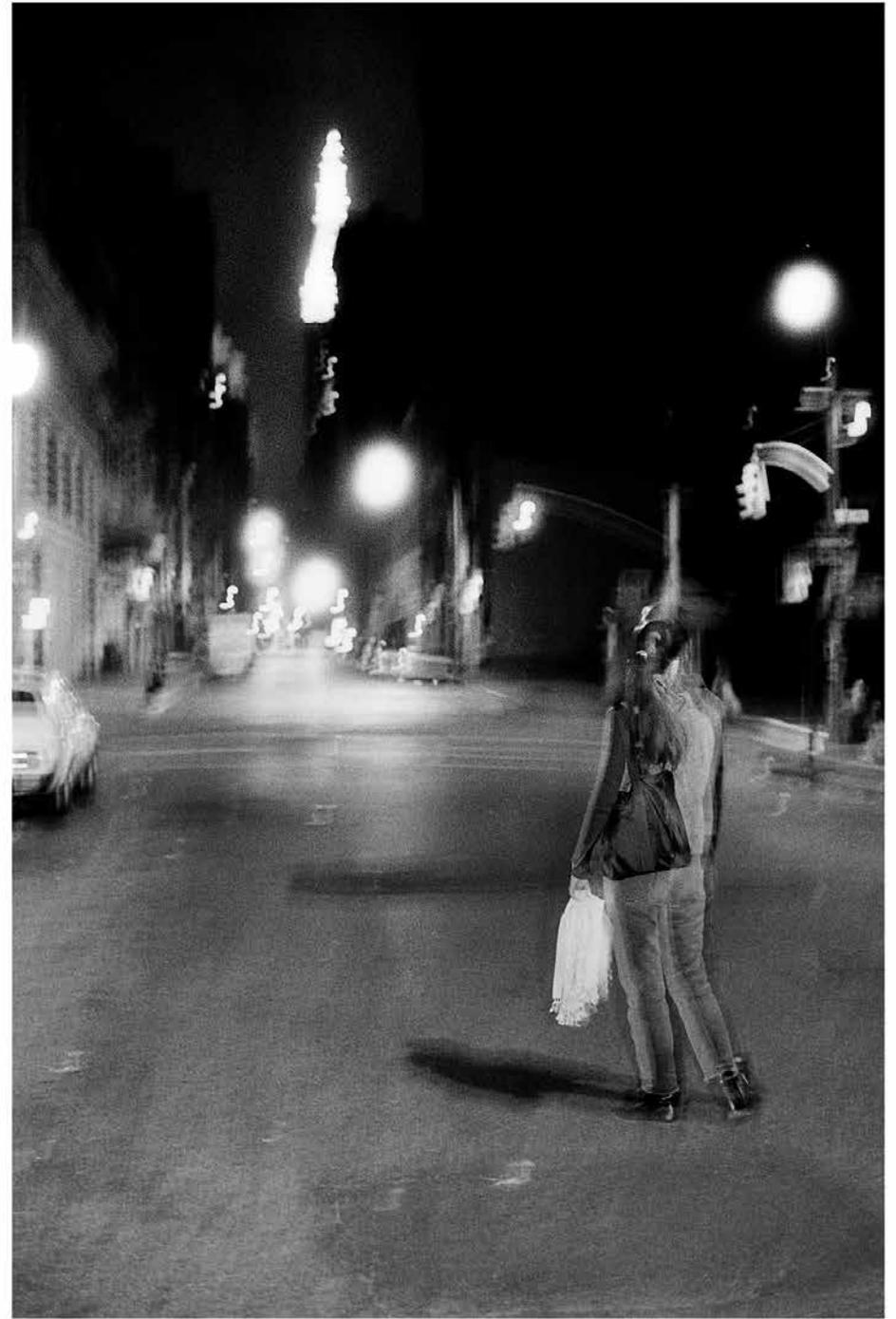
This interview was originally published in *Starship No 17*, Berlin 2018.

Chris Kraus (born 1955) is an American writer and critic. Her novels include *I Love Dick*, *Aliens & Anorexia*, *Torpor*, and *Summer of Hate*.

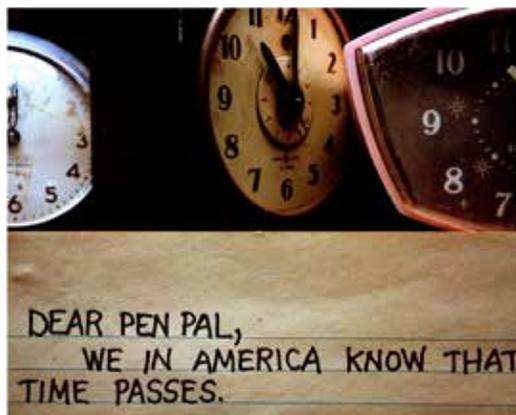
New York City in 1979

For Top Stories #9 by Kathy Acker. 1981





Anne Turyn



Two of Anne Turyn's earliest memories relating to photography are indicative of her present interests and use of the medium. "I remember seeing pictures of my grandmother in about '55 or '56, and her brick building in Queens. I remember being very distressed ... everything looked okay, but the bricks came out green!" When Turyn was about ten years old she began making what she then thought was art photography. "I tried to take a picture of a bug on a tree with Instamatic, which of course, I couldn't focus on that close. ... It was alright, but you couldn't make [out the bug]." ¹ What these memories reveal is her awareness that photography's aberrations can transform the world in surprising ways, sometimes obviously and other times, as she came to realize later, more subtly. Turyn, who has studied art and linguistics, has begun to develop a personal photographic language using, among other things, the medium's capacity for distortion. She questions how the medium metamorphoses, and even substitutes for, our experience of the past and thus reconfigures the present.

In early series such as *Dear Pen Pal* (1979-1980) and *Dear John* (1981), which did not yet make use of distortion, Turyn specifically examined the relationship between words and images. In the former, a one-sentence message addressed "Dear Pen Pal" and written on ruled school paper is usually juxtaposed with a few simple objects; in the latter, brief notes addressed "Dear John" are placed in various settings - on tables, on beds, in people's hands. The objects and letters are juxtaposed for humorous, pathetic, sardonic, and political effect. For example, the note "DEAR PEN PAL, WE IN AMERICA KNOW THAT TIME PASSES." is placed beneath a still life of three circa-1940 alarm clocks. Such an image has many allusions, among them the ironic fact that the tools with which we keep time become outmoded. In her next series, *Lessons & Notes* (1982), Turyn continues to use word/image relationships, but here the written comments are not statements - they are either direct questions or at least generate interrogatory thinking.

In the *Dear Pen Pal* and *Dear John* series Turyn implies the presence of people or merely includes parts of the body, particularly hands and feet, as props; furthermore, the subjects are never in motion. But in the *Lessons & Notes* she begins to use people - that is, children - more as people than as objects. *Lessons & Notes* consists of staged classroom situations that include a short message or question typically written on a blackboard or "magic tablet" and one or two children participating in simple activities. In each work, the children have been choreographed by the photographer to move during a long exposure so that they appear blurred. Turyn arranged this effect not from an interest in movement or blur per se but rather to create "generic faces ... to cut down on their features, so it's not about this cute kid" - although she admits that in some photographs one actually can see the "cute" kid. ² In *Untitled (Misunderstand?)*, the intent, mad look on the face of the boy

holding the toy gun sets a charged emotional tone which is crucial to the success of the picture.

The movement itself in such pictures is also a critical element. In *Lessons & Notes*, Turyn goes beyond the comparison of words and props; here she contrasts movement and blur with stillness and clarity, control with lack of control, order with disorder, and people with objects. In *Misunderstand?*, the intensity of expression is equaled by the dynamism of the boy's quivering body, by the profusion of fingers and guns. This kinesis stands in counterpoint to the stasis of the simple rectilinear composition and the stark background of the blackboard. Contrast of motion and immobility is perhaps nowhere more evident than in *Untitled (Where Does History Happen?)*. Here, the blurry figure of a boy holds an empty, equally blurry frame which is reminiscent of the camera frame itself. The boy's multiple face-head is framed by the blackboard, while the frame he holds makes a picture within a picture, a still life of the globe and illustrated history book. Like the questions written on the blackboard, the movement in these works is not used to depict accomplished acts but indecisive responses.

In 1983 Turyn began *Illustrated Memories*, a series she considers to be a "fictive autobiography," and on which she continues to work. Here she drops written elements altogether. The series comprises informal, snapshotlike images of subjects familiar to most middle-class American kids – the view from a playground swing or slide, a "mother" making a bed, or a "father" shaving. Using a view camera, with its capacity for differential focusing of various parts of an image, Turyn sandwiches areas of sharp focus with areas lacking in focus. Believing that memories are not crystal clear and that photos often "give too much," she wanted to "obliterate some of the details but not all of them."³ The varying clarity of these photographs deals with the way memories shift and how one views the present in terms of the past – both real and "photographed." Turyn intended this series to be more emotional than her earlier works. It deals not so much with intellectual understanding of complex relationships between written and symbolic elements as with unitary, evocative objects that have direct mnemonic appeal. The images are not based on her actual memories but on stereotypical childhood memories. They are thus "more in the present" because they are contrived in the present.⁴ And, as Turyn photographically proposes, the present is not simple; it is a complex of random thoughts and images, visual perceptions and mental constructs. The *Illustrated Memories* have no set order, nor is there a set number for presentation. The looseness of this structure reflects the disorderly way children view the world – details that have no interest to adults may often be the focus of a child's attention. Focus or lack of focus for its own sake is beside the point; important is how attention is shaped and directed.

¹ Anne Turyn, interview with the author, New York, 19 November 1987.

² Ibid.

³ Ibid.

⁴ Ibid.

This text was originally published in the catalogue for the exhibition *Vanishing Presence* at the Walker Arts Center, Minneapolis, and Rizzoli, New York, in 1989.

Adam D. Weinberg is the Alice Pratt Brown Director of the Whitney Museum of American Art.

