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Mimesis and mystery in the work of Johannes Vermeer  Page 12

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Bettina Rheims’s thrilling 35-year retrospective  Page 26

COME READ WITH ME
Gay Talese’s seminal Sinatra portrait in a new letterpress edition  Page 82

DISCOVERING DEUTSCHLAND
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MAD MEN, THE 8TH SEASON
The making of Matthew Weiner’s television tour de force  Page 96

ZEN MASTERS
Michael O’Neill’s global yoga journey  Page 62
Have fun exploring and don’t forget to check out the new Collector’s Edition from Bettina Rheims (page 26)

Photo: Charlotte Gainsbourg by Bettina Rheims, 2007

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At TASCHEN, it is our pride and privilege to work with some of the greatest art masters of all time. We work to give each of these artists the respect and treatment they, and our readers, deserve, whether it's an alive and kicking contemporary or a star of the 17th-century. In particular, we spare no expense in presenting an artist's work in the best possible light, and often have paintings newly photographed with state-of-the-art technology so that their reproduction in our books is as close to the original as possible.

In the case of Vermeer: Complete Paintings, we had 18 out of 35 existing paintings newly photographed, working alongside some of the most esteemed museum collections in the world, including The Metropolitan Museum and The Frick Collection in New York, the National Gallery of Art in Washington, the Koninklijk Kabinet van Schilderijen Mauritshuis in The Hague, the Städel Museum in Frankfurt am Main, and Gemäldegalerie Alte Meister in Dresden.
The two figures' relation to each other in *The Glass of Wine* (c. 1658–1660, detail) is particularly subtle and multi-layered. The painting marks an advance in Vermeer's psychological penetration, as well as in his rendering of interior space.

*The Glass of Wine* was photographed in Berlin's Gemäldegalerie. It may not be a diva supermodel, but preparing this masterwork for its photo shoot requires all sorts of additional measures, preparations, and precautions.

First, there's the challenge of scheduling. Due to the extensive technical and logistical requirements involved in such photography, it can only take place when the museum is closed. Then the work has to be taken out of its frame, requiring a whole team of curators, photographers, conservators, and security to ensure that the work is protected at all times, on all fronts. Finally, the photographers themselves need to apply complex techniques such as cross-polarization in order to avoid unwanted reflections from the craquelure (superficial cracks, formed by the aging of paints) and to capture the work in all its glory.

Once the photographs are complete, our production department compares them to the original paintings to ensure that all colors and details are reproduced with optimum accuracy.

What happens next, we'll tell you next time: how a TASCHEN XL book is printed and bound.
Infallible eye

From domestic details to mysterious glances, Johannes Vermeer transformed oil paint into life.

“There is so much mystery in each painting, in the women he depicts, so many stories suggested but not told.”
— Tracy Chevalier, 2014

In Woman with a Pearl Necklace (c. 1663/64, detail), we see a young lady who is just completing her toilette. Like Vermeer’s most famous painting, Girl with a Pearl Earring, the work displays his absolute mastery of the surface and texture of fabric and jewels.
Born in the city of Delft where he spent his life and career, Jan Vermeer, aside from Rembrandt, counts as the most famous and important exponent of the Netherlands’ Golden Age.

Vermeer embodies his era in exemplary fashion, his work uniting everything that we feel to be characteristic and outstanding in this period: a sense of reality, precise observation, and a break with every sort of idealization. Vermeer is also remarkably individual in his unique mastery of the techniques and materials of painting. The all-conquering illusionism in his rendering of surfaces, for example, is owed to the velvety lustre of paint applied in minute dots, a technique which gives his paintings their extraordinary radiance and distinctive Vermeer character.

After producing three early works in rapid succession, Vermeer painted almost exclusively domestic interiors. His calm scenes, usually featuring one, two, or sometimes three figures are invariably set in a series of similar, albeit always slightly varying, rooms. The range of the action depicted is similarly limited: we encounter young women playing musical instruments, ladies receiving or writing letters, and couples either playing music together or conversing over a glass of wine. In spite of, or perhaps because of, such thematic limitation, Vermeer is regarded as the most important witness to the life of the wealthy bourgeoisie during the Dutch Golden Age. With pictures such as The Milkmaid, Girl with a Pearl Earring, or View of Delft he has stamped the visual memory of an entire culture: he was able to create an image of the Dutch nation, in which the Dutch recognized themselves and in which the world recognized them.

The Girl with a Pearl Earring is Vermeer’s best known picture: just a short time after its rediscovery, in the late 19th century, it was hailed as the artist’s masterpiece, the “Dutch Mona Lisa.” Since then, the work has inspired both an eponymous novel by American author Tracy Chevalier and a 2003 film adaptation of the book. Vermeer’s only surviving townscape, his View of Delft, shows his native city, but at the same time it evokes the very essence of a Dutch city: located on the water, traversed by a network of canals and over-arched by a sky full of racing clouds. Marcel Proust called the painting “the most beautiful picture in the world.”

Vermeer is often mythologized as the unknown master, a genius who had emerged out of nothing and then, just as mysteriously, disappeared, leaving little record of his earthly existence beyond his paintings. The fascination of this myth endures to this day. We are still entranced
Sunlight falls through a stained glass window in this interior detail from A Lady Writing a Letter with Her Maid (c. 1670/71). Now celebrated around the world, the painting remained unsold during Vermeer’s lifetime. At the time of his death, his widow gave it to a Delft baker, as security against unpaid bills.

“Sunlight falls through a stained glass window in this interior detail from A Lady Writing a Letter with Her Maid (c. 1670/71). Now celebrated around the world, the painting remained unsold during Vermeer’s lifetime. At the time of his death, his widow gave it to a Delft baker, as security against unpaid bills.”

by the notion of such a virtuoso artist, of whose life nothing is known and in whose paintings we find yet further, enduring, mystery.

Vermeer died at the early age of 43, and from the output of his 22-year career we are now familiar with only 35 primarily small and middle-sized paintings—by any definition a small body of work. Aside from this body of work, it is true that no notes or letters from his hand have ever been discovered. After his death, his name was almost forgotten except by a few Dutch art collectors and dealers. Outside Holland his pictures came to be erroneously attributed to other artists. It was not until 1860 that Vermeer was rediscovered; within a few decades he was enjoying quite spectacular posthumous renown. When the economic historian John Michael Montias researched the previously untapped sources from the Delft city archives in the 1970s and ’80s, he uncovered evidence not only of the life and work of Vermeer but also of his family environment and even his overall living conditions in a Dutch city of the Golden Age. As a result of these findings we now know that Vermeer’s father was not only a silk weaver, but had also worked as both a tavern keeper and an art dealer; and we now know a good deal more about the artist’s self-confident and resolute mother-in-law, Maria Thins.

Indeed, since Vermeer’s revival 150 years ago, there has been an enormous quantity of literature about the artist. An enormous variety of interpretations is to be found within these publications. On the one hand, there is an assumption that the rendering of scenes from the daily life of the Dutch bourgeoisie holds no deeper meaning. On the other hand, there is the supposition that these images carry within them a deep, philosophically or religiously inflected symbolism. The earlier theory positing essential “meaninglessness” has gradually lost its persuasion, and over the past few decades the notion of hidden meanings has found widespread acceptance. In the past few years two themes in particular have attracted the attention of many scholars: the hotly debated question as to whether Vermeer made use of any optical apparatus, such as a camera obscura, as an aid to composition; and the issue—arising in the context of gender studies—of the central role of women in his pictures and of what his works have to tell us of the position of women in 17th-century Dutch society.

Above: With gleaming pearl in her ear, Vermeer’s most celebrated subject turns towards us with moist lips parted, as if to say... what? Just a short time after its rediscovery in the late 19th century, Girl with a Pearl Earring (c. 1665–1667) was hailed the “Dutch Mona Lisa.” The mesmerizing mystery of this small composition subsequently inspired the best-selling novel of the same title and a film adaptation.

