

GANG

BUIST











GANG BUST

WILLIAM COPLEY

&

BIG FAT BLACK COCK, INC.

VENUS OVER MANHATTAN

MMXIII

**SPLY**

**BIG FAT BLACK COCK INC.**



Gang Bust is an exhibition inspired by Bjarne Melgaard's homage to William Copley and Allen Jones through the paintings and sculptures of his corporate alter ego, Big Fat Black Cock, Inc. It includes original paintings by William Copley, as well as original works by Big Fat Black Cock, Inc.



W.C. Fields



William Copley

## QUO VADIS, WILLIAM COPLEY?

Adam Lindemann

*I certainly do not drink all the time. I have to sleep you know.*  
-W.C. Fields

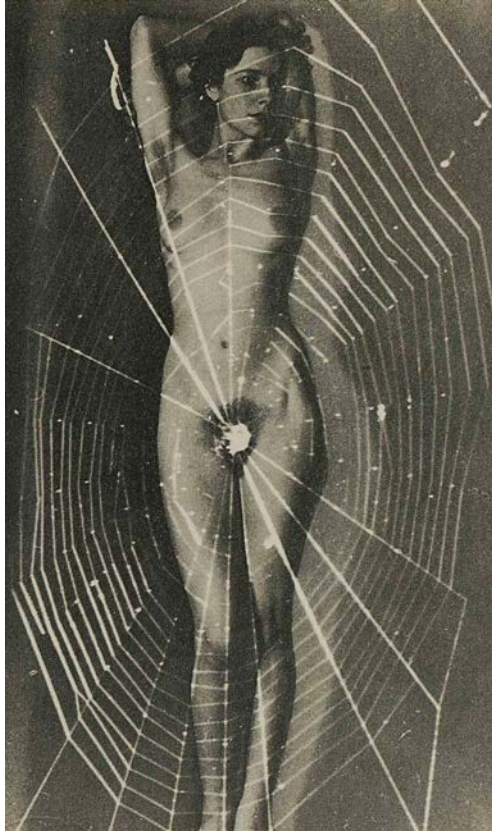
I had never heard of William Copley (aka CPLY) until I received a big, orange catalog titled *X-Rated* in the mail. Of course anything x-rated will prompt a good look, especially when inside I found strange images of kinky women painted flat and without perspective, with a few cartoonish sex scenes sprinkled in, the whole of it looking like the work of a drunken madman with a vaudevillian flourish. When I learned about the artist who had created them, I began to see some heavy influence from Magritte, but also connections to John Wesley, and even Caroll Dunham or George Condo. The velvet sofa and curtains and the goofy bordellos, done in a kitschy loose style, brought to mind comic tragedies of another era. It was W.C. Fields' irrepressible misogynist political incorrectness that sprang to mind; that big-nosed drunk who was a rather formal loner and who had only sarcasm and contempt for proper society's norms and mores. Not coincidentally, W.C. was a favorite of W. Copley, and he is quoted and referred to in some of CPLY's own work. There's a definite affinity between this artist and the vaudevillian actor who once quipped: "I'm very fond of children - girl children, around 18 or 20."

I'd half forgotten about CPLY when I bumped back into the work in the strangest of places. Michelle Maccarone's gallery was hosting a group show curated by the Norwegian artist-provocateur Bjarne Melgaard, and the place was abuzz. The show was a total mess, with violent and disturbing imagery everywhere, so much of it that I could barely identify a single thing in the chaos. Bjarne had stabbed a dagger into the heart of the standard group show, and the best part of it was his installation in the window of the gallery. Bjarne revels in insulting just

about everyone by pushing every taboo button he can find, from racial insults to the spread of AIDS; in this show he had turned a simple storefront window into a backhanded homage to the deceased painter “CPLY”. There were original Copleys interspersed with Bjarne’s simulacra: Copley’s sexual imagery repainted with African American couples and signed “Big Fat Black Cock, Inc.” Bjarne’s obsession fast became my own, and so I needed to find out for myself: who was the real CPLY?

William Copley turned up one day as an abandoned newborn on the doorstep of The New York Foundling Hospital at the tail end of the influenza epidemic, one that most likely killed his parents...or so the story goes. With nothing but his name on the note (his real name was not William), this sickly child soon became the third to be adopted by the Copleys, a wealthy Midwestern newspaper-publishing family. Years later, Bill’s son Billy recalled: “Bill’s life was awry from the very first day, when he was found on the steps of the New York Foundling Hospital...His sense of not really belonging and his desire to make sense of a crazy world drove both his professional and his personal life.”

He ended up attending Andover and then Yale, just like his father before him, then in his junior year he was drafted into the Second World War, serving time in Italy; that’s when his life began to seriously go awry. After the war he never returned to Yale, not bothering to graduate. Instead he moved to LA and started writing for one of his father’s newspapers. Introduced to Surrealist art by his then brother-in-law (Jean Poyart, an illustrator for Walt Disney), he decided on the spot that art was the only thing that could help him make sense of his life. The duo opened the ill-fated “Copley Galleries” in 1947, exclusively presenting exhibitions of Surrealist artists, including Rene Magritte, Joseph Cornell, Yves Tanguy, Roberto Matta and Man Ray. This sounds rather impressive, until one considers that at that time no one in LA was particularly interested in Surrealism, and, not surprisingly, the gallery sold virtually nothing; Copley himself kept much of the work. After a brief stint of only two years, the gallery closed. Copley had tired of losing money and opted for a move to Paris with his new friend Man Ray, leaving his wife and children behind in LA. There he remained and painted for the next 13 years.



