

[peter monroe resume](#)

born:

June 11, 1953 White Plains, New York

grew up:

Flushing, Queens

resides:

Great Falls, Massachusetts (*The Connecticut River Valley Region*)

education:

B.A. sociology 1975 University of Colorado; Boulder.

solo exhibitions (selected)

1991: Coney Island USA (non-profit performance and exhibition space) — *Coney Island* (series; 12 prints)

1999: OK Harris Works of Art; WoHo, New York. *Mama's Boy* — 14 prints (includes *relevant text*)

2000: Zeitgeist: Nashville, Tennessee *Mama's Boy* — exhibition prints stolen in shipping (mistakenly shipped UPS without insurance; apparently, it's a *free-for-all* if uninsured — imagine the stolen works are hanging in a UPS worker's *man-cave* or something) — ended up showing the smaller portfolio prints. One print out of the total arrived all smashed up in dented cardboard even though a custom high-quality wood crate was constructed for shipping and the gallery thought I was spaced out and tried to ship the whole show in dented cardboard and the reason it didn't arrive. It took much explaining to make them believe in the lost crate.

2002: Herzliya Museum of Contemporary Art, Israel. *Mama's Boy* — installation, transportation, etc. from a generous grant from The New York/Israeli Cultural Commission. Showed the smaller portfolio prints again with *relevant text* mounted on the usual foam core next to images (still too annoyed over theft of the exhibition prints in 2000 to re-print). A museum catalogue produced for this show. The museum got mad at me for not re-printing the larger exhibition version since the catalogue and press release gave the information of the exhibition size of the framed work.

2004: Robert and Frances. Fullerton Museum of Art at California State University; San Bernardino, California. Reprinted exhibition (19x19 in.) prints/matted and framed to 28x28 for this installation. It took several months to re-print the chromogenic prints in my darkroom and the reason for not doing it for earlier exhibitions after the theft of those in 2000.

2005: OK Harris Works of Art (new series): *Green Houses* (houses that are the color green) *In The Connecticut River Valley of Massachusetts*

2012: University of North Carolina — 2012 (aborted installation/show) The university's museum/gallery in the main university campus in Durham. Solo show of *Mama's Boy*. I cancelled (i.e. aborted) this show because of what might seem misguided or unprofessional reasons: my friend, on the selection and museum committee was fired and I didn't want to work with strangers. Also, their honorarium offered was \$1100 despite the fact the cost of shipping and traveling down was double that figure. I explained to them that "although it is an honor to be showing at your museum, I do not wish to put in \$1100 of my own money for that privilege. For those unfamiliar with the *honorariums/grants/who shows and why* in the art world: primarily people with discretionary income have the time and resources to make (materials) promote (the time), and show their work. John Szarkowski (sp), former director of The Museum of Modern Art, when asked what it takes to become a working and exhibiting artist, replied with one word: "money." I am not one of those, by the way. Anyway, not that there aren't talented people with money working and showing, but that seems to be the main delineator of who is out there.. In short, re: this University of North Carolina show, it is always an honor to be chosen to show it *is* an honor, but I did not want to incur a negative balance (i.e. pay my own money) to show there. (Is this *too much information for an official CV?*)

2012: Nina's Nook Gallery" Great Falls, Massachusetts "35 Millimeter Negatives from the 1970s - Twenty nine small black and whites prints from 1973-1978 with voluminous (in some cases 5 pages per image) of historic relevant text. Locations include: Queens, Brooklyn, Denver, Boulder, Topeka, Long Island and Flushing, Queens. Includes images shot off the screen of the then current re-run television shows such as *I Dream of Jeannie*, my mother's new husband lounging on the weekend in their newly purchased Long Island house, Chicano teenagers shouting prairie dogs for bounty money in Boulder and a visit to my college roommate's hometown of Topeka, Kansas.

2018: Greenfield Gallery in Greenfield, Massachusetts. *Houses That Are Green in the Connecticut rRiver Valley of Massachusetts*. People in this region are very much liking this show here in the Connecticut River Valley — unlike when this showed in New York 13 years earlier in New York.

commercial work:

Assigned and shot a feature story for *The Sunday New York Times Magazine* 1998 (unpublished — they over-assign and pulled the piece after we had an artistic disagreement which, in hindsight, was my fault). The following year I received another assignment from them a smaller and more incidental non-featured piece and that was not published either.. They did not contacted me again.

