

D E V E N D R A B A N H A R T

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Tel. +49 (89) 4136-0

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Prestel Publishing
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W I T H T E X T S B Y

ANTONY

DIEGO CORTEZ

BECK HANSEN

JEFFREY DEITCH

ADAM GREEN



HONG KONG CHARLIE

Turnip greens yarrow ricebean rutabaga endive cauliflower sea
lettuce kohlrabi amaranth water spinach avocado daikon napa
cabbage asparagus winter purslane kale. Celery potato scallion
desert raisin horseradish spinach carrot. Lotus root water spinach
fennel kombu maize bamboo shoot green bean swiss chard
seakale pumpkin onion chickpea gram corn pea. Brussels sprout
coriander water chestnut gourd swiss chard wakame kohlrabi
beetroot carrot watercress. Corn amaranth salsify bunya nuts nori
azuki bean chickweed potato bell pepper artichoke.

SO TRUE



a holey ghost pours from my hands
it gapes in thirsty cups!
all my eyes wide open
wanna whistle free the heart

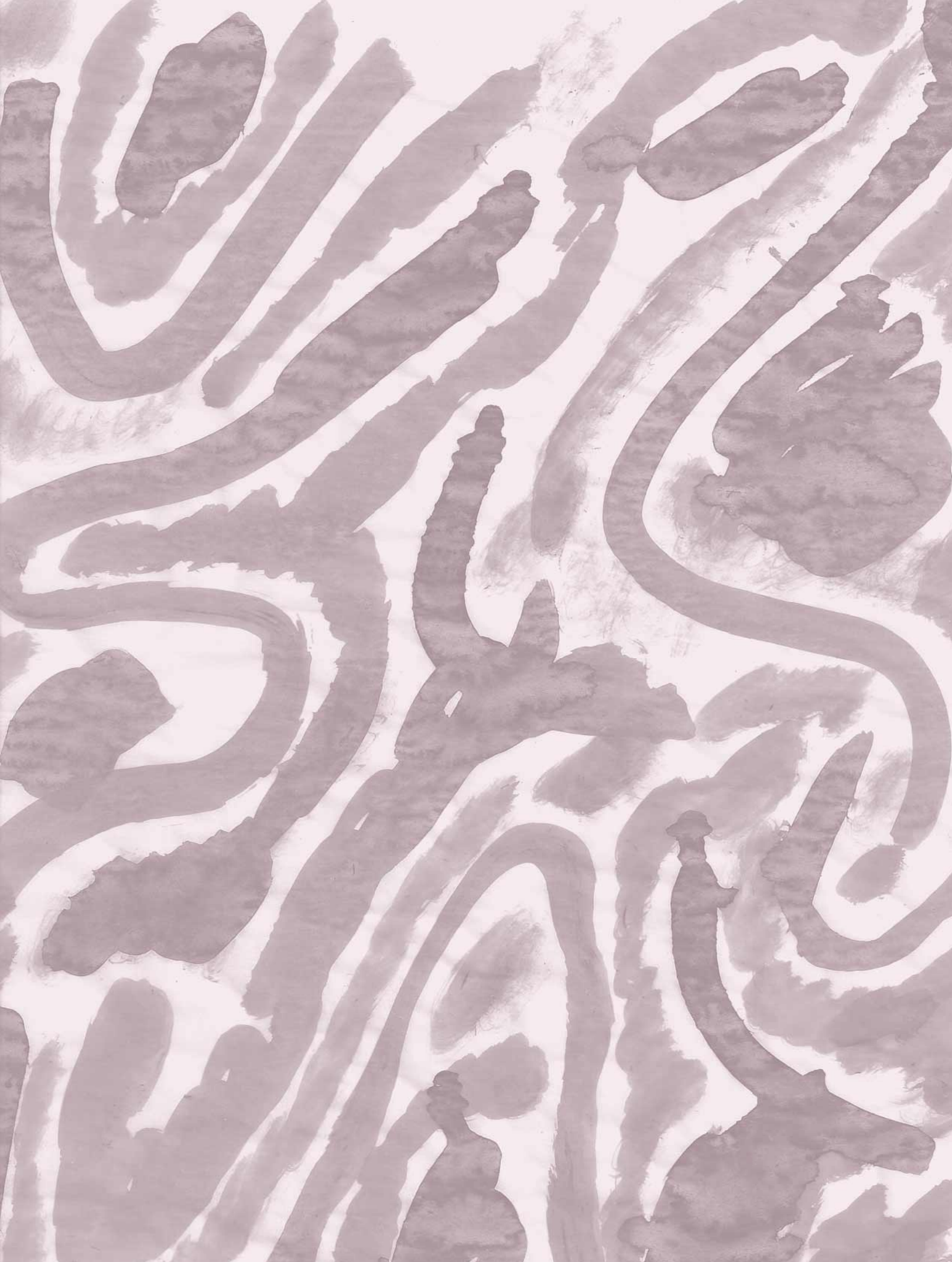
I saw Devendra's drawings for the first time on his early cds, and then for an exhibition at Canada Art Gallery around 2003. They were all these little masterpieces, tiny delicate lines, feeling like lost Indonesian or Native American scriptures, depicting a pantheon of surreal characters and forms in shuddering or billowing states, animals and clouds, insects, praying circles of hands and lines, scrawled on worn papers, book leaves, and imbued with a sense of magic. I remember seeing on the cover of *Rejoicing in the Hands* that he had drawn a tiny little black hole. I surrendered to that mystic artwork. It was stressful watching those drawings sell for 500 dollars each, each to a different Tom, Dick or Harriet. I wanted to buy them all, just to keep them together for him. He was so young and he was not proprietary about his work; he gave it away like handfuls of olives.

