

[John Lurie](#)'s response to Juxtapoz article:

I posted the following in response to the Juxtapoz article of August 22, 2010

Well, this really bothers me. You are, or at least were, an art magazine, so people doing a Google search about my paintings arrive at this trash. Your anonymous writer has taken misquote after hideous misquote from another magazine and strung them together to make me look like someone I absolutely am not.

I disappeared from the public eye in 2002 because of Advanced Lyme Disease. I don't really see how that can be called a "fall from grace" unless you are a very warped person. This obsession with fame is something that clearly afflicts the writer from the New Yorker and it seems the same is true here.

As far as being bitter about my loss of fame, I would like respect for my paintings and for the man that I am, but I was never comfortable with fame. If I was remotely interested in fame I would have accepted the countless movie roles offered to me over 20 years, rather than fighting to keep my fairly obscure music afloat.

How the New Yorker handled the stalker situation was criminal, literally. They stranded me in a hellish predicament, almost telling this nightmare like it was some kind of joke. I suppose making it look like I have lost my mind helped them sell a few more magazines. It would be nice if there were a magazine left that was accountable and didn't enjoy rolling around in gossip like a pig.

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After I posted this, I linked it to my Facebook page which led to 50 or so, scathing comments about this article and what your magazine and the New Yorker had become. Thankfully, the article was then taken down. But, it appears, the article was put back up a few weeks later, with all the comments removed.

When this article first came out, through Robert Williams, I was put in touch with an editor at Juxtapoz named Katie. I explained to her that this article was even uglier than the New Yorker article, which was already ugly and wildly inaccurate. She apologized. She said that this writer was irresponsible and had done exactly this kind of thing before. She said that the magazine would write an article about my paintings and take this one down. Then Katie disappeared.

We have written subsequent emails to the editor and online editor on various occasions, with no response.

If decency is inherent in some, common sense tells us that a small spark of it must live in everyone. This theory appears to be flawed in the case of Tad Friend and the article he wrote for the New Yorker.

It would have just been snide, sloppy writing (I can't call it journalism,) if my situation were not so extreme. But my situation is extreme and Tad Friend knew this full well.

I have emails to the New Yorker's once heralded fact checking department explaining what I had really said or that it was not something I said at all.

Here is one example of a great many—

“ I never said - I am the only real artist who survived with their own liver - or I believe anything like that. I am confused what I might have said that was interpreted as such.”

Yet, the invented “quote” appears in the article. They never had any intention of getting any of this right.

About a week after the article came out, it dawned on me what had happened. The writer had asked me about the East Village back in the day and I told him about a photo array in New York Magazine with about 100 photos of the people from my old crowd, from Klaus Nomi to Basquiat. I explained that almost all of these people were gone now and the ones who had survived, because of Hep C, had had liver transplants. I said that it was terribly sad and it seemed I was the only one who had survived with his own liver. The journalist has taken a statement of me lamenting the loss of my friends and changed it into something quite different.

Even if you imagine that I am that egotistical, at least give me credit for not being so stupid that I would make a statement like this to a journalist.

I should point out that the New Yorker fact checking department that I dealt with was a 23 year old guy who couldn't figure out how to make his email work because he was staying at his parent's.

The New Yorker's wall of privilege and smugness appears to be impenetrable. At this point, they have to know the article is wrong, that it is filled with misinformation and misquotes, and they must have some small idea of the tremendous damage that it needlessly did to someone's life. Yet, they will take no responsibility and will not even respond to a letter like this, from most of the people interviewed for their article <http://johnlurie-newyorker.blogspot.com>. They prefer to rest on the reputations of the people who came before them at what was once a great magazine, while they hide under the bed telling each other how smart they are.

But you are Juxtapoz Magazine and are demeaning the very thing you claim your magazine is about. You have bought into this notion that celebrity is the only thing that matters and that art does not.

During the time the New Yorker article was being written I was having a one man show filling the entire Watari Museum in Tokyo. It was up for 6 months. This is an enormous achievement for any artist, especially a living artist. And in this case a living artist who was forced to put the whole thing together while ill and living in a remote, undisclosed location to avoid someone that security experts and psychiatrists assess to be unstable and extremely dangerous.

But lets not celebrate any of this, let's misquote the man until he is babbling to himself.

I am not the man in the New Yorker article and I did not say the things you have reprinted here. (December 14, 2013)

