



Legends of

Mr.
Henry
Jones



LEGENDS OF M. HENRY JONES



2022



M. Henry Jones would like to thank and acknowledge the many friends and collaborators that have worked with him on many of these displayed artworks as well as the larger Snakemonkey Productions projects:

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Rick, Ron and Steve Globus	George Washington
Daniel Jay	Wendy Wild
Kyle Jenkins	Michael Wolf
Atticus Jones	Minimoto Yoshido
Matt Karol	The Zantees
Julius Klein	Scat, Kirsten, and Greta

Wall label, “The Flying Slatherpuss and Other Portals into the World of M. Henry Jones,” Burchfield Penney Art Center, Buffalo, N.Y., November 10, 2017–February 25, 2018.

Sometimes I wonder if it was the right thing to live out a dream of a twelve-year-old, without ever stopping to think for a second “Is that really what you’re supposed to be doing?” But that’s what I did and that’s where I’m at.
—M. Henry Jones from his video *Magnificent Obsessions*

A world without M. Henry Jones is like a world without elephants or pangolins or lemurs.
—Angelo Pastormerlo



We started out in a silver 10' x 32' Spartanette trailer. I was six years older than Penny, but Penny and Hank (Henry) were only two years apart and bonded. Daddy was a sonar operator on an oil exploration crew, so we had to move around the Gulf Coast. The trailer had been necessary to move from trailer court to trailer court as the exploration team moved, but by the time Penny and Hank were playing outside (necessary due to the size of our home) we were stationary in Texas.

We moved the trailer onto our first lot, which just happened to be across the street from the last trailer court. I helped Mama and Daddy build three walls from bricks salvaged at the dump after Hurricane Carla; the trailer was the fourth wall, with its front and back doors opening into the addition. The lot had a mulberry tree in the middle and a huge chinaberry tree right behind the trailer. I helped Daddy build a two-deck tree house in it. Now we had four stories.

We made a garden, and I remember Hank was a toddler and was on his pedal tractor in front of the garden. Mama took farmer pictures, but he had just had the mumps and looked like a cartoon chipmunk. A swing set was added to the landscape and when you safety-pinned your bath towel cape around your neck you could jump off and fly like Mighty Mouse. I don't think *Sesame Street* was born yet so when it rained, which was often, Penny and Hank could come inside and watch cartoons. I remember a lot of *Quick Draw McGraw* and *Gumby* after school. Saturday mornings were all cartoons of all kinds every week.

Daddy and Mama looked for a house on higher ground with better drainage and found one on a corner lot. It had a line of pecan trees, and outbuildings, and a little fish pond, and room to play inside, but the precedent had been set and Penny and Hank were outside adventurers. I was maybe eleven and one of my early boyfriends, Eddie McCallum, came over to visit. I heard him say hello, but Mama wouldn't let me go until the dishes were done. It got quiet then and eventually there was a note under the door. The pirates had kidnapped Eddie and locked him in an old rabbit hutch. I think they were so young that he had to write his own ransom note.

I was out on my own soon after the move to Western New York, so I didn't watch them grow up there. I still heard about Eagle Scouts and homemade-canoe adventures down the creek to Lake Ontario, jobs at Artpark, and biking all the miles to Buffalo for movie weekends at Buf State, UB, and Media Studies. There were no more ransom notes.

—Terry [Jones] Goad



HIS ANIMAL LIFE

You all will remember Henry with Tiger zipped inside his jacket so she wouldn't shiver. Tiger was the last incarnation in a life full of animals of all kinds. Minnow fishing with a safety pin on a string in a big ditch at our grandmother's was always exciting. Granny had a regular box turtle that she used as a babysitter. She would find it and put it closed-up within sight of her kitchen window while she cooked. We would squat on either side of it, waiting for it to come out, until she called us in for lunch. We were always disappointed that it was gone by the time we finished our corn and tomatoes. We never realized it was always the same one. That finally dawned on me a few years ago.

The drainage ditch at home, inland from Galveston, had crawdaddy mud-castles; we would try the safety pins there, but with no more success. Crabbing with stew-meat on a string did work, and Texas City had all kinds of crabs. You always hoped for a fat stone crab instead of the skinny blues as you slowly pulled up the vibrating string to the waiting net.

Toad wrangling was another major Texas activity. We built a little corral out of bricks and would go around the yard, visiting each place where we knew one lived, and take them to the corral. Our favorites were a pair of solid black toads that lived under a tank of some kind in the tool shed. When we went out to the corral after lunch, all the toads would have escaped and we would start all over again.

In Texas we watched mother possums tightrope-walking electric lines with all their joeys on their backs. There was a horny toad that lived in a hole in our dirt driveway. Daddy always drove in very slow and watched for it. He had a series of sickly kittens that people brought him that didn't make it, and a grown cat that for some reason snuck into the car and was lost at the town dump while Mama and Daddy scavenged bricks after Hurricane Carla to build an addition to our trailer.

We moved from oil-town vacant lots to a fruit-farming town on Lake Ontario on March 4th, 1966, when Henry was nine. Behind our house and field there were several scrub acres called "The Circus Grounds" after some primordial carnival appearances. A big area of sunken tire tracks would be packed with tadpoles of every imaginable size in the spring. We would go back there every day to monitor the leg-growing. That time of year we had the kitchen window-sills lined with old glass jars filled with tadpoles, each with a tiny raft, in hopes that we would see the full transformation and have a frog climb up onto the raft. I don't think we ever did accomplish that. Walking-stick and praying-mantis jars and hand-made grass-snake houses followed in summer.



I'm not sure why the kitchen was the locale for reptile and amphibian jars; maybe my mother wanted to watch the animals so she could release them when they started to languish. One time I bought a bullfrog in a cut-off Clorox bottle for a nickel from Wendell Strubing. He regretted the sale, and I ran all the way home with it with Wendell after me on his banana bike. We put the frog in a big straw-filled wooden box in the basement, and it sang night after night until it started to fail and Daddy made me turn it loose.

We had a long-haired black dog, a briard, who got to run all night with the neighbors' setter. He would get full of burrs and roll in the piles of dead fish at the lake shore. My parents made us bathe and comb him nearly every day before we left for school.

Sometime in junior or senior high, Henry found a small, half-decomposed bird corpse. Of course he wanted the skeleton, so he put it to soak in the yellow plastic toothbrush glass in the bathroom. The next morning Daddy exploded out of the bathroom door. He had rinsed after brushing with the dead bird still soaking in the translucent plastic glass.

We always had a few cats, and we got an Irish setter after the invisible black dog was hit one night. My cat lived to be 22; she went from Texas to Western New York to New York City. When she was dying, I called Henry to come over and say goodbye. He showed up with Lexikon fifteen minutes too late. When she asked why they had come to see a nasty dead cat, he burst into tears.

In Shohola there was a long quest with Atticus to catch hellbenders. Henry told me that the rule out there was to release any animals caught and in jars at the end of the weekend. Always sweet-tempered, he didn't want to see the mortality our mother had accepted as routine. He had a couple of mice in a cage in the 10th Street studio, and was distraught when one of them died, and very concerned for the mental welfare of the one that survived.

When I was out in Shohola in 2016, helping move the storage-unit contents, I was reaming him out in the front yard about his inefficiency. A family of wild turkeys came up out of the creek bed and marched across the lawn and put a dead-stop to my diatribe. The evening before we had watched an owl roosting on top of a dead tree trunk across the road from the kitchen-table window.

And so back to doting on Tiger and sharing ice-cream cones from Ray's with her. Whenever he came around to the garden to see me, he had her in his bike basket. In his last weeks, we spent a lot of time in an unused restaurant shed on the corner of 12th, writing about Harry Smith. I guess there was a dog groomer right there. At one point someone went in with two Great Danes. We watched Tiger's eyes get big as saucers as she took this in. Henry remarked, "Her mind was just blown."

—Penny Jones



ART DEPARTMENT

It is very important that each person keep his own identity. Art gives a student the chance to express himself as an individual with his own ideas. Through this expression, the student learns to better understand himself and those around him.

Best Wishes,
J. Stephens



Mr. James Stephens



Mr. Robert Senkpiel



"You call that art!"



Mr. Thomas Geise



Henry Jones was one of the few creative geniuses among us. We've been blessed to have many amazing students pass through our classrooms, but Hank—by any measure—was unique among creative old-souls.

Hank was a non-stop source of creativity and entertainment. For example, one day, early in the morning, he mixed up a slurry of clay and poured it into a makeshift box on top of the plaster slab we used for drying clay. Didn't think much of it at the time—but at the end of the day, Hank came back with a friend, and they proceeded to cover his face and hair with Vaseline. I looked up just in time to see his friend counting down 3-2-1, forcing Hank's head into the clay with the goal of making a mold. He held it there until Hank was clearly out of breath and flailing around. I'm pleased to report that nobody was injured—but I couldn't believe what I was seeing! He still had that mask with the smooshed nose, years later.

When Hank occasionally visited, you could tell he was no longer a country kid. While picking up a few groceries in Lakeside Market, I witnessed a small group of kids—maybe 8th graders—gathered at the end of an aisle. One of them pointed with wide eyes! A couple minutes later, Hank and Rachael emerge wearing all black leather—pants, tops, jackets—these kids had never seen ANYTHING like this! They all watched as Hank gave me a big smile and a "Hi Mr. Stephens," and it felt like I was hanging with a VIP!

When I lived on Lake Street, few houses down from Hank's parents, he would stop over when in town. By now a classic city night owl, he would knock on my door around 11pm, and fill me in on the development of his fly's eye camera, usually for 2 or 3 hours. Today you can buy a virtual reality headset for a hundred bucks, but back then, the Fly's Eye—with thousands of tiny lenses combined—was the only way to reproduce the world three-dimensionally. I'm convinced that Hank was on the bleeding edge of VR, just like The Fleshtone's *Soul City* was on the bleeding edge of music videos and MTV.

I'm hoping I asked good questions during those late-night conversations, because frankly, following Hank's stream of consciousness describing these efforts was daunting—he had more ideas pouring out of his mind that any normal person could keep count—it was like watching an orchestra tuning up, then enjoying the performance when the idea matured into a show or presentation.

Hank forever had a camera around his neck, just like his friends Dave Burch and Jonathan Dent. When I think back on the years Wilson hosted the "Festival of the Arts," Hank and his peers helped make that event successful for many years. Let me know if my memory is faulty on this front, but I'm pretty sure it was Hank who found Marcel Marceau in Toronto and convinced him to conduct a workshop at our Festival. I still don't know how he did it!

Finally, one of my favorite representations of Hank's art, his Slatherpuss, was originally and painstakingly created out of clay. It was the largest piece a student had ever created, taking weeks to finish, and would barely fit in the kiln by itself. We carefully loaded it in, looking forward to cracking open the lid to slowly cool it down the next day. The next morning, when we arrived, the metal jacket on the kiln was cherry red! The auto shut-off had failed, and the very first Slatherpuss had melted into a block of hardened glass at the bottom. Every student who had met and admired Slatherpuss was heartbroken.

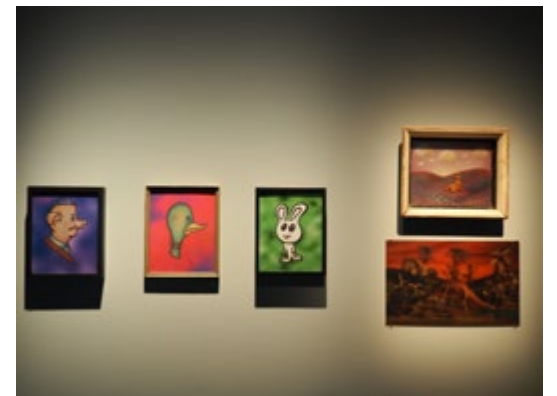
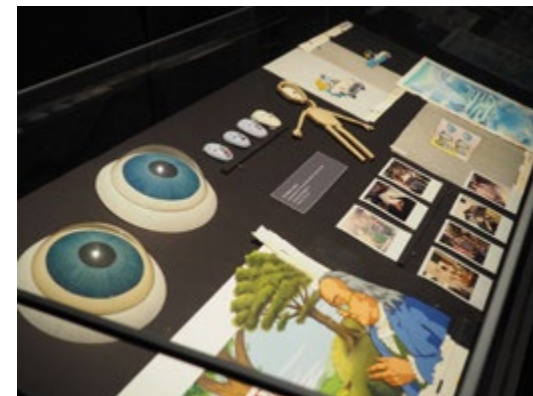
Today we celebrate Hank. I feel so blessed and privileged to have watched his art take shape from the beginning.

—James E. Stephens



As a very young one and early in “Festival of Arts” days, I always liked Hank, but when we grew a little older and Penny was graduating, I realized how much I had come to respect the talent of both Penny and Hank. As I watched Hank’s career grow from a distance, I kept thinking, “Golly, we’re just kids from a little cow town, and look how many of us have gone on to have wonderful lives and careers.” I reminded Jim that he had chosen a noble profession and had helped launch so many of us. I think back especially to the days of Jim, Tom G, Rae T, and Joan M having faith in all of us local “outcasts” and what a special time that was . . . the DeNatales, Tom and Carol, Dave Burch . . . and Hank was somehow in the creative middle of so much of it. I guess we appreciate everything more in hindsight. I will forever treasure the time many of us were reunited at the Burchfield for Hank’s show. What a special evening. I’ll keep all of you in my thoughts. Please know that so many of us are holding you close to our hearts.

—Lisa Stephens





(US&J Photo)
A FERTKNUCKLE AND ITS MAKER — Henry (Hank) Jones of Wilson shows a completed drawing of a fertknuckle. Henry wrote a children's book called "The Three Fertknuckles."

Wilson Pupil Seeks Publisher For His Book On "Fertknuckles"

By DAVID C. SOKAL

WILSON — A ninth grader at Wilson Central High School, M. Henry (Hank) Jones, has written a 22-page illustrated children's book called "The Three Fertknuckles."

A thin boy, tall for his age, Hank, 14, appeared surprised and excited at the thought of having his story book mentioned in the newspaper.

Wilson Library Sustains Smoke Damage From Fire

WILSON — A rubbish fire of undetermined origin caused smoke damage to the Wilson Public Library, Main Street, at 10:45 p.m., Sunday, according to Niagara County sheriff's deputies.

Wilson volunteer firemen under the direction of Chief Warren Ward doused the brief blaze which erupted in rubbish outside the west side of the structure.

Deputy Douglas O. Heppard said investigation into the cause of the fire is continuing.

It took about 27 weeks to finish, he said, admitting that he handed it in 10 weeks late to his teacher. It was a special project for a reading class, he said.

He did all of the illustrating himself with water soluble paints and India ink, he said. The printing was done with primary typewriter, he said. A primary typewriter prints with larger type than a regular typewriter.

A "fertknuckle" is roughly egg-shaped with a large smile when happy, a big nose, hair all over, and two stumpy legs.

The story tells how the fertknuckles became free of a creature which was taking part of the crop they grew to live on.

Hank said he planned to write to some publishers to try and sell his manuscript.

At the moment Hank's attention seemed to be taken up with photography. He said he was taking pictures and developing them in a friends dark room.

Hank has a 1913 - vintage Kodak 120 camera which was given to him, he said. It has four f - stops and two speeds, he added. A newer, twin lens reflex camera is what he'd like to get some day, he said.

Hank said he was especially interested in making animated movies. At last year's art festival in Wilson, he won first prize for an animated cartoon involving a character named

Barney and a hippopotamus. He said he had received a lot of help and advice from Rae Tyson, a teacher at Wilson Central School.

A film he is working on at present is biographical, he said. Hank is using a technique called kinestasis, he said. It involves flashing pictures on the screen for about a fourth of a second for each one. The film includes some wierd looking shots, he said.

Hank is a son of Mr. and Mrs. William A. Jones of 191 Lake St. He has a younger brother, and two older sisters, one of whom is married and living in New Jersey.





Henry was so much more than a film artist. As a kid, he created an array of strange figures—all useful in his eighth-grade animation with Regular 8mm Kodachrome II Type A film, singled-framed at 18 frames per second with a Revere camera. He had his miniature hippo, carved from a block of vermiculite and plaster, fly at the end of his mother’s fishing rod, the rod’s grip rigged with a protractor and a sewing needle to measure the minute changes in elevation between frame shots. Thus began the adventures of Henry in film and flight.

I first encountered him at Artpark on the Niagara River. Henry’s work as a construction assistant to Earth artists there earned him a grateful following. He began during the park’s first year, after his junior year in high school, a tall, lanky, long-haired, curious, tireless kid, really smart about films. While I was in residence, Henry was my assistant, helping to screen independent shorts every day in a funky silo structure on an elevated “Art El,” that also housed the concrete poet Robert Lax and book artist Emile Antonucci next door, and Phillips Simkin, the Philadelphia conceptual artist, across the way, along with the Alley Friends (Alan Johnson), an adventurous group of Philly architects who created tectonic experiments out of red and white inflatables.

Not far away were Ant Farm (Chip Lord), Jon Brooks, Nancy Holt, Dennis Oppenheim, Jody Pinto, Jim Roche, Paul Sharits, Judith Shea, Charles Simonds, Stan VanDerBeek, and Steina and Woody Vasulka. Others came earlier in the summer, others later. Henry helped many of the greats. Nancy Holt was his favorite, and he was hers. She never spoke to me again after she learned that I had taken Henry to fly with me in a helicopter down the face of the Falls, down the Niagara gorge, under the bridges, dusting the park, and on to Lake Ontario. I ran 16mm film in 400-ft. magazines, the camera and I strapped into an open door, and Henry, in the middle, reloading the camera when the magazine ran through.

Sure, it was crazy and likely illegal—I hadn’t quite registered that he was still a high school student—but no one in the helicopter thought twice about it. Henry probably kept us on course with his bursts of wild laughter, particularly as we wobbled through the winds above the whirlpool bend in the river and as we dusted the park. His crazed look as we stepped out of the helicopter, head tilted, hair akimbo, eyebrow arched, replaced the need for any words. Then in the car, heading back, out of nowhere, “Shit, man! Yeah.”

—Anthony Bannon





HENRY ON HARRY

Susie Harris, an Artpark artist friend living in Soho, told me Harry Smith's *Early Abstractions* and *Late Superimpositions* were screening. They left me speechless. Most nights for the next year I went to the original Anthology at 44 Green St. Once I watched their *Essential Film Cycle* all day every day for two weeks. I discovered the Film-Makers' Co-Op and the filmography of Harry's work. I found Film Culture #37 from 1965, the year Harry Smith received the Seventh Annual Independent Film Award. It included P. Adams Sitney's interview with Harry. I resolved to meet Harry personally.

