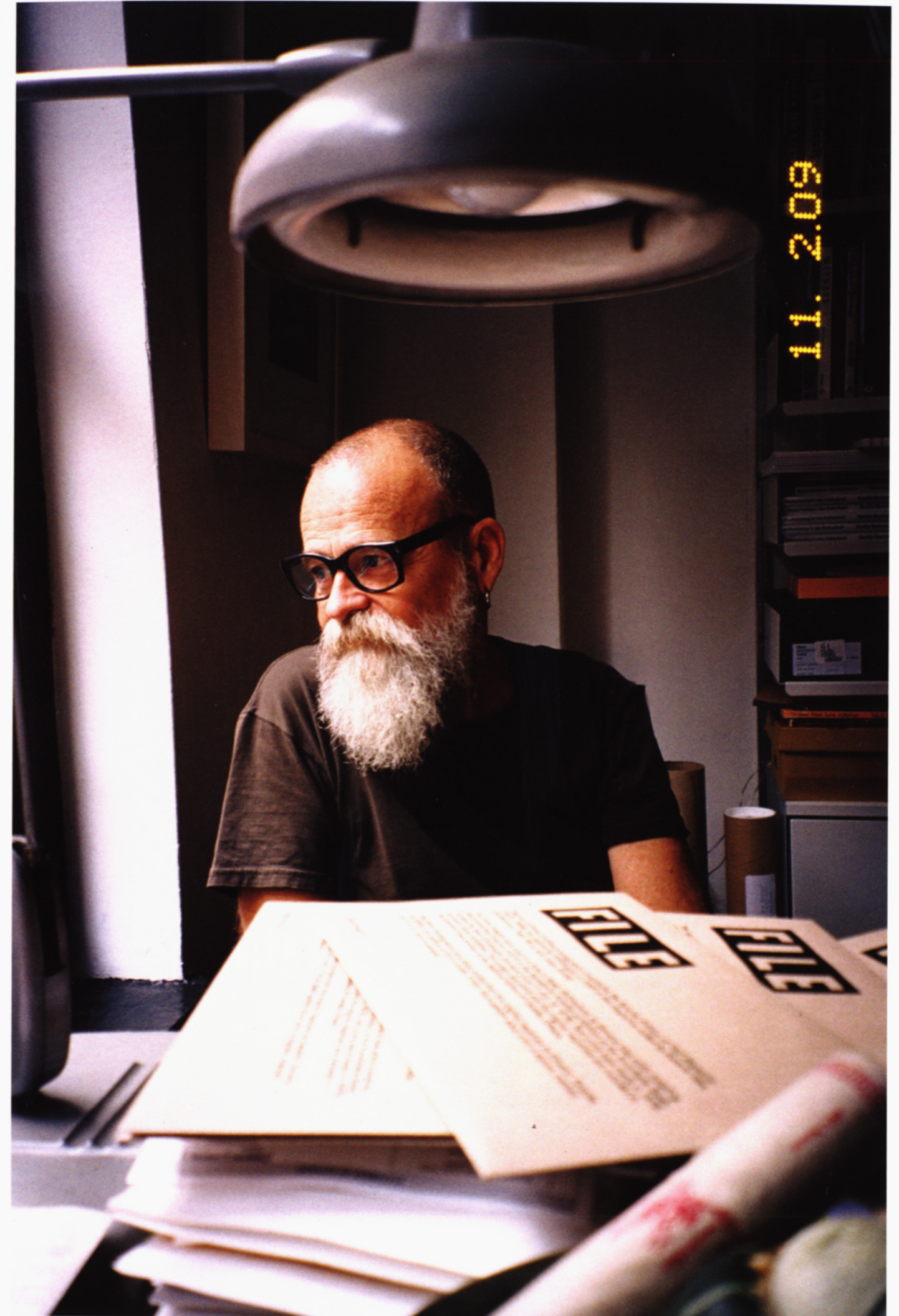


AA Bronson

Nine Books I Like

AA Bronson is an artist and healer who also has the pleasure of running Printed Matter, Inc., the artists' bookstore. He is the founder and president of the NY Art Book Fair, the nonprofit book fair for contemporary artists and art publishers everywhere.

