



ERMANNSKI



—REVV—
EST. 2005





By Amy Larson

Brian Ermanski, Resaler

What do you call that look? It's Edwardian punk fop. I usually wear the same outfit for a month. I'll go a week without showering. I'm only on, like, day two. This is my Prince of Elizabeth look, which I'm wearing because I make art outside an abandoned building on Prince and Elizabeth. Today Vito Schnabel is coming to see it. He's, like, the best gallerist in New York. He's going to pay thousands of dollars for my work.

Is that how you make money? I buy used clothes at thrift stores, and then I resell them at expensive places like Ina and Resurrection. I can find a seventies Yves Saint Laurent men's suit for \$10 in a thrift store and then get \$125 at Ina. When I was a freshman at NYU, I got lots of copies of *Wallpaper* and studied. I'm a visual learner.

What's going on with your eye makeup? I woke up and it was still on. I try to put on a lot. It's a lived-in look. I like the fact that it reminds me of the night before.

So what happened last

night? I don't remember. I live for today. Not yesterday, not tomorrow. Wait—I guess that goes against what I just said. Dammit.

Do you have style icons? I admire my friend Countess's style. She's a real countess, from, like, London. She's just London extravagant.

Are you into royal style?

When you invent something, you have to live it. And I invented that I'm the Prince of Elizabeth, so in that way, I like royal style. I'm actually in love with the Queen of Broome—she's a supermodel. But sometimes I'll just wear long johns for, like, three months. Everyone was like, *What are you doing?* But then I saw long johns in *V* magazine. Maybe they saw me, or maybe they saw some other first ape.

What? You don't know the first-ape theory? It's that all the apes in the world think of the same thing at the same time: like the wheel, for example. And some apes put the idea into production, so they get all the credit. Like, Madonna has a boom box in her new video. I've been carrying around a boom box for four months. No, eleven. I'm a first ape, but I never get things into production. I'm going to be better about it this year.



Photograph by Jake Christman



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I AM AN ARTIST

I AM FREE



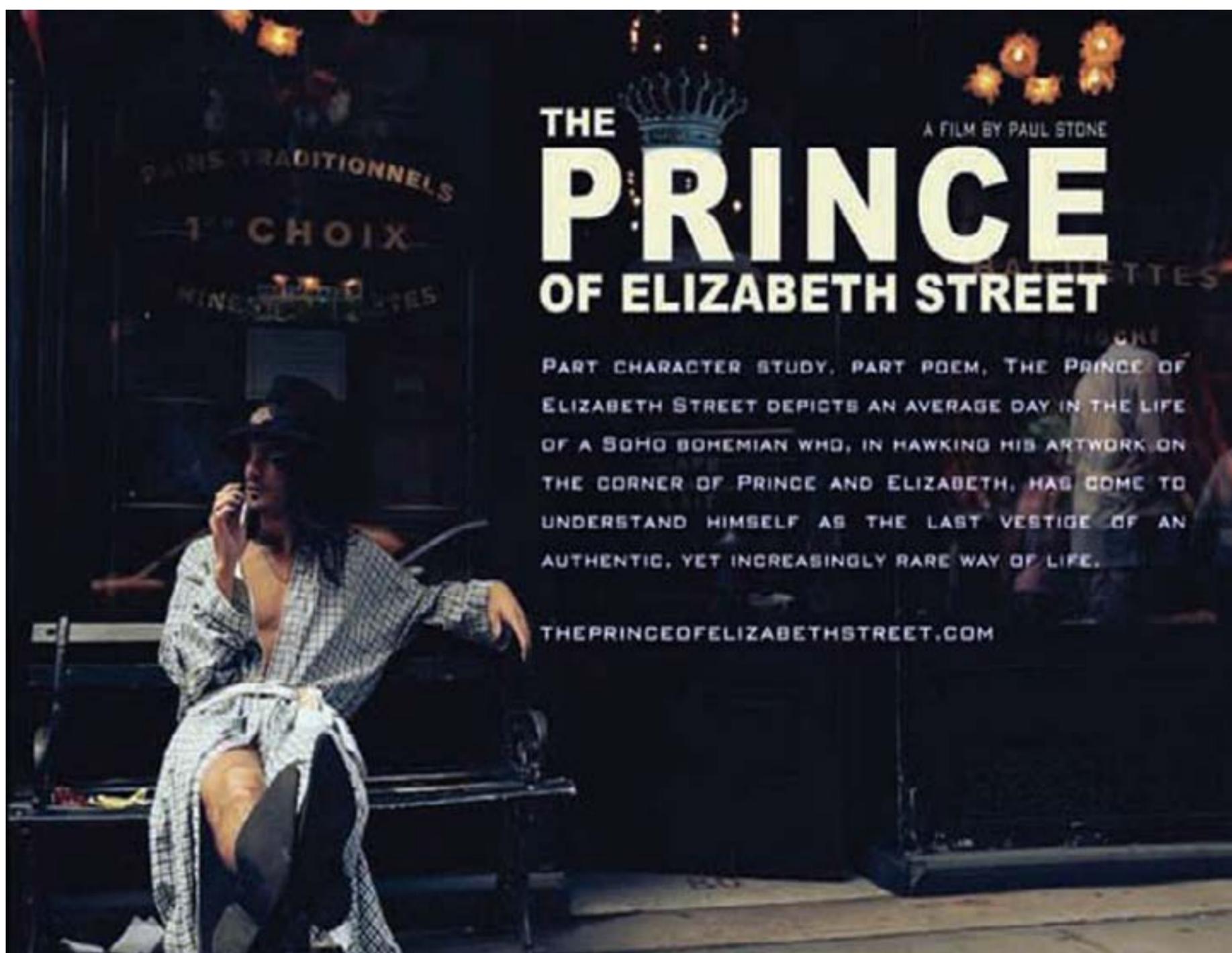
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PART CHARACTER STUDY, PART POEM, THE PRINCE OF ELIZABETH STREET DEPICTS AN AVERAGE DAY IN THE LIFE OF A SOHO BOHEMIAN WHO, IN HAWKING HIS ARTWORK ON THE CORNER OF PRINCE AND ELIZABETH, HAS COME TO UNDERSTAND HIMSELF AS THE LAST VESTIGE OF AN AUTHENTIC, YET INCREASINGLY RARE WAY OF LIFE.

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HUFFPOST ARTS & CULTURE

Meet the Bad Boy of the Art World: Brian Ermanski (VIDEO)

Posted: 02/ 1/2012 10:59 am



Starting his career painting on the corner of a New York City street, Brian Ermanski wanted to bring his work to the people. To get by, the destitute struggling artist would sell off clothes that he had collected over decades of vintage shopping with his dad, but never his art. Yet through this hard time his ambition was to bring his work worldwide.

A few years down the line and an MTV reality show under his belt, Ermanski is now known as the bad boy of the New York art scene. His paintings are raw with emotion, revisiting the joy and the pain of past failures, triumphs and loves. He paints about what he knows. If it happened to him yesterday, it is likely to be strewn across a 6-foot canvas the next day.

Some people find Ermanski's work shocking. But his provocative, loud, urban pieces have gained him huge success and notoriety as an artist. New York City just can't get enough of him. And that's not to mention some major collectors on either side of the pond whose interest is piqued by the artist in eyeliner and a top hat, toting a hand painted boombox wherever he goes.

Ermanski's work has appeared in the *New York Times* and *Vogue*. He has been involved in more than a few interesting projects, including painting a room at the Hotel Des Arts in San Francisco and showing at New York's Le Jungle Gallery. Some of his pieces now command price tags upwards of \$10,000, but as Crane.tv found out, it was not always an easy ride. We showcase the personal, inner workings of the man, who oozes undeniable charm and infectious charisma. There is something so wrong about him, it's right.



ERMANNSKI



NEW YORK

LOOK BOOK

A GALLERY OF STREET FASHION



AMY LAROCCA *and* JAKE CHESSUM

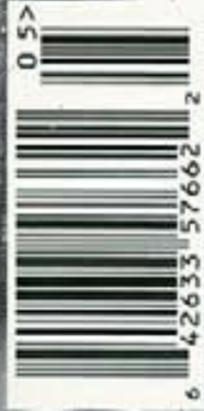
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O il classico nero
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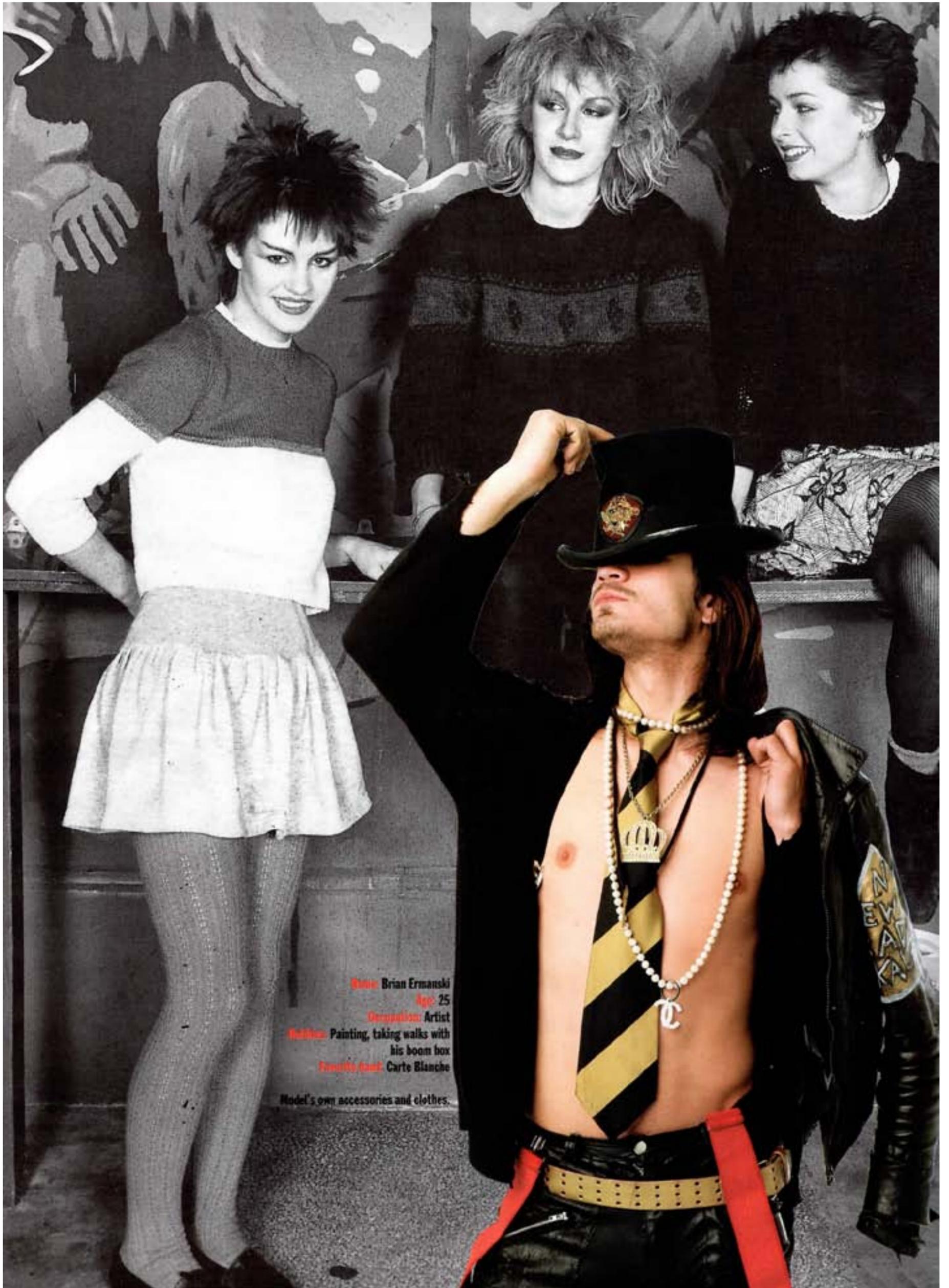




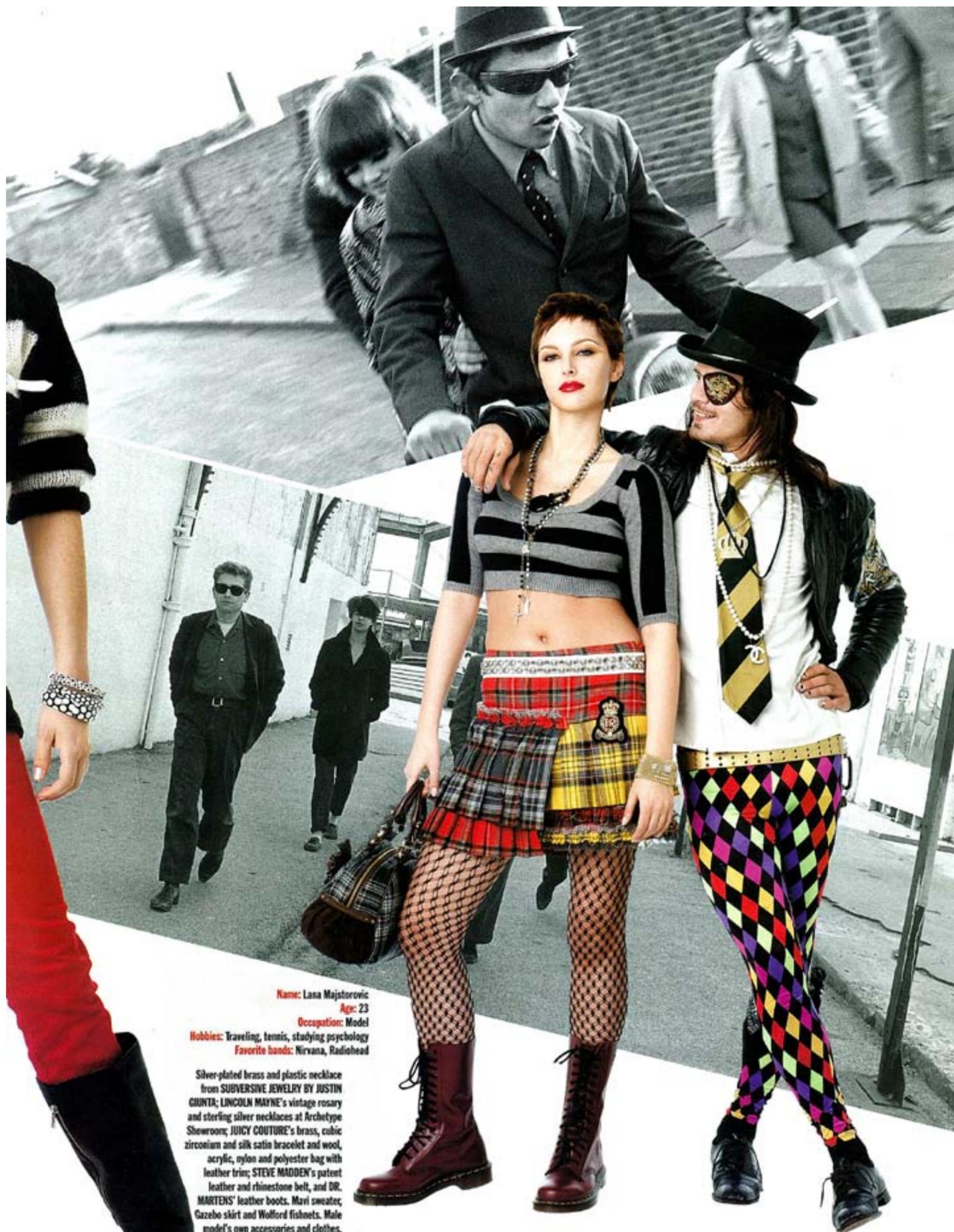








Name: Brian Ermanski
Age: 25
Occupation: Artist
Hobbies: Painting, taking walks with his boom box
Favorite Band: Carle Blanche
Model's own accessories and clothes.



Name: Lana Majstorovic

Age: 23

Occupation: Model

Hobbies: Traveling, tennis, studying psychology

Favorite bands: Nirvana, Radiohead

Silver-plated brass and plastic necklace from SUBVERSIVE JEWELRY BY JUSTIN GIUNTA; LINCOLN MAYNE's vintage rosary and sterling silver necklaces at Archetype Showroom; JUICY COUTURE's brass, cubic zirconium and silk satin bracelet and wool, acrylic, nylon and polyester bag with leather trim; STEVE MADDEN's patent leather and rhinestone belt, and DR. MARTENS' leather boots. Mavi sweater, Gazebo skirt and Wollford fishnets. Male model's own accessories and clothes.



WWD Accessories Supplement April 2006

punk show

London's underground music scene of the Seventies and early Eighties is still alive and well, inspiring this season's rocking accessories.

