“TASCHEN: wonderful publisher of sumptuous tomes.”
—THE TIMES, London

— Swede Sensation:
The Ingmar Bergman Archives unveiled

— America Swings:
Richard Prince speaks to Naomi Harris

— An offer you can’t refuse:
on the set and behind the scenes of Coppola’s Godfather-trilogy

— Olga and the Oligarch:
Catherine Millet on Bettina Rheims’ The Book of Olga

PUBLISHERS OF ART, ANTHROPOLOGY AND APHRODESIA
since 1980
The most exquisite books on the planet.
—WALLPAPER*, London

Alas, we cannot take credit for inventing the folio book, or as we like to call it, the XXL book (commonly referred to as the SUMO). But thank heavens (and Helmut Newton) we were able to make a modern success story by reintroducing this rare species, that has been known among bibliophiles well over 500 years.

This new direction may seem to clash with our roots and our company credo: to democratize “great” books and make them affordable and accessible all over the world at unbeatable prices. Worry not, dear friends—read on for an explanation of how we start out with XXL books and end up with affordable books.

Since the TASCHEN adventure began in the early 1980s, it has been our goal to make the greatest books in the world. Whatever the subject and whatever the retail price—from $10 to $10,000—we strive to produce, design, and package each of our books beautifully, with a great deal of care and attention to detail. The collectors who buy an XXL limited edition book early on will have, in addition to a rare and exceptional book, the added benefit of seeing their asset appreciate; our XXL books have been known to have their value tripled, quadrupled, or even quintupled and even more within a short lapse of time. A few examples: Helmut Newton’s SUMO, whose market value went from $1,500 in 1999 to $12,500 today, Peter Beard, which went from $1,800 to $6,000 within two years, and Jeff Koons, which shot up from $1,000 to $4,000 within a few months.

Small, smart, smashing!

While the production of these books requires a no-limit budget policy, they make their proud owners feel good about their investments and their astute buying policy. They also allow us to let book lovers with less extravagant budgets benefit from the generous and lavish production cost that went into making the XXL book. Once the limited edition is sold out, we offer a smaller, condensed, yet equally well-produced edition with a much gentler price tag. It’s a win-win situation, and we all live happily ever after.

Peace,
Benedikt Taschen

“TASCHEN pioneered the concept of very expensive, very grand collectors’ editions. Yes, the prices are staggering, but in creating these rarefied works, TASCHEN elevates photography books to a new status and desirability.”
—PHOTO DISTRICT NEWS, New York
“A&A was instrumental in putting American architecture on the map.” —Julius Shulman

Issue by issue, the complete Arts & Architecture from 1945–1954

From the end of World War II until the mid-1960s, exciting things were happening in American architecture: emerging talents were focusing on innovative projects that integrated low-cost materials and modern design. This trend was most notably embodied in the famous Case Study House Program, which was championed by the era’s leading American journal, Arts & Architecture. Focusing not only on architecture but also design, art, music, politics, and social issues, A&A was an ambitious and groundbreaking publication, largely thanks to the inspiration of John Entenza, who ran the magazine for over two decades until David Travers became publisher in 1962. The era’s greatest architects were featured in A&A, including Neutra, Schindler, Stotter, Ellwood, Lautner, Eames, and Koenig; and two of today’s most wildly successful architects, Frank Gehry and Richard Meier, had their debuts in its pages. A&A was instrumental in putting American architecture—and in particular California Modernism—on the map. Other key contributors to the magazine include photographers Julius Shulman and Ezra Stoller, writers Esther McCoy and Peter Yates, and cover designers Herbert Matter and Alvin Lustig, among many luminaries of modernism.

This collection comes with ten boxes, each containing a complete year’s worth of Arts & Architecture magazines from 1945–1954. That’s 6,076 pages in 118 issues reproduced in their entirety—beginning with Entenza’s January 1945 announcement of the Case Study House Program. Also included is a supplement booklet with an original essay by former A&A publisher David Travers, available in English, German, French, and Spanish. Arts & Architecture 1945–54 will be followed in autumn 2009 by a second set, 1955–1967, bringing together all the existing issues of the modern era.

This new TASCHEN publication, limited to 5,000 numbered copies, provides a comprehensive record of mid-century American architecture and brings the legendary Arts & Architecture back to life after forty years.

The author: David E. Travers is the former editor and publisher of Arts & Architecture, which he ran from 1963 until 1967. He was a consultant for architects, including The Architects Collaborative, William Pereira, Charles and Ray Eames, and Daniel Mann Johnson & Mendenhall. He was also a founding member of Action for a Better Los Angeles, and served as president of the Architectural Guild at the University of Southern California. He lives in Santa Monica.

“This I love it when books from TASCHEN come through the post. Not only are they reassuringly big and weighty, they are always fantastic to look at.” —THEME MAGAZINE, Stockport
Welcome to Arts & Architecture. In the case of some, maybe welcome back. It’s a wonderful thing that TASCHEN is doing—reprinting four Domus magazine and now, in two installments, Arts & Architecture. My first thought when approached was that the project was impossibly retro. TASCHEN had already done a physically immense reproduction of Arts & Architecture’s Case Study House Program. That seemed to me to be sufficient. After all, the magazine was best known, almost exclusively so, for this 20-year-long program sponsoring new ideas in residential design. But A&A was more than that. It is difficult, maybe impossible, to understand a time that is not your own, to feel the excitement of the 1940s, ’50s and ’60s if you were not a part of them. The World War II years and the post-war period in the United States were an energetic mix of culture and politics, and A&A was at the leading edge in architecture, art, music—even in the larger issues of segregation in housing and education and other manifestations of racial bias, before they became codified as civil rights.

Arts & Architecture acted like sunshine on West Coast architects, who grew and flourished under its rays. The magazine was hopeful about life; it had a sense of respect, compassion and love for the individual, or we’ll never get anywhere. “Leaf through the issues of 1940s and 1950s and, I think you will find, that the 1940s: the content was imaginative, new and exciting. First and above all, however, Arts & Architecture acted like sunshine on West Coast architects, who grew and flourished under its rays. Richard Neutra, R. M. Schindler, Harwell Harris, Gregory Ain, Charles Eames, Lloyd Wright, John Lautner, Ed Klenningworth, the carpenters on stilts—Raphael Soriano, Craig Ellwood, Pierre Koenig—and in the north Campbell & Wong, William Wurster. The list must end but seems endless. The magazine’s Los Angeles headquarters at 3305 Wilshire Boulevard became the center for Southern California architects with a common cause, whose modest, low-cost, modern and remarkably efficient projects designed by the program’s architects and other local designers, the East Coast press could no longer treat as an inconsiderable regional anomaly. Publication of Arts & Architecture became a door to national and international renown for West Coast architects. Reyner Banham said A&A changed the itinerary of the Grand Tour pilgrimage for European architects and students: America replaced Italy and Los Angeles was its Florence.

To step back to the beginning, California Arts & Architecture was formed in 1929 by a merger of Pacific Coast Architect, established 1911, and Architecture was formed in 1929 by a merger of Pacific Coast Architect, established 1911, and Southland Architect, subsequently into bankruptcy, where John Entenza found it in 1958. Modern had yet to touch the magazine. Under Entenza’s editorship, California Arts & Architecture changed from a review of “nostalgic historicism” present-
An ambitious and groundbreaking publication, largely thanks to the inspiration of John Entenza.

—DESIGN TAXI, New York, on Arts & Architecture

ing eclectic houses for the rich and famous to an avant-garde magazine publishing low cost houses rich with social concern. Entenza had an extraordinary eye for creativity which was itself creative. In the January 1943 issue, the presentation of the Harris House by R.M. Schindler, which cost $3,000, was a wonderful harbinger of things to come.

Publication in Arts & Architecture became a door to national and international renown for West Coast architects

There is some confusion and a bit of mythology about the Case Study House Program. The magazine said in its CSH announcement in the January 1945 issue that it would be the client for the houses constructed in the program, and it never explicitly abandoned that public posture. In practice, however, John Entenza—the magazine—was the actual client in a financial sense only for his own house (CSH #9) on Chautauqua in the Pacific Palisades designed by Charles Eames and Eero Saarinen and published in the July 1950 issue. Several early CSH projects went unbuilt because there were no clients and John Entenza either didn’t have the money or didn’t want to spend it. Banks didn’t yet loan on flat-roofed modern houses. Somehow the myth arose that John was making a killing in real estate out of the program, which is ridiculous, perhaps originating from a disappointed architect. Early designs had to await the architect finding a client. This became the pattern. The architect would bring a client and a design and, if deemed worthy, the project would be included in the program. Materials weren’t donated as some have reported; rather manufacturers and suppliers would provide top of the line materials and equipment at bottom tier prices. In the same economic vein, the magazine did not pay for its photographs. The photographers—Marvin Rand, Balthazar Korab, Ezra Stoller, Morley Baer and the legions of others—were paid by the architects who were submitting their work for publication. Even Julius Shulman who was paid two or three times his usual fee for every house, didn’t feel he was being paid enough in comparison to the prestige and visibility of the program. The reason for the policy were simple enough and did not include fear of offending an architect, as has been suggested from time to time. To be selected for presentation, a project had to be of exceptional merit and interest. Not free of faults, but the good qualities had to heavily outweigh any bad ones. Where the reverse was true, we did not publish the building. It was dismissed rather than criticized.

A&A’s covers and layout were touched by Dada during the 1940s and 1950s—graphic designer Herbert Matter had more in common with Kurt Schwitters than the double t’s in his name. But there was no Dada or Surrealism in its content. The avowed purpose was to present good, contemporary design to the magazine’s largely lay audience and nudge its professional and architectural student subscribers into a truer path. The results were remarkable and A&A’s readers, who held architecture and art close to their hearts, would curl up with a cup of hot chocolate for an hour or so to read the latest issue of the magazine.

It was the policy of A&A to present projects without any accompanying critical analysis. The buildings were allotted to speak for themselves and any explanatory text was limited to a brief statement, usually based on a description of the program and the structure supplied by the architect. The reason behind the policy was simple enough and did not include fear of offending an architect, as has been suggested from time to time. To be selected for presentation, a project had to be of exceptional merit and interest. Not free of faults, but the good qualities had to heavily outweigh any bad ones. Where the reverse was true, we did not publish the building. It was dismissed rather than criticized.

ARTS & ARCHITECTURE 1945–1954

Ten years, ten boxes, 118 issues, 6,076 pages!
The seminal architecture journal resurrected in facsimile

Above: A presentation of the plans for an office building by Thornton Delil, January 1949 and a feature on Charles Eames’ molded plywood furniture, September 1946. Right: Cover December 1949, designed by Felix and Hefy, and July 1953, designed by Raoul Rodriguez. Opposite: Cover June 1952, designed by Faith Lazor – Image Cunningham
Since 1957, when he released The Seventh Seal and Wild Strawberries, Ingmar Bergman has been one of the leading figures in international cinema. In a career that spanned 60 years, he wrote, produced, and directed 50 films that defined how we see ourselves and how we interact with the people we love, in films like Persona, Scenes from a Marriage, and Fanny and Alexander.