Portrait by Ari Marcopoulos



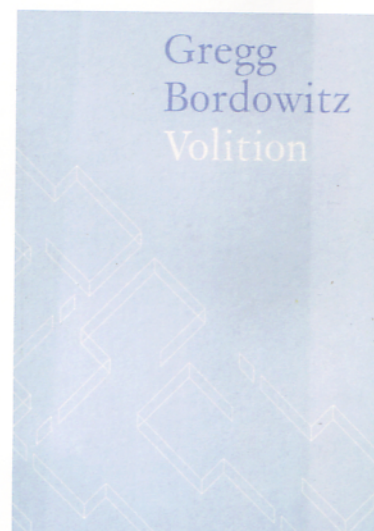
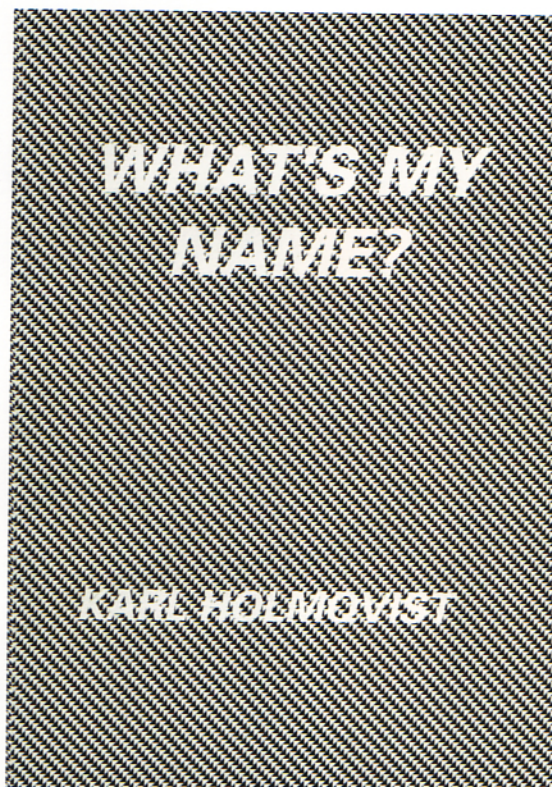
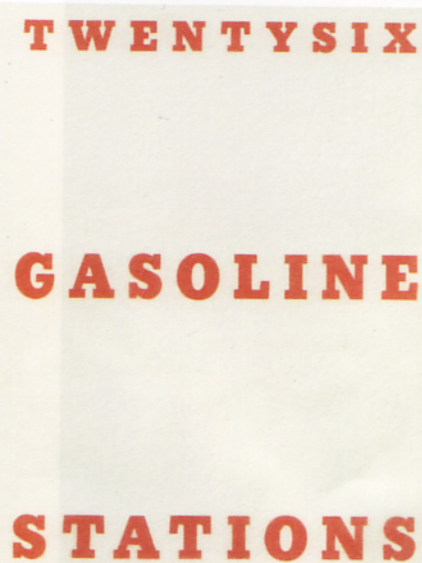
I live my life surrounded by books.

Books teeter in piles on my desk at work and threaten to crowd me out of my home.

They are my constant companions.

The NY Art Book Fair was something approaching heaven for me: hordes of books and their enthusiastic masters descended upon us and for four delightful days we danced in a universe of books, all kinds of books: from zines to tomes, from mad-cap to deadly serious, from ambitious to homely, from precious to disposable, from celebrated to unknown.

These are some of the books that stayed with me as a result of those few days.



Twentysix Gasoline Stations

MICHALIS PICHLER

Printed Matter, New York, 2009

Edition of 550

Michalis Pichler riffs on Ed Ruscha's first book in *Twentysix Gasoline Stations*. Twenty-six color photographs document 26 identical gasoline stations in Buck Rogers' postwar American styling, scattered across contemporary Germany.

What's My Name?

KARL HOLMQVIST

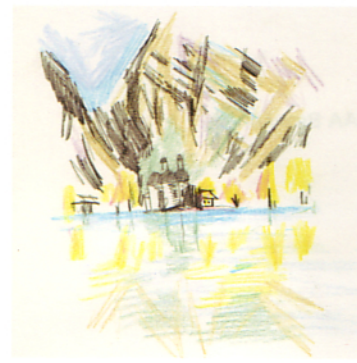
Book Works, London, 2009

Edition of 1000

A mind-twisting, tongue-numbing reader of popular song lyrics. Formatted and typeset into a visual cacophony, the repetitive litany (or perhaps liturgy) of adolescent emotion becomes profoundly and queerly divine. Don't miss it. Read it out loud.