Watch Focus

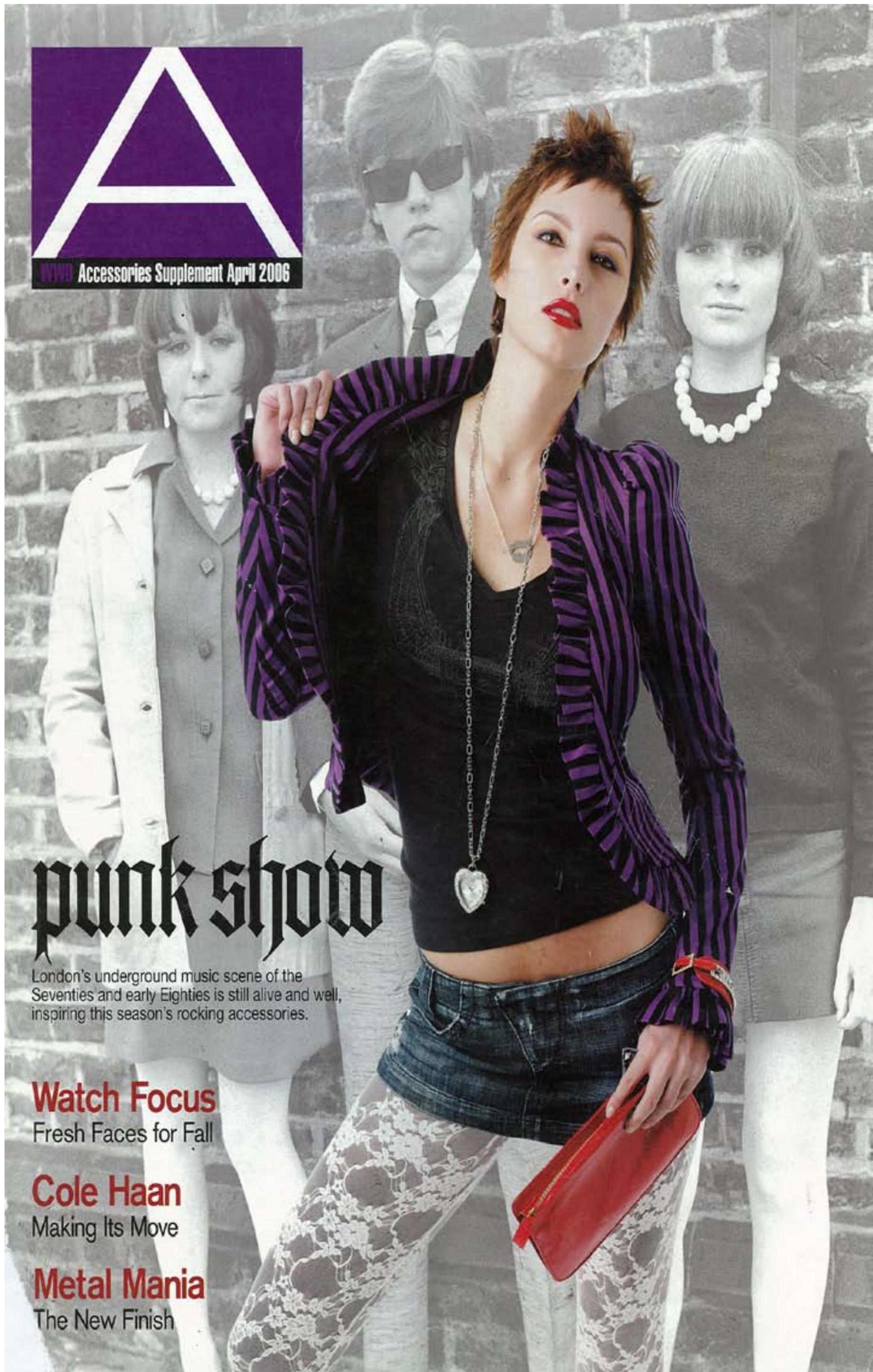
Fresh Faces for Fall

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BRIAN ERMANSKI



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BRIAN ERMANSKI



I.C.E.I.C.E.BABY

BRIAN ERMANSKI

I'D MAKE BANKS'S MR. BRAINWASH BLUSH

Photography DANNY CHRISTENSEN

"WHO THE F@\$ IS BRIAN ERMANSKI? I'm fearless. I take so many risks and chances. I've seen death, I've experienced it. I'm not shy like when I was younger. You probably wouldn't believe me if I told you anyway. Maybe my friends will put my life story in a book one day. Or maybe a short film oh wait Paul Stone already did it's called The Prince of Elizabeth Street"*

"ICE is beautiful, bright and helps preserve life. ICE is an acronym for In case of emergency. I was assaulted five years ago. I was in so much pain and there was no one there to help me. I was almost calling out for help. Picking up girls on the street every day in search of a girl who has a heart of Gold. ICE also represents numbness: when I was injured I lost the feeling of my right hand. I rehabilitated myself to be able to paint again, to be able to touch and feel. BLACK ICE. Yeah watch out for it..."

"When I think of love, I think of passion. I think of dedication; nights spent painting all night long. I think of all of the women who have ever inspired me and how much I've strived to be better because of them. I think of the greater feeling of being in love; how much it torments and racks your heart and how much it soothes your soul and calms your nerves." "My next project is top secret. All I can say is that I'm going to make the most expensive painting in the world."♥



TWELV



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LOVE



JOE MCKENNA YAYOI KUSAMA NICK VEASEY
LAUREN BUSH LAUREN REAL ESTATE FIRST AID KIT ALAIA





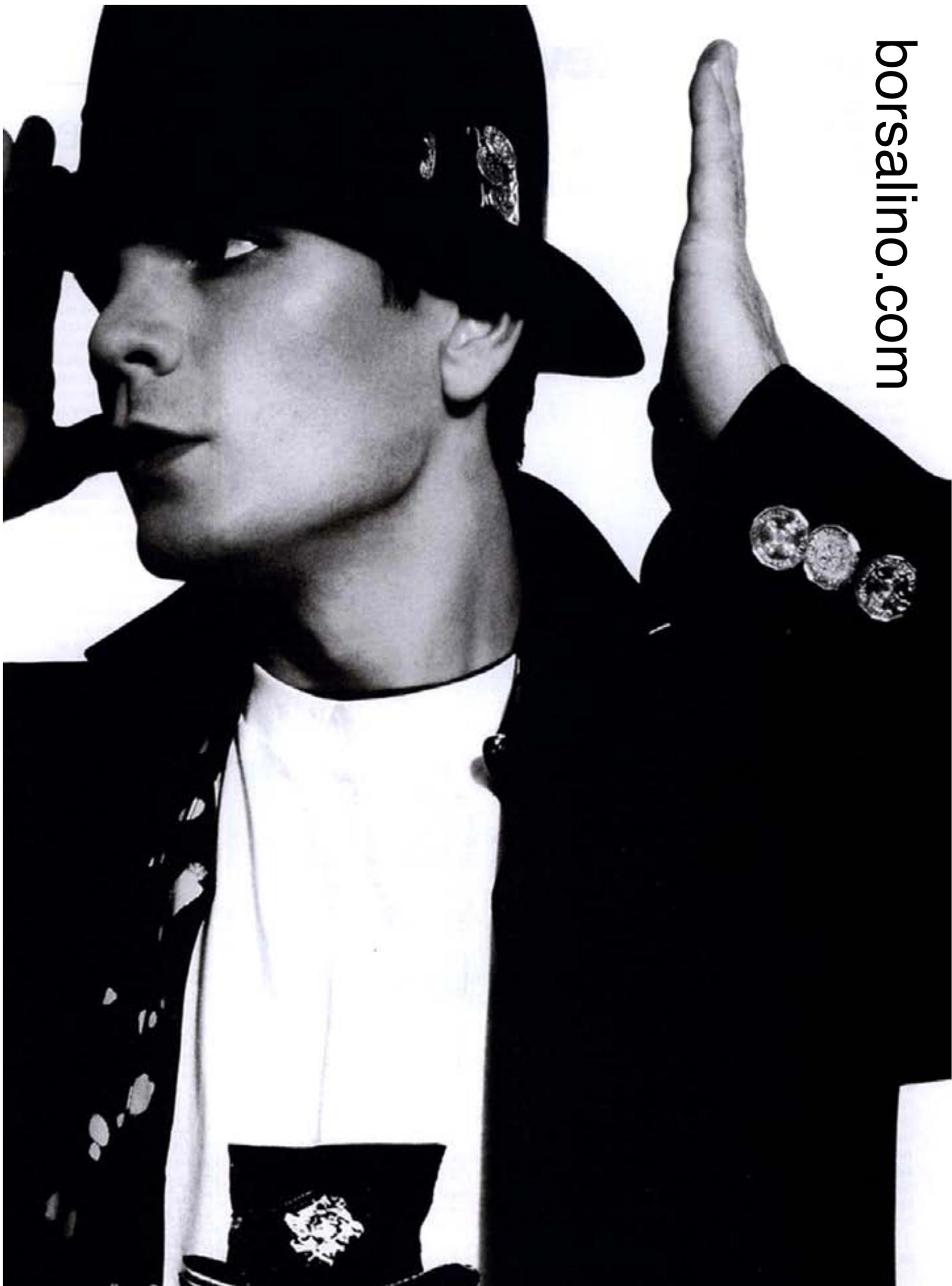
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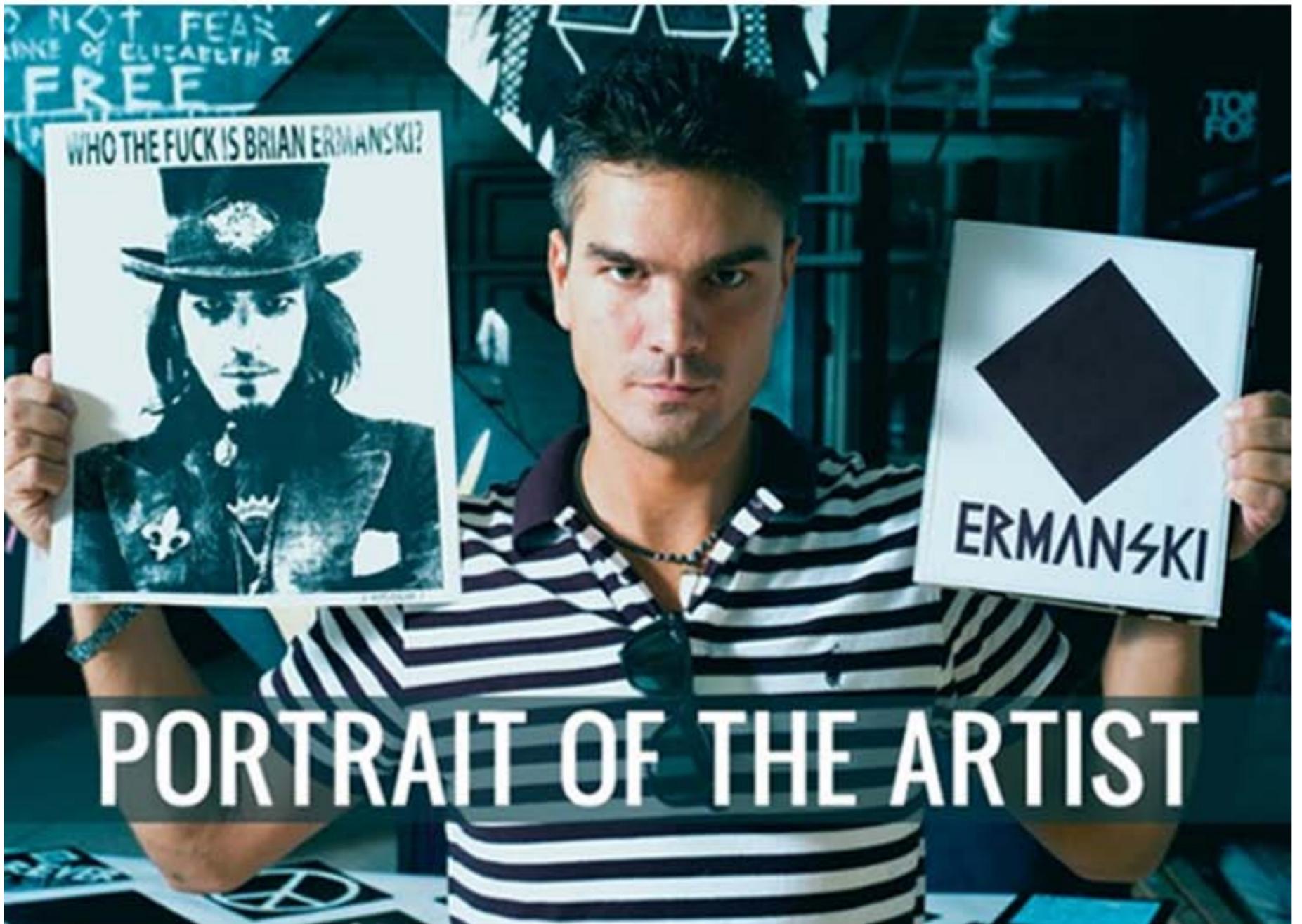
REVV
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east meets west.



PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST

Matt Borkowski

Nov 27, 2012

When artist Brian Ermanski first greets us at the door to his Tribeca studio, he's hardly the man we expect to meet. Instead of the gaunt, scruffy "Prince of Elizabeth Street," known for his 16th century-inspired outfits, smudged eyeliner, and tall top hat, we find a clean-cut 31 year old at peak physical condition, worthy of an Abercrombie + Fitch catalogue. Wearing short Adidas shorts and a white t-shirt that show off an athletic build, Ermanski is frenetic and perspiring, excited and hospitable.

He'd invited us to visit him at his studio hours before what he calls his "first professional show"—The Black Diamond Show at the Carlton Hotel as part of an event thrown by Untapped PR. He explains he first came up with the idea for his exhibition ten days before, spending six of the days leading up to the event painting over 40 pieces. Considering he has worked nearly 48 hours straight to complete the collection before our arrival, it's no surprise he offers us a Red Bull, or a bottle of water.

As the title of his exhibition suggests, every work in the show is inspired by one particular diamond—the Black Orlov, or the Eye of Brahma—and the myth that surrounds it. As the story goes, the 195-carat diamond was stolen years ago from a Hindu temple, and every person who has since been in possession of it has been cursed, committing suicide as a result.

"It started me on this whole journey," says Ermanski of the gem's epic history, which he first discovered in 2004. Since then, the black diamond has become a major part of his visual diary, in both form and subject matter—even becoming part of his logo in an abstracted shape. "I wanted something that looks very simple and perfect as is," he says. "It's one of the basic symbols of life—the square turned on its side."



Every piece he created for the show—save one large, loose canvas he calls “Get Off My Cloud”—is made from a black square, always oriented on its point. And while Ermanski relishes in having few influencers, his aesthetic, which he calls “dark pop art,” has been compared to that of Basquiat for its urban-primitive qualities. “In the beginning, I said I don’t want to look at anyone else’s art,” he explains. “I just want to do everything from my own perspective.” And as a result, he confides, most of his works share an advertorial quality with references to consumerism and fashion.

“My influences are anything that comes into contact with me,” he explains. “I become a sponge, and then I rinse out the sponge as quickly as possible without overanalyzing. I want it to be recorded as history in the making.” It’s no surprise then that brands, like Hermès or Chanel, pop up more than anything else in his art. “It’s also a tribute to how successful those brands have been, and how much I want to be a part of that tradition,” he says of their longevity.

But the significance of the diamond for Ermanski goes deeper, and ties tightly to his bildungsroman.

Born on March 17th, 1981, Ermanski grew up in the suburbs of Massachusetts. As a teenager, he attended the all boys prep Saint John’s High School in Shrewsbury. “It was khakis every day, button-down, tie, blazer—very regimented,” he says of his teenage years, describing them as quite... square. He then went on to New York University’s Gallatin School of Individualized Study, where he majored in marketing, advertising, painting, philosophy, psychology, acting, and the classics.

After graduation, he stuck around in the city. “For the first time when I was 23 or 24 I was like, you know what, I kind of want to just break free and have nothing holding me back. I have the world at my fingertips—I live in New York City.”

In 2004, and with one semester of painting under his belt, he started painting canvases outside an abandoned building on the corner of Prince and Elizabeth Street in Nolita. Meanwhile, he earned his living buying used clothes at thrift stores and reselling them at high-end consignment shops, which then inspired an array of characters, including the dark Elizabeth persona we expected to meet at the door. And though the early 2000s were a creative period for Ermanski, he also spent much of his time on the streets. Looking back now, he describes himself then as “clearheaded, but without much hope.” Two years later, his life altered course when he was assaulted and nearly killed by a bouncer at a Flatiron bar. He suffered intense nerve damage as a result, and has spent the last six years recovering.