With brand new photography of many paintings, it reveals Vermeer’s narrative minutiæ, meticulous textural detail, and majestic planes of light. The artist’s restrained but richly evocative repertoire of domestic actions unfolds in a generous format, including three fold-out spreads. Numerous details, meanwhile, emphasize the artist’s remarkable ability not only to bear witness to the trends and trimmings of the Dutch Golden Age but also to encapsulate an entire story in just one transient gesture, expression, or look, whether the unknown correspondence in Lady Reading a Letter or the ever beguiling, enigmatic glance of Girl with a Pearl Earring.

“The supposition that these images carry a deep, philosophically or religiously inflected symbolism has found wide acceptance.”

—Vincent van Gogh, 1888

“This strange painter’s palette is blue, lemon yellow, pearl grey, black, white... the arrangement...is as characteristic of him as the black, white, grey, pink is of Velázquez.” —Vincent van Gogh, 1888
A spirit of doubt or hesitation seems to hover in the air in Mistress and Maid (c. 1666/67, detail), one of Vermeer's earliest works in which his deft use of gestures and glances is already apparent.
Featuring brand new photography, the XL-Vermeer monograph celebrates a mesmerizing combination of mimesis and mystery.

Right: The Art of Painting (c. 1666–1668, detail) shows a female artist’s model, posed and costumed as Clio, the Muse of History. The picture is in many respects an exception within Vermeer’s oeuvre. It does not depict an episode from the everyday life of contemporary Dutch society, but is rather an allegorical work about the very act of painting.

This XL edition presents the complete catalog of Vermeer’s work, gathering together the calm yet compelling scenes so treasured in galleries across Europe and the United States. With brand new photography, Vermeer’s paintings unfold in generous format, including three fold-out spreads.

Numerous detail images emphasize the artist’s remarkable ability not only to bear witness to the trends and household trimmings of the Dutch Golden Age but also to encapsulate an entire story in a particular action or expression, whether the beguiling glance of Girl with a Pearl Earring or the unknown correspondence in Lady Reading a Letter.
Unclassifiable Rheims

More than 500 photographs from 35 years of daring, defiant photography

Don’t miss Bettina Rheims’s retrospective at Maison Européenne de la Photographie, Paris, January 27 to March 27, 2016


Opposite: Close-up of Karolína Kurková, the most beautiful girl in town, December 2001, Paris.
Limited to a total number of 1,000 copies signed by Bettina Rheims

Since her first photographs in the late 70s, Bettina Rheims has defied the predictable. From her series on Pigalle strippers to her cycle on the life of Jesus in I.N.R.I., from Chanel commercials to Gender Studies, her work has shaken up traditional iconography and pushed restlessly at the breaking point between two great human preoccupations: beauty and imperfection.

This limited Collector's Edition is the ultimate Rheims retrospective, showcasing more than 500 photographs from 35 years of daring, often defiant, photography. Personally selected and assembled by Rheims, the collection juxtaposes renowned series such as Chambre Close with many previously unpublished archival pictures. A companion volume assembles press cuttings, behind-the-scenes material, and personal memories to trace her illustrious career.

ART EDITION NO. 1–100

Lora, January 2008, Paris (page 29)
C-print on Kodak RC Satin paper.

ART EDITION NO. 101–200

Marthe en guêpière, February 1987, Paris (opposite page). Inkjet Print on Harman Gloss paper, signed and dated (verso) by Bettina Rheims, 30 x 40 cm (11.8 x 15.7 in.) paper size.
$ 1,800 / € 1,250 / £ 1,000 each

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Betina Rheims
Edited by Patrick Remy
Hardcover with companion volume in clamshell box, 30.5 x 23 cm (12 x 9.4 in.), 454 pp.
A LOST LAND
The first color images of Germany rediscover the beauty and optimism of the pre-war period.
Belle Époque, Wilhelminian Empire, first German economic miracle. The Germany on the threshold of the 20th century has acquired various “subtitles.” For many contemporaries it is a time of economic and cultural flowering, of prosperity and optimism. Above all, however, it is an unusually long period of peace at the end of a turbulent 19th century hallmarked by historic upheavals and revolutions in the spheres of politics, the economy, industry, transport, and society.

The last great military conflict was the Franco-Prussian War of 1870/1871, whose conclusion brings Germany not only enormous reparations payments from a defeated France (a major engine of Germany’s growth in the 1870s) but also the founding of the German Empire (1871–1918). The Prussian King Wilhelm I of the House of Hohenzollern is proclaimed German emperor. This Germany, a federal state with a constitutional monarchy under the hegemony of Prussia, represents a merger of the four kingdoms of Prussia (with its many provinces), Bavaria, Württemberg, and Saxony, of six grand duchies, five duchies, seven principalities, the three Free Hanseatic cities of Lübeck, Hamburg, and Bremen, and the Imperial Territory of Alsace-Lorraine, newly created from territories annexed by the Germans against the wishes of the local population and treated as a Prussian province.

From June 1888 to the end of the First World War and his abdication on November 28, 1918, the Empire is ruled by Kaiser Wilhelm II. A whole epoch is named after him! “Wilhelminism” stands for outward pomp, but also for a society fraught with inner tensions. Around 1890 a dynamic economic boom sets in that lasts almost without interruption right up to the First World War. Major stimuli for growth come above all from the “new” industries:

**Rose-tinted**

Dating from 1889 to 1911, the photochroms gathered in Germany around 1900 reveal a land of soaring spires, natural wonders, and fairy-tale castles on hills.

“The images convey an atmosphere of harmony as well as a generous portion of painterly Romanticism.”

Prussian King Wilhelm I of the House of Hohenzollern is proclaimed German Emperor. This Germany, a federal state with a constitutional monarchy under the hegemony of Prussia, represents a merger of the four kingdoms of Prussia (with its many provinces), Bavaria, Württemberg, and Saxony, of six grand duchies, five duchies, seven principalities, the three Free Hanseatic cities of Lübeck, Hamburg, and Bremen, and the Imperial Territory of Alsace-Lorraine, newly created from territories annexed by the Germans against the wishes of the local population and treated as a Prussian province.

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Bastei Bridge seen from Ferdinandstein rock. Rising 640 feet (195 m) steeply up from the Elbe, the striking Bastei rock formation is one of the most popular vantage points in Saxon Switzerland.
on the roads. The early history of aviation also falls into these years: On July 2, 1900, the first Zeppelin airship takes to the skies over Lake Constance and in 1891 Otto Lilienthal becomes the first person to soar into the air in his glider construction, even if he only travels 27 yards (25 m). The revolution in transport and increasing amounts of leisure time are key factors in the growth of the tourist industry. From the North Sea islands to the Alps, Germany becomes an attractive destination and tourism a major business. People no longer travel purely to carry out commissions or out of necessity, but for pleasure, as a way of spending their free time, to “get away from it all.” Whereas most of those who traveled in the early 19th century did so on their own, travel now develops in the direction of a “mass phenomenon,” still somewhat exclusive and not within reach of every “average citizen,” but also no longer the privilege of the few. Travel agents see business booming, offer tours of all kinds, and produce travel brochures. Baedeker’s Travel Guide, first published in 1832, is an indispensable companion for most people. Tourists send dozens of postcards, or collect, as visual reminders of what they have seen, the latest sensational invention: photochroms!

Their orientation towards the tourist market thus also explains the portrait of Germany around the turn of the century painted by the photochroms in our book: What we see is not a comprehensive documentation of the country as a whole, with all its good and bad points, but a body of pictures focused entirely on well known sights and attractions. Against the backdrop of the dynamic developments described above, these images in many cases seem astonishingly “tranquil.” Coupled with the charming, very special quality of photochrom coloring, they convey an atmosphere of harmony and a generous portion of painterly Romanticism. And just as they transported the travelers of their day to a nostalgic “somewhere else,” so they continue to do today. All the more so, indeed, as they bring back to life places that have since suffered the ravages of time and the devastation of the wars of the 20th century. We have souvenir photography to thank for the fact that the “old days” arise again in their former, unscathed glory, and the virtuoso photochromists for the fact that they do so in color!
"Men of the world" are met at spas and many a mother seeks to make a good match for her daughters. Refined society dresses elegantly even on the beach. There is no frolicking in the waves as we understand it today, and certainly no swimming. It is more a matter of a taking a quick dip. For Germans around the turn of the century, a spa visit—originally instigated for reasons of health—has become a social event par excellence.
For Berlin, the founding of the German Empire in 1871 signifies a "promotion": from capital of the Kingdom of Prussia to capital of the whole of Germany. It is true that not everyone at the time considers Berlin fit for its new role, but over the next 30 years the "Athens on the Spree" transforms itself from provincial royal residence to cosmopolitan metropolis. The tremendous pace at which this metamorphosis takes place prompts Mark Twain, in 1892, to declare Berlin the "Chicago of Europe."
From the Bavarian Alps to the Baltic Coast

Spanning the length and breadth of Germany, this remarkable collection features the first color photographic images of what was then a young, prosperous, and self-confident nation. From the authors of the critically acclaimed *American Odyssey*, the book features some 800 photochroms to create a fascinating, poignant panorama of the country’s most beautiful and mythical sites, before the ravages of time and traumas of history set in.