Harry Smith lived secretly. After seeking him out for months, Jonas Mekas finally told me Harry could be found at the Chelsea hotel. I later learned from Harry that Meyer Lansky was footing the bill. This was March 1976. I dialed his room #711 from the house phone in the lobby. Harry told me bluntly, "I don't meet students," so I described my intense fascination with his films. He said, "call me back in one hour." One hour later in Harry's room, spellbound, my real education began.

Harry first asked, "What kind of music do you like?" "Mother Mabel Carter," I said, and Harry played a number of her songs I had never heard. He then played "When It's Peach Picking Time in Georgia" by Jimmie Rogers. Listening was intense. Next evening I went back. Soon I was spending every evening at the Chelsea. Visits began with Harry setting forth a musical agenda for the evening. Once the music was set he'd send me to the store, same things every night: two 40 oz. bottles of Budweiser, two cans of Campbell's condensed Cream of Mushroom soup, a quart of orange juice, and a small jar of Golden Blossom honey. Harry would leave hot water running in the sink to heat the soup cans as we began our work.

The night's music selections were thematic: trains, jail, jealous lovers, truck driving, or natural disasters. Before playing each cut Harry would delve into everything methodically: the cover art, song structure, musicians, type of recording machines, history of releases, and his interpretation of song credits. He retrieved the records sequentially from rows of industrial steel shelves encircling the room. For the ones high up on the wall, he used a spring-loaded step stool; the records were organized uniquely. He claimed the collection was "worth a \$1000 a foot" and new purchases came home every day.

In between dissertations on the songs Harry conducted a nightly show-and-tell, introducing me to his incredible library of strange, wonderful books and other treasured objects. We worked incessantly, whatever most absorbed him at the time. We stopped only to drink his concoction of milk and honey, work another few hours, then stop again for sink-warmed soup, sipping a mix of beer and orange juice.

—M. Henry Jones as told to Big Joe Teitler





My brother Henry moved to New York at a particularly significant time for music. Starting in the fall of 1975, he spent many nights going to see live bands at CBGBs and later at Club 57. I looked forward to his stories whenever he visited home in Western New York. He talked about seeing The Fleshtones, The Ramones, Blondie, the B-52's, and Iggy Pop and the Bad Brains. He really liked hanging out backstage at CBGBs with The Runaways. He gave me my first albums by The Ramones and The Stooges, and so began my record collecting.

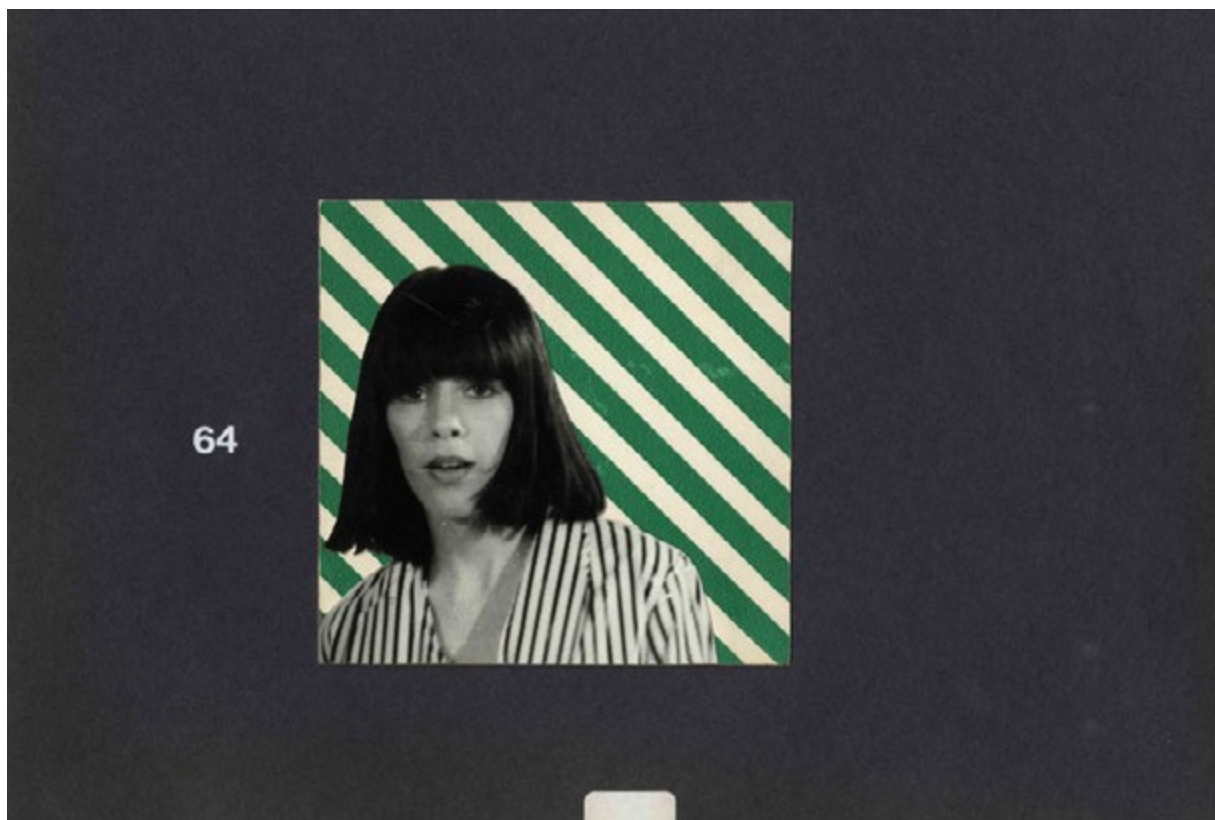
In October 1980, Henry and two of his friends from high school took me to see The Kinks at Buffalo Memorial Auditorium. That was my first live arena concert. When I visited New York for the first time alone in April 1981, he took me to see Pulsallama's practice and debut at Club 57. Later that week we went to see The Fleshtones and Human Switchboard at CBGBs. He knew everyone there.

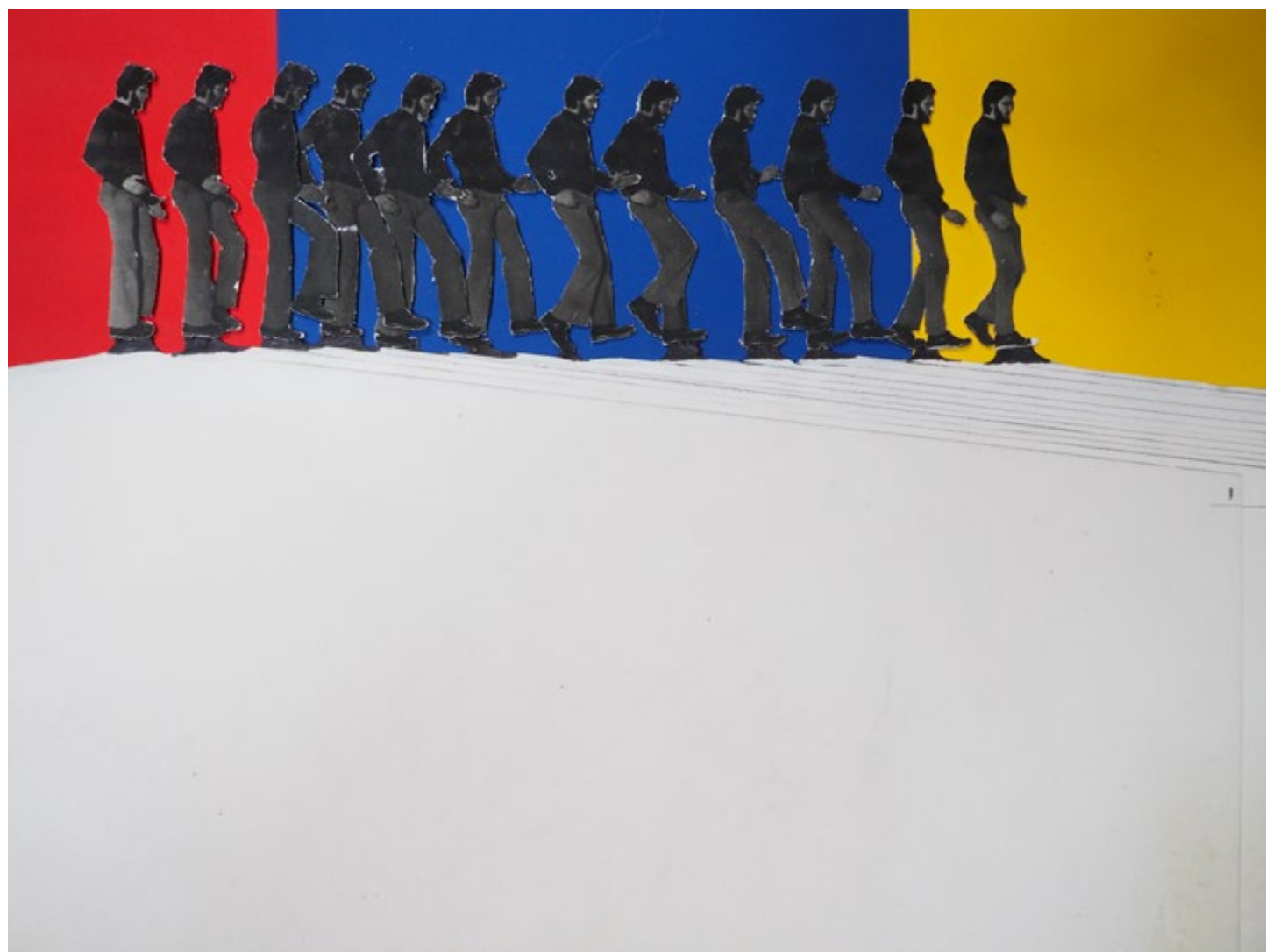
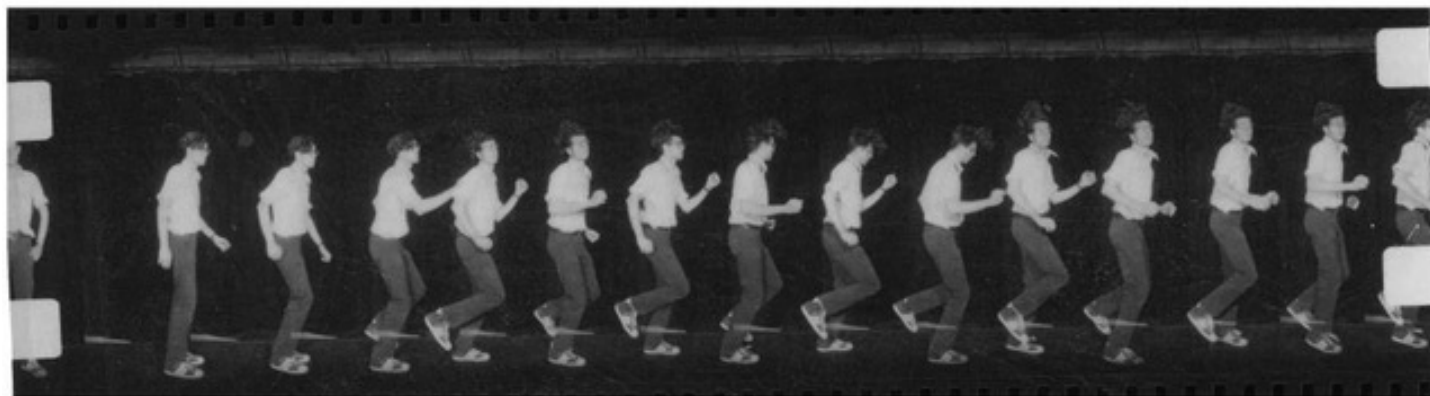
On one of his visits to Western New York, he and Lisa Baumgardner and I sat at the kitchen table all one evening, while they wrote down their list of essential songs from the 1960s and '70s. In New York, Lisa would get us on the lists for various bands. Henry and I saw True West at the second Danceteria.

In later years I was the one to take *him* when I came down from Albany to see bands. In June of 1992, Henry and Rachel came with me to see a performance of Diamanda Galás and the Butthole Surfers. Henry was very impressed that the lead singer of the Surfers was from Texas like he was. Rachel got us backstage. In October 2004, after a round-trip drive taking his book collection to Wilson and bringing crates of my records to Albany, I took him to see Nitty Gritty Dirt Band, an early favorite of his. In 2014 he and I went to Niagara Bar to see Cheetah Chrome solo.

The last event many of us will remember was his amazing afterparty for the MoMA Club 57 opening on Halloween of 2017. It was at Nublu on Avenue C, with The Fleshtones and the fantastic reunion of Vacuum Bag, with Rachel on the drums.

—Peter Jones





A FEW THOUGHTS ABOUT M. HENRY JONES

By the time I arrived at the School of Visual Arts in 1979, Henry Jones was already something of a legend among his peers. This was at a time and place where Henry's peers were people like Kenny Scharf, Manuel DeLanda, and Keith Haring, a time when certain artists could become famous even before they were out of school. Being a filmmaker meant that that part of the equation might take a little longer, but this wasn't going to stop him.

Henry was a true artist. He was a couple of years ahead of me but while we were both in school working on various projects, we often discussed how labor-intensive his films were. Henry's specialty—film animation—requires stamina, determination, and long hours; his student film *Soul City* is just over two minutes and took him about two years to complete!

Like so many of his classmates and friends I became a willing participant in some of his idiosyncratic efforts. This wasn't easy work and had to be done carefully, with great concentration and technical precision. Needless to say, my tenure in that part of his life was short-lived. This led, however, to long evenings of hanging out and discussing how to make films with no budget and few resources.

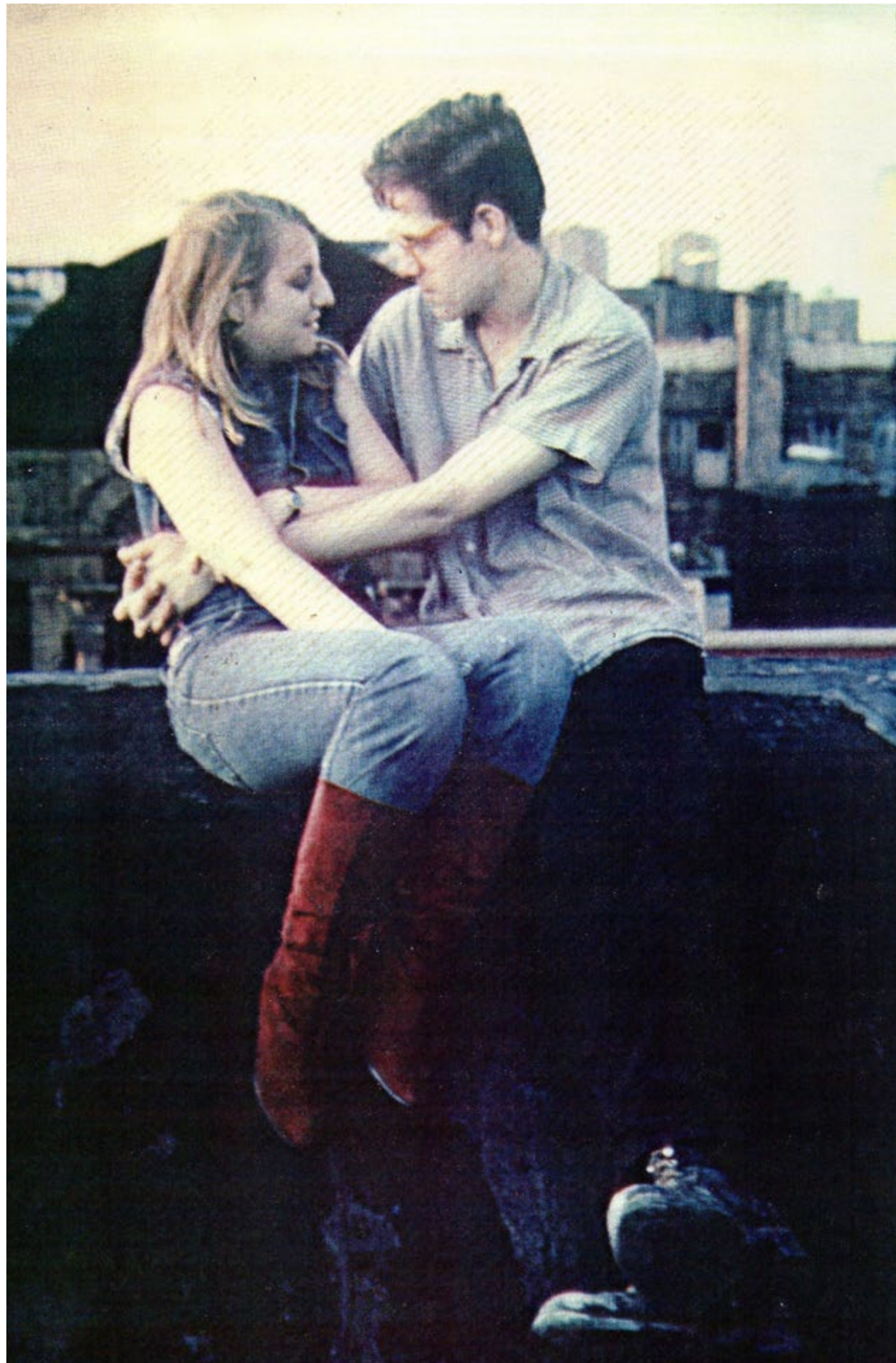
He had this wild side that was unique and fun. He loved sixties garage music, and once a few of us were in a downtown bar drinking and talking with Henry and "96 Tears" came blasting over the sound system. It was like a switch had been flipped in Henry's brain: he suddenly stopped talking and this glazed look came over his face. He abruptly stood up and started to dance by himself, as if he'd been transported to another world. When the song stopped, he did too, as if a spell had been broken. Where exactly he went in that moment, we'll never know.

One more story: Sometime in the mid-eighties, the Beacon Theater was showing movies on a huge screen. They were doing a Marilyn Monroe festival—all her films over several days, all fresh prints, on a giant screen. Henry, myself, and our friend Vinnie, an SVA classmate of mine (RIP), decided we would go and watch a bunch of these in one day. We packed some food and drinks and camped out for four of the films, starting in the mid-afternoon. It was one of most fun and memorable film-going experiences I've ever had, and Henry reveled in it too.

Watching those beautiful prints, some in Technicolor, was just what we wanted. We saw *Gentleman Prefer Blondes*, *Bus Stop*, *How to Marry a Millionaire*, and *The Seven Year Itch*. When we finally left the theater Henry looked dazed, but it was obvious that he was completely mesmerized. He had been moved in a way that was just what I have always loved about the power of film, and that made me very happy.

This is how I will always remember him: absorbed by what he loved and deeply committed to whatever was happening in the moment. Henry was an inspiration to myself and others because he was focused and dedicated. And yes, he was maybe a little crazy too, but so magnificently creative.

