

SURFERS**SURFIN' SANTA, RIDE THIS by Matt Warshaw**

Surfers was conceived by a Frenchman and produced in New York City, and for a genuine article of surf culture, it doesn't get much more strange and exotic than that. Yet viewing the work prints for the first time, I briefly thought: how come this book looks familiar? I set the question aside and paged on.

And did so with some feeling of relief. These are, after all, busy times for surf world curmudgeons, and I shouldn't wonder at the incipient tendinitis in my right shoulder after all that righteous finger-pointing and hand-wringing over the fact that SOUI and Counter-Culture are now registered surfing manufacturers' trademark names; that MTV has designated surfing as an "extreme sport" along with suspension-bridge bungee jumping; and that Disney, Coke, Nike, and Perry Ellis (among a few hundred others) now buy, sell, and trade in the surf world's increasingly crowded business district.

Surfing itself—riding waves for fun, relaxation, challenge, peace of mind—is fine. It's the presentation that seems to be in freefall. This might be proven quantifiably. I have a pair of glossy surf magazines on the desk before me. Australia's *Surfing Life*, dated April 1997, has two photographs on the cover, plus 53 words (not counting the logotype), divided into five blurbs, printed in eight different colors, using seven different fonts. *Surfer*, dated June 1972, has a full bleed photo and a single-color logotype. Nothing more. Big, clean, uncrowded images were the rule. As *Surfer* publisher John Severson would say, years later, the magazine "was trying to be an art piece." And it was. Which is why I notice a droop in my vocational esprit each time I pull one or another surf mag from the mailbox these days and read coverlines such as: "WIN TOM CARROLL'S BOARD," "I SURVIVED THE G-LAND TIDAL WAVE!" "SURFIN' SANTA'S HOLIDAY GIFT ..

GUIDE," and "BIKINIS! BIKINIS! BIKINIS!"

Commercial forces have taken over. *Surfin' Santa* has upended his bag of SOUI and Counter Culture TM products and shook it out from one end of the beach to the other. The art is gone, man. Well, yeah, except...

Except some pretty neat projects have turned up recently. Women are producing surf videos that do not visually and aurally beat the crap out of the viewer. Surf installations are turning up in California art museums. Surfer-writers Daniel Duane, William Finnegan, and Thomas Farber have recently given the sport a much-needed literary retrofit. All three promote surfing's virtues, but also ask difficult questions. Farber writes about Jack, a 40-year-old surfer-salesman who feels as if the waves, always the object of pursuit, are now hunting him: "Jack wonders. At a meeting at his company, one of the managers notices that Jack's monthly calendar is also a tide chart, and teases him. Jack can read the component of envy, of course, but still...is surfing enough to define-to defend-a life?"

Farber says it is. The men and women in this book would agree. But as photographer Patrick Cariou suggests—and his non-surfer status is helpful, maybe even necessary, in this regard those featured here haven't earned this knowledge by way of the perfect ride, the biggest wave, the world championship, or any of the familiar routes marked out in the

surf media. The satisfaction comes mostly from the smaller, daily grace notes of surfing. And because surfing doesn't fit organically into the non-surfing world (or vice-versa), this day-to-day process is both difficult and satisfying.

It's a life, in other words, trying to be an art piece. Cariou honors this choice, and does so by recovering a traditional visual style of big, clean, uncrowded images (that's what looks so familiar), then situating himself within what might actually be called a new surfing ideology. Elements of Surfers are connected to the past, but the book in its complete form glides forward. As it should be with any surfing presentation.

THE SURFERS GAZE by DANIEL DUANE

Surfers don't look like other people. Their bodies-whether adolescent, statuesque, or carnival-esque-reflect the work they do, becoming mostly sets of paddling arms and shoulders, with strong backs from arching up while prone. Likewise, the way surfers carry themselves: even huge men acquire a liteness that only water athletes ever get, a loose nimbleness from so much dancing on a surging medium. And their faces carry traces of what they've seen. Surfers like to watch-water, waves, weather, one another's play-go their eyes reflect a lifetime's gazing. The world over, daily surf checks mean standing at a particular pier or breakwater or dune-or even just in the room with the best window-and staring out to sea: judging the waves, certainly, but also looking into the inhuman vast for something that might make the wait worthwhile. Thus, perhaps, the intense, thousand-yard stares of all the sunburnt men in these portraits, men who've looked to sea for so long, they seem still to be looking there, even as their eyes turn inland.

Much of this intense, no doubt, comes from surfing's unique joys. On the water, more time passes in the waiting for waves than in the riding of them. Hours go by with surfers immersed but not surfing, floating rather than flying, and just drifting, talking. You get attached to this-to walking or driving down to the beach, crossing the sand, and forgetting commitments for an hour or two. Splashing around in the cool brine, breathing its fish and seaweed smells, letting the salt wash off the day. You get to itch for a little daily time in which the shore and all its busy human concerns fall away, time in which the mere possibility of a wave keeps your eyes fixed on a wild, silent space where you'll never see anything but the products of storm and sea and sky. Even when someone finally catches a wave, and you're floating nearby, you watch him carve a small wall under so much space that the world seems, if only for a moment, big enough for all of us; the surfer's arcing motions-and go, by extension, all human endeavor-seem small undulations in a world consumed by unimaginably larger ones.

In the same way a rancher's evening ride on his Wyoming pasture has, no doubt, far more purpose than merely the bringing in of wayward sheep, so too the long horizons of a liquid prairie bring a lot of peace to a life-a moment in every day when the walls of our lives fall away. Throw in the wild, mindless play of the surfing itself, the summum bonum of the dream, and it's all more than enough non-linguistic data to distract your anxious mind and bring your pulse and blood pressure back to normal-to keep your body fit and mind more or less clear. You feel it long afterwards, too, as your equilibrium eases out of the rise and fall of water, ebbs and flows for hours after-at home or at work or in bed, a gentle surge and release.

Surfing is play, a source of joy like few people know, a bracing means to recurring,

startling physical experience-even a kind of fountain of youth. So, perhaps, the passion in many of these portraits. I once noticed a very beautiful woman-maybe twenty-five years old, with reddish brown hair-walk past a group of male surfers. The surfers (I was one of them) were watching a clean, powerful set of waves peel off. I glanced over just in time to catch a wry smile floating across her lips. She smiled, I imagine, in amusement at her anonymity, at the speechless rapture of all us boys, much like the distracted body language of Cariou's subjects entranced by Uluwatu, Pipeline, or San Onofre: gazing at their primary object of desire, they've become oblivious to themselves and their companions.