**GERMANY AROUND 1900**
LILLENHAEGE 1900

Marc Walter, Sabine Arqué, Karin Lelonek
Hardcover with fold-outs, 29 x 39.5 cm (11.4 x 15.6 in.) 612 pp.
$ 200 / € 150 / £ 135

Germany around 1900. A Portrait in Colour
Marc Walter, Sabine Arqué, Karin Lelonek
Hardcover with fold-outs, 29 x 39.5 cm (11.4 x 15.6 in.) 612 pp.
$ 200 / € 150 / £ 135
Reviving East of the Sun and West of the Moon, Kay Nielsen's Scandinavian masterwork

Fairy tale finesse

A prince and a princess set out to find the heart of an evil giant. In The Giant who had no Heart in his Body, “On that island stands a church. In that church is a well. In that well swims a duck. In that duck there is an egg, and in that egg there lies my heart.”
The origins of Norway’s famous folktales
Noel Daniel

In 1840, Norwegian folklorists Peter Christen Asbjørnsen and Jørgen Engebretsen Moe were putting the finishing touches on their first collection of folktales, which they had sourced in the rugged and remote mountains, high terrain, and fjords of Norway. Friends since they were teenagers, they were passionate about native folklore and had spent years traveling separately – and on foot – to ancient farming, fishing, and mining communities to write down local tales of trolls, witches, and giants firsthand. They were fascinated by the unique mix of magical scenarios with traces of ancient Norse pagan mythology and the Old Norse sagas of the Vikings, local customs, and the mores of the medieval Christian missionaries who had arrived inland almost a thousand years before. Asbjørnsen and Moe were on their way to compiling from scratch an unprecedented treasure trove of rich native Norwegian folktales. But when Asbjørnsen and Moe shopped around their first batch of tales for publication, they had a hard time drumming up appreciation. The tales were criticized as frivolous and infantile, and publishers did not think readers would be interested. The collection was eventually published in 1841, and although it was slight and anonymous, it immediately struck a chord with the literati in Norway and across Europe. The Brothers Grimm in Germany, whose own collection of Germanic folktales from 1812 had inspired Asbjørnsen and Moe to undertake theirs, called the contents of the Norwegians’ little pamphlet “the best folktales that exist.” The release of more tales shortly thereafter, and finally a large collection of sixty tales in 1851–52 (which contains the majority of the tales in this book), and over one hundred total in the years to come, hugely influenced Norway’s national identity and language in ways that are still strongly felt today.

“The tales offered a consensus of past and present voices, customs, and traditions that reflected a unique Norwegian rural culture.”

Left: Asbjørnsen and Moe’s Norwegian folktales play out against the backdrop of a rugged landscape inhabited by trolls, witches, and giants. This photograph from c. 1860 by Swedish photographer Axel Lindahl, was taken in the scenic Nærøy Valley in western Norway.

Opposite: In The Three Princesses of Whiteland, a young King travels far and wide to return home to his Queen. “When he had gone a good way, he came to a high hill. There he met one who was lord over all the beasts of the wood. The man gave him a pair of snowshoes.”
In *The Three Princesses of Whiteland*, a fisherman loses a bargain and encounters a series of trials and troubles: "You'll come to three Princesses, whom you will see standing in the earth up to their necks, with only their heads out."

"Nielsen delighted in colorful exuberance, pattern, and an Oriental inventiveness. He borrowed from a love of early Italian painting, delicate Persian miniatures, and Indian and Chinese landscapes."

— *The Daily Telegraph*, London
In 2008, a signed copy of the 1914 deluxe first edition of Nielsen’s East of the Sun and West of the Moon sold for the highest price ever achieved for an illustrated children’s book. Norway’s richest storytelling traditions were found in its rural communities. This c. 1880 photograph of a woman with a basket and a child, right, in traditional folk costume and headdress was taken on a farm in central Norway.

Opposite: In The Three Princesses in the Blue Mountain, a soldier finds an old rusty whistle in a cupboard. “I wonder if there is any sound in it,” he thought, and put it to his mouth. No sooner had he whistled than he heard a whistling and a whining from all quarters, and such a large flock of birds swept down that they blackened all the field in which they settled.”
work by the rising star Kay Nielsen to be printed in four colors. They named it *East of the Sun and West of the Moon* after one of the lead tales, where disorienting coordinates reset our compass to a fantastical cosmos. More than ten years before the same publishing house would commission Nielsen to illustrate books of the fairy tales of the legendary Brothers Grimm and Hans Christian Andersen, they chose Asbjørnsen and Moe’s Norwegian tales. Thus, while Romantic nationalism swept across Europe during this time, a porous internationalism rose in its wake and took a seat at the same table of widespread interest in vernacular culture and folklore. As the folklore reflected the colloquial language and customs of specific national identities, the artists who illustrated the anthologies were from an international metropolitan class engaged with the ebb and flow of artistic movements that were crossing national borders, such as: Arts and Crafts, Art Nouveau, Art Deco, and modernism.

Artists from all over Europe were traveling to study and work in major cities, and Nielsen was one of them. They helped transform London, Paris, Berlin, Vienna, Munich, and New York into cities with distinct cultures of their own. A Dane, Nielsen was educated in Paris, was active in theater in Copenhagen, became a star in London, and was later a creative director in Hollywood. The influences were international, the art academies world-class, the artists multilingual, the color printing technology cutting-edge, and the cities rife with art collections and museums for research, national theaters, powerful publishing houses, and lucrative art galleries. A century earlier, it would have been deeply ironic for a Danish artist to illustrate Asbjørnsen and Moe’s Norwegian tales given the fraught history of the two nations. But one hundred years on, in the hard nosed, high-stakes international business of publishing, no one protested that the Danish Nielsen wasn’t fit to illustrate the tales. You didn’t have to be German to illustrate the Brothers Grimm tales, just as Nielsen’s Danish heritage did not preclude him from illustrating the Norwegian ones. During his career, Nielsen illustrated Norwegian, German, Danish, French, and Arabian tales. In fact, *East of the Sun and West of the Moon* proved to be Nielsen’s breakout book, cementing his place among the greats of the golden age of book illustration.

"*East of the Sun and West of the Moon* proved to be Nielsen’s breakout book, cementing his place among the greats of the golden age of book illustration."
Magic and masterful drawing
A world heritage classic in illustration and children's literature


In this new edition, TASCHEN revives Nielsen's *East of the Sun and West of the Moon* with an all-new design featuring double-spreads and numerous enlarged details. The book is printed in five colors with a lovingly designed slipcase and three essays exploring Nielsen's career as well as the history of Norwegian folktales.

Kay Nielsen. *East of the Sun and West of the Moon*
Edited by Noel Daniel, Hardcover in a slipcase with ribbon bookmark, 23 x 28.7 cm (9.1 x 11.3 in.) 168 pp. $39.99 / €29.99 / £24.99 each

Other TASCHEN fairy tale books edited by Noel Daniel:


Scene from *The Widow's Son* in which the lad escapes the cruel Troll with the help of a horse: "But still the Horse begged him to look behind him."

Introducing the New Signature Touch: the evolution of an icon. Discover the world of Vertu, where extraordinary becomes reality.
Poses of peace

Michael O'Neill's meditation on the essence of yoga

“Yoga is at a critical juncture in its long history. I wanted to pay homage to its classical lineage and understand this unique moment before it slips away.”

