The light-filled rooms in Duane Michals’s stately New York townhouse are casual, open, lived-in. A number of orchids thrive at his house, as is preparing for three major museum exhibitions next year, as well as the re-publication in autumn of his 1963 book *Spirit After Death*. Compared to today, the skyline looked ameliorate. The old Penn Station was still there, and the old city was then not as grand. CM looks around each other, smiling, but they have fallen out of 40 years. They never talked. So I don’t care what they looked like – what it is you let with in your heart, what they mean to you.

**CS** What are you showing at the Morgan?

**DM** We are going through their collection, picking works that I’m sympathetic with. I don’t need another photo show, but I love them. I get as much pleasure out of my texts as I get out of my photographs. I will choose some Saul Steinberg - he’s an artist I truly love, very literary. And I keep coming back to it. But finally, I’m not sure what is making her cry. So I write about it. It’s not a question of photography, it’s a question of expression. My texts don’t tell you what you are looking at. They tell you what you can’t see. They pick up where the photograph fails. Photographs fail constantly. People believe photographs. They believe in the artifice of photography, in its power to make the world real. But in the case of Robert Frank, your hero, you speak of authenticity. What am I looking at? A bunch of teenage soldiers, they could almost be anybody. They are going to die. From its very beginning, people have written, if there is a communication, you can identify with even one sentence you read. I’m very opinionated, as one should be. Like Truman Capote – when Johnny Carson asked him about Jack Kerouac’s writing, he answered: “That’s not writing, that’s typing.” I think of Cindy Sherman as inauthentic, for example, because she is a product of the art world, of the museum world. There is even worse. DM are going through their collection, picking works that I’m sympathetic with. I don’t need another photo show, but I love them. I get as much pleasure out of my texts as I get out of my photographs. I will choose some Saul Steinberg - he’s an artist I truly love, very literary. And I keep coming back to it. But finally, I’m not sure what is making her cry. So I write about it. It’s not a question of photography, it’s a question of expression. My texts don’t tell you what you are looking at. They tell you what you can’t see. They pick up where the photograph fails. Photographs fail constantly. People believe photographs. They believe in the artifice of photography, in its power to make the world real. But in the case of Robert Frank, your hero, you speak of authenticity. What am I looking at? A bunch of teenage soldiers, they could almost be anybody. They are going to die. From its very beginning, people have written, if there is a communication, you can identify with even one sentence you read. I’m very opinionated, as one should be. Like Truman Capote – when Johnny Carson asked him about Jack Kerouac’s writing, he answered: “That’s not writing, that’s typing.” I think of Cindy Sherman as inauthentic, for example, because she is a product of the art world, of the museum world. There is even worse. DM are going through their collection, picking works that I’m sympathetic with. I don’t need another photo show, but I love them. I get as much pleasure out of my texts as I get out of my photographs. I will choose some Saul Steinberg - he’s an artist I truly love, very literary. And I keep coming back to it. But finally, I’m not sure what is making her cry. So I write about it. It’s not a question of photography, it’s a question of expression. My texts don’t tell you what you are looking at. They tell you what you can’t see. They pick up where the photograph fails. Photographs fail constantly. People believe photographs. They believe in the artifice of photography, in its power to make the world real. But in the case of Robert Frank, your hero, you speak of authenticity. What am I looking at? A bunch of teenage soldiers, they could almost be anybody. They are going to die. From its very beginning, people have written, if there is a communication, you can identify with even one sentence you read. I’m very opinionated, as one should be. Like Truman Capote – when Johnny Carson asked him about Jack Kerouac’s writing, he answered: “That’s not writing, that’s typing.” I think of Cindy Sherman as inauthentic, for example, because she is a product of the art world, of the museum world. There is even worse.