Man Ray, *nu bleuté*, 1948



William Copley, *Hommage a Man Ray*, 1950

“CPLY” had become a full-time artist, and his work was marked by a lack of inhibition and a signature disregard of propriety. He focused his paintings on brothel scenes and the narrative of infidelity. Though his painting makes no attempt to conceal its lack of technical refinement, in his own words he, “was fortunate enough to receive encouragements from my friends Max Ernst, Marcel Duchamp. I was very much a primitive, I never studied formally - and I will never forget what Marcel said to me, the greatest words of encouragement I ever received, ‘why don’t you go on painting.’ ”

The narrative he develops relates not only to his taste for humor with a healthy dose of debauchery, it also brings in scenes from Western shootouts and bordellos mixed with bowler hats, umbrellas and a touch of Magritte. William Copley the man had seen the world from the top down: brought up with a silver spoon, with a great industrialist for a father, he benefits from a conservative and proper upbringing followed by boarding school and then Yale. On the other hand, CPLY the artist sees the world from the bottom up, depicting the world in scenes of illicit sex and commerce... with the keystone cops or a castrating priest constantly in hot pursuit.

Despite the fact that his independently wealthy lifestyle freed him from the need to sell art in order to live, he still enjoyed strong pockets of collector support, as well as some spotty institutional support. His first solo museum retrospective was mounted at the Stedelijk Museum in Amsterdam in 1966 and aptly titled, *Entertainment for Men*. All of his close artist friends like Man Ray, Magritte, Ernst and Duchamp met up in Amsterdam for the opening.

Last summer, he was the subject of a full retrospective at the Museum Frieder Burda in Baden-Baden. In the catalog essay, the museum’s curator Götz Adriani writes that, “The stylist of ambiguity toys deftly with the voyeuristic expectations of the viewer. He caters to their desires in a seemingly simple fashion by giving them the overly familiar clichés of sexual fantasies and inviting them up onto the stage as members of the supporting cast in a vaudeville theater fraught with distorting angles



Rene Magritte, Marcel Duchamp, Max Ernst, and Man Ray at the opening for *Copley - Entertainment for Men* at the Stedelijk Museum, Amsterdam, October, 1966

and annoying mirror effects.” What artist would seek to provoke the viewer and flaunt the conventions of the socially appropriate in order to charge head-on into flirtation with disaster and bad taste? It takes a painter without fear or inhibition and one that doesn’t care all too much for what others may think. In much the way W.C. Fields always seemed like he was a leftover from a prior era, so CPLY makes no effort to be relevant or timely; his work almost denies the time in which he lived. Often described as a “post-Surrealist” or a “pre-Pop” painter, he developed his own style, and looks more like an American naïve painter of the louche. In the words of his artist son Billy, “... he was too late to be a Surrealist. What Surrealism would allow him to do was to develop his own language as an artist and see a path forward.”

Well travelled and socially adept, in art world circles he was considered a trusted friend, so much so that even the great Marcel Duchamp accepted his patronage and gave him control of his final masterpiece, the monumental “Étant Donnés...” The installation was “found” in Duchamp’s tiny apartment after his death; he had allegedly worked on it for his last twenty years of his life. Copley paid for the production and the eventual move to the Philadelphia museum where it resides to this day. On the other hand, CPLY the artist danced to his own rhythm, and continued to violate or ignore every convention likely to foster his success. Carl Haenlein writes in his essay *Grand Piano and the Guillotine*, “...Copley demonstrated in an impressive manner that he was not at all frightened by his substantial wealth... [he] had absolutely no qualms about ridding himself permanently of great sums of money...he looked on with complete satisfaction as his inherited millions dissolved away - going to settlements for his numerous wives, to country manors or simply “up in smoke”. Though he may have admired those famous artists he frequented, nonetheless he was never tempted to emulate them in any way, he wrote, ‘... let Warhol have his shoes and his electric chair...let me have my grand piano and my guillotine.’ ” He needed to provoke and shock the system in his own untimely and comical way, and he did this over and over again. Herein is the link between CPLY and Melgaard or other artists who chafe at society’s narrow rules and feel the



need to do their own thing, even if it marginalizes them or makes them outcasts.

Copley wrote quite a bit, mainly about his experiences with artists. In his essay “CPLY: Reflection on a Past Life”, he fondly reminisces about his brief days as a gallerist. After meeting and befriending Man Ray, he leverages the friendship into an entire art program, by using “Man” to meet Duchamp and Ernst as well as connect with Magritte. The program was great but mostly unsellable, something Copley seemed to take a perverse pleasure in. Man Ray also introduced him to Duchamp, a man Copley had deep admiration and respect for, years before renewed interest in his work was rekindled. Copley humorously recalled, “for the rest of my life I called Marcel Duchamp my best friend. This is not meant to imply I was his.” Everything Duchamp did and said had special meaning for him:

‘There is no solution because there is no problem.’ This was Duchamp’s way of saying, ‘Yes’ to the universe, the galaxies, the magno-microcosms, the explosions, the implosions, nature... I like to think that hearing him say this with his own lips once saved my life. This may be mere sentimentality but I gladly risk saying it. Isn’t the universe too grandiose, or don’t the movements of the stars lack time to hear us therapeutically? Can vastness tolerate something as ridiculous as a solution?

Though a serious and even at times conservative man, it was humor that allowed Copley to interact with the world, with a wry and sardonic smile on his face and a twinkle in his eye. Even the great artists he showed in his gallery were not immune to his jabs as when he recalls his time with Joseph Cornell, “We bought all his boxes and took him to lunch. He looked hungry. Afterwards he asked if he could have an ice cream soda, he seemed afraid we would say no.”

Every aspect of Copley Galleries served to tell a story, and it seems almost as if outside his work as a painter, the most meaningful part of his life occurred in those



Copley Galleries, Beverly Hills, 1949

two years. The gallery was a place of chaos, of insanity, where almost anything could happen. This part of it was not fortuitous, it was by design. "The first thing the brother-in-law did was to buy a monkey. The only explanation I ever got from him was that there was prestige in being possibly the only gallery in the world with a monkey. The sense of this escaped me and I might have been more tolerant if the monkey hadn't been such a son-of-a-bitch." It seemed that no one ever showed up at the openings to see the show, rather the audience was there to drink the free liquor, "We had free drinks which attracted a mob we thought had come to see the pictures. Some had. We were our best customers at the bar. After a while, we turned the monkey loose."