Some years before I started practicing yoga seriously, I made a set of photographs of His Holiness the Dalai Lama. I had a number of gold-leaf panels painted in New York and shipped to the location where we reconstructed them on a hot summer day. We’d gotten some wonderful frames of His Holiness meditating, and by the end of the shoot I was dripping in perspiration. It is proper protocol to sit slightly lower than His Holiness, so I was kneeling to his left. Smiling at me, he reached down and with the side of his forefinger gently swept from my jaw upward to catch and clean the beads of my sweat. It was such a simple, heartfelt gesture, and with a bigger smile he said, “You’ve worked so hard.”

My dedication to work was a constant, never-ending pursuit of perfection and excellence. Some 35 years later the travel, the 14-hour days, the pressure of concentrated, intensified sittings brought me to the surgeon’s table to fix some calcified nerves in my neck. When I came out of the surgery, my right arm—my camera arm—was paralyzed. The neurologists told me I would never use it again. I could have accepted this, sued the surgeon for medical malpractice, resigned myself to living with a disability. Instead, I decided to choose a different path and shifted my intention in a much more positive direction. The first step I could take in order to really confront what I was going through was to study meditation, to learn to sit with myself, to calm the fear. I then worked with a brilliant hydrotherapist who helped me move my arm again, inch by inch, using the resistance of water. At the same time, I practiced meditation with molecular biologist and mindfulness master Jon Kabat-Zinn. By the end of year one, the very nerves the experts had pronounced dead had almost completely regenerated themselves, and I could use my arm. Yoga and meditation had become indispensable to my life.

“Mindful eyes
Michael O’Neill introduces his journey through the world of yoga

—Yogi Bhajan
The journey never had a specific destination. It was simply my own personal path with yoga. That path was a river, and the purpose was the process itself. I had not been back to India for quite a number of years but the Ganges, “Ganga Mata,” was mother to me — my energy flow through my relationship with yoga. It often felt like rafting, like river running. I would “put in” then float, drift, pull the oars, never knowing what was around the bend. And then at some point I would “take out” and the flow would become its own meditation.

The next step in this journey would begin four years after my surgery. It was during the dog days of summer in New York City; and finally after so many humid, hot nights the evening was cool, the sky a beautiful indigo. I had just left a yoga class, when I noticed a woman walking down Fifth Avenue in a crisp white shirt smiling at me. It was my friend Susan White, the director of photography at Vanity Fair. How strange that in a city of over eight million people you can literally bump into someone you know. “So you’re doing yoga too?” she asked me, with a nod to the mat rolled under my arm. We talked about our respective yoga practices, and eventually I got around to telling her I’d love to do a portfolio of the masters and gurus of yoga. Susan simply said, “Absolutely,” and followed with, “and then a book.” The project changed my life. I’d been wondering what the next transformation would be. And now I had an answer. The yoga series gave me a new focus. It was my idea, my passion, so much more than just a hobby.

This project has occupied a 10-year chunk of my life. The photographs have been culled from different time periods, different attitudes. I was using a small camera, a big camera, a bigger camera. I was working with a crew of guides, translators, assistants, and drivers under rough conditions and on my own with nothing but a hand-cranked darkroom—the womb-like environment where everything and anything exists. This is especially true in the darkroom—the womb-like environment and soft, constant burble of water has a flow, an alchemy. Your creation is brought out through liquid onto paper and is alive. It’s magic. You immerse your hands in the transformative liquid just as you immerse your body in the transformative water of the Ganges, the mother of life. Yoga mirrors that sense of creation and requires that you turn the mirror inward and confront the most basic elements of your existence. Just as yoga will lose something essential in this age of the quick fix, photography, gone digital, is losing something essential as darkroom craft becomes a thing of the past.

Aside from my family, the passions of my life are yoga and photography. The concentration of both the yoga and photographic processes are one and the same. Both involve bringing an open mind to see what is really there. Both require patience and reward practice. Both are meditations in that they are totally engrossing. When you are in that moment, in that flow, nothing else exists. This is especially true in the darkroom — the womb-like environment and soft, constant burble of water has a flow, an alchemy. Your creation is brought out through liquid onto paper and is alive. It’s magic. You immerse your hands in the transformative liquid just as you immerse your body in the transformative water of the Ganges, the mother of life.

Yoga’s purpose is to move toward what Guru Prem Singh Khalsa calls “white alignment” through a series of postures that aid in stillness of mind and heart, and bring the practitioner closer to touching the infinite. Durvasasana (squatting version of the pose of the irascible sage, Durvasa), Nageshwar Giri, Haridwar, March 20, 2010.
The mind has no particular form, shape, or purpose other than that of reflection. Just as a crystal reflects any color placed next to it, when the mind is directed out toward the world through the eyes and other senses, it reflects the world.
— Eddie Stern

I remember nights in the Himalayas sleeping with the Sherpas on dirt floors when it was 30 degrees or less inside. I remember another evening walking by the Ganges, just being one with the sounds, the movement, the flow of the holy river. It was one of the highlights of my life to meditate with some of the masters, to be educated by them, to be blessed by them, and to bathe in the Ganges with 70 million people during the Kumbh Mela festivals.

I would return from India sick every time. My Brazilian wife would say “não mais,” but I continued to go back for eight more trips. Not to mention traveling all over the United States to photograph American masters and celebrities who have managed to integrate yoga into their otherwise highly public lives. I was particularly fortunate that the great teacher Gurmukh agreed to be photographed. She understood the imperative of this photographic document. She happens to be one of my main teachers and someone with whom I’m quite close. We had shared a pilgrimage (yatra) to Mount Kailash through Tibet by Land Cruiser. Her wish was to be photographed at the Golden Temple, the most holy place in the Sikh religion. Something in that photograph from Amritsar, her subtle, holy smile, tells you her meditation there was totally different than it would have been at her Golden Bridge Yoga studio in Santa Monica. But it was something she said that made all the treks I did, all the pictures I made, all the intestinal bugs I caught, all the time I spent away from my family, worthwhile.

She believes that I am being used as a channel. “The yogic traditions are flowing from the ancients through you.” I don’t know if that’s true, but I’d like to think so.

“This book is a definitive pictorial compendium of modern yogis photographed by Michael O’Neill... a unique and valuable chronicle of an ancient tradition of human endeavor.”
— Guru Dhanm Khalsa
“A guru is a person who takes darkness away from the light of our spirits.”

— Michael O’Neill

It is only with mystics and yogis that the questions arose: What is it that we are truly searching for? Where does true fulfillment occur? Who am I?

Below: The word asana literally means “seat.” In early yoga, that seat was used as a platform to find a physical, internal balance. Levitating Lotus. Varanasi, February 21, 2009.

“The concentration of both the yoga and photographic processes are one and the same. Both involve bringing an open mind to see what is really there. Both require patience and reward practice. Both are meditations in that they are totally engrossing. When you are in that moment, in that flow, nothing else exists.” — Michael O’Neill

Walking by the Ganges, just being one with the sounds, the movement, the flow of the holy river. The Triveni Sangram is the confluence of the Ganges and Yamuna with the mythical Sarasvati, merging into the holiest of holy places on the Ganges. Kumbh Mela, Allahabad, January 21, 2007.
This extraordinary body of work tells the story of yoga as it’s never been told before. With almost 200 images, it traces the journey of Michael O’Neill, the photographer and yogi who spent a decade traversing America and India to capture the essence of yoga as a physical, spiritual, and mindful practice. From some of the most influential yogis of our time such as B. K. S. Iyengar, Shri K. Pattabhi Jois, and Colleen Saidman, to boys practicing the little known discipline of Mallakhamba at the wrestling grounds of Kochi, O’Neill’s images celebrate both the rich lineage and the modern global community of yoga. The pictures are illuminated with stories from his travels and essays by meditation master H. H. Swami Chidanand Saraswatiji and Ashtanga guru Eddie Stern.