Before his death in 2007, Bergman gave TASCHEN and the Swedish publishing house Max Ström complete access to his archives at The Bergman Foundation, and permission to reprint his writings and interviews, many of which have never been seen outside of Sweden. Picture researcher Bengt Wanselius, who was Bergman's photographer for 20 years, scoured photo archives all over Sweden, discovered previously unseen images from Bergman's films, and selected unpublished images from the personal archives of many photographers. Text editor Paul Duncan gathered a team of Bergman experts as contributing editors—Peter Cowie and Bengt Forslund (for film/TV), and Ulla Åberg & Birgitta Steene (for theater)—who have researched and written a narrative that, for the first time, will combine all of Bergman's working life in film and theater. Such is the depth of Bergman's writings that most of the story is told in his own words. This book also features a new introduction by Bergman's close friend, actor and collaborator Erland Josephson, as well as a DVD full of rare and previously unseen material, and an original film strip from Fanny and Alexander.

The editors: Paul Duncan has edited 40 film books for TASCHEN, and authored Alfred Hitchcock and Stanley Kubrick in the Film Series.

Bengt Wanselius was a freelance photojournalist for every major magazine and publishing house in Scandinavia from 1967 to 1985. He spent 15 years as the house photographer at the Royal Dramatic Theater in Stockholm, recording the work of internationally well-known theater directors such as Arthur Miller, Andrzej Wajda, Robert Lepage, and Ingmar Bergman. His long collaboration on 20 productions with Bergman ranged from theater and opera to television, creating a unique photographic documentary of Bergman's works.

The contributing author: Erland Josephson is a writer, playwright, actor, and director. He worked with Ingmar Bergman for seventy years. He has also collaborated with a number of other internationally renowned film directors, including Andrei Tarkovsky, Theo Angelopoulos, Liliana Cavani, and István Szabó.

Other contributing authors: Ulla Åberg, Peter Cowie, Bengt Forslund, Birgitta Steene.
Film is not the same thing as literature. As often as not the character and substance of the two art forms are in conflict. What it really depends on is hard to define, but it probably has to do with the self-expressive process.

Let us state once and for all that the film script is a very imperfect technical basis for a film. There are many reasons why we ought to avoid filming existing literature, but the most important is that the irrational dimension, which is the heart of a literary work, is often untranslatable, and that in its turn kills the special dimension of the film. If despite this we wish to translate something literary into filmic terms, we are obliged to make an infinite number of complicated transformations that most often give limited or nonexistent results in relation to the efforts expended. I know what I am talking about because I have been subjected to so-called literary judgment. This is about as intelligent as letting a music critic judge an exhibition of paintings or a football reporter criticize a new play. The only reason for everyone believing himself capable of pronouncing a valid judgment on motion pictures is the inability of the film to assert itself as an art form, its need of a definite artistic vocabulary, its extreme youth in relation to the other arts, its obvious ties with economic realities, its direct appeal to the feelings. All this causes the film to be regarded with disdain, its discerning expression makes it suspect in certain eyes, and as a result anyone—anyone thinks he’s competent to say anything he likes, in whatever way he likes, about film art. I myself have never had ambitions to be an author. I do not wish to write novels, short stories, essays, biographies, or treatises on special subjects. I certainly do not want to write pieces for the theater. Filmmaking is what interests me. I want to make films about conditions, tensions, pictures, rhythms, and characters within me that in one way or another interest me. The motion picture and its complicated process of birth are my methods of saying what I want to say to my fellows. I find it humiliating for work to be judged as a book when it is a film. Consequently the writing of the script is a difficult period, but useful, as it compels me to prove logically the validity of my ideas. While this is taking place I am caught in a difficult conflict between my need to find a way of filming a complicated situation and my desire for complete simplicity. As I do not intend my work to be solely for my own edification or for the few, but for the public in general, the demands of the public are imperious. Sometimes I try an adventurous alternative that shows that the public can appreciate the most advanced and complicated developments.

Experience should be gained before one reaches 40; a wise man said, after 40 it is permissible to comment. The reverse might apply in my case—no one was more certain of his theories and none more willing to distanciate them than I was. No one knew better or could visualize more. Now that I am somewhat older I have become rather more cautious. The experience I have gained and that I am now sorting out is of such a kind that I am unwilling to express myself on the art of the filmmaker. The only real contribution the artist can offer resistance. The vital thing is the dialogue, but dialogue is a sensitive matter that can offer resistance.

The making of the script often begins with some very hasty and indefinite—a chance remark or a quick change of phrase, a dim but pleasant event that is not specifically related to the actual situation. It has happened in my theatrical work that I have visualized performers in fresh makeup but in yet-unplayed roles. All in all, split-second impressions that disappear as quickly as they come, forming a brightly colored thread sticking out of the dark sack of the unconscious. If I wind up this thread carefully a complete film will emerge, brought out with pulsations and rhythms characteristic of just that film. Through these rhythms the picture sequences take on patterns according to the way they were born and mastered by the muse. The feeling of failure occurs mostly before the writing begins. The dreams turn into cobwebs; the reasons fade and become gray and insignificant; the pulsebeat is silent; every light is turned off; the antics disappear; and the empty rooms quickly become new; the space is empty; the few objects that were there, to which it is to be taken, and what is to take place between the lines—all that must be left out, because a script containing so much detail would be untranslatable, I can squeeze directions and locations, characteristics and atmosphere, into my film scripts in understandable terms, but then I come to essentials, by which I mean, montage, rhythm, and the relation of one picture to the other—the vital “third dimension” without which the film is merely dead, a factory product. Here I cannot use “keys” or show an adequate indication of the tempos of the complexes involved, it is impossible to give a comprehensible idea of what puts life into a work of art. I have often sought a kind of notation that would give me a chance of recording the shade and tones of the idea and the inner structure of the picture. If I could express myself thus clearly, I could work with the absolute certainty that whenever I liked, I could prove the relationship between the rhythm and the continuity of the part and the whole... Let us state once and for all that the film script is a very imperfect technical basis for a film.
FILMMAKING IS A PART OF ME. IT IS A DRIVING FORCE LIKE HUNGER AND THIRST. SOME PEOPLE EXPRESS THEMSELVES BY WRITING BOOKS, PAINTING PICTURES, CLIMBING MOUNTAINS, BEATING THEIR CHILDREN, OR DANCING THE SAMBA. I EXPRESS MYSELF BY MAKING FILMS.

THE GREAT JEAN COCTEAU HAS WRITTEN IN THE BLOOD OF A POET ABOUT HIS ALTER EGO STAGGERING ALONG A NIGHTMARISH HOTEL CORRIDOR, WHERE ALL THE DIFFERENT DOORS ARE Labeled WITH THE WORDS “PRIVATE,” IN LARGE LETTERS. THE LOBBYIST WOULD ONE DAY INVENT AN INSTRUMENT THAT COULD SEPARATE ALL THOSE DIFFERENT PICTURES FROM EACH OTHER. WITHOUT THE UNIQUE QUALITIES OF COCTEAU, I AM GOING TO ATTEMPT TO CONVEY YOU TO THE WORKSHOP WHERE I MAKE MY FILMS. I MUST APOLOGIZE IF THE VISIT DOES NOT COME UP TO EXPECTATIONS.

I HAVE WORKED OUT THAT IF I SEE A FILM THAT HAS A RUNNING TIME OF ONE HOUR, I SEE THROUGH 24 MINUTES OF COMPLETE DARKNESS. WHEN I SHOW A FILM I AM GUilty OF DECEIT. I AM USING AN APPARATUS THAT IS CONSTRUCTED TO TAKE Advantage OF A CERTAIN HUMAN WEAKNESS, AN APPARATUS WITH WHICH I CAN SWAY MY AUDIENCE IN A HIGHLY EMOTIONAL MANNER—TO LAUGH, CRY, SHRIEK WITH FRIGHT, SMILE, RELIEVE IN FAIRY STORIES, BECOME INDIGUOUS, BE SHOCKED, BE SHAMMED, BE CARRIED AWAY, OR PERHAPS VOMIT WITH BORDOM. THUS I AM EITHER AN IMPROVER OR, IN CASE WHERE THE AUDIENCE IS WILLING TO BE TAKEN ON, A CONJURER. I PERFORM CONJURING TRICKS WITH A CONJURING APPARATUS SO EXPERIENT AND SO WONDERFUL THAT ANY PERFORMANCE IN HISTORY WOULD HAVE GONE ANYTHING TO OR TO MAKE USE OF IT.


WHEN I WAS 10 YEARS OLD I RECEIVED MY FIRST RATTLING FILM PROJECTOR, WITH ITS CHIMNEY AND LAMP, AND A BAND OF FILM THAT WENT ROUND AND ROUND. THIS MOVIE IS Projected THROUGH A LENS IN THE PROJECTOR, WHERE IT IS Projected IN THE DARKNESS OF THE ROOM, WHERE THE AUDIENCE SITS AND GOES TO SLEEP. THE PROJECTION BOY ROLLS THE FILM OUT OF THE PROJECTOR AND BACK INTO IT. THIS IS A LITTLE TRICK THAT IS PROJECTED INTO THE FRAME OF THE FILM. THE SCREEN IS BOUND BY A BLACK FRAME.
And with the sincere person's deep-rooted inclination to do a task: 

1. “Do not know, but I think so!”
2. I regard it as difficult to make a filmmaker afraid. We can scare the living daylights out of him, as most people have a potential fear under the skin. It is very difficult to make people laugh, and laugh in the right place. It is easy to make a woman imagine that she is worse than the really is and hard to use her to believe that she is better than the really is. Yet that is what she wants every time she goes into the darkness of the cinema. How often, and what do we say, we do say her in this regard?

Opposite top: Fanny and Alexander, 1982. In the opening scene, Alexander (Bertil Guve) plays the Three Musketeers in his puppet theater, echoing Bergman's youth. “Ej blot til lykke” above the archway is Danish for “Not just for pleasure,” with his puppet theater echoing Gersmar’s youth. 

Opposite bottom and left: Fanny and Alexander: The open square in the autumn twilight is a sea, the old woman is a brown, twisted tree and the apples become children playing at building sand castles on the seashore broken by breakers. 

Then there are the other films. They develop more slowly, they may take years, they will not set themselves be solved by a mere technical or formal solution, if they are to be solved at all. They linger in the twilight and if I want to get at them, I have to go into this twilight land and seek out the connections, the persons, and the situations. The turned-away faces speak: strange streets, work, derful views become distinguishable through the window-pane; an eye gazes in the desk and is transformed into a glittering gun that breaks with a glassy tsking. The open square in the suns is a sea, the old woman became dark, twisted trees and the apples become children playing at building sand castles on the seashore broken by breakers. The tension is there still, partly in the written word, partly in the mind, partly in the latent ideas that are ready to take wings and war aloft with their own strength. This strength becomes all the more important when the script is ready, for it has to do the physical job of filmmaking.

To divide a tragedy into 500 tiny scenes and play them bit by bit and then join the shots into a single film, that is our task.

What does making a film entail? If I were to put that question to my readers I would get quite different answers. But the most likely answer would be that making a film is the process where the script is turned into pictures. This is saying a great deal, but it is not enough. For me it is dearness excelling work, a broken, tied eye, the smell of makeup, sweat, eternal tension and waiting, a continuous struggle between clique and necessity visions and reality ambition and shifnessless. Early mornings are followed by sleepless nights, an intense lust for life, a sort of fanaticism completely channelled into work, where I finally become a functioning part of the film, an inhuman cog that has done its work and is useless and is left over.