By the time Copley discovered Surrealism it was tired and long past its expiration date... no one really cared much about it, especially not in the cultural vacuum that was LA. But CPLY the artist's work was also somewhat old and passé as soon as he made it. Much of his work looks like it might have been done in the twenties, not the sixties or seventies. CPLY the artist was never hot or young; he started his career as an artist at the age of thirty. Though he did look smart in his youth, by middle age he was paunchy with overgrown eyebrows and sideburns. Throughout it all he kept his enthusiasm and energy for art. According to his son Billy, CPLY the painter was then committed to the studio on a daily basis, always going dressed in a suit and a tie.

Copley's work is nuanced and strange to us in an unfamiliar way. Perhaps that's why he's never been acknowledged in his own country and has found a warmer welcome among European collectors, especially the Germans. George Baselitz put it well when he explained, "...There are no other paintings that come in so freely, so matter of factly, and so humorously as those by Bill Copley, and everything in them is so phenomenally strange... It seems to me to be proof that there are also people and painters living on other planets." Is the German collector more accepting of the eccentric and the perverse? Paintings that are sometimes designed not to please but rather to challenge and even offend the bourgeois sensibilities of its time? He seems to have also disregarded the Abstract Expressionist movement that coincided with

the beginning of his own work, as well as the Minimalists he saw later. Though he knew the reigning kings of Pop, Warhol and Lichtenstein (who once cracked, “CPLY cmpltly cptvts me”). But he stuck to his own language throughout, right through the painting revival of the ‘80s (Basquiat, Haring, Schnabel, Salle, Bleckner et al). CPLY’s oeuvre kept leap frogging back and forth within his own themes and styles so that an image he did in the late ‘50s might re-appear in the ‘90s in a different scale and context. Nothing was ever forgotten, and he never wavered from his original vision.

The art world has never found it easy to accept those who wear different hats. There is opposition to the freedom of a one-time dealer who is wealthy enough to become a major collector and then succeed as a painter. CPLY’s work was most certainly different and original, he developed his own vernacular: the bordello, the naked ladies, the suit and bowler-hatted gent, and the police or the priest in hot pursuit. In Billy’s words, “He had a particular interest in the dark stories about the scoundrels, tycoons, and corrupt politicians who manipulated people and events to get what they wanted. His vision of America was funny; tragic...it was also very much a part of his family’s history. His father had been one of those tycoons and scoundrels and his brother Jim was carrying on the tradition.” It remains unclear why his recurrent subject matter was always romance for money, but the work was never about pornography. Even the ever-popular “X-Rated” series that includes spread-eagled strumpets and scenes of naked couples in flagrante delicto remain cartoonish, funny and painfully sad and tawdry. What drove this wealthy heir to paint when he could have easily stuck to his father’s newspaper company where he had once served as foreign correspondent?

“I came back from the war looking for trouble...I needed something to set me on fire - the war was a shock. People were shooting at me...I started to paint in the hopes that sharpening my visual perception might help sharpen my literary perception.” The Surrealists rejected the concept of good and bad... art should not adhere to these banal notions. CPLY’s work is classically bad in a really good way, and the work confidently and openly refuses to be characterized or ranked.

“Since I have never been aware of and have never taken seriously the concept of “masterpiece”, painting is the only activity that keeps me from becoming more peculiar than I am”. If painting was his therapy, it definitely failed to save him.

Andy Warhol, who always loved great stories and had a strong taste for tragedy, met old man Copley in the early '80s through Vincent Fremont, then a young *Factory* employee who would subsequently rise to be the executor of Andy's estate. Copley at that time was flush with cash once again because of recent circumstances. (In the late seventies, when the till was running low, as he had spent a large portion of his inheritance, he decided to auction off his entire surrealist collection including several masterpieces such as Man Ray's famous “Lips” (*A l'heure de l'Observatoire - Les Amoureux*), Max Ernst's *Dejeuner sur l'Herbe*, Cornell's large Soap Bubble Set and Magritte's *Le Survivant* as well as two of his own paintings). Warhol was so interested in Copley's life that he wanted to make a movie or a show about it. Copley was recently married to the beautiful Marjorie Annapav, who Warhol in his diaries dubbed “the Czech madam”. Apparently she was not only beautiful but “her long blonde hair flowed all the way down to her bum.”

But Warhol was also concerned for William Copley... with just cause.

*The Warhol Diaries*, Thursday March 12, 1981:

“Vincent (Fremont) told me that Bill Copley's wife, Marjorie the Czechoslovak madam from Pittsburgh-the one I just did the portrait of-walked out on Bill and went to Tiffany's and ran up a big bill, cleaned out their bank account. Took the two portraits. She always takes a private plane from Miami to Key West, and Bill was waiting at the airport for her with a bouquet of roses, and instead of her coming out, this guy came off with a divorce summons. Bill's body is now covered in third degree burns. When they were down in Key West he

was smoking in bed and she was asleep in another room and the two whores - friends of Marjorie's - that had flown down with her went out, and when they came home at 5am they found the fire. He could have died. And she said she was asleep the whole time and didn't hear or smell anything, but the house was half burned down. The firemen had to come, Bill's been getting skin grafts and everything. He's had a few operations. It was really terrible..."