—Fabio P. Roberti

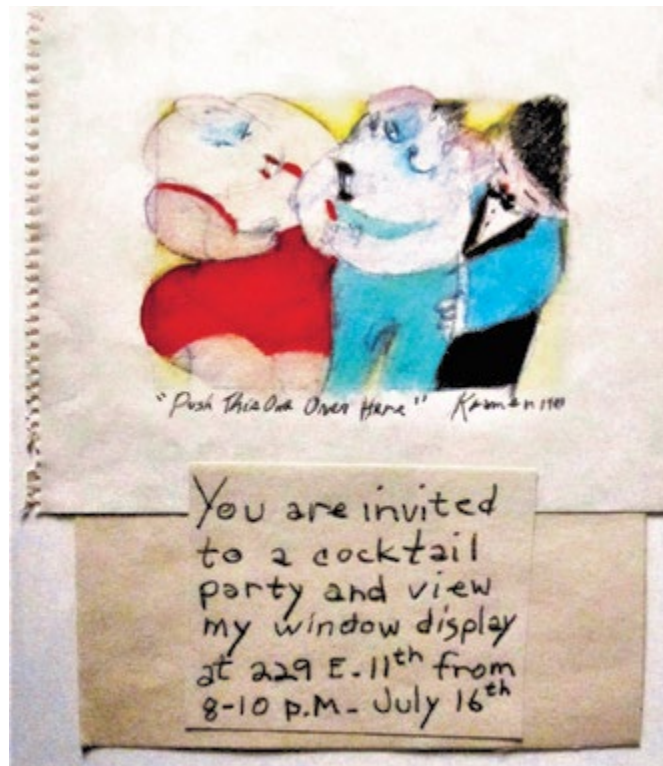
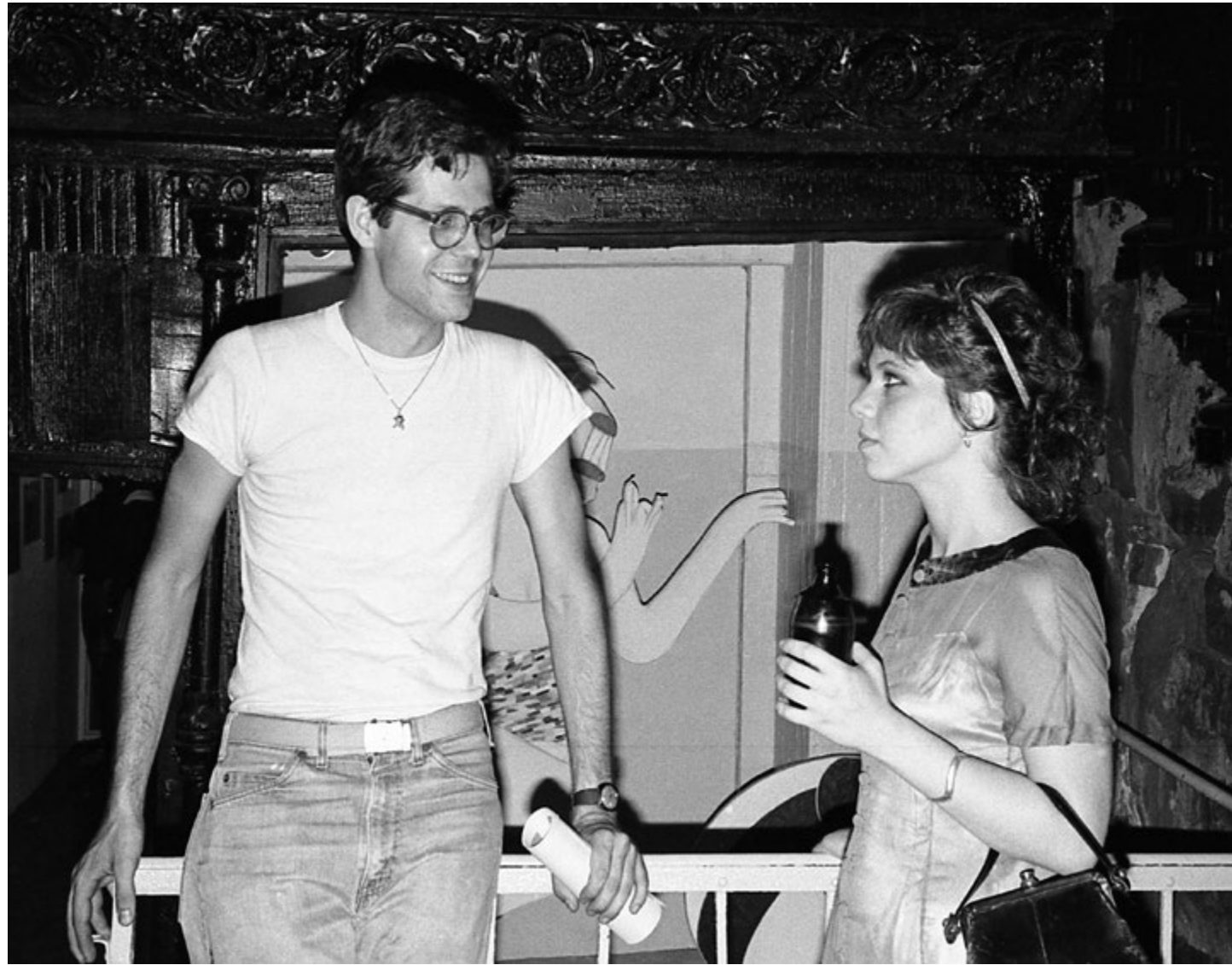


I visited New York City from Virginia over Memorial Day weekend in 1981 with my friend Dennis Headley. We were there to see The Clash, playing a string of shows at Bond's on Times Square as their only American appearance that year. Instead, we hooked up with my friend Lisa Baumgardner and her boyfriend Henry Jones. They walked us all over the place pointing out the various landmarks along the way like "this is the building where Andy Warhol had his Factory, this is CBGBs." They showed us a park I no longer remember the name of (it wasn't Central Park), and an apartment building where Johnny Thunders once lived, you know, stuff like that.

We ended up at Henry's apartment (or, maybe his studio?). It was one room with a sink. He had created a mobile of plastic combs that was hanging in there I thought was cool—I still have a photo I took of it. It had a very dark closet bathroom where you pulled a chain or rope down to flush the toilet. I'd never seen anything like that before. We had dinner at a corner restaurant where they turned me on to something I had never eaten—pierogis with sautéed onions and sour cream. Yum! Later we smoked some hash and went to see *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre*. Scared me shitless at the time! I think they meant to do that, LOL.

They told me they were invited to a John Waters *Polyester* opening party, but they didn't feel like going so they suggested we go. They gave me a phone number to call and when I did I was talking to John Waters himself and I couldn't believe it! Back in the late 1970s and early 1980s Lisa would often tell me about Henry this and Henry that, so when I finally met him I felt like I already knew him. I never got to see him again, but I really liked him and I'm thankful that we met and had that weekend. They made our visit a truly outstanding memory. I will always remember it. Dennis and I never did see The Clash.

—Steven Effinger

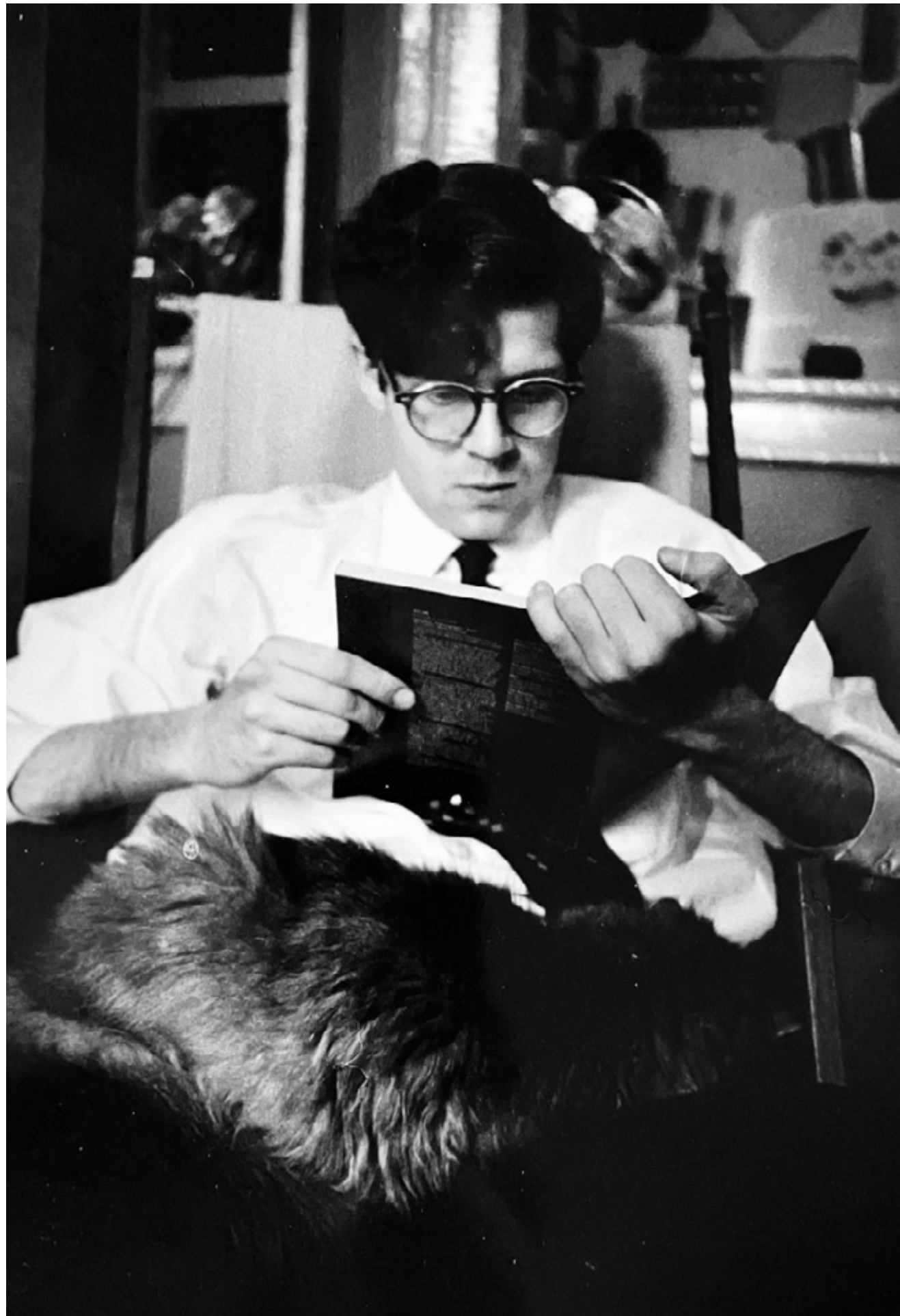


I'm searching for this photo of Henry and I in front of the Club 57 around 1979: I know exists, I've seen it on the web and now I can't find it. I guess I thought it would always be there for me, poised on some digital shelf in orbit around my mind; there for the taking whenever I wanted it. Did I make it up? No, I remember the dress I was wearing, as dear to me as the man standing next to it in the photo. A brown, sheer, chiffon 1920s number with silk velvet covered buttons, the same silk velvet trim on the neck, sleeves, and drop waist; my grandma made it for my mom. It dressed my obsession with silent screen sirens: Theda Bara and the "It Girl" Clara Bow, Garbo, and Dietrich. This photo with Henry was maybe that dress's first time out since 1932, and Club 57 was new for me too. Henry, always sweet, always kind to me in a scene that was not always so, made a point of talking to me and showing interested in my opinions as I tried very hard to say mature and smart things: at sixteen, I was neither. I can't find this photo, so I imagine it: Me and Henry outside of the club by the gate on the sidewalk. I'm in my dress holding a cigarette and a bottle of Red Stripe and Henry is wearing some dark tee-shirt and he's holding a broom. He is soooo much taller than me. His posture is slightly bent as he leans in, our eyes level and focused on what is being said; height only matters to the camera. Our faces reflect a real conversation as opposed the millions of fake conversations one could have in a night and in my mind, our smiles are the shape of the words we are saying. Memory is a funny kind of fairy land; liquid, as Michael Markos puts it. I can't find the picture, but I know this Henry, I know we have this history because I have this scar on my left hand from a long night of set making for one of his commercials to prove it. A trailer park and a town of shacks with telephone poles and phone lines and garbage cans made with clay and Sculpy; all is in miniature with a background loop of blue sky, stratocumulus clouds painted in pastels between rolling hills mounted to a revolving wheel like a lazy Susan, which when turned takes on the view from the passenger side car window as the passenger (the camera), takes in the view from the road; just passing through the great American landscape. If nothing else, I have this and give up on the photo. He's inside of my heart and the guts of my world. And as my partner, another Hank says, "Your friends are the library of you."

Posted to Henry's FB page is his Opus: *The Apple, Heart, Daisy* film. So, in my search I play the film and now the soundtrack sits comfortably in my head, having ejected all the ear worms that have been collecting there lately from top-40 radio stations and as the song goes, lately I'd rather be spending most all of my days at the well. The first time he showed me *Apple, Heart, Daisy* was at Globus Studios on 24th Street. He had me meet him there because it had been a while since Club 57 and he wanted to hire me to work on his commercial, but first we needed to catch up and get coffee and he needed to stop by his apartment before moving on to SnakeMonkey. That, for me, was what it was to spend time with Henry: to be swirled into his orbit; lots of timeless time and lost time and I loved it that so many things were happening around him all at once; disorienting; but it was the disorientation of being around art: honest, human, and real. Sometimes caught by a thought mid-conversation, his attention would be snatched off into the middle distance somewhere else entirely. After what felt like a minute but was probably ten seconds, he would come back shaking his head as if waking from a dream and he would smile . . . Okay, and say, "Charlotte . . . the mighty Charlotte," and continue where he had left off. No one ever called me that. I didn't feel mighty, but Henry made me feel like I could be mighty. Sometimes my feet feel good on the ground, and sometimes my head spins around and around . . .

I finally find the photo on Henry's Facebook page deep into the years and reach out to the photographer, Michael Markos. Michael says the photo was not outside of Club 57 but outside of Bill Stelling and Patti Astor's (pre-FUN) gallery at 229 East 11th St. He sent me the invitation for the night: Steve Kramer's art show, July 16, 1981. I don't even remember being there.

—Charlotte Slivka



THE CHARLES GREEN CENTER FOR FILM ARTS

M HENRY JONES
WORKS IN PROGRESS

8 PM SAT. JULY 25 \$2 KIDS FREE

THE MIDDLE COLLEGIATE CHURCH
50 EAST 7th STREET off 2nd Ave 477-0666/260-2123

ARTISTS ON DISPLAY JULY 26-AUG. 2 SECOND WAVE 160 FIRST AVENUE

The poster has a yellow background with a repeating pattern of small, tilted squares. Each square contains a black and white photograph of a person, likely M. Henry Jones, in various poses. The text is in a bold, sans-serif font.

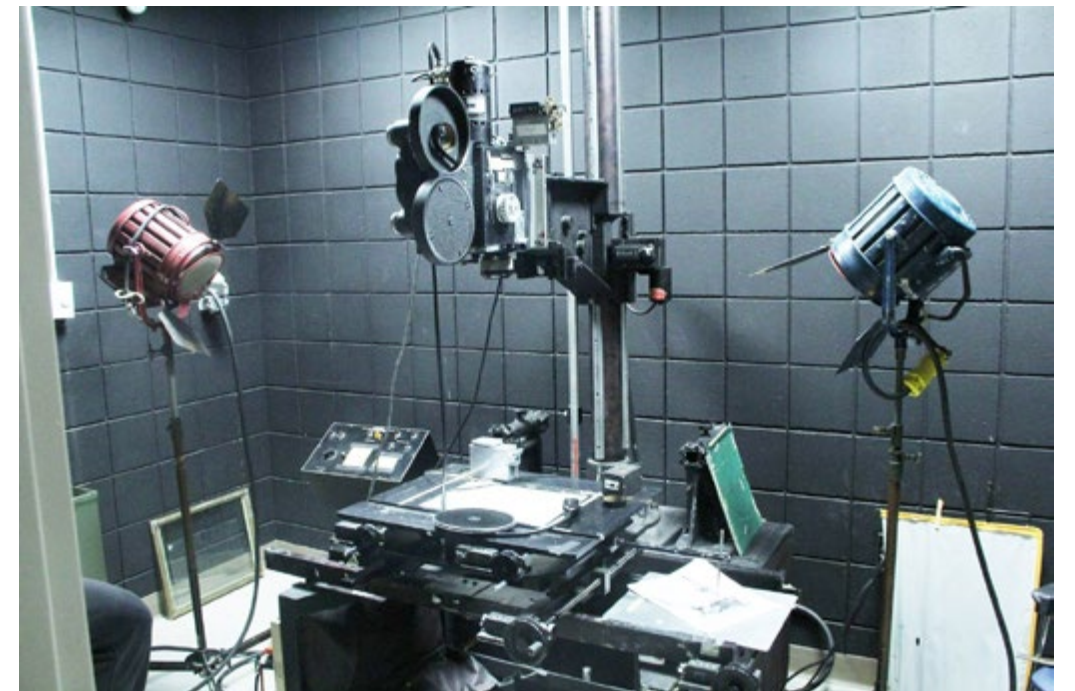


Two short stories about M Henry Jones. Both take place at the ol' Oxberry Filmmaker animation stand, where Henry and I spent a lot of time together.

Henry got a gig doing camera moves on prints by the photographer Harry Callahan and Henry brought me along as his assistant. The prints were originals and quite expensive, in fact there was an insurance agent who would come to the shoots to make sure nothing happened to the prints. Henry and I would get into heated debates; the client asked for certain timings, but Henry wanted to change things to make it more interesting. It was always 2am and the film lab would be closing soon. Of course, Henry's way always turned out to be more interesting and dynamic. Meanwhile the insurance agent lounging on a couch in the background probably thought we were both crazy. Out of the blue, I dropped a piece of tape onto one of the valuable prints as it sat on the animation stand. Henry and I both got very quiet as Henry deftly coaxed the tape off the print without damaging it. The insurance agent never knew what happened.

A few years later I got a gig doing animated graphics for a *Johnny Cash Christmas Special*. Kind of a dream job as I am a big Johnny Cash fan but not really my typical animation job. I was fine preparing all the artwork but needed help with the timings and how to shoot the material on the animation stand. Henry would come over to the shop where I was renting camera time, usually around 11pm, after working at Globus. We would brainstorm ideas and come up with timings. Henry would leave and I would finish shooting the material. In the end the job and graphics turned out terrific. That was Henry being a good friend and I always appreciated it and never forgot it.

