Bald Ego

"STRIP SEARCHING THE SOUL"

EDITORS: **Max Blagg** AND **Glenn O'Brien**
MANAGING EDITOR: **Joseph Rudler**
DESIGNER: **Mark Weinberg**

Front cover photograph by JEAN-BAPTISTE MONDINO
Photograph of Max Blagg and Glenn O'Brien by LYNN GOLDSMITH.

'Excerpt from *World on Fire*' by MICHAEL BROWNSTEIN.
Copyright © 2002 by Michael Brownstein.
Originally published in World on Fire, Open City Books, 2002.

"Peggy" from *Port Mungo* by PATRICK MCGRATH.
Copyright © 2002 by Patrick McGrath

"A Shuddering Fall" from *Do Everything in the Dark* by GARY INDIANA.
Copyright © 2002 by Gary Indiana.

From *Souvenir of Canada* by DOUGLAS COUPLAND.
Copyright © 2002 by Douglas Coupland.

From *Heroin* by LARRY CLARK. Copyright © 2002 by Larry Clark.

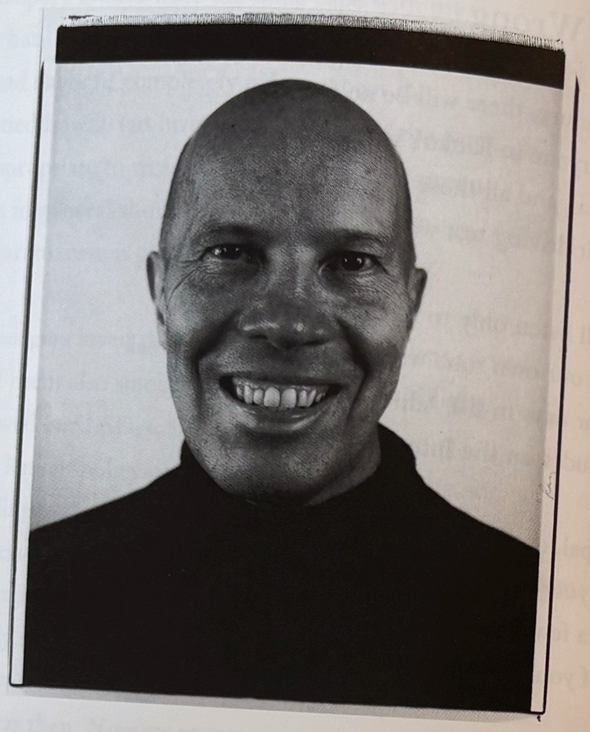
Bald Ego
(ISBN 1-56466-094-X)

is published twice yearly by
BALD EGO PUBLISHING
21 Bond Street, fouth floor, New York, New York 10012.
E-mail: *baldego@thing.net* Facsimile: (212) 844-0399.

Public Relations: COMPANY AGENDA (212) 358-9516

Volume 1, Number 1. Copyright © 2002 by Bald Ego Publishing.
All rights reserved. Reproduction in whole or in part without
express written permission of the publisher is prohibited.
BALD EGO is distributed by D.A.P./Distributed Art Publishers,
155 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10013.
Telephone: (212) 627-1999 Facsimile: (212) 627-9484.

Subscriptions are available at $27 for one year, $50 for two years,
from the editorial office. Please make checks payable to Bald Ego Publishing.



In 1971 I was the editor of Andy Warhol's Interview, *which was then a film magazine. I think it was late in that year when we published a great piece from the artist and poet Joe Brainard called "I Remember the Movies." Joe's delightful book "I Remember" had come out in 1970, and "I Remember More" would follow in 1972. It was such a simple perfect formula that a lot of people wish they had thought of it. That didn't stop Joe's friend Ray Johnson from using Joe's modus operandi. Ray sent me this piece in late '71 or early '72. He wrote on it "Glenn, Please show I Remember to Andy." I did and I think Andy got a kick out of it, especially the part about him. Andy had stopped going to Max's Kansas City at this point and probably didn't see much of Ray anymore, but he certainly regarded him as a great artist. I don't remember why I didn't put it in Interview. Maybe because it wasn't about movies, but thirty years later it's still funny and historical. Ray drowned in Sag Harbor on Friday, the 13th of June in 1995.*

—Glenn O'Brien

by RAY JOHNSON

photograph by CHUCK CLOSE

I Remember

I remember a very wet dream about the very forgetful Morty Feldman.

I remember I always wanted to go to Times Square and buy Doggonit to put on John Cage's elegant marble table.

I remember writing a letter to the Museum of Modern Art telling them to go fuck themselves.

I remember Max Ernst asked me how I painted a luminous blue in one of my paintings.

I remember I tried to do textile designs and threw some of them out into the garbage can and the next day a hot dog stand with a big umbrella over it which was always on the corner the man owning the stand had taken my thrown-away textile designs and put them in the glass compartments and I was delighted.

I remember when Bob Rauschenberg asked me how I thought he could make some money and I replied "Do textile designs".

I remember when Bob Rauschenberg did that automobile tire print.

I remember when Sue Rauschenberg's brother threw my blue shoe into the sound off Connecticut. Later their house burned down. Charles Egan was such a nice man.

I remember de Kooning's first show.

I remember when John Cage hung a peeling Norman Solomon painting over his bathtub. John had Chinese newspaper cut-outs over his windows. And Xenia Cage screens.

I remember when Remy Charlip wrote SHIT in pencil on the now-famous white painting of Bob Rauschenberg that hung in John Cage's piano room. John always threw marvelous dinner parties.

I remember when Sonia Sekula threw all her eggs on the floor.

I remember I borrowed a Sekula painting from her to hang over my bathtub since I lived across the hall from John.

I remember looking every Sunday in the New York Times at Andy's I. Miller shoe ads, which were full page.

I remember going to Andy's openings all of them.

I remember eating strawberries with Andy's mother and his washed out jockey shorts and socks in the bathroom.

I remember that Ray Parker was very thin. And that Mercedes Matter was very glamorous and that Herbert Matter did Knoll furniture ads.

I remember every time I ever visited Bill de Kooning in his studio and the Wanamaker fire.

I remember M. C. Richards collecting all the watermelon rinds at a John Cage dinner to make pickles.

I remember James Leo Herlihy's big feet.

I remember Sari Dienes bones.

I remember Suzi Gablik and I used to drop into the Marboro Book Shop on 57th Street where Jasper Johns worked as a clerk.

I remember a fantastic loft party Bob Rauschenberg gave on Fulton Street and meeting Gore Vidal. And Emily Post's daughter sat on the floor.

I remember Ad Reinhardt wore a new pair of shoes with rubber triangles on the bottom and had stepped in dog shit.

I remember Lucille Dlugeszewsky's teeth.

I remember going all the way to Brooklyn at nine in the morning to the premiere of "Island of Desire" with Tab Hunter and Linda Darnell.

I remember Frank O'Hara painted his refrigerator orange.

I remember Maya Deren's wild hair.

I remember the only time I ever went to Fire Island Isabelle Fisher stepped on a nail.

I remember seeing Max Bodenheim and his wife always getting out of taxis fighting.

I remember Nick & Remy had bedbugs.

I remember how much I loved Earle and Carol Brown and their Third Avenue Robert Morris gray floors.

I remember always buying $1 silk neckties at Kleins.

I remember seeing Joe Brainard a lot at the Ninth Circle.