This passion for wave and sport transforms the surfboard into a totem, from Laird Hamilton's giant spear-like paddle board to the shortboards so similar across the globe, rendering surfing a kind of warrior culture, and surfers the tribesmen flaunting their mastery of the tribe's most lethal weapon. Notice the warrior poses in this collection: innocent boy fighters on Hawaii's famed North Shore; a Tahitian kid's delight in holding just half of a broken board; Laird Hamilton staged as the noble white savage in the palm fronds in one scene and carving a longboard cut-back with the stylized lines of a Greek sculpture in another. Witness Christophe Reinhardt, in France, sitting like the bull prince with limbs thick and heavy, gaze surly, posing on a reed throne beneath big boards in a scene reminiscent of Huey Newton under the crossed spears of the original Black Panther propaganda picture.

If there's an independence and strength gained from locating one's primary object of desire in the vicissitudes of ocean waves, there is also a jilted melancholy. Every life has costs commensurate to its gains, things given up long before we knew we had them. For starters, surfing is awfully hard to do. It requires months of floundering just to be functional in the water, then years to achieve any kind of competence. True mastery is simply not available to those who don't start young.

And the conditioning-the tremendous paddling strength and lung capacity required-demand constant maintenance. Acquiring the skill, therefore, will have cost not only a great deal of energy, but everything you could've gained by using that energy elsewhere. Perhaps more costly is the fact that rideable surf requires a truly rare combination of underwater topography, offshore depths, distant storm patterns, and prevailing winds. It only happens on patches of lucky land here and there-by no means all the world's coastlines. Which means that from Brazil to California, France to Moorea, surfers' lives go down on stretches of coast chosen not for hotels, sunshine, or great nightlife, but for purely physiographic factors. Not only are Chicago, Paris, London, Rome, Moscow, Hong Kong, and Tokyo obviously out of the question, but the fickleness of surf means one has to live in Montauk rather than Manhattan (one helluva commute), or San Francisco rather than Montauk (no Wall Street), or even Santa Cruz, or North San Diego County or Haleiwa. Places chosen first for their surf and last for the vitality of local job markets. There are, of course, wonderful sides to surf towns. Like ski towns, jogging camps, and university campuses, they take on the character bath of the desire invested in them and the sacrifices made to live in them. You feel the absence of things its denizens have forsworn (good museums, bustling industry and commerce), and the others they celebrate as trade-offs (great health, low stress). Cariou captures the flat essence of such places: the tawdry simplicity of a bullshit session at the funky Sunset Beach Store; of a local on a concrete seawall in Peru (beside an umbrella advertising "Inca Kola"); the cid functionalist housing projects of Rio de Janeiro's surf ghettos; a meticulously restored

cid surf car below a California bluff. At the Morra Bay power plant, a man walks away from the parking lot and across the dunes, leaving industrial culture for a moment in the wild. On Easter Island, it's the post-colonial incongruity of a chipped and faded cid saint watching benevolently as someone trims a peeler before a cruise ship at anchor-surf at the margins between worlds. These are places deeply loved by those who want what they have, but quite forgettable to everyone else-places to visit, but not to settle. And if you grow up in one of these places-or move to them for waves-surfing may be the reason you never leave, why you don't go off to a distant college or take a promotion requiring relocation to a big city. Surfing might loom, then, as the one great drama of your life, the one for which others were passed by.

More costly still: even in surf-blessed regions, good surf only happens when it happens; distant storms and local conditions have to match up just right with local tides. Whole months can pass in the heart of the surf season without a single good afternoon. Then, unannounced, 9:30 AM to noon of a four-day stretch might turn out to be the year's only Great run of classic conditions.

If you missed it, you missed the whole thing. The whole sport. Which means, in addition to Great cities being off-limits, a surfer must also forgot the rewards of fixed hours, rigid appointments, long work weeks-things that all happen to be universal trade-offs for membership in advanced industrial economies. Creative exceptions to the rule-doctors, and other traditional professionals fight hard for the kind of flexibility surfing demands. But you can be sure there are no truly committed surfers on the board at Goldman Sachs, or even among the partners of the biggest L.A. law firms. They don't have the freedom to reschedule their days based on the caprices of weather and water.

All of this rearranging of a life-around locale, free time, physical commitment-means that even as the surfer indulges a hunger for freedom and for water time, he or she holds at bay many of our culture's communal hungers. Our ritualized material aspirations have to be ignored, or at least resisted in order to justify the decision not to pursue them; and for that, our culture always makes you pay. No wonder, then, the fierce pride and defensiveness born of giving your best years and your best energies to something everybody's heard of and nobody understands, something that never gets you promoted or married or anything else. Also no wonder, finally, the brooding wariness of Cariou's subjects. No problem when the subject looks towards some distant object-when he can gaze off like the ancient mariner-but when he must turn his eyes into the lens, a suspicion appears. Just as Cariou captures the youthful delight and pride in his subjects' eyes, he dwells also on the brooding inwardness awaiting these boys, the hunted and hungry visages of eider men who've stayed put, chased a single passion, given up many things, and claimed others without apology. And with that comes a worry-so deftly captured by Cariou-that the subject's essence can be taken for the wrong reason, that a life with no more nor less joy than your own is being seen as a type, a caricature. Cariou's North Shore portrait of Buttons Kaluhiokalani is emblematic: Don't look at me that way. Don't rip me off. Don't think you know what I'm about.

"...[Surfing is] the fierce pride and defensiveness born of giving your best years and your best energies to something everybody's heard of and nobody understands..." -**Daniel Duane**

Photographer **Patrick Cariou** has traveled the globe, from the North Shore to Peru, from Tahiti to Brittany, from Long Island to Easter Island, searching out not only the world's great living surfers and legends, but also the dedicated, unsung wave riders living on and surfing distant shores and out-of-the-way breaks the world over.

In **Surfers**, his first book, Cariou nails it-with expert aid in the form of writer and surfer Dan Duane and surf writer gadfly Matt Warsaw-distilling the inimitable surfers' drive, will, and lifelong devotion to the sport, the tribe, and the way of life.