According to David Nolan, one of his dealers, Copley had most probably fallen asleep with his pipe in his mouth and lit the 1895 historic house ablaze. When it finally occurred to the girls that he was still inside, one of them uttered "Let him burn!..." After they had left the scene, he crawled out of the house on all fours with burns all over his body and was taken straight to hospital...the marriage soon ended. He later wed a local madam named Cynthia Gooch, an African American woman from Key West who cared for him in his later years until his death in 1996 at 77. Key West in those days wasn't the honky-tonk tourist trap it has become. It had more than its share of bars and brothels, but still retained some old world gentility. As the end of the road on the Eastern seaboard, it was a fitting place for CPLY's last stand. Warhol: "He loved Key West. It was at the very bottom of the United States, an island where misfits and outlaws could hide out, drink, and forget the past."



William Copley in Key West, 1995



Copley Galleries, Beverly Hills, 1948



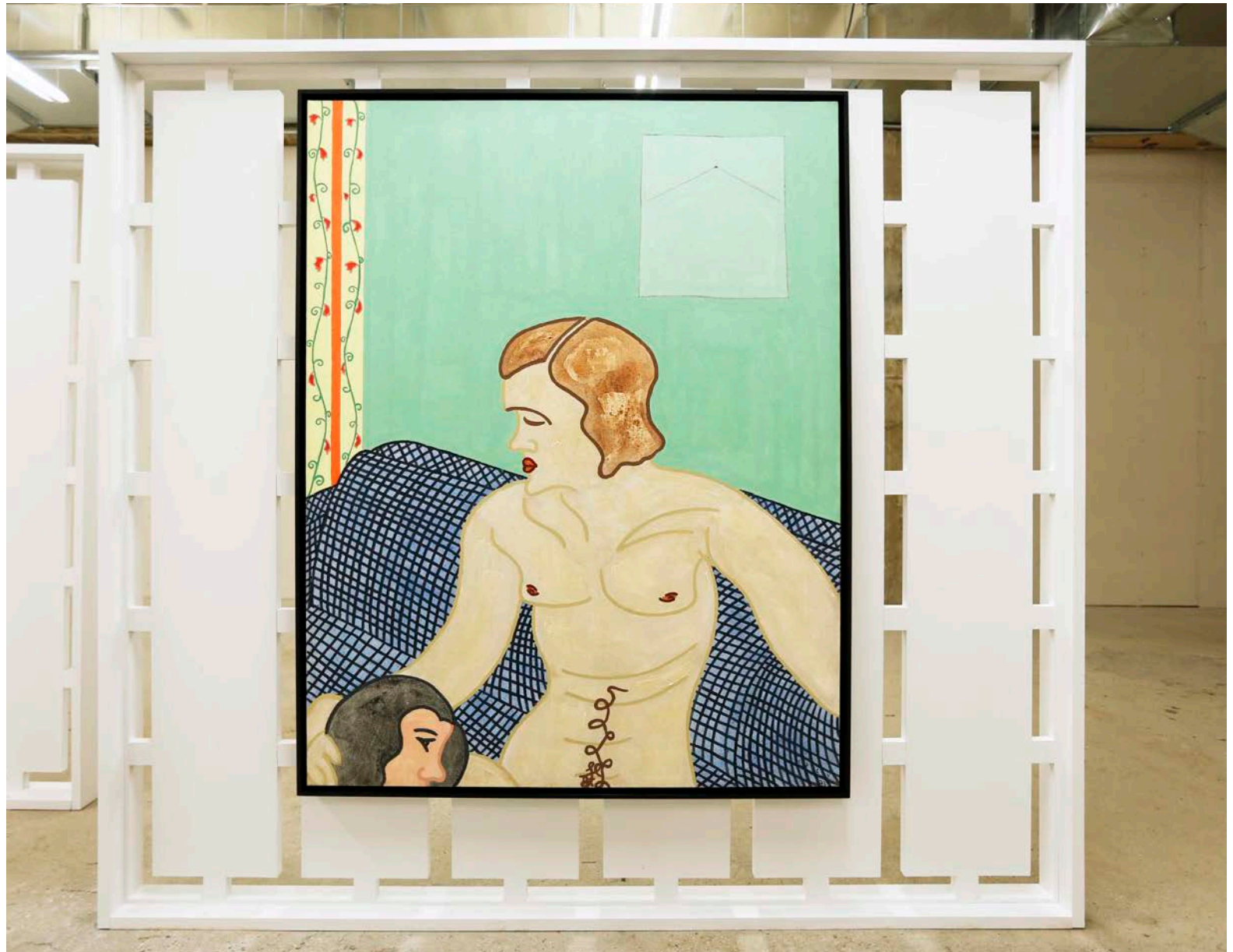


Venus Over Manhattan, New York, 2013





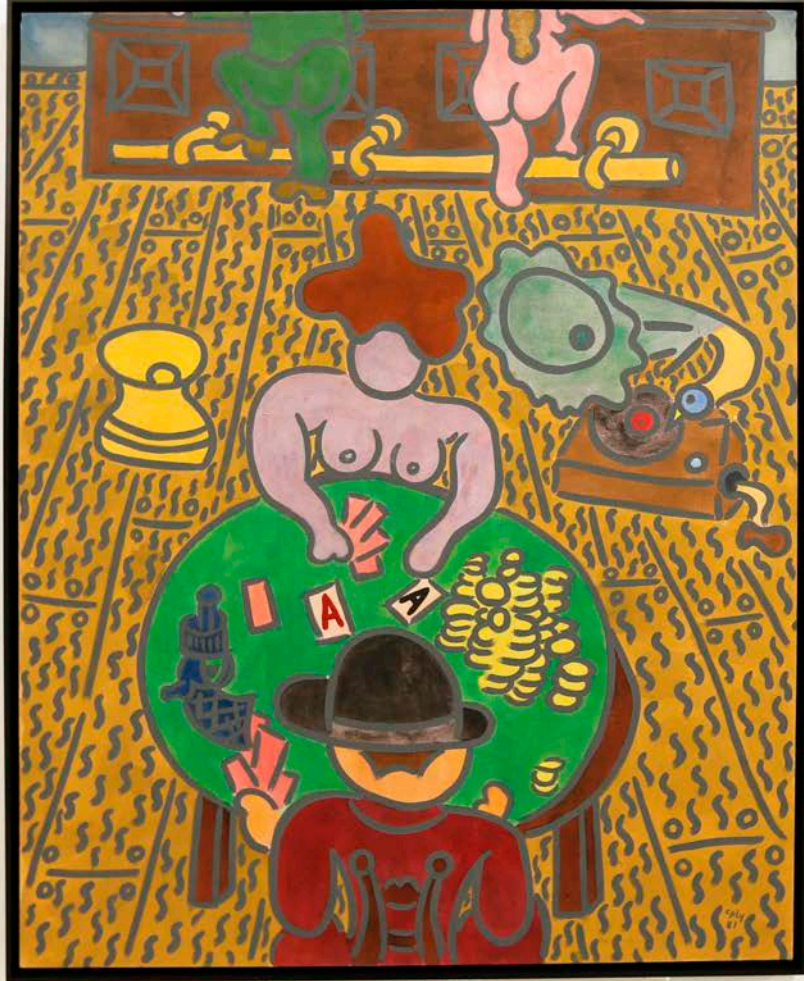
William Copley, *Candlemass*, 1985



William Copley, *Scorpio Rising*, 1973



William Copley, *See Yourself as Lovers See You*, 1987



William Copley, *Untitled (The Card Players)*, 1981

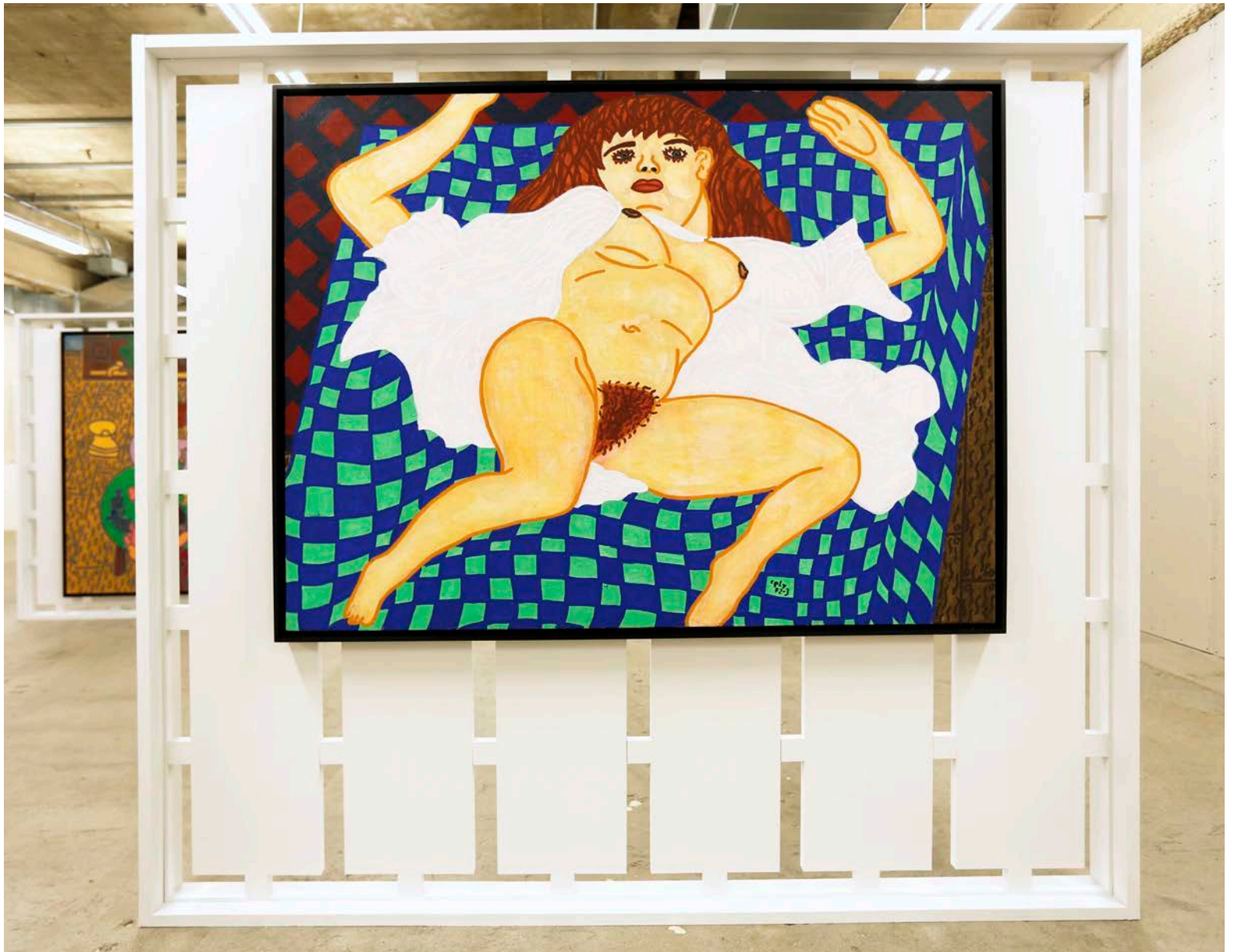


William Copley, *Trust Lust*, 1988



William Copley, *Hommage a Man Ray*, 1950





William Copley, *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*, 1972-73



William Copley, *Inspector General*, 1994



William Copley, *Untitled*, 1978



William Copley, *Conque*, 1982



William Copley, *Gang Bust*, 1994



William Copley, *Untitled*, 1970



William Copley, *Untitled (Folding Screen)*, 1982









Big Fat Black Cock, Inc., *Untitled*, 2011