Douglas Eklund

Flashbulb Memories

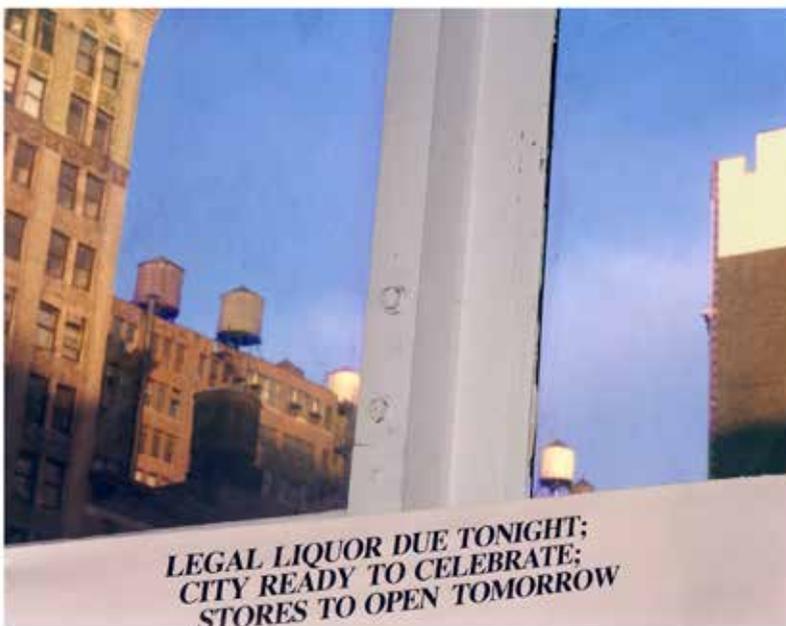
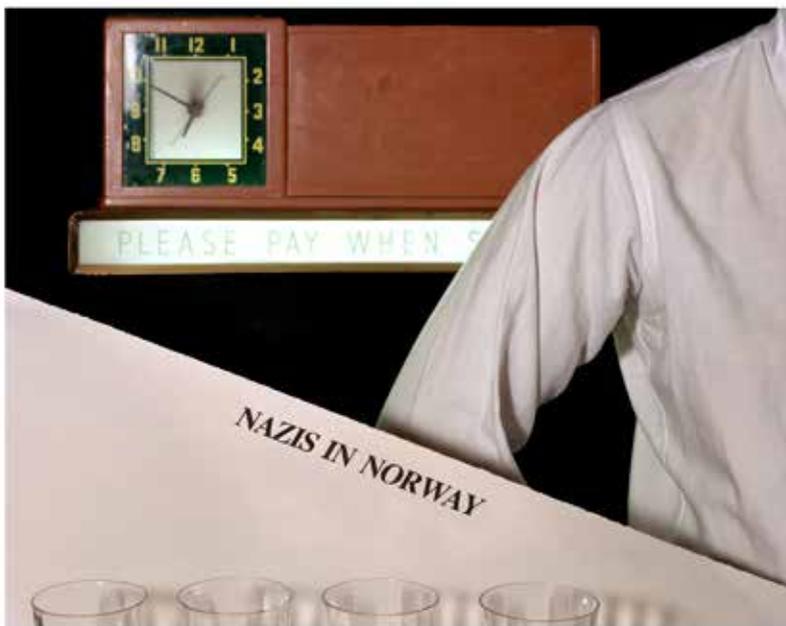
In the late 1970s Turyn founded and edited a series of publications collectively entitled *Top Stories*, in which each issue was devoted to the work of a single author or artist such as Kathy Acker, Laurie Anderson, Constance DeJong, and Richard Prince. Turyn was herself a writer at the time, and her photographs are among the most assured combinations of text and image in art of the 1980s.

For her series entitled *Flashbulb Memories*, she explored the phenomenon (dubbed a "flashbulb memory" by psychologists) whereby the details of where one was or what one was doing upon learning significant or fateful news become attached to the memory. Like literature, photography is a ventriloquist's medium, allowing the artist to throw his or her voice into a seemingly infinite number of period styles. Turyn displays pinpoint accuracy (or what feels accurate) in lighting, props, and surfaces that conjure up a time as it is imprinted in memory – the "where were you when you learned about ?" feeling that bridges public event and private, subjective response.

Douglas Eklund is Curator of Photographs at the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

Flashbulb Memories

1985-1986



Waiting

Standing
in Line at
a Federal
Building,
Waiting for
Immigration
Processing
1990s

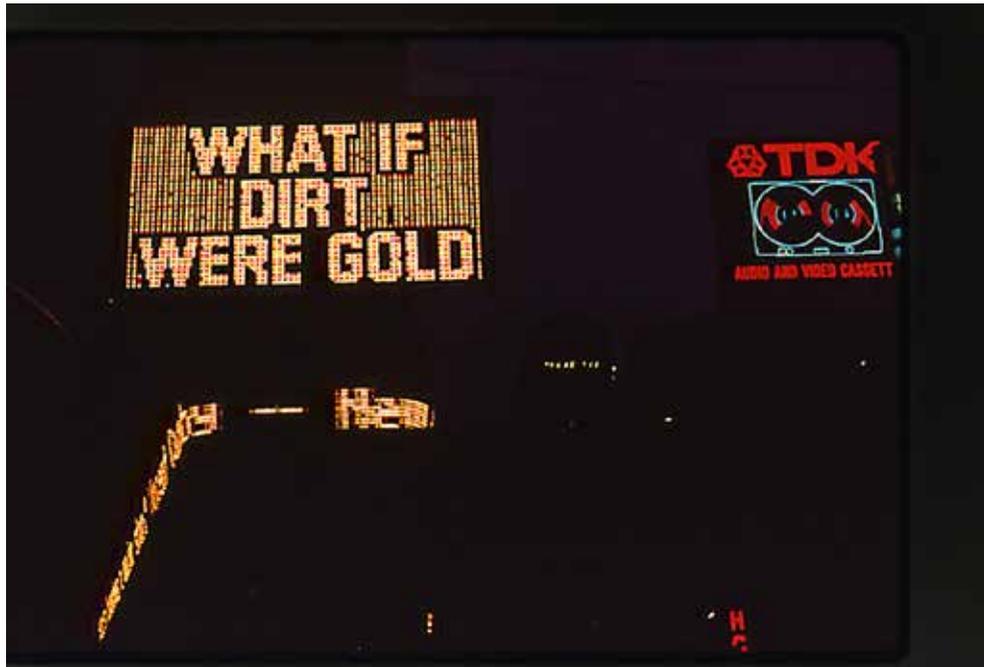




Messages to the Public

1988

Messages to the Public was a series of projects curated by Jane Dickson for Times Square's Spectacolor board running from 1982 to 1990. The work by over 70 artists was featured including Jenny Holzer, Barbara Kruger, Vito Acconci, Lynne Tillman, the Guerilla Girls, and Anne Turyn.



Breezer

Some people call me a custodian. I am witness to obscure rites of passage, first-time experiences and crawling wasters. I have seen all the boy racers; rolling blunts, spliffs, zoots. Smoking bowls, well crafted waterfalls and home-made bong. These boy-men have come in several different guises and they all seek the same prolonged end result. A woolly escape. They often drive their tiny shoddy cars to the car-park overlooking the bay, they consider this their dominion. Generally four will sit in a car. One leg inside - new skate trainers on oversized feet cushioned against the coarse car-mats, the other foot on the tarmac as they listen to whatever was left in the car stereo by the older sibling of its current driver. On warmer nights, they will abandon the car, opting to listen to sounds through an open boot as they sit on the ledges or stand - shuffling. In the summer months they enjoy walking. Their routes protected by pitch blackness, away from intrusive street lights, navigating empty sprawling fields leading to long vacated beaches. In certain woodland areas they amend and maintain the legacy of complex networks of dens and secret structures that lay inconspicuously suspended in branches high up in the trees. Their adept craftsmanship unknown to their parents. Collectively they explore the limits of their collective consciousness.

Hours pass.

In what seems a dissonant universe the girls, often young women are found never too far away in their own experimental paradigm. They crowd around benches deep into the promenade, rarely rotating the seating arrangements. One or two are always left to stand, arms crossed, holding their developing bodies. Sometimes there is a girl and I want to talk about one in particular. The teenage introvert, awkward and often embarrassingly unaware of the rules of engagement. Missing out on the flirtatious masterclasses of many of her friends, she lacked the instinctive tools necessary for the difficult transition from girl to woman. She wasn't born ready to live. I have been present at many of her baptisms and I have vivid recollection of one in particular.

One evening in March she stands next to the congregation on the bench. She holds a glass bottle, handed to her from within a plastic bag. The contents of the

bottle is an off white, dense opaque liquid, like cloudy lemonade she thinks. The bottle has two glossy paper labels, one around the neck and the other on the main body. Crowning the top of the bottle is a decorated steel serrated cap. As unceremoniously as she was handed the bottle by her friend Carmel, she is handed the bottle opener. She envies some of the other girls' proficiency at popping the caps off the bottle tops with the bottoms of lighters. The flimsy metallic apparatus shakes in her hand and suddenly the bottle is open. She hesitates as it hovers close to her nose. The strangely flowery scent of artificial flavouring holding her there for a moment.

Time slows down, she raises the bottle to her face with her right hand. As her arm moves she hears the swishing of her rain coat - her arm passing against the side of her body as her elbow elevates bringing the bulbous glass rim to the buffer of her pink glossy bottom lip. Her wrist twists and the cloudy carbonated nectar cascades out from within the bottle invigorating her entire mouth. The zingy fizz momentarily stings her tongue. She pulls the liquid, preparing to swallow, simultaneously breathing in the lemon aroma as it slides from her tongue and onto her throat.

By now there is the presence of a sticky film that covers her skin and mixed in the cocktail is the salt flavour timidly gathered from the corners of her mouth.

She inhales the sea air through her nose, smacks her lips together, chewing on the aromas so as to prolong the experience. The aftertaste prompts her to meditate on the sweet chemical zingy notes. She enjoys the inauthentic taste - the false flavours of sweets and soft drinks becoming increasingly palatable to her as she becomes a teenager. It's like nothing else. Her limited life experience hasn't enabled her vocabulary to reach to describe the sensations. Her excitement is palpable but an aloof social equilibrium must be maintained.

Angharad Williams is an artist and writer that was born and raised in Ynys Môn (Wales).