Then the strange thing about it is, while totally absorbed to the work at hand, I often grasp the concept of my next film among the violent working life giving on from floor to ceiling throughout the film studios. The strange thing about it is that, while totally absorbed to the work at hand, I often grasp the concept of my next film among the violent working life giving on from floor to ceiling throughout the film studios.

The filmmaker knows this. As he has to live on the money put down by the audience he is put in a difficult position. I want to be released from my environment. I want to be carried away, be enthralled, forget my aches and pains, my family, my work. I want to be

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“The Stanley Kubrick Archives showed up one morning in our offices, where my editor and I circled it like curious apes.”

—Time Out, New York

This is the first book to explore Stanley Kubrick’s archives and the most comprehensive study of the filmmaker to date. In 1968, when Stanley Kubrick was asked to comment on the metaphysical significance of 2001: A Space Odyssey, he replied: “It’s not a message I ever intended to convey in words. 2001 is a nonverbal experience.... I tried to create a visual experience, one that bypasses verbalized pigeonholing and directly penetrates the subconscious with an emotional and philosophic content.” The philosophy behind Part 1 of The Stanley Kubrick Archives borrows from this line of thinking: from the opening sequence of Killer’s Kiss to the final frames of Eyes Wide Shut, Kubrick’s complete films are presented chronologically and wordlessly via frame enlargements. A completely nonverbal experience.

The second part of the book brings to life the creative process of Kubrick’s filmmaking by presenting a remarkable collection of mostly unseen material from his archives, including photographs, props, posters, artwork, set designs, sketches, correspondence, documents, screenplays, doubts, notes, and shooting schedules. Accompanying the visual material are essays by noted Kubrick scholars, articles written by and about Kubrick, and a selection of Kubrick’s best interviews.

Made in cooperation with Jan Harlan, Christane Kubrick, and the Stanley Kubrick Estate.

The editor: Alison Castle received a BA in philosophy from Columbia University and an MA in photography and film from New York University (NYU/International Center of Photography masters program). She is the editor of TASCHEN’s Some Like it Hot and lives in Paris, home of the world’s best cinemas.
They say that in life, there are winners and there are losers. Though the movies we selected for this two-volume collection are winners indeed, those that didn’t make the cut aren’t losers. We just didn’t like them quite as much. It was a tough, soul-searching process, but after much debate and deliberation TASCHEN settled on what we believe to be the 100 finest examples of 20th century filmmaking. From horror to romance, noir to slapstick, adventure to tragedy, epic to musical, western to new wave, all genres are represented in this wide-ranging and devilishly fun compendium.


Think of this collection as a celebration of contrasts, an homage to the seventh art, a gathering of greats, and a nostalgic romp through celluloid history.

Chronological entries each include a synopsis, cast/crew listings, technical information, actor/director bios, trivia, and lists of awards, as well as film stills, production photos, and the original poster for each film. The chapter for each decade begins with an introduction exploring the historical and social context of films made in that era.

The editor: Jürgen Müller has worked as an art critic, a curator of numerous exhibitions, a visiting professor at various universities, and has published books and numerous articles on cinema and art history. Currently he holds the chair for art history at the University of Dresden, where he lives. Müller is the series editor for TASCHEN’s Movies decade titles.

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“Well-researched, encyclopedic, full of fascinating facts and an ideal present for silver screen enthusiasts.”
—The Sunday Post, Dundee
Richard Prince discovered Naomi Harris in TASCHEN’s The New Erotic Photography and was so intrigued by her photos of American swingers that he tracked down the 34-year-old New Yorker, determined to make her his protégé. When he discovered TASCHEN had signed her to do America Swings he asked to do an interview with her, where he reveals part of what makes her work so unique: “When I look at one of your swinger photos what I’m looking at is mostly you ‘outside’ the picture looking at what you’re photographing … half-naked, all naked, taking these photos of next-door neighbors having sex …”

He refers to Harris’s secret for winning the confidence of her subjects: To penetrate the world of middle-class mate-swapping she had to join them, often working in just shoes and a tool belt to hold her camera gear. Her extreme technique worked so well that in 48 months she was able to photograph 38 parties, crisscrossing the country from Mahwah, New Jersey, to Pleasanton, California; from Big Lake, Minnesota, to Washington, Texas. Her subjects are not the usual perfected androids who populate contemporary erotica, but ordinary people with extraordinary sex lives, including multi-orgasmic schoolteachers, polyamorous nurses, bisexual senior citizens and the Mandingos, a group of African-American men who service white wives.

Stunningly photographed and surprisingly sexy, Richard Prince describes Harris’s America Swings as “something that’s gloriously alternative, that isn’t rentable, that can’t be downloaded, that’s uninhibited and filled with a sense of strange joy. Almost like a J.G. Ballard theme park for sex.”

The photographer: Naomi Harris was born in Toronto, Canada, in 1973. She received her photographic training at New York’s International Center of Photography. She has been published in Fortune, Flaunt, Life, and Herb magazines, and likes to knit, sing karaoke, and frequent nude beaches. She lives in New York City.

The author: Richard Prince, painter, photographer and collagist was born in 1949 in the Panama Canal Zone. He is known as a critic of and commentator on American consumer culture and as a master of appropriated art. He currently lives and works in upstate New York.

The editor: Dian Hanson is TASCHEN’s sexy book editor. As a 25-year veteran of men’s magazine publishing, she edited titles including Penthouse, Oui, Outlaw Biker, Juggs, and Leg Show. Her many books for TASCHEN include Vanessa del Rio: Fifty Years of Slightly Slutty Behavior and R. Crumb’s Sex Obsessions.

The actual book is completely smiley-free!
“Her work reminds me of the access Diane Arbus had to her subject matter.”

—Richard Prince

According to American film, television, and commercial pornography, the only people having sex in the United States are young, Italian, and competitively perfect. Naomi Harris is a different story. In her four-year exploration of America’s sexual underground the Canadian photographer found that those with the wildest sex lives are not Hollywoood mannequins, but the ordinary folks next door. That nice lady at the bank, your family doctor, the friendly weather, even your Sunday school teacher. Call it swinging, the “lifestyle,” or indoor sports, married couples engaging in consensual extramarital sex may be the fastest-growing hobby in America.

To penetrate their world, 34-year-old Harris joined the couples who in Hollywood mannequins, but the ordinary folks next door. That nice lady at the bank, your family doctor, the friendly weather, even your Sunday school teacher. Call it swinging, the “lifestyle,” or indoor sports, married couples engaging in consensual extramarital sex may be the fastest-growing hobby in America.

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I love the obscure and realism. I adore seeing what goes on behind closed doors and love the photographers who are able to get access to really tough situations.

—NAOMI HARRIS

love to have sex in public places, to rush home from dinner to get at each other, or actually have sex during dinner (I don’t know if it’s a side effect of watching so many people have sex but my libido is all but shot. I don’t crave it; I don’t masturbate much, and I don’t really miss it. I’d rather have a piece of chocolate cake. I was always under the impression that when women were in their early 30s they hit their sexual peak. I’m still waiting. But I talk to my friends, married, mostly mums, and none of them want sex either. They’ll give their husbands blowjobs to avoid having intercourse. I used to love going blowjobs. Turned me on. I’d like to think I’m just dormant, like a bear hibernating for the winter, and when the right guy comes along I’ll be ferocious. I want to be that sexy librarian again, the one that may not be much to look at in public, but once you get her behind closed doors, watch out. I did love sex and plan on doing so again. I think it’s mostly a matter of finding that person who actually knows how to push my buttons. I guess the long-winded answer to your question about what turns me on is this: a man who’s not afraid to use a little force when necessary, can deduce what I’m thinking and need without asking, and makes me laugh until tears roll down my cheeks.

“She presents this middle-aged Budweiser America in the fullness of its exhibitionist display. Capturing… the glory of a proud humanity in its unbridled search for the perfect orgasm.”

—JACK THE PELICAN, Brooklyn

All I could think about was how much rough sex she’d already had and how she was going to survive 24 more minutes. I guess she was actually fortunate that her husband didn’t come through with any others, and frankly, I had had enough at that point myself.

I was in the room for about three hours. It was her birthday present. All I could think about was being merely an observer. I also really love the English photographer Richard Billingham and Nick Waplington, Álvaro Belldegrunn, Dan Arnesen, and August Sander. I suppose you can see a pattern here: I love the obscure and realism. I adore seeing what goes on behind closed doors and love the photographers who are able to get access to really tough situations.

I'm assuming someone like Diane Arbus is a favorite of yours, but is there anyone else who doesn’t come to mind that you really dig as a photographer?

I adore Diane Arbus. I love the fact that she was addicted to people whom others chose to ignore. It’s obvious that she had interactions with the people she photographed; one doesn’t get those sorts of photos by being merely an observer. I also really love the English photographer Martin Parr, the Swedish photographer Lars Tunbjörk, the early work of Richard Billingham and Nick Waplington, Álvaro Belldegrunn, Dan Arnesen, and August Sander. I suppose you can see a pattern here: I love the obscure and realism. I adore seeing what goes on behind closed doors and love the photographers who are able to get access to really tough situations.

You don’t strike me as someone who thinks about sex a lot… My reading of you is that you’re “regular” and not very “wild” or “different” and I think that this reaction to your “ordinariness” makes you particularly sexy…. When I look at one of your swinger photos what I’m looking at is a mostly one “outside” the picture looking at what you’re photographing… It’s you that I’m focusing on even though you’re not in the picture. You standing, there, half-naked, all naked, taking these photos of next-door neighbors having sex is something that turns me on… So I guess my question is… what turns you on?

I think I’m just worn out or way too busy. When I was much younger I had a real wild streak. I would
In 1958, sports photographer Neil Leifer took the picture that remains one of his most famous to this day. The day he got the shot—Alan Ameche’s game-winning “Sudden Death” touchdown—was Leifer’s 16th birthday. This game, called “The Greatest Ever Played,” signaled football’s emergence as America’s new national pastime; formerly half-empty stadiums welcomed sold-out crowds seemingly overnight, while football surpassed pro baseball and college football in national television ratings. Starting then, on any given Sunday Leifer was most likely shooting a football game somewhere in America. His 1961 photo of legendary Giants quarterback Y.A. Tittle dropping back to pass landed Leifer his first cover for *Sports Illustrated* and cemented his close connection to the sport. While best known for his iconic photograph of Muhammad Ali towering over a fallen Sonny Liston, and for the enormous diversity of subjects he covered in and out of the sports world, it is his football pictures Leifer considers his best. This collection represents the best of his best, culled from over 10,000 rolls of film on the sport, including hundreds of previously unpublished pictures. It’s impossible to conceive of Peyton Manning hovering over an impromptu wood fire on the sidelines during a blizzard, but Leifer captured Tittle’s Giants doing exactly that during the coldest game in his living memory (“The 1962 Championship in New York, a game ‘far colder than the famous Ice Bowl’”). From Vince Lombardi’s Green Bay Packers dynasty to the Miami Dolphins’ perfect season in 1972 to the Minnesota Vikings’ terrifying Front Four—the “Purple People Eaters”—they’re all here.