Big Fat Black Cock, Inc., *Untitled*, 2011



Big Fat Black Cock, Inc., *Untitled*, 2011



Big Fat Black Cock, Inc., *Untitled*, 2011



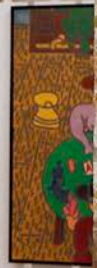
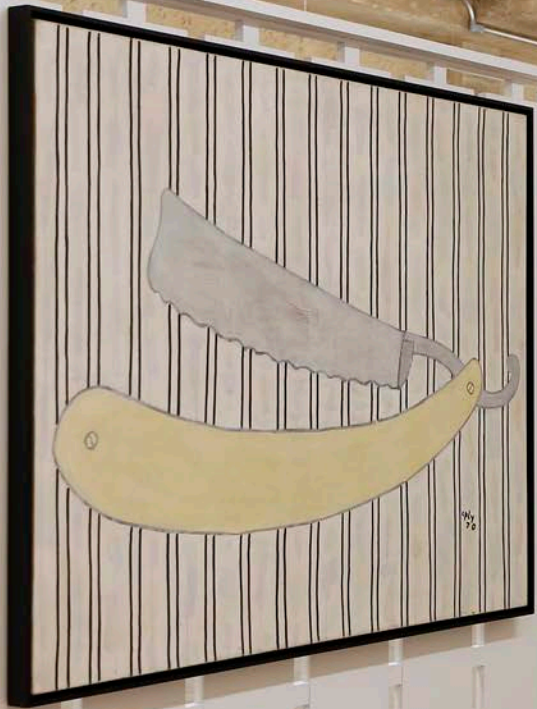
Big Fat Black Cock, Inc., *Untitled*, 2011



Big Fat Black Cock, Inc., *Untitled*, 2011









Big Fat Black Cock, Inc., *Allen Jones Remakes*,  
installation at Venus Over Manhattan

## **BIG FAT BLACK COCK, INC. *ALLEN JONES REMAKES, 2013***

In a 1991 catalogue from the David Nolan Gallery, William Copley states in an interview “Why do artists feel obliged to con people into believing they are reputable? What is this pretense of respectability? We really are dangerous. Our motives are really bad. If people knew what went on inside our heads, we all would be put in jail. Being an artist is the closest thing to being a criminal that exists. Your bitch is with society, just think of all the nasty things you can get away with. And nobody reads them very carefully. They think it’s art. You cannot paint with the object of feeding yourself. If you do, it becomes something else...a career. Art is anti-career. It’s an anti-social experience.”

Whatever one might think of Copley’s statements like “A whore is a woman before she is a whore” or “No other subject’s more interesting than sex” in the same David Nolan catalogue, he has some points that are about as relevant today as they were then. The only problem is that when you look at a Copley, it’s not very clear to see his statements painted down any more than a pure rhetoric manner from an artist trying to locate himself in a market of which he never needed to be a part. He had money from other assets his whole life and was always ready to be the one who could have an anti-career without any problem since he did not need to sell a painting or make works for a living.