Negative row 1

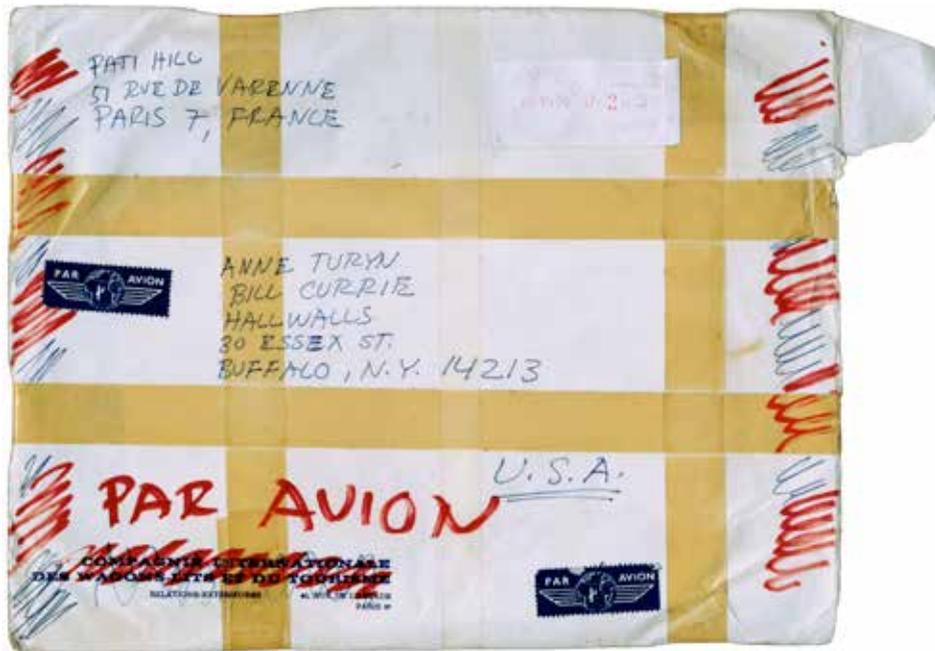
- neg 14: Gail Vachon holding Lulu Rubin, Lynne Tillman, Donna Wyszomierski, Nancy Peskin,
- neg 15: Kathy Acker, Judith Doyle, Nancy Peskin
- neg 16: Kathy Acker, Judith Doyle
- neg 17: Gail Vachon, Anne Turyn, Bill Currie
- neg 18: Donna Wyszomierski, Nancy Peskin, Lynne Tillman

Negative row 2

- neg 20: Constance DeJong, Anne Turyn
- neg 21: Gail Vachon holding Lulu Rubin, Anne Turyn, Lynne Tillman
- neg 22: Judith Doyle, Kathy Acker, Bill Currie
- neg 23: Linda Neaman, Claudia Gould
- neg 24: Constance De Jong, Jane Dickson, Anne Turyn



Left to right: J. Dickson, L. Tillman, K. Acker, U. Molinaro, A. Turyn, J. Stein, J. Doyle, C. De Jong. Front: G. Vachon, Lulu Rubin

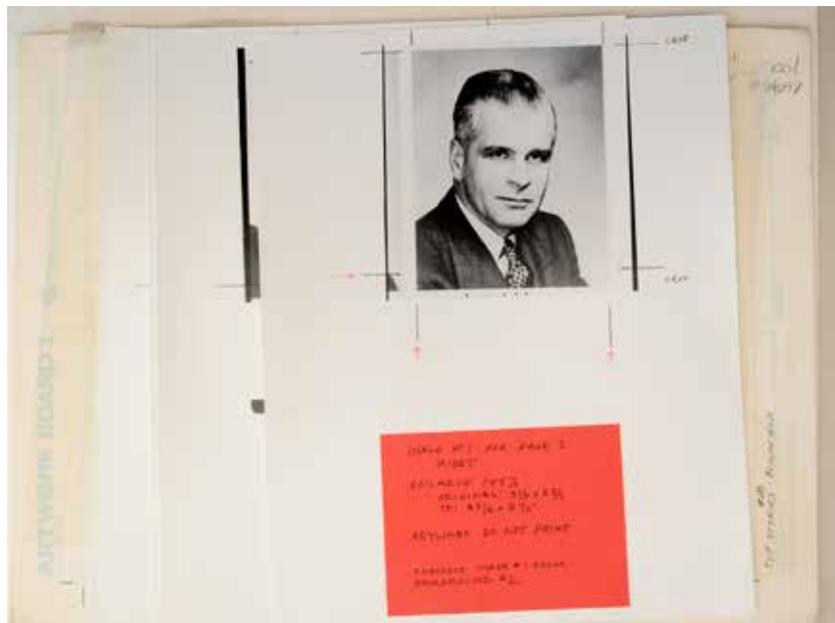


August 16

Hi Ann-

Here's the text- hope it's OK with you.
I'm leaving for California but will be back the 28th (August)... Just call if you have any questions.

Laurie



wilhelm schürmann. (brd)
"aschen, schanz" 1978

JOSE, CALIF.
PM
21-AUG
1979

AUGUST 21

Dear Ann-

Please put "Cover photo-
Marcia Resnick" somewhere
on the inside cover.
Talk to you soon.

Laurie
Laurie Anderson

Ann Turyn
129 Prospect Street
Buffalo, NY

70 Langton St.
SF, CA 94103

Dear Anne,

NEW YORK IN 1979 was published in "Crawl out Your Window." You won't believe this, but I don't know further details: Melvyn Frielicher, the publisher of "CRAWL OUT YOUR WINDOW" informed me about the Pushcart Prize and I've forgotten when the magazine appeared.

You can contact Melvyn for these details at Frielicher, 4641 Park Blvd, San Diego, Ca. 92116. (714)-299-4859.

As for pictures: what I really like is, as far as books go, collaborating with an artist, not just using pictures to illustrate (subordinate role) but having another mind (desire) to destroy my egotism & multiply the energy. However, since you're the publisher, it's finally your decision. But it is hard for me to say - oh, just a picture on the cover, or a picture of this & this - when what I desire is a whole - a whole visual-language object. How about a sort of Russian constructivist (like) object? Do you have any ideas? I know people in NYC who would help and I'm sure you do

too. Why not making it AMAZING as long as we're making it?

Love
Kathy

On *Top Stories*

Around the time I conceived of a periodical that would be stand-alone volumes (which turned out to be *Top Stories*), I had been interested in the colloquial notion of story. If you were to go to a bar or gathering place anywhere in the world and ask the person next to you, tell me a story, what would be the similarities or differences in the structures of story, as well as the elements necessary to be deemed a story?

This was not necessarily connected to my interests in fiction and prose. I wanted the word "stories" in the name of the publication. The word "story" may have been a nod toward content, or a false lure, or ironic; referring to a paradigm that it was not.

At that time, the rare book room at the university, as well as independent bookstores, was where I was spending my time when not at Hallwalls, Media Study, Buffalo, and the other cultural institutions of late 1970s Buffalo. I was looking for written work that I found compelling. *Coach House Books* may have been the inspiring catalyst. I was familiar with the *Black Sparrow* pamphlet series that sold for fifty cents apiece. I liked that idea of literature for all but wanted to put a more substantial cover, heavier paper stock, on the volumes.

I started publishing a series that was prose. An author could have the freedom within the covers to do what they wanted. A series was destined for a collection, I reasoned. If someone liked an author or two, perhaps the reader would explore other volumes.

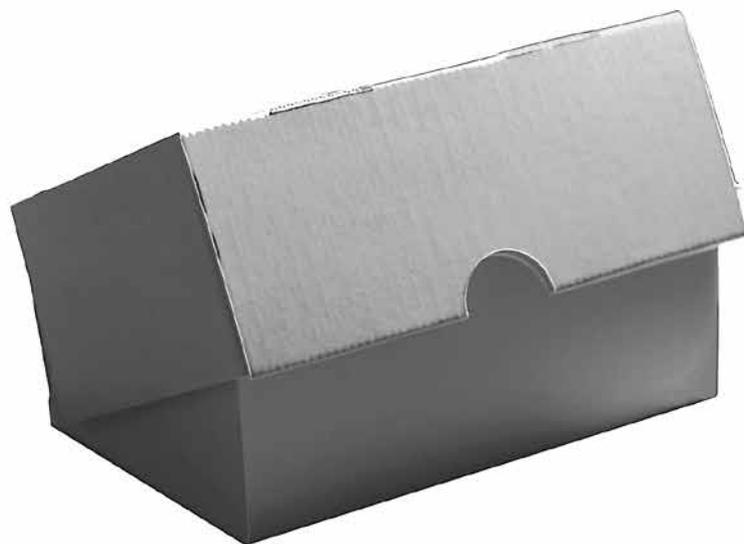
I thought I was publishing literature. I was interested in language as a plastic medium. I was interested in literary forms. What could language do? I discovered *Impossible Dreams* by Pati Hill, a novella coupled, or interspersed, with photocopied images by established photographers (with their permissions). I saw text from a Laurie Anderson performance printed in an anthology. I heard Constance DeJong speak her text. This was all exciting to me.

Apparently it was, at the time, interesting to other readers, and there is current interest as well, and I am pleased. Although I fully intended that the series would be seen as a whole at some future time, I was not thinking of the archive; I just do not throw out important papers.



*This volume includes the
1983 catalogue of Top
Stories issues 1-18. Issues
19-29 were added later.*

The cover is original.



topstoriesperiodical.com

original last page of 1983 catalogue:

Boxed Set, issues 1 - 10.

\$19.00



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TOP STORIES

A PROSE PERIODICAL

Top Stories was established in 1978 in order to offer innovative, new, and exciting prose in quality editions, yet at reasonable prices.

Every issue is the size of the volume you are holding in your hands. Each page in this catalogue is devoted to a single issue. At the end of the descriptions the lengths of the books in pages and the number of visuals (if any) are indicated. Most of the issues have glossy covers.

We are confident you will find this diverse collection of writings (fiction, prose, narrative art) fresh and exhilarating.

this catalogue \$1

#1 *Too Good To Be Entirely True* by Donna Wyszomierski

that's the kind of girl i wish my boys would bring home
don't have to tell her knows when to keep quiet one of
my favorite people queen bee gets anything she wants
doesn't like me can tell when she talks looks disapproving
a lot don't know what to make of him tried to kiss me
after work wouldn't let him said i was too old oversexed
poor thing wife with a headache thought he had a steady
girl i said both of them the same night can't take it
any more got to get out and they say the women are dirty



Fifteen pages of unpunctuated and one-sided dialogue resembling the conversation of the ladies in the pub in Eliot's Wasteland, Read it aloud and be struck by the pathos of an overheard intimacy, like the far off unrequited voice on a telephone line.

— Allen Barnett

16 pages, black on white cover drawing, 1979, 1983 \$2.00

#2 *Words in Reverse* by Laurie Anderson

He explained his career in filmmaking this way - his mother had always had a hobby of cutting out pictures of hamsters from magazines. She would make frames for the photographs by gluing the wood chips from the bottoms of hamster cages into rectangles. She hung these over the fireplace, which was how he got the idea for using light.

When Bobby got back from his first trip to Las Vegas, he said he noticed he was pausing just a little longer than usual after putting his money into parking meters and xerox machines.

This text is composed of extracts from her performances "Like A Stream" and "Americans on the Move," and it works surprisingly well as prose. Isolated from Anderson's multimedia stage effects, the language adds up to an imagistic essay on the way light transforms people and things.

—Village Voice

...and even Laurie Anderson has done an issue.

—The Print Collector's Newsletter

16 pages, cover photograph, black and red on white cover, 1979, 1982, 1983 \$2.50



#3 *3 Stories* by Pati Hill

Mrs. Starling, The Falcon, The Ballad of Annie Bates

When Mrs. Starling was a girl she had married a playboy named Horace Davis, but they had quickly separated.

She was well into her fifties when she married Mr. Starling, and he was thirty-five, but seemed younger.

They were quite happy until he killed himself. (An accident; he ran into a thick wall in a fog.)