Surfers approaches the world of the wave with rare form: alternately stark and sinewy, lush and haunting, Cariou's intimate duotone portraits feature the famed (**Laird Hamilton, Buffalo Keaulana, Sunny Garcia, Rabbit Kekai, Jack O'Neill, Greg Noll, Joel Tudor, Brock Little, and Buttons Kaluhiokalani among others**), and the plebian (locals of every size and color, from **Uluwatu and Sunset Beach to Biarritz and Puerto Escondido**), and captures with unmatched and understated flair the sun, salt, and wave-and what Duane defines in his cool, detached essays "The Surfer's Gaze"-dissolving legend and local alike into one poly-pigmented, wave drenched, and steely-eyed visage of dedication and quiet, profound passion.

Mix in Cariou's surreal color seascapes and find yourself in a surfer's daydream (or in Matt's Irrepressible intro "Surfin' Santa Ride This"), rich in colors of ocean mist and coastallight, anticipating, in filmic fashion, that climactic breaking doubleoverhead on your elephant gun stashed away for far tao long; tao long for this job, for this life.

Evocatively designed by award-winning art director **Sam Shahid**, **Surfers** is a luxurious and unique addition to the well tread topography of longboard homages, and while keeping with the tradition of classic art photography publishing, an authentic insider's look into the surfer's zeitgeist.

Patrick Cariou, born in Brittany, France, is a former professional volleyball player and is currently a fashion photographer whose work appears regularly in leading fashion and general interest magazines, including Marie Claire, GQ, Condé Nast Traveler and Condé Nast Sports, Vogue Hommes International as well as Australian Elle and French Elle. Cariou lives and works in New York City.

Daniel Duane is the author of *Caught Inside: A Surfer's Year on the California Coast* and *Lighting Out: A Vision of California and the Mountains*. He frequently writes for *Surfer Magazine* and *The Surfer's Journal*, and his work has appeared in *The New York Times Magazine*, the *San Francisco Examiner*, and the *Los Angeles Times Magazine*.

Matt Warsaw is the former managing editor of *Surfer Magazine* and regularly contributes to *The Surfer's Journal* and *Surfer Magazine*. Warsaw has also published articles in the *Los Angeles Times*, the *Los Angeles Times Magazine*, *Interview*, *Outside*, *The Wall Street Journal*, and the *San Francisco Chronicle*.

Sam Shahid is the former Creative Director for Calvin Klein advertising and has designed photography books for **Bruce Weber, Herb Ritts, Kelly Klein, Bert Stern, and Ellen von Unwerth**, among others. Sam is currently the Creative Director and President of **Shahid & Company, New York**.

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ESSAY BY DANIEL DUANE INTRODUCTION BY
MATT WARSHAW
PATRICK CARIOU

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HIGH UP in the mountains and the forests resides the conscience of the world, bearded men close to God, living off what God provides, praying, meditating, often thinking about what it's like down there, in Babylon.

The Babylon system, in which NOTHING is free.

In the 1940s, in the hills just north of Spanish Town in St. Catherine, Jamaica, a man named Leonard Howell ran a community called Pinnacle, where he founded the Rastafarian movement.

On the one hand Howell was a travelled man of the world, a business man with an office in Kingston; on the other hand he provided a place where Rastas could live and work in peace.

In those days no Rasta could board a bus or enter a shop. Most people reacted to the presence of a Rasta in their midst with the apprehension they might feel towards a ragged beggar. Or worse: a ragged beggar who was also a lunatic.

A Rasta friend once described his astonishment at meeting a post Marley locksmith and realizing for the first time that locks could be a style, one that didn't invite rejection. The old man found this so hard to believe because he had experienced nothing but scorn from everyone but another Rasta his whole life.

For the most part Rastas from Pinnacle didn't wander far from home in those days, but those who did felt like John the Baptist in Galilee: so wild looking were they, covered in dust from the unpaved roads, that children would run from the sight of them. They projected the humility of the social outcast but bore the high stride of a visionary on the move, till they got back to the refuge that Leonard Howell had created at Pinnacle, where there was water for washing, natural food to eat, herb to smoke, and meditation to share.

The prime effect of ganja is to loosen the conditioning of the mind, and as the citizens of Pinnacle sat and reasoned together, they turned the many doctrines of the day upside down, ideas accepted as gospel. Far from accepting white supremacy in the days of the British Empire, the Rastas not only refused to acknowledge the English king, they identified an African king whom they began to worship, and whom they predicted would halt the advance of Europe into Africa, a prophecy which came true. Ras Tafari Makonnen, crowned Emperor Haile Selassie I, was revered as the Conquering Lion of the Tribe of Judah, King of Kings, and could claim direct descent from David and Solomon, Kings of the chosen people.

But while the Rasta might be able to quote chapter and verse to justify his beliefs, any young British civil servant, had they served in India, would have confirmed that the Rastafarians in Jamaica in the late forties and throughout the fifties were treated much more like untouchables than like Hindus. Pinnacle was raided and destroyed, Howell was sent to the lunatic asylum, and the scattered Rasta brethren went to live in a slum called Dungle along the waterfront on the outskirts of Kingston. Here too they were bulldozed out of their shacks to become "wolves in sheep's clothing" or "rent-a-dreads" at sunsplash concerts on the beach at Negril. But many became skilled craftsmen, artists, singers, and musicians. Some became businessmen, and some preachers, even religious fanatics. But these are not the Rasta that Patrick Cariou sought out with his camera. He searched for and found the brethren who left Pinnacle and headed for the hills.

In the mountains of Jamaica their descendants still live, close to nature and what nature provides, reflecting on how happy they are to be living a life in lion, where almost everything is

free, the air is pure, the earth is rich, rainfall is abundant, and where one can build a bamboo home big enough to house the largest family. Here is where they can grow the best food and ganga in the world, and meditate in the way good herb often brings, thinking about what ifs like living in Babylon, where nothing is free or unpolluted.

As a Rasta farmer says, "When you consider that when God give you a seed it will produce a thousand more seeds if you cafe for it, but when Babylon sell you a seed you still need chemicals to grow it-drug addiction 1 And now they bring seed that give you back no seed at ail! Not even one much legs a thousand!"