Gucci Mane *Diplo Presents: Free Gucci*



Pantha Du Prince *Black Noise*

Oh no, "Diplo Presents."

Why still mad? Some of his songs are so embedded in pop culture at this point that you have to try to hate him.

The NFL uses "Paper Planes" for their Subway commercial drops!

Uh oh. Memory Tapes, Salem, Lotus? This might be great.

A part of me is weary of what's going on here and a part of me is like, "Fuck it, it sounds good!"

You mean making Gucci OK for white people or making Mad Decent OK for black people?

I don't like where this is going.

I think those things are fully nonexistent in 2010.

They are and they aren't, but it's safe to say everyone can agree Gucci has some jams.

Yeah, that the annoying white kid who is all "GUCCI!!!" actually really likes him.

I am a fan of fans, period.

Can we all agree that the soundtrack for *Judgement Night* was revolutionary?

Can anything "revolutionary" be not that good?

This is revolutionarily just OK!

Like old school skaters claiming switching to smaller wheels as "revolutionary."

I guess it's where you're sitting at the moment.

I am jealous of kids who get to have Gucci and Salem as opposed to Faith No More and the Boo-Yaa T.R.I.B.E.

Take that back!

Zomby's on this!

The best. Everything he does is good. Even his Tweets. What is he saying right now?

"You call it 'dubstep' because your frame of musical reference started when your wi-fi connection was installed."

I rest my case.

His last record was pretty close to my favorite record that came out that year.

Yeah, fully epic and not boring and addictive and memorable.

His name is too much.

In the Jamie Foxx or the Twitter way?

Well, Jamie Foxx started as a wacky comedian who got laughs by impersonating an ugly woman. He ended up trying to pull off roles as homeless musical geniuses. Twitter is a social networking service that is painfully easy to use, but because of its ridiculous name, every human over the age of 25 is allowed to not "get" it.

Then, invariably becomes addicted to it after they see www.twitter.com/the_latest_professional_athlete_to_put_his_foot_in_his_mouth_in_public.

I think Pantha Du Prince's name backfires on him in that it's a collection of cool sounding words that alienates people who currently don't care.

Blank stare and then, "What's that crazy shit you just said to me?"

I usually lie and say it's folk music with delay pedals because it comes off better than saying "not quite techno, but warm minimal beats with tons of bells and robotic orchestral layers."

I don't like this one as much as the older stuff.

Neither do I, but it's still good. Like pizza.

Raise your hand if this makes you miss the *Chiastic Slide* era of Autechre.

Can you name a band that benefitted more from graphic design than Autechre?

New Order? Joy Division?

The Designers Republic basically tricked me into buying a crate of forgettable records from 1995 to 2000. I'd go home, listen to it and think; "Well, at least it looks nice." Then they stopped looking nice and the turntable never saw them again.

Now elements of those designs are on the Food Network and candy bar wrappers.

So are you saying a name like Pantha Du Prince is like a flashily designed album sleeve?

Yes, only the flashily designed album sleeve protects a usually awesome record underneath.

That record this time is more *This Bliss* than *Black Noise*.



Volition

GREGG BORDOWITZ
Printed Matter, 2009
 Edition of 750

Consisting entirely of questions, this evolving labyrinth of a book makes for involuted reading; be prepared for a Kabbalistic ride. Recommended for insomniac philosophers. Dip in anywhere and keep going. In the interests of transparency, I was the editor of this book.