“...This book brings a new experience of yoga to its readers. As they witness union in the images—unions of light and dark, artist and subject, form and motion, life and death—they will experience... a blossoming of union, of true yoga, within themselves.” — H. H. Swami Chidanand Saraswatiji

Above: Embracing yoga. Happy Michael O’Neill with the first copies of his YOGA book. Om!
Opposite: In photographing people practicing yoga, I realized that I’m as interested in the subject’s perfection of intention and energy, as in their perfection of form. Rajender Dhobal. Lake Manasarovar, Tibet (the holiest lake to four religions), June 2006.
A peek inside James Henry’s... and José Avillez’s fridge
**James Henry**

James Henry, the most punk rock of Paris' new wave of chefs, learned to cook in part-time jobs in his native Australia. The under-the-counter fridge he shares with his roommates is pure utility, almost half full of beer, bottles of vodka and cough syrup, salted Sicilian anchovies, and industrial goat cheese.

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**Annie Féolde**

The first female chef to obtain three Michelin stars outside of France, Annie Féolde eats most days in her restaurant in Florence but always has a few staples in her fridge: ham and mozzarella, mayonnaise and tom yum paste, anchovies, caviar, and anchovy cream. “You can do great stuff with this, like salad sauces.”

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**José Avillez**

Portugal’s most enterprising and media savvy chef sees himself as a harbinger of traditional Portuguese cooking with a contemporary twist. His pristine fridge abounds in seasonal produce; ocean perch and sheep’s milk cheese, cherries from his neighbor, and lamb tripe sausage.

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**Fatéma Hal**

A culinary hero in both her native Morocco and her adoptive France, Fatéma Hal reserves Sundays and Mondays for home dining. Her fridge is a mix of staples such as organic honeys, store bought pickles, and sweet peppers, mingled with absinthe leaves, North African figs, and Moroccan saffron.

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**Tuscan Beans**

**Serves 4**

- 500g (1 lb 2 oz) cannellini beans
- 200ml (7 fl oz) olive oil, divided
- 2 shallots, minced
- 1 clove garlic, minced
- 20g (1 oz) fresh dried chili
- 5g (1 tsp) coriander, chopped
- 25g (1 oz) blanched almonds
- 100g (3½ oz) butter
- 5ml (1 tsp) cinnamon
- 100g (6.6 Tbsp) sugar
- 500g (1.1 lbs) dried figs
- 750ml (3 cups plus 3 Tbsp) water, divided
- 1 bunch coriander (cilantro), chopped
- 2ml (½ tsp) salt
- 5 saffron threads
- 5ml (1 tsp) ginger, minced
- 2 garlic cloves, smashed
- 3 small onions, minced
- 120ml (8 Tbsp) olive oil, divided

Serves 6–8

**Chicken Tagine**

**Serves 6**

- 800g (1⅔ lbs) medium shrimp, peeled, deveined
- 30ml (2 Tbsp) olive oil
- 5g (1 tsp) salt
- 6g (1 tsp) pepper
- 50g (2 oz) garlic, peeled, thinly sliced
- 30ml (2 Tbsp) olive oil
- 800g (1⅔ lbs) medium shrimp, peeled, deveined
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- ...
Ours is the era of the celebrity chef. Like never before, we’re fascinated by fine food and the personalities who create it. Newspapers follow the antics of our favorite cooks in and out of the kitchen, bake-offs become hit TV shows, and chef-owned restaurants have queues trailing round the block. Amid the frenzy, the world of creative dining can end up feeling far removed from hungry, weary evenings after work, or a gaggle of grouchy kids wanting a snack after soccer.

How to inject those tasty flavors into your hectic schedule? Like no other culinary series, Inside Chefs’ Fridges brings the heavenly cuisine back down to earth with profiles of the home fridges of the world’s most innovative and interesting chefs. Enter the inner sanctum of culinary creativity, as each chef’s profile reveals their dependable fridge contents, their staple ingredients, and their personal food habits, as well as their most treasured home recipes.

“We’ve been to the bistro chef’s sparsely decorated bachelor pad and been privy to the palatial residences of eminent culinary stars. The result of our quest? A revelatory new series in which world-class stars of the kitchen reveal their staple ingredients, their favorite local flavors, and their most dependable home recipes. Through classic masters and self taught iconoclasts, call in on the gurus of gourmet and let culinary genius meet domestic reality.”

— Carrie Solomon, Adrian Moore
“He is the champ who made the big comeback, the man who had everything, lost it, then got it back, letting nothing stand in his way, doing what few men can do...”
—Gay Talese

“OL’ BLUE EYES IS BACK”

Gay Talese’s seminal essay on Frank Sinatra, printed for the first time in letterpress, with pictures from Phil Stern

Frank Sinatra in front of his Learjet with fellow Rat Pack member Dean Martin, 1965.
Photo: John Bryson.
GAY TALESE
FRANK SINATRA HAS A COLD
PHIL STERN
The first edition of this book is limited to 5,000 numbered copies, each hand signed by Gay Talese. The type is set in Miller Banner and letterpress printed on natural uncoated paper. Facsimile reproductions of the author’s notes from November 1965 to March 1966 are tipped in at the opening of each chapter, including this colorful draft for scenes 3–6 of Frank Sinatra Has a Cold.
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**Frank Sinatra Returned to Los Angeles, A Lovely City of Sun and Sex...**

A Star Was Born: The Story of Little Men and Little Women Sliding In and Out of Convertibles in Tense Tight Pants.

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**Larry McMurtry**
SCENE VI
RECORDING SESSION

His childhood was one of loneliness and a drive toward attention, and since attaining it he has never again been certain of solitude.

— LYTLE
All or nothing at all

Gay Talese recalls how he turned a cancelled interview into a triumph of New Journalism

During the winter of 1965 I recall being sent to Los Angeles by Esquire for an interview with Frank Sinatra, which the singer’s publicist had arranged earlier with the magazine’s editor. But after I had checked into the Beverly Wilshire, had reserved a rental car in the hotel garage, and had spent the evening of my arrival digesting a thick pack of background material on Sinatra, I received a call from Sinatra’s office saying that my scheduled interview the next afternoon would not take place.

Mr. Sinatra was very upset by the latest news items about the Mafia, I continued to meet with people who were variously employed in some of Sinatra’s many business enterprises—his record company, his film company, his real estate operation, his missile parts firm, his airplane hangar—and I also saw people who were more personally associated with the singer, such as his overshadowed son, his favorite haberdasher in Beverly Hills, one of his bodyguards (an ex–pro lineman), and a little gray-haired lady who traveled with Sinatra around the country on concert tours, carrying in a satchel his sixty hairpieces.

In total, I stayed another three weeks and ran up expenses close to $3,000, taking people out each day to lunch and dinner. I returned to New York, and then took another six weeks to organize and write a fifty-five-page article that was largely

while I was never given the opportunity to sit down and speak with Frank Sinatra, this fact is perhaps one of the strengths of the article.

drawn from a two-hundred-page chronicle that represented interviews with more than one hundred people and described Sinatra in such places as a bar in Beverly Hills (where he got into a fight), a casino in Las Vegas (where he lost a small fortune at blackjack), and the NBC studio in Burbank (where, after recovering from the cold, he reslated the show and sang beautifully). While I was never given the opportunity to sit down and speak alone with Frank Sinatra, this fact is perhaps one of the strengths of the article. What could he or would he have said (being among the most guarded of public figures) that would have revealed him better than an observing writer watching him in action, seeing him in stressful situations, listening and lingering along the sidelines of his life? This method of lingering and careful listening and describing scenes that offer insight into the individual’s character and personality—a method that came to be called the New Journalism—was, at its best, really fortified by the “Old Journalism’s” principles of tireless legwork and fidelity to factual accuracy. As time-consuming and financially costly as it was, it was this research that marked my Sinatra piece and dozens of other magazine articles that I published during the 1960s.

Gay Talese’s crystalline portrait of Frank Sinatra, first published in 1966, combined faithful fact with vivid storytelling in a triumph of New Journalism, revealing as much about celebrity at large as it did about Sinatra himself.

In this Collector’s Edition, *Frank Sinatra Has a Cold* is published in letterpress, complete with an introduction by Gay Talese and facsimile reproductions of manuscript pages, correspondence, and other papers from the author’s archive.