Following an introduction assembled from the best football columns of the era by famed sports columnist Jim Murray, this collection is divided into four chapters: “On Any Sunday” is Leifer’s homage to the game. “The Legends” includes heroes like Johnny Unitas, Jim Brown, Terry Bradshaw, Joe Namath, Dick Butkus, Frank Gifford, and “Mean” Joe Greene. “The Bosses” delves into the victories on and off the field of immortal coaches: Vince Lombardi, John Madden, Tom Landry, Weeb Ewbank, and others. Finally, “The Big Game” traces major championship games from 1958 through Super Bowl XII. The in-depth captions put the images into their historical context, making the book highly accessible and informative.

Presented in a custom slipcase and limited to a total of 1,700 copies signed by the photographer, this limited edition is a companion to Neil Leifer’s instant sell-out success, *Ballet in the Dirt: The Golden Age of Baseball*, published by TASCHEN in 2007.

The photographer: Native New Yorker Neil Leifer began photographing sports events as a teenager. He has shot over 150 covers for *Sports Illustrated*, published 13 books of his photographs, and held the position of staff photographer for *Time* magazine. His Muhammad Ali boxing images played prominently in TASCHEN’s *GOAT — Greatest Of All Time*.

The authors: Jim Murray was a founding father of *Sports Illustrated*, and sports columnist for the *Los Angeles Times* for 37 years. Murray was inducted into Cooperstown’s Baseball Hall of Fame writers’ wing in 1984 and won a Pulitzer Prize for Commentary in 1990. He died in 1998. Gabriel Schechter, a lifelong sports fanatic who idolized Willie Mays, Johnny Unitas, and Oscar Robertson, is a research associate at the National Baseball Hall of Fame. He is the author of four books, including *This Bad Day in Yankees History*.
"I came to Los Angeles in 1944 (the smog and I hit town—Owen Edwards—right before the end of the war. The Chicago Bears better put his father with a kid who's just swallowed a quarter. Some mastodon of a defensive end holding Billy upside down by the heels and shaming him, like a father with his kid who's just swallowed a quarter. Billy gave up more ground, faster, than Mussolini at the end of the war. The Chicago Bears beat him put his shoes on backward and he'll dance right out of that little ball park of theirs. I expect to be in the only quarterback ever tackled for a loss in the seats…."

"Let's Do Some TC February 12, 1961"

If you saw Vince Lombardi in a crowd of truck drivers and were asked to guess his occupation, the next to last thing you'd pick would be football coach. But that's all right because you NEVER guess him was a Latin trader.

Vince Lombardi looks as if he should be climbing down from behind the wheel of a six-wheeled semi and saying, "Okay, lady, where do you want the piano?" Or he should be down on the waterfront with a long-shoreman's gaff unlodeing olive oil. The face is swart and strong. The eyes are friendly but wary. This is a city boy who has been offered the Brooklyn Bridge before. It is not the face of a pedagogue. It is hard to imagine it in front of a blackboard teaching, "Hic, Hace, Hos;" the fact that "you, of, with, by, from, since" and "toward" always take the drive and the fact that all Gaul is divided in three parts. But Vince Lombardi also taught physics. And the last guy who dug both the Sharkey-Carnera fight in 1933? Or when I had sore is, where were the guys when I wanted to hear the Sharkey-Carnera fight in 1933? Or when I had

By Jim Murray

"Jim Brown didn't kick or throw the ball into the end zone. He arrived with the ball. He usually left a trail of nosebleeds behind him."


"Leifer is both an artist and a techie, with an eye for iconic moments and a head for inventing ways to capture them." —DENIS LAWSON

for inventing ways to capture them." —DENIS LAWSON

for inventing ways to capture them." —DENIS LAWSON
Recipient of the 2008 Pritzker Prize, Jean Nouvel is without any doubt France’s most original and important contemporary architect. From 1967 to 1970, he was an assistant of the influential architects Claude Parent and Paul Virilio, then creating his own office in Paris. His first widely acclaimed project was the Institut du Monde Arabe in Paris (1981–87, with Architecture Studio). Since then he has completed the Lyon Opera House (1986–93), the Euralille Shopping Center, Lille (1991–94), and the Fondation Cartier, Paris (1991–94). His major completed projects since 2000 include the Culture and Convention Center in Lucerne, Switzerland (1998–2000), the spectacular Agbar Tower on Barcelona’s Diagonal Avenue (2001–03), the extension of the Reina Sofia Museum, Madrid, (1999–2005), the Quai Branly Museum on the Seine in Paris (2004–06), and the Guthrie Theater in Minneapolis, Minnesota. Apart from receiving this year’s Pritzker Prize, Jean Nouvel won the RIBA (Royal Institute of British Architecture) Gold Medal in 2001.

Jean Nouvel worked for five years with author Philip Jodidio on this prodigiously illustrated TASCHEN monograph, a book that will finally give the full measure of the architect’s talent. Two 400-page hardcover volumes give the most complete overview to date of Jean Nouvel’s career, including works in progress, such as the new Louvre in Abu Dhabi, the Philharmonie de Paris, and the extension of the MoMA in New York. The book’s graphic design and images were conceived and selected by the architect; in addition, the transparent printed dust jackets mimic the architect’s own tendency to play with contrasts and overlaid patterns. One can truly say that this publication is Nouvel by Nouvel, inside and out.

The author: Philip Jodidio studied art history and economics at Harvard University and was editor-in-chief of the leading French art journal Connaissance des Arts for over two decades. He has published numerous articles and books on contemporary architecture, including TASCHEN’s Architecture Now! series, Building a New Millennium, and monographs on Tadao Ando, Santiago Calatrava, Norman Foster, Richard Meier, Renzo Piano, and Álvaro Siza.
Architect, builder, or dreamer? To create space, a place to live, or to erect a sign in the urban chaos that all too often means to speculate and the endless repetition of banality? To fit into an existing environment, or to create singularities, signals to those who may understand that some resist the temptations of modern conformity? These are theoretical options for the creative architect, but the pressures on the builder are such that even the most-well-intentioned heart and head agree to play the game. What of style? Some periods have known a dominant style, others not. An architect could contrive only at the risk of losing his reputation, and yet some dared precisely that, changing the direction of a profession that in the best of circumstances can become an art. These rare architects are the form givers, those who lead and break the best of circumstances can become an art. These rare architects are the form givers, those who lead and break the best of circumstances can become an art. These rare architects are the form givers, those who lead and break the best of circumstances can become an art. These rare architects are the form givers, those who lead and break

Jean Nouvel is a giver of forms. It may be too early to place him in the pantheon of modern architecture's greatest but he has displayed a remarkable sense of measure and originality that sets him apart from others of his generation. Born in 1945, he is now entering the period of his life when an architect attains recognition. Building, simple past, takes more time than painting or sculpture. And where large sums of money are concerned, clients prefer to trust a known quantity than a young upstart. Beginning with the Institut du Monde Arabe in Paris, 1987, with Architecture Studio, the Foundation Cartier (Paris, 1995) and more recently the Culture and Convention Center, (Lucerne, 2000), the Nantes Law Courts (2000) or the Agbar Tower (Barcelona, 2003), Nouvel has moved beyond the phase of local celebrity to join the ranks of architecture's small club of international "stars". Designing a tower in Tokyo or a museum in Rio, cutting a familiar figure with his black hat and tough look. Born perhaps more of dreams than of habits, Nouvel's appearance is of course of little significance as opposed to his rich and surprising architectural vocabulary. At his best, he walks the fine line between a powerful gesture and functional design. He is almost never outrageous, though some of his early buildings do flirt with clausrophobic or brutal space.

The French pride themselves in being "Cartesian" or logical. This is of course a myth, or a case of wishful thinking. French art and architecture of the modern period is more often guilty of superlative or plagiarism than it is a product of real balanced logic. Nor do the French like to be reminded that many of their greatest artists, from Picasso to Le Corbusier, were of foreign origin. This is where Jean Nouvel stands to right the balance. Truly French, he knows how to push an idea to its limit without going over the edge. There is a certain brutality in much of his work, a toughness that sets it apart from the軟弱nly lyrics of his "real" Christian de Portzamparc, winner of the 1995 Pritzker Prize, for example. Many observers indeed wondered why Portzamparc got the Pritzker before Nouvel, but the award is known for its fundamental conservatism.

Nouvel is not conservative, he is a risk-taker by nature, a theoretician of the "oblique" and one of France's more influential architects. In 1970, Nouvel created his first office in collaboration with François Seignet, an architect strongly inclined to artistic interventions in the built environment. He obtained his degree (DPLG) in 1972, but a year before that, he was named the architect of the Biennale du Art exhibition. In 1980, Jean Nouvel enlarged the Biennale to formally include an architecture section. From the earliest phase of his career, he was consistently involved in debates and dissent concerning architecture in the urban environment.

What Jean Nouvel has attained, even if it has been less noticed in France than might be the case, is the status of an international "star" - an architect whose work is both admired and accepted in countries from the United States to Japan, and most places between. A capacity to build in the complex historical circumstances of a city like Paris does not guarantee similar success on the waterfront Como in Doha, and yet that is exactly the kind of dichotomy that Jean Nouvel has managed with a typically French aplomb. Though he

_"This publication explores a multifaceted and abundant oeuvre through a circum- spect selection of photographs, plans and insights into current projects."_ —JEAN NOUVEL, Paris, on France
“It’s the typically eclectic array from TASCHEN, the publishing house that veers between the sublime and the ridiculous. And we wouldn’t want it any other way.”
—PHOTO DISTRICT NEWS, New York

“My buddies wanted to be firemen, farmers or policemen, something like that. Not me, I just wanted to steal people’s money!”
—JOHN DILLINGER

At the height of the Jazz Age, when Prohibition was turning ordinary citizens into criminals and ordinary criminals into celebrities, America’s true crime detective magazines were born. True Detective came first in 1924, and by 1934, when the Great Depression had produced colorful outlaws like Machine Gun Kelly, Bonnie and Clyde, Baby Face Nelson, and John Dillinger, the magazines were so popular cops and robbers alike vied to see themselves on the pages. Even FBI boss J. Edgar Hoover wrote regularly for what came to be called the “Dickbooks,” referring to a popular slang term for the police. As the decades rolled on, the magazines went through a curious metamorphosis, however. When liquor was once more legal, the Depression over and all the flashy criminals dead or imprisoned, the “detectives” turned to sin to make sales. Sexy bad girls in tight sweaters, slit skirts and stiletto heels adorned every cover. Coverlines shouted “I Was a Girl Burglar—For Kicks!,” “Ave Habib’s Women Killers,” “Bride of Sin!” “She Played Me for a Sucker,” and most succinctly, “Bad Woman.”

True Crime Detective Magazines follows the evolution and devolution of this distinctly American genre from 1924 to 1969. Hundreds of covers and interior images from dozens of magazine titles tell the story, not just of the “detectives,” but also of America’s attitudes towards sex, sin, crime and punishment over five decades.

The editor: Dian Hanson is TASCHEN’s sexy book editor. As a 25-year veteran of men’s magazine publishing, she edited titles including Penthouse, Oui, Outlaw Biker, Juggs, and Leg Show. Her many books for TASCHEN include Vanessa del Rio: Fifty Years of Slightly Slutty Behavior and R. Crumb’s Sex Obsessions.