Mr. Starling had often expressed his belief in cremation but Mrs. Starling buried him in a plot she had bought for herself and went to visit him every Saturday and on alternate Mondays.

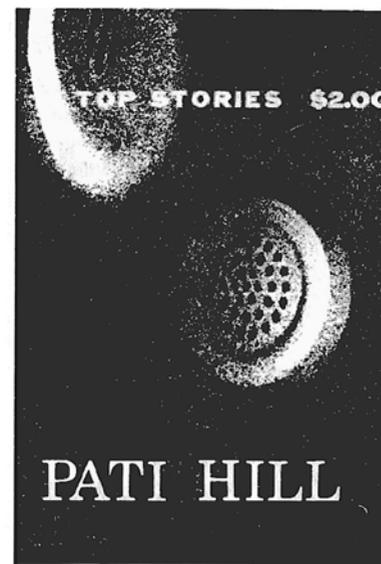
Unless it was snowing she allowed Sarah Allen to drive her there. She liked walking in snow, however, and slept well afterwards.

Although the beauty of Mrs. Starling was frequently spoken of there were not many people who actually remembered it except Mrs. Starling.

"Photographs in that day were very inadequate," she said. "The ones they take now are incomparably clearer but they lack charm."

"Anyone would think you regretted the old days," sometimes accused Sarah Allen.

"I do," Mrs. Starling nearly always replied.



The text is trying to duplicate on some level the kind of process that occurs in thinking...the connections used in thinking where a lot of the intermediate steps are left out. ...So in one story, "Mrs. Starling" by Pati Hill, the discussion of the protagonist's separation from her first husband and the death of her second is limited to three quick sentences.

—Buffalo Courier-Express

...startling character studies of several "average" people in various stages of recreation.

—East Village Eye

12 pages, black and white cover photograph, 1979, 1983 \$2.00

#4 *Agent Pink* by Suzanne Johnson

Avery Pink wears her name on her sleeve. Just look in her closet. An array of fabrics in any shade of red. Red corduroy, red socks, several pairs of red shoes, red terry shirts, red all-cotton panties, dyed red undershirts with pink lace and a red rose at the center. A girl who loves red.

Or pink, crimson, vermilion, maroon. Anything that happened not to be red at least had accessories: red buttons on black dresses, red shoelaces in yellow sneakers, red belts lying across turquoise trousers. She is actually kind of plain. She can look back warmly at the girl she was, raised by loving parents in a rural New York setting, surrounded by ponies, cornfields and farm boys. From college she crusaded through museums and libraries.

Now her life lacks one essential ingredient she feels is her due. Mystery. Dark and foreboding, chocolatey rich mystery. Raised on the adventures of those brats, the **Happy Hollisters**, matured by the underworld sensuality of the **Man from UNCLE**, she thought intrigue would mix up her life like fashion and boyfriends. Well-dressed and intelligent Emma Peel, a perfect match for debonair and aloof Mr. Steed. Ah, romance.

TOP STORIES

AGENT PINK

Suzanne Johnson

A woman inadvertently lives out a mild spy-acting fantasy in Buffalo.

—East Village Eye

Suzanne Johnson's Agent Pink is pure candy — Nancy Drew meets the Valley Girls — precious and saccharine sweet. An entertainment for anyone...

— Barbara Broughel

I like Agent Pink alot.

— Michael Andre

16 pages, black on pink cover, 1980
\$2.00

#5 *Foot Facts* by Linda Neaman



*Bitches in Boots
To Stomp a Dude
The Heels of Dominance
Heeled and Lusty
Bitch in Charge
Pain is Her Pleasure*



TOP STORIES #5 \$2.00



foot
facts

linda
neaman

*female helplessness arouses
many men.*

*...with a centerfold of an unwrapped
bound foot....A collage of words and
pictures that delineate the revulsion/
attraction syndrome built into our
perceptions...*

—East Village Eye

20 pages, black and white cover, 9 photographs
plus cover photograph 1980, 1983 \$2.00

**#6 *This Is My Mother. This Is My Father.*
by Gail Vachon**

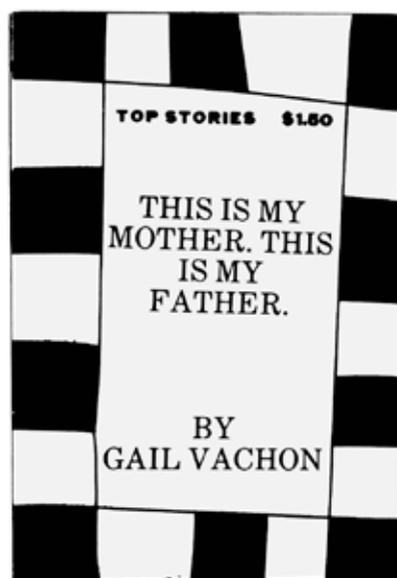
The northern region is full of wild animals.
At night they make beautiful terrifying sounds.
The streets are narrow and lined with tall ombrous trees.
Many of the houses are painted red; each has a little balcony
from which, visionless, this night world may be perceived.
A more casual approach can also be taken: magazines can be read,
refreshments offered, impossible desires forgotten and
another's anxiety ignored.

* * * * *

My daughter sat on the balcony.
She was sewing a red dress.
The threads glistened in the fluorescent light.
I am sitting in a rocking chair, reading Look Magazine.
We would go for a swim, but the chlorine gives her a rash.
Or was it the moonlight?
She didn't seem to mind.
I spanked her little bottom.
I've stolen these four minutes, like all others.

Gail Vachon's book is a catalogue of stories, an anthology of impressions, a list of thoughts, and a notebook of contemporary consciousness. It's full of cultural facts — muzak, Miller Beer, the F.B.I. — and many voices: the "I" of its sentences is mother and father, husband and wife, brother and sister. The tone is anxious, the message is terse, and the effect disturbing. There's a lot of a lot of things in this little booklet.

—John Howell



28 pages, black on yellow cover, 1980 \$2.00

#7 *Eating Friends* by Jenny Holzer/Peter Nadin



A LITTLE GIRL HAD BEEN IN A COMA FOR WEEKS BUT SMILED AND CAME OUT OF IT WHEN THEY SANG SONGS.

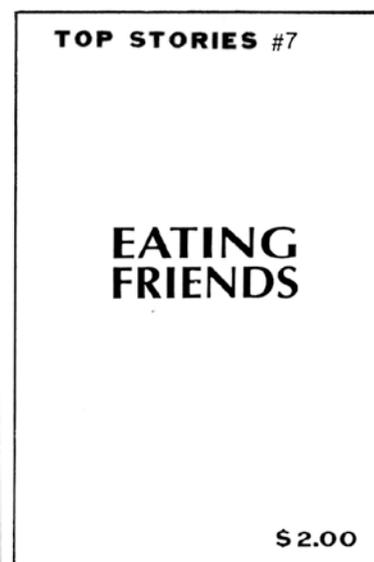
CHILDHOOD WAS THE TIME FOR EXPERIMENTATION. THEY FOLDED WASHCLOTHS ON THEIR LEGS AND Poured SCALDING WATER ON THEM, ALWAYS STOPPING SHORT OF EXTREME PAIN AND VISIBLE BURNS.

HANDS-ON SOCIALIZATION PROMOTES HAPPY INTERPERSONAL RELATIONS. THE DESIRE FOR AND THE DEPENDENCE UPON FONDLING ENSURE THEIR REPEATED ATTEMPTS TO OBTAIN CARESSES AND THEIR WILLINGNESS TO RECIPROCATE.

HOW NICE TO SUPPLY THE NECESSARY COMFORTS, NUTRIENTS AND LESSONS SO THAT THE OPTIMAL NUMBER OF THEM GROW TO MATURITY AND ENJOY IT.

I SAW THEIR STUNNING BODIES GO SLACK AND GET HAIR IN THE WRONG PLACES AND I VOWED I WOULD NOT PERMIT THAT TO HAPPEN TO ME.

IF THE HOUSE IS BITTER COLD, ALL THE FLUIDS THEREIN, IF NOT FROZEN, ARE STIFF AND SLOW.



But Basel's best bargain was Eating Friends, an artist's book by Americans Jenny Holzer and Peter Nadin...

—The Print Collector's Newsletter

A lovely collaboration of bronze ink and slick stock that deals with growing and consuming, and becoming a good American.

—East Village Eye

20 pages, 13 drawings, bronze ink on coated stock 1981 \$2.00

#8 *Transcript* by Judith Doyle

Part One: On Pain

Part Two: On Emigration from Portugal to Canada

The funny thing is, you can remember right up to the last split second before; I can still see the other car at the moment we must have been hitting it. Then maybe the second before the impact hit me and nothing after that. It's strange, it's just not there.

Immediately after the impact I was unconscious for about half an hour; I know that just from being told. I woke up, and I knew that my back was broken but it was a 'no', not a feeling of nerve pain. That all comes later cause you're in shock. You wake up, and you know that you have pain. You don't feel pain, but you know you have pain, and can tell where it's coming from. I knew it was my back. I held my hands in front of me, because I had tunnel vision. I moved my fingers. Then I knew I was paralyzed. The feeling was not pain.

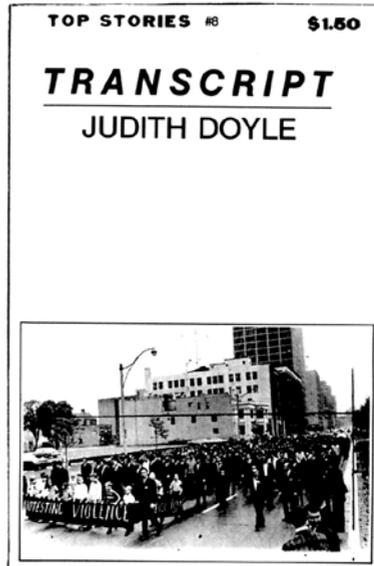
Doyle's work, as and after Transcript, raises the question of another kind of appropriation — that of specific experience — and ultimately addresses the issues that others exploit.

— Jennifer Oille,
Canadian Forum

The performance, then, was a play of presence and absence, a representation of material close to the artist but not of her, and a presentation to the audience through her own absence in the form of representations of what usually remains unspoken — pain and emigration.

— Philip Monk

12 pages, black and white cover photograph 1981 \$2.00



#9 *N.Y.C. in 1979* by Kathy Acker

All Johnny wants to do is make music. He wants to keep everyone and everything who takes him away from his music off him. Since he can't afford human contact, he can't afford desire. Therefore he hangs around with rich zombies who never have anything to do with feelings. This is a typical New York artist attitude.

New York City is a pit-hole: Since the United States government, having decided that New York City is no longer part of the United States of America, is dumping all the laws the people want such as anti-rent-control laws and all the people they don't want (artists, poor minorities, and the media in general) on the city and refusing the city Federal funds; the American bourgeoisie has left. Only the poor: artists, Puerto Ricans who can't afford to move... and rich Europeans who fleeing the terrorists don't give a shit about New York... inhabit this city.