Something that created a non-survivalist attitude in his works shines through in all his quests for painting the “ridiculous images” nobody took seriously. But as a champion of Surrealist art in America, he made sure to have written himself into art history even before he started painting. So where does that leave Copley’s anti-social works about small round people with nothing to do but fuck. Are Copley’s paintings more directed towards what Travis Jeppesen writes about as object oriented, where he talks about being inside the work of art instead of being the observer of an actual art piece. I remember somewhere that Jeppesen wrote about a rat that was inside a rat and how he becomes the rat himself. Not terribly far away from Gilles Deleuze and Félix Guattari, but enough to think of every time I am in a tanning bed I have this phobia that the bed won’t open and a gang of rats is heading towards my crotch to just nibble on my genitals as fast and furiously as possible...I can’t open the tanning bed and I am stuck inside this terrible heat that won’t go off and the tanning bed is locked and I can’t get out. Along those lines, the BFBC, Inc. works are located between a constellation of reproducing other artists’ works and seeing them from the inside of what they actually represent. White painters obsessed with women who they can portray as lifeless dead objects that have no function outside an instrumental and gestural peek at the person who does not exist in front of, but inside you.

If Allen Jones’ female furniture says any thing, it’s about the issue of having the time and comfort to portray women as they please which is a pleasant relief to the today’s fear of any portraiture of women as a submissive creature that has no means but to be in front of you serving a posture of meaninglessness...the same as Copley’s endless “erotic” adventures on the canvas he so often seems to be more in love with