Similar misguided attempts to shoot commercially with assigned works with other magazines including *New York Magazine* and *Mother Jones*. For better or worse, I am not sorry to have not done much editorial work since it is possible I am unenthused with art and photo directors idea of what is interesting but am interested in whatever arguably less than interesting to most ideas for themes on my own. Mixing commerce with art or just commerce is not an inherent forte'.

published work:

Smart Money (magazine) : 2 published features 1999 & 2000
US magazine
GQ magazine
The Village Voice

fine art featured (unassigned):

**American Photography* (book — supposedly "the best" american photography of the year" — curated by famous art curators, etc.) 1996 (three images) and 1997 (three images),
**Harpers Magazine (Mama's Boy)*, — 4 images/full page
**Boomerang Personal Finance magazine (Mama's Boy)*,
**The London Observer Sunday Magazine (Coney Island — cover and feature story)*,
**The New York Daily News (Coney Island)*
**American Theatre (Coney Island)*

reviews and profiles:

*New York: '*The Village Voice*' (front page of arts section by Vince Aletti senior arts editor) 1999
*Nashville: '*In Review*' (Nashville), 2000 '*Art Papers*' 2000
*Israel: all newspapers
**The Jerusalem Post* being the only english language one. they liked it, and according to the museum, the other reviews were good —if anyone can read hebrew, i have the reviews (2001)
**Los Angeles Times*: feature piece in arts/calendar. profile of me. four images included along with the the original *mama's boy* relevant text and description of upcoming (2005) *ok harris show: 'green houses in the connecticut river valley of massachusetts'* (may 2004 issue — to accompany the then current exhibition of *mama's boy* at california state university)
**Popular Photography*: mini-feature/two-page spread of "Mama's Boy" and mention of upcoming show of "Green Houses in Massachusetts" (August 2004 issue)
green houses in the connecticut river valley of massachusetts at the greenfield gallery 2017
**The Montague Reporter*: artist interview accompanying the installation
**The Springfield (Massachusetts) Republican*: profile of the artist and series accompanying the installation
**The Greenfield Recorder*: featured listing of arts that week accompanying the installation

collectors:

Includes one Hollywood celebrity: Danny Elfman; the composer of the theme song to 'The Simpsons' and soundtrack to several Tim Burton Movies, etc. He was in a popular band Oingo Boingo before *going Hollywood...*

recent shows:

*The Greenfield Gallery (Greenfield, Massachusett)

Green Houses in the Connecticut River Valley of Massachusetts (first time this series, completed 2002 displayed in the namesake of it's region — much better reception than in New York City where no one seemed to enthusiastic... people in Western Massachusetts are "into" their regionally-themed art...

Zeitgeist Gallery (Nashville, Tennessee) two prints from uncompleted series (group show!) May 2008

*Robert V. Fullerton Art Museum at California State University *Darkroom Divas*" - group show of photographers (such as myself) who do not use digital and still print with chemistry in a darkroom. Fall 2008

"SSS Show" - February-March 2012 local in Great Falls, Massachusetts the "SSS" stands for "sensual/sexual/smut" and it has an erotic theme for the February Valentines Holiday. Two pieces included with relevant text. Reviewed by the two major local papers and I was mentioned in both. Venue was "Nina's Nook" arguably the nicest gallery in the "art town" of Great Falls, Massachusetts

list of completed series:

*Coney Island (1980's-early 1990's)

*Mama's Boy (mid 1990's)

*Green Houses in Massachusetts late 1990's-early 2000's)

*Old New York City Phone Exchanges (posters and signs in New York City that still have the numbered phone exchanges - early 1990's)

*"Fake" Posters (that I made up - but they look real)

*The Bronx (35mm black and white - early 1990's)

*Negatives from the 1970's

uncompleted series:

*Men Who Wear Fedoras (1980s-1990s) (captured in the street 35mm black and white)

*Last XXX Theatres in New York (1990s)

*Motels That Still Have Signs Saying "Color TV" (1990s)

...and various anachronistic cultural artifacts throughout the Northeast...

