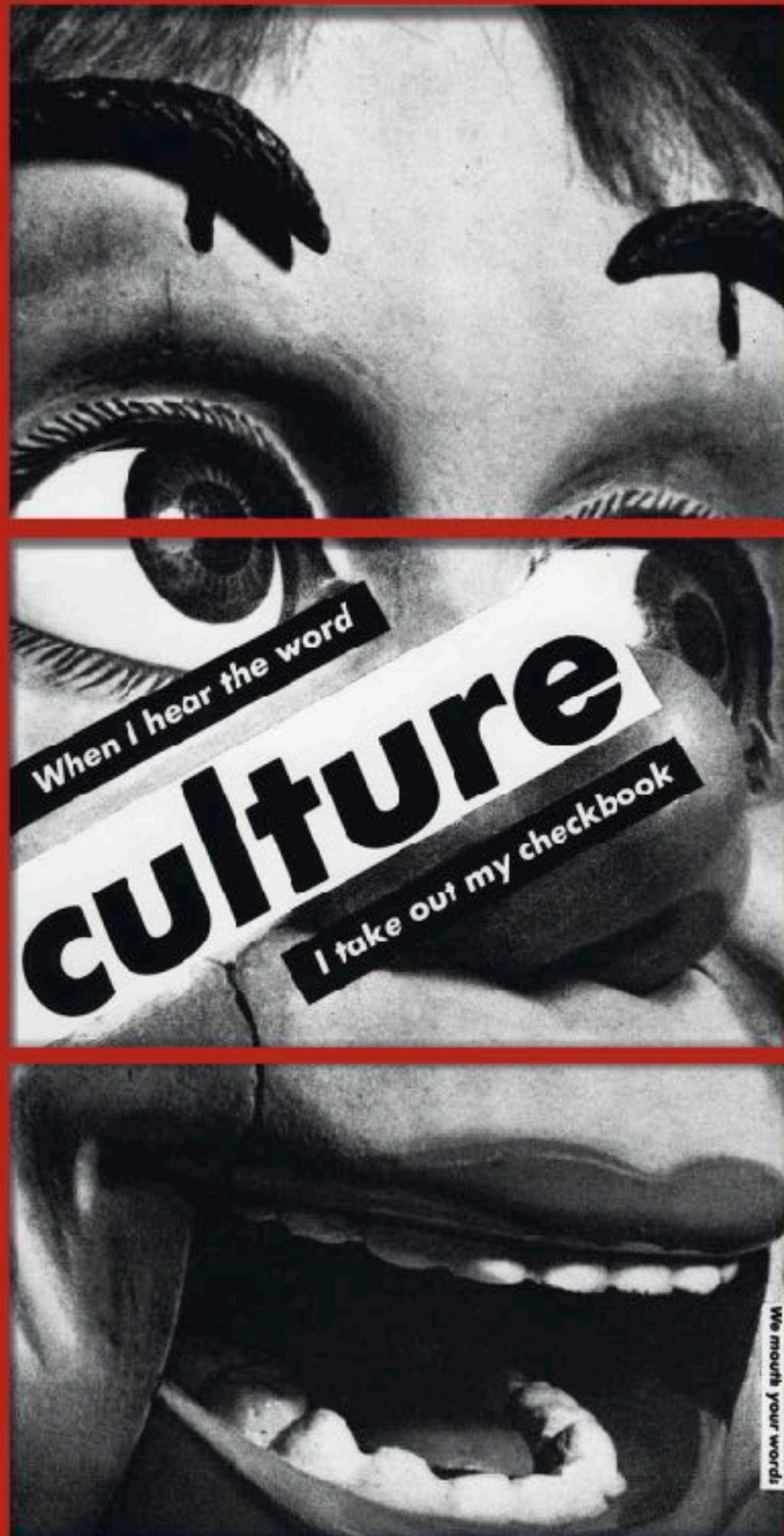


txt +

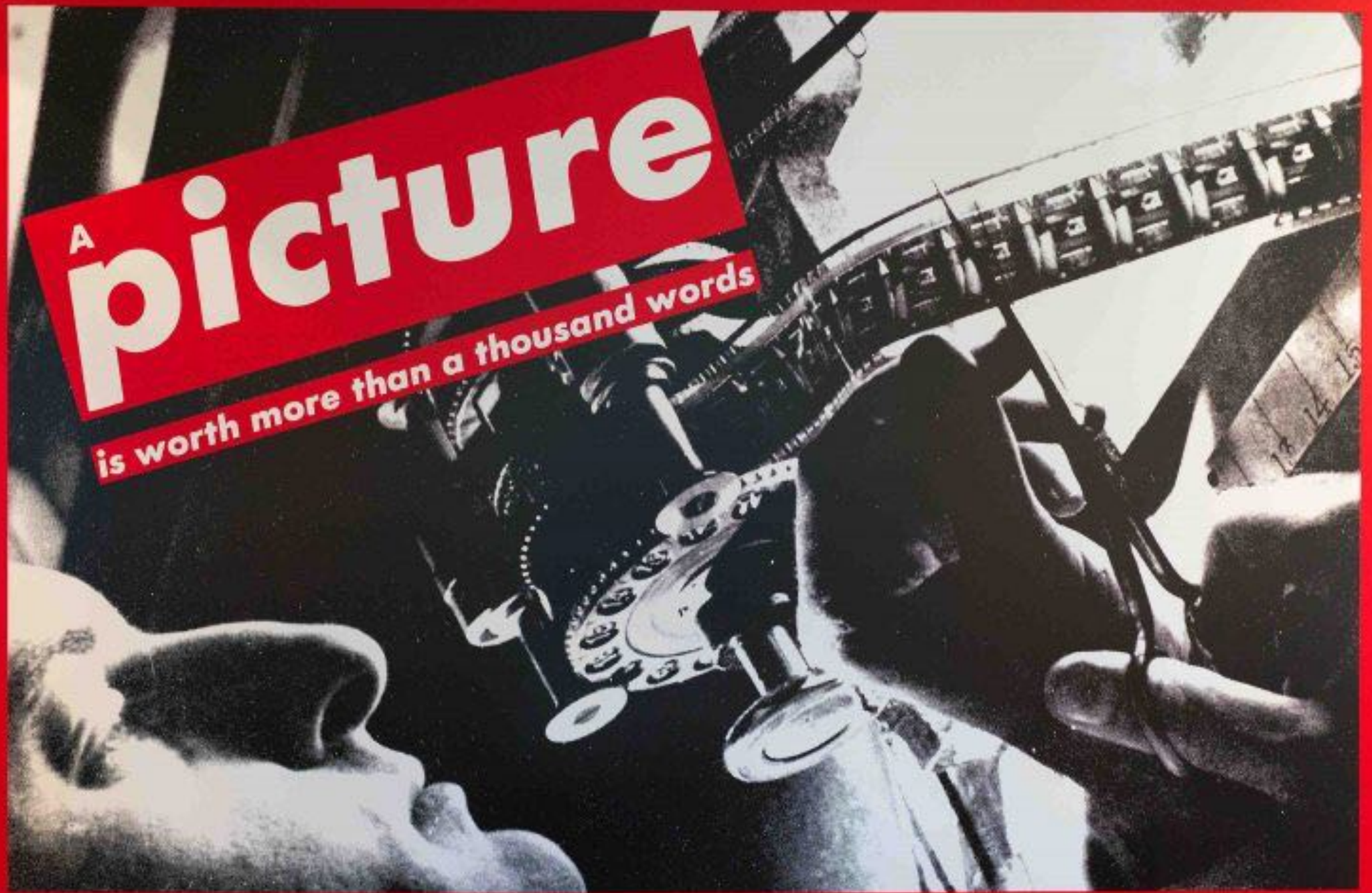


Barbara Kruger
*Untitled (We have
received orders not to
move)*, 1982
photographic silkscreen
on vinyl
112 x 112 inches



Barbara Kruger

*Untitled (When I had the
word culture I take out
my checkbook)*, 1985
photographic silkscreen
on vinyl
112 x 112 inches



Barbara Kruger
*Untitled (A picture is
worth more than a
thousand words)*, 1992,



Barbara Kruger, 1986

Op-Art

BARBARA KRUGER

For Sale



Barbara Kruger is an artist who works with photographs and words.

Barbara Kruger
FOR SALE, 2012,
 "OP-ART" PIECE FOR
 OP-ED PAGE OF THE
 NEW YORK TIMES

TWENTY QUESTIONS
(A SAMPLER)



IS SHE AS
PRETTY AS A
PICTURE



OR
CLEAR AS
CRYSTAL



OR
PURE
AS A LILY



OR
BLACK
AS COAL

OR
SHARP
AS A RAZOR

Lorna Simpson

Twenty Questions (A Sampler), 1986



SHE SAW HIM DISAPPEAR BY THE RIVER,
THEY ASKED HER TO TELL WHAT HAPPENED,
ONLY TO DISCOUNT HER MEMORY.



Daring Sensible Severe Long & Silly Boyish Ageless Silly Magnetic Country Fresh Sweet



Lorna Simpson
Stereo Styles, 1988



necktie
neck & neck
neck-ed
neckless

necking
neckline
necklace
breakneck

Sophie Calle
Autobiographies
(the Bed), 1988



It was my bed. The one in which I slept until I was
overcome. Then my mother put it in a room she
rented out. On the 7th of October 1979 the tenant
lay down on it and set himself on fire. The first
flames threw the bed out the window. It was there,
in the courtyard of the building, for nine days.

A close-up photograph of two hands, one resting on the other, with French text overlaid. The hands are positioned in the center of the frame, with fingers slightly curled. The skin appears aged and wrinkled. The background is a soft, out-of-focus blue and white. The text is in a light, elegant serif font, arranged in three lines across the upper half of the image.

*Il n'aimait pas être pris en photo. Toute sa vie, il avait tenté de
dissimuler ses jesses qu'il trouvait plates, de masquer sa bouche
derrière une main. Et le reste aussi.*

Parce que j'ai demandé à mon père s'il me permettait de le
photographier une dernière fois et qu'il a murmuré : "Alors,
mes mains..."

Parce qu'elles sont en partie cachées

Sophie Calle

Mes mains, 2018. Digital photograph,
diasc, light box. 27 × 42 cm



Sophie Calle
Autobiographies