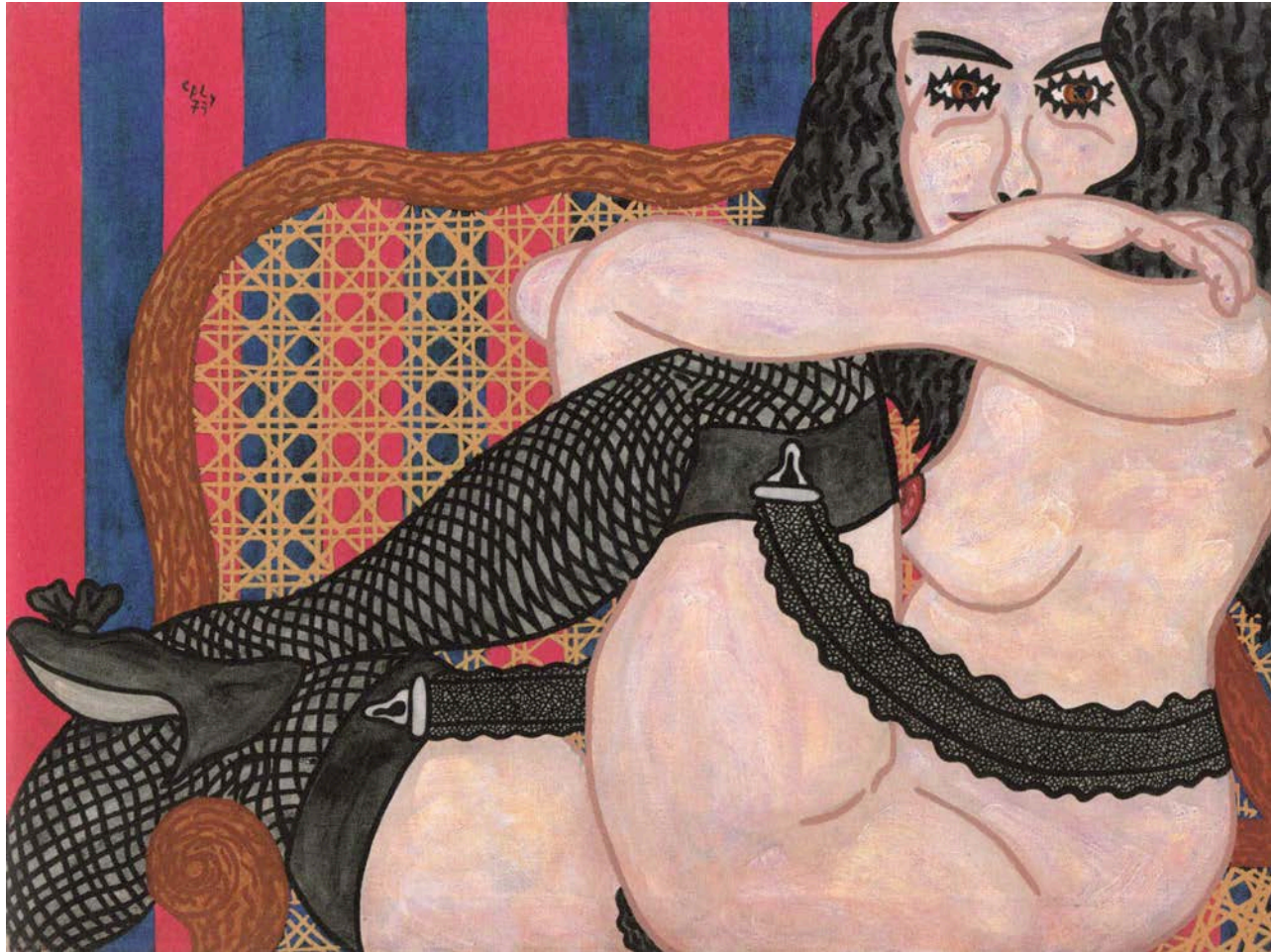
than his objects of desire. If one looks closely at a Copley, it is clear that his anti-social strategies work since the women he portrays have no more meaning than a round light bulb with two eyes painted on them. So to decontextualize and reconfigure Copley, one must see the lack of any real involvements of his painted women but an involvement with the artist as a pseudo criminal who is not working towards a separate goal to behave, as he doesn't know anything about what he really is saying.

What is Copley really saying? Is he the signifier who has signified that women are his favorite subjects because he can reduce them to nothing by painting them? His painted objects like a scalpel or glasses are more portraits of women than his own female forms, from which he never seems to tire. Were these his instruments for dislocating and fixating his investigation of sex and the never-ending objects of desire that he never seems to manage to portray? Copley's paintings are not really amorous paintings of hetero-normative actions, but rather suggestions of another world where we all share the same equal part of being a whore...either by painting one or being one. His idea is a prostitution of games he tries endlessly to categorize as just frivolous paintings. They are, in fact, the total opposite. The paintings function as a kind of warm-hearted attack on the viewer as a dumb idiot who will never get it either way no matter how hard he tries. What will be next after the world's most ridiculous painting? Just a blank void similar to the innocent and weirdly puritan world of Allen Jones where women are just a substitute for a memory of times lost a long ago.



This and facing page: Allen Jones, *Hatstand, Chair, Table*, 1969 and *Green Table*, 1972





William Copley, *Rain*, 1973





Big Fat Black Cock, Inc., *Untitled*, 2011

The real whores in these works are Copley and Jones themselves, never afraid of taking the lead or getting pimped out by their canvases, which never really seem particularly erotic or sexy. There's not very much sex there because it's all painted so white and middle class that no sort of hot sexy action ever is present. A whore is something we all are but don't want to admit and paintings are whores that have clients as whores. In prostitution the client is always losing, the failure of being made into paying your way into a body that has no feelings or no real self attached to it.

So Copley and Jones are both the client and the whore in their own world of erotic landscapes, where the intent is not to arouse the viewer but to arouse them into being a whore. They simply don't manage to be, out of their lack of any real connections to the human body as anything else than a memory of what a body feels like. When a Jones table becomes another human experience as the humiliation of being an artist who is his own self-made whore tries to portray himself as a client without any vision, he fails and this explains probably a lot why Copley had this huge interest in failure. He was a whore without any client. He could not reduce himself to the level of exposure of no feelings or any real commitment in his work to humans as nothing more than trashcans into which he could empty his soulless cold self.

Disguised as paintings about the erotic and boring relationship with men and women, he is himself more the woman than the women he paints. He is his own boudoir of lacking the excess to step out of this world and see social relations as nothing less than ways and means to contract the ideas that we are all whores

without a client and a male whore is not the same as a female one. Why? Because he has never been exposed to the fact that money and exchange of bodily fluids are as relevant to a social structure as a bag of trash is to a novice.