The author: Eric Godtland is a self-confessed compulsive collector. Working from his bases in the Haight-Ashbury and Potrero Hill districts of San Francisco, Eric obsesses over all things girlie, Hawaiian, musical and modernist. Originally from Butte, Montana and Coronado, California, Eric traces his interest in mid-century magazine design to the colorful pasts of both of these character-rich towns, where the past over-stayed its welcome.
Sin, cigarettes and stiletto heels

By Eric Goddard

Any schematic will tell you, “The only thing every good movie script must have is sex and violence.” Which is to say life. Sex and violence represent the two peaks of human passion, man’s greatest desire and direct force; the best and worst of human existence, our beginning and our end. Perhaps this is why the combination of sex and violence is such a potent and irresistible taboo, not just the bones of a good film script, or a constant on the nightly news, but the basis for most entertainment ever since.

It was crime and passion that led the illiterate to buy newspapers; sex and violence that made them want to learn to read.

We’re so used to framing on the media’s sex and violence stew—we assume it has been this way forever, but mass media, born with the newspaper, is a relatively new development. 150 years ago newspapers were the province of the educated elite, providing the sort of sober coverage needed to keep the peasants in their place. It took pictures to capture the attention of the largely illiterate working class, the sort of pictures that made a visceral and immediate impact. Can anyone guess what kind of pictures these were?

It was crime and passion that led the illiterate to buy newspapers; sex and violence that made them want to learn to read, and one of the most important bridges leading from the original elite media to the masses was the events coverage (at least) of today’s detective magazine. This genre was the first to artfully sensationalize all the present themes with which we are bombarded today. What caused the detective genre to suddenly spring up in the 1890s, or the 1990s? The cylinder-printing machine was invented in 1840, the linotype in 1884, the rotary press in 1886, and the 1890s saw the first major labor strikes. The cowboy legend was here by 1882, and the spaghetti Western by 1895.

Magazines could confer instant fame on their featured criminals. They were “star makers” in a near Hollywood sense.

Why the shift? One answer would be that the competition for good writers and stories was fierce, but it is more likely that someone, Macfadden or his editor John Stantonworth, finally noticed that what was going on in the streets and speakeasies was even more entertaining than fiction.

Detective magazines exploded in popularity in the 1930s thanks to a convergence of trends: the proliferation of home radios, the national crime wave generated by prohibition, and the occasional yellowing of a public mixed in the Great Depression. Radio had flourished in the 1920s and continued to blossom through the 30s, with 639 stations in 1930, growing to 909 by 1942. By the end of the decade over 80% of American households owned a radio. This medium that brought live news coverage to all parts of the country simultaneously changed the idea of what “up on the news” meant. Radio transformed reporting, and especially crime reporting, into a form of entertainment. For the first time people could follow the exploits of bank robbers, gangsters and other shadowy characters on the streets and speakeasies was even more entertaining than fiction.

The detective magazines entered the 1940s flush with success. Crime and passion had been translated into a form of entertainment that was as easy to understand as the purest form of entertainment, the movie. Movies were the hottest new medium of the 1920s, and all detective magazine publishers, mainly Macfadden, Real Detective Tales and All-Fact Detective, had turned to movies.

The second blow was wartime paper rationing, which would forever change detective magazines for the worse. Government-sanctioned rationing forced most titles to switch to pulp paper and many titles to cease publishing for the duration, and in some cases for good. The most ruinous decision the publishers made was to print the pulp after the rationing ended. As publishers became accustomed to the savings of cheaper paper, they looked for other ways to economize. Less was spent on crime research and the magazines became not only less attractive, they were less interesting.

Then in January of 1947 a crime occurred that foreboded the direction of the genre for the remainder of its life span. The Black Dahlia murder case, in which the naked and mutilated body of a beautiful Hollywood starlet was found in a vacant lot in Los Angeles, entered the detective readership. Horrible as it all was, the obvious sex appeal and lurid background of this case was not lost on publishers struggling to hold a shrinking readership. Before the decade ended most titles had switched to stories with prurient fascination and were playing up the sexual angle to every possible crime.

In 1950 the vision of a smoking, wire-crazing, gorgeous whore in a slit skirt spelled major trouble.

The detective magazines entered the 40s with success and optimism, not knowing they were just two years from the end of their golden reign. With the bombing of Pearl Harbor and America’s entrance into World War II, they confronted two insurmountable obstacles that would bring about great change. First movie, crime lost in sparkle. Prohibition was repealed at the end of 1933 and when organized crime’s cash cow was removed, the sensational nature of these title’s reporting lost its appeal. With the excitement of hours by hour reports.

The second blow was wartime paper rationing, which would forever change detective magazines for the worse. Government-sanctioned rationing forced most titles to switch to pulp paper and many titles to cease publishing for the duration, and in some cases for good. The most ruinous decision the publishers made was to print the pulp after the rationing ended. As publishers became accustomed to the savings of cheaper paper, they looked for other ways to economize. Less was spent on crime research and the magazines became not only less attractive, they were less interesting.

When in Crime, Crime Girls, Women of the Underworld, Crime Confidential, Girl Spies, Sensational Exposés and Vice Squad were just a few of the femme-fatale-based “ripped” title clichés born of the concept of woman as temptress. In 1930 the vision of a smoking, wire-crazing, gorgeous whore in a slit skirt and bra-hugging sweater (or, better yet, a rake-dancing stooped Bohemian bimbos) spelled major trouble. With fall, glowing hair and the occasional beatnik beret, this tart and her pals glared defiantly from police line-ups, crooked sailors in scuzzy blouses and brandished the just-fired pistol at countless murder scenes. Even when she morphed into a teenage delinquent late in the decade she was too alluring to her detectives and leather jacket, lip curled with disdain, bellowing jutted sneerly at the cops who led her away. What was her crime? You name it, Joe. These dirbs were guilty of everything from hanging around with JD hot rod rumblers to swinging hard at hospice parties. And don’t even bother to ask if a beautiful, former chorine would be drawn to this degenerate underworld of crime and depravity. A mature man of 30, who, in a year or two, might find a sublime woman who knew the answer all too well. If not held tight in a restraining moral grip, if not penned at home by marriage, children and church, if not haggled with grizzles and aprons and single strands of lathy beads, this woman was capable of anything. One day of the moral order and we’d be right back in Eden, one snake has away from paradise. Just ask the preacher man, my friend — all women are bad.

Women in Crime. Crime Girls. Women on Trial. Ladies of the Underworld, Crime Confidential, Girl Spies, Sensational Exposés and Vice Squad were just a few of the femme-fatale-based “ripped” title clichés born of the concept of woman as temptress. In 1930 the vision of a smoking, wire-crazing, gorgeous whore in a slit skirt and bra-hugging sweater (or, better yet, a rake-dancing stooped Bohemian bimbos) spelled major trouble. With fall, glowing hair and the occasional beatnik beret, this tart and her pals glared defiantly from police line-ups, crooked sailors in scuzzy blouses and brandished the just-fired pistol at countless murder scenes. Even when she morphed into a teenage delinquent late in the decade she was too alluring to her detectives and leather jacket, lip curled with disdain, bellowing jutted sneerly

magazines.

TRUE CRIME DETECTIVE MAGAZINES

TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES

36 | “Half the crooks in this prison are here because they associated with some miff. Never trust a woman, my boy.” — TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES, May 1948
Imagine the experience of witnessing renowned actors as they made their most memorable performances. Steve Schapiro has had such a privilege as special photographer on some of American cinema’s most beloved movies. For Francis Ford Coppola’s *Godfather* trilogy, Schapiro immortalized actors such as Marlon Brando, Al Pacino, Robert De Niro, James Caan, Robert Duvall, and Diane Keaton. His photographs of the Godfather holding the cat and the whisper in the Godfather’s ear have become iconic images known throughout the world. Brought together in a book for the first time is a vast selection of images from all three *Godfather* films, reproduced from Schapiro’s original negatives.

This lavish, limited edition book, which also includes background articles and interviews about the films, contains over 400 color and black & white images, most of which have never been published before. It allows fans a privileged peek behind the scenes at the making of film history and it truly is a once-in-a-lifetime offer you can’t refuse.

**The photographer:** Steve Schapiro is a distinguished journalistic photographer whose work is found in many museum collections and has been published in his books *American Edge* and *Schapiro’s Heroes*. His photographs have appeared on the covers of most major magazines in the world, including *Life*, *Look*, *Time*, *Sports Illustrated*, *Fern Match*, and the first *People* magazine cover. In Hollywood he has worked on more than 200 motion pictures; his most famous film posters are for *Midnight Cowboy*, *Taxi Driver*, *Parenthood*, and *The Godfather Part III*.

**The editor:** Paul Duncan has edited 40 film books for TASCHEN, and authored *Alfred Hitchcock* and *Stanley Kubrick* in the Film Series.


**THE GODFATHER FAMILY ALBUM**

Photos: Steve Schapiro / Ed. Paul Duncan / XL-format: 29 × 44 cm (11.4 × 17.3 in.), 444 pp.

**ART EDITION, No. 1–200**

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No. 1–100: Don Vito Corleone: A Man of Reason (Marlon Brando): see page 41

No. 101–200: Don Michael Corleone: “I know it was you, Fredo. You broke my heart – you broke my heart!” (Al Pacino): see page 45 top

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An offer you can’t refuse

Never-before-seen photos of Coppola’s masterpiece
When I first arrived on the set of The Godfather for a scene in New York’s Lower East Side, I had already heard the rumors that Marlon Brando was in bad health. The streets and surrounding tenements were teeming with onlookers; even the fire escapes were crammed with children and their grandparents. Everyone, it seemed, wanted to catch a glimpse of the man who had been chosen to play Don Vito Corleone.

I had convinced Life magazine to do a “guaranteed” cover story on the Godfather film—something they did not ordinarily do—provided Paramount would grant me exclusive rights to print the photographs before any other publication. Curiosity as to what Brando was sending out their secretaries during lunchtime to reveal Brando’s look until the film actually came out. It is common knowledge that, at the time, no one thought this film would be an important film—or even a good one. It was uncertain whether there would be enough funding available to finish shooting, and days were removed from the shooting schedule because of the tight budget. The controversies had begun with casting and continued through every turn of the wheel. During the filming, the public’s imagination, and Paramount’s plan was to keep it a secret story on the bad-health rumors were true.

Brando suddenly turned away, facing the many onlookers; even the fire escapes were crammed with children and their grandparents. Everyone, it seemed, wanted to catch a glimpse of the man who had been chosen to play Don Vito Corleone. “It was not until the farewell party,” warned in his familiar dynamic voice, “Someone’s out there with a camera. “ It was not until the farewell party, he revealed Brando’s look until the film actually came out. It is common knowledge that, at the time, no one thought this film would be an important film—or even a good one. It was uncertain whether there would be enough funding available to finish shooting, and days were removed from the shooting schedule because of the tight budget. The controversies had begun with casting and continued through every turn of the wheel. During the filming, the public’s imagination, and Paramount’s plan was to keep it a secret story on the bad-health rumors were true.

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“To grasp the full significance of life is the actor’s duty, to interpret it is his problem, and to express it his dedication.” —Marlon Brando
The big problem was to find someone to play Michael, really the most important part in the film. At one time Jimmy Caan seemed to have the role. He tested well. But he tested well for Sonny, the other Godfather son, and he tested well for Hagen. Hef, he could have played all three of them. Suddenly it looked like he wouldn’t get any of them.