One of the several conceptions that Rasta established decades ago, before it became widespread, was the idea of ital living as living the natural life. Rastafarians knew instinctively that pesticides were poison, that fertilizer inducing false growth was unnatural, and that to place oneself at the mercy of synthetics without control of the source of supply was dangerous. They also knew that herbs and medicines extracted from roots and plants could cure more than the body: they could sustain a physical and spiritual strength unknown to those addicted to mass-produced food. Long before the ecological movement and the "Greens" took up the cry, Rasta was preaching the ital way of life as an article of faith, and invented a vocabulary to express it.

Opposed to the ital way of living and the concept of lion is Rasta's concept of Babylon.

Babylon was where mankind first stopped roving and built a city. Babylon, between the two rivers on the plain, was where man first accumulated more than he could carry. Babylon was where owning more than you could move led to such a piling up of treasures for the rich, such a display of wealth and force to protect it, that mankind began to drift away from dependence on God to a dependence on the material items that Babylon had to offer.

Babylon doesn't produce anything natural; it only uses up what's there, and as it reaches further and further into the natural world, more and more of those who used to live in lion start to starve. So where do they go? They go into Babylon as refugees, to a life they never planned for, to a life they don't understand, swelling Babylon, making it more desperate and greedier than ever.

Nuclear threat, industrial pollution... it's obvious to Rasta the highest authority is guilty of the greatest crime, that for the most part rulers are a criminal class, and-needless to say-the ruling class regard those with a meditating mind as due for some serious discipline.

Babylon is not just a ward to Rasta.
Babylon is not merely an idea, an abstraction for Rasta.
For Rasta, Babylon is a brutal reality.

When Patrick Cariou got a taste of it he was flung into a tiny cell packed with humanity but with no windows, with nothing to sit on or lie on except a floor caked with the accumulated filth of many years, with nowhere to relieve himself except in an open communal can, with only very little revolting food to sustain hi m, pushed through a small slit in an otherwise solid iron door: one of countless millions around the world held for doing nothing at ail to cause harm, living for a few days what many others have to live ail their lives.

Most of those heads bowed in captivity are not bowed in shame, but in thought.

Tens of thousands and hundreds of thousands and millions ail over the world, their bodies in chains, their heads bent in captivity for having the revelation that the religious fanatics and the political fanatics and the class fanatics and the color fanatics are telling them they must give over their freedom to fulfill some ridiculous fantasy of maniacal devising.

The function of Babylon comes from the conditioning of minds crippled with dogma. The ones who will lock you up for a beer in Tehran, and put you in a chain gang in Alabama for smoking a spliff. The ones who'll arrest you in China for thinking your own thoughts, in Cuba for expressing them. Communists, Fascists, Monopoly Capitalists.

For Rasta, the keeping alive of ganga in the world, known to them as herb, is a holy mission. What else has helped as much as the spirit of herb to bring together people all over the world, united in an experience and state of mind which encourages mankind to see and name and confront evil? What else has enabled countless millions to float over the divisions that divide mankind, leaving behind the prejudice that has kept them penned up in their own little corners? What else has urged so many to think and act in the spirit of one consciousness?

We have one world trade and one world communication systems, but what we really need is one world justice system; it can be either a simple design worthy of universal respect or a monster of debate and petty legalism. De minimus non curat tex.

If you can be put in jail for ganga anywhere in the world, why not two hundred lashes for adultery, or ten years in the penitentiary for meditation? If one world justice system strengthens petty law instead of universal freedom, the next century will be a long descent back into an electronic dark age, like the history we've just emerged from, when rulers ruled through their minions and everybody else was a slave to their whim and fancy, held in the grip of one dogma or another for as long as anybody can remember.

World justice must not crush the innocent, and in places like Jamaica today there is a vast threat to illiterate intelligence. It was understood for thousands of years that intelligence gained firsthand from experience was at least as valuable as knowledge learned second hand from books. When one considers that much of the progress of mankind over the ages was made by people who couldn't read and write, it is outrageous that dozens of petty bureaucracies would cause a man or a woman to lose their livelihood from the inability to fill out a form. Not ail the Rastas are illiterate, by any means, but it is not disputed by many that illiterate intelligence is the most profound, as it is learned from organic experience.

There has been no growth in the economy of Jamaica for the past 25 years. The effect has been one of increasing desperation, violence, and division for the ambitious. The result has been that the assumptions of the middle class have been shattered while the strengths of the simple Rastafarian life have become more evident with each passing year.

Most people cower and wilt under the assault of the Babylonian forces of the whole world, but the Rastas in Jamaica stand tall and preach repentance to the self-righteous.

I remember as a child of eight riding my horse to a building site where Rastas from Pinnacle were working to build a house, and meeting with maybe 20 of the two hundred or so Rastas in the world. They made sandals out of old tires, and they looked as though they were straight out of the Old Testament. They talked to me about the bible because in those days I loved bible stories, and

the Rastas knew their stories forwards and backwards. They looked ferocious, but in fact were very friendly to the little white boy on a horse.

I have lived to see Rasta spread around the globe. Rasta music, Rasta hairstyle, Rasta food, Rasta religion, Rasta flags, colors, and concerts. Rasta satellite broadcasts. Rasta as a worldwide movement. I've seen all of the above spread from Jamaica to the other islands of the West Indies, to England, to North America, to Japan, to France, Germany, Italy, West Africa, Southern Africa, Brazil. Rasta is now all over the whole world.

The amazing thing is how fast it happened, how easily it happened. How it has caused a revolution in the popular consciousness without shedding a drop of blood for ideology.

Bob Marley held a concert outside of Paris-one of the most ancient capitals of one of the world's strongest religions-and he pulled more people together to hear him sing his "Songs of Redemption" than assembled for the Pope two days later.

Why did it happen?

Because Rasta doesn't represent just Rasta; Rasta is a banner for a spirit worldwide.

The spirit of freedom, the spirit of pride, whether you're rich or poor. The spirit of relaxation.

The spirit of speculation. The belief of unification.

The spiritual home for this is still rooted in the mountains of Jamaica in these strong simple people.