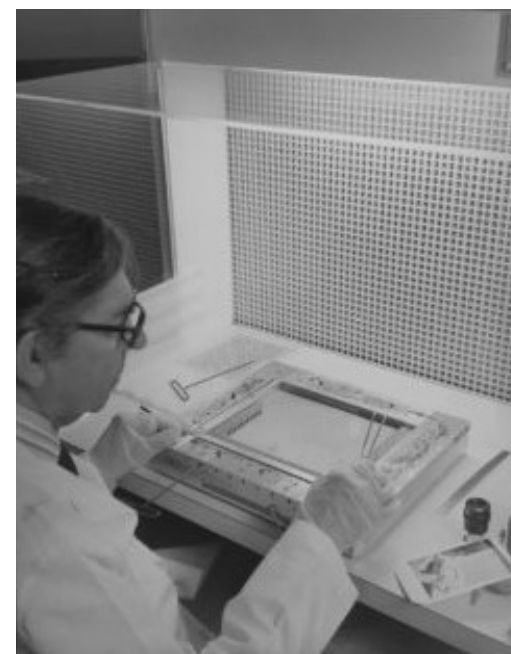
—Joey Ahlbum

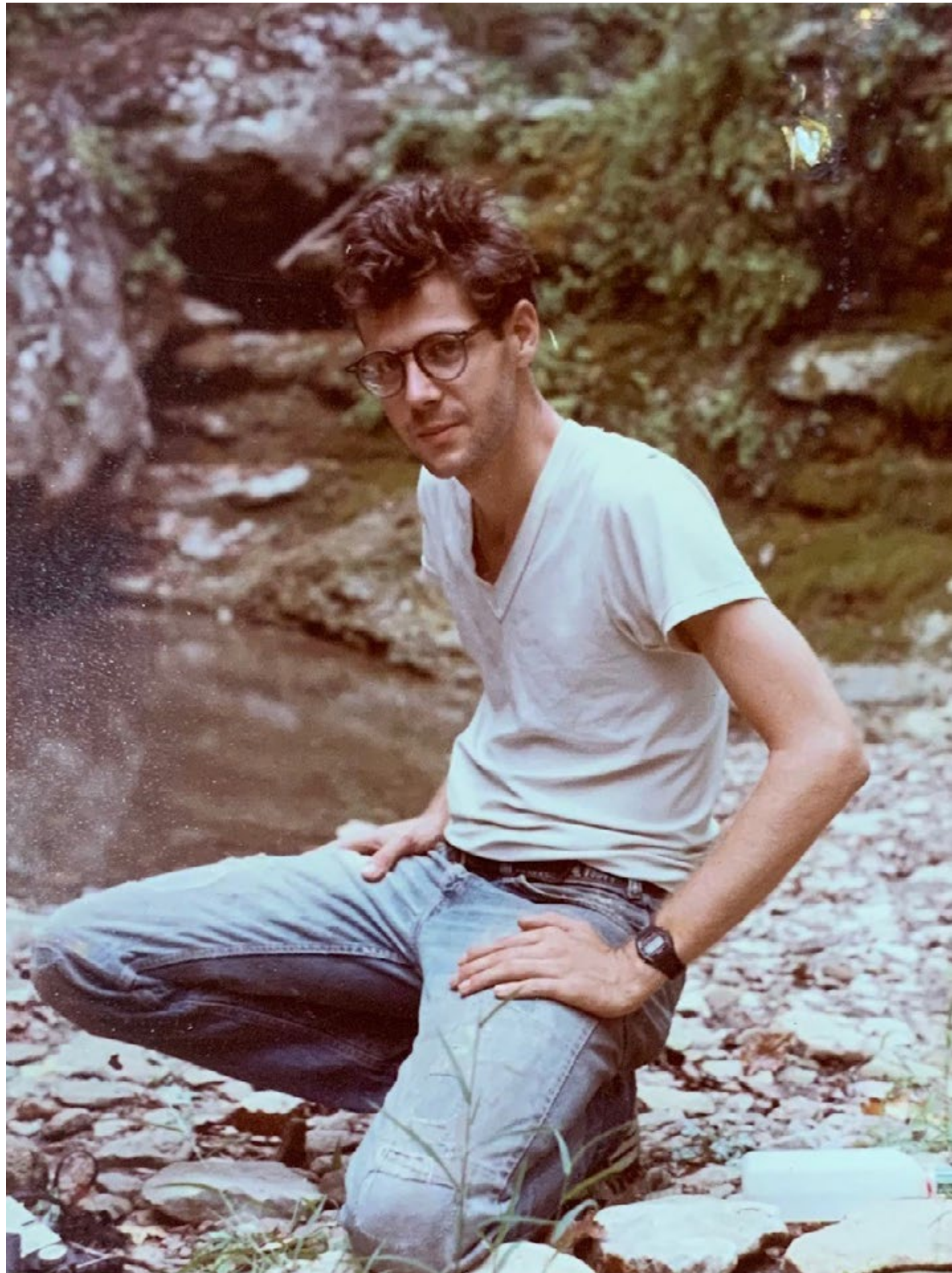




I was working with Henry on one of the many animation projects I helped him with. I think it might have been for the Touchables stuffed animals TV commercial. We were working at the Globus studio. One of the Globus brothers came up to me in the basement one day. He wasn't sure who I was and what I was doing there. He asked me a simple question. He said, "you're one of Henry's men, aren't you?" I took a brief second to answer him and I said, "yes I'm one of Henry's men." I was then and I will always be "one of Henry's men."

—Michael Wolfe





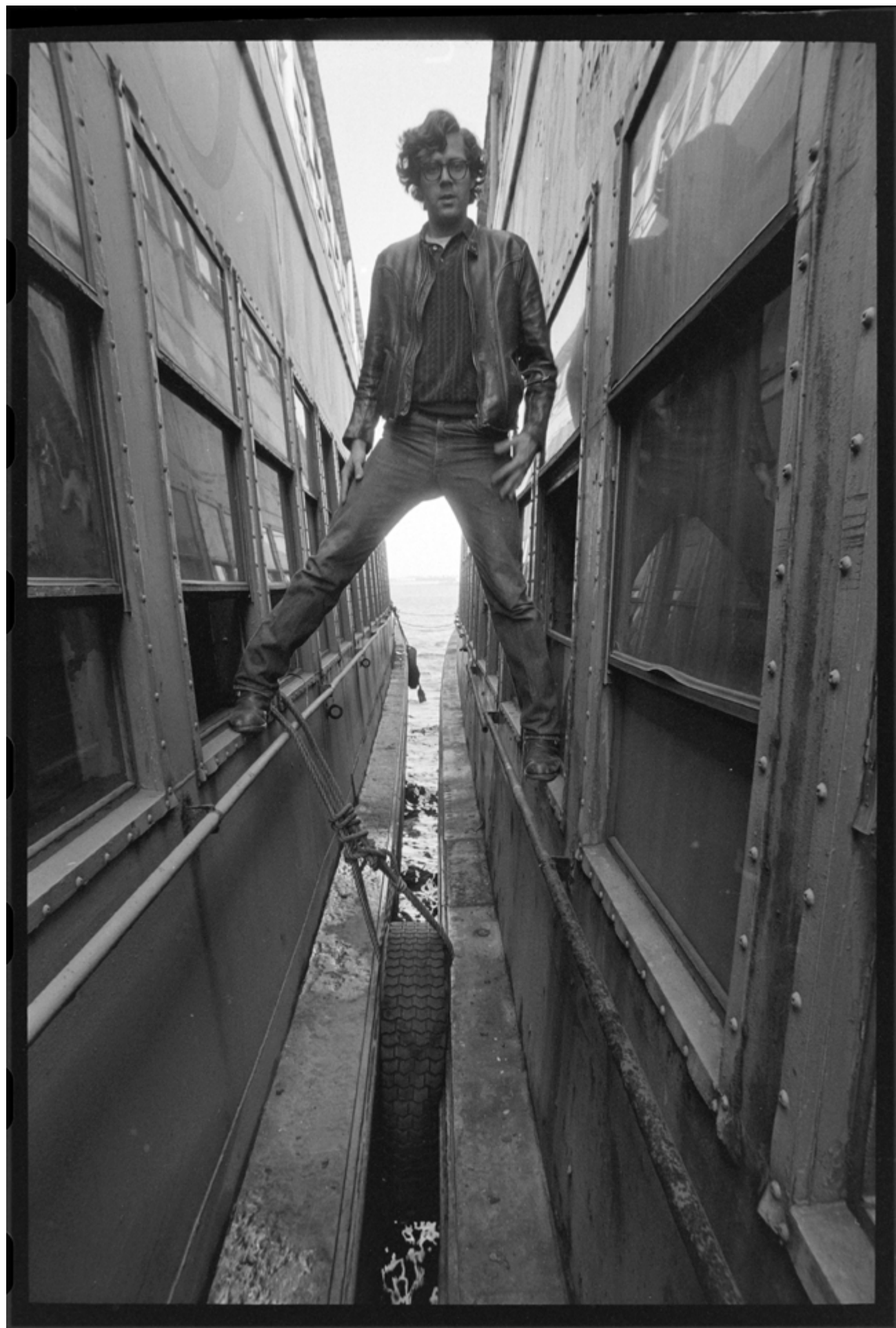
I met Henry in the summer of 1983. It was the year I graduated from SVA and I was living in my first apartment away from home in the East Village. I was introduced to him, and we talked about our mutual interest in the original Hans Christian Andersen story about the little mermaid. I was painting about it and he wanted to make a film about it. We met again walking down the street and went to the movies. We saw *Vertigo*. We made a small diorama of the little mermaid idea.

We spent a lot of time together and at the end of the summer he made a film of the artist Alan Saret in Arkansas. I went along and I can see here what an absolute child I still was. He wasn't much older. I am looking kind of grouchy and I can say that at one point in the trip the biggest centipede I have ever seen was curled up in a circle right in the center of the tent and I let out the loudest scream you have ever heard.

Henry was a hero to me, and I always looked up to him for the rest of my life. I am glad he seems to have lived the life he was meant to live. I am sorry it ended up being so very short. My sympathy to all who loved him and will miss him. I haven't seen him in many years, and I don't even know how much he would have remembered of me, but I remembered him and will always hold memories of him dear to my heart. He was one of a kind and there will never be another.

—May Oppenheim Hiddleston





FIELD TRIP TO STATEN ISLAND

During the early 1980s Henry would occasionally come out to Staten Island and visit me. I was still active in filmmaking and photography back then. Usually there was a specific film project I wanted Henry to participate in.

One of Henry's favorites was the Octoberfest in Tottenville. We'd take the train to the last stop, walk to the center of town where the crowds were amassing. We'd scope out the parade route, and pick out shooting positions with good backgrounds. Armed with a variety of spring-wound 16mm cameras with black & white film, we'd shoot the events, trying to capture the local color newsreel style. Regardless of how the film came out, simply being there in the middle of the event was the experience. The film was bonus material.

St. George was the local center of government—Borough Hall, Court Houses, Police, Health Department—mixed in with residential homes and apartments. There were also large tracts of former industrial lands—rail yards, gypsum plants, and abandon hospitals.

One Saturday when Henry came out, I brought him to the abandon Coast Guard base/Light House facility, one of my favorite photo locations. We explored some of the abandoned buildings, then headed down to the breakwater where three decommissioned Staten Island ferryboats sat. I knew the space well, and regularly shot 35mm stills there, exploring the boats. Henry would enjoy this.

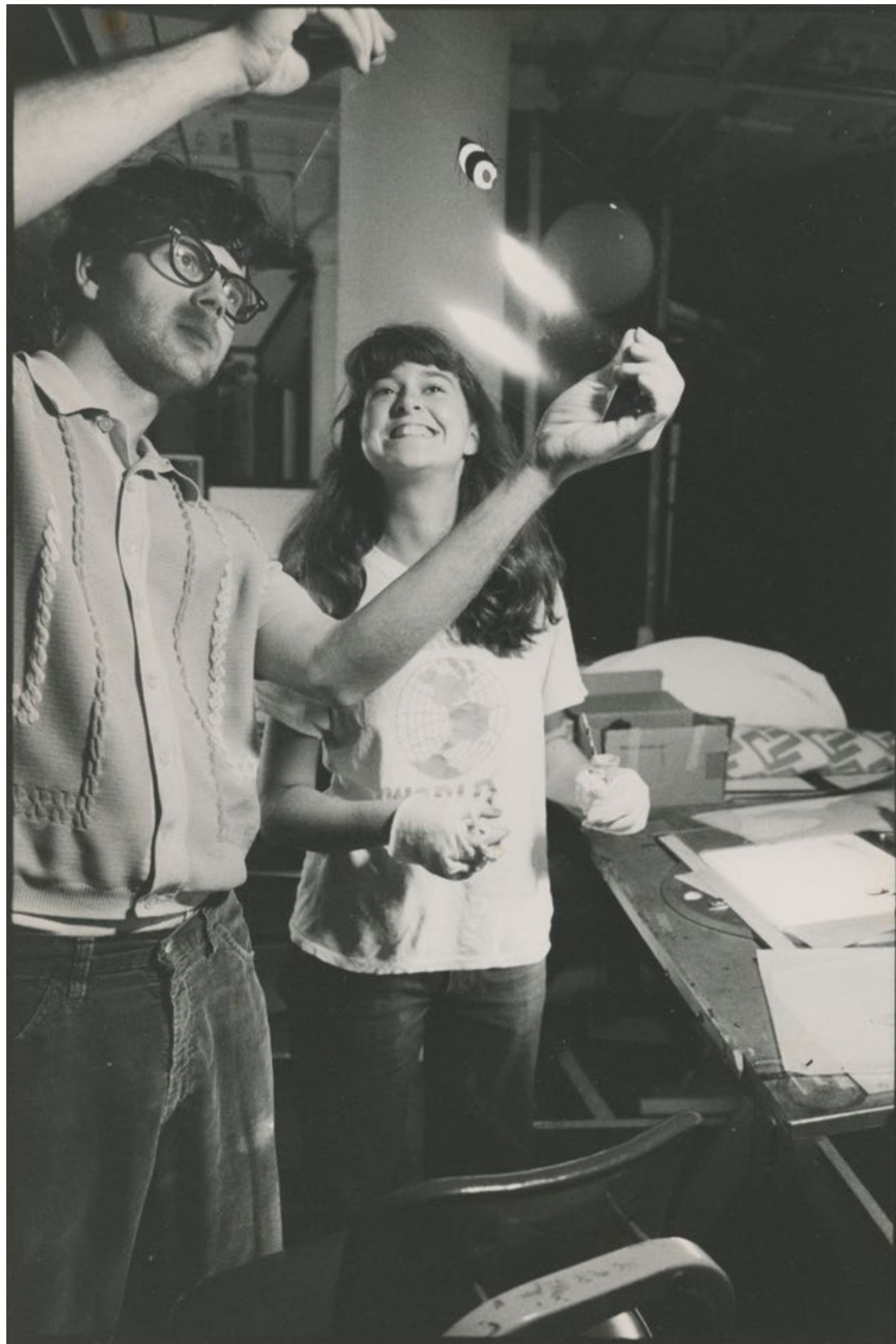
The F/B Kloff was rafted up to the F/B Merrell. To board the vessel you jump from the dock through opening on the Kloff's main deck smoking section, walk around to the other side, climb thru a window, and straddle between the two boats before climbing through the Merrell window.

Henry follows me through the window, I'm standing on the rubrails as Henry is climbing out. I said to Henry, this is a great shot, let me get a picture of you. He's straddling the two boats, standing on the window sills, I grab a bunch of shots. Of all the pictures I have of Henry at work over the years, I think this is the best. He's out of his element in Manhattan, the place I usually found him in. This day he's outside, in an environment he'd never otherwise be in. I think he enjoyed it.

—Barry Masterson







Where on earth would I be if Henry hadn't introduced me to:

Romanian Steak
 The Oxberry
 Harry
 Pencil testing after midnight
 Inking gloves
 His rare Girl Group Compilation
 His Carter Family album
 His stopwatch
 Cel Paint fumes
 Afternoons at De Robertis
 Muybridge

—Elinor Blake



Choosing a memorable or isolated moment with a friend you have known for many decades is difficult for me. I'll begin by saying, we became friends in college at SVA. It was easy, Henry was very personable. From the first time I met him, I knew he was a special person. My earliest memories of MHJ were of him working very diligently on an animation project for Mr. Abrams' class. At that time, he had an apartment in the East Village, living on Quaker Oats and coffee. I always admired the focus, knowledge, passion, and dedication he put into his work. We bonded quickly.

In 1977, the music scene was all the rage. Henry was very excited about starting his new project, which involved friends in a local band called The Fleshtones. I had witnessed him spending countless hours in preparation and execution of this endeavor. He had been "scratching" on individual film frames. Film frames are small and run 24 frames per second at "normal speed," more so, if you want slow motion effects. His music video was about three minutes long, that's a whole lotta scratching! In typical, MHJ fashion, Henry persevered through it and I tried helping him out as much as I could. I always found his work ethics inspiring. His hard labor paid off, I and many of our colleagues thought his music video was innovative and brilliant. By the end of his Junior term Henry had become a school prodigy.

In 1978, I was experiencing serious health problems and started seeing the controversial Dr. Cursio (a renowned world-wide nutritionist living in Long Beach, L.I.). Cursio diagnosed patients using a combination of iridology, physiognomy, tongue analysis, and heart rhythms. Basically, he taught that most diseases are formed from toxins in the body. And that the body can heal itself, if given the proper nutrition. Henry was impressed by my progress. I had then persuaded Henry to join me and visit Cursio. He had been complaining that his nerves were "shot" and that he wanted to stop taking his medication. After seeing Dr. Cursio, both of us were now on a strict vegetarian diet including juicing and drinking blended salads regularly. We often shared meals together. In a short time, both of us improved our health greatly.

After SVA, we always remained very good friends and coworkers. We shared screenings, performances, etc., at local clubs, especially at Club 57 on St. Marks Street. I was honored to know him and his family. I still wish them all well.

One of my favorite experiences with Hank was in the early '80s, working on a 3D project under the supervision of Count Roger de Montebello at the Globus Brothers facilities. Henry had been working with the eccentric brothers for some time. He liked to share funny stories about them. The project was based on an old fly's eye perception document rediscovered by de Montebello from the 1800s (the concept of taking pictures using a multiple lens matrix—in viewing, no 3D glasses were necessary). The goal of the project was to create a prototype model to be used for future giant 3D billboards. Henry was in charge of all production and hired me to do the principal photography. I was very impressed by Henry's knowledge of optics and plastics. It seemed we worked on the project seven days a week, twelve or more hours per day. The project lasted about a year. It ended when de Montebello passed away. The Globus Brothers then had a showcase of our works at the Javits Center.