The text is brought to life with pictures from the legendary lens of Phil Stern, the only photographer granted access to Sinatra over four decades (from the 1940s to ‘70s)—along with classic moments from top photojournalists of the ‘60s, including John Bryson, John Dominis, and Terry O’Neill.

**Collector’s Edition of 5,000 numbered copies, each signed by Gay Talese.**

*TASCHEN’s literary books take great works of nonfiction and pair them with photography from the golden age of photojournalism. Further titles will include *The Fight* by Norman Mailer, The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test and The Right Stuff by Tom Wolfe, and The Fire Next Time by James Baldwin.*

- Limited edition signed by Gay Talese
- Silkscreened hardcover with an embossed paper case
- The text is letterpress printed on a natural uncoated paper
- Facsimile reproductions of Gay Talese’s original storyboard and manuscript pages

$200 / €200 / £150
Set for perfection
Jon Hamm outside the Draper's midcentury modern Los Angeles home, one of the many elaborate period sets created by Production Designer Dan Bishop.

“We're flawed because we want so much more. We're ruined because we get these things and wish for what we had.”
— Don Draper from “The Summer Man,” Season Four, Episode Eight
“The best compliment I ever got was, ‘Mad Men feels like Woody Allen and David Lynch had a baby.’ I’ll take it.”

—Matthew Weiner
“When a man walks into a room, he brings his whole life with him. He has a million reasons for being anywhere. Just ask him. If you listen, he’ll tell you how he got there. If you listen, he’ll tell you how he thought he was an angel or dreamt of being perfect. And then he’ll smile with wisdom, content that he realized the world isn’t perfect. We’re flawed because we want so much more. We’re ruined because we get these things and wish for what we had.”

— Don Draper from “The Summer Man,” Season Four, Episode Eight

Making Mad Men
The pilot of Mad Men got me the job on The Sopranos. I wrote the pilot while I was working on a sitcom called Becker. I was not happy with what I was doing or I would’ve written Mad Men. It was so different than my job and I wrote it at night for free. There was no studio, no check, no one to pitch it to. There was nothing. Literally, it was “Here is a script. Can I sell it already in existence?” I knew I couldn’t pitch it. I tried a couple of times and everybody responded, “What? You work in TV, do you ever watch it? Good luck executing that...” because it was a period piece that was very internal and it sounded to them like there was nothing commercial about it. Once we made it there was nothing commercial about it either, because it had no stars. It’s hard to explain on the A side of it. Period pieces are expensive. It’s all about cigarettes—the main character is cheating on his wife. I can’t even tell you how many things about it are not commercially appealing to people. Plus the fact, then as now, that American television and film seems to be driven by foreign sales, which I don’t even understand because we have so many people here, and we spend so much money. The feeling was that it was so American no one in the world would ever be interested in it, but I thought “This is the America everybody loves.” I have a certain sense about who I am as a writer, what I have to say, what makes a story, and what an intelligent audience understands. I ended up looking through my notes and finding very little in terms of ideas I had when I was writing the pilot, but I came across a different script that I had written and abandoned in the ’90s. 80 pages long, it was called The Horse Shoe, and centered on this guy, Peter Whitman, and how the generation that grew up during the Great Depression had come to rule the country. It was the journey of a transformative person, this American archetype like Jay Gatsby, who was able to change his personality. I was inspired by these biographies I had read of people like Sam Walton, Bill Clinton, Rockefeller, Lee Iacocca—self-made people who were running the country at the time. I imagined that I would tell the story sort of in flashes, although I never ended up writing that part of it. I just told the narrative of his life, imagining that it would climax with the millennium when those people were running the country. I had abandoned this script sometime in 1996 or 1997. I started looking through it and the last page read “Ossining, 1960.” At least four years had passed between when I abandoned the script and when I wrote the Mad Men pilot, and then another three before AMC was interested but I was obviously still interested in this guy, and I said, “Oh my god. That’s who Don Draper is. He is that guy.” I pitched them this story. The last scene in the thing before “Ossining, 1960” was him witnessing his own funeral, which we did toward the end of Season One. A lot of those flashbacks are rewritten versions of things that were in that script—the hobo, the half brother, the identity...
The Evolution of Don Draper

I loved advertising, and was interested in the ’50s, because of the maturity and intellectual idealism in American culture then. The popular mass culture was very intellectual. *Catch-22* was on the best-sellers list. People were expected to be educated.

Advertising was also a huge part of the culture with ad men totally admired as a kind of rock stars of the period. It embodies an American fantasy about having a creative job where you make money. Also, the idea of advertising as a reflection of the culture and not necessarily a leader in the culture was interesting and I identified with the personalities and the era. This whole generation that comes out of the war; that’s been born during the Great Depression from rural poverty—this is the generation of leadership that came about in the United States. It’s one where you have to completely invent yourself. You can go to New York, the place where anybody can be anything, even if you’re foreign. There are very few places in the world where you can be the son of a minister from West Virginia and end up a magnate without striking oil. You can talk your way into success.

This sense of privation, and this dark dual identity of having been through the war inform the character, like all film noir characters, “Okay, I’m here, I’m solving crimes. Or: I’m here and I’m trying to find a woman. Or: I’m here just trying to do my job, but I have this dark past.”

I started reading biographies and

*Lef t and opposite:* Janey Bryant’s concept sketch and fabric swatch for Joan Holloway’s (Christina Hendricks’s) now-famous red dress, seen in “Babylon,” Season One, Episode Six, and this promotional still.

Below: Executive producer Scott Hornbacher directed nine episodes over the show’s run, including “Time Zones,” Season Seven’s premiere. Hornbacher is on location with director of photography Christopher Manley as they capture Don’s arrival in Los Angeles to meet wife Megan (Jessica Paré).
Every one of these scenes is an opportunity to tell the story including the color and the sound. I never lose sight of the fact that that’s what those things are, and I really lose when it adds to the story. It’s not just a matter of getting it to where it was in production and getting all the noise out of it. It’s “what can we do to add to this?” One of the medium’s strengths is, unlike a feature film, you don’t have to resolve the story every time. In fact, it only needs to be resolved once a season. Things end and you’re going to be back next week. What has happened does have repercussions. Don has had an assortment of affairs. We don’t pretend that those women have never existed, but we get lulled into thinking, “Here he is with Megan. He’s really trying to have his marriage.” Peggy gives up her baby, Peggy slept with Pete, We don’t pretend that never happened. I knew Peggy was going to be an ambitious person. She was able to be a writer. She was kind of uneducated, kind of a bumpkin. She was from Brooklyn, which is already such an antique idea because Brooklyn is the city, but I have the same attitude about New York as she does because I’m not from there. She would be a successful, powerful person, just accidentally; not that she would accidentally be ambitious, but that it would accidentally happen to her, Joan was originally a best friend for Peggy. When I met Christina Hendricks, I knew Joan was this courtesan. One of the stories I immediately had for her was having an affair with Roger. She was a powerful woman in the office who had really gone as far as she could, and that embodied this sort of feminine mystique versus sex and the single girl dynamic I wanted. She wasn’t morally conflicted about casual sex, because a big thing about the show was that it revealed that it wasn’t some taboos. The people in the ’60s, despite what they told us, did not invent sex. It was going on before that.

We decided that Joan would dress like a nun and all of the sexuality of the show would be about unwrapping the package. There’s the image of propriety, but if you look at her outfit—how skin-tight and tailored it is with everything hidden under there, the silhouette she has is incredibly exciting. But at the same time, it’s very proper.

A Personal History

This story about success is something I didn’t ever know would be interesting to me. Creative success, financial success—these are things I could pontificate on before, but having experienced them, and knowing what it’s like to be afraid of losing them, and all the complexity and conflict that comes along with that—the show itself gave me that experience. I’m more interested that Don started out the show as a man so terrified of having his identity revealed, and yet so pridal that he was willing to let it happen with Pete, and ready to get up and run away with Rachel, to being a man who has his fake name on the door to a building. What happened? He got older. Society changed. And now he has a long string of bad behavior that’s based on a kind of very complicated existential anxiety. That’s exciting. My fantasy was that the show would run for six or seven years, you would watch the last episode, then go back and watch the pilot and you would have nostalgia for their lives, even though it was all made up. Maybe you’ll be thinking about where you were when you watched it, but you’d also be thinking about how much they didn’t know, and how at the same time they went through all of the trials and tribulations of life. If we’re going to do the story of success, we should do that.