I watched the way his lines curled, in words and licks of hair, each gesture a sailboat plump with laughter, tenderness and generosity. It was a crying and intimate time... a golden time. In 2004 I wrote a song about the way Devendra's work and presence changed me, called "Everything is New." I saw him perform at Other Music standing on a table, and I felt like I could see shapeshifting spirits pour through his body as he sang, a wolf and a craggy old man wrestling for control of his frame. Devendra was having an ecstatic awakening as a performer, and it was coinciding with his rising fame. His kindness and gentleness, and his willingness to organize community, placed him in the center of a burgeoning scene that he would spend the next several years seeking to quietly extricate himself from.

Three years ago Devendra started showing me his recent drawings and paintings. He had returned to his inspiration, implementing even more structure in the ways that he applied himself, as in the case with the series of sphinxes. I felt such joy to see these works, so breathing, dancing, gold and new.

Antony, NYC, 2014

Devendra asked me *Dearest James*, to write *dreamy Diego*, “something Homeric, Miltonian, *out there*, monumental, barbaric (qué te parece?)” about *mi amor!* his works I write to on paper. you from Soon, he began to ask me every few days if I my first had begun my text. day at I insisted there was the LA no hurry. painting When he moved the deadline studio, up from December 1 to October 15, 2014, I asked him to send me a list of 20 points or ideas which he would like you’ll have me to cover. to brave the He sent alley and a long rambling visit soon... letter which As for bullet was too good not points, more to incorporate will come, here into my but upon essay which I am finally sitting sitting down down and to write. going through some key influencers/possible Devendra helpful fodder for your text, asked this is what I came up with... me to none need to be included, “keep it light, they are all merely keep signposts it funny.” and inspirations It and is influencers with this in mind through the that I years... construct a As a child in mishap mash-up. Caracas, the When viewing Devendra’s drawings, we see first work I saw that very little really of what resonated he himself with says are his major me was influences. a Rufino I begin to Tamayo, just the realize then that poster for a show, artists reference things of course, held but it beguiled dear, me, drew me but by the time they express into themselves its worn they have already and mystic transformed blue such information and influences hues... into newer I always got entities a good which stand as art, laugh apart from from Bolero’s the original inspirational sculptures data. too... Later, Artists around 12, rebel against I moved themselves and their affinities to create something to Encinal alien Canyon in to their California, own interests. where my neighbor They happened to be transcend Lita themselves to become Albuquerque. someone or something else. I’m still Artists fashion new very identities, close into universal selves, with her and even and in Devendra’s case, closer it is something hyper- or micro-organic. with He is a true organic her two creature—visible through his previous long, daughters, flowing hair, Jasmine or his more recent (an cropped hair—these are Devendra’s amazing dancer and visual artist visible organic opposites. who happens to His drawings be married to Rodrigo Amarante) also resemble patches of hair or patches of and Isabelle weeds—wild bits of (Hecuba... animal and planted nature. Germ Records, Osk If Devendra’s visuals are organic, Studio...), his performances are is one of my hyper-expressionistic and dearest gender-liberative—they closest stretch the boundaries of friends/heroes. what musically can be done. Lita Banhart’s art straddles the cusp basically of fine put versus folk books by art. His drawings are the labor-intensive following artists and detailed, in my pre-teen not myopic. The color hands, palette destroying is reduced, basic, the world I but not thin. There are figures, thought I selves, but knew: Beuys, more the particulars of Eva Hesse, molecular life—striations, Agnes Martin, marks, stains, growths, Twombly, doodled lines which Sol Lewitt, fill spaces— Basquiat, Lygia Clark, fields of patterns, De Kooning, interspersed with fragments Lee Lozano, of elaborate handwritten Hannah poetry. Wilke, Ana Mendieta, They function as Jay DeFeo, markers, indicators, Robert signs, titles, Smithson, Walter De stars, asterisks— Maria reminders. and of Devendra’s poetic course texts are not as her surrealist as own his images, rather absurdist— work... playfully (it’s misleading. amazing, “Never sing alone!” check he cries. it out!). He often sings Later alone, especially at the San in his art-making. “Lay low” Francisco implies Art Institute (where invisibility, Bill Berkson was the only faculty transparency, member to lightness express of being— interest in my work), alluding a little to the crew consisting of space between things. Sarah A spiritual art is Cain, born. But “spiritual” is not a reality, Matteah only a genre. Baim, “Sphinx Interiors” and Colter portray a Jacobsen Europeanization was born. or Mediterraneanization of Banhart’s work— Our first Egypt being shows the locale were at for this recent the Luggage series. The details of his organicism Store (love Darryl Smith and Laurie Lazer) are now neatly where we stored or contained in got cookie-cutter to meet Sphinx our structures, heroes wrought in in (Italian?) person, design. Alessandro Mendini, the Ettore Sottsass, and so-called Mission Aldo Rossi, come to mind. School of The operative word Barry McGee, in the title *Sphinx Interiors* Margaret Kilgallen, is “Interiors,” Alicia not “Sphinx.” McCarthy, The word “Interiors” Ja implies a spiritual Jackson, center, Chris which fills Johanson, and all variant containers, Christopher shapes, contexts. Garrett, The South among American others... Creeps series My is a further other heroes collapsing of forms at the into time were a crude *graffito* (Italian for “a little scratch”), Motherwell and Bas Jan a crude cartoon. It is counter-spiritual Ader... in Throughout, of that it is course, there’s music non-pedagogical, and Cage in opposition to a “preaching” might be the of spirit. biggest guide The *Vessels* series for me is an outsider, throughout... asymmetric, the polyrhythmic, great dweller on that offbeat design—actually something threshold between more painterly (Giorgio Morandi) aural/ than design (Mendini). John Cage visual... is Devendra’s true forebearer— I another music creator took who turned a Duchampian sound philosophical base inside-out. classes This is found at the at source of both Banhart’s the Art musical Institute and entangled visual work. and One soon had all must throw his books Lucio Fontana into of the drawings, writings, “Vessels” mix, except etc... the usual cuts, I was named lacerations, scars, Devendra tats, by Maharaji become more emblematic Prem and Rawat. whole than the younger You work. Devendra have been an always-by-my-side is less supporter of my work and thanks a collagist to you I met Mazzoli than a scatter and had the artist. It is in the ASIF and supercolliders Roth of the world that exhibitions, a possible we find physical truth by Japan one in shaking it. Devendra shakes, in voice and hand, a and moves (again having moved to few LA). months... When countless other his hand shakes amazing it is gifts/ opportunities... a precious, There’s non-pedestrian Keegan McHargue, movement, Louise unlike Despont, Julia Leonard, Luckey Remington, contemporary Antony, dance, Nathaniel Russell, which Dylan Marcus, collapsed Chris Fallon, Kori Girard, Ross Simonini, Chris Vassell, ballet Mel Shimkovitz, into Cliff Hengst, modern Ana Kraš, Scott dance, Hewicker, Ry Fyan, finally Will Lemon, to mere Adam “movement.” Tullie, That’s Adam Green, and awesome Angeline Rivas who for a are great thinker and friends that recovered make opiater— amazing work... normally To palate still, cleanse engaged in life I turn somewhat to Japan, from a distance. always enamored These are with the “disappointed,” the philosophy disappointed by and the the conformism of our society— general what we fail aesthetic... to see and understand. Perhaps we appear to still hoping them as in you’ll a sweeping, introduce me to Hosono-san and panoramic Sakamoto-san film shot someday... of a distended Lately cocktail party. loving the work In their of Sarah critical stillness abides Charlesworth, an intense meditation on Forrest Bess, truth, Bodys Isek Kingelez, accuracy, Karl Wirsum, reality, Nathalie Du Pasquier, Kenojuak Ashevak, Marcel Storr and wisdom, perspective, Carroll Dunham... relevance, And I love you heartfelt feeling, and lemme and love. know if this helps!!!! Diego Cortez





Devendra Banhart

Devendra Banhart

I Left My Noodle on Ramen Street

Gebundenes Buch, Pappband, 192 Seiten, 22,0 x 28,5 cm
180 farbige Abbildungen, 30 s/w Abbildungen
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Ein Gesamtkunstwerk aus Worten, Bildern und Musik

„Was ich nicht zeichnen kann, das singe ich, und was ich nicht singen kann, das zeichne ich.“
Auf diese schlüssige Formel bringt der US-amerikanische Singer-Songwriter Devendra Banhart sein künstlerisches Credo.

Dieses außergewöhnliche Buch versammelt eine repräsentative Auswahl der wichtigsten Werke aus den letzten zehn Jahren, die u. a. im San Francisco Museum of Modern Art gezeigt wurden. Die Kombination der Bilder mit Fotos, Songtexten, Briefen und Ideen, die sie inspiriert haben, eröffnet einen sehr persönlichen Einblick in die Welt eines „Geschöpfes aus Wort, Musik, Bild und Bart“, wie unlängst Die Zeit schrieb.