ISBN-10: 0-9820559-3-5

BRENDAN FOWLER
2nd Cannons Publications,
 Los Angeles, 2009
 Edition of 500

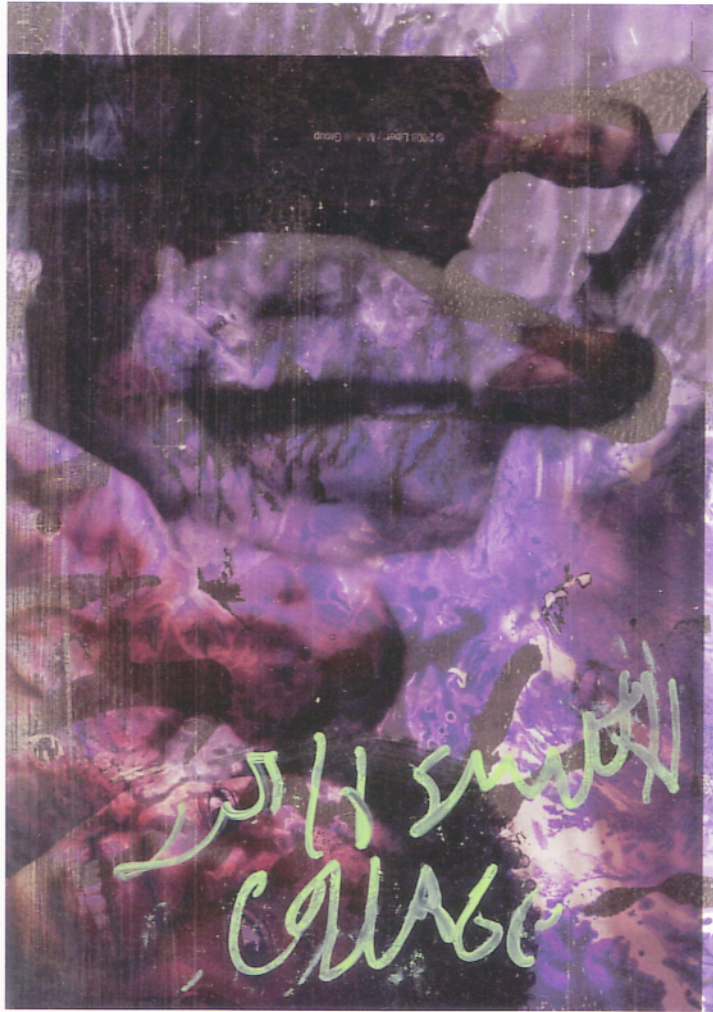
From the already legendary 2nd Cannons in Los Angeles. Sort of indescribable, but the publisher says it best: "For this book, Fowler used a camera and photocopier to assemble a catalog (a self-retrospective?) of this year of object-making." OK, that doesn't really do it justice. Black-and-white, mysteriously documentarian.



Jet Master A Visual Strategy

EDITED BY IDA HAYOSH, CORINA
 KÜNZLI,
 SALOME SCHMUKI
Kodoji Press, Switzerland, 2008
 Edition of 900 (English), 200 (Hebrew)

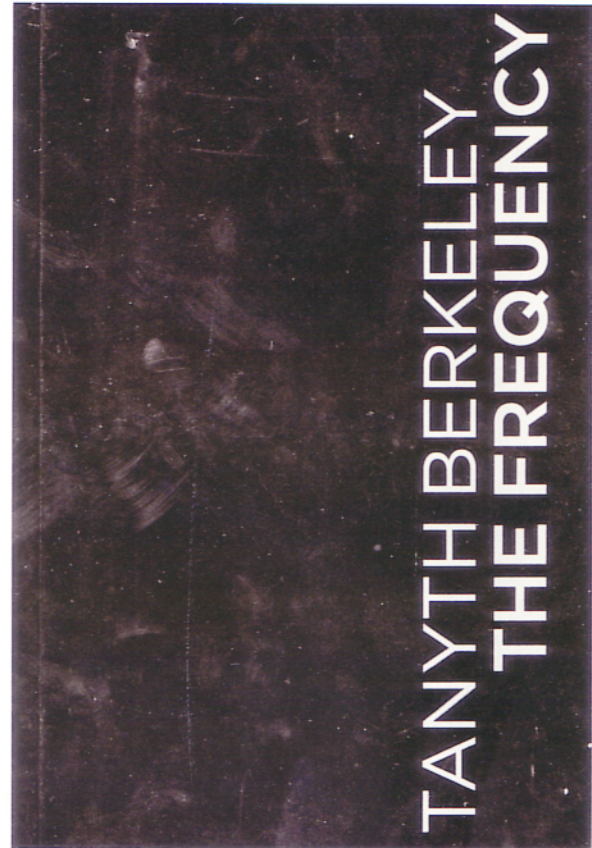
The new *Jet Master* from Kodoji Press transmutes military power into art. Constructed from found publicity photos of jets from various countries, with their panoply of warheads laid before them, these shrines to power and might become paragraphs in a visual critique.