“Ad men were admired and kind of became these rock stars of the period. There is an American fantasy about having a creative job where you make money.”

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The sun rises behind the massive 2014 Man, designed by Andrew Johnstone, and a ring of surrounding “souk” tents.

“If you can’t physically make it to the notoriously wild Burning Man festival, living vicariously through this volume is the next best option.”

—Interviewmagazine.com

ART ABLAZE

Pyrotechnics and pure self-expression in the parched Black Rock Desert
These rolling cupcakes and muffins at the 2006 Burning Man were powered by electric motors, using solar-charged batteries, and could hit up to 18 mph. Each car is unique, and made as a personal project by its respective owner, in collaboration with fellow muffineers.

With his feet on scorched clay and his lens on vast and surreal creations, NK Guy presents 16 years of Burning Man art, boiled down to one idealized day in the desert.
How would you describe Burning Man to someone who has never been there?
At its simplest, Burning Man is a temporary city of 65,000 inhabitants that springs up, for one week a year, on a vast windswept desert plain in northern Nevada. But that description doesn’t do the event justice, since it’s a unique and multifaceted creative experience that’s different for each participant. For some people it’s just an awesome party. For others, a social experiment, a spiritual journey, a space for free personal expression. Just as the event is a blank canvas for people to express themselves, the desert (also known as a playa) is a blank canvas for building and showcasing massive physical art. In fact, it’s become the greatest show of interactive, site-specific and temporary art on the planet, and one I’ve been lucky enough to document over the past 16 years.

What are the integral elements of the event?
Art is absolutely central. There are countless other festivals around the globe, but most trade in music, performance, or religion. Very few are focused on art. And interestingly this means that the cult of celebrity which dominates most festivals (“who’s playing the main stage this year?”) barely exists on the playa. Art is definitional to the event, from the very first Burning Man figure in 1986 to the massive works that characterize the gathering today.

Community is also essential. The vast desert inspires the creation of enormous installations that you couldn’t possibly build or show in a gallery. And that transforms everything, since the scale is too much for a single artist to pull off. Nowhere else do teams of friends and strangers, and occasionally even enemies, gather together to build such vast works of temporary art. Interactivity is another key component. Burning Man art is meant for you to explore and interact with. It’s not just a gallery where you walk in and gaze at small works from a distance. Artists are encouraged to build creations that transform viewers into participants.

Finally, you have the lack of overt commercialism. We live in a society dominated by financial transactions at every level, and there aren’t a lot of places outside the home.
Above: RAISING THE MAN. The most expensive photo in the book, since I had to change my flight to the US twice to get to the build site in time! The Man is normally hoisted headless onto his base; the head added later. But in 2013, the massive saucer made access difficult, so he was lifted fully complete.

Left: MAN BURN. The Man blaze in full swing, transforming his base into a glowing saucer of light. One of the last shots I was able to take from my original spot in the Great Circle, before the heat forced me back. I've found you can usually predict how hot a burn is going to be by the amount of burnable material that extends vertically, as that radiates the heat more to the crowds. A narrow thin tower structure won't get that hot, whereas a tall wall will.

and places of worship that you can get away from that. But at Burning Man you can. Aside from ice and coffee, nothing is allowed to be bought or sold on-site. The event promotes what it calls a "gifting economy," where people are encouraged to give others freely and without expected obligations. That's a fascinating and refreshing cultural experiment.

What was your own first experience of Burning Man?
My first time was much like many other people's. It was spring 1998, I was looking for a cool weekend stop on a summer road trip, and perhaps for a bit of a party. I'd seen photos of the first desert Burning Man back in 1990, but I wasn't prepared for what a vast bustling city of art and experience I'd encounter. I'd traveled alone from Canada, and since I had no one to share the experience with, I found myself recording the art photographically. That was the germ for what became a 16 year saga that took me to the desert year after year, cameras in hand.

How any artwork been a particular standout?
That's a really tough one. It's not just a matter of hurting the feelings of all the artists I don't name—it's just impossible to name a single piece that transcends all the others. But I think that the most powerful collective group of works would have to be the temples of Burning Man. Each year a new temple is constructed then burned to the vast desert floor. First created by David Best and his team, these temples have become the emotional core of the event in ways that nobody expected. They've become a secular sacred space, where people can gather to grieve and meditate on loss of any kind. By the end of the week, when the temple is finally burned, it’s festooned with notes, letters, personal artifacts that allow each participant to add a bit of themselves to the structure. This kind of shared personal experience of grief is not a phenomenon you’d expect at your usual summer festival. David designed many of these temples, but there has been a rotating cast of artists, designers, and architects who have built many of the others. Each temple is different, often stunningly so, but in a funny sort of way each temple is also the same one, since they all have the same intent and emotional gravity to them.

“The event promotes a 'gifting economy.' That's a fascinating and refreshing cultural experiment.”
Like a spacecraft from the pages of 1920s pulp science fiction, the 40 foot RAYGUN GOTHIC ROCKETSHIP by the Five Ton Crane Arts Group, first landed on Earth in Nevada’s Black Rock Desert in 2009.

Above: MANTIS (2010) by Kirk Jellum and Kristen Ulmer. The Mantis is built on a dump-truck chassis, can rear upwards when stationary, and can carry 30 people when flat.

Below: EL PULPO MECANICO (2014) by Duane Flatmo and Jerry Kunkel. El Pulpo is one of the more celebrated art pieces on the playa, assembled from cast-off metal that Duane has gathered over the years. The base vehicle is adorned with scrap aluminum, including parts salvaged from his earlier Crustacean Wagon. The octopus is mainly rusty steel.

How does your book hope to capture the event?

My Burning Man photography started as a very personal exercise, though it's grown to be more than that. A big part of playa art is its spectacular transience; its temporary magic. Most of the wood sculptures are burned and gone, and even the metal pieces may never be seen again in the context of the vast plain of the desert. It's a truism, but by photographing it all, aspects of the show will live on in the memories of those who haven’t been there.

It’s a tough place to work. Not only is the environment harsh, with dust storms whipping out of nowhere at the slightest provocation, but it’s also so visually complex and layered. Learning the best way to isolate and compose elements of the scene to tell a story, evoke a sensation, or convey an installation has taken years. Everything is tied in with somebody’s story, and that’s one of the things I wanted to get across in the book. I wanted the narrative and the photographs to be linked inextricably, and since I created both, I was able to do this.

Finally, when it came to making the book itself, one of the biggest challenges was organization. I have some 65,000 photos, and the best way to condense that down to a single book of 280 pages wasn’t obvious. The answer came from a TASCHEN designer—eternal cycles. You’ll notice that the book is structured around the time of day. We begin with the warm light of dawn, move to the sweltering heat and dust of day, shift to the cooling of sunset, and finally end with the carnival of night.

Conceptually, then, Art of Burning Man encapsulates the ultimate moments on the playa. 16 years of Burning Man art, boiled down to one perfect idealized day in the desert.
Below: THE TEMPLE OF JOY (2002) by David Best and the Temple Crew featured an opening in the upper level that ran the length of the building. A powerful laser was installed in the lighthouse-like Man base with a four-way splitter. The 12:00 beam was carefully aligned to pass through the temple’s aperture.

“...a celebration of Burning Man, but also an explanation for those unacquainted, the book explains the origin of the temple-like artworks that crop up on the playa each year.”