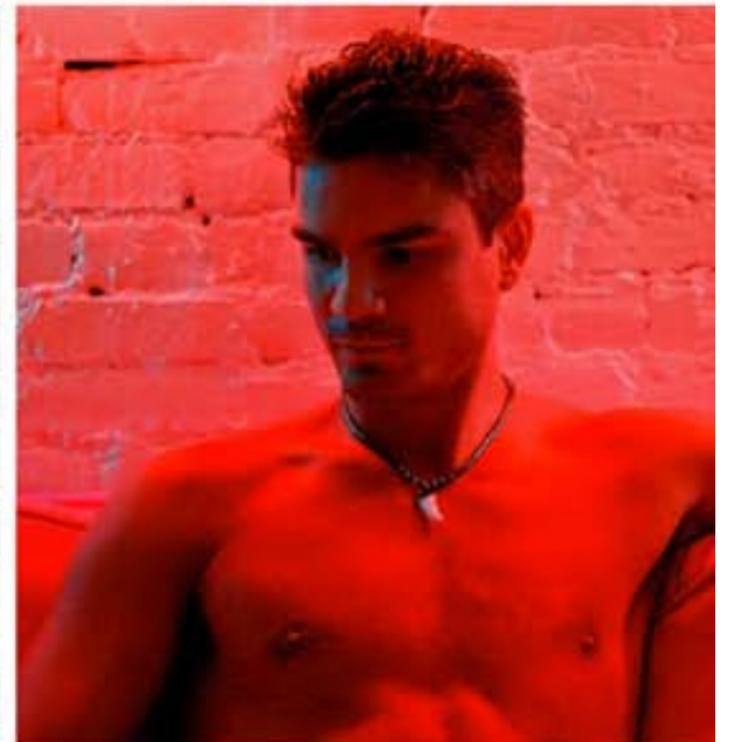
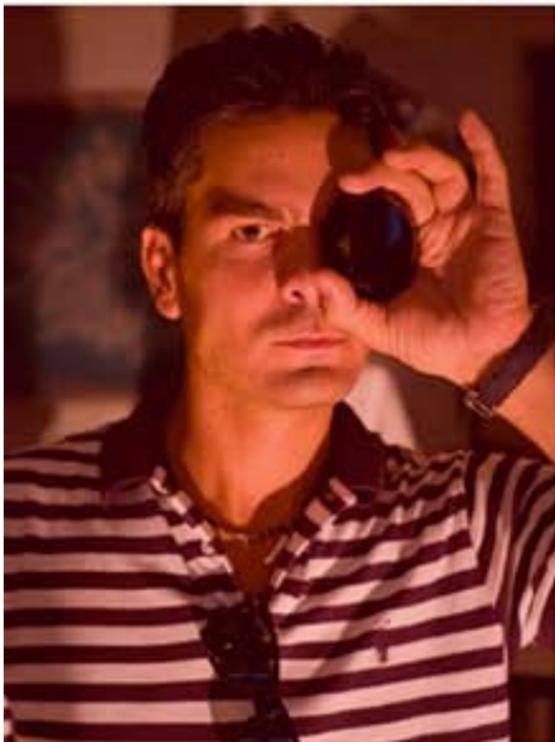
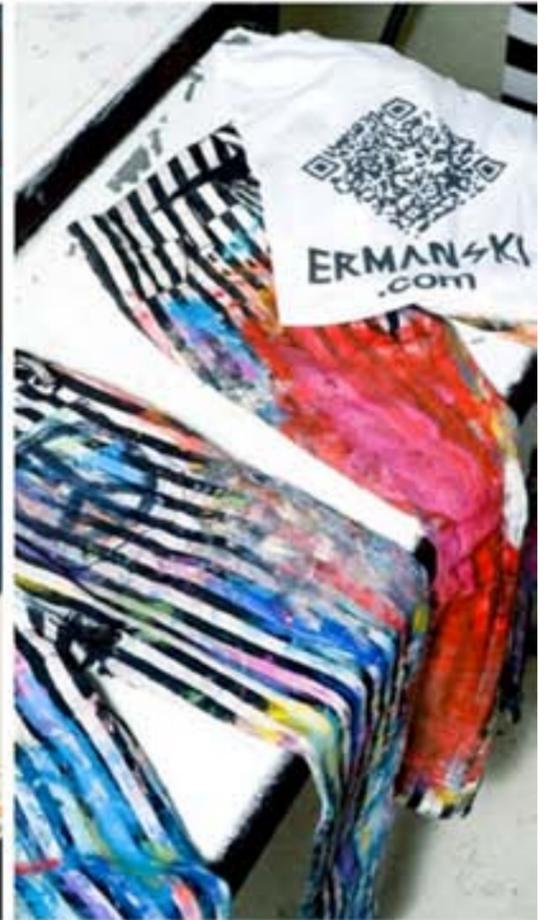
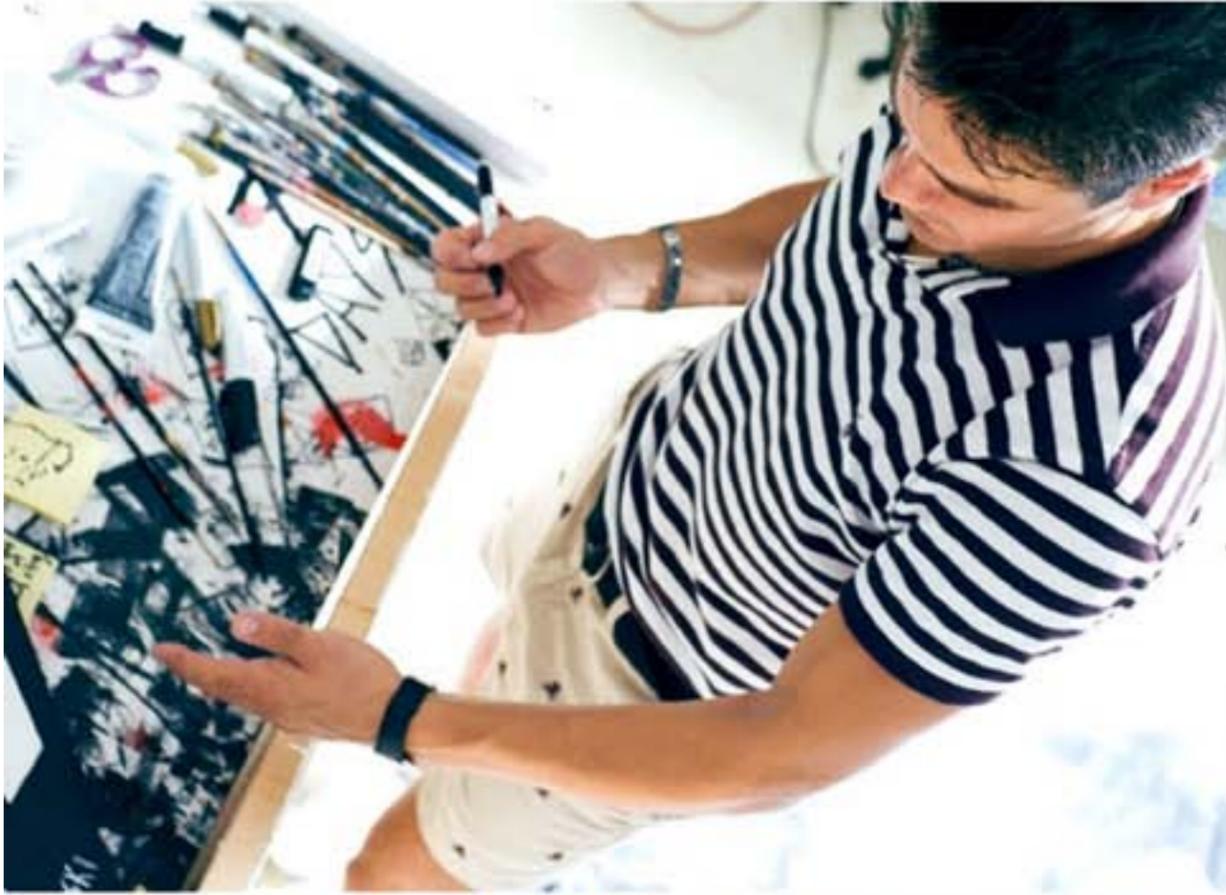
Though he was able to create during that period—he painted room 506 at The Hotel des Arts in San Francisco, and people like Sean Avery, Debbie Harry and Terry Richardson have purchased or commissioned his work—it’s only now that he is finally ready to focus his life on becoming the artist, actor, and creator he had hoped to be. “I’ve been alone way too long and it’s time to get back into the world,” he says. Having garnered attention from Interview magazine and The Huffington Post, who earlier this year anointed him “The Bad Boy of the Art World,” it would seem Ermanski is on his way. “I used to be square, then I went wild for a while,” he explains of his recent evolution. “Now I’m trying to get back to square, but still have an edge.”

Indeed, Ermanski might not have found a better symbol to manifest his journey than that of the black diamond. —Sasha Levine (@sashalevine)



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Matt Borkowski



THE BEST OF 2012
GO INSIDE ARTIST BRIAN ERMANSKI'S STUDIO



THE BEST OF 2012
THE YEAR'S MOST POPULAR LIFE STORIES
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“Lipsticks and Loose Lips”

at Tribeca Grand Hotel



Grand Life in collaboration with Indiewalls and BENT is proud to present *Lipsticks and Loose Lips*, a show of two new series of paintings by Brian Ermanski, the Prince of Elizabeth Street. The exhibition will run from June 6th – July 2nd in the lobby of the Tribeca Grand Hotel, with an opening reception on June 6th from 9PM-1AM co-sponsored by Wodka and Peroni, featuring DJ sets by DJ Brion Isaacs (Rivington Design House) and DJ David Katz.

No stranger to the world of fashion, Ermanski once approached Karl Lagerfeld about designing a menswear line for Chanel, only to be told that all the money was in cosmetics. Ermanski took Lagerfeld literally, and created *Lipsticks*, his second pop art series after *ICE*. With suggestive shapes and a seductive purpose, *Lipsticks* are unmistakably erotic. You can easily picture *The Huffington Post*'s "bad boy of the art world" walking up to the most beautiful girl in the room and saying "Nice lipstick! Can I try it on?" before moving in for a kiss. The 16 paintings in acrylic on canvas feature tubes in several shades, which comprise the palette we use to create the illusions we wear every day.

Whereas cosmetics help us conceal the truth, journals are where we let our secrets slip. *Loose Lips* is drawn directly from the diary of the artist: 32 selected entries documenting radical days spent blasting his boombox on the streets and living on the edge, blown up on archival paper for the world to read. Unlike the highly composed and hard-edged *Lipsticks*, *Loose Lips* are scrawled and spur of the moment, a blend of text and images that reveal a side of the artist obscured by the sleek surfaces of his pop paintings. They're not about the allure of lipstick. They're about the morning after, when you wake up with your makeup smeared on the bed sheets, stripped bare of illusions - and everything else. The revelation continues with a set of short films that accompany *Lipsticks and Loose Lips* - a show which starts to answer a question the painter once posed in a print: *Who The Fuck Is Brian Ermanski?*

Brian Ermanski (b. 1981) has been a familiar figure downtown for over a decade, having painted on the streets of Nolita since moving to New York to attend NYU's Gallatin School of Individualized Study. His work has been featured in *Vogue*, *L'Uomo Vogue*, *Interview Magazine*, and the *New York Times*; he has been profiled by *Crane TV* and *Plum TV*, exhibited at Art Basel Miami Beach 2011 at Duncan Quinn, and was the subject of the documentary *The Prince of Elizabeth Street*, by filmmaker Paul Stone, which premiered at the Los Angeles Short Film Festival in 2010.

Indiewalls is an up-and-coming tech startup that facilitates the exhibition and sales of local artists' work on the walls of local venues. All of the artwork on exhibition at the Tribeca Grand Hotel will be purchasable online at indiewalls.com, and accessible via computer or mobile device.

For further inquiries about the artist, his works, or the show, please contact either Brian Ermanski at brian@ermanski.com, Mark Blackwell at mark@getbentnyc.com, www.getbentnyc.com, or Sabrina Wirth at sabrina@indiewalls.com, www.indiewalls.com.



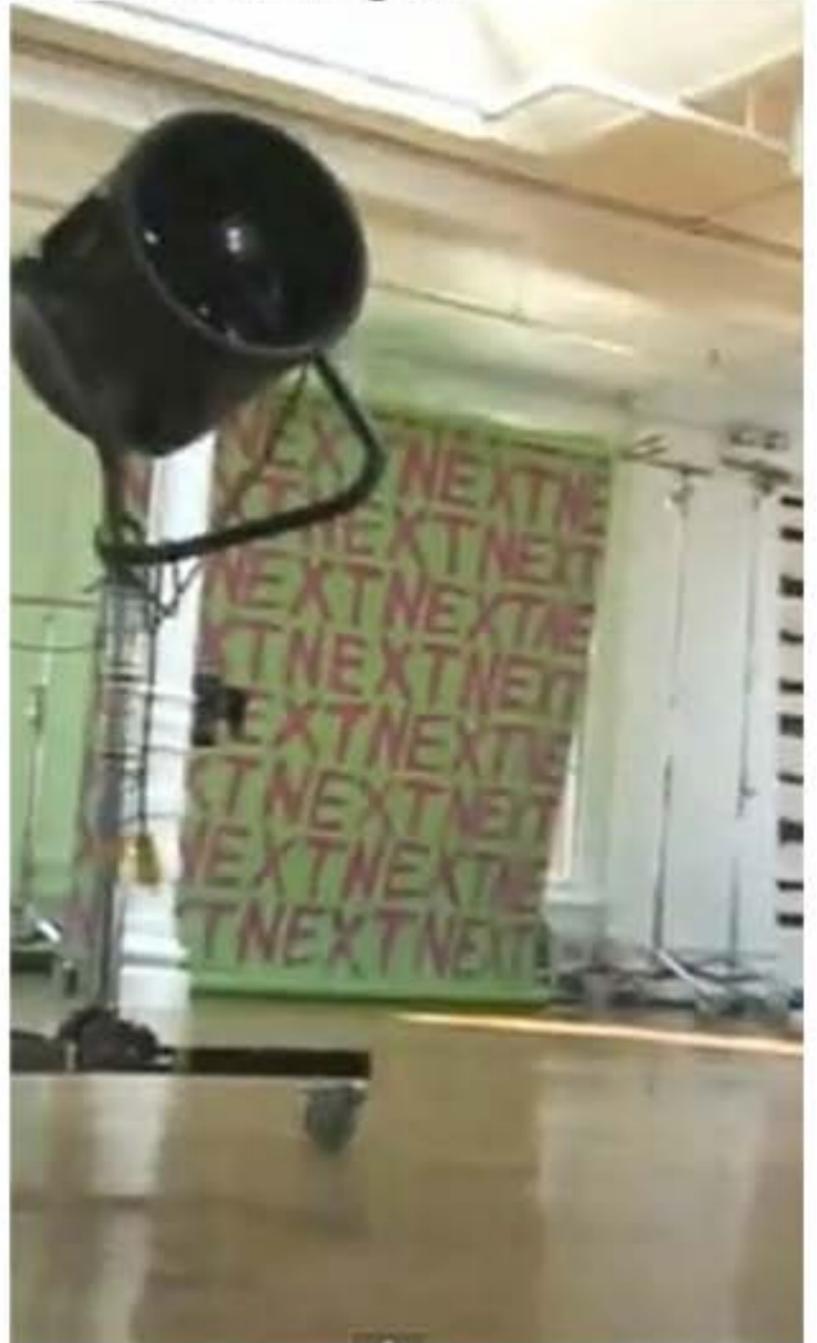
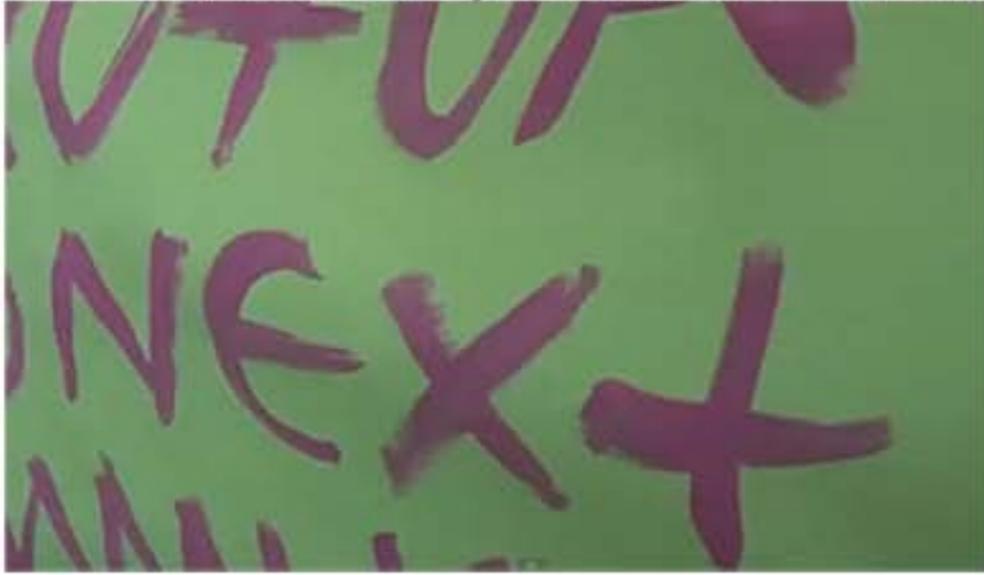


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Leave your attitude and your pre-conceived notions at the door of San Francisco's **Hotel des Arts**, because there's no room here for snobbery or closed minds. **Annie Tucker** transcends the bullshit.