Robert Duvall tested for Hagen and he was perfect. Another actor was perfect for Sonny. That left Jimmy Caan for Michael but nobody was quite satisfied. Finally the name of Al Pacino came up. He had scored a stunning success in a New York play but nobody had seen him on film. Coppola got hold of a screen test Pacino had done for some Italian movie and showed it. I loved him. I gave Francis a letter saying that above all Pacino had to be in the film. He could use it at his discretion.

Coppola kept saying a good actor is a good actor. Pacino tested. The cameras were running.

But there were objections. Pacino was too short, too Italian-looking. He was supposed to be the American in the family. He had to look a little clumsy, a little by League. Coppola kept saying a good actor is a good actor. Pacino tested. The cameras were running. He didn’t know his lines. He threw in his own words. He didn’t understand the character at all. He was terrible. Coppola kept saying a good actor is a good actor. Francis had written it so that at one point Michael would kiss Kay’s hand. I objected violently and Michael would pull Kay’s hand. I objected violently and Francis took it out. But in the tests every actor who tested kissed Kay’s hand or nibbled on her fingers. Francis called out treasonfully, “Marie, I didn’t tell them to do that. How came they all kiss her hand?” I knew he was kidding but it really irritated me. “Because they’re actors, not gangsters,” I said.

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Anyway, what goes on in the screening room is instructive. I had been amazed at how well the scenes played live, but they were not so effective on camera. There were tests of the girls who had tried for the part of Kay, the young girl role. There was one girl who wasn’t right for the part but jumped off the screen at you. Everybody commented on her and Evans said, “We should do something with her—but I guess we never will.” The poor girl never knew how close she came to fame and fortune.

No nobody had the time for her just then. Hef, I did, but I wasn’t a mogul.

Some of the tests were terrible. Some of the scenes were terrible. Some were astonishingly good.

One scene Francis had used was a courting scene between Kay and Michael. Francis had written it so that at one point Michael would kiss Kay’s hand. I objected violently and Francis took it out. But in the tests every actor who tested kissed Kay’s hand or nibbled on her fingers. Francis called out treasonfully, “Marie, I didn’t tell them to do that. How come they all kiss her hand?” I knew he was kidding but it really irritated me. “Because they’re actors, not gangsters,” I said. The irritation was not casual. I felt that Coppola in his rewrite had softened the characters.

On screen Pacino still didn’t strike anybody—excepting Coppola—who right for the part of Michael. Coppola kept arguing. Finally Evans said, “Francis, I must say you’re alone in this.” Which I thought was the nicest “no” I’d ever heard. We would have to keep hunting for a Michael.

More tests were made of other people. No Michael. There was even talk of postponing the pix. Coppola kept insisting Pacino was the right man for the part (he never gave me back my letter). But it seemed to be a dead issue. One morning at a meeting with Evans and Charles Bluhdorn I said I thought Jimmy Caan could do it. Bluhdorn, head of Gulf and Western, which owned Paramount Pictures, thought Charlie Bronson could do it. Nobody paid any attention to him. Stanley Jaffe got so pissed off watching the tests of unknowns in the screening room that when asked his opinion, he jumped up and said, “You guys really want know? I think you get the worst bunch of lampshades I’ve ever seen.” The days he had been patiently and quietly viewing stiff he hated without saying a word. So everybody understood.

All this amused me. Nothing I had ever read about Hollywood had prepared me for this. Jesus, talk about democracy. Nobody was cramming anybody down anybody’s throat. I was beginning to feel it was my movie as much as anybody’s.

I had to go away for a week. When I came back, Al Pacino had the part of Michael. Jimmy Caan had the part of Sonny. The guy who had the part of Sonny was out. John Ryan, who tested better than anybody for the important role of Carlo Rizzi, was out. Even though he supposedly had been told he had the role. Ryan was so stunning in his tests of the part that I did something I had never done. I sought him out to tell him how great he played the part. He was replaced by a guy named Russo who had some sort of radio show background in Las Vegas. I never found out what happened. I would guess Coppola and the Paramount brass horse-traded. I never got in on the horse trading. For some reason I had never thought of that solution.
In 1960, photographer William Claxton and noted German musicologist Joachim Berendt traveled the United States hot on the trail of jazz music. The result of their collaboration was an amazing collection of photographs and recordings of legendary artists as well as unknown street musicians. The book, Jazzlife, the original fruit of their labors, has become a collector’s item that is highly treasured among jazz and photography fans. In 2003, TASCHEN began reassembling this important collection of material—along with many never-before-seen color images from those trips. They are brought together in this updated volume, which includes a foreword by William Claxton tracing his travels with Berendt and his love affair with jazz music in general. Jazz fans will be delighted to be able to take a jazz-trip through time, seeing the music as Claxton and Berendt originally experienced it. Featuring photographs of Charlie Parker, Count Basie, Duke Ellington, Muddy Waters, Gabor Szabo, Dave Brubeck, Stan Getz, Billie Holiday, Ella Fitzgerald, Miles Davis, Charlie Mingus, Thelonious Monk, John Coltrane, and many more.

The photographer: William Claxton began his career shooting jazz record cover art. His iconic images of Chet Baker, Charlie Parker, Dizzy Gillespie, Miles Davis, Charlie Mingus, Thelonious Monk, John Coltrane, and many more.

The author: Joachim E. Berendt was a founding member of South West German Radio (Südwestfunk) and produced more than 250 records. In 1953, he first published Das Jazzbuch, which became the most successful history book on jazz worldwide. His collection of records, books, and jazz documents form the basis of the Jazzinstitut Darmstadt. Berendt died in an accident in 2000. His contributions to jazz are internationally recognized to this day.

“...surely the most thorough and imaginative visual record of American jazz at mid-century that we’ll ever see.”
—Newsweek, New York
Photographer, collector, diarist, and writer of books Peter Beard has fashioned his life into a work of art; the illustrated diaries he kept from a young age evolved into a serious career as an artist and earned him a central position in the international art world. He was painted by Francis Bacon, painted on by Salvador Dalí, and made diaries with Andy Warhol; he toured with Truman Capote and the Rolling Stones, created books with Jacqueline Onassis and Mick Jagger—all of whom are brought to life, literally and figuratively, in his work.

As a fashion photographer, he took Vogue stars like Veruschka to Africa and brought new ones—most notably Iman—back to the U.S. with him. His love affair with natural history and wildlife, which informs most of his work, began when he was a teenager. He had read the books of Isak Dinesen (Karen Blixen) and after spending time in Kenya and befriending the author, bought a piece of land near hers. It was the early 1960s and the big game hunters led safaris, with all the colonial elements Beard had read about in *Out of Africa* characterizing the open life and landscape, but the times were changing. Beard witnessed the dawn of Kenya’s population explosion, which challenged finite resources and stressed animal populations—including the starving elephants of Tsavo, dying by the tens of thousands in a wasteland of eaten trees. So he documented what he saw—with diaries, photographs, and collages. He went against the wind in publishing unique and sometimes shocking books of these works. The corpses were laid bare; the facts were carefully written down, sometimes in type, often by hand, occasionally with blood.

Peter Beard’s most important collages are included, along with hundreds of smaller-scale works and diaries, magnified to show every detail—from Beard’s meticulous handiwork and old-masters-inspired drawings to stones and bones and bits of animals pasted to the page.

The artist: Born in New York City in 1938, Peter Beard began taking photographs and keeping diaries from early childhood. By the time he graduated from Yale University, he had developed a keen interest in Africa. Throughout the 1960s and ’70s he worked in Tsavo Park, the Aberdares, and Lake Rudolf in Kenya’s northern frontier. His first show came in 1975 at the Blum Helman Gallery, and was followed in 1977 by the landmark installation of elephant carcasses, burned diaries, taxidermy, African artifacts, books and personal memorabilia at New York’s International Center for Photography. In addition to creating original artwork, Beard has also worked as a Vogue photographer and collaborated on projects with Andy Warhol, Andrew Wyeth, Richard Linder, Terry Southern, Truman Capote, and Francis Bacon. In 1996, shortly after Beard was trampled by an elephant, his first major retrospective took place at the Centre National de la Photographie in Paris, France, followed by shows in Berlin, London, Milan, Stockholm, Tokyo, and Vienna, among others. He lives in New York City, Long Island, and Kenya with his wife, Nejma, and daughter, Zara.
A life behind a lens is often an enviable one, and no more so than Peter Beards... Flick the pages to this retrospective and admire. —GQ, London
Horror is both the most perennially popular and geographically diverse of all film genres, appearing in every country that makes movies. Horror movies of one kind or another. Depicting deep-rooted, even archetypal fears, while at the same time exploiting socially and culturally specific anxieties, cinematic horror is at once timeless and utterly of its time and place. This exciting new visual history, which includes unique images from the David Del Valle archive, examines the genre in thematic, historical, and aesthetic terms, breaking it down into the following fundamental categories: Slashers & Serial Killers; Cannibals, Freaks & Hillbillys; Revenge of Nature & Environmental Horror; Sci-fi Horror; The Living Dead; Ghosts & Haunted Houses; Possession, Demons & Evil Tricksters; Voodoo, Cults & Satans; Vampires & Werewolves; and The Monstrous-Feminine. Among the many films featured are classics such as *Psycho*, *Texas Chainsaw Massacre*, *Alien*, *The Exorcist*, *Dracula*, and *The Wicker Man*.

The editor, Paul Duncan, has seen lots of films and read lots of comics and books. He wanted to share his enthusiasm for these subjects so he published magazines about comics (Ark) and crime fiction (Crime Time) before launching a series of small film guides (Pocket Essentials). He has edited more than 40 film books for TASCHEN, and authored *Alfred Hitchcock* and *Stanley Kubrick* in the Film Series.

The authors: Jonathan Penner has written for movies, television, magazines, and blogs, and has worked extensively as an actor, screenwriter, and producer. His film credits include the cult classic *The Last Supper*, the Hamlet-inspired *Let the Devil Wear Black* and the short film for which he was Oscar-nominated, *Down on the Waterfront*. Steven Jay Schneider received his MA in Philosophy from Birkbeck College, University of London, and is a PhD candidate in Cinema Studies at New York University. He is the author or editor of numerous books on film.

The best scary movies of all time

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Ed. Paul Duncan / Text: Jonathan Penner, Steven Jay Schneider / Hardcover, format: 23.1 x 28.9 cm (9.1 x 11.4 in.), 192 pp.

ONLY € 19.99 / $ 29.99

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Opposite: Still from Strait-Jacket, 1964

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“Some exhausting film research has turned up numerous fascinating film stills and locations shots.”

“A wonderful through-the-keyhole look at the lifestyles of rich, famous, artistic or plain eccentric New Yorkers.” —HOUSE & GARDEN, London

NEW NEW YORK INTERIORS

It’s up to you, New York, New York!

Inside the world’s most energetic melting pot

It has been over ten years since TASCHEN’s original New York Interiors was published and while much has changed in the Big Apple since then, the city is still bristling with an exciting and eclectic mix of cutting-edge movers and shakers—a fact that is quite perfectly reflected in its interiors. New York has long been a magnet for artistic people, and since September 11, the city has become less money-driven and more creative, with an unprecedented influx of graphic designers, interior designers, artists, gallerists, and collectors. Across the river from Manhattan, trendy, less-expensive Brooklyn neighborhoods such as Williamsburg offer a convenient taste of life just outside the fast lane. Hand-picked by editor Angelika Taschen, this spanking new collection of interiors explores an array of homes as dizzying as the diversity of the New Yorkers themselves. Peek into the apartments of artist Terence Koh, artist and director Julian Schnabel, musician Rufus Wainwright, porn diva Vanessa del Rio, and actress Julianne Moore—among many others—to get an idea of the myriad and marvelous ways New Yorkers love to live.

