





## . . . . .

red, white, and bline fire an American campaign. We used gener and what the everyfline, Everyone with that a twa cure, her It blied the gener and white. It was now, and and meant that we were going to degree and white. It was now, and and meant that we were going to depend the second of the second of the second of the second of the second from that off lamps that we could industigate and common forever, without consequence or effort. We were going to look to the good, simple theiring that came from hard such, to the deman subtin reach. Out on the porth with Ross, I could smell the damp und of the summoding farmland of diring through the week althousands to the summoding farmland of diring through the week althousand to the summoding farmland of diring through the week althousand to the summoding farmland of things through the second of the last of Eurotean Schollege and the second of the secon

The man was resilient, you had to give him that. Thirteen days after an assassination attempt, he was back at work in the White House,

The summer came, and the summer wors. If I wasted to, I could have had a glass of wine in the middle or slopt until ten. I could have had a glass of wine in the middle or the afternoon. But I was an early rise, and I never much had a taste feriodising. Even on the night I launched on grandlades, in a how-good oil Manuel V Tarens, up in Altatea—I only had a few sign of here. Being productive was important, and on was being puretual. Base tensed in fee it, "Everprise abovey has to be ready early for you, buls, Jimmy?" —I not don't bless to note on the control of the contr

And now I had all off this time. I did the laundry, I read, mostly portery Dykur Thomas, Robert Frisat, I weeked out back in the shap where the air smelled of cedar and lorek, and I felt calls and sueful. Late in the day, show the sun was low. I Robe the wander access town to the old family farm, where the whitescashed bosses where I gove up still stood. As havered season came, and thousands of dets of citoting forced pirishis gald in the evering light, I look off my sucks and shees an walked bacefoot on into the felds, feeling the coed earth between my

190





## 13 Presidents Marisa J. Futernick

£25.00

In 2014, Marisa J. Futernick drove nearly 10,000 miles across America, visiting all 13 of the nation's Presidential libraries along the way.

13 Presidents is the result: an artist's book that combines photographs from the journey with a suite of short stories. Mixing fact and fiction, each President from Herbert Hoover to George W. Bush is a protagonist in this collection of unexpected portraits.

The photographs, shot on analogue film, depict the everyday details of the towns that these men are from, including the homes where they were born, and their final resting places. 13 Presidents weaves together personal narrative with wider cultural observation, forming a vision of America that is both invented and true.

Marisa J. Futernick is an artist and writer based in London. She was born in Detroit, Michigan in 1980 and raised in Hartford, Connecticut; attended Yale University, Goldsmiths College, and the Royal Academy Schools, London.

Futernick has published several books, including How I Taught Umberto Eco to Love the Bomb (RA Editions and California Fever Press, 2015) and The Watergate Complex (Rice + Toye, 2015). She has exhibited widely, at venues including the Whitechapel Gallery, London; Royal Academy of Arts, London; Jerwood Space, London; Arnolfini, Bristol, England; and Yale University.

A photographic installation of this project is being presented at Arnolfini (18 October – 13 November 2016), to coincide with the U.S Presidential Election.

## **Product Details**

Artist(s) Marisa J Futernick
Publisher Slimvolume
ISBN 9781910516065
Format softback

Pages 304

Illustrations 274 colour and b&w Dimensions 210mm x 148mm

Weight 448

Publication Date: Sep 2016