A SLIVER OF A BUILDING CLIMBING UP A NARROW SPACE

on the same block as San Francisco's famous Chinatown gate, the façade of the Hotel des Arts betrays nothing of its interior. Inconspicuous and unassuming, it's easy to miss among the hub-bub of Bush Street. Stay alert for its red sign, though, because what beckons from within is altering the entrenched perceptions of wide-eyed tourists and jaded locals alike that affordable hotel rooms are synonymous with unattractive aesthetics.

Up a skinny flight of stairs, the lobby of the Hotel des Arts is the first sign that Best Westerns inhabit another universe. A rotating series of paintings by local underground artists festoons the walls. Hero Nakatani, the hotel's general manager, stands guard over the sleek reception desk, holding a master key to an enchanted galaxy of rooms.

In 2003, the key selling point of the Hotel des Arts was its prime location: between Union Square, Chinatown and the Financial District, it was an ideal jumping-off point from which visitors could explore the city or do business. But the owners, hip local techies, knew that the building's centrality couldn't carry its weight with a dim, cramped interior hanging on its back.

Quintessentially European in design, the hotel features standard queen and deluxe queen rooms, as well as two-room suites. With weekly rates starting at less than 300 dollars, the hotel is a fraction of the cost of the ones surrounding it in the same prime area. There are, of course, compromises that guests have to make for the uncommonly good rates: square footage is minimal, even in the suites; low beds with simple white linens, armoires, and night tables are about as much furniture as most rooms can hold. Some of the queen rooms also share bathrooms with adjoining accommodations. While the communal thing may seem charming to spunky backpackers looking to make friends, it isn't necessarily an optimal setup for a business that wants to boom.





Brian Ermanski

pattern. LA-based Buff Monster channeled Takashi Murakami and Hello Kitty with a blazing pink, white, and gold challenge to "Lick it up bitch." Wild Style pioneer VULCAN and former graphic designer Ricardo Richey, aka APEX, both deconstructed graffiti lettering into segments of red, gold, and green in wraparound 3D. Kelly Tunstall's floaty, floral eastern aesthetics make for a tranquil, romantic lounge. Dave Kinsey's stand-out room features deep green walls with black flourishes and graphic paintings of a two-faced giant and a massive hand. With a mixture of humor and divine inspiration, David Choe painted a series of dense murals with gold-toned faces, splashes of abstract color, unicorns, and a rainbow thread connecting all the elements, a fitting metaphor for the hotel itself. And the list goes on and on.

The Hotel des Arts is capitalizing on a time when artists seem to be spreading their wings more readily and fleeing traditional canvas surfaces for the promise of the asymmetrical curves and corners of other picture planes. At the same time, recontextualizing art by liberating it from gallery walls makes the relationship between art and viewer or burgeoning collector less intimidating and more intimate. As Doffing explains it, "The pristine white walls and expensive retail spaces of the traditional art gallery have negatively impacted the creation and sale of art for decades. Over 30 million US adults create original works of art each year. Yet less than 300,000 of them make their primary living as artists. The current system doesn't work for most artists, and it deleteriously limits the broader availability of original artwork to the majority of potential art lovers as well. We're bringing new art to a new environment, and in the process, we're making it decidedly more accessible to folks who are alienated by pretentious galleries."

Among its obvious purposes, the underlying goal of the Hotel des Arts



MISK



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ART & CULTURE MAGAZINE

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Bye & Bye

NOV/DEC 2005 #58





66/SOCIETY



The BIG 4-0

Photography PATRICK McMULLAN.

INTERVIEW'S 40TH ANNIVERSARY PARTY

On February 9, we celebrated *Interview*'s 40th anniversary in our usual way: by breaking new ground. Unofficially kicking off New York Fashion Week, we threw an exclusive late-night star-studded blockbuster shindig in midtown Manhattan, co-sponsored by Absolut and AriZona Beverages, christening—or as one guest put it, “deflowering”—the new Good Units space beneath the Hudson Hotel. The raw subterranean venue was transformed with the help of artists Brian Ermanski, Sky Farrell, and DAX, who graffitied, collaged, and covered the walls with words, designs, murals, and old covers and images from the magazine. But the revolutionary vision of *Interview*'s founder, Andy Warhol, was in the air that night in more ways than one, as the talk that evening quickly turned to the future and the other reason for the festivities: the announcement of a new digital version of *Interview* redesigned and reimagined for the Apple iPad and set to launch with this here April issue. Partygoers took in demos of the new iPad version of the magazine on video screens placed throughout the club, and we raised our glasses to toast the first 40 years of *Interview*—and caught a sneak preview of what lies ahead in the next 40.



1. LAMY SACCO AND A PARTY GUEST, DONNA D'CRUZ, BEN WIDDICOMBE, JOSH LUCAS, AND TOM SILVERMAN. 2. SAM SHIPLEY, LISA MAYOCK, AND JEFF HALMOS. 3. STEFANO TONCHI. 4. *INTERVIEW*'S 40TH ANNIVERSARY COVER. 5. LEIGH LEZARK AND DANI STAHL. 6. JESSICA STAM. 7. ANNABEL VARTANIAN AND BRIAN ERMANSKI. 8. HANA SOUKUPOVA AND FELICITAS BRANT. 9. DEREK BLASBERG, KATE BOSWORTH, LAZARO HERNANDEZ, AND LYLE MALTZ. 10. FABIEN BARON AND NAOMI CAMPBELL. 11. PATRICK McMULLAN AND PETER BRANT. 12. CHLOË SEVIGNY. 13. JENNIFER CREEL AND JOHN DEMSEY.



1. MIGUEL ENAMORADO AND KATHERINE FLEMING 2. GENRYEVE JONES 3. KELLY KILLOREN BENSIMON 4. MEGAN SUTHERLAND, MICKEY BOARDMAN, AND DAVID KOUNOVSKY 5. TERRY RICHARDSON AND OLIVIER ZAHM 6. RIC PIPINO AND BEN PUNDOLE 7. GAIA REPOSSI, FABIOLA BERACASA, AND MARGHERITA MISSONI 8. SKY FARRELL 9. DAPHNE GUINNESS 10. DYLAN BRANT, STELLA SCHNABEL, AND HOUSTON STEBBINS 11. LAZARO HERNANDEZ AND MARY-KATE OLSEN 12. AUREL SCHMIDT 13. NATE LOWMAN 14. COURTNEY JONES, SEBASTIAN KIM, AND ELIZABETH SULLER 15. WHITNEY PORT AND BEN NEMTIN 16. DUSTIN YELLIN AND AARON YOUNG 17. INTERVIEW FANS. SPECIAL THANKS: CHAMPAGNE NICOLAS PEUILLATTE, RUMBATIME, AND DJA-TRAK.



APRIL \$6.00

Interview

*The CURRENCY
of YOUTH*

CAREY
MULLIGAN

THE MEN OF
JERSEY SHORE
(AND BAR REFAELI)

THE CONFESSIONS
of MICHAEL ALIG

KESHA
KELLAN LUTZ
JUSTIN BIEBER

The iPad Issue



NITESIDE

Shedding light on life after dark

INTERVIEW MAGAZINE

Publisher Peter Brant: Interview Has Always Been "Very Edgy"

By Mawuse Ziegbe | Wednesday, Feb 10, 2010 | Updated 4:30 PM EST



Painting of Interview magazine founder Andy Warhol at the publication's 40 anniversary party

Mawuse Ziegbe

Interview magazine publisher [Peter Brant](#) credited the famed glossy's longevity to the art-loving types who have run it for the past four decades beginning with its founder [Andy Warhol](#).

"I think it's always been very edgy," Brant said at the magazine's 40th anniversary party last night. "Art is one of the first parts of the culture that advance forward."

Stars like [Naomi Campbell](#), [Chloe Sevigny](#), [Kelly Cutrone](#) and [Whitney Port](#) attended the graffiti- and mural-filled bash at Good Units, the shiny new space at the Hudson Hotel where the magazine celebrated 40 years in the business.

The party christened the brand-new venue in the remodeled lower levels of the boutique hotel, which once housed a court and swimming pool when it was a YMCA in the 1930s.

Featuring pop culture icons from [Elizabeth Taylor](#) to [Pee Wee Herman](#) on its stylized covers, *Interview* has been the province of counter-culture tastemakers for 40 years. It unveiled its latest digital content on a spiffy new iPad.

"It was an artist magazine, and it's always been run by people that have always been very interested in art," he Brant said.



February 10, 2010, 9:00 PM

Interview Magazine Celebrates 40th Anniversary

By Cathy Yan



Fabien Baron, Editorial Director of Interview, and Naomi Campbell.

New York Fashion Week hasn't officially begun but fashionistas were out in force celebrating

Interview Magazine's 40th anniversary last night. Guests were led to a secret side staircase at the Hudson Hotel, down two flights, through a dingy hallway lined with old *Interview* covers and into a massive two-floor

sub-basement that was once the games court and swimming pool of a YMCA building from the 1930s. The space, dubbed Good Units, "premiered" with this bash, and will host a long line-up of events this fashion week, including a Patricia Field and Keith Haring collaboration party and the Jeremy Scott after party.

Once inside, publicists, stylists, downtown celebutants and those who love them mingled with the likes of Mary Kate Olsen, Chloe Sevigny, a fur-covered Naomi Campbell and the ubiquitous Whitney Port from MTV's "The City." Walls were lined with graffiti by artists Brian Ermanski and Dax, while DJ A-Trak spun techno-80s tunes.

The perennially hip magazine, which was the brainchild of Andy Warhol, took the opportunity to unveil its new iPad application, affectedly calling the app "an affordable Warhol screenprint." (Go collect your investment now!) Snarkiness aside, the iPad, with a screen over six times the size of the iPhone's, does seem much better suited for *Interview's* artsy photo spreads. Shots of the new app flashed on wall-mounted flatscreens around the party. (A video of what the app would look like is available [here](#)).

Speakeasy hung out on the second-floor balcony that overlooks the dance pit with Ben Pundole, the director of nightlife and entertainment for Morgans Hotel Group, which oversees the venue. Looking down at the surge of leather, plaid and skinny jeans, Pundole noticed a hole in the crowd. "That blue light's too big and New Yorkers are afraid of bright lights. Excuse me for a second," he said and rushed off to dim the light and brighten the mood.

Painted Rooms: Brian Ermanski

Room 506, Deluxe Queen



When New York Times reporter Colin Moynihan happened upon an impromptu street sale of an elderly man's discarded, erotic artwork, Brian Ermanski's suddenly encountered his ten minutes of fame. But now that Ermanski's acutely unique way of viewing the world has reached a larger audience, his ten minutes is likely to last much longer. Explaining why he rescued the art that had been put out as trash, he told Moynihan:

"This is rewarding because I'm bringing something back into the world that would have been lost forever," said Brian Ermanski, 23, a Manhattan painter who climbed into the trash bin and found Mr. Victus's work. "I was astonished that his friends would throw this stuff out," said Mr. Ermanski, who explained that he routinely delved into trash bins, motivated mainly by curiosity. He said that he supported himself by buying vintage clothing at thrift stores, then auctioning them on eBay.



To say that Ermanski marches to the beat of his own drummer is to assume that he knows that drummers exist at all. (Which he does, though he prefers the 80's rock kind.) That's the kind of brain space where the artist lives. And though some people find his work shocking, the kids in New York City can't get enough of it. In fact, rumor has it that Ermanski may achieve Universal Hipster status by collaborating with uber-hip clothiers to

the stars, Heatherette.

Ermanski's urban-primitive, naïve aesthetic has been compared with that of Basquiat. His artistic process is about finding the shortest route between experience and representation. If it happened to him yesterday, it's likely to be painted somewhere today—whether or not someone else would deem it "significant."

"My art is about what happens in my life when I'm painting," he says.

In Ermanski's Painted Room, the words "She is tan" appear in one corner, apparently describing someone he just met.

Near the bathroom: a quick spray-can rendition of a Chanel #5 bottle. "I saw Scarface last night." "I am the world's forgotten boy." "JZ is @ Sway."

After growing up in Sutton, Massachusetts and enduring prep school, Ermanski moved to New York City "to begin his rebirth," he says. He painted a single piece in 2001, three more the following year, and then upped his production to about forty a year. At that point, Ermanski made roughly \$200 a day by selling his art on the street. He dropped out of NYU and now paints, designs and sells clothes full-time.

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GOODNIGHT MR. LEWIS

Brian Ermanski: The Prince of Elizabeth

By Steve Lewis, | July 21, 2010

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Street art surrounds us. Most pedestrian-minded pedestrians just walk by it without noticing. A stroll through Nolita, or the LES, or any neighborhood rooted in creativity, offers more art than any museum. It's seen as graffiti, or stickers, or lamppost signs. It adorns the concrete and the tar, or appears as a pile of twisted umbrellas after a storm. It's a Jim Joe on a discarded refrigerator door, or a commissioned work on the side of a boutique hotel. It makes us laugh, think, believe in love. Believe in the freedom of our minds, of our lives. It can scare us, or shock us—or even revolt us—and it appears below us, and way above us. Some of it is great and some not so, but then who is to judge? In my Wonderbread years, I watched Haring, Basquiat, and so many others use the street or the subway as their canvas, or sell their canvases on the street. If you had the right kind of eyes, you would know that most of the work could have been bought for peanuts or cheeseburgers. Art is a business that cuts out Monday morning quarterbacks. You are right when you buy a piece for chump change and in a few years or a decade it's worth a fortune. Most of us are just chumps, walking by the starving artist who is often willing to sell his soul, his life blood, his work, just to survive and live as an artist. Maybe sales don't validate the art, but Andy wouldn't have been happy, or able to produce the volume of work he created, on the unnoticed Van Gogh's income. Money for your work is absolutely a vindication, a justification, and a reason to be cheerful. Brian is getting cheerful.

Brian Ermanski peddled his art on the corner of Prince and Elizabeth for years. Then they put up a building and a street level store, and they told him to scram. I never see anybody in that store, but everybody in the hood stopped by to say hey to Brian. Maybe it's a coincidence, or maybe it's not. Understanding how to do things in neighborhoods where the inhabitants behave and talk to each other like neighbors helps you survive. Places that don't try to fit in are often pushed out. To my dogs, he was Uncle Brian, a regular stop between hydrants and other hounds. To half of the dreamy gals in the hood, he was a dreamboat, the handsome lad with painted pants and a beat up beat box. For a while he wore a top hat, but then he got slick. He played soccer, sometimes showing those in the know that he knew something about the game. He is well read and can converse with the best of them—the celebrities, the street corner philosophers, and the rest of the smart set that calls Nolita home. He'd be called the Prince of Prince Street, but I think that title belongs to Vinny Vella, so Brian's the Prince of Elizabeth Street. There's a short film by Paul Stone that's all about him, and it's called just that. Brian Ermanski dances with the hotties at Kenmare and other like-minded places. He is a gentleman with youth,



smarts, looks, a starving artist rap, and growing legitimate artist credentials. He is well liked, and now he is getting attention. His work is starting to sell for real money. Time will tell where all of this will lead, but in the short term I will check out the short film about **The Prince of Elizabeth Street**, which will arrive at the end of August.

The film premieres today at the Los Angeles International Short Film Festival. I talked to Brian last night, and we e-mailed each other and chatted via facebook as well. He was in Mexico City, delivering art to a patron. It was the first time he had been to Mexico City, and today is the first time he will be in L.A. He's a bona fide jetsetter.

So what's it going to be—movie star or artist? Or both? I always wanted to be a movie star since I was a child but I thought that it would be more of a challenge to make it as an artist and experience the lows and highs that came with it. Let's just say the last 11 years in Manhattan were amazing practice for acting because the amount of experiences I encountered truly tested my will to keep going in a positive and creative way. I never thought the lows would be so abysmal though, nearly 6 feet under and having to sell off every possession except my paintings outside my apartment on Elizabeth Street just to get by. The highs were so spectacular and sometimes unbelievable including being proposed to by a Victoria's Secret model, painting two 70 x 12 foot walls at the opening of Good Units for Interview Magazine's 40th anniversary party, selling paintings to Sean Avery, Diane Warren, and Vito Schnabel. Each time having just ten dollars left to my name, and just living day to day happily as if it were my last because it could have been, a joie de vivre. Okay, the simple answer would have been both! Definitely! I desire to be the best at whatever I set my mind to.

You sold your paintings on Elizabeth and Prince right across from my house until they built that new building. You're not there anymore is that the end of the hood? Has it been gentrified or is there still hope? La Bohème by Charles Aznavour, which a French girl recently translated for me really hit home as far as the abandoned building on the corner of Prince and Elizabeth was concerned, where I had my real start painting every day and going after the American Dream hoping to one day buy the castle on the corner that they spent the last 3 years building for me. It is true, I am not painting there anymore. I have been busy working on commissions in a studio in Tribeca for the last 8 months. As far as the neighborhood is concerned it has been a little gentrified but the long time locals are the one who give it the most desirable quality including Gina and the kids on Spring, Vinny Vella, and especially you, who always passed on just enough knowledge to help any situation. There are so many artists still working and living in Nolita who are very successful and contributing to the neighborhood. I just felt like the last one who was about to get forgotten when the owner of Vince said I couldn't paint on Prince Street anymore. Is there hope? I always believe there is!