The editor: Angelika Taschen studied art history and German literature in Heidelberg, gaining her doctorate in 1986. Working for TASCHEN since 1987, she has published numerous titles on architecture, photography, design, contemporary art, interiors, and travel.

Texts: Peter Webster is a freelance editor and writer specializing in design, architecture, culture, and travel, who has contributed to Interior Design and Travel + Leisure. He is a former editor at Departures, House Beautiful, Elle Décor, and, most recently, editor-in-chief of absolute magazine. Born in New Zealand, he now lives in Brooklyn, New York.
“All design aficionados will love this new tome from hip publisher TASCHEN that inspires awe and envy in equal measure.” —ATTITUDE, London, on New York Interiors
South American splendor

A delirious romp through Argentina’s most beautiful and exceptional interiors

Argentina considers itself the most European of South American countries, and with good reason. The Argentines have a strong connection to the old world; their achievements in design, filmmaking, literature, music, and art place them firmly in today’s global culture spotlight. When it comes to decorating, they have a great talent for bringing together the old and the new, with subtle touches of color and rich textiles, and incorporating the country’s beautiful landscapes in their architectural palette. Editor Angelika Taschen invites readers to pore over this selection of houses, apartments, ranches, polo grounds, and more, including an opulent century-old opera house where Maria Callas sang as well as the homes of Francis Mallmann, the country’s most famous chef, Xul Solar, painter and close friend of the great Argentinean writer Jorge Luis Borges, and Juan Gatti, graphic designer for Pedro Almodóvar.

The editor: Angelika Taschen studied art history and German literature in Heidelberg, gaining her doctorate in 1986. Working for TASCHEN since 1987, she has published numerous titles on architecture, photography, design, contemporary art, interiors, and travel.

The photographer: Born in Argentina, Ricardo Labougle left a promising career as an economist to become a photographer. He made his name shooting design and architecture for titles such as The World of Interiors, AD, Vogue, Elle Decor, Monocle and other publications. His work has been exhibited in galleries in Europe and South America.

Text and production: Ana Cardinale is a regular contributor to Elle Decor Italia, Elle Décoration France, Madame Figaro, The World of Interiors, AD España, and Isabel de Estrada publishes in magazines around the world, including The World of Interiors, Casa Vogue, Elle, AD France, and AD España.
Fantasy wife

Via Bettina Rheims, a Russian oligarch introduces his lovely wife to the world

Bettina Rheims, THE BOOK OF OLGA
Photos: Bettina Rheims / Catherine Millet / Hardcover
in a cloth-covered clamshell box, format: 29.2 x 43.7 cm (11.5 x 17.2 in.), 154 pp.
Limited to 1,000 copies, each numbered and signed by Bettina Rheims.
€ 350 / $ 500
£ 300 / ¥ 70,000

The actual book is completely smiley-free!

THE BOOK OF OLGA
Fantasy wife
Via Bettina Rheims, a Russian oligarch introduces his lovely wife to the world

Bettina Rheims devoted herself wholly to photography in 1978. In the past three decades she has produced many major series of works for books and exhibitions. In 2007 she was awarded the Légion d’Honneur for her artistic achievement.

The contributing author: Catherine Millet is editor-in-chief and co-founder of Art Press. She is also a curator and the author of many books, including La vie sexuelle de Catherine M. (2001).

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Approaching Olga: the women behind and in front of the camera

By Catherine Millet

The circumstances surrounding these photographs, represented for this artist, were as follows: they were commissioned by a husband proud of his wife’s beauty, and who loves to have major photographers capture that pulchritude and exhibit it to the public. In this is simply illustrating the fundamental law of the circulation of desire which outlines the presence of a woman or rather of as many women as possible. “Eroticism begins with the body, and love with the body,” writes the photographer Charles VII did not object to his mistress being represented as an in-decent Virgin, and nor did Henri II balk at his official mistresses, Diane de Poitiers, being identified as a naked Diana de la Fontaine (circa 1594, Musée du Louvre, Paris), or Henri IV demure when his lover, Gabrielle d’Estrees, was responsible for the pin-up. “There are no limits to desire,” writes the artist Bettina Rheims, and it is that which the photographer has subjected her body? Whatever the answer, the paradoxical art of Bettina Rheims, who allows us to approach the most joyous excesses of colour, exhibitions and voyeurism, the better to transport us elsewhere, into a place where love is one with harmony and deep humanity, is illustrated to particularly telling effect in this work.

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For all this, there was no guarantee that the game would be won. And when I say “game”, I am simply reprising the idea that, as far as the artist herself, Bettina explained her way of doing things to me as follows: “All the elements of the ‘envelope’ are determined in advance; the setting is either set or composed for the shot, the clothes that the model will wear, her hair, to get her to the right state. In my mind I have a very precise idea of the person, but only a hazy one of what she must do. I may get the feeling that I am getting nowhere, and yet I am making progress. It’s like a game of tennis. I serve. The other person gets it, or maybe doesn’t. I wait. She returns. I use what other people bring me but I don’t know in advance what that will be, because most of the time a photographer I’ve met before the game develops as it goes along. The day before, there’s always the fear that this time things won’t work out. One might think it gets easier and easier, but it doesn’t because, it seems to me, what I’m looking for gets less and less spectacular. I’m following a thread that’s getting finer and finer, and it occurs to me to ask myself one day there won’t even be a thread any more. Still, I’ll keep walking! Now, when it came to making these things up, I preferred photographs showing the metamorphosis of the model into three different characters, sometimes with hardly anything in common—the pin-up, the 18th-century marquise and the dominatrix/solitaire in an MS session—the game was even more tricky than usual because this time there were three players! Why do I think spontaneously of Jean Fouquet’s marquise who, as illustrated by the National Museum of Fine Arts, (Amsterdam) where I see the photographs that will constitute The Book of Olga? It is because the corpus of these works, the figures that are features to this Virgin! Is the azure blue of the sky and the vermillion of the handsome car, matching the model’s lipstick, that strike me here and awaken my memory of the impact of Fouquet’s Virgin, set between two rows of angels, one of which seems, strangely enough, to have been made in a bath of red dye, the other in a bath of blue? And did not Bettina Rheims once still an interviewee that she has “always been fascinated by representations of the Virgin”! Or is the lowered eyes of Agnès Sorel, last in a vision that seems to carry her beyond her own beauty and even the child that she barely holding on to with the tips of her fingers, which in my mind with those of Olga, who is sometimes so deeply lost in her dreams that she seems to absorb from her magnificent body and also from the gruesome staging to which the photographer has subjected her body? Whatever the reason, the paradoxical art of Bettina Rheims, who allows us to approach the most joyous excesses of colour, exhibitions and voyeurism, the better to transport us elsewhere, into a place where love is one with harmony and deep humanity, is illustrated to particularly telling effect in this work.

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Google Earth’s ancestor: a snapshot of urban life, circa 1600

History’s most opulent collection of town maps and illustrations

More than four centuries after the first volume was originally published in Cologne, Braun and Hogenberg’s magnificent collection of town map engravings, Civitates orbis terrarum, has been brought back to life with this reprint taken from a rare and superbly preserved original set of six volumes, belonging to the Historische Museum in Frankfurt. Produced between 1572 and 1617—just before the extensive devastation wreaked by the Thirty Years’ War—the work contains 564 plans, bird’s-eye views, and map views of all major cities in Europe, plus important cities in Asia, Africa, and Latin America. Edited and annotated by theologian and publisher Georg Braun, and largely engraved by cartographer Franz Hogenberg, the Civitates was intended as a companion volume for Abraham Ortelius’s 1570 world atlas, Theatrum orbis terrarum. Over a hundred different artists and cartographers contributed to the sumptuous artwork, which not only shows the towns but also features additional elements, such as figures in local dress, ships, ox-drawn carts, courtroom scenes, and topographical details, that help convey the situation, commercial power, and political importance of the towns they accompany.

The Civitates gives us a comprehensive view of urban life at the turn of the 17th century. TASCHEN’s reprint includes all of the city plates, accompanied by selected extracts from Braun’s texts on the history and contemporary significance of each urban center as well as translations of the Latin cartouches. A detailed commentary places each city map in its cartographical and cultural context, and examines earlier sources and later editions. Rounding off this comprehensive publication is a separate introductory essay examining the Civitates in its cultural and historical context. From Paris and London to Cairo and Jerusalem, readers will find many a familiar city to zoom back in time to and explore—on fact, many of the maps can still be used for orientation in historical town centers today.

The author: Stephan Füssel is director of the Institute of the History of the Book at the Johannes Gutenberg University of Mainz, and holder of the Gutenberg Chair at the same university. He has published widely on printing. Füssel is also the editor of TASCHEN’s Chronicle of the World and Luther Bible.

With a foreword by Rem Koolhaas

Opposite: The fire at the Venetian Doge’s palace in 1577

Printed from a rare and superbly preserved original set of six volumes, belonging to the Historische Museum in Frankfurt
Green, red, blue—three colours dominate the images

By Rem Koolhaas

It is impossible to read and look at this book without feeling profound awe and intense envy. Awe of a small team of editors, engravers and eyewitnesses and their ability to synthesize an incredible amount of knowledge and information concerning more than 450 cities, including their plans, history, situation, raison d’être, landmarks and customs, to create a comprehensive portrait of the world in just six volumes.

Based on a reduced generic representation of house, alley, street, square, church, palace and fortification, every portrait effortlessly reveals the unique qualities of each of these settlements with an artistic efficiency that has become unthinkable. Half a millennium later, our cities have become monstrous: too endless to represent, endlessly complicated, largely dysfunctional. Yet, we cling to Braun’s confident motto on the frontispiece: “community, security, affluence, harmony…”

Three colours dominate the images: green—the land; red—the city; and blue—the water, with its promise of interconnectedness. Half of the cities are landlocked—often in idyllic locations; the other half open up to the sea. Perhaps 1576 is a transition point from a feudal/religious order to a more mercantile, market-driven modernity. The stability of the landlocked versus the liquidity of the coastal cities: an ominous foreshadowing of the future chaos the centrifugal forces of globalization will unleash. Five hundred years later, red would be the only colour left.

As in the current moment, the book maintains a constant awareness of the impact of religion on urban culture: not only does the Reformation challenge previous harmony, but in Damascus, for instance, Christian myth cohabits with Islamic practice in a still fertile communication. But Braun is worried, deeply aware that multiple values can tear cities apart.

Finally, the accumulated insight and knowledge that these volumes represent stand in stark contrast to the current virtual ubiquity of information: our navigation systems make the world tangible and incredibly concrete; they enable us not to know and to forget.

“Every portrait effortlessly reveals the unique qualities of each of these settlements with an artistic efficiency. Half a millennium later, our cities have become monstrous.”

Opposite: Naval battle; detail from the view of Wismar, Germany. Below: Tuna fishing near Cadiz; detail from the view of Cadiz, Spain.
Cities frozen in time: The evolution of city iconography in the early modern era

By Stephan Füssel

"Kindly and most esteemed reader, we hereby place on the market the next book of the most noble cities of the entire world, of which I hope that it will please you very much, because the first book was received with such great pleasure and was so highly sought-after that not a single copy still remains nor is available to buy.”