Collages

JOSH SMITH
38th Street Publishers, New York, 2009
Edition of 100

Josh Smith tells me that *Josh Smith Collages* is really and truly an artwork, and it is. Composed of overprints from a commercial printer, most of them with multiple impressions, cut and bound at random, each book is different, each a garbled encyclopedia of mostly commercial imagery, with Josh's title and signature personally added by hand in what looks like oil stick on the cover.



The Frequency

TANYTH BERKELEY
Bellwether in conjunction with KED, 2008
Signed

Tanyth Berkeley's *The Frequency* presents 270 full color photos of people in Times Square, each one equally blurred, glamorized and colored by neon, literally a reflection on the people of New York City.



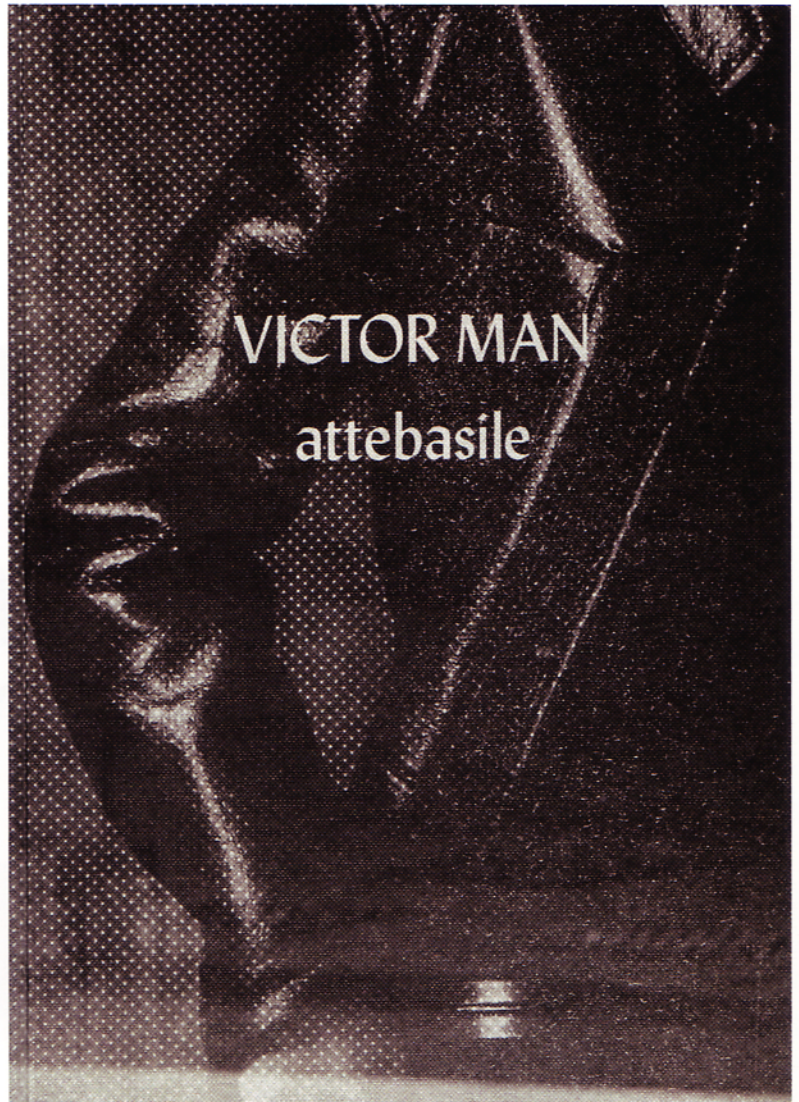
Keegan McHargue

Foibles

Foibles

KEEGAN McHARGUE
Seems, San Francisco, 2009
Edition of 500

Keegan McHargue's *Foibles* is an oversized portfolio of black and white drawings of the Foibles, a cast of characters who watch over our human gaffs and embarrassing moments. Each double page opens up to reveal a poster-sized interloper. The hidden poster tells us more than what is suggested at first. There is a dark side on the flip side of the apparent charm.



attebasile

VICTOR MAN
Ikon Gallery, Birmingham, UK, 2009

Victor Man's *attebasile* from the Ikon Gallery uses the device of the black mirror to carry us into an underworld at once sexual, political, and aesthetic. Images and objects are reflected and recycled. I think of it as a kind of gypsy goth, but I might be wrong.