You are a character, a street artist, and a bon vivant. Tell me about the other characters of this fabled neighborhood. Here are so many more to mention that give Nolita such a great name. It is in the smiles, kind eyes, and open hearts of every neighbor that pass you by from the early mornings I used to walk or skateboard home from Bungalow 8 to the ones who would stop and talk when I was sitting on the corner painting and even the ones who tried to get the cops to let me go on the first day of spring 2005 when I painted the billboard white and wrote "Welcome to Nolita! The greatest little neighborhood." Even into the late evenings, the neighbors would let me play my boom box and finish up my paintings. The future of the neighborhood rests among the children who reside there among some of whom I allowed to paint on the canvases I brought out include Alex Goldberg at the start, Georgia, and the brothers Jackson and Nate who painted HOT when I was painting ICE.

You are out and about, and very much a player in the fast lane of hip clubs and parties. Where does the art begin? How much of it is driven by your persona? I never used to go out very much but after a bad break up years ago I started to broaden my horizon at night. I was soon among the most talented, creative people in the world and they took me in like a younger brother and let me BE, I was inspired. I have since taken great care to be more focused on my art for the last two years and go out a lot less and more opportunities are arising which I am always grateful for and deadlines are all being met. A lot of my early paintings are inspired by people I have come across, and are comic-like renditions. The stories behind them (the experiences) are at the root, including "Freemans Alley," "Nolita Vogue," and "Get off of My Cloud 9," my favorite, which is of Artist Alexandra Richards and her sister Theodora Richards, the coolest girl I have ever met! In the painting they are fighting for the black Orlov diamond with balloons on hopscotch clouds! The ICE series has many meanings but I am not going to share them all until my show at MILK gallery. The next series are screen prints, which Barrington Gallery of London has fully backed the production of. Exciting times on the road ahead!

You're in Mexico City. Tell me what you are doing there. Can you believe it!? I am not on the benches outside Balthazar or walking the streets with my boom box!? I hate leaving Manhattan because it is my home but it is a pleasure being in Mexico City especially because I was able to paint a David Bowie album cover, Aladdin Sane 6 foot square to deliver to Juan Robles as a birthday present to himself, he deals in finance, is a big time art collector, and movie maker and his house is like a palace next to all of the embassies. I saw the pyramids today with a girl from Mexico City and I found two black diamond shapes made of obsidian. Black ICE, almost! Juan said he may put me in a soccer film which starts in two months! I need to get an agent in LA. Fingers crossed. I played soccer on the Sutton Fuller Hamlets



everyday for 15 years and we played all over the US and Great Britain. If I get to play soccer on film all of my dreams will come true!

Next stop is L.A. for the film festival. Are you blowing up and what does it mean? Yes Steve, I leave later on today for the 14th annual Los Angeles International Short Film Festival which is to be held July 22nd to July 30th and Paul Stone's film "The Prince of Elizabeth Street" which I play the lead role in premiers at 10pm on Monday July 26th. It is a story of my alter ego, the will power of humankind and the search for meaning, truth and recognition. My other alter ego is BE radical but I tried killing that one off 3 years ago when I went. I have never been to LA and have an open mind about it and pretty much just want to sit by the pool at the Mondrian, play ping pong at SPIN there which I just missed the opening of last night, maybe paint outside the Laemmle Theatre a couple days and take in the sights, oh and try surfing! I have been painting 12-20 hours a day for the last 3 months and need a break and also an assistant when I get back to the city. Does it mean I am blowing up? Maybe just getting a little more recognition for the art I have created over the years rather than street photos of me looking like a bum when I couldn't paint due to chronic pain and numbness and shaking in my painting hand. What makes me happy at the end of the day is making the people happy and proud who believed in me and helped me along the way especially those who were first time art collectors after buying an Ermanski. What it means is that there is hope for a young artist who struggled without help beside amazing friends is getting the best opportunity to make a greater impact and potentially leave a lasting mark on culture by doing one of the things I love to do! It means that there is still hope for the next generation of artists starting out in New York to one day get recognized and make the best of their opportunities if they believe in themselves and their character traits are sound.

Tell me about your art—your influences and aspirations. My older art is again generally about day to day occurrences, people, places and things. What happens in my life, what I believe is happening around me and in total, a visual diary. I will soon start painting critiques on culture on a whole to hopefully broaden my own perspective and others by trying to point out flaws and beauty in society I have seen and hopefully create a greater consciousness of healthy well being through my art so people smile more, treat people with more respect, become more patient and kind and someday maybe everyone will realize that WE not just I, can create an amazing amount of positive energy and freedom through our enlightened thoughts that we will not fear anything because we will one day grab fear, hold it tight and let it go like a balloon in the sky and be free! My inspiration comes from all of the artists in every field imaginable that I have experienced in my 29 years in classes and museums, on the radio, magazines, newspapers, books, television and on film. The people on the streets in all the cities and towns I have ever visited have all given me a bit of inspiration and I want to thank you all for your gifts! I aspire to plant a flower and lay a stone (paint or act on film) everyday to one day have the most beautiful garden and live in my castle on the corner as the true Prince of Elizabeth Street! One day... Until then, "Today is the best day ever!"

You were jetsetting to Mexico City last week, and today it's L.A. Do you miss Nolita? Do you miss me? Yes I do miss you Mr. Lewis! I remember calling you that every day I saw you after you asked me to design the candy shop entrance to Rock Candy in 2005. You were the mentor any young man needs in New York and I was fortunate enough to have you across the street when I was painting and around the corner when not. I am and always will be so grateful for your sound advice and positive outlook on things. You made me laugh and cry at the same time! You are an amazing man and the coolest guy in New York! You are humble and kind, caring and full of knowledge, patient and respectable. You know how to live a life full of experiences and constantly move forward. Thank you for giving me your Yamaha guitar I still owe you a painting of it so that can collect dust. The best part was the Ramones pick given to you by Johnny Ramone or Joey? And passed on to me! I cherish it. What I miss most was back when most people passed me by you always made an effort to come across the street and ask "So what's up kid?" You would share your thoughts and advice, lend an ear and hear me out when times were tough and amazing and always were the kind of man I aspired to act like. Thank you Steve for always being there! Now I miss that corner more than ever! Good night Mr. Lewis! It is 3am or later here in Mexico and I must go to bed.

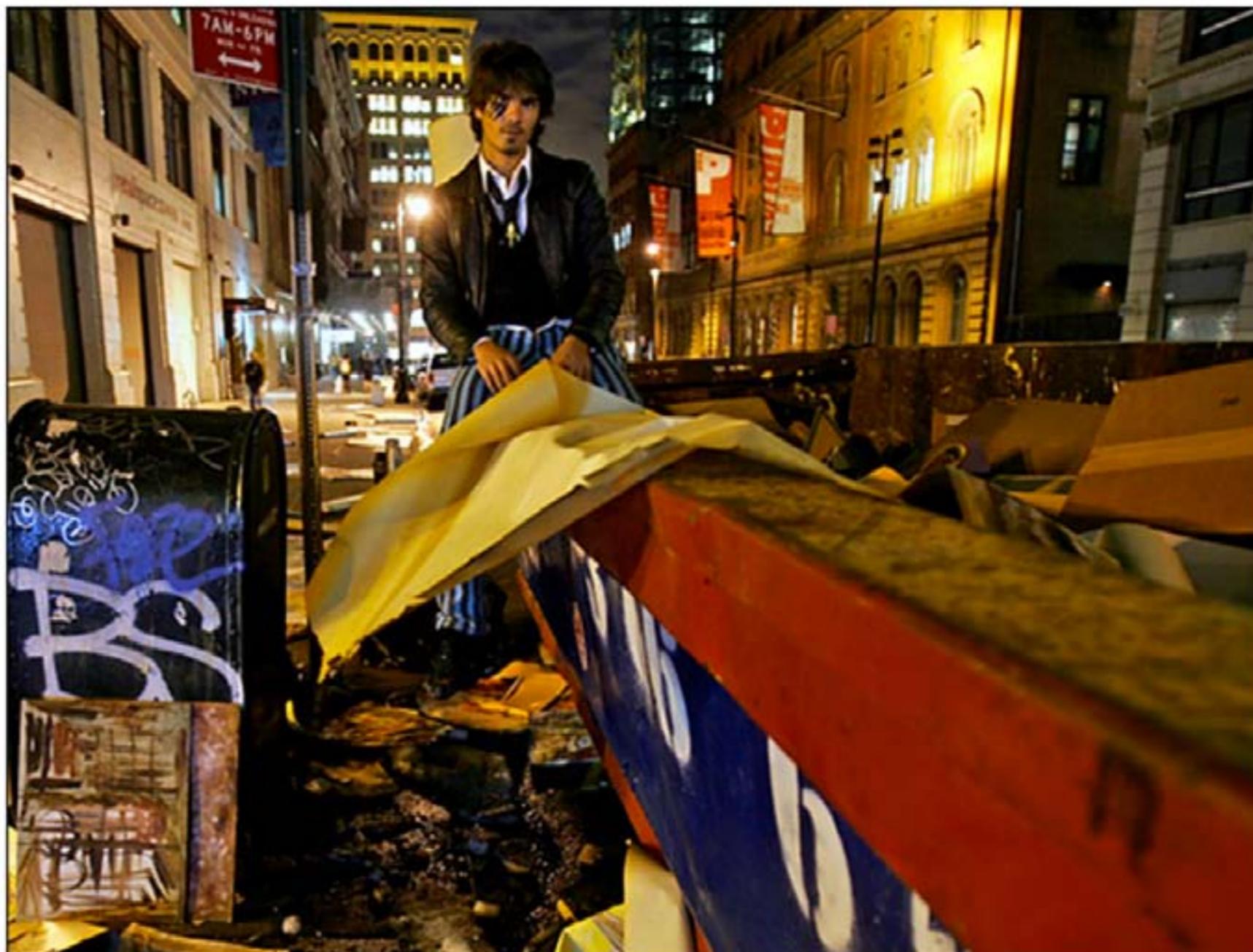


www.nytimes.com/2005/02/10/arts/design/10dump.html?_r=0

Arts

The New York Times

February 10, 2005



James Estrin/The New York Times

Brian Ermanski, a painter, discovered another artist's work in a Greenwich Village trash bin.



February 10, 2005

Artist's Erotic Oeuvre Is Rescued From the Trash

By COLIN MOYNIHAN

A man goes into the hospital, and friends clean his longtime apartment to prepare for his return. They take it upon themselves to empty the residence of anything that might offend a visiting nurse. So into a big trash bin on Lafayette Street in Greenwich Village went a man's life's work: thousands of chalk drawings and paintings, many of them erotic.

The story could have ended there, but shortly after the trash bin was filled a young artist happened by. He climbed into the bin and dragged much of the art to the sidewalk. Then he searched inside the container until he found papers revealing the identity of the ailing artist, Edward P. Victus, and used yellow acrylic paint to spell that name out on the sidewalk where he displayed the salvaged artworks.

During the next several hours, on Tuesday evening, it was part outdoor gallery and part free-for-all as people strolling past 416 Lafayette Street, between St. Marks Place and West Fourth Street, paused to examine Mr. Victus's work and ruminate on the odd chain of events that resulted in a man's intimate thoughts being strewn about in public.

There were thousands of chalk drawings, most in muted tones that depicted men and women engaged in sex. There were abstract paintings on canvas. There were also issues of *Screw*, *Pleasure*, and *The Review of Sex*, all devoted to sex. Not all items were explicit. There were audiotapes of the sort used in old reel-to-reel machines and there were record albums, including "Polish Melodies" by Frankie Gee and his Orchestra and "Through the Past, Darkly" by the Rolling Stones.

"This is rewarding because I'm bringing something back into the world that would have been lost forever," said Brian Ermanski, 23, a Manhattan painter who climbed into the trash bin and found Mr. Victus's work. "I was astonished that his friends would throw this stuff out," said Mr. Ermanski, who explained that he routinely delved into trash bins, motivated mainly by curiosity. He said that he supported himself by buying vintage clothing at thrift stores, then auctioning them on eBay.

Many passers-by looked at the drawings littering the ground, lingered a bit to chat and then departed with a drawing or two.

"Everybody's interested in sex," said Elizabeth Suman, 20, a student from SoHo, who rolled one of the chalk drawings into a tube. Then she offered a more philosophical explanation for the works' appeal: "People like the idea of preserving part of somebody's life. People are drawn to the idea of immortality."

A few moments later, Josh Kaplan, 30, an actor and lawyer from the East Village, admired the artworks.

"It's a very honest portrayal of intimacy," he said. "Everybody in these pictures is smiling." Mr. Kaplan speculated about their inspiration: "I wonder if he actually watched all these people doing this or if this is all from his imagination."

Yesterday morning people were still rooting through the trash bin as a man and a woman who would identify themselves only as friends of Mr. Victus arrived. The man would not discuss Mr. Victus's history other than to say he was "a working stiff." Nor would he talk about Mr. Victus's illness, except to say that he was in a rehabilitation program and would return home in a few weeks. That is part of what prompted the cleanup, the man said, explaining that Mr. Victus might need a nurse to visit him regularly.

"I think it would be beneficial if he had a neater apartment," the man said, adding that Mr. Victus had agreed to the disposal of the art.

Mr. Victus could not be reached for comment. Neighbors described him as a retiring but affable figure, who sometimes smoked a pipe in the building elevator and whose apartment walls had been plastered with his drawings. Public records indicated that he is 75, and that he has lived at 416 Lafayette Street since at least 1966. Some of Mr. Victus's neighbors were still inventorying the trash bin's contents yesterday. Jeffrey Miles, 21, a English student at New York University, said he had saved Mr. Victus's tax returns in case he wanted them back, and had begun shooting segments on Tuesday for a documentary film about Mr. Victus's art.

Among the discards in the container were copies of what appeared to be Mr. Victus's r?m?According to the document, he grew up in Newark and attended Seton Hall University. His first job, it said, was in 1948 as an office manager for the Beauty Brassiere Company in Newark. After that, he served until 1953 in the Air Force. In later years he held office jobs in New York and New Jersey. Tax returns from the mid-1980's showed that Mr. Victus had worked for the Fundamental Minerals and Metals Corporation in Fort Lee, N.J., and for Minor Metals Inc., also in New Jersey.

Nebojsa Seric-Shoba, 36, an artist and neighbor, said he was horrified by the abandonment of the work, but took solace in the fact that many of the drawings and paintings were ending up in people's homes.

"Art is for the people, but these days you have to pay for it," he said. "Last night it was like a communist utopia. You could just walk away with whatever you wanted."



THE NEW YORK TIMES **METRO** THURSDAY, JUNE 29, 2006



Patrick Andrade for The New York Times

Superman Crash-Landed?

Not exactly, but someone with a flair for the absurd marked the spot of a pothole on Crosby Street in SoHo by putting a mannequin in it. Two building maintenance workers took a closer look yesterday.



10.14.07

DOMAINS

Rinkmaster

Sean Avery, star left wing and on-ice troublemaker for the New York Rangers, recently signed a one-year, \$1.9 million contract and moved into a Chelsea condo.



Least-favorite interview topic: Hockey.

Fantasy career: I'd like to be an editor of a fashion magazine. Creatively and artistically, it is something I'd like to do, and I think I have a lot of ideas that would be good on paper.

Best thing about having money: The only thing I can say without sounding shallow is that it gives you independence.

Cost of living: I know it has that reputation, but I don't find New York too expensive. Everyday living, outside of the apartment, isn't that bad. The cost of owning a home and running it is.

How he spent his first bonus: I didn't come from a wealthy family, so my first signing bonus was a big deal. That said, it wasn't enough to spend on anything worthwhile. I rented an A.V. and took my buddies camping.

Next big purchase: The spring/summer Dior men's collection.

Morning routine: I wake up at 8 a.m., make a cup of coffee, check my e-mail and get in the car and drive to the rink. The Rangers train outside the city in Tarrytown, N.Y. I get to the rink at 8:45 a.m.; I walk out of practice by 1:30 p.m. with workout, practice, massage and lunch all completed.

Procrastination technique: I don't have one. I act on impulse.

Nagging injury: I've got a pulled groin right now that I can't shake.

Most annoying piece of equipment: My helmet. It always feels like it's too tight, no matter how much I loosen it.

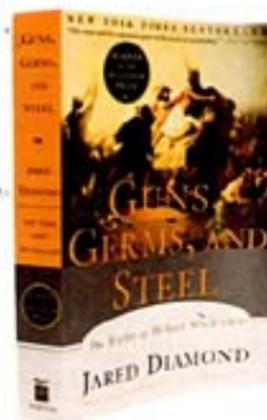
Worst attribute in a coach: Dishonesty.

Always stockpiled: Clean towels. It's ridiculous, but once I use a towel, I have to wash it and use a new one. I'm over the top about cleanliness.

Obsolete item he won't part with: My washer-dryer. It doesn't really work that well, but the hockey season is

starting, and I don't have time to get it fixed.

Book he's reading: "Guns, Germs and Steel," by Jared Diamond. A friend recommended it to me, and I think it's a two-read book. I am battling through it the first time, and then I'll go at it again.