Yes Rasta

One Love

PERRY HENZELL

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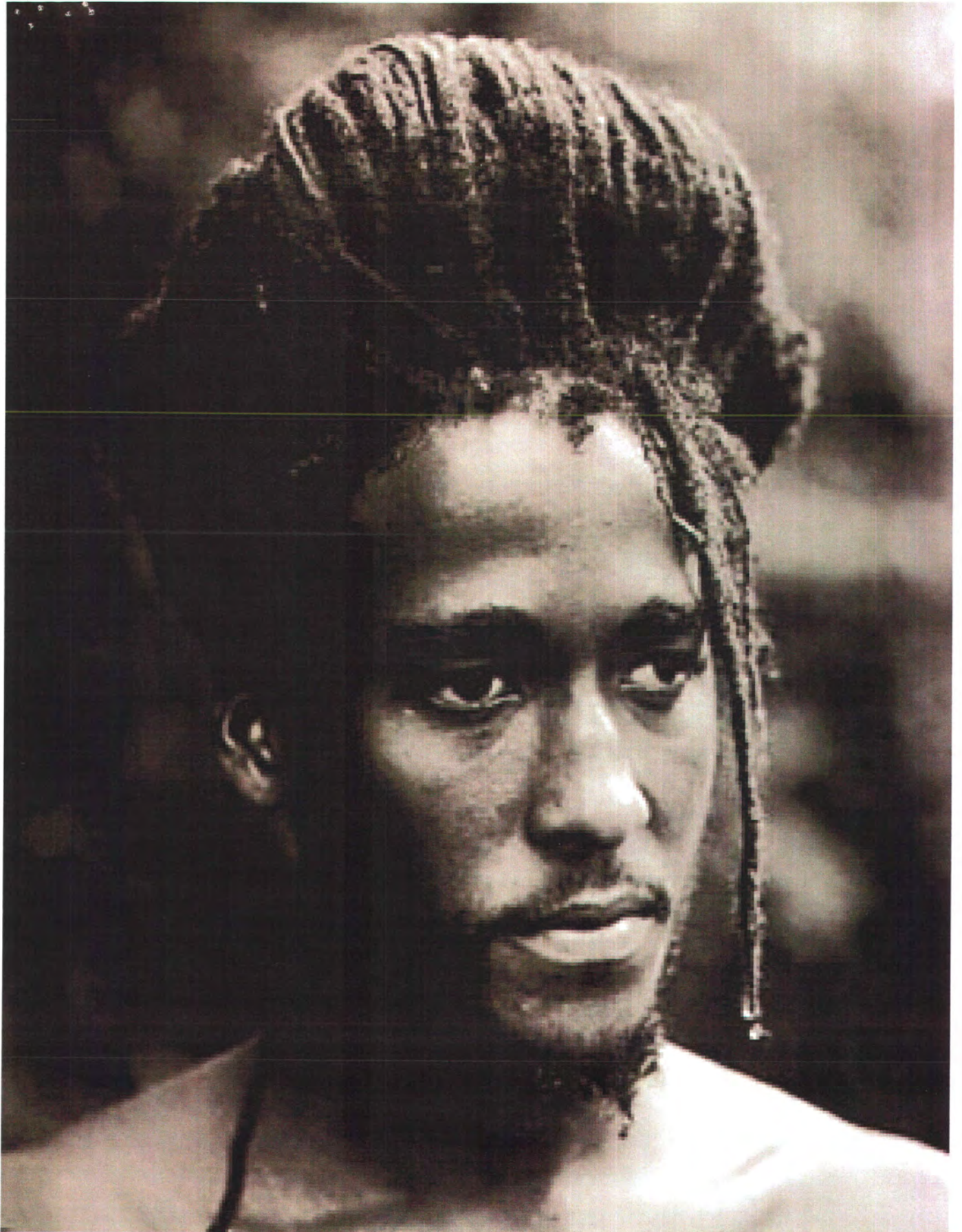
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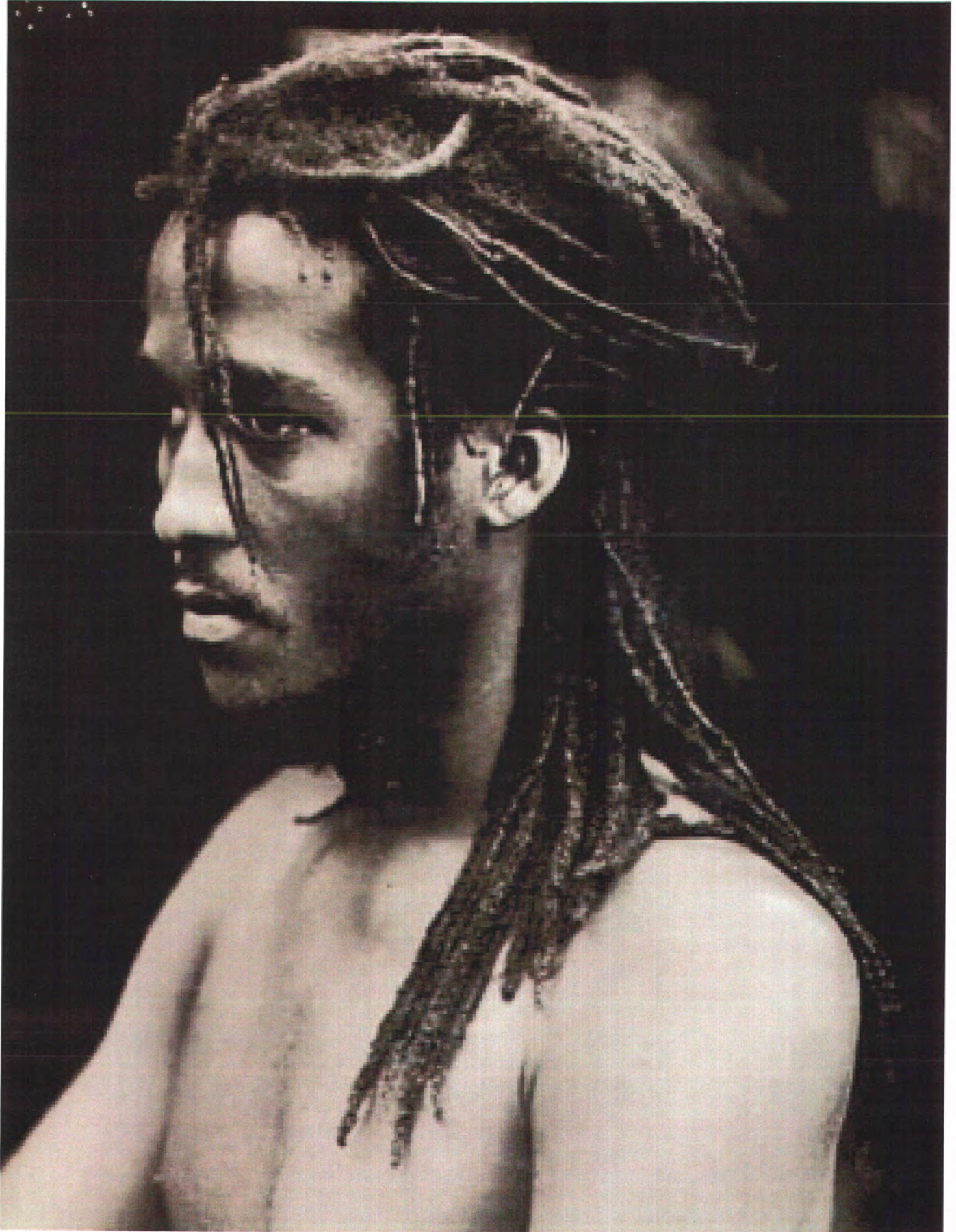