Meanwhile the temperature is getting hotter and hotter so no one can think clearly. No one perceives. No one cares. Insane madness come out like life is a terrific party.



The dirtiest of Top Stories we've laid our hands on is N.Y.C. in 1979 by Kathy Acker, whose philosophy is best summed up by the chapter title "Intense Sexual Desire is the Greatest thing in the World."

—The Print Collector's Newsletter

In Acker's punk twist on boy-meets-girl, the city landscape is a garish but recognizable nightmare scene, where Janey meets Johnny outside the Mudd Club and they move on to a one-night stand. Acker's style is fragmented, tough, and direct... crammed with downtown art-scene references, obsessive sexuality, and energetic language.

—Village Voice

The stories are about the women who live on the street in New York and how they survive the harsh reality of pimps, junkies, perverts and police.

—Art Com

24 pages, 11 photographs plus cover photograph 1981 \$2.50

#10 *Living with Contradictions*
 by Lynne Tillman, drawings by Jane Dickson



The great adventure, the pioneering thing, is to live together and not be a couple. The expectation is indefatigable and exhausting. Julie bought an Italian postcard, circa 1953 showing an ardent man and woman, locked in embrace. And looking at each other. Except that one of her eyes was roving out, the other in, and his eyes, looking at her, were crossed.

Like star-crossed lovers' eyes should be, she thought. She drew a triangle around their eyes, which made them still more distorted.

One of the most memorable artist/writer collaborative efforts of late, this intense study of current day love relationships succeeds in the strangest ways...

—The Poetry Project Newsletter

It is much easier to evaluate the past or speculate about the future than to clearly realize the present. Living with Contradictions is extraordinary because it seizes current ordinariness and makes it special. The texts and drawings focus on the daily life of Julie and Joe who live together, unmarried. They harbor fantasies of great passion, but settle happily for familiarity and find piquancy in the contradictions of love and desire. In this era of pictorial bombast and literary sensationalism, the modesty of subject and economy of presentation make Living with Contradictions noble in its simplicity, but the startling accuracy of the author and artist save it from simpleness.

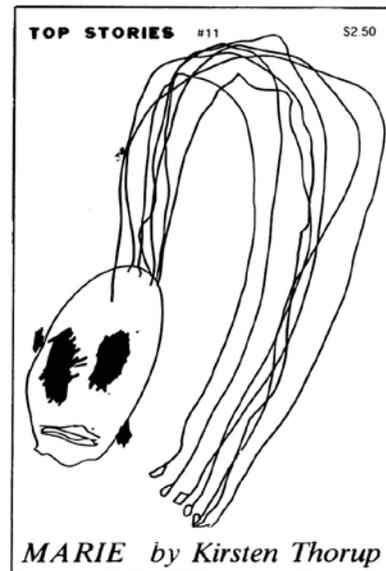
—Mike Glier

44 pages, 20 black and white drawings plus cover drawings 1982 \$2.50



#11 *Marie* by Kirsten Thorup
 translated by Alexander Taylor

Moreover, she didn't like to cook. And usually bought pre-packaged meals in the supermarket. Corn, spaghetti with meat sauce, ravioli or hamburger in cans. She could taste that they weren't good, that they had a metallic taste of preservatives and chemicals. There wasn't anything wrong with her tastebuds. But she was a creature of habit, and when she had first gotten into the habit of buying certain particular things, she continued doing it. It wasn't from apathy, but more from a total lack of interest in material things.



Kirsten Thorup's title character of the story Marie may be the only character in recent fiction who is not "sentimental about herself" — and for good reason. Her days spent in a laundromat and her nights of instant food make her distinctive in her lack-luster. And yet, even the most marginal of people are capable of sudden love, charity, and murder.

— Allen Barnett

A compelling short story about a quirky woman by one of Denmark's leading writers — author of several novels, a book of poetry, and the author of the Pegasus Award for the best Danish novel of the 70s, *Baby*.

20 pages, black and purple on red cover, 1982 \$2.50

#12 *Shattered Romance* by Janet Stein



Janet Stein's *Shattered Romance* is an acerbic series of vignettes aimed at the soft underbelly of sex.

—Screw Magazine

A feminist comic book...Each comic runs one or two pages, and the best are direct parodies of 1950's-style True Romances...A Top Stories best-seller...

—Village Voice

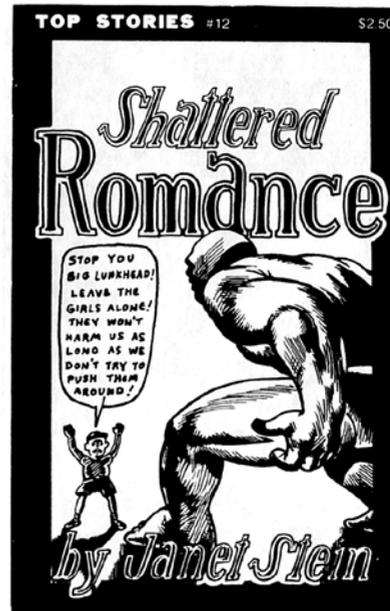
Shattered Romance by Janet Stein features True Romance type comics in various situations, most of them sexual—...on the subway, prostitutes, singles bars, and two hookers who have just shot a customer in the head, one saying, "Now why haven't we ever done it this way before?... it saves time, we clean up for our sisters plus we do a service for the wife."

—The Print Collector's Newsletter

Drawn in the manner of love comics of the 50's...

—Afterimage

24 pages, 23 black and white drawings plus cover 1982 \$2.50



#13 *Real Family Stories* by Anne Turyn

My mother's mother stuck her in convent school to keep her quiet. Gramps is a volunteer fireman. My 2 grandmothers have the same first name, so my sister was named for them. Both. They were both pleased, the grandmothers, everyone's happy except we dislike them, just my mother's mother, and we hate her and my sister despises the name. The other one's dead anyhow.

What are values anyway. Luggage, what we carry around. Who is interested in what. Our family was never one that was only interested in itself as a unit.

I HATE YOU I HATE YOU I HATE YOU



Real Family Stories juxtaposes mundane black and white snapshots — of children, homes, meals, vacations and the like — with a collage of stories that underlines the sheer insanity of family interactions... This family album hits home, so to speak, both funny and sad, the book's message can be summarized in one succinct quote: "All families are weird."

— Shelly Rice, *The Flue*

...the identities, which specificity makes so precious for us in family photos and tales, float over the surface of the family relationship. Each fragment needs the allure necessary to bring out the highlight that it adds to an overall fiction; Turyn's exquisitely careful prose leads each segment into unerringly paradoxical iconicity. Her photos, on the other hand, have an illusorily off-handedness: we are simply left with the feel that they are right...

— Tony Conrad

The editing and sequencing is just terrific — actually devastating and hysterical at the same time — but never trailing off, or relying, on the (grotesque): always (oddly) solid, straight.

— Charles Bernstein

24 pages, 30 black and white photographs plus cover photograph 1982 \$2.50



#14 95 Essential Facts by Lee Eiferman

A Small Lecture

A decision has its consequences. An active social life presents you with unexpected complications. Somehow, you've decided on a course of action. The moment threatens to overwhelm you. Time passes, and you noticed you've attained a small degree of success in the direction you've chosen. And then things get gummed up. Maybe you shouldn't have married that guy. Maybe you're not suited for motherhood. Maybe it's too late for that.

Insisting On The Next Generation

Charlie has trouble remembering women's faces. He also had a hard time with names. This summer he is planning on buying a camera and taking pictures. A little bit like making lists as a way of organizing your life. Charlie plans on photographing everything essential in his life. Like a scrap book. In the fall he wants to develop all his pictures and then sort them into piles. That way he thinks he will know something concrete. And the summer will have passed.

He hates the city beaches. They're smelly and crowded. "If only I could go to Argentina, like the cute girl who lives across the street, whose name I can never remember, but who plays guitar just like my mother."

Lee Eiferman's prose is lean, clean, and tough. Her "Essential Facts" are about as bare as they come.

— Peter Cherches

Four stories full of intrigue. Filmic.



16 pages, black and white photograph on cover, 1982 \$2.50

#15 I.T.I.L.O.E. by Constance De Jong

It was under the pretext of eating that we kept on meeting, circling slowly and fixedly around lunches, dinners, late-night snacks, meals ever later in the night. She liked the night because it was always young. She liked eating in public places where for hours we could sit unnoticed, giggling like girls—girls who had no need for the likes of a boy. As if to demonstrate this, Charlotte would sometimes pencil on a moustache and order a big cigar. She liked only restaurants where cigars could be had, cigars and clean bathrooms, and eventually she liked only one restaurant, "Lady Astor's." It had a corner booth with velvet curtains which, for a price, the waiter would close—with a smile. She liked this best of all: privacy in public. And in there, a girl I was not. Neither was I a woman. I was all legs and arms, bumping legs and arms always knocking over the wine bottle. I was eyes, they got caught, locked in the longest moment, the moment of recognition. I had a mouth with words flying out of it, words that collided with hers. The collision produced a startling mutation of a language: the deepest of privacies was this. This gave us more than food, than sex, more than a body knows. We were indistinct from our mutated language, our intricate system of intimacy...



This ... is one of the most successful works of fiction in recent memory. De Jong blends borrowed genres to create a new form, moving easily from a disillusioning fairy tale to an exchange of letters to an Egyptian myth...De Jong's language is hypnotic, intellectual, and witty; her rhythms entrance, yet every word demands attention, as legend, fact, imagination, and reality coalesce in the lives of Charlotte and Francine...

Best known as the librettist of Philip Glass's Satyagraha, De Jong has also written The Lucy Amarillo Stories and a novel called Modern Love. At the moment, I.T.I.L.O.E. is the only one of her books in print.

— Caryn James, Village Voice

24 pages, black and white photograph on cover, 1983 \$2.50

#16 *Analects of Self-Contempt/Sweet Cheat of Freedom* by Ursule Molinaro

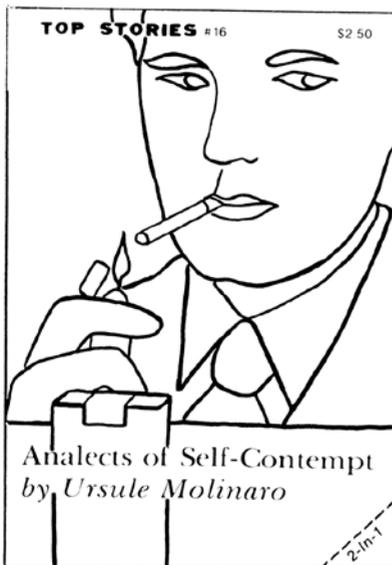
Consciousness-raising Sheet. Keep wrapped around pack of cigarettes.
DO NOT FAIL TO FILL IN BEFORE LIGHTING UP

THIRD DAY

TIME	WHERE ARE YOU?	WHAT ARE YOU DOING?	HOW DO YOU FEEL?	THOUGHTS & COMMENTS (IF ANY)
7:51am	kitchen	having coffee	numb	Emily, o Emily, the things you make me do...
8:17am	bathroom	shaving	"	-----
8:44am	car	driving to work	Like a jerk:	trying to write while driving in traffic.
9:04am	at work; in my cubicle	preparing work sheets	How am I supposed to feel, wasting my life earning a living...	
9:22am	in shop	assigning job to fitter		-----
9:43am	"	assigning job to welder		-----
11:02am	cubicle	paperwork	Over-qualified	I smoked my first cigarette in the can the bathroom at my grandmother's place in Conn. Must have been the Easter vacation my parents got divorced. When I was 9. No idea where I got that cigarette. I don't remember anyone smoking in my grandmother's house.