Since then, I have watched him start a family and open a studio. He continued on with 3D and many other projects. I also had the pleasure of watching him mature into the respected gallery artist that he was. My dear ol' friend, Rest In Peace, I already miss listening to old country songs together, just hanging out chewing the fat, your infectious laugh, your deep enthusiasm for animation and anything 3D. You will not be forgotten.

—Joel Winston



HENRY'S FILMING OF SCANNY

A most enjoyable, memorable time was watching Henry's filming of Scanny. Scanny is a flexible colorful model figure that Henry created for stop-motion animation. After lighting and camera were ready, it was "action on set" and show time for Scanny!

Henry stood across from Scanny (outside of camera's view). Through movements of his head, arms and legs, Henry communicated to his assistant how he wanted Scanny to act and move through the scene. With much patience and diligence he mimed and directed the lengthy stop-motion process to completion. It was a rare opportunity and great fun to see Henry in action and directing on the set.

—John Lenz





In the nearly forty years that I've known him, one thing was a given: M. Henry Jones was notoriously generous with his time and his resources. Back in the '80s and '90s, when I would go to his tiny apartment to work on a film or some other project, I wouldn't know what to expect when I got there. Often the door would open and a phalanx of talented budding animators, illustrators, and photographers would be crowding the space to practice and learn. Henry would guide them through his chaos and create for them a semblance of order, knowing exactly what he wanted. But also in that mix were the scintillating ne'er-do-wells and the semi-homeless. Like, for instance, the old man who Henry took in that I later came to know as the great polymath, Harry Smith, who knew everything there was to know about everything. Harry was just one of the million characters that Henry had befriended.

Once I walked in on a rare day when no one else was working. A middle-aged man was there. He talked in a very deep, slow-motion voice, kneeling at the sink scrupulously cleaning it with a toothbrush. Henry was there too, of course, holding court with the man. In his typically absent-minded way, he never thought to introduce us, and I was too shy to do the job myself. Later I found out that it was Jack Smith (no relation to Harry), another legendary filmmaker, lending a hand. Undoubtedly, Henry had been helping him out in some fashion and so here was Jack, returning the favor. Unfortunately, Jack would soon succumb to AIDS. But Henry was there for him as he was for so many others. And let's face the facts: who wouldn't scrub a sink with a toothbrush if Henry had asked? No one could resist him. He was our very own Tom Sawyer, asking us to help paint that white picket fence. But that was Henry for you. We'd do almost anything for him.

—Esther Regelson

Some Henry-isms:

Frightmare (used when chaos reigned)

My Lord and Savior! (often said when he was mentally and physically drained from too much work)





. tom Marsan. M. Hag 1985





M. Henry Jones has always been Uncle Hank to me. My entire life Uncle Hank was the super creative uncle who forge his own path in life through art. Growing up around more typical 9-to-5, forty hours per week career path folks, I was always fascinated by and admired Hank's spirit and commitment to making his way in life by doing what he loved, regardless of the struggles that may come.

My early memories of Uncle Hank were when he would visit us in New Jersey. Since he worked odd hours and long days in the city and was typically exhausted upon arrival, Hank would find a sunny spot in the grass to fall asleep. On one occasion, my dog Sam took the opportunity to steal Hank's glasses that were lying beside him in the grass. Sam then performed her own version of art by chewing them up. Around dinner time Uncle Hank would be awake and starving. On especially large meals like Thanksgiving, it was not unusual to see Hank with his forearm resting on the table on the far side of his plate, shoveling in as much mash potatoes and turkey as his body could hold. This image always made me think of him as being an inmate in prison and not wanting any of the other cons to get near his grub. After dinner the whole family would play games and talk. The conversation would always drift to Uncle Hank and his current projects. Many times, Hank would have brought examples of what he was working on or art projects that he had recently finished. These evenings would always be a fun mix of show-and-tell or art-gallery display.

One project that Uncle Hank did that I was really impressed with was an animated America's Best eyeglass commercial. This was especially so since the commercial aired on our local TV channels, and I could tell my friends, "My Uncle Hank made that commercial," whenever it played. Since I was paying so much attention to the commercial, I noticed something peculiar. The commercial featured Ben Franklin and in one segment Ben says, "A penny saved is a penny earned," while two pennies fly out of his hand. The peculiar something was that the pennies had Abraham Lincoln's face on them. Did Uncle Hank's commercial unintentionally feature a time traveling historical figure? When I pointed this out to Uncle Hank, his mind was blown that I had spotted a historical timeline discontinuity within his commercial. But art, with a paying customer, could not be slowed down by such trivial details.

All my memories of Uncle Hank, including the few mentions above, just remind me of what a creative and singular individual he was. As an adult now, with a typical 9-to-5 job, I have so much more respect for Uncle Hank now. His drive and commitment to stay true to his passion and art and support himself and his family on what his creative skills could provide are inspiring. Uncle Hank, you will be missed!

—Whitney Canfield





I don't remember what prompted me to attend a particular program of films one night back in 1987 at Films Charas, an arts/community center in the East Village; I'm sure I knew nothing of the presenters or their work. I do remember the two final pieces shown that night in that musty auditorium: works by M. Henry Jones. Both were animated shorts—effectively, music videos—one surrounding a catchy song “Go-Go Girl” by the Nervus Rex, the other “Soul City,” featuring a raw, rousing performance by The Fleshtones in a garage band vein that happened to be musically just my taste. The first piece got my attention with its minimalist, at once jerky and fluid op-art visual aesthetic. But the second piece was arresting, for the brash music certainly, but particularly for the inspired frenetic, hallucinogenic digressions that Jones animated into the piece. I found it thrilling.

The young, lanky filmmaker spoke briefly about his work afterwards, putting a face to the name. I was excited by *Soul City* and wanted a copy to share with friends. I approached Jones after the show to share my enthusiasm and ask if it would be possible to obtain a copy of the film if I could somehow supply him with a video cassette. “We should be able to arrange that.” He then immediately asked, “what are you doing?” He spoke in an urgent clipped manner that made me think of a Hollywood G-Man, which seemed at odds with his East Village appearance. “What am I doing right now?” or in general? I wondered which he meant. I figured the latter and told him that I was unencumbered, as I had just finished college and was not yet employed. “Why don't you come work for me?” he asked. I was a bit surprised by this proposition as he knew nothing of me, except that I liked his film...and maybe that I had attended art school, if I mentioned that. I asked what he had in mind, and he told me “model-making,” and various production tasks for his film projects.

So, I began a stretch as one of his production assistants, showing up on an intermittent as-needed basis at either Globus Brothers Studio, a photography facility in Chelsea to which he had access, or his flat on East 9th Street with its peeling paint and tenement bathtub in the kitchen. Sessions at Globus had a professional air and seemed reasonably productive; those at his apartment were dubious, owing to Henry's continuous distraction by the formidable inventory that cluttered his apartment, a mix of pop cultural detritus, a curious bounty of spray paint cans, piles of props from past projects, art supplies, animation cels, and more. I was often at a loss to see what purpose my presence served when I was ‘working’ there, spending much of my time taskless as some passing association triggered Henry to set off digging up a special plastic toy that suddenly seemed vital to the moment, often something slightly unseemly, like a ‘space doll’—or a sketch that seemed to have no practical relevance to the current assignment. Often, he was unable to locate the object of his hunt. In this setting, which felt more like a small warehouse than a home, his distraction seemed almost perpetual. I was fascinated by his environment, partly given my own penchant for accumulating things, but I also saw in it a cautionary tale of the perils of too much stuff.



Adding to the overall inertia there, Henry needed just the right music to be playing at any given moment, which meant he was also off tunneling for a certain cassette, buried somewhere behind something. Despite the unpredictability of workflow, production sessions were always lively. He had an ever-rotating crew of hip young artists and musicians, who provided interesting conversation and generally validated the enterprise of East Village Bohemia that contextualized our efforts.

Eventually I moved on from Henry and found a more structured, if less entertaining, work situation that would provide me with a more stable platform to support my own creative pursuits. Still, I would see Henry every year at the Christmas party of Tom Marsan, whom I met and befriended while working for Henry, and occasionally at various cultural outposts in the East Village. Seeing Henry each year provided a fond reminder of my early days of independence in New York City, and fixed him in my mind as a rare example of uncompromising artistic devotion. Although my period working for him was relatively brief, it etched a defining contour in my existential landscape.

—Jon Herder



Goodbye my dear friend and animation mentor,
M Henry Jones. You were ahead of your time and are now a timeless art legend.
Thanks for making this old world more trippy.

Your influence on me was profound.
A tether to NYC when I first dropped into the East Village and met the people through you who would
come to change my existence forever and be my best friends for a lifetime.

Here are the photos from the '90s I could find of Henry and friends at SnakeMonkey NYC and from
productions he worked on with Rachel Amodeo, and of Atticus Jones as a baby.

Life is but a dream.

Love you forever Henry.

—Dame Darcy





Anyone who was friends with Henry knew he loved 3D photography. Sometime in the early 1990s I was able to save up and purchase a Nimslo 3D 35mm film camera. They weren't easy to find. I took it everywhere until I brought it to a Buzzcocks show (I don't even remember the venue) and sure enough it was smashed to the ground by a slam-dancer. I was devastated.

The next day I happened to be visiting Henry's studio on 9th Street and told him my broken camera sob story. Without missing a beat, he turned and opened an old metal cabinet filled with vintage cameras and photo equipment, pulled out a brand new Nimslo camera, and gave it to me. I still have it.

—Rose Bevins



There are not enough words, not enough notes, to describe M. Henry Jones. Hanging out and working with him in SnakeMonkey Land was an incredible experience. Artists, musicians, and other effluvium would either be working for Henry, or just flowing through the gallery. Great cast of characters that Henry was proud to call his friends, and to support. Never met anyone like him. He even let me store a copperhead in his freezer for a few months. And Dirt Girl was there.

In about 1991 I had a big fire in an apartment I lived in on the Lower East Side. I told Henry about it and all the shit I lost. I couldn't deal with going in there again. Barely got out with Talon and my lives. I told Henry about the artwork, films, and journals I had in there. I was freaking out. Henry calmed me down and said that we were going in there. We kind of broke in there past the Fire Department tape. Henry went into Eagle Scout mode. We plowed in, and that charred sweet and sour smell sickened me. Henry brought out rubber gloves and started going through the wreckage. I just wanted to leave, looking at waterlogged, charred books; I didn't want to think about the condition of films and audio.

But Henry filled up bag after bag. I walked away with two bags. Henry grabbed a few bags also, probably because I might think them important later. Most of the films and other art I've done would not exist if it weren't for Henry. He's a hero to me. A legend and an inspiration. I'm proud to have been his friend. LVX!

—Tommy Turner





I met Henry and Rachel in late spring of 1993. I worked painting cels for Henry that following summer, for one of his America's Best Eyeglasses commercials.

Hanging out and working at Henry's SnakeMonkey Studio on Avenue A was always very stimulating and entertaining, though sometimes very chaotic as well! A whole host of interesting and talented people worked with him on these commercials and lots of others often just stopped by the studio, which was at street level, to see what was going on. Henry loved to show people what he was working on at any given moment. He would stop what he was doing and enthusiastically give a semi-homeless person wandering in pretty much the same level of respect and attention that he would give a semi-famous (or famous) person who came for a visit. He was a singular and truly wonderful human.

I was so happy when Rachel gave birth to their beloved son, Atticus. Not only was Henry a brilliant artist, but he was also a great dad! He really enjoyed being a papa and Atticus was his pride and joy.

As the years went by, I saw less of Henry, Rachel, and Atticus (life is like that), but it turned out that Henry's second SnakeMonkey Studio, on East 10th Street, is right downstairs from my apartment. It was always nice to run into him and have a little chat and catch up, or just to see him walking down the street with Tiger, often talking on his cell phone.

I will really miss Henry, but I feel very fortunate to have had him as a friend.

—Jennifer Tull Westberg



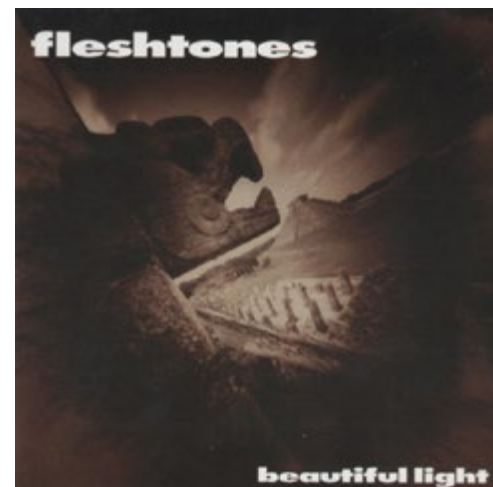


Henry had ways of making amazing things happen, sometimes at a maddeningly meticulous pace for the rest of us. Were we sitting on a bench in Madison Square Park when he first told me about his idea to create a film of my band The Fleshtones by printing 8" x 10" photos from a 35mm motion picture negative? And have I embellished the memory that he had been sleeping on the bench to save money for his projects? But eventually there were teams of girls at his tiny East Village apartment that Henry had charmed into cutting out countless photos to “cycle” for the film. With exact-o knife in hand I joined them for several all-night sessions—a mere drop in the ocean of cut-out 8 x 10s of The Fleshtones. And by the time Henry had a rough cut of the film. He was anxious to project it over the band playing the song “Soul City” live at the little Club 57—the band magically staying in sync with the film.

Later we were ecstatic when Henry agreed to travel down to Mexico as cinematographer for our Beautiful Light promo film on a budget so tight we could only take three of the band to make room for Henry in the tiny Mexican-made VW bug we needed to rent. After an insanely hectic day at the famous ruined city of Chichen-Itza we were getting the last shot we needed—Keith playing his guitar atop a pyramid—when we finally attracted the attention of security. Of course we were shooting without a permit. Worse than being escorted off the grounds, Security also demanded the film Henry had shot. When it became apparent the guards meant business, Henry got to work trying to unload the camera under his jacket that served as an improvised light-proof bag. It was hot. Nervously Henry kept fumbling trying to unload the camera. The security guys were starting to get impatient. Watching them become irritated I was getting impatient with Henry too—“Come on Henry, just give them the film!” Finally, Henry pulled out the roll of film and handed it over to the guards who then saw us off the archeological grounds with a warning not to come back.

We were all pretty shaken. There was absolutely no money in the budget to stay another day at Chichen Itza or to change our flights home. Anyway, Security would be on the lookout for us now. The whole project was a disaster, burning up all the money the record label gave us for the film with nothing to show for it. I was responsible for the whole mess. When we got off the grounds Henry mopped his forehead and gave us that look of his. “I’ve got all the shots.” He had given the guards a blank roll of film.