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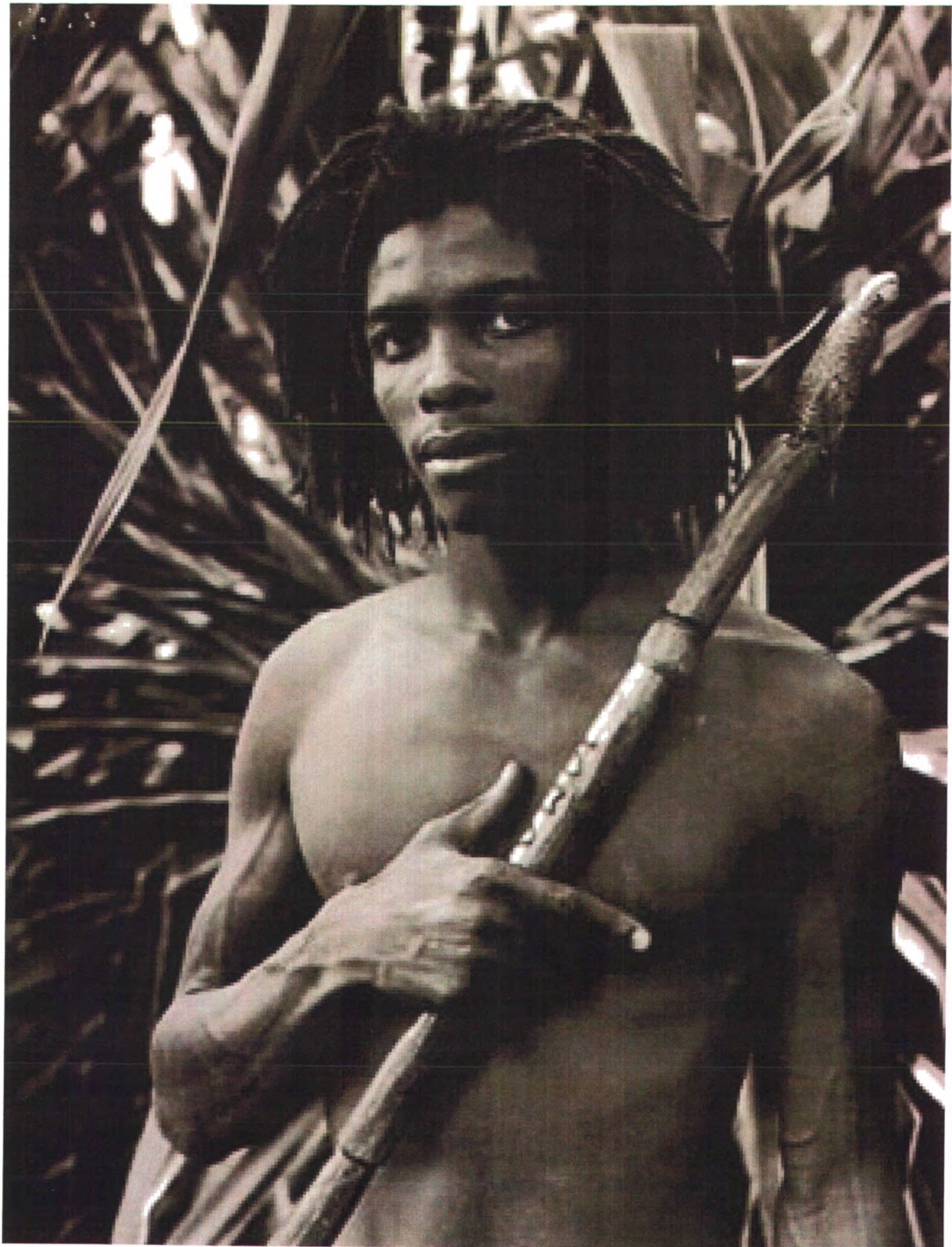
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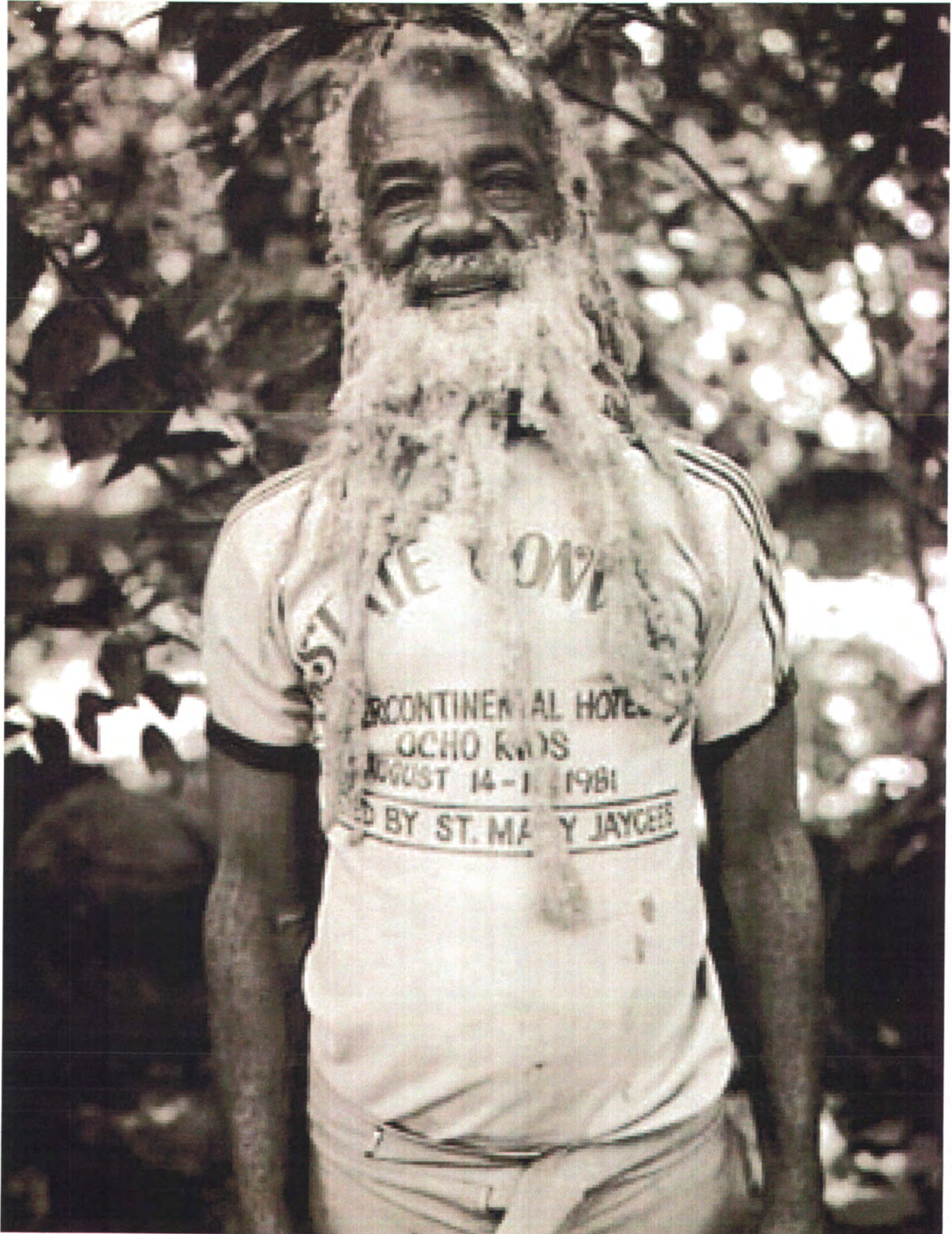
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PATRICK CARIOU,