...one of the most gifted novelists we have.
—Joseph McElroy

24 pages, plus two covers with black and white illustrations · 1983 \$2.50



#17 *The Human Heart* by Romaine Perin

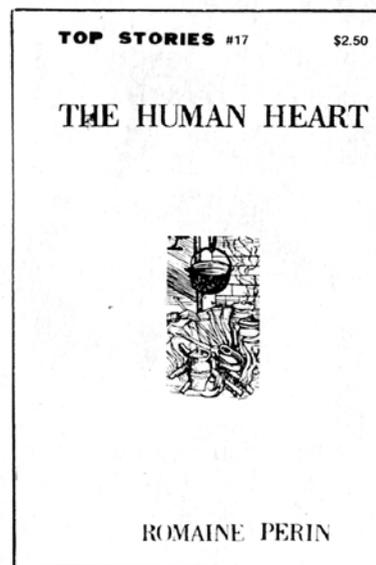
Anyway, her mind was on other things. The filed tip of her little fingernail was between her upper and lower front teeth. She gnawed on it while she let her eyes rove aimlessly over the landscape, all of which belonged to her husband, and one third of which had belonged to her father until he'd offered it, along with his daughter, to the Lord de Fayel to settle a long-standing family debt.

Hearing of this arrangement, the Dame de Fayel, who had been Catherine de Rouvre then, said to her younger sister Louise, "The goods are thrown in with the wife and the wife is thrown in with the goods and the two commodities are part and parcel."

"Maybe," said Louise, "later on..."

"I'll grow to care for him?" That's when the cynical twist at the corner of Catherine's mouth first appeared. Eight months later, when the funds for the ceremony had been raised, partly through negotiations between Catherine's father and future husband, partly through taxation of the peasants connected to the de Rouvre estate, they were married, and Catherine moved into the manor, bringing her sister with her. Louise's visit had somehow never ended; Catherine liked having her nearby, she was a familiar face in an unfriendly environment, and the last thing Louise wanted was to return to live with their father, whose bombastic tirades and steel-hard palm were still painful memories to both of them.

Catherine spent a lot of time at her window in this private chamber that was only for her to use. It was something she'd insisted on, her own room, and it had been given to her. She either watched the world through the window, or read, or talked to Louise, while Louise mostly listened patiently and nodded or shook her head over her sewing. Louise was not a talkative person.



I couldn't put it down. — Joe Gibbons

A legend reworked into an historical novella, set in the Middle Ages and told from the cook's point of view.

40 pages, black on white cover, 1983 \$2.50

#18 *Forget About Your Father & other stories* by Donna Wyszomierski

Forget about your father, I told my son. He left me without a dime to chase some young floozy. The kid kept talking about him, it just about broke my heart. Why would you want to be like him, I asked. He admitted it was the guy's height, said it must be my fault he's short. I can't do anything about my genes, I said, you could always get elevated shoes. I took him to a store where the clerk was a friend from way back. He had trouble walking at first, but I had to admit it improved his appearance. I was just starting to relax when the old man shows up and tells the kid he looks ridiculous. You ought to be boosting his ego, I said, why don't you buy him some clothes? All kinds of stuff started coming in the mail, I was embarrassed when the boy wore it. He got these in a thrift shop, I said. We almost came to blows before the kid quieted down.

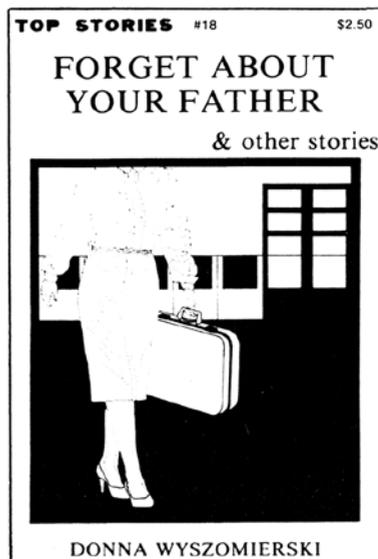
The next day he announced he wanted to take a modeling course. I was sorry when I heard how much it cost. He came home with a blonde about twenty-eight, the grooming advisor, he called her. I dragged him into the kitchen. She's a little old for you, I said. He asked her to stay for supper. While we were eating she kept looking at my hair. Something on your mind, I asked. Your look's kind of outdated, she said, I could give you a permanent. I wondered if she really thought it would help. We can do wonders these days, she told me.

**Forget About Your Father
A Bad Move
He Only Likes Blondes
A Friend of the Family
A Smart Niece
Caught Up in Romance**

The kind of lightning prose you find on postcards or in the family Bible, when you don't know the family or who sent the card. Wyszomierski's second issue for Top Stories polishes her style and sharpens her tongue; the six tense tales of family romance and point of view leave the reader fulfilled but dazzled, and asking what the next reading will mean.

— Tony Conrad

24 pages, black and white cover drawing
1983 \$2.50



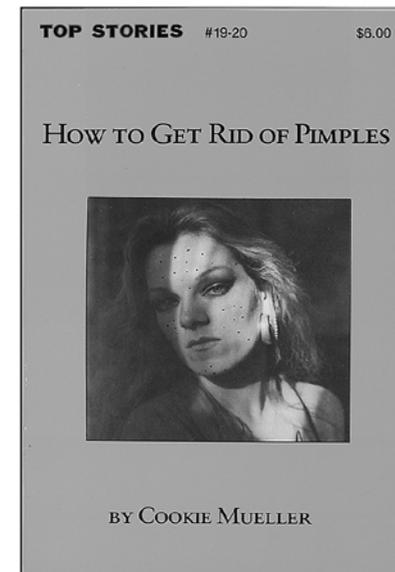
#19-20 *How to Get Rid of Pimples* by Cookie Mueller

Case #4

Goda

Goda could not look in the mirror and see herself. Because her hair was ashen, her eyes pale grey and her skin the color of aluminum, she did not reflect well in the glass. There were pimples and even these were silver but they stood out sorely.

Her image, as she perceived it, wavered from opaque to translucent to non-existent. She thought perhaps that she could pass through walls or doors or eavesdrop on relevant conversations without her presence being noticed, but she could do none of these things. Even when her form was invisible and she was sure she wasn't seen, people would feel her as a phantom. Perhaps it would be a slight itch on the back of the neck of a person deep in verbal intercourse with business partners. Another would shoo away a fictive fly, yet another would keep turning to see if there was something or someone beside him. But there was no one and there was nothing. She would walk into a room without legs and feet and footsteps but still there wasn't a person who didn't glance towards her. She couldn't walk down the street and melt all the way.



With Warholish tone, Mueller, in all her roles as doctor, satirist, journalist, playwright, credit clerk and so on, has created an unperformable play with twelve characters and more drama than could ever be, sadly and hilariously patterned by the pimples' superficial affront to both narcissism and health. This excessive work is also full of happy endings, including death itself. The end of the index reads:

"TV sitcoms, upstate, vagina, Valentino, Valium, valuable jewelry, velvet ropes, whales, woe."

—Bernadette Mayer

80 pages, black and white photo on salmon-colored cover, photos by David Armstrong, Nan Goldin, Peter Hujar, 1984

Before



After



Photo © 1981 Peter Hujar

-25-

An oddity and a gem, How To Get Rid of Pimples is pure Cookie Mueller. Cookie populates this book with an array of outsiders and misfits, all of whom suffer from bad skin. Each of the twelve "case studies" explores the lives of eunuchs, heroin addicts, mystics and maniacs (kindly, benevolent maniacs, of course). In How To Get Rid of Pimples spindly boys can fly, toes mysteriously vanish and people evolve into aquatic creatures. Yet each character in these surreal tales share a common quest: the cure for bad skin. Cookie spins each story masterfully. And, as an added bonus, she concludes this strange and wonderful book with a detailed cure for pimples. Photographs by David Armstrong, Peter Hujar and the legendary Nan Goldin.

-David Brooks
Toronto, Canada

Before

Reading Cookie Mueller is like reading Chekov and Colette; the born writer's voice, nothing mannered or hysterical, telling the sad, funny truth about the times. She is one of the few American writers making literature, something that will live in the future, rather than middle-class confessions of sterility or imitations of a dead avant-garde. I would save her from a burning building before twenty Philip Roths and forty Norman Mailers. This is one broad who needs to be heard.

-Gary Indiana



Photo © 1984 Nan Goldin

#21 *Red Moon/ Red Lake* by Ascher/Straus

Pam is asleep, the lavender cover just under her chin.

Her fingers or her eyelids may have moved a little, but the disposition of her body doesn't change. A hand that begins the night curled like a glove 1¾" from the pillow will crawl no further than 2" from the pillow by morning; the left ankle will remain tucked under the right calf. A body that seems to lack the vitality to transmit its dreams beyond a tiny envelope of warmth.

The room is covered over and dozing in a cool midnight blue shadow, exactly the same weight and temperature as the white powder blowing in thin clouds from large sacks of plaster stacked in rows on the parched slope of a lawn, below a high wall of loose yellow bricks and warped window frames.



Most impressive is Ascher/Straus's eerie "Red Moon/Red Lake" which, while relating a murder story, digresses into descriptions and observations so dazzlingly precise their "lucidity, heightened to its extreme, resembles dreams."

-Publishers Weekly

32 pages, black and white photo on cover, 1984

#22 *The Colorist* by Susan Daitch

Julie was often given photocopies to work on at home. At her desk, away from Mr. Loonan's preference for cool colors, she painted Electra rose lake as she endured a blast of light from an artificially induced meteor shower. The whole scene was done in reds. Eamonn would have said Electra's redness when she fought was the mock red of a bloodless revolution. In comics, Julie would say, color is never an entity by itself, color is never a message without a sign. She looked out the window at the clusters of bag men in the park. There was no conflict between word and image in Electra's bit of space. Artificial and highly stylized, there were no contradictions between what was said and what was seen.