*Families Who Have Experienced Divorce Reunited for a Photograph (even though most hate or don't talk to each other anymore)

miscellaneous:

*1967 Voted most enteraining kid at summer sleep-away camp in my bunk at Camp Idylwold upstate New York in the Adirondack Mountains. This honor enabled me to write the end-of-summer bunk skit. At the last minute they would not allow it to be played on the camp stage since it featured making fun of each of our bunk-mates and counsellors in a funny but acerbic and scathing and unflattering way. It only made it to rehearsals.

*1972: A Jeopardy contestant but was not allowed to go on air because my hair was too long. The next year they allowed men with long hair to be contestants but then it was considered less than appropriate for a network television game show.

*1997: Hired by The Sunday New York Times Magazine for a feature story and shot it.

Was the best non-art thing I ever did (or anyone ever did for that magazine) but the story was killed after I insulted the deputy photo editor. Am a little regretful "shooting myself in the foot" as that would look good on a resume but, I hate The New York Times anyway, so, basically, not upset.

*1998: Surprisingly, after the 1997 snafu, was actually hired by the Sunday New York Times Magazine again but they killed that story too.

And, while on the subject, and cognizant the forthcoming anecdote would not be included in any "regular person's" CV; even an artist's, I will relate the story of how I was hired by The Sunday New York Times Magazine for a feature story in 1996:

I was still in my mid-40's and the tail end of, for lack of a better description, "thumbing-my-nose" as personal policy in regard to any traditional trappings of what was supposed to be thought highly of (i.e. "*The Old Grey Lady*" - the nickname for about the last century of The New York Times). So, at the height of my success (which was earned not only from the quality of the work that I did but, admittedly more from a wealthy collector of my art at the time who wanted to make me more well-known so if and when that did happen the dozens of pieces he had already collected would be worth more than if I continued at the same medium-level status and notoriety. He was a big "media-guy" with connections with several publications, knew exactly how to write a press release that would get attention. He did all this and, for a short time I reached a level of where I was known in the industry, hence being called by "*The Times*."

Long-story-short, I shot the piece, and besides my personal projects, it was the best thing I ever did but, because of my acting like a prima donna, The deputy photo editor, in a less than nice tone asked me if I was capable of "representing the most important publication in the world" (her response to my general unimpressed level of compliance not to mention her fear of hiring a contractor with un-corporate-like manners). My reply was that I am from an upper middle class background and am capable of acting properly in social situations.

I was surprised when they killed the piece. I was told by my photographer friend (quite successful at the time and shot for every major periodical) they would never call me again but that was not accurate, they hired me for two more jobs and killed those pieces as well. Just to be funny, which, I obviously I prefer to do (just like in summer camp) over gaining traction in the commercial photography field, I sent them a tear sheet of the most banal thing that I had published just after that, a flight of concrete stairs of a bridge for "*Transportation Alternatives*" the (at that time) upstart radical organization that advocated for better access to roads for bicyclists and safer street crossings for pedestrians in New York City. The image was about 2 inches in the publication and the joke was, if anything, I was known for the meticulous care in exposing, choosing the proper film and printing color and black and white large scale with state of the art equipment. So, it was kind of making fun of what one has to do to keep in touch as an editorial photographer by sending that picture from a not well-designed accompanying magazine that no one every heard of except us crazy bicycle riders in those days.

Oh (and don't get insulted by this next part if you are overweight). I called The Sunday New York Times Magazine deputy photo editor "fat" to her face and pretty much thought that was the end of that but just a few weeks later saw her in the subway with her husband and she was polite as anyone could be, introducing him to me, etc. It was a combination of me not caring and just in case/in the rare possibility, I became some kind of in-demand artist, she didn't want to be incommunicado.

At that time The Sunday New York Times Magazine had a thing of trying to hire artist type shooters instead of commercial photographers. Anyway, I'm glad I called her fat and was just myself with them. I did the same thing with New York Magazine at the time and even though they gave me Carte Blanche to assign myself anything I wanted to do, I told them I couldn't work for a silly publication like them who, at the time I described as "mostly doing restaurant reviews of new places" which, unlike the original Clay Felker Magazine he started in 1968, had deteriorated to a shameless "Jappy" (New York Term - look it up) publication.

Here is The New York Magazine anecdote. At this same period when I seemed to have literally been having my "*Fifteen Minutes,*" *Margie Goldberg*, then the photo editor of New York Magazine called me in for an appointment. Again, this was during a late-stage adolescence (despite being forty four years old). All the pent-up frustration of being a misunderstood out-of-the-box creative type was ready to surface for this meeting. I rode my bicycle (it was radical in those days to ride a bicycle in New York City when cars dominated and were favored) the approximately 20 blocks and of course did not get dressed up — wearing the bicycle helmet and ripped-up clothes (in the days before one could buy pre-ripped jeans). In the mid 90's, the very tail-end of formality was still in effect and photographers would come to a meeting such as this with a sports jacket and *Dockers*. So, past-shoulder-length hair, t-shirt and ripped jeans was unacceptable and upon arriving, the guard/doorman downstairs did not let me up, thinking at best I was a messenger (on bicycle — ubiquitous in New York before FAX and email made bicycle messengers obsolete) and that guard sent me around to the service entrance. Once there, they finally allowed me to go upstairs but still did not believe I was anything but a messenger for a pick up or delivery. Upon finally making it upstairs and telling the receptionist who I was, she gave me a nice welcome and politely asked me to sit on the couch while she called the photo editor. There was another photographer on the couch and I can't remember his name, but in those days every photographer knew who every other photographer was and he was *the* hottest (and I mean "*the hottest*" and number one photographer being hired by everybody including many Sunday New York Times feature stories and many of them attaining cover shot status. Also, he was well represented in national magazines, etc. I said hello to him and asked his name (not recognizing these guys by sight only by photo credit. He told me and I immediately I.D.'d him and asked him what he was doing there. He replied, "Waiting for Margie Goldberg."

"I am too," I said, and he, wearing the above-described uniform as well as short hair groomed well, glasses, etc. compared to my past-shoulder-length hair and weighing 110lbs, super skinny and even "below-messenger-level-appearance" of a person. The famous photographer was definitely looking down his nose at me — like "what is someone like you even *doing* in this office with an appointment with Margie Goldberg."

The next thing that happened might be the highlight-episode of my "Fifteen Minutes" era and of my "thumbing my nose at the fancy people." The receptionist told me to go in to see the photo editor and then asked the famous photographer if *he'd* mind waiting.

At that point I went into the office, she had the art director of the magazine there with her to meet me at which juncture I proceeded to insult them and their magazine (tastefully I thought - no temper tantrum or anything) and, at this point pretty much ruining any possible commercial career.

A similar thing happened with Mother Jones Magazine. For some reason, in the back of my mind I thought I would be hired despite not being polite with these periodicals that called me, but from my observation, the art department, and the whole magazine staff in general most likely is under so much pressure they would rather hire a compliant person as their main thing to avoid the stress. In my experience, people under pressure (which includes most of the population) do not appreciate facetiousness or see that as any asset in a business association even in a creative context.

One more famous person I met through my image-making (the modern term for photography I think) is Shimon Peres, the former prime minister of Israel and at the time secretary of the state. He received a private tour of the installation at The Herzliya Museum on a day it was closed. I was there doing the final prep for my pictures (i.e. "images") and his security team initially thought I was a threat since what was I doing there walking around and not looking official on a day the museum was closed? Anyway, they asked me questions, but then the museum told them I was the main artist for that show and they were satisfied and Shimon Peres (I hope this is the right way to spell his name) was introduced to me and asked me a few polite and perfunctory questions about the art project and I signed the museum catalogue that was produced with those images and gave it to him and the press person took a picture of him and I together and when I showed it to some people they thought it wasn't real (it was just at the time photo-shopping was becoming common and thus suspect. Anyway, it seems that a CV should list all the famous people one meets and include the kinds of things, had they been different that the artist could have had a successful career (unlike me) and detailing any personality problems that got in the way of that.

Peter Monroe/June, 2016

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