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vs.

Index No.: 08 CIV 11327

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GALLERY, INC., LAWRENCE
GAGOSIAN, and RIZZOLI
INTERNATIONAL PUBLICATIONS,
INC.,

Defendants.

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New York, N.Y. 10119

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<p>1 Celle</p> <p>2 New York and the prints were in New York.</p> <p>3 So I told him that I was seriously</p> <p>4 interested. We had a conversation. He was</p> <p>5 there actually a few days. We talk about</p> <p>6 photography. He told me that he had been</p> <p>7 collecting books about photography for years.</p> <p>8 We talked about his favorite</p> <p>9 photographer, that it was Mary Ellen Mark, a</p> <p>10 wonderful woman. And he was here for a short</p> <p>11 time, but he said, well, if you go to Paris call</p> <p>12 me, you know.</p> <p>13 So later on I went to Paris</p> <p>14 actually, not for him, for personal reason. And</p> <p>15 we also had another – I call him again, I say</p> <p>16 I'm very interested, I'd love to do the show.</p> <p>17 So we also had coffee in the morning</p> <p>18 at Cafe del Esplanade.</p> <p>19 Q. This is in Paris?</p> <p>20 A. Yes. That's where I live in Paris.</p> <p>21 Q. Do you recall when that was?</p> <p>22 A. I knew it was for sure after</p> <p>23 September-October. I don't – I mean if you</p> <p>24 need to know I can look maybe in my agenda.</p> <p>25 But it was shortly after his visit,</p>	<p>1 Celle</p> <p>2 Rasta in the portrait of people.</p> <p>3 And then I remember there was some</p> <p>4 landscape, but there was a lot of marijuana</p> <p>5 everywhere, so I remember I have two teenagers</p> <p>6 so I was like maybe I have to be easy on that.</p> <p>7 But, you know, I really like the</p> <p>8 project and, you know, I show him a few things</p> <p>9 that I like in the book. But nothing was like</p> <p>10 settled and we didn't choose the photo that day,</p> <p>11 you know.</p> <p>12 Q. And you also looked at the Surfer</p> <p>13 book at the same time?</p> <p>14 A. We did.</p> <p>15 Q. And did you talk about putting</p> <p>16 certain of the Surfer prints in the show?</p> <p>17 A. Yes, the Surfer actually I ask him</p> <p>18 and he told me that will be easy because he had</p> <p>19 some copies also in New York. I was trying to</p> <p>20 see when can I get them but, you know, he was –</p> <p>21 what I remember also is at the time – I think</p> <p>22 the reason also he was in New York, he was</p> <p>23 preoccupied because he had done a project about</p> <p>24 gypsy work and he was trying to find somebody to</p> <p>25 help him to edit the gypsy work to turn it into</p>
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<p>1 Celle</p> <p>2 I had to do a trip in France, so I took</p> <p>3 advantage to meet him. And we talk again, and I</p> <p>4 was trying to pressure him to have an agreement</p> <p>5 and say yes, because I was really planning for a</p> <p>6 show in April probably, my opening of the</p> <p>7 gallery, because with construction I knew it</p> <p>8 would take at least six months.</p> <p>9 So I would have loved to have maybe</p> <p>10 a commitment or something.</p> <p>11 Q. So go back for a moment to the lunch</p> <p>12 meeting, was there a discussion there about any</p> <p>13 financial terms?</p> <p>14 A. Oh, yes. Yes.</p> <p>15 Q. What was that discussion?</p> <p>16 A. The discussion was I was telling him</p> <p>17 usually the photographer give me all the prints,</p> <p>18 I don't pay for the prints, that's their</p> <p>19 responsibility, but I do all the framing, and</p> <p>20 then we split 50 percent each.</p> <p>21 Q. Did you discuss what photographs</p> <p>22 would be in the show?</p> <p>23 A. We had a copy of the book. I had a</p> <p>24 copy of both books actually. We went through</p> <p>25 some of them. I was very interested in for the</p>	<p>1 Celle</p> <p>2 a book.</p> <p>3 Q. Prior to the time you had your</p> <p>4 first contact with Mr. Cariou had you seen the</p> <p>5 Yes Rasta book?</p> <p>6 A. I've seen the Rasta book, yes.</p> <p>7 Q. Before then?</p> <p>8 A. Before that, yeah.</p> <p>9 Q. So is there anything else at the</p> <p>10 lunch conversation that you haven't told us</p> <p>11 about that you and Mr. Cariou discussed?</p> <p>12 A. No. Basically I was, you know, the</p> <p>13 gallery trying to, you know, pursue the artist</p> <p>14 to do a show. And he was interested. He wanted</p> <p>15 to do a show. So it was a matter of, you know,</p> <p>16 when I will be ready, when he will be ready.</p> <p>17 And, you know, he was interested.</p> <p>18 Q. Did you discuss with him doing a</p> <p>19 solo show or a group show, or how did that –</p> <p>20 A. It was a solo show. And we were</p> <p>21 planning April or May if the gallery will be</p> <p>22 ready.</p> <p>23 Q. Of 2009?</p> <p>24 A. 2009.</p> <p>25 Q. And did you discuss how long the</p>