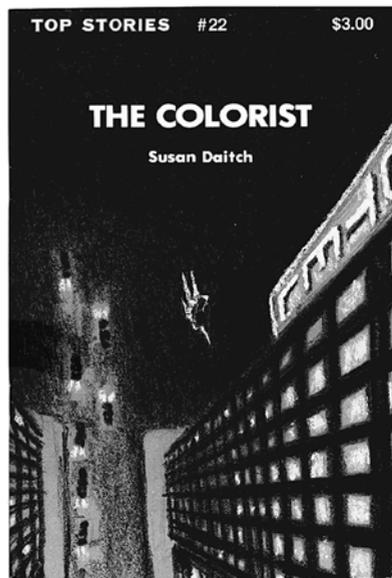
Beautifully written and stylistically original...

-Kirkus Review

Her vision of New York is one of a cartoon city, where anything is possible, where real-life adventures resemble the antic happenings of a comic strip, where nothing is permanent and nothing is too far-fetched.

- New York Times

40 pages, cover drawing by Jane Dickson, 1985



#23-24 *FIVE* by Constance DeJong, Joe Gibbons, Tama Janowitz, Richard Prince, Leslie Thornton

Twice Told Tale

Constance DeJong

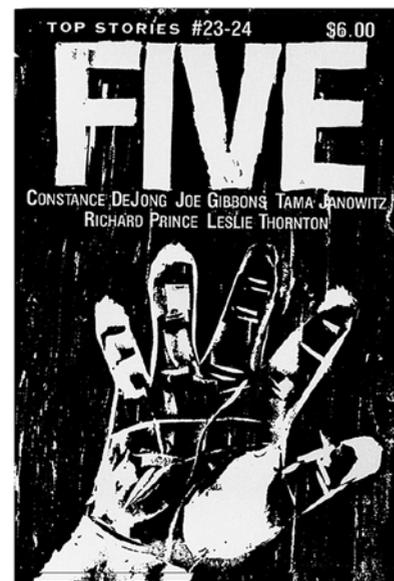
Betty went to see a palm reader for the purpose of inquiring: was it a good idea to go up to Canada for two weeks with Buzzy Cramer?

"Darling, if it's a vacation you want then by all means go. You can travel to your heart's content. That's what all these criss-crossing lines indicate. You'll notice, however, that they all emanate from one point. Can you see that slight mound at the end of your ring finger and the little x-mark on top? Those are such unusual markings you'll have to come back two or three times so we can go into everything in detail. But for starts I can tell you that you're wed to the ancient of ancient times."

Mein Wittgenstein

Joe Gibbons

I have, in my colorful career as a cultural adventurer, known many of the leading figures in the intellectual vanguard with some degree of intimacy—whether as friend or foe, mentor or acolyte. Only one person, however, fit into—at one time or another—all four categories, and that was the renowned philosopher Ludwig Wittgenstein. Although our relationship lasted only a short time, it was one that profoundly affected my life—and his too, of course.



FIVE is a mind blowing puzzle beginning with the beautiful woodcut depiction of a hand upon its cover. This impossible entanglement is pure pleasure, an instant classic.

- Tony Oursler

Short prose stories by five outstanding New York avantgardists.

- Umbrella

56 pages, cover by Gail Vachon, 1986

Future Saint #1160

Tama Janowitz

1.

For many years I had eaten the same thing on certain days of the week: Monday, Salisbury steak, mashed potato, roll, apple cup; Tuesday, sausage in tomato sauce, buttered corn, mixed fruit cup; Wednesday, Island sandwich (ham, cheese with pineapple), salad with French dressing, crackers, wonder bar; Thursday, sloppy joe bunwich, vegetable sticks, onion rings, apricots; Friday, cheese pizza, buttered mixed vegetables, chocolate pudding with topping.

This completed the weekday menu.

Jokes

Richard Prince

"My Doctor sure put me back on my feet?"

"Really?"

"Yeah, when I got his bill, I hadda sell my car!"

"Which reminds me of the doctor who knew his patient couldn't afford an operation, so he 'retouched' his X-rays."

"My mother and father keep fighting. They rant and they rave and they shout?"

"Who is your father?" somebody asked.

"That's what they're fighting about!"

Peggy and Fred in Hell

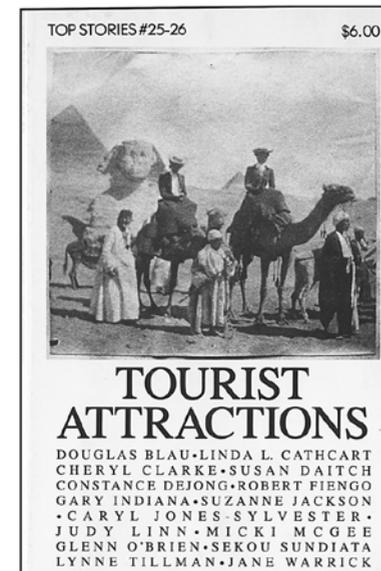
Leslie Thornton

She pressed her back hard into the chair and put her hand under her leg. He had no idea she was there. Finally her impatience took over and he turned as her hand shot up to her eye. What was the difference, she thought. He'll stand there with his machine and think about good design until she lets something else happen. The breeze came in with the smell of the factory as she shuffled her feet, but all that mattered now was the way the window opened. Because the curtain was just beyond her reach she decided to forget about the hole and make an effort to speak.

25-26 Tourist Attractions

edited by Anne Turyn and Brian Wallis

DOUGLAS BLAU • LINDA L. CATHCART
CHERYL CLARKE • SUSAN DAITCH
CONSTANCE DEJONG • ROBERT FIENGO
GARY INDIANA • SUZANNE JACKSON
• CARYL JONES-SYLVESTER •
JUDY LINN • MICKI MCGEE
GLENN O'BRIEN • SEKOU SUNDIATA
LYNNE TILLMAN • JANE WARRICK



*This compilation of short prose...
features travel stories by fifteen writers,
ranging from diary entries to modern
short story, and from descriptive paragraphs
under headings to research pieces on the
history of travel writing.*

-Art Com

*publication coincided with
a reading at
Artists Space, New York City.
June 1987*

80 pages, cover by Nancy Linn, 1987

#27 *Extremes of High and Low Regard* by Lou Robinson

DOOR OF CONFOUNDING

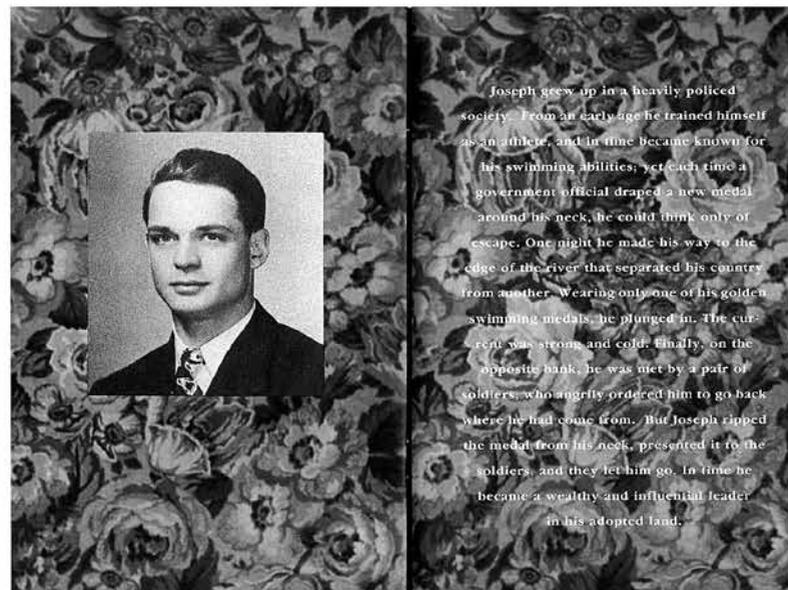
I wanted to be a horse handler. All my life I gathered testimonials. I listed all tentative information. I tried to imagine—causing a pain behind one eye—buying a trailer to take the horse back, now, today, to what? The word *intriguing* is such a case. Once understood to mean deceitful coming through the French from entangle with the intention of issuing a warning. A boy grows up to be a man.

A series of short stories ... from the point of view of a young woman dealing with growing up.
-Printed Matter

32 pages, black and white photo on cover, 1988



#28 *War Comics* by Lisa Bloomfield



Joseph grew up in a heavily policed society. From an early age he trained himself as an athlete, and in time became known for his swimming abilities; yet each time a government official draped a new medal around his neck, he could think only of escape. One night he made his way to the edge of the river that separated his country from another. Wearing only one of his golden swimming medals, he plunged in. The current was strong and cold. Finally, on the opposite bank, he was met by a pair of soldiers, who angrily ordered him to go back where he had come from. But Joseph ripped the medal from his neck, presented it to the soldiers, and they let him go. In time he became a wealthy and influential leader in his adopted land.

This issue features a piece by Lisa Bloomfield about men struggling for power in business, politics, and their own lives. Photographs of action are packed in with portraits of men's faces successfully capturing the desire, desperation, and strength presented in the text.

-Printed Matter

32 pages, black and white cover, 1989



#29 *Pecunia Non Olet* by Mary Kelly

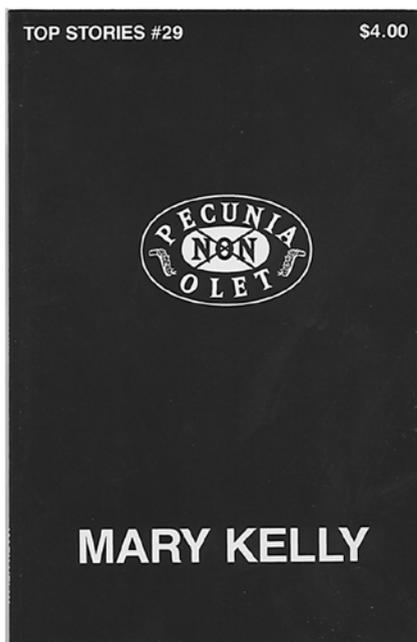
**WHAT'S THE FASTEST WAY TO MAKE
A MILLION?**

Invent something....something useful like inflatable soles for orthopedic shoes, or a soundproof tent to cover the TV and the kids. Maybe you should target a specific group ... that's it, essence of Irish stew, made in Dublin and exported to New Jersey. Say, what about a white trash restaurant ... you could serve opossum ... no? Okay, something for the masses then ... a square football?

Mary Kelly's work interrogates language as a system of meaning, reflecting back to us how we remember and describe our lives. Grounded in daily struggles, yet framed by a wider view of historical events, her prescient themes give "the personal is political" a complex and evocative resonance.