Place where he spends the most time: I just stand by the island in my kitchen. I can't sit still. So that's my one grounded spot, where I can see what's going on and my remotes work.



Favorite recent purchase: I'm stoked about my Philippe Starck lamp. It is shaped like a machine gun. It lets you know there's a man living in the house.

Best thing about reputation as a pest: It's better than being known as soft.

Top pest technique: It depends on the team and guy. I say whatever I think is going to disturb them the most. I do a bit of research on people,



Interview by Edward Lewine Photographs by Ben Stechschulte

10.14.07

DOMAINS



and you feel it from playing the guy. Some info comes from teammates.

Favorite artwork: It's a photo of Andy Warhol right after he was shot at his studio. He's showing someone his bullet wound. When I got to New York, I wanted to give my apartment a local vibe. I haven't bucked up for a Warhol yet, so this will tide me over.

Obsession: Music is one of the only things that makes me happy, and the more depressing the music, the happier it makes me feel. I love Radiohead, Neil Young and, right now, Kate Nash.

Gadget he can't live without: Apple TV. It's

a system that plays my iPod, movies, computer — anything — on my television.

Greatest hockey moment: Getting traded to New York.

Best thing about New York: I've learned to ride my bike again.

Biggest self-indulgence: Making myself the center of attention.

Person from history he wants to meet: It's a cliché, but Napoleon. He was, like, a rock star-athlete-politician — all put into one. And I think he really enjoyed himself.

Dumbest recurring journalist question: It's not a question, but a lot of them call me Steve,

because there used to be a baseball pitcher named Steve Avery. He played for the Atlanta Braves.

Always in fridge: Grapes, water and some sort of fruit juice.

Least-favorite household chore: Answering the phone.

Personal hero: I haven't found one yet.



Pregame ritual: I always nap from 2 p.m. until 4 p.m. Then I pick a suit, grab a coffee and walk from my building to Madison Square Garden, listening to Tool on my iPod. The initial walk into the arena is my favorite time during game day. You head into Madison Square Garden, and it just makes you feel like this is the big time.

Between-period routine: Change my shirt. Tape a stick.

What players talk about during fights: Nothing that you could print in a magazine.



I am frustrated with it. You need a special plug for the car. And it freezes occasionally.

Favorite clothing item: My black patent-leather Yves St. Laurent high-tops.

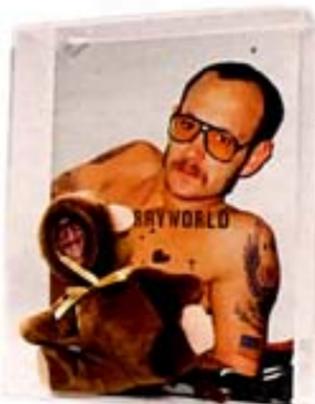
Best recent gift: People don't really buy me stuff. Well, that's not true — I just got a lovely cashmere throw from a friend who works at Calvin Klein, so I have gotten a gift.

Perfect weekend: "The Big Chill." That would be my ideal weekend, minus the fact that we were gathering because of a death.

Home away from home: Before the Rangers, I played for the Los Angeles Kings, and I bought a place in Laurel Canyon. I love going there for vacation. It's just a healthy, soulful place. The house is, like, a hippie haven from the '70s; it's a small cottage with a big backyard.

Best bedtime story: During the big hockey strike, I played in Finland, and their beds are very, very narrow. I had to push two together.

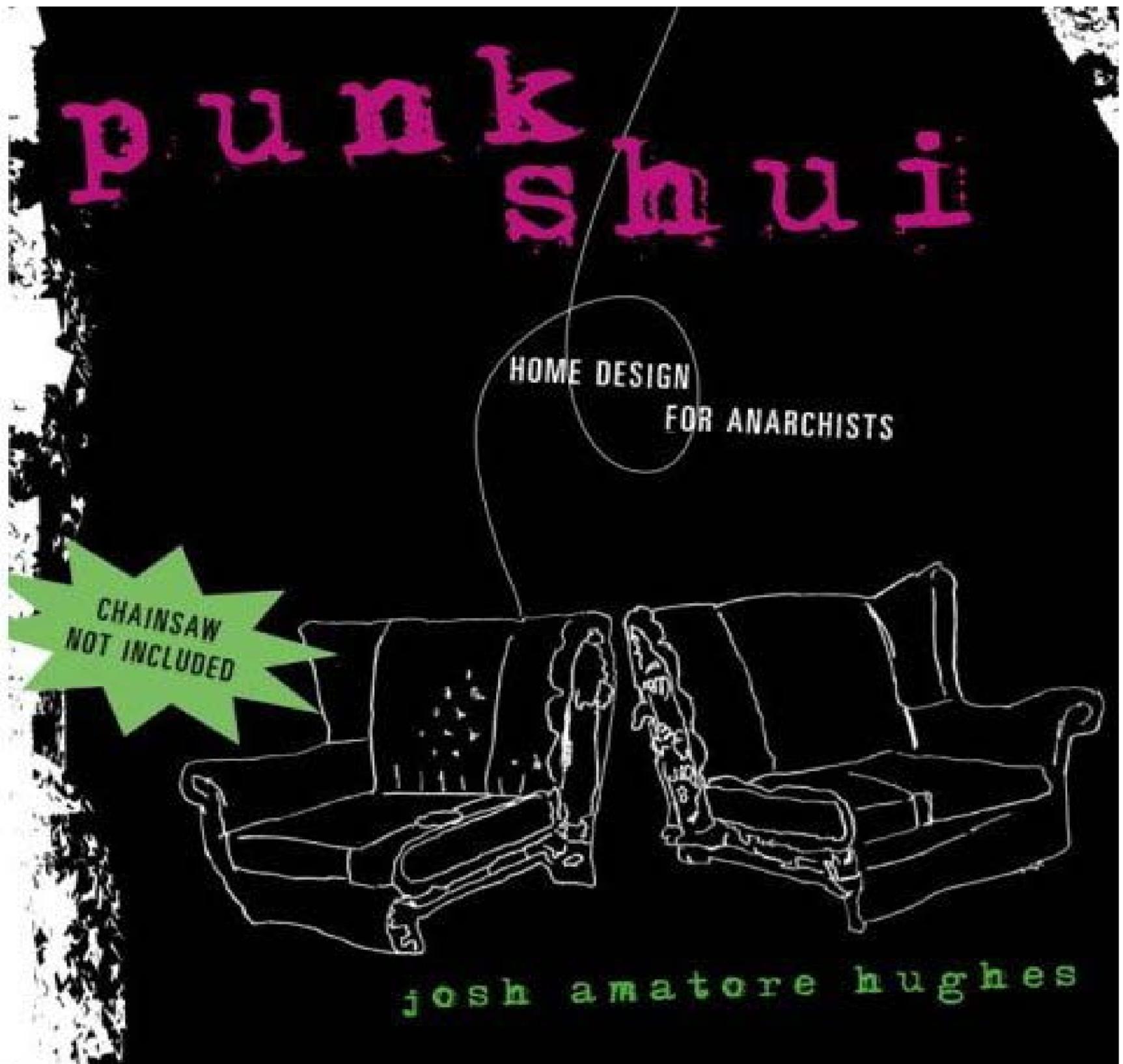
Always by his bed: A beautiful woman. ■



Household item that defines him: My Taschen books. I love them and always have them around. They're art books. The pictures are big and colorful. They are works of art as well as books.

Always with him: My iPhone. I always have an iPod and a cellphone with me, so that combines the two. But





Punk Shui is equal parts design manifesto, cultural satire, and how to manual due for release by Random House in April. At it's heart, it's an irreverent wake-up call intended to shake us all out of our daily bland routines, so we can make room for real creativity and vitality in our homes and lives. Brian Ermanski is at the heart of this idea with his art and lifestyle. Nowhere else was I able to find paintings that agreed with my work so well, and that created images that people really responded to. I am especially pleased to be able to include Brian's painting and ideas in Punk Shui.

Josh Amatore Hughes



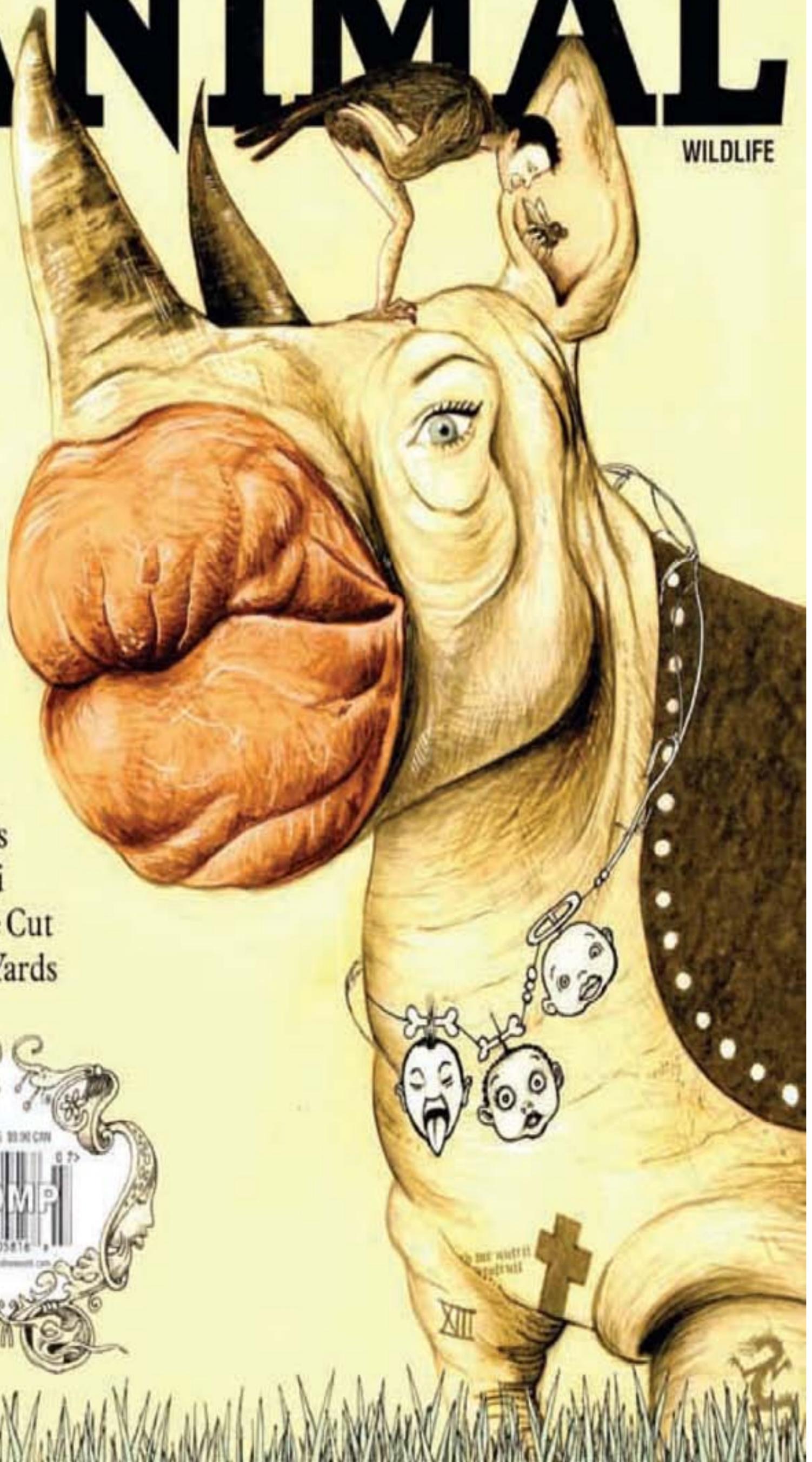
Upsidedown, Upside down with punkshui and associates.



ANIMAL

ISSUE 7

WILDLIFE



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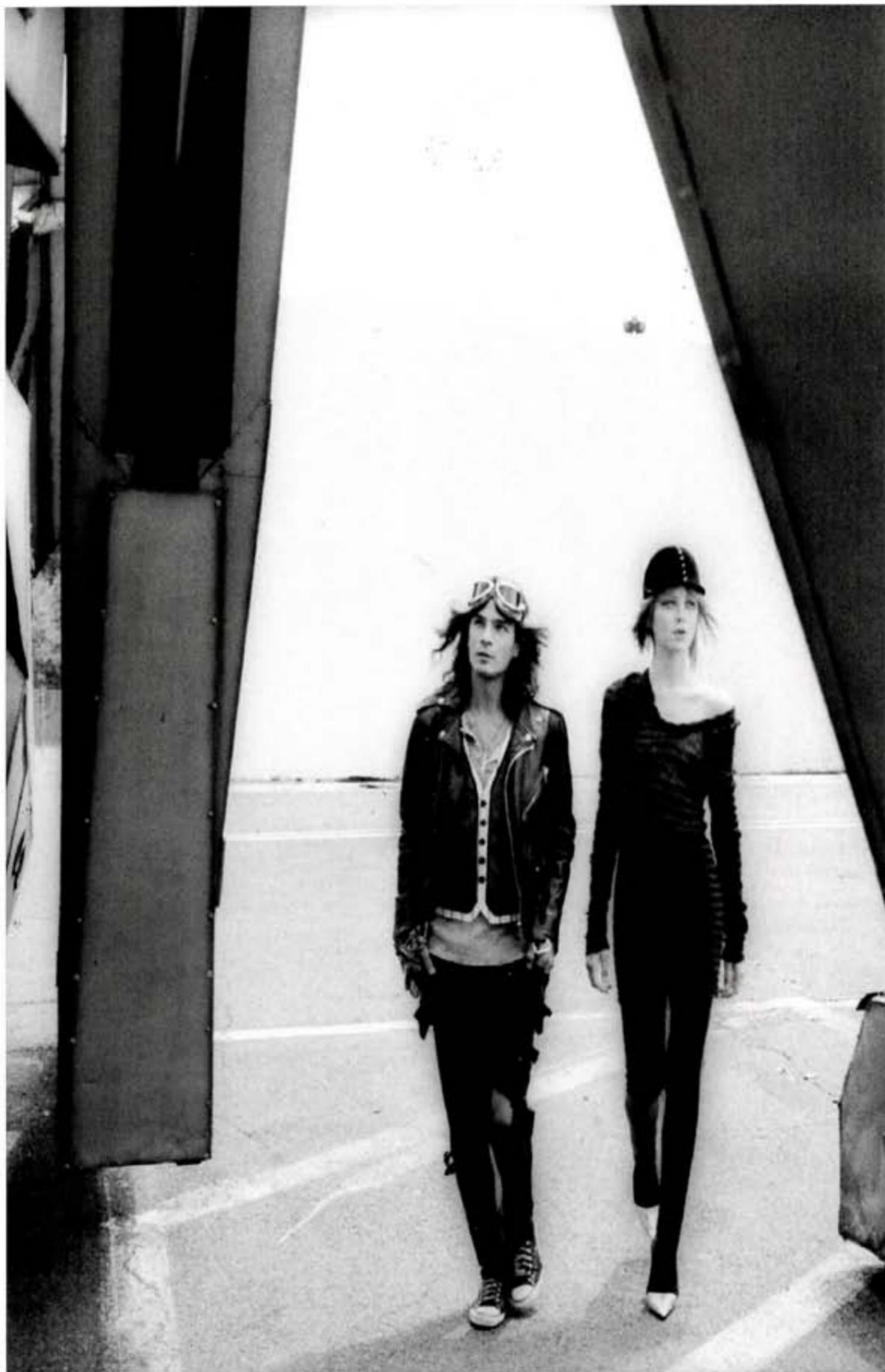




C L A W S

**BEFORE JAGUAR COULD
BE DEVoured BY
A CORPORATE RAIDER,
ROBOSAURUS INTERVENES**

PHOTOGRAPHY **BEN WATTS**
STYLING **JOHN MOORE**



Above left:

Leather jacket
Dior Homme
 T-shirt Converse by
John Varvatos
 Vest Kris Van Assche
 scarf (worn on wrist)
Hermès
 Necklace Spear
 Sneakers converse

Above right:

Hat Rod Keenan
 Striped sweater
Marc Jacobs
 Leather striped
 trousers courtesy of
Nona Hendrix
 Shoes
Giuseppe Zanotti

Right page:

Tweed jacket
Zac Posen
 Bodysuit
Norma Kamali
 Boots Sonia Rykiel
 Headband
Marc Jacobs



Above left:

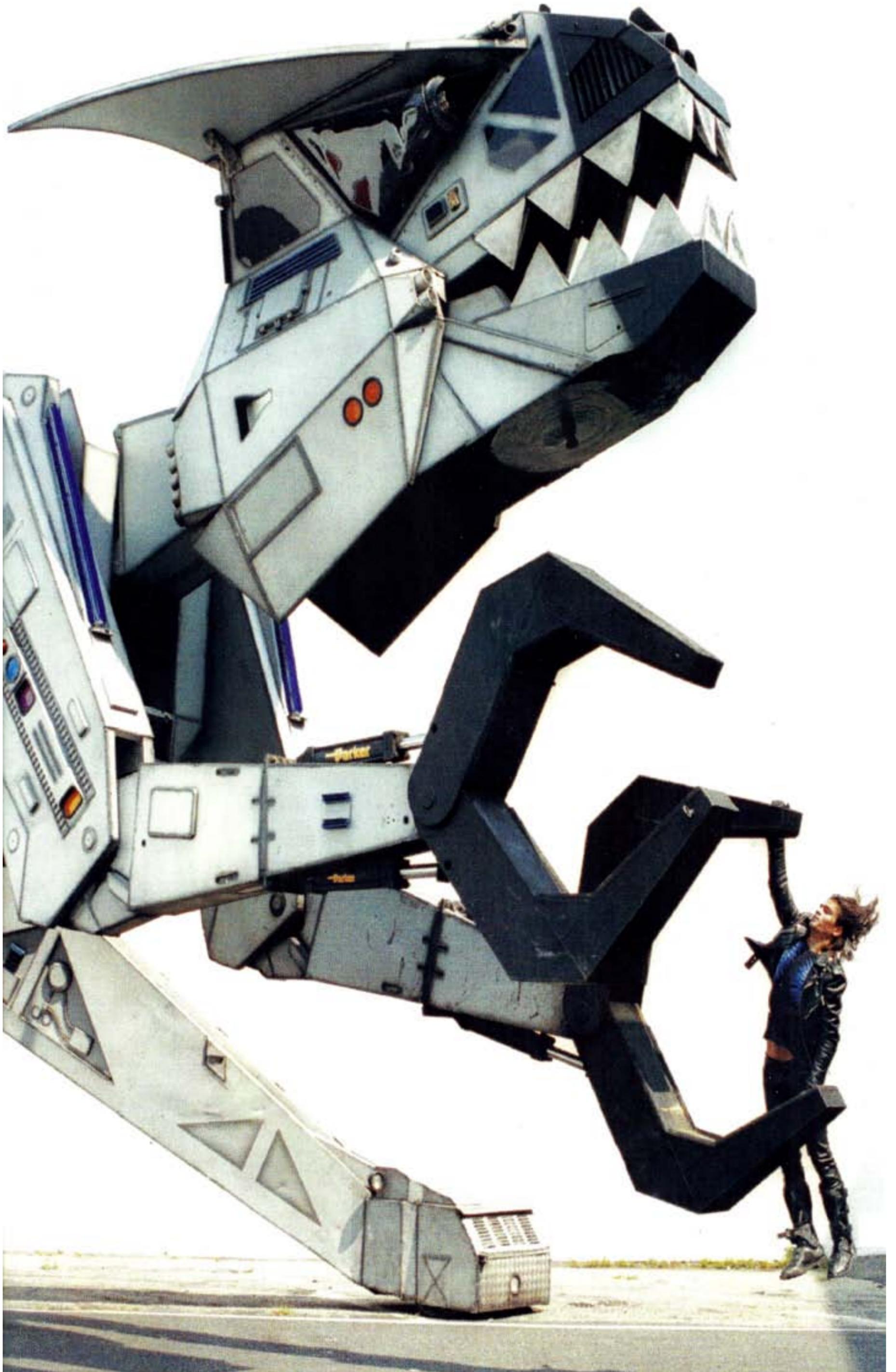
Silver leather vest
[Dior Homme](#)
 T-shirt [Dior Homme](#)
 Black trousers [Gucci](#)
 Shoes [Acne](#)

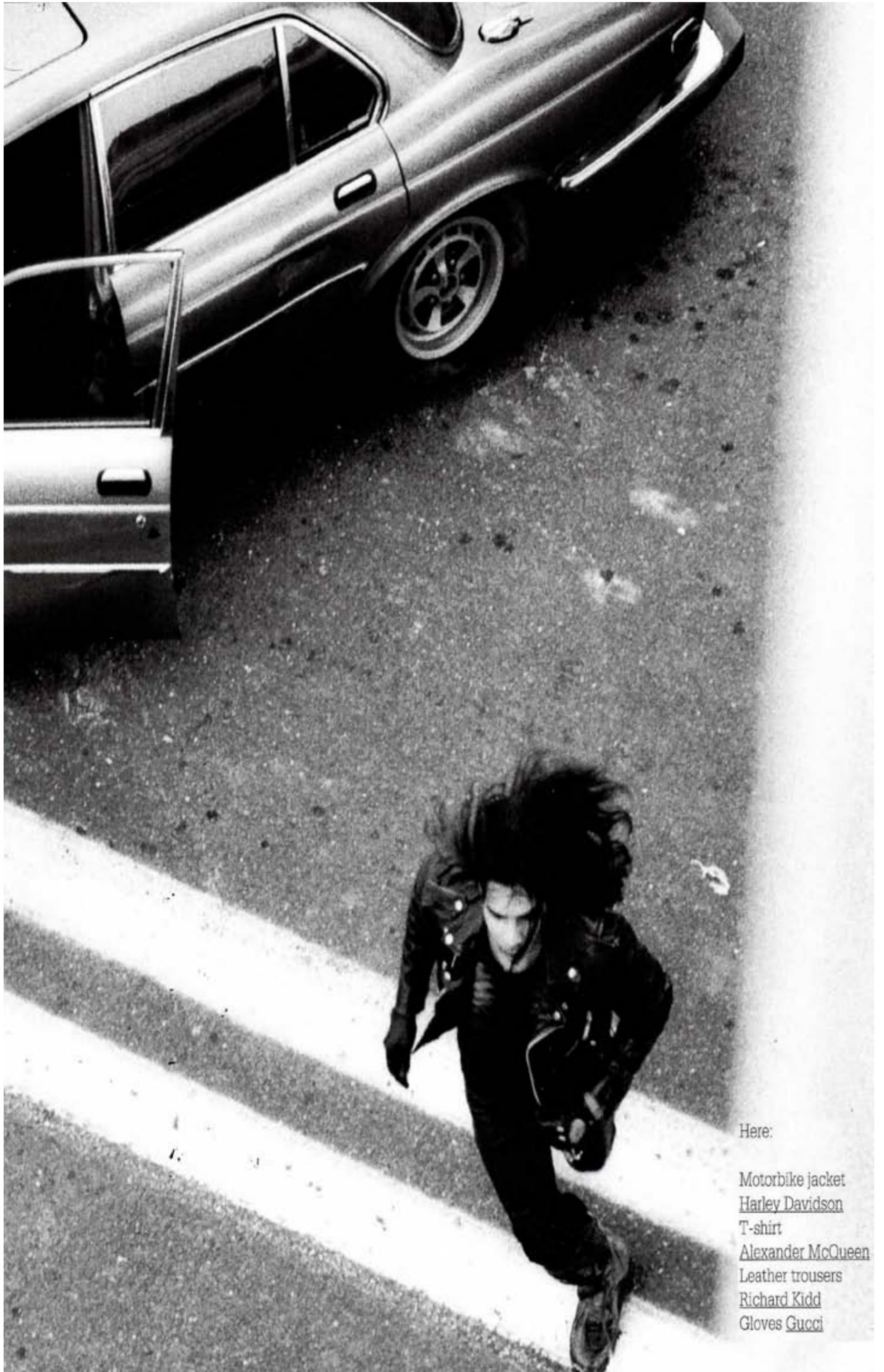
Above right:

Bodysuit
[Norma Kamali](#)
 Breast plate
[Antonio Berardi](#)
 Denim trousers [Ksubi](#)
 Gloves [Lacrasia](#)
 Belt [DSquared2](#)
 Booties [Sonia Rykiel](#)

Right:

Motorbike jacket
[Harley Davidson](#)
 T-shirt
[Alexander McQueen](#)
 Leather trousers
[Richard Kidd](#)
 Gloves [Gucci](#)

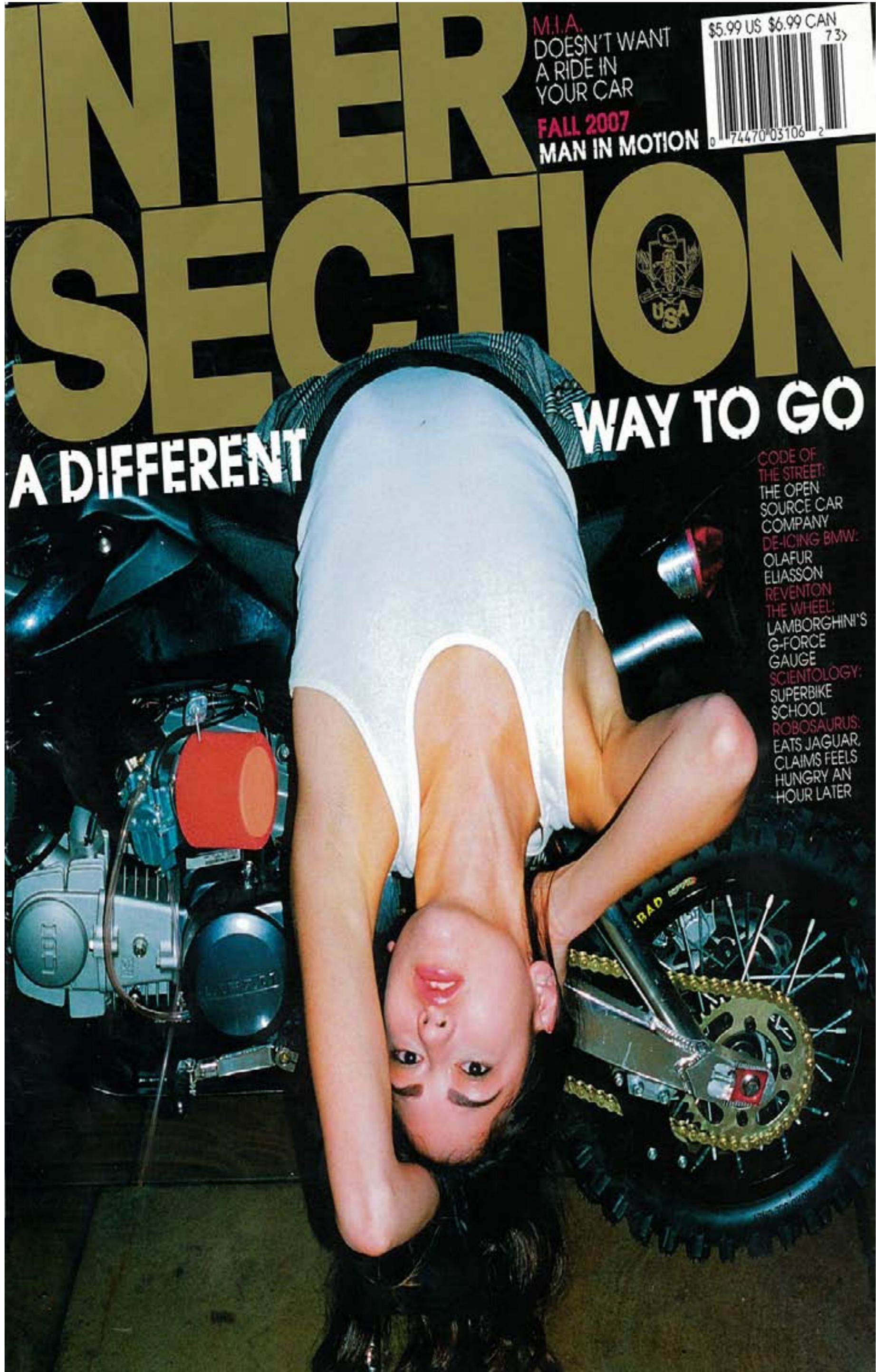




Here:

- Motorbike jacket
[Harley Davidson](#)
- T-shirt
[Alexander McQueen](#)
- Leather trousers
[Richard Kidd](#)
- Gloves [Gucci](#)





INTERSECTION

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SCIENTOLOGY:
SUPERBIKE SCHOOL
ROBOSAURUS:
EATS JAGUAR, CLAIMS FEELS HUNGRY AN HOUR LATER



as they lay sleeping

WE'RE NOT QUITE SURE WHAT SKATE-ART COLLECTIVE **NEW RADICALZ** ACTUALLY DO, BUT THEY SURE KNOW HOW TO PARTY. BY JARED FLINT. PHOTOGRAPHED BY JESSE HUFFMAN

goings
40

In the heart of New York's NoLita, at the tail end of a prematurely warm, late winter afternoon, Seamus Murphy and Brian Ermanski, two-thirds of the skate-art collective New Radicalz, lounge on the steps of the chic infant boutique Trust Fund Baby, throwing back a late breakfast of complimentary chocolates courtesy of the store. From a tiny boom box, the Rolling Stones play quietly.

The pair exhibit all the signs of a sleepless, alcohol-fueled night, yet their symptoms have clearly been somewhat appeased by the effects of marijuana. "Hey, I know you!" exclaims Murphy, squinting through one open eye and pointing in my general direction as I pass by on the way to the place we had originally agreed on for the interview. "We're going to the same place, St. Marks. I gotta call JZ and wake him up. It was

a long night last night." JZ is a Natural Koncept pro and notorious daredevil street skater Joshua Zickert, the final third of the Radicalz, who has yet to get up. They both rise for the short walk to the Radicalz headquarters in the East Village. Ermanski clips the stereo to his belt while Murphy jumps on his board, loses control, and falls off, narrowly avoiding a parked car.

It was five years ago that pro-skaters Murphy and Zickert found time between touring the world to befriend street artist and self-proclaimed "Prince of Elizabeth Street," Ermanski. "We'd never been in a crew, you know?" says Murphy. "So we thought this was the perfect match of skating, art, and just going out and getting radical. So we're like, we're the New Radicalz. Yeah, the New Radicalz."

They quickly began to hit the town as a triad, skating and working their way into places and scenes normally inhabited by socialites and celebrities; most notably Bungalow 8. While establishing themselves in the upper echelon of New York nightlife, Murphy and Zickert continued to tour the world with Natural Koncept, making skate videos from Stockholm to Japan. Ermanski, meanwhile, began to garner the attention of downtown art aficionados with his cathartic, graffiti-esque expressions of his everyday life, rendered in spray and oil paint, that ranged from twisted pop art to simple sentences about where the rest of the Radicalz are at the moment (for example: *JZ IS AT SWAY*), invoking early, if perhaps ambitious, comparisons to Basquiat.

The New Radicalz' headquarters is easily

spotted near the corner of 2nd Avenue and St. Marks. Just above the crowded Café Orlin, several skate decks adorn the second story window, blocking out the sun. Inside, the studio apartment's walls are covered with the tags, signatures, and drunken scribbles of practically every visitor who has passed through the door. Standing in the corner is Bones, a sunglasses-wearing skeleton (says Murphy, "He's been through some good times"). A fake crystal chandelier hangs from the ceiling, adorned with a selection of women's underwear left behind in early morning haste. Our presence has apparently awoken Zickert, as a hand extends out of a pile of blankets and pillows from his loft bed. "What's up, dude," he mumbles, shaking my

hand. "You want a beer?" Murphy ducks into the kitchen and emerges with Zickert's breakfast: a bottle of Heineken.

We finish our beers and head outside to the stoop. Zickert sits down with a sigh and lights a cigarette. "I ended it late last night at Bungalow," smiles Zickert. "It was wild."

Unlike most of the other clientele at Amy Sacco's South Beach-themed club, Zickert made a name for himself, most famously, for tail dropping down a 30-foot stairway in Times Square, twice, in the rain. Zickert takes the last drag on his cigarette, sighs, stands up and says, "Dude, I gotta go pass out," and disappears. A passerby stops and asks us for weed. "OK, shady dude," Murphy says dismissively and turns back to me. "Alright man, let's plan on going out. We drink for free everywhere we go."