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<p style="text-align: center;">45</p> <p>1 Celle</p> <p>2 show would last?</p> <p>3 A. I don't remember if we discussed</p> <p>4 that. But usually it's a month or six weeks</p> <p>5 that I know.</p> <p>6 Q. And the proposal to make it a solo</p> <p>7 show, was that your proposal or his?</p> <p>8 A. It was my proposal.</p> <p>9 Q. And why did you propose that?</p> <p>10 A. Because I thought the material was</p> <p>11 very strong in the book. I thought about also</p> <p>12 the timing, you know, like this is a subject</p> <p>13 that you think about people going out, and it's</p> <p>14 not a winter show, it's like surfing. It's a</p> <p>15 summer show.</p> <p>16 And I usually do solo show most of</p> <p>17 the time. And because, as I said, I really</p> <p>18 loved the material in the book, I thought, you</p> <p>19 know, it was worthy. And also because of the</p> <p>20 subject, I knew I had a lot of people in the</p> <p>21 entertainment business that will be very</p> <p>22 attracted to that.</p> <p>23 Q. And the Surfer photographs you</p> <p>24 talked about doing, were they portrait-type</p> <p>25 photographs as well?</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">47</p> <p>1 Celle</p> <p>2 A. He was supposed to come before</p> <p>3 Christmas because I was telling him that the</p> <p>4 time was running, and after Christmas I felt</p> <p>5 like, wow, Christmas, you know, everybody –</p> <p>6 nobody don't do anything.</p> <p>7 So I wanted to pressure him to try</p> <p>8 to come before the end of the year so to give me</p> <p>9 really the material and we could pick together</p> <p>10 the show.</p> <p>11 Because I didn't know if he had</p> <p>12 everything printed, we might have to print extra</p> <p>13 thing, and then you need the framing. So, you</p> <p>14 know, it's time consuming.</p> <p>15 You know, I wanted him to commit.</p> <p>16 And he told me that he will probably come back</p> <p>17 in November.</p> <p>18 Q. Come back in November of '08?</p> <p>19 A. Of 2008. November-December he will</p> <p>20 come back.</p> <p>21 Q. And did he come back in November</p> <p>22 of 2008?</p> <p>23 A. No.</p> <p>24 Q. When did he next come back or when</p> <p>25 did you next have contact with him?</p>
<p style="text-align: center;">46</p> <p>1 Celle</p> <p>2 A. Yes, portrait of surfers. I mean</p> <p>3 beautiful image of like some of them – one is</p> <p>4 Joel Trudeau, as a young surfer, who is now like</p> <p>5 in his 30s, but he had photographed him in</p> <p>6 probably 2000. So it was a very, you know, it</p> <p>7 was a long, long project.</p> <p>8 Q. So the idea was to do a show of</p> <p>9 portraits by Patrick Cariou?</p> <p>10 A. It was – the Surfer I couldn't do</p> <p>11 portraits only because he had a lot of beautiful</p> <p>12 photos of the surfer in the wave, so it was</p> <p>13 mixed.</p> <p>14 Q. And then back to, if I could, the</p> <p>15 meeting in Paris – which I understand was the</p> <p>16 next meeting after the lunch meeting in</p> <p>17 New York?</p> <p>18 A. Yes.</p> <p>19 Q. What was discussed there?</p> <p>20 A. What was discussed there was that he</p> <p>21 will try to come before the end of the year in</p> <p>22 New York to get all the prints together.</p> <p>23 Q. Before the end of 2008?</p> <p>24 A. Yes.</p> <p>25 Q. Okay, go ahead.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">48</p> <p>1 Celle</p> <p>2 A. I saw Patrick actually recently</p> <p>3 I think because he came to do his deposition</p> <p>4 he told me.</p> <p>5 Q. From the time that you had this</p> <p>6 meeting in Paris – which was sometime in the</p> <p>7 fall of 2008, correct?</p> <p>8 A. Yes.</p> <p>9 Q. When did you next speak to him?</p> <p>10 A. When I next saw him after that –</p> <p>11 I'm trying to – I think I saw him once.</p> <p>12 Yeah, I think he came in New York –</p> <p>13 yeah, he came in New York because of this</p> <p>14 situation we are here today.</p> <p>15 Q. Because of the lawsuit?</p> <p>16 A. Yes.</p> <p>17 In the summer maybe. I can't</p> <p>18 remember.</p> <p>19 Q. Summer of '09, 2009?</p> <p>20 A. I can't remember. He came in 2009.</p> <p>21 I know he came to the gallery because he saw my</p> <p>22 show, but I can't remember what time exactly it</p> <p>23 was. I think it was in the spring. I think the</p> <p>24 gallery was open.</p> <p>25 Q. The gallery was open in the spring</p>