-Dominique Heyse-Moore,
Whitworth Art Gallery, 2011

*56 pages, Black and white cover,
1990*



TOP STORIES

A PROSE PERIODICAL

- #1 Donna Wyszomierski
- #2 Laurie Anderson
- #3 Pati Hill
- #4 Suzanne Johnson
- #5 Linda Neaman
- #6 Gail Vachon
- #7 Jenny Holzer/Peter Nadin
- #8 Judith Doyle
- #9 Kathy Acker
- #10 Lynne Tillman/Jane Dickson
- #11 Kirsten Thorup
- #12 Janet Stein
- #13 Anne Turyn
- #14 Lee Eiferman
- #15 Constance DeJong
- #16 Ursule Molinaro
- #17 Romaine Perin
- #18 Donna Wyszomierski
- #19-20 Cookie Mueller
- #21 Ascher/Straus
- #22 Susan Daitch
- #23-24 Five, An Anthology
- #25-26 Tourist Attractions, An Anthology
- #27 Lou Robinson
- #28 Lisa Bloomfield
- #29 Mary Kelly

Available from:
TOP STORIES

TOP STORIES CATALOGUE



Biography

Born 1954

Lives and works in New York City, United States

Solo Exhibitions

- 2020 Weiss Berlin, Berlin, Germany
Messages to the Public, Kunstverein, Amsterdam, Netherlands
- 2017 *Top Stories Archive & selected Flashbulb Memories, 1979-1991*, Southfirst, New York, United States (curated by Maika Pollack)
- 1993 *From 'Illustrated Memories'*, Center for Photography, Woodstock, United States (curated by Leslie Tonkonow)
- 1990 *Illustrated Memories*, The Other Gallery, New York, United States
- 1989 Real Art Ways, Hartford, United States (curated by Leslie Tonkonow)
- 1988 *Messages to the Public*, Spectacolor Billboard, Times Square, The Public Art Fund, New York, United States (curated by Jane Dickson)
- 1987 International Center for Photography/Midtown Bookstore, New York, United States
- 1986 Contemporary Arts Museum, Houston, United States (curated by Linda Cathcart)
Art City, New York, United States (curated by Leslie Tonkonow)
Philadelphia College of Art, Philadelphia, United States
- 1985 Windows: Printed Matter, Inc., New York, United States (curated by Lucy Lippard)
- 1983 Tin Pan Alley, New York, United States
- 1982 Windows on Fourteenth Street, The New Museum, New York, United States (curated by Lucy Lippard)
Visual Studies Workshop, Rochester, United States
C. E. P. A., Buffalo, United States
- 1979 Hallwalls, Buffalo, United States

Selected Group Exhibitions

- 2019 *Gunther Sachs Kamerakunst*, Kunsthalle Schweinfurt, Schweinfurt, Germany
Reading Room, Schafler Gallery, Pratt Institute, New York, United States
- 2018 *Grass of Memory*, Photography Gallery, Pratt Institute, New York, United States
- 2017 *Section Littéraire*, Kunsthalle, Bern, Switzerland
Picturing Family, Green Gallery, Yale University School of Art, New Haven, United States
- 2016 *Wrap Around 10*, ARENA at Suite 806, New York, United States
- 2014 *Artists' Books & Prints in the Watkinson Library*, Trinity College, Hartford, United States
- 2012 *Wish You Were Here*, Albright Knox, Buffalo, United States
Yesterday Happened: Remembering H. M., Central Square Theater, Cambridge, United States
- 2010 *Pictures by Women: A History of Modern Photography*, Museum of Modern Art, New York, United States
Between Here and There: Passages in Contemporary Photography, Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, United States
Exposure, Denver Art Museum, Denver, United States
George Eastman House Benefit Auction, Sotheby's, New York, United States
- 2009 *Appetite*, Mary Brogan Museum, Tallahassee, United States
- 2006 *Why Look at Animals?*, George Eastman House, Rochester, United States
- 2005 *Heartfelt*, Florida State University Museum of Fine Arts, Tallahassee, United States
- 2004 *Excess*, Fine Arts Center Galleries, University of Rhode Island, United States
- 2003 *Small Works*, Cooper Union, New York, United States
- 2000 *Air-Conditioned Interiors*, Bonni Benrubi Gallery, New York, United States
- 1998 *The Photographic Baroque*, Long Island Center of Photography, Garden City, United States
Back to Back, DeChiara/Stewart Gallery, New York, United States

- 1997 *Selections from the Permanent Collection: Depth of Field*, Center for Creative Photography, Tucson, United States
Matters of a Fine Wall, Bakalar Gallery, Massachusetts College of Art, Boston, United States
- 1996 *Multiple Exposure: The Group Portrait in Photography*, Oakville Galleries, Oakville, United States
- 1995 *The Cultured Tourist*, Center for Photography, Woodstock, United States
Stand Up Straight, 450 Broadway Gallery, New York, United States
Multiple Exposure: The Group Portrait in Photography, Independent Curators, Inc., New York, United States
Hallwalls, 20 Years, Burchfield-Penney Art Center, Buffalo, United States
- 1994 *The Allan Chasanoff Collection: Tradition and the Unpredictable*, Museum of Fine Arts, Houston, United States
Summer Salon Pictures We Like, Bonni Benrubi Gallery, New York, United States
- 1993 *Selections from the Permanent Collection: Image and Text*, Center for Creative Photography, Tucson, United States
First Sightings: Recent Modern & Contemporary Acquisitions, The Denver Art Museum, Denver, United States
- 1992 *New Acquisitions/New Work/New Directions*, Los Angeles County Museum of Art, Los Angeles, United States
The Magic Object, Los Angeles County Museum of Art, Los Angeles, United States
Representatives: Women Photographers from the Permanent Collection, Center for Creative Photography, Tucson, United States
- 1991 *Pleasures and Terrors of Domestic Comfort*, The Museum of Modern Art, New York, United States
- 1990 *Fantasies, Fables & Fabrications*, Museum of Contemporary Photography, Antwerp, Belgium
Fantasies, Fables & Fabrications, Museum of Contemporary Art, Florence, Italy
Fantasies, Fables & Fabrication, University of Missouri, Gallery of Art, Kansas City, United States
Photography: 1980s Discovery and Invention, Art 21'90, Basel, Switzerland
Re:Memory, Birmingham Museum of Art, Birmingham, United States
Vanishing Presence, The High Museum, Atlanta, United States
As Seen on TV, City Without Walls Gallery, Newark, United States
- 1989 *Invention and Continuity in Contemporary Photography*, Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, United States
Vanishing Presence, The Walker Art Center, Minneapolis, United States
Vanishing Presence, Winnipeg Art Gallery, Winnipeg, Canada
Literacy on the Table: Cultural Fluency and the Act of Reading, Longwood Arts Gallery, New York, United States
Vanishing Presence, The Detroit Institute of the Arts, Detroit, United States
Themes and Variations, San Francisco Museum of Modern Art, San Francisco, United States
Literacy on the Table, Franklin Furnace, New York, United States
Acceptable Entertainment, Independent Curators Inc., New York, United States
- 1988 *Acceptable Entertainment*, Alberta College of Art Gallery, Calgary, Canada
A Visible Order, Otis Parsons, Los Angeles, United States
Alumni Invitational, S.U.N.Y. Buffalo, Buffalo, United States
Fatal Strategies, Stux Gallery, New York, United States
- 1987 *Arrangements for the Camera*, The Baltimore Museum of Art, Baltimore, United States
A Sense of Humor, San Francisco Camerawork, San Francisco, United States
Women at Pratt, Pratt Institute, New York, United States
Signs of the Real, Gallery 400, University of Chicago, Chicago, United States (curated by Paul Laster and Renee Riccardo)
- 1986 *Signs of the Real*, White Columns, New York, United States
Acceptable Entertainment, Bruno Facchetti Gallery, New York, NY (curated by Paul Laster and Renee Riccardo)
Remembrances of Things Past, Long Beach Museum of Art, Long Beach, United States
Midtown Review, International Center for Photography, New York, United States
- 1985 *Critical Messages*, Chicago Transit Authority, Artemesia Gallery, Chicago, United States
Verbally Charged Images, University Art Gallery, San Diego State University, San Diego, United States
The Family as Subject Matter in Contemporary Art, Washington Project for the Arts, Washington, D.C., United States
Group Material: MASS, The New Museum, New York, United States
Light Work-10 Years, Everson Museum, Syracuse, United States
- 1984 *Verbally Charged Images*, Queens Museum, New York, United States
Color Photographs: Recent Acquisitions, Museum of Modern Art, New York, United States
Words & Pictures, Vision Gallery, Boston, United States
- 1983 *Photography 1983: An Invitational*, Montgomery Gallery, Pomona College, Claremont, United States
Wit on Wry: Humor in Photography, Islip Art Museum, East Islip, United States
Language, Drama, Source and Vision, The New Museum, New York, United States
- 1982 *Stories Your Mother Never Told You*, Center for Book Arts, New York, United States
Awards, Photography, 1981-82, Nikon House, New York, United States
Through the Looking Glass, 10 on 8, Windows on Eighth Avenue, New York, United States
- 1981 *Anne Turyn/Laurie Neaman*, Inroads, New York, United States
Ikon/Logos, Alternative Museum, New York, United States
Narratives, Kathryn Markel Gallery, New York, United States
- 1980 *Hallwalls-5 Years*, The New Museum, New York, United States
- 1979 *Altered Photographs*, P. S. 1, Institute for Art and Urban Resources, Long Island City, United States
In Western New York, Albright-Knox Art Gallery, Buffalo, United States

Public Collections

Birmingham Museum of Art, Birmingham, United States
Burchfield Penney Art Center, Buffalo, United States
Center for Creative Photography, Tucson, United States
Denver Art Museum, Denver, United States
Finger Lakes Occupational Center, Wayne County, United States
International Museum of Photography/George Eastman House, Rochester, United States
La Bibliotheque Nationale, Paris, France
LightWork, Syracuse, United States
Los Angeles County Museum of Art, Los Angeles, United States
The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, United States
The Museum of Fine Arts, Houston, United States
The Museum of Modern Art, New York, United States
New Museum, New York, United States
New York City Percent for Art, New York, United States
Portland Art Museum, Portland, United States
The San Francisco Museum of Modern Art, San Francisco, United States
Walker Art Center, Minneapolis, United States
Whitney Museum of American Art, New York, United States
Virginia Commonwealth Museum, Richmond, United States
Yale University Art Gallery, New Haven, United States

Education

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Imprint

Weiss Berlin
Bundesallee 221
10719 Berlin Germany
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www.weissberlin.com

© 2019
Publication: Weiss Berlin
Design: Enver Hadzija
Editors: Kirsten Weiss and Elena Cheprakova

Special thanks to Constance DeJong,
Douglas Eklund, Chris Kraus, Ariane Müller,
Adam Weinberg, and Angharad Williams.

9 7 8 3 9 4 8 3 1 8 1 1 6