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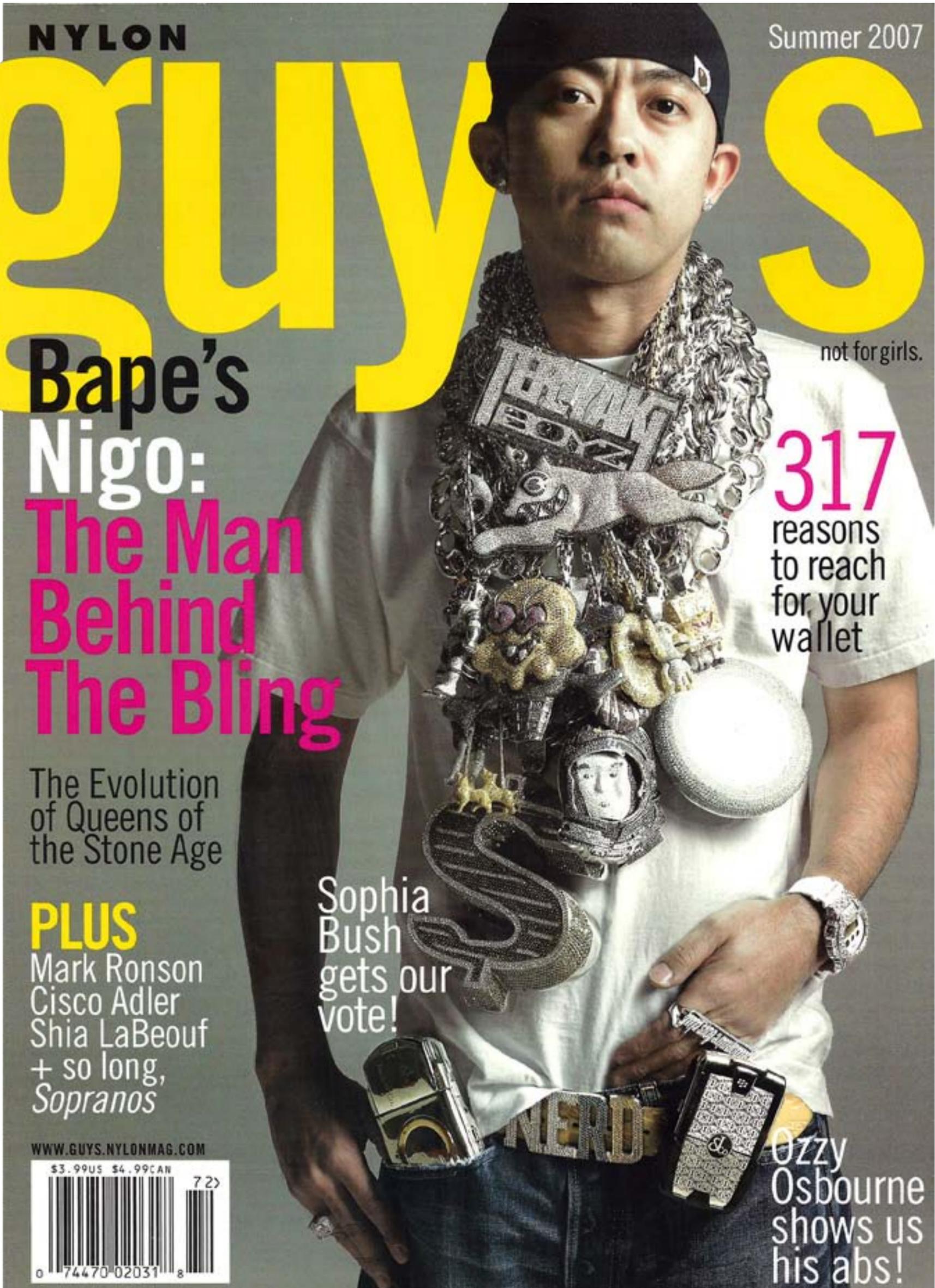
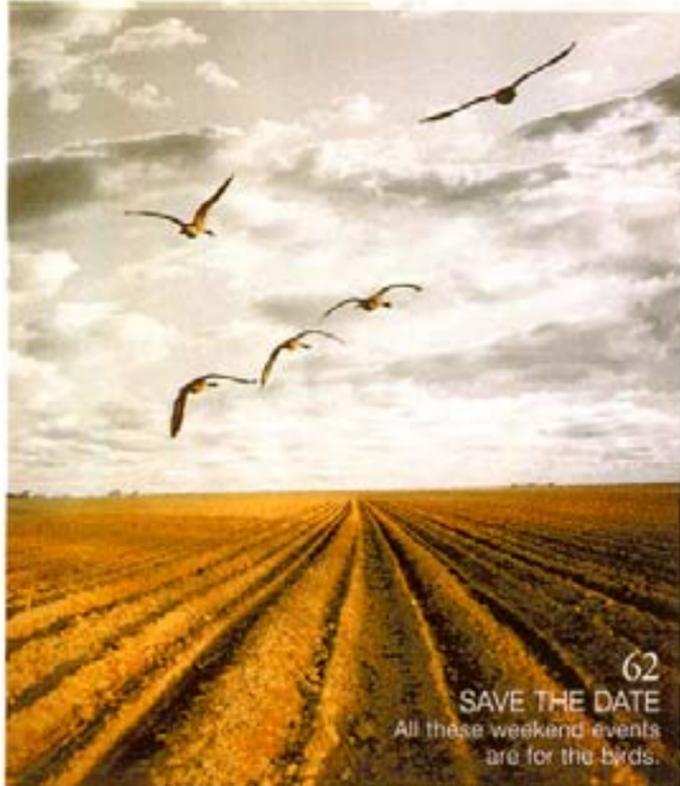
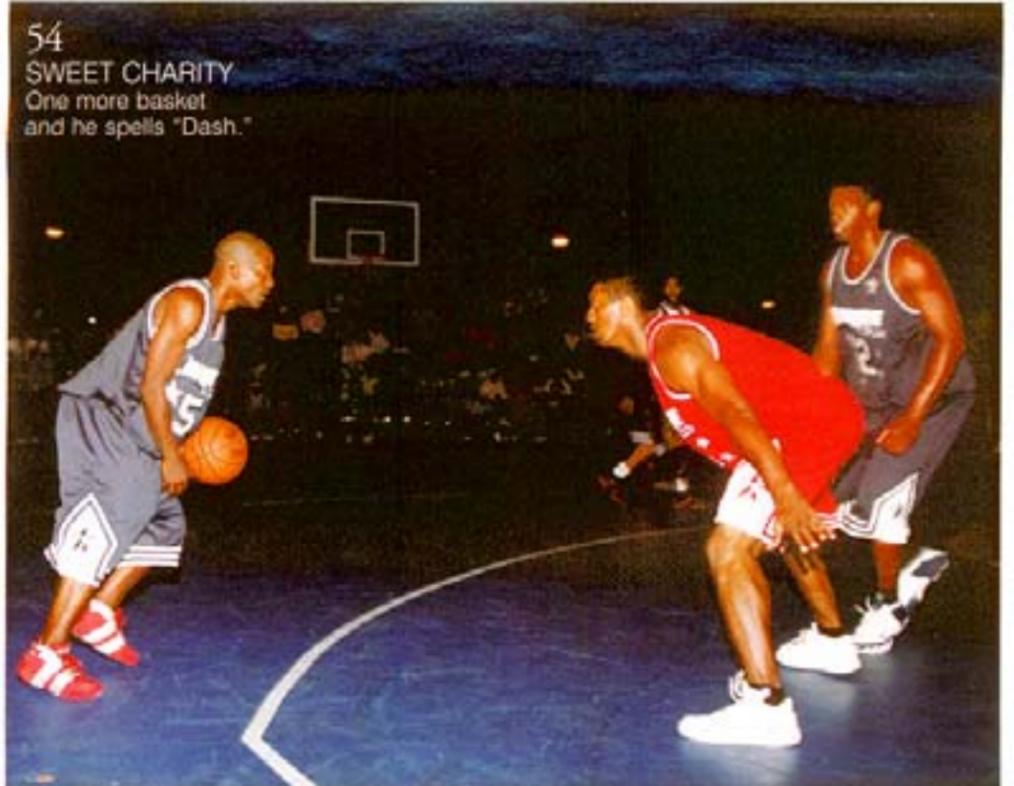




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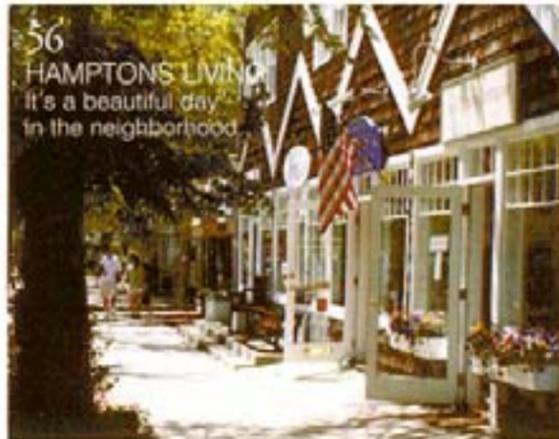
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SAVE THE DATE
All these weekend events
are for the birds.



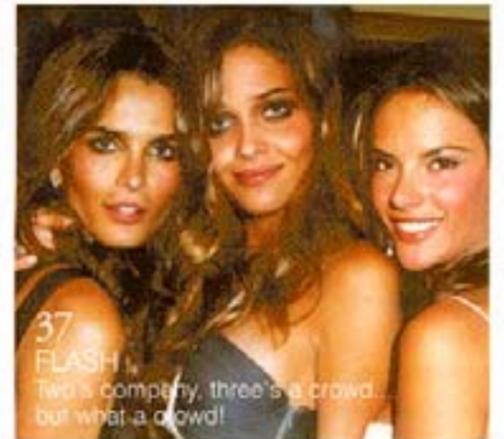
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SWEET CHARITY
One more basket
and he spells "Dash."



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EBB & FLOW
L8er, sk8er.



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HAMPTONS LIVING
It's a beautiful day
in the neighborhood.



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FLASH
Ted's company, three's a crowd...
but what a crowd!

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37 Jimmy Buffett and Herman Wouk don't stop the carnival; the East End can't stop our roving team of party paparazzi.

ON DECK

50 THE LIST

What's it this week—the top NFL draft picks or the guest list at Dune? Ask us the rhyme and reason and we might just tell you one thing, then quickly change our tune.

52 EBB & FLOW

Avril's got "Sk8er Boi"; Southampton has skater boy JZ. One got Gen-Y to rock out; the other pushed Gen-X into swimming pools as an art stunt.

54 SWEET CHARITY

Damon Dash is taking it to the courts to help revitalize his old neighborhood.

56 HAMPTONS LIVING

Why build a bridge over troubled waters when we already have a local hamlet that bridges trendy locales with beloved classics, razzle-dazzle, and rustic ambience?



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PROFILE

Who the hell is this guy wearing?

58 PROFILE

Who the hell is the new guy on Newtown Lane? None other than John Varvatos himself.

60 CULTURE WATCH

It's a long *SportsCenter*-less Jitney ride back to the city; these fun books and CDs will keep him happy all the way from Montauk to 86th Street.

62 SAVE THE DATE

Garden tour or golf tournament? Either way, this weekend's looking greener than St. Paddy's Day.

Never Board

Youthful vigor, found! One man takes to the streets of Southampton and zips through Asia on four wheels and a supreme spirit.

by Jeffrey Slonim

LAST AUGUST, as a dewy breeze kissed **Fabiola Baracasa's** outdoor circus-themed fête in Bridgehampton horse country in the wee hours, three long-haired skater dudes in brimmed hats and Alice Cooper face paint (think *A Clockwork Orange*)—protégés of **Calvin Klein** muse **Lauryn Flynn**—mischievously toppled scores of clownishly dressed swells into the pool for a face-paint-melting group splash.

With so many pricey thin cell phones submerged in the chlorine-tinged depths, "it was kind of an 'Oh, shit!' moment," recalls **JZ**, ring-leader of a troika of buddies—including two punk skaters and one painter—known as the New Radicalz. "But after a few minutes, a lot of people jumped in and it ended up being a fun time," says the free spirit, whose enthusiasm, if the crowd is sufficiently lubricated, can be infectious.

JZ, an arty skateboard star (not to be confused with the rap mogul **Jay-Z**), was born **Josh Zickert** in Sheboygan, Wisconsin. At age 18, the gifted athlete moved to San Diego, the center of the surf and skateboard culture, surfing endlessly and turning pro as a skateboarder. Following a gal pal, **JZ** attended the University of Colorado at Boulder, where he also went pro as a snowboarder. By day he skied Copper Mountain, Breckenridge, Arapahoe Basin, and Keystone; by night, he wowed onlookers at an indoor skate park.

Snowboarding offered **JZ** many a hipster's dream; MTV sent him to open a resort in Korea for MTV Asia. And he later cofounded a successful skateboard and fashion company based in Hawaii called Natural Konzept, a graffiti-driven brand now sold in 20 countries. The profits currently allow **JZ** and **Seamus Murphy** (**S Radical**), who skates for the com-

pany, to afford a starry Bungalow-8-or-Beatrice-Inn-until-4 A.M. lifestyle.

But the duo's current passion, as published in skateboard mags, is "interacting with the architecture" of Manhattan. **JZ** is about to complete a film about this pairing of tricks with a backdrop of heroic buildings. The New Radicalz' third partner in late-night antics, **Brian Ermanski** (**B Radical**), a like-minded painter, favors striped pants and buys and resells vintage clothes for extra cash. He and **JZ** met when, as a joke, **JZ** skateboarded by him at an art event, grabbed his boom box, and skated out the door.



Brian Ermanski and JZ chillin' at Philippe in NYC.

On the way to or from clubs, Ermanski tags along on foot, literally running up and leaping onto cars stuck in traffic.

Meanwhile, **JZ** has taken his skating and architecture act to 25 countries. He's skated the glass face of the Louvre's pyramid in Paris, filmed tricks with Gaudi towers as a background in Barcelona, and skated through Morocco, where, he says, "the most exciting part was watching the reaction of 200 enthralled onlookers."

Recently, he's done skateboard-related stunt work for *Law & Order*. And in the remake of *The Taking of Pelham One Two Three*, **JZ** is scheduled to appear skateboarding down Broadway, holding onto a police car. "California was a lot more loose," says **JZ** of the high-end culture on the East End. "The \$20,000 handbags at the beach, you don't see that in Cali. That cracks me up."

Since he's as gifted at spotting fashion trends as he is at jumping over, say, spike-topped historic church gates, we asked **JZ** to help spot the ebb and flow of trends in this week's "In & Out" list. **H**

In & Out



Johnny Depp.



Rosie O'Donnell.

- | | |
|--|-------------------------------------|
| Men wearing jewelry | Painfully butch |
| Snowboarding | Boarding school |
| Hippies on wheels | Textbook skateboarders |
| 50-year-old men in skateboarder looks | Being yuppie too young |
| New Era hats | Old-school hats |
| Skinny jeans for gals | Nicole Richie skinny |
| Bananas | Bandanas |
| Patterned hoodies | Hoods (real criminals) |
| Colorful socks | Tinted contacts |
| Laces that don't match | Lace |
| Mural Brandolini | Kundalini yoga |
| A day of stock-car driving from Exotations.com | Unexciting gifts |
| Vintage biplane rides | Bi |
| Green gifts | Food that turns green in the fridge |
| Skateboarding | Bored |
| Lia Sophia's Rue Royale jewelry | Royals |
| 27 Authentic Mexican Kitchen | Too authentic |
| Chance Yeh | Chancy encounters |
| True Religion jeans | Religious fanatics |
| Fighter-jet rides | Bumpy rides |
| Red Wayfarers | Red states |
| Retro fluorescent colors | Fluorescent lighting |
| The Bahamas | Livin' with Mama |
| Shoestring belts | Shoestring budgets |
| Big shades | Shady |
| Striped pants | Striped shirts |
| Enji (skateboards) | Ennui |
| 5Boxo (skateboards) | Borough-based snobbery |
| Natural Konzept | No ideas |
| Orange Thrasher T-shirts | Orange drinks |
| Top hats | Tail-obsessed |
| Partying in Eastern Europe | Moving to Eastern Europe |
| Acidas shell toes | Cross trainers |
| Stereo by the Shore | Loud music at the beach |
| Beatrice Inn | Country inns |

photographs by Chance Yeh/PMC (left), Jun Sata/WireImage.com (right); Eugene Goloparsky/WireImage.com (bottom)



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EVERYTHING IS ILLUMINATED ARTIST DAN FLAVIN LIGHTS UP THE EAST END

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THE *ENTOURAGE* STAR GETS THE SPOTLIGHT



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hotel des arts

WHAT HAPPENS TO LITTLE BOYS AND GIRLS WHO SPEND EVERY WAKING HOUR WITH CRAYONS IN HAND? WELL, SOME OF THEM GROW UP INTO ARTISTE DE LA MODE AND GET TO PAINT HOTEL ROOMS – CARTE BLANCHE – IN ONE OF THE BEST CITIES IN THE WORLD, WRITES MANDANA TOWHIDY.

San Francisco's Hotel Des Arts, located between its shopping and financial districts laced with Victorian gingerbread buildings did just that by hand selecting an eclectic bunch that runs the gamut from well-known graffiti artists to dainty illustrators and even some unknown talents. "We get a lot of people asking for specific rooms when they reserve, and if that artist's room isn't available, they change their vacation dates just so they can stay in the room they want," says Hiro Nakatani, one of the hotel's dapper owners. The newest opened rooms (the hotel hosts an opening for each group of newly painted rooms) offers a slew for guests to choose from: demurely painted ladies by prolific artist Kelly Tunstall to cabin/"uni-bomber" facades from Anthony Skirvin, Maya Hayuk's blacklight "vortex" and new-comer Maria Gillespie's glow-in-the-dark futuristic cityscape. "A lot of people ask for the Sam Flores room or David Choe's dreamscape room is always booked," Hiro says. "He has a painted evil gnome hiding in the closet!"

The hotel offers private and hostel-style accommodation for less than 200 USD, which is extremely affordable for the locale it's in. The next unveiled group of rooms promises Buffmonster, PlasticFucker, Dalek and New York's child-of-the-moment, Brian Ermanski. With such amazing artwork, it's no wonder some guests never leave their rooms!

Photography Mandana Towhidy

Hotel Des Arts

447 Bush Street, San Francisco, California

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oyster

WORLD FASHION issue 59

Australian Edition

Photographed by Paul Erigon

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