—Peter Zarembo



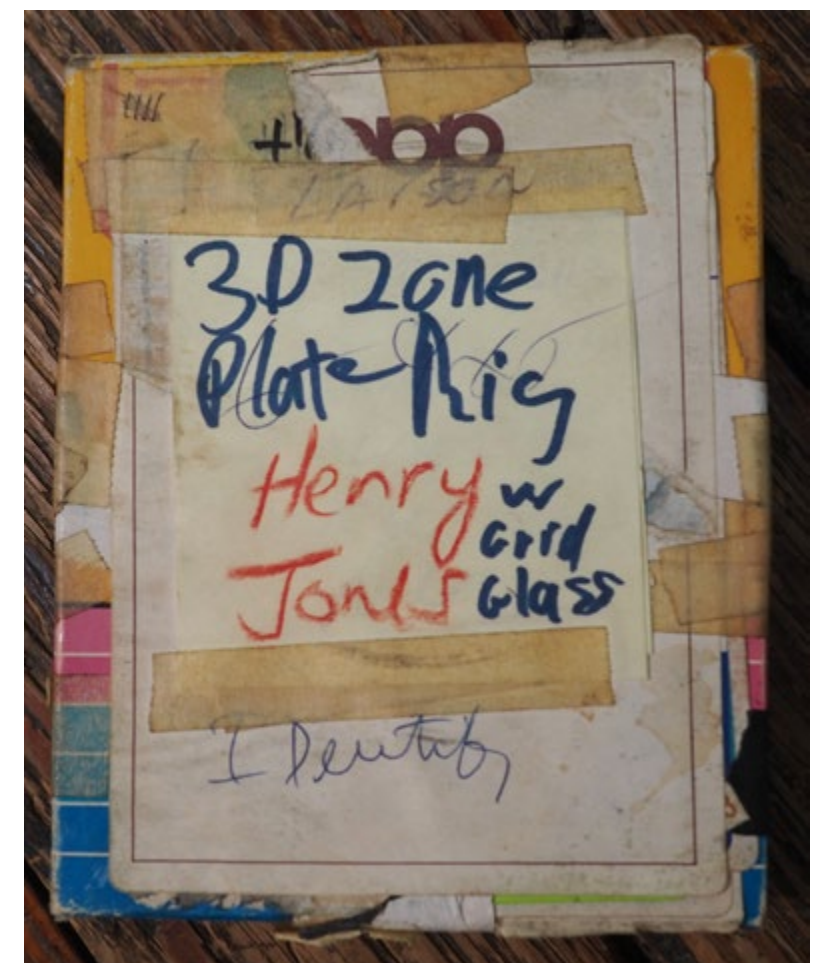


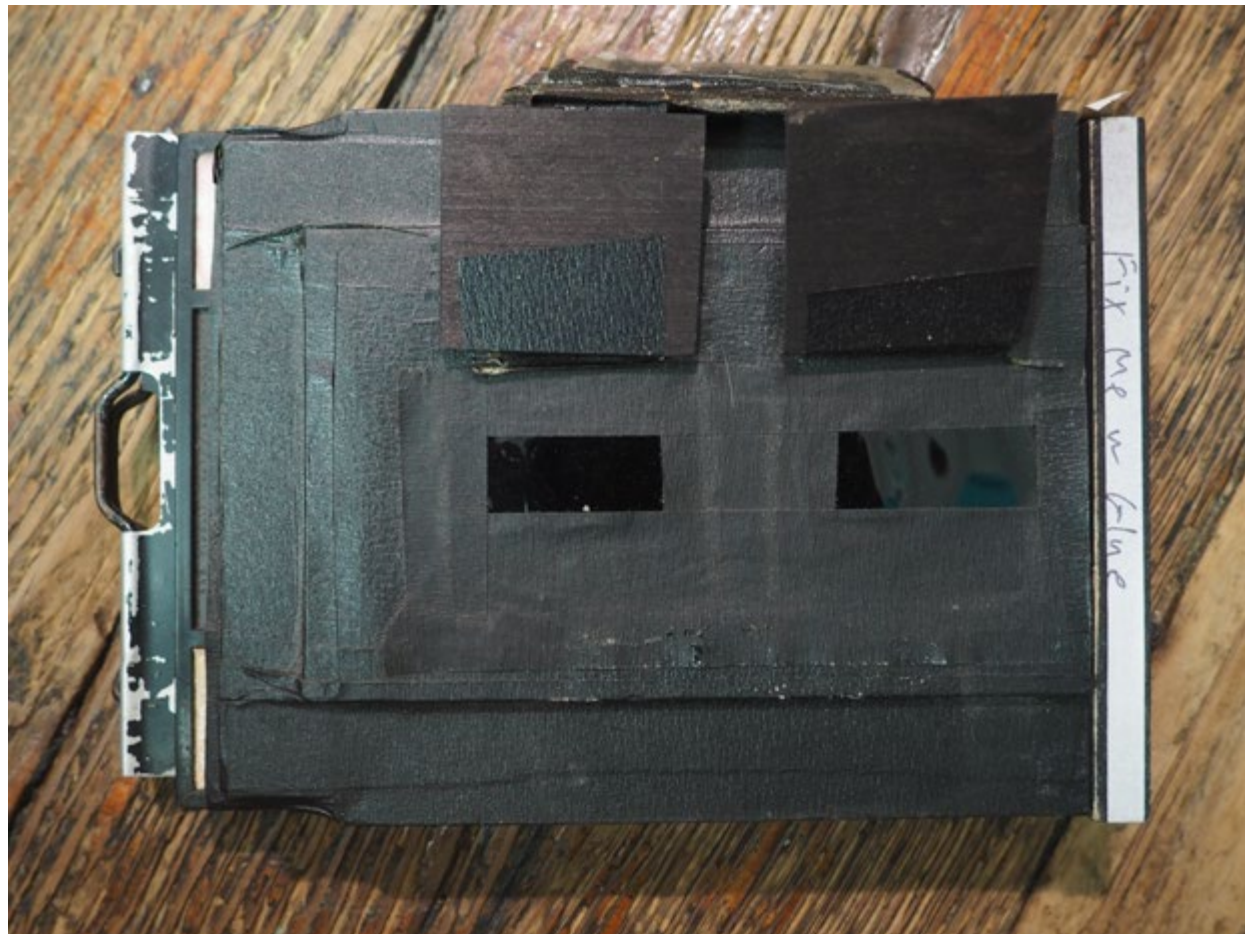
In the early nineties, I was living in Barcelona, Spain, and Henry and Rachel came to visit. We had a great time visiting the sites, and flea markets, having great meals. Henry, of course, brought along an unusual camera. In this case, it was the Zone Plate stereoscopic camera he built himself, which basically was an 8" x 10" film box with two zone plates mounted into it, and shutters. It was more akin to those old-time cameras with a hood or a shoe box pinhole camera. He had to load and unload the film from within a black velvet hood. So as we toured around he would pull out the camera, and go through the elaborate process of loading the camera, and taking a picture. He took pictures of the Sagrada Familia, Pirate Castles in Ibiza, Romanesque churches in the Pyrenees.

While he was on the trip, he found the local photographer society, called The Agrupacio fotografica de Catalunya (<https://afc.cat/>). He went inside and discovered they had an extensive collection of vintage 3D cameras, and he had some conversations with the people. Some time later, he decided he wanted to use the Zone Plate photos to make the mulehead, a large viewer similar to a Mutoscope (<https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Mutoscope>), and bring it to Barcelona and put it on exhibition at the Agrupacio and donate it to their collection. I worked out the details, and the date was set up.

Henry flies into Barcelona two days before the show, and the mulehead is about 50% complete. So we ran around Barcelona, finding obscure supplies to finish the piece. We got to the day of the show, and we brought the nearly completed mulehead, to the Agrupacio, and while doing the finishing touches, there was a major snag, and we needed a drill to fix the problem. So Henry gets a ride from a girl we knew on a Vespa, scootering through the narrow streets to get a drill with minutes left to go. The piece was just finished as people were filing in to see the show. For those of us who know Henry, this is not a very surprising situation, but a great story in the making of his art.

—Keith Lubell





The first thing I knew about M. Henry Jones was that he had worked with someone who had invented a kind of 3D photography and he was working on perfecting it. A woman named Lexicon, who I had met at the west side tow pound and who was giving me a lift back to the east side, was trying to describe it. A few days later, I was at Globus Brothers, after my workday was over, looking at these incredible pieces and listening to the explanation of how the effect was made. I was working for someone who was looking for 3D work for advertising, but not like this. This was art. (My boss wanted “winkies” and I was to learn a bit later that the company that made them shut down not long after I met Henry.)

Henry always was at the center; every time I saw him, something would be getting built, made, painted, created. Every time he met someone new, he asked questions, detailed questions, lots of them, especially when it was a topic that Henry hadn’t really thought about before. It was fun.

Time went by. I had roommate trouble, moved a couple of times, and then got a loft with my boyfriend in a part of Williamsburg that was nearly Bushwick—and that didn’t become gentrified until well into the 2000s—and I made a Thankstaking dinner. I’m pretty sure this was 1987. Henry arrived with Rachel, both of them all dressed up, for our really quiet dinner.

I had a few parties while we lived there; I always wanted to make sure Henry could come and I usually fibbed and told him it started about two or three hours before it really was intended to, just to make sure he was there “on time.” One time he came at the time I told him, and I put him to work setting things out so he wouldn’t leave!

In 1990, we moved to Barcelona, Spain for a while and in spring of 1994, Henry and Rachel came for a visit. It was a whirlwind. There was so much in that city I knew he would want to see and, on top of it, when they arrived, I told them that midway through the visit they were going to go off to Ibiza. It was still kinda cold in BCN and I wanted them to get some sunnier weather. But, first, our city, trying to fit every art nouveau building, every Gaudi confection, the Frederic Mares Museum—five floors in a palace filled with of a collection of literally everything, and all our favorite restaurants in a week.

Once, he nearly got arrested. He had, of course, brought a stereo camera and was using it everywhere. So many of the narrow streets in the older part of the city seemed perfect for taking pictures with it until he stopped on one of the streets that bordered a barracks of the Guardia Civil. From this street on the building’s walls, you really couldn’t tell they were there and, unless you were picturing the map or an ariel view of the barrio, you had no idea. But they were watching him take out this unusual camera and several of them burst out of a narrow, thick wooden door with an iron grille in it and surrounded Henry. Rachel and I were far ahead, almost to the restaurant. Fortunately, another friend who was very good at laying on the charm had been walking right next to him and managed to talk them out of detaining poor Henry for spying. Dinner was really good after that and the next day they went to Ibiza.

Henry returned to Barcelona later to put on an art show at a gallery there. By then, I was back in New York, extremely grateful to Henry for inviting me to stay in his 9th Street apartment until I found a place while I went to CUNY. He and Rachel were living together, and Henry would just come back to his apartment for clothes or supplies. His animation and art was all happening at the SnakeMonkey Studio on Avenue A. Magic was made there. Magic. I miss him.

—Sarah Johnson





I felt Henry truly respected me for what I made. When he hired me to create characters for his Hot Rod eyeglass commercial, he went out of his way to buy way too many of the supplies I suggested and therefore found ways to complicate the whole process. It was funny and chaotic. He mostly hired available people he knew at the time. One night in his studio, I was painting or sculpting—I don't quite remember. I was directly to the left of Henry's shop door on Avenue A. The door was rarely closed and any person or sidewalk character at all could walk right into the place. Henry had great music on his tape deck (yeah those) and on this particular night there was a CRAZY recording of a southern church ceremony where everyone was speaking in tongues and howling over and over. It was super loud and this homeless woman he knew from college stuck her head in the doorway screaming and began speaking in tongues, screeching in symphony with the recording. The feeling was pure Henry in Sensurround.

I love Henry.

—Lisa Barnstone



My younger brother Pete told me that Henry sold his motorcycle when Atticus was born. Safety first.

—Penny Jones

Reception for the Artists Saturday 6pm to 10pm

Outdoor Video Art Screening

BANGIN' IN MY HEAD THE WAY WE WHIRR



NEW "ROCK" VIDEO BY ATTICUS & M. HENRY JONES
Featuring music by **THE HOMOSEXUALS**

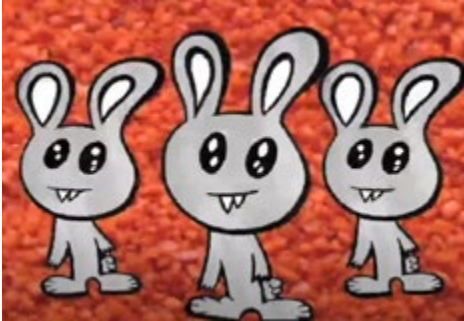
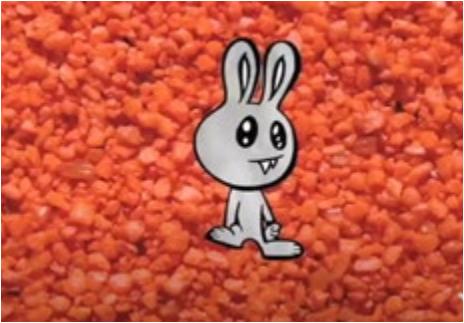
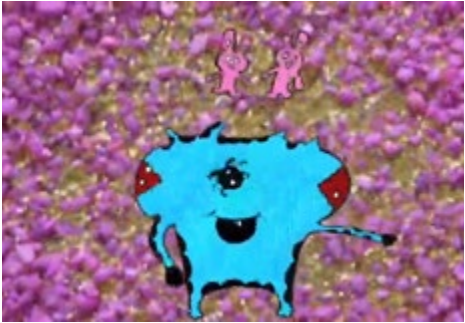
Jonathan Shorr Gallery
109 Crosby Street
212-334-1199
jonathanshorrsgallery.com
September 5 - October 5, 2007
FREE!

OUTDOOR!
Reception for the Artists
Saturday, Sept 29th
6pm to 10 pm

Director: M. Henry Jones
Producer: Bruno Wizard
Video Editors: Tiger Brown & Osvaldo Andreas
Featuring: Drawings by Atticus Jones
Animators: Ago Pugliacci,
Vickie Valles, Matt Karol, Liz Lake, Dame Darcy, Larissa Simpson,
Tom Marsan, Viola, Kristina Berg, Erik Wiekart, Osvaldo Andreas,
Sahar, Bobbie Bennett, Itziar Barrio, Ellen Mareello & Normal Bob Smith

Shirts, bags, and books from the artist's movie on sale September 29th only.
myspace.com/thehomosexuals
snakemonkey.tv







I have many fond memories of being in Henry's workshop surrounded by weird, interesting things that made my imagination wander as a child. I associate the scent of clay and wood with his shop on Avenue A. Henry always seemed to listen quite intensely to what I was saying as a kid, until some spark he found there seemed to take his mind elsewhere, just as his studio did for me. I got to be in films, too. I remember him running around in a giant honey-comb costume with me in a field for the pilot to Dame Darcy's TV show. The last time I saw him we spoke in the same way we always have, which brought back a lot of memories and reminded me that he never spoke down to me as a child. Henry always made me feel that I was a fellow creative.

—Crosby Romberger



**My Love is directly sent for you.
M. Henry Jones.**

Once, we went to an art party. It was cool and Debbie Harry was there. On the drive home I accidentally made a negative remark regarding Ms Harry's choice of attire. Henry stopped the car, turned to me and growled, "She has more sex appeal in her little finger than you will EVER have!"

Lessons learned. Always stand up for the people you love. Respect your elders. A sweater, leggings and a fanny pack is an okay fashion choice.

Once I went to visit Henry on a summer's night. He asked could I mind the studio while he briefly popped out on an errand. HE LOCKED ME IN. Lots of minutes went by, then the most enormous freakin' flying cockroach flew in through the bars and landed not three feet from me. What was I to do but grab the closest weapon and fight. The battle was long but I overcame the beast by decapitating it. It was disgusting 'cos the head and body were still moving and Henry took ages to get back.

Lessons learned. Always be prepared to look after your mates (buddies).

Sometimes, Henry would ring me to have some kind of weekly business briefing. After a while I realized he was taking a bath! I could hear him splashing around and it made me think, "Wow what wonderful multi-tasking."

Lessons learned. Bathe.

I still don't know what the term "like white on rice" means and I'm glad I met you. You introduced me to my favorite people in the world.

M. Henry Jones, I am the luckiest girl to have you as part of my life (even tho you made me tear off hundreds of stamps from envelopes for a recycling project that I have no idea about).

Taku aroha kia koe.

—Sarah Louise Douglas





Often frenetic and animated himself, here Henry stands at Houston and C, transfixed, orange-y, juxtaposed to Tony the Tiger, & reverent. Could have been standing with Betty Boop, Daffy Duck, or any other iconic character inside the pantheon of SnakeMonkey Studio. There, so many of us motored with Henry through the heady, choppy, sometimes exalted atmosphere of the now dispersed rip-roaring East Village artist colony.

Henry, stirring the soup of Collaboration and usually pushing the envelope, walked the red road of Solidarity and Relationship. Henry's portrait of Robert Frank is quintessential of his work: through a "fly's-eye" we gaze into the dimensional old face of a man, stoic and dignified. A man, 50 years earlier, who had framed in photos the everyday and mundane in 1950s America—now lifelike for the ages.

Alas! That dear Matthew Henry never attained the same craggy-faced truth he captured there-in.

—Big Joe Teitler





At some point in 1998, my friends Rich and Jennifer told me we were going to meet for breakfast in Manhattan, after which they had planned a “mystery museum outing” for me. I guess we took the IRT 1 train up to Lincoln Center, because back then, the American Folk Art Museum was up there on Broadway, at about 66th Street. We entered, them having been there and familiar with what was on display, and me having no idea whatsoever with respect to what I was about to be exposed to.

That event was my primal exposure to the parallel universe that is/was Henry Darger. Rich and Jennifer knew that I would instantly love it and become an eternal fan of it and him—the scope and breadth of the work, the imagery, the massive scale, the content, the story of who Henry Darger was, the story of how someone who couldn’t draw could still find a way to create such powerfully personal art, how the work was discovered/rescued/swiped/fought over, et cetera. In fact, I think that the rights to the estate are still being disputed, contested, and fought over to this very day.

Soon thereafter, I had a plan to similarly spring Henry Darger on M. Henry Jones as Henry Darger had been so successfully sprung on me. I wanted it to be a 100% surprise, a total art ambush. As you may know it wasn’t easy to get or take Henry anywhere. His time was always precious and there was always more to do. I had to embark on a campaign to trick, cajole, hornswoggle, finagle, maneuver, leverage, and convince MHJ to burn a couple of hours on a Sunday morning to accompany me on a jaunt to an unknown museum to see the work of an artist whose name I adamantly refused to share with him.

I remember crossing Broadway to the museum. I urged Henry to not look at the name of the museum, any signage or advertisements regarding the show, to not look at anything. I told him that all of these semi-mysterious machinations on my part were for his benefit, and that he was going to be the major beneficiary of my crafty work.

We got in, Henry having dutifully succumbed to my incessant badgering and scolding not to look: “Don’t peek” repeatedly, and incessant barking of the equivalent of “Eyes down, Jones” and “Remember Eagle Scouts honor!” at him in my best martinet voice. I clearly remember that I did manage to get Jones into the room and now all that was in the way of him encountering an artist whom I knew with titanium certainty would super-resonate with him and become a huge and mighty forever favorite was the effortless act of simply raising his eyelids.

Henry opened his eyes, and the scope of Darger’s insanely individual and barely comprehensible hand-cobbled universe was unleashed upon him in both sub-atomic particles and a hyper-quantum wave. I watched him piece things together, gazing at the seemingly impossible thirty+-foot-long, ten-foot-high murals, with the recurring faces and a brutal and bloody battle fought between grizzled American Civil War soldiers and little girls. Don’t remember if little girls with penises were present in these implausible pictures or if they were elsewhere. Henry saw the nearly impossible 12,000-page book that Darger had somehow created, learned of his pair of eccentric fascinations: meteorology, especially storms, and the Civil War. He saw everything and devoured it all, learning of the posthumous discovery of Darger’s work by his landlord. I watched Henry frantically and phrenetically stuffing his brain with snippets, shards, bit, pieces, elements, and nuggets of Dargermania. He learned of Darger’s process of finding images he liked in magazines and newspapers, carefully cutting them out, bringing them to that singular bastion of getting things done photographically, that is, the neighborhood drug store, and requesting they be copied and enlargements be made. And how he then carefully and seamlessly traced these faces onto enormous and unwieldy rolls of paper and somehow created these murals, emphasis on the somehow.

I’m quite sure that Henry Darger played a significant part and role in M. Henry Jones’s intellectual, creative, and artistic life from that point on, and I am easily as happy as a fat swine in muddy muck on a hot summer day in a town that don’t eat pork that I was able to give Henry that unforgettable experience.

—Angelo Pastormerlo





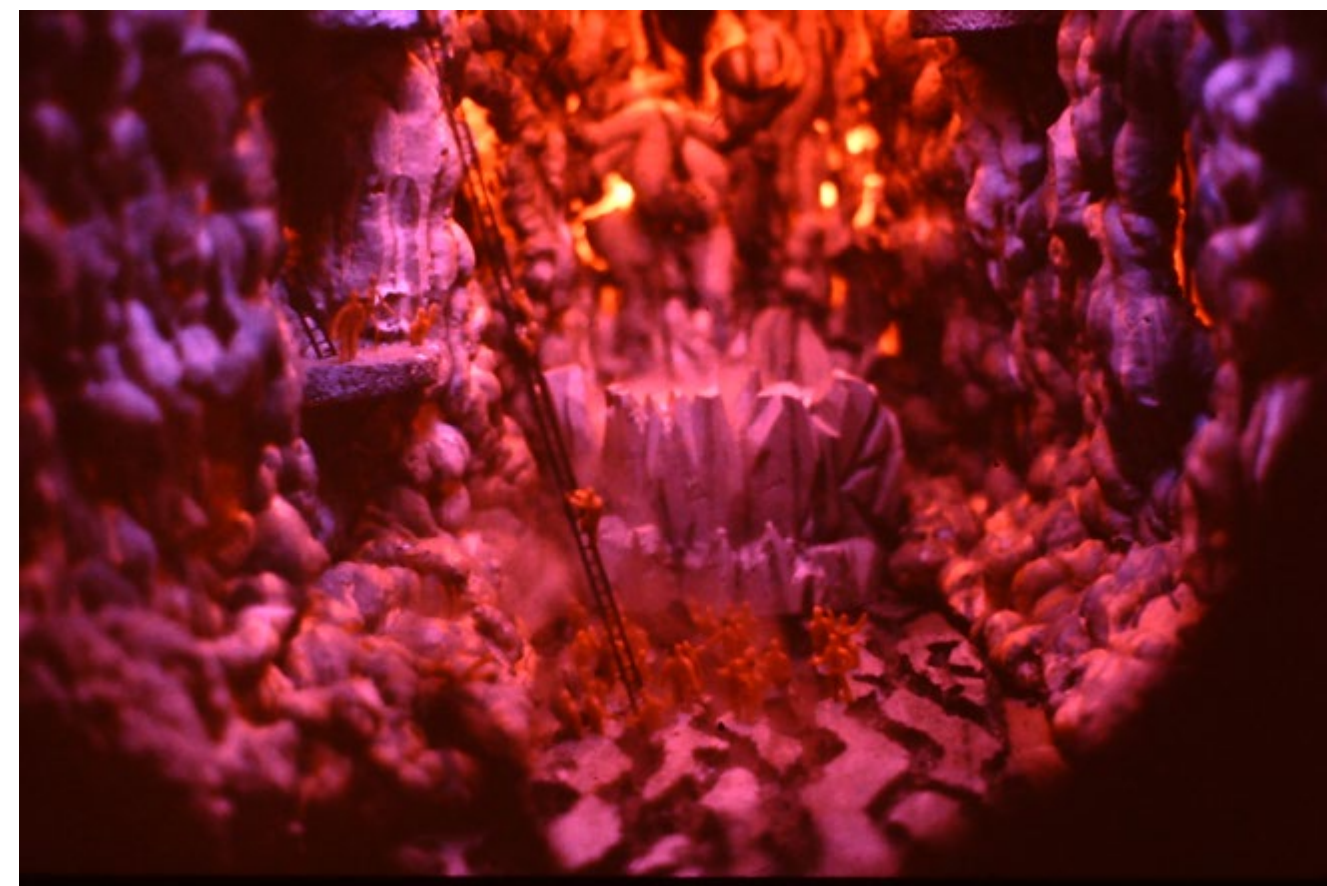
Every April some artist friends and I did an annual art show at the Lightship Frying Pan, Pier 63, West 23rd Street and the Hudson. We called the show “Ship of Fools.” In April of 2000, I took on an ambitious and ingenious idea for an installation. I would attach four boxes over the portholes on the outer side of the Frying Pan. When you were in the boat and you looked out the porthole, you would see the miniature worlds that I was going to build inside the boxes.

I started months ahead, but only managed to completely finish one miniature diorama box. It featured a *Dante's Inferno*-type scene in a cave with stalagmites and stalactites. I was very pleased with the piece, but the fact that I hadn't finished the other three was upsetting to me. I had bragged to my friends that I was going to have four pieces in the show, not just one.

Henry helped me install my piece and I kept apologizing to everyone, “Oh it's only one. It was supposed to be four.” Henry pulled me aside and said, “Why are you apologizing. You have a fantastic piece in this show. No one would know that you were supposed to have more; just tell them this is your piece. Enjoy it.” And I said to Henry, “That's great advice; you're right I shouldn't be apologizing. The piece came out fine.”

It looked great and Henry helped me install it perfectly. It's just a funny little thing that I remember that Henry reminded me that no matter what you do, be proud of it and don't be apologetic if it's not perfect. Great advice from a great man, who always helped his friends. Thanks Henry, my good friend. Missing you, R.I.P.

—John Eberenz, AKA Johnny the Plumber





Remembering M. Henry Jones (and what really matters)

Whenever there was something cool for us to aesthetically evaluate, Henry's wheels of thought sprang into action.

If there wasn't anything cool or valid or curious, that was our signal to make something happen, find something.

Circle back till it rang out and was obvious. We could be discussing toys from the 1950s, pumpkin soup, depth of color,

breast-feeding, or types of plaid.

Didn't matter.

Henry was never bored.

So I met Henry and all my animator friends in the wild and woolly early '80s, through our overlapping time at The School of Visual Arts.

It was all about painting, illustration, film, photography, sculpture, graffiti art, bands, performance art, drinking, drugs (for some), and survival.

We definitely made things happen.

Shows in clubs, apartments, theatres, rooftops, and back alleys, from Coney Island to the Lower East Side.

We made it happen. Henry valued that.

I worked on many jobs for Henry; it was always an adventure. After teaching I would arrive at the shop at 4:00-ish, often with a beer.

I had already put in an 8-hour day. Everyone else was drinking coffee and just waking up.

Didn't matter.

When Rachel became pregnant with Atticus, there was a beautiful party—my first son Eamon was a toddler and he wanted to play with a plunger for the toilet

because that's what kids do, and what is this weird journey our children take us on? And why do I remember that?

So Atticus came along and then my second son Ambrose, and low and behold, I was Atticus' first teacher in preschool art.

I had a great time with Henry, talking preschool art. He always brought me pine cones for my classroom.

And I had a third child, a girl, Avelicia, and we watched them all grow.

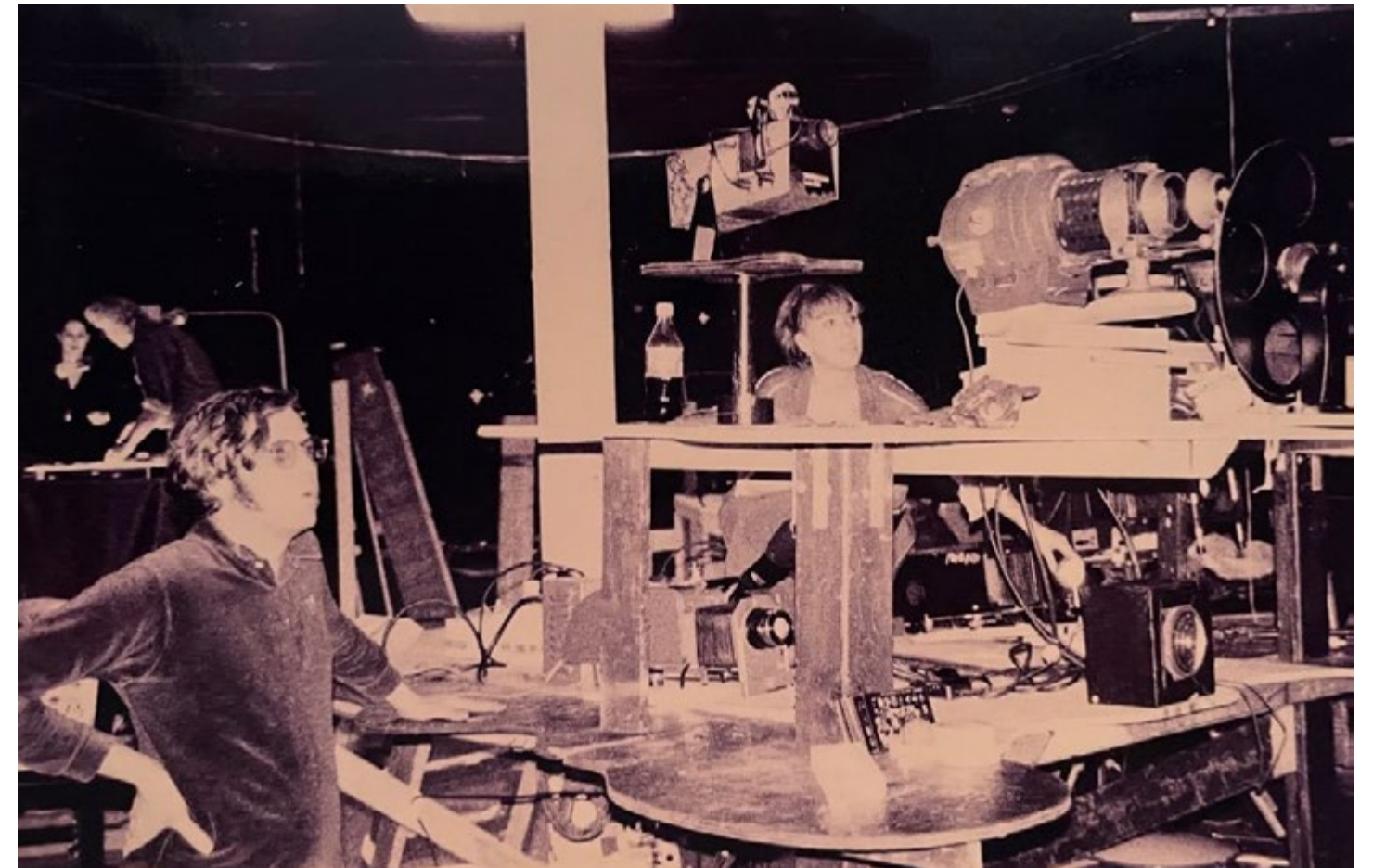
Ambrose and the teenage boys would go to the country with Henry and build fires and smash ice on the river with baseball bats and watch movies into the wee small hours and become young men.

Atticus and Ambrose remain dear friends as adults. The years accelerate. That's what they do.

The children either have the blessing or the curse of parents who are artists, (depending on how you look at it). When the going got tough, we reminded the children that they were loved.

It was so obvious that they were all so very loved, and they were surrounded by people like Henry who had made huge contributions and left tremendous legacies in this wild and woolly world of art . . . this journey of constant aesthetic evaluation, experimentation, risk-taking, dedication, joy and hard work!

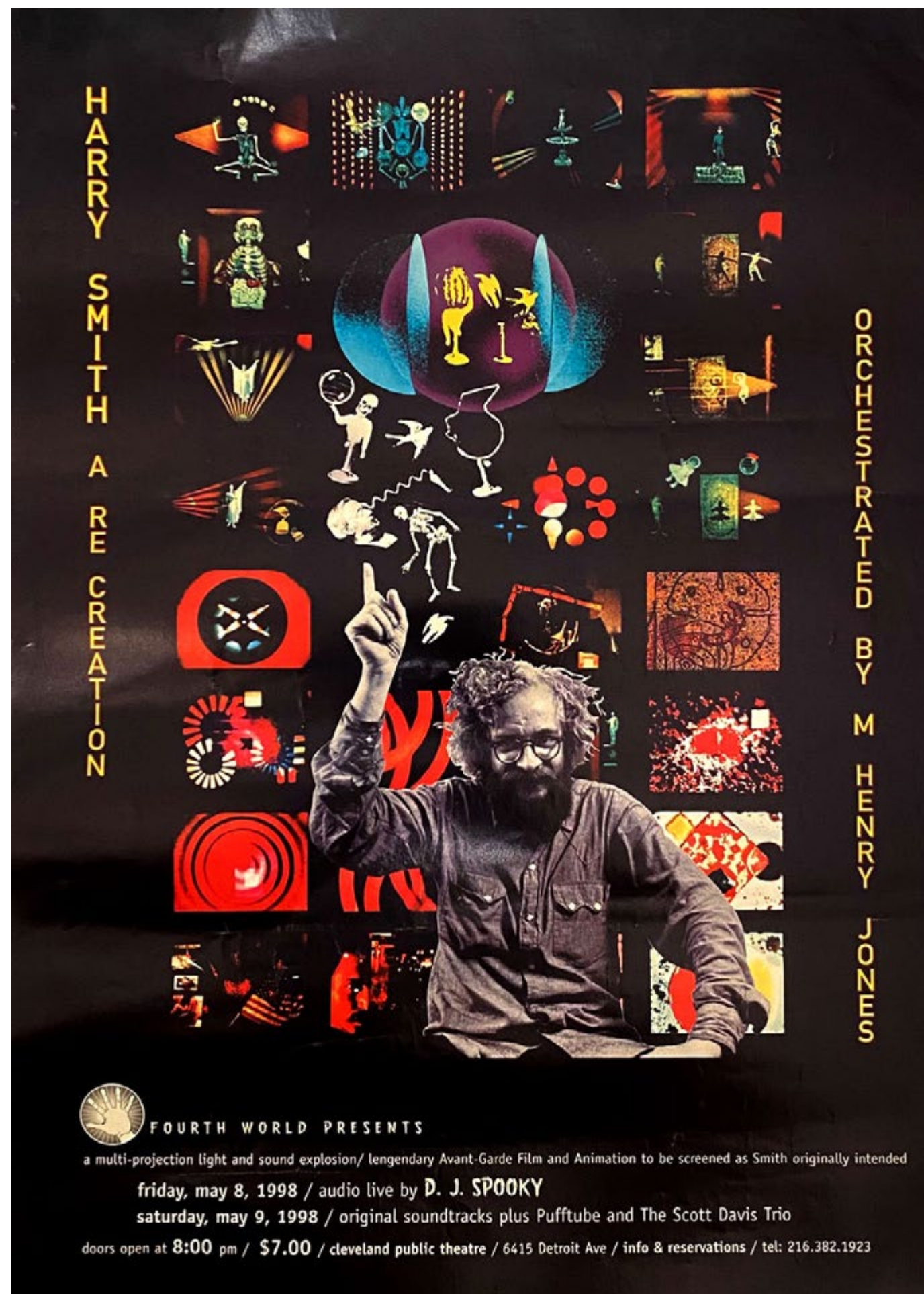
—Eileen Doster



I became the lead projectionist for the *Harry Smith Re-Creation* project when, after sorting, cleaning, and tinkering on the grab bag of projects always underway, I suddenly found myself on a lofted stage in the center of the room at the Ukrainian National Home. We had briefly practiced using some of the equipment at the studio, but I really didn't have much to go on. I suppose I fancied myself a connoisseur of the psychedelic, so I felt at home pushing the boundaries of the visual space. What I didn't realize is that I would spend the next three or four hours straight staring into the bright projected light, cycling through the glass slides and intermittent colored gels without a break or hesitation, in order to keep the live animation interacting with the film. When Henry finally returned to the platform, hours had passed and it was over. I climbed down, ran outside, and proceeded to projectile vomit on the sidewalk. The strobing lights had sickened me to the point of complete hurling nausea.

—Judi Rosen





M. Henry Jones was asked to perform the *Harry Smith Experience* with magic lanterns and Harry's films in Rome at the Nocce Bianco Festival. Paola Igliori made the travel arrangements. I was actually paid for my work. I helped Henry check the magic lanterns, pack the magic lanterns, pack the glass plates and the prints of Harry's animated films, transport these materials to Rome, set up the equipment, and lastly, working with the other projectionists, conduct the event. The *Harry Smith Experience* turned out to be only one of many events of the Nocce Bianco, as it was called, a city-wide all-night affair where all of Rome was invited to keep all the shops and museums and cafes and restaurants open all night, in an effort to stimulate excitement and increase spending and increase tourist revenue and the arts. Since we didn't speak Italian and were not particularly well informed, we had to discover this during the week of preparation prior to the event. The *Harry Smith Experience* rave was held in the ancient Foro Romano, the absolutely huge open-air basilica built by the Emperor Constantine after his conversion to Christianity.

Immediately, the first challenge was that Henry had to build a platform to raise the magic lanterns high enough, so that the projected images were well above the heads of the participants, and so the size of the projected image was large enough to have the proper effect. The place was vast. This was very challenging and for a few days Henry really doubted that he would be able to pull off the show. Creating the platform was made more complicated because we had no translator nor crew to assist us, English or American, and Italian terms at the hardware store required me to draw pictures of the required items down to the screws. Somehow it got built. Then an electrical generator was needed to provide sufficient voltage, so a sizable truck arrived which held a huge generator. Five magic lanterns and three movie projectors utilized AC current and in Italy it is DC, so a conversion was required. Harry Smith and his magical powers from the beyond, via M. Henry Jones, orchestrated a successful opening.

DJ Spooky spun his discs and crowds filled the floors dancing wildly. Rome was illuminated by thousands of white lights, lighting the ancient ruins and shops brilliant white. People were in the streets, crowds everywhere. Back at the Foro Romano, M. Henry Jones was directing his projectionists and preparing the glass slides for exhibition, when suddenly, everything and everybody in Rome was cast in total darkness due to a city-wide power outage, with the exception of the *Harry Smith Experience*—we had the generator. More dancing people flooded the Foro Romano as we continued the slide show. The excitement was palpable, people were not yet phased by the sudden blackout. Everybody was grooving to DJ Spooky and Harry's mythic imagery as one of the bulbs of one of the projectors blew, so now there was only four magic lanterns, and then another bulb blew and then another and then another, suddenly I become aware that only my projector was working before my bulb blew, too. The show was over.

—Johanna Spoorri





—Rachel Amodeo and Atticus Jones





Henry pushed open the gate. He held in his hands a ceiling-fan. He was working up ideas on the stroboscope: big, theatrical, and arty spinning stroboscopic machines out of steel and paper. Were we of symmetric minds? My shop was a blacksmith shop perfectly situated on the edge of Manhattan's 13th Street Squats no more (Dinkins, Pagan). Around the corner was SnakeMonkey Studio.

Anyway, we went to work on the first stroboscopic machine: pulled out a hot-water tank cutoff which somehow we mounted on an axle turning in pillow-blocks rotating the mounted superstructure that would be behind specified animated images that tripped the Bob Franz sensor when a motor was belt-driving the contraption. It was tilted as a Tatlin sculpture.

In Henry's orbit, now I was party to the Harry Smith Show. I was handling a light-cannon with the mandate to distract from the center by going to the edges and dropping the figures away. Figures like bones and skeletons and broken ceramics that were part of his collection of Harry's hand-made 3" x 4" slides.

As gentrification took hold, my forge moved to Kent Avenue, Brooklyn. In the deepening crunch, soon Margaret Bazura and myself also moved to the yard. I had acquired a two-ton hammer, built before the turn of the century—a Baudry leather-belt-drive on a Century 5 horse-power motor. We were ideal to accomplish the cantilevered stairway and railing and two balconies Henry and Rachael imagined for their vaulted addition in Shohola. We 'tapped' the spindles out like scallops. And bulbous balustrades: they are a comfort to brace.

One day Henry enjoined himself to the roofing-gun. We, both of us went up to the Lake to shingle. Shingle his parents' house. His mom, Maxine, charmed different moments with the phrase, "Good people." Good people, she was Native American. There I held a Ming vase (amazing) and looked at a book from his bedroom on Perry's attempt on the South Pole, and met his brother Pete, and Penny. I was ears to the story of Marilyn Bell, on her final leg, her unmerciful coach abusive, berating and (That was not the story we had heard growing up on the other side of the lake) reaching the sand down behind their house. The Union had quartered there during the Civil War. Not only did the house tell the story but belief by the old pine and chestnut barn. On a second trip to Wilson, we demolished the troubled barn. My brother came for a visit bringing Toby and Paige. Receiving Henry's thrift: the 2" by 7" by 12' chestnut joists were a gift. They now frame a wall in our 18-century house out of Walton.

And out of one of the numerous times we met, was it not for his driving Karpowicz here, I would not have filled the Laundry King in Livingstone Manor with the show: "a thing is itself" and Bazura's 360 walkthrough would not have been the first.

Which certainly prepared her for Henry in Garnerville. That show was Galaxies (<https://bit.ly/3SRr2sV>).

—Robert Parker



M. HENRY JONES & THE DOWNTOWN SCENE

Comprehensive film screening with Jones in attendance; Film critic Amy Taubin for discussion; Special introduction by DJ Spooky; Presented in association with UnionDocs.

March 3, 2011
Anthology Film Archives

M. Henry Jones has been a seminal figure in the downtown Manhattan art scene for over three decades. Working collaboratively out of his SnakeMonkey Studio he focuses on perceptual phenomena exploring color and sound relationships that investigate the effects of sequential fragments of motion. We will present not only Jones' classic music films *SOUL CITY* and *GO-GO GIRL* but also the premiere of the newly completed *BRAND NEW CADILLAC* featuring *The Zantees*, and some previously unscreened high school films, commercials, and a sneak preview of works-in-progress. DJ Spooky collaborated with Jones on numerous Harry Smith magic lantern shows and will introduce the program. There will be a conversation after the program with Jones and film critic Amy Taubin. Curated by Steve Holmgren from UnionDocs.

Thursday, March 3, 2011 at 7:30 PM at Anthology Film Archives in Manhattan (2nd St and 2nd Ave). Call 212-505-5181 for more information.

There will be an after party at *The Beauty Bar* (231 East 14th Street between 2nd/3rd Avenues) following the screening. On view will be some of Jones' latest 3-D fly's eye photography. Special guest DJ's will spin wild rock 'n' roll 45's from 10 PM to midnight!





Henry liked to keep the door to his studio open to the street. Thirty years ago, 13th and Avenue A was a no man's land. No mans, no bars, no nothing. Just a rat and roach exterminator's office on the corner and a small Mom and Pop Italian specialty shop that Henry kept afloat with his addiction to cappuccino.

It was about 2am. We were working on the mermaid eyeglass job and Henry was torturing me—having me mix fifty shades of green so that he could pick the exact perfect color for two seconds of seaweed animation. The cassette machine was playing Daniel Johnston's "Songs of Pain" for the one billionth time when in wandered three people, two guys and a girl. I'd seen all types come in and out of SnakeMonkey Studio but these three were a first—YUPPIES!

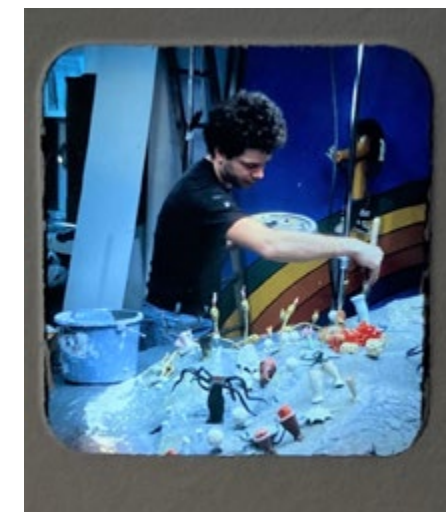
Out slumming in the East Village, they had accidentally stumbled into Henry's shop thinking it was some sort of far-out bar. They strolled in like they owned the joint but were immediately transfixed, the stupefying visual cacophony of SnakeMonkey Studio overwhelming their urban professional minds. The two gob-smacked guys with eyes agog slowly swiveled their heads looking about, trying to make sense of what they had walked into. One of them said, as if to himself: "What IS this place?"

Now, anyone who knows Henry knows he loves to play Show-and-Tell. He was in his glory. No gewgaw went unturned, no gimcrack overlooked. He told them about every project, past, present, and future, and when he had run his course, the girl said in a disinterested and dismissive tone: "Well, if you ask me, this place just looks like someone's messy garage." Her put down completely unhorsed Henry, but eventually became a running gag between us. Yuppies had breached the gates and set foot on SnakeMonkey terra firma.

In the years to come, swarms of these locusts would descend upon the East Village and devour a neighborhood that, in its time, was the coolest place in the Solar System. M. Henry Jones had a big hand in making it the coolest place, and in his other hand he had a large cup of coffee.

I'll see you on the other shore my old friend and very dear friend.

—Tom Marsan





I first met Henry at the School of Visual Arts in 1977 and we have been friends ever since, we have also worked on many film projects together.

One day in 2011 Henry called me to do a music video with him up in his house in Pennsylvania for his friend and neighbor Paul Eilbacher. It was a country music video. I said this sounds interesting and I'll do it. A few days later Henry and I loaded up the car with all the equipment and we headed up to Pennsylvania. When we got there, we met the band and talked to Paul about the video. It was early evening, and we were sitting by the creek with a big fire, and it was pretty, and I started imagining what the video would look like.

The next day we started the music video and we shot for the entire day with live sound. Henry was the Director, and I was the Director of Photography, the song was good, it turned into a long jam thirteen minutes long. Henry and I laughed that it was the longest music video ever.

The next day we are about to leave and then all of a sudden, a hurricane hit. Rachel called us from New York saying that all the bridges were closed and that it was going to be a bad storm and we really should not leave because it would just be too dangerous for us to come back. So, the decision was made, and we ended up staying in Pennsylvania for three more days.

It was beautiful when the hurricane hit. Henry and I kept on shooting, and we used a lot of that footage in the music video because it was amazing. At that point, the wind on the trees picked up and then the river got high, then the water went over the street, and it was wild and beautiful. Being in the country in the hurricane was a little scary because we were worried about the trees hitting the house and the cars, but it was a wonderful experience being with Henry and Tiger. At night Henry would cook dinner and we would talk, then watch a movie if the power did not go out.

So, after about three days we finally left. About two miles from their house, we were going up a hill and as we got to the top of the hill, we saw about 100 yards away a fallen tree blocking the road with workers cutting the tree, Henry hit the brakes but since we were going downhill, we barely stopped about one foot from the tree. Henry and I looked at each other and we both said that was a close one and sighed with relief. We realized that is why we did not leave earlier.

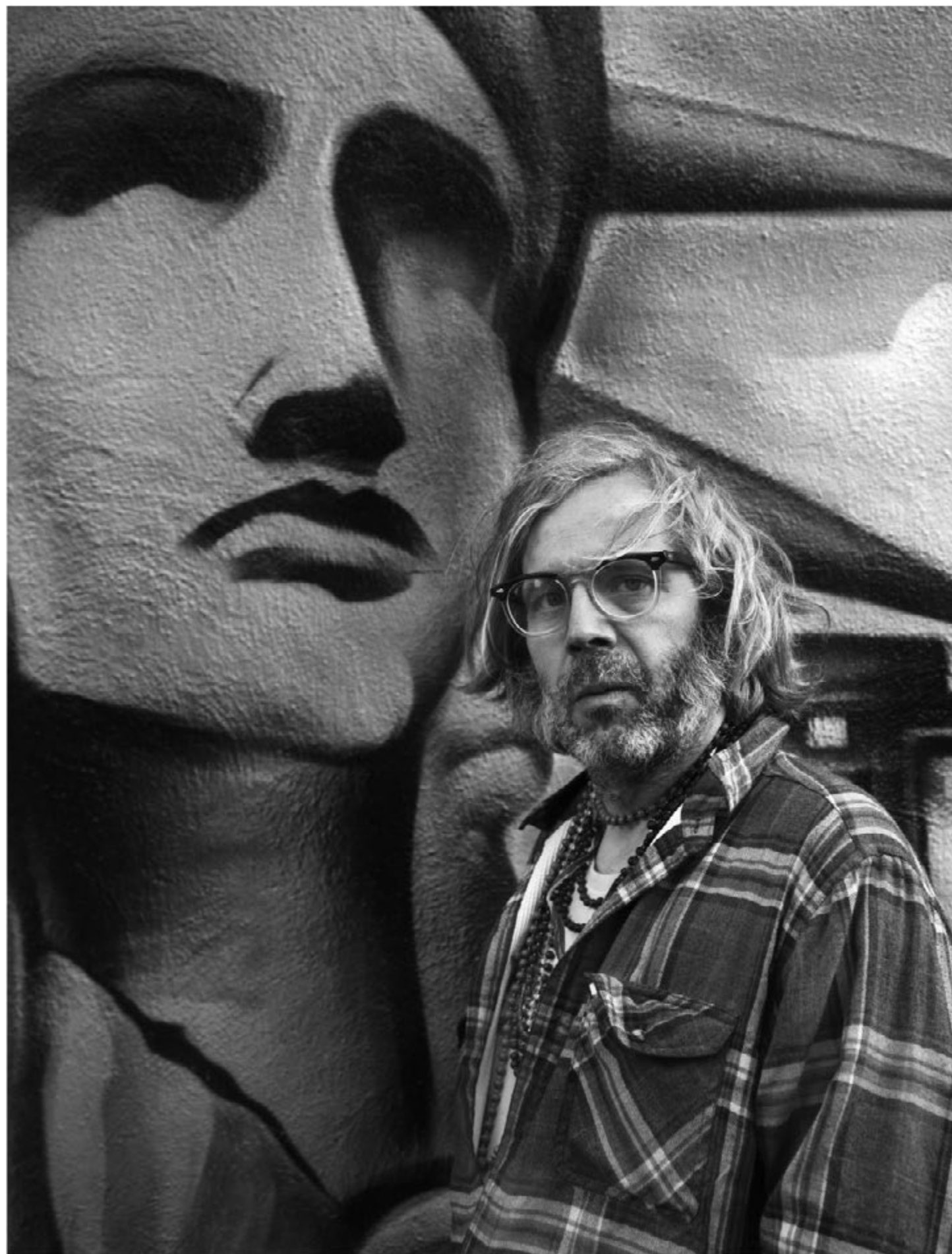
When we came back to New York, we finished the video. Overall, it was a great and wonderful experience to be with my good friend Henry and to spend five days together with him and Tiger. I will never forget it. It was a beautiful trip.

—Mark Brady





—Rachel Amodeo and Atticus Jones



Henry and I didn't know each other at SVA. We were the same age and graduated the same year. Twenty-seven years later, our children became friends, which was a lucky introduction for us.

Over time, my daughter and I were included in the goings on at Henry's studio, where at one point she was working on cut-out sequential photos of herself walking into the mouth of a coelacanth, even as I was finishing the construction of the fish.

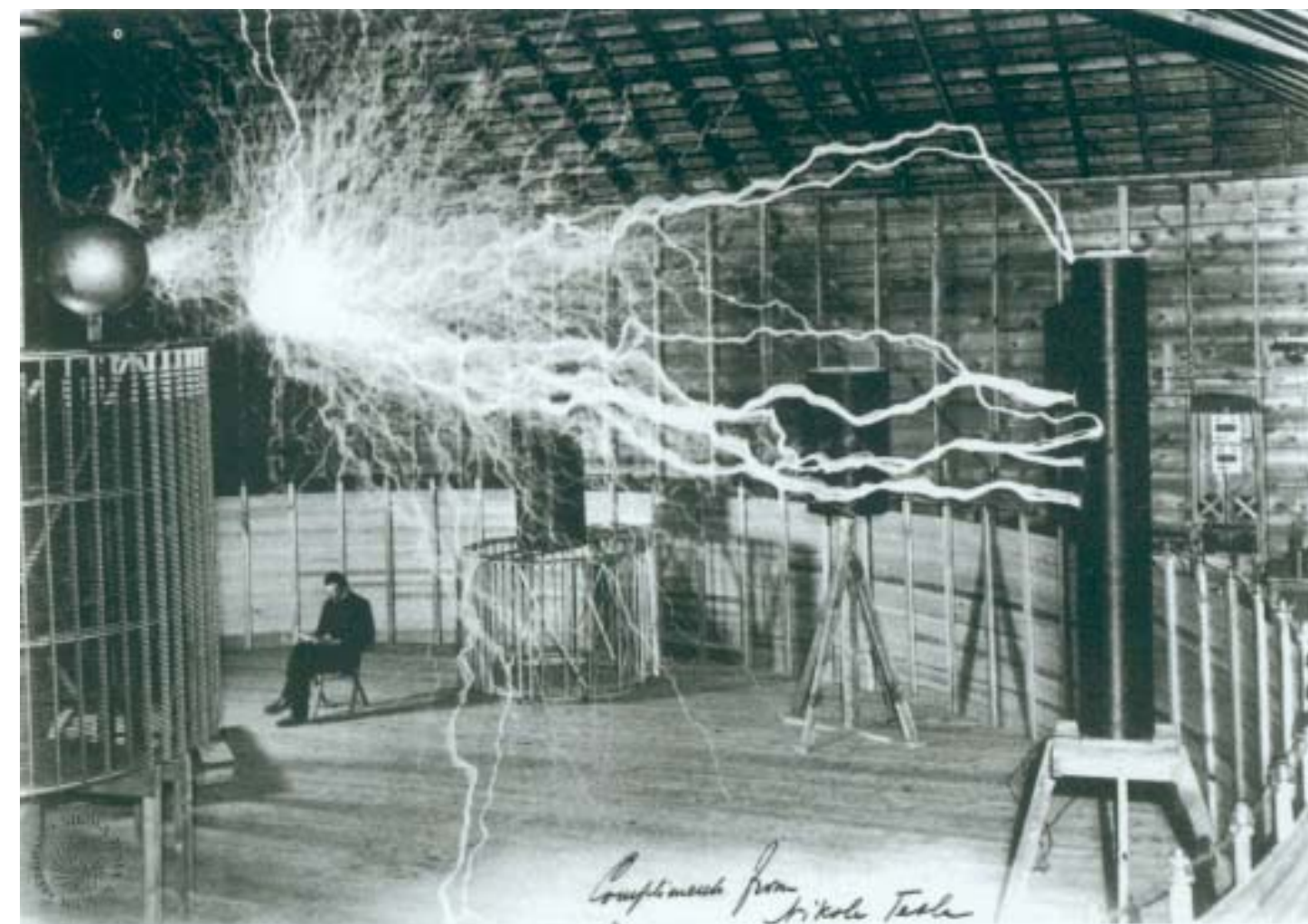
It wasn't until years later, at Henry's retrospective in Buffalo, New York, that I observed the origins of Henry's inclusivity. His family, large by today's standards, were at the reception of the retrospective. Henry was happy. Tired, too.

I was so truly grateful for Henry's tour of Niagara Falls that day, as he explained the generators powered by the water, and the larger-than-life bronze statue of Nicola Tesla, covered with pigeons and frozen urine, losing no dignity to these. Henry pointed out original generators, surpassed in potential by the millions more kilowatts generated by alternating current. Thanks, Tesla.

This bright, cold day, Henry's inclusivity explained itself to me. He spent formative years in enormous surroundings, with an abundance of space and time, air, water, companionship, privacy. As to work, he pursued his projects to perfection, with little concern for the time and space demanded. There was a lot to respect in that.

Apple, Heart, Daisy was always a solace. The days at the well were rueful at times, life-changing at other times. For as long as I live I have Henry to thank for sharing a very large life and an enormous vision.

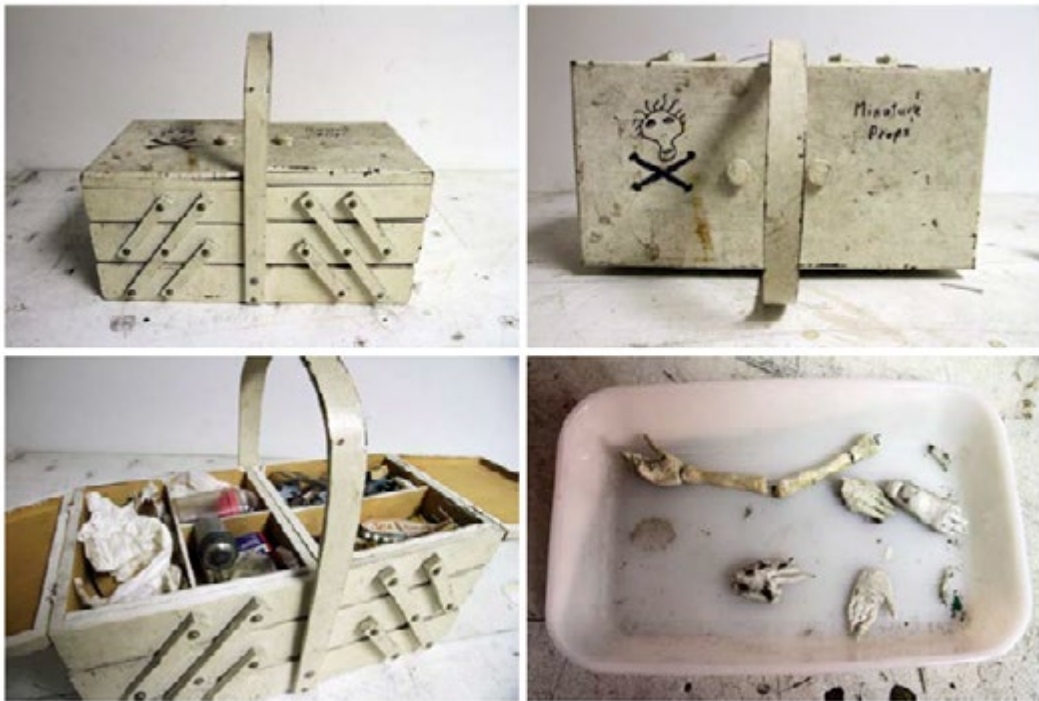
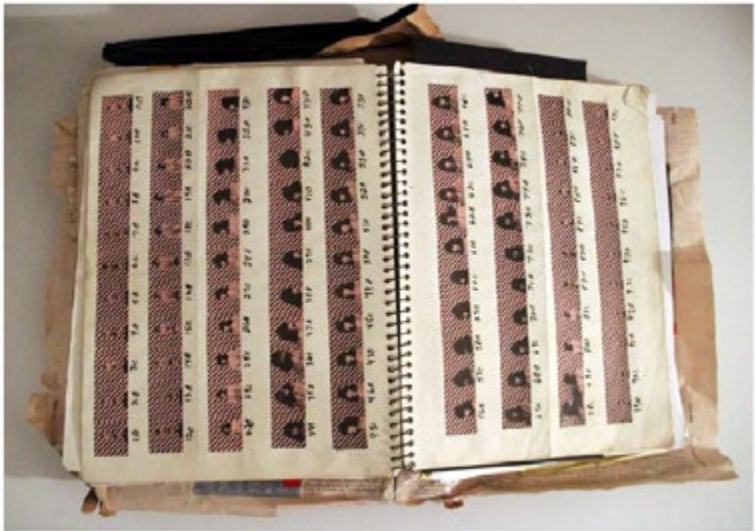
—Elizabeth Tisdale