—Georg Braun and Franz Hogenberg, Cologne 1576

The plan views from a bird’s-eye perspective had never been achieved before and decisively influenced the concept of the veduta in the 17th and 18th century. As Naif Kirsten has shown, the Civitates can be read as a history of fashion in 16th-century Europe. Thus, the Spaniard in the view of Seville wears a high ruff and a dress with a low neckline; he fastens his hair to a veil that falls all the way down to the ground. She holds a fancy handkerchief in her hand as an accessory to the dress, which is clearly influenced by Spanish fashion. The woman on the left wears an unadorned overgarment with padded shoulders and a veil. She has twisted her hair up into horns, finishing just below the knee. The ladies standing so stiffly are evidently wearing corsets and close-fitting ruffs. The depiction of the men and women in the London plate is highly accurate, as the figure in the view of Cologne were taken from Weigel and represent Londoners. The woman on the left wears a heavily padded doublet and hose finishing just below the knee. The ladies standing so stiffly are evidently wearing corsets and close-fitting ruffs. The depiction of the men and women in the London plate is highly accurate, as the figure in the view of Cologne were taken from Weigel and represent Londoners. The woman on the left wears a heavily padded doublet and hose finishing just below the knee. The ladies standing so stiffly are evidently wearing corsets and close-fitting ruffs. The depiction of the men and women in the London plate is highly accurate, as the figure in the view of Cologne were taken from Weigel and represent Londoners. The woman on the left wears a heavily padded doublet and hose finishing just below the knee. The ladies standing so stiffly are evidently wearing corsets and close-fitting ruffs. 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“TASCHEN is a painstakingly edited program addressing both the familiar and the unknown.” —NEUE ZEIT, Berlin
Beyond voyeurism

Exploring the female body, attitudes, instincts, and dreams

“Stuart’s style and candor make voyeurism as respectable as you’d ever want it to be. You could leave this book out on your desk, but you probably wouldn’t get any work done.”

—PLAYBOY, New York

In the 20th century, when pornography made its debut in the film world with its aura of improvisation and amateurism, it had a caustic challenging quality, a freshness and a natural authenticity. By becoming industrialized and codified, it then let itself be confined in the twofold ghetto of distribution and its related rituals, churning out a pantomime of crude, unexciting, format- ted images. Eroticism has always had “better press,” especially since it has often been “involved” with literature and great authors have laid sacrifices on its altar. However, limited by censorship, above all self-censorship, to a restrictive representation of sex, it sentenced itself to insipidity and self-mutilation, believing it could find a way out in vain, repetitive sophistication, paradoxically proving, much to the satisfaction of moralists, that since monotony is always born out of uniformity, prefabricated pornography and eroticism have become, and remain, boring.

This realization inspires a photographer like Roy Stuart. Taking advantage of Western society’s relative freedom, he has investigated the use that can be made of this dilemma. A photographer and filmmaker, switching from printed to moving image, he seeks to liberate the image from its final taboos, to escape the conventional representation of sex. But, more than anything else, he has an artistic project: beyond voyeurism, he strives to explore the female body, attitudes, instincts, and dreams.

In his new book, the fifth to date, he hones this exploration into something more forthright, close to film. The photos “tell” short stories, like short films, and the models become actors, their movements caught in freeze frame studies, between portrait and narrative. Sex is more explicit, while retaining some of the mystery characteristic of erotic images. A DVD, which comes with the book, contains several scenes from which the photos are taken, with excerpts from the Glimpse DVD series and Stuart’s full length feature film, The Lost Door. The overall impression produced by this work is that Stuart has introduced eroticism into pornography, or vice versa. He clouds issues, confuses codes, disorients and takes risks, all the while behaving as an artist who is exploring a new middle road—fusional, original and hard to follow, but promising. Somewhere between simplistic X-rated films and pure eroticism, between trivial reality and abortive dreams, he seeks and finds a third way.

The photographer: Based in Paris with a reputation as a grandmaster of the erotic camera, Roy Stuart has exhibited his work in numerous galleries throughout the world. He has already published a few bestsellers with TASCHEN prior to this collection of subversive, erotic fantasy narratives.

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The wide-ranging career of the Italian virtuoso

Renzo Piano signing his book at TASCHEN Store, Paris, 2005

“Cette épatante monographie grand format, riche en photographies, croquis et plans, retrace toute la carrière de Renzo Piano à ce jour.” — PARIS SUR LA TERRE, Paris

The mechanics of lightness

“The book does justice to its subject, fully illustrating the breadth of Piano’s vision. Beautifully shot and presented, it gives the reader an insight into the development of an architect’s work. A great addition to the bookshelves.” — INTERIOR DESIGN MAGAZINE, London

The array of buildings by Renzo Piano is staggering in scope and comprehensive in the diversity of scale, material, and form. He is truly an architect whose sensibilities represent the widest range of this and earlier centuries.” Such was the description of Renzo Piano given by the Pritzker Prize jury citation as they bestowed the prestigious award on him in 1998. Whereas some architects have a signature style, what sets Piano apart is that he seeks simply to apply a coherent set of ideas to new projects in extraordinarily different ways. “One of the great beauties of architecture is that each time, it is like life starting all over again,” Piano says. “Like a movie director doing a love story, a Western, or a murder mystery, a new world confronts an architect with each project.” This explains why it takes more than a superficial glance to recognize Piano’s fingerprints on such varied projects as the Pompidou Center in Paris (1971–77), the Kansai airport in Osaka, Japan (1990–94), and the Tjibaou Cultural Center in Nouméa, New Caledonia (1993–98). This stunning monograph, illustrated by photographs, sketches, and plans, covers Piano’s career to date. The updated publication includes new photographs of projects completed since the previous edition, such as his The New York Times Building in New York, the Zentrum Paul Klee in Bern, Switzerland, The Morgan Library in New York, as well as some sneak peeks at his current projects, including the 66-story London Bridge Tower, which is set to be Europe’s tallest building.

The author: Philip Jodidio studied art history and economics at Harvard University, and was editor-in-chief of the leading French art journal Connaissance des Arts for over two decades. He has published numerous articles and books on contemporary architecture, including TASCHEN’s Architecture Now! series, Building a New Millennium, and monographs on Tadao Ando, Santiago Calatrava, Norman Foster, Jean Nouvel, and Álvaro Siza.

Opposite: The Aurora Place High-Rise Offices and Apartment Blocks, Sydney, Australia. Photo © APBRE, John Gollings

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Want a head start on the things you’ll be seeing in art institutions a decade down the road? It’s all in here, the very latest of the very best—and so fresh you can feel its pulse. A to Z magazine-style entries include captivating images of important recent work, short biographies, exhibition history and bibliographical information. The illustrated appendix features names and contact information for the galleries representing the artists featured, as well as primary market prices and examples of auction results. Think of this tome as a global go-round of the world’s most influential galleries: a truly invaluable, invigorating, and intense experience.

The editor: Hans Werner Holzwarth started as a photographer and communication designer, then co-led his own company for corporate design. Since 1992, Holzwarth has focused on book design, collaborating with Larry Clark, Robert Frank, Nan Goldin, Boris Mikhailov, Issey Miyake, Albert Oehlen, Richard Prince, Ed Ruscha, Kiki Smith, Juergen Teller, Jeff Wall, John Waters, Christopher Wool, and many others. His titles for TASCHEN include Taschen Collection, Martin Kippenberger, Jeff Koons, and Christopher Wool.

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“The definitive guide to modern art.”—ARENA, London
**A magnificent addition to the TASCHEN facsimile reprints.**

—Fortean Times, London

We owe a great debt to Jean Marc Bourgery (1797–1849) for his Atlas of Anatomy, which was not only a massive event in medical history but also remains one of the most comprehensive and beautifully illustrated anatomical treatises ever published in any language. In 1830, having received his doctorate in medicine three years prior, Bourgery began work on his magnificent atlas in cooperation with illustrator Nicolas Henri Jacob (1782–1871). The first volumes were published the following year, but completion of the treatise required nearly two decades of dedication.

The four parts of Bourgery’s treatise cover descriptive anatomy, surgical anatomy and techniques, general anatomy and embryology, and microscopic anatomy. Jacob’s spectacular hand-colored, life-size lithographs are remarkable for their clarity, color, and aesthetic appeal, reflecting a combination of direct laboratory observation and illustrative research; the images are to this day unsurpassed in anatomical illustration.

The authors: Jean-Marie Le Minor has been assistant professor of anatomy at the Louis Pasteur University in Strasbourg since 1990, radiologist at the University Hospitals in Strasbourg, member of the governing board of the Société Française d’Histoire de la Médecine, Laureate of the Académie Nationale de Médicine (Paris, 2003), and officer of the Ordre des Arts et des Lettres (French Ministry of Culture). He is also the author of several history books and numerous articles on science and history.

[Henri Sick](https://www.penandash.com/henri-sick) was professor of anatomy at the Louis Pasteur University in Strasbourg from 1972 to 2003 and director of the Institute of Normal Anatomy from 1994 to 2003. He is an officer of the Ordre des Palmes Académiques (French Ministry of Education); he is also the author of several books on sectional anatomy, as well as numerous scientific articles.

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This reprint explores the design and construction of this remarkable building; published in 1900 as a large folio by Gustave Eiffel himself in a limited edition of 500 copies, the original was never sold on the market—it was exclusively given and donated by Eiffel. Featuring 53 double-page plates of 4,300 technical drawings explaining the design as well as 33 photographs of the construction, the book reveals the complex and fascinating process of bringing the Eiffel Tower to life. Though the technical drawing will especially appeal to designers wishing to discover the engineering genius behind Eiffel’s masterpiece, everyone can appreciate this very rare and special book about Paris’s glorious mascot.

The author: Specialist in the history of architecture, construction, and cities in the 19th and 20th centuries, Bertrand Lemoine has curated numerous exhibitions and has widely published on the subjects of architecture and the history of iron and metal structures, including several books on the subject of Gustave Eiffel. Lemoine is director of the journal Architecture Acier Construction and has been editor in chief of AMC Le Moniteur Architecture and L’Acier pour Construire.

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The editor: Eric Kroll edited several titles for TASCHEN including Natasha Merrill’s Digital Dance and The Wonderful World of Bull Ward. His photography was the subject of TASCHEN’S Erotic Girls and Beauty Babes.

The contributing authors: Gabriel Schechter, a lifelong sports fanatic who idolized Willie Mays, Johnny Unitas, and Oscar Robertson, is a Research Associate at the National Baseball Hall of Fame. He is the author of four books, including This Bad Day in Yankees History. Writer/director Ron Shelton played second base in the Baltimore farm system for five years before making films including Bull Durham, White Men Can’t Jump, and Cobb. He is currently working on Our Lady of the Ballpark, a film about the Mexican Leagues.

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The editor: Angelika Taschen studied art history and German literature in Heidelberg, gaining her doctorate in 1986. Working for TASCHEN since 1987, she has published numerous titles on architecture, photography, design, contemporary art, interiors, and travel.

The photographer: Swiss-born Vincent Knapp (1957–2007) lived and worked in Paris for over two decades as a free-lance photographer, notably for Condé Nast magazines such as Architectural Digest, Vogue, and The World of Interiors.

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