— The Huffington Post, New York
Heavenly body

Limited to just 1,000 signed copies, the new Gisele monograph celebrates an astronomical beauty and fashion career. Curated and art-directed by Giovanni Bianco, the artistic tribute features images from such illustrious photographers as Steven Meisel, Mario Testino, and Peter Lindbergh.
“A series of eye-popping images of Gisele, the last of the supermodels, the girl from Horizontina, Brazil, who burst onto catwalks and covers just before the turn of the century and became one of the most iconic examples of powerful female pulchritude ever.” —Esquire

“Fans have never seen her like this... flaunting her figure in all sorts of poses and settings.” —New York Daily News
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With more than 300 photographs, this large-scale Collector’s Edition is curated and art directed by Giovanni Bianco. From Gisele’s legendary nude portrait by Irving Penn, chosen as the book’s cover, to iconic shots from such industry luminaries as Steven Meisel, Mario Testino, Peter Lindbergh, David LaChapelle, Juergen Teller, Inez & Vinoodh, Mert Alas & Marcus Piggott, and Corinne Day, it is a unique artistic presentation of the most famous Brazilian export together with Pelé and Senna. The breathtaking image collection is accompanied by an introduction by Steven Meisel and tributes from Gisele’s closest friends, family, and fashion leaders who shed light on how and why she has become one of the greatest models of all time, hailed as “The Body” (Alexander McQueen) and featured on more than 1,000 covers and in approximately 450 fashion shows around the globe.

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"Over the past 20 years, I have had the privilege of working with some of the most talented artists and photographers in the world. All of my proceeds will be donated to a charity close to my heart.”
—Gisele Bündchen

Below: Gisele Bündchen autographing the 1,000 signing sheets, New York, 2015 (© Brett Doozan).
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“A bible of sexy glamour.”
—Vogue, Paris
ORIGIN STORY

On the road and behind the scenes of surfing's all-time filmic icon (An unpublished interlude from Surfing, by Steve Barilotti)

India, Early December 1963:
Amidst the steamy midday din and curry-scented funk of the Bombay Airport, San Diego surfer Mike Hynson crept up the customs line with the studied indifference of a career gem smuggler. Of course, his blond hair, youth, and California good looks immediately marked Hynson for a shakedown upon deplaning in transit from South Africa. His 10-foot surfboard, shaped by Hynson and decorated with a red white and blue American motif, had been summarily shunted to the Indian customs officials along with the film gear carried by his companions Bruce Brown and Robert August. Behind his opaque Ray Bans and blank façade, Hynson shuffled up to the counter slowly dripping huge drops of pure anxiety.

The reason wasn't the small plastic bag of low-grade Mexican pot or the roll of Benzedrine pills artfully concealed down Hynson's pants. The 21-year-old surfer—who'd enlisted on this round-the-world trip partly as a way of dodging his draft notice—had already transited four African countries with no problem. But India was different. Back in Durban Hynson had been tipped off by a recently returned South African surfer that Indian customs had been cracking down on foreign journalists, especially professional photographers suspected of taking pictures of religious sites or the grinding poverty that put the Nehru government in a bad light. All cameras were confiscated on departure and released only after deep questioning and paying a bribe. In many cases the film was destroyed.

Beneath Hynson's sweat-drenched aloha shirt were six small flat metal tins taped to his taut surfer abs. Each contained a 50-foot reel of undeveloped surfing footage taken less than a week earlier at a remote South African beach on the Indian Ocean called Cape St. Francis. The latent 16mm color images, captured during a brief but auspicious 90-minute nexus of time, tide, swell, and light gave proof to the joke that god was born a surfer. Burned into the celluloid was a flawless gem of a wave, head-high and spooling off exquisitely against a storybook blue African sky. This was the mythic “Perfect Wave” made cinematic flesh, and in time would launch thousands of global surfing grailquests over the next 50 years.

Hynson, Brown, and August had been traveling fast and hard through Africa on a...
appeared, the tide shifted slightly and erased the break. They were on the road by noon, and three days later bound for Perth via Saudi Arabia, India, Sri Lanka (then Ceylon), and Singapore. But they all knew they held the film’s climax and driving narrative. And a hint of something far, far larger. Brown, unwilling to trust the footage age to international mails, slept with the reels.

Back at the airport Hynson approached the dour brown customs official and placed his carry-on bag on the counter. In his periphery he could see Brown and August at the adjoining counter being grilled about the impounded film cameras. Hynson’s carry-on bag, filled with surf trunks, wax and shaving cream, was given a cursory rustle and Hynson was waved through to board the lounge. He noticed in passing that his surfboard went virtually ignored until picked up by the baggage handlers.

The crew quick-marched through the remaining part of their trip that included stops in Perth, Melbourne, New Zealand’s North Island, and Tahiti over the next two months. They never found a wave that came close to Cape St. Francis, but the variety of unique locales bookended the perfect wave nicely.

Brown worked quickly upon return to California, producing a self-narrated 16mm film that neatly parsed the middle distance between hardcore surf movie and travel documentary. The Endless Summer premiered at the Santa Monica Civic Auditorium, in the summer of 1964 and was an immediate hit with California surfers, selling out for seven nights straight.

Bolstered by success, Brown packed his two surf stars in an RV and relentlessly toured the film on three coasts and across the US, where August and Brown would drum up a crowd by skateboarding outside the theater. By summer of 1966, the film—now blown up to 35mm with heavyweight distribution—had caught fire with a huge documentary.

Above: Tourist brochure, 1922. The dramatic wedge-shaped outline of Diamond Head quickly became a visual shorthand for “paradise.” Below: Advertisement, Dewey Weber Surfboards, 1967 (detail). As the surf industry matured it began to take cues from cutting-edge advertising agencies for a more sophisticated Pop Art approach to marketing and in this case offering off-the-rack customizing similar to buying a new car from the factory.

Wende Wagner and Tom Carlin, Hawaii, 1957. Director Billy Wilder spotted Wagner while she was swimming near the Coronado, California set of Some Like It Hot in 1958. Struck by her exotic good looks, he offered Wagner a screen test, but her parents forbade it until she finished high school. She went on to become an international fashion model, movie actress, and underwater stunts woman. Photo: Bev Morgan courtesy of Surfing Heritage.
mainstream non-surfing audience and critics alike who lauded Brown as “The Fellini of Foam.” It went on to gross an estimated $30 million.

Hype aside, the connective tissue between *The Endless Summer*, surf culture and post-war global culture runs deep and profound. Consider the film’s now-iconic poster, designed by then-22-year-old graphic designer and surfer John Van Hamersveld. That single image of three silhouetted surfers against a DayGlo sunset has been borrowed, lifted, lampooned, and outright ripped off in countless iterations and was recently inducted into the Smithsonian institution along with the film. The languid signature *Endless Summer* theme has drilled deep into the global psyche as the hypnotic siren call to pure barefoot adventure.

When viewed from a 30,000-foot remove, the pop-surf-culture matrix surrounding the film extends into some surprising corners. Van Hamersveld, a one-time art director for *Surfer Magazine*, went on to design album covers and posters for the Beatles and Rolling Stones. His young colleague Rick Griffin, *Surfer’s* staff cartoonist since age 16, gained international fame a few years later as one of The Big Five of San Francisco psychedelic poster art as well as the first artist asked into Robert Crumb’s legendary Zap Comix. Mike Salisbury, another teenaged *Surfer* illustrator, is a leading brand designer with A-List clients ranging from Levi’s to Disney to the films of Steven Spielberg.

A less visible but far-reaching epilogue involves Hynson who became a celebrated rock star of a surfer-shaper following his performance in *The Endless Summer*. He enlisted as a charter member of the infamous Brotherhood Of Eternal Love (aka “the Hippie Mafia”), smuggled hash oil from India in hollow surfboards, revolutionized modern shortboard design, and eventually co-starred in the underground classic Rainbow Bridge with Jimi Hendrix. He gained Richard Nixon’s enmity in the film by toking up a large bowl of hashish under a poster of the pre-Watergate Nixon that read “Would you buy a used car from this man?” Pursued by the DEA and his own demons, Hynson went underground for the next 20 years. But 50 years after that morning at Cape St. Francis, a sober but still stylishly cocky Hynson was lauded in Washington DC as one of surfing’s elders and living treasures. But for surfers *The Endless Summer* goes much deeper. The film represents surfing’s first and best face and one of its core origin stories. It’s the quest that created an archetype that spawned a legitimate culture and a multi-billion dollar global lifestyle industry.
“The connective tissue between surf culture and post-war global culture runs deep and profound.”
“In this crowded world, the surfer can still seek and find the perfect day, the perfect wave, and be alone with the surf and his thoughts.”
— John Severson
The perfect wave

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Mickey Muñoz and Tina Trunick, Dana Point, California, 1964.
Photo: Don Trunick.
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