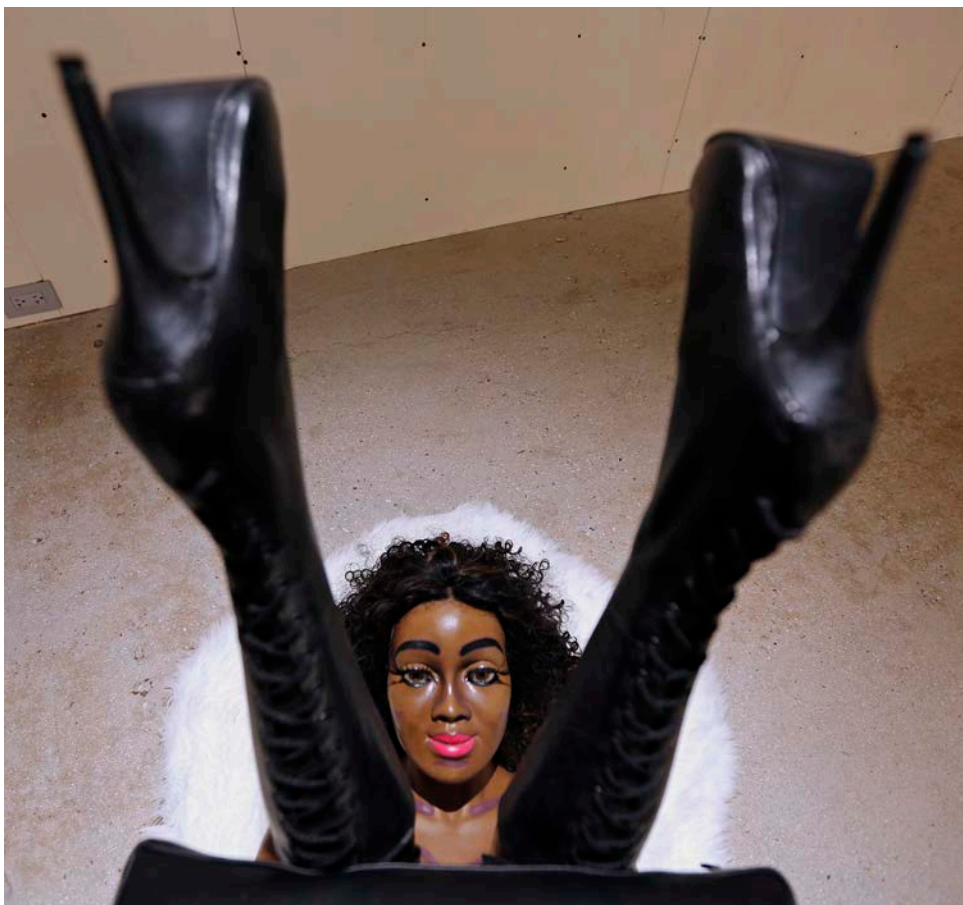
A black dick serves the purpose of portraying a society where race dictates everything we don't want to know about it. When it's simplified into such a clear way, the black Copleys serve as a way to reconfigure a world created where black people are not relevant to anything they seem to talk about when it comes to anti-social ideas or outside of society's regulations. So in this case, we as BFBC, Inc. see the portraits of blackness as a way to reveal the very fragile and insular way these artists (Copley and Jones) simply skipped race issues at a time when race became the last outpost to declare any discourse on sexuality the way not is to recapture the lack of a black dick in these hetero-normative painters' way of portraying everybody as white whores and anything racial as structured around just politics and not the idea of a political body. They never consider relevant to their ideas of sexuality as a liberating factor in social revolts a body that needs to be black to reinforce the strength of a black sexuality. If you don't include the body of a black woman or man, no social construction can move forward no matter how explicit the intentions are. So in this way Copley and Jones failed as social revolts against the bourgeois society they so much wanted to reject but never ever lost the grip on.

When you simplify things to the limits of nothingness, something can exist into that void a structure painted as a fake Copley. So with that void, it can all remind us of how far away and yet so close we are from just being a bunch of corrupt whores who have no clients.























## Works in the exhibition

### William Copley

*Candlemass*, 1985

Oil and buttons on canvas  
64 x 52 inches

*Scorpio Rising*, 1973

Acrylic on canvas  
58 x 45 inches

*See Yourself As Lovers See You*, 1987

Oil on canvas  
53 ½ x 66 inches

*Untitled (The Card Players)*, 1981

Acrylic on linen  
64 x 52 inches

*Trust Lust*, 1988

Acrylic on canvas  
38 x 51 inches

*Homage a Man Ray*, 1950

Oil on linen  
20 x 16 inches

*Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*, 1972-73

Acrylic on linen  
45 x 59 ¼ inches

*Inspector General*, 1994

Acrylic and collage on canvas  
40 x 32 inches

*Untitled*, 1978

Acrylic on canvas  
66 ¼ x 55 ⅛ inches

*Conçue*, 1982

Acrylic, lace, suspenders on canvas  
29 x 51 inches

*Gang Bust*, 1994

Acrylic on linen  
32 x 40 inches

*Untitled*, 1970

Oil on canvas  
51 ¼ x 64 inches

*Untitled (Folding Screen)*, 1982

Acrylic on canvas in 3 parts  
Folding screen  
77 ¼ x 71 ¾ inches

**Big Fat Black Cock, Inc.**

*Untitled*, 2011  
Oil on canvas  
39 x 47 x 2 inches

*Untitled*, 2011  
Oil on canvas  
39 x 47 x 2 inches

*Untitled*, 2011  
Oil on canvas  
39 x 47 x 2 inches

*Untitled*, 2011  
Oil on canvas  
39 x 47 x 2 inches

*Untitled*, 2011  
Oil on canvas  
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*Untitled*, 2011  
Oil on canvas  
39 x 47 x 2 inches

*Allen Jones Remakes* (suite of 3), 2013  
fiberglass resin, human hair, leather,  
sheep skin, steel, acrylic paint, enamel  
paint, glass, Lucite  
Figure A1, *Table*, 58 x 30 x 26 inches  
Figure A2, *Chair*, 27 x 40 x 33 inches  
Figure A3, *Hat Stand*, 52 x 15 x 71  
inches  
Edition of 3 + 1 A.P.

*Allen Jones Remakes*, 2013  
fiberglass resin, human hair, leather,  
sheep skin, steel, acrylic paint, enamel  
paint, glass, Lucite  
Figure B, *Table*, 58 x 30 x 32 inches,  
approx.  
Edition of 3 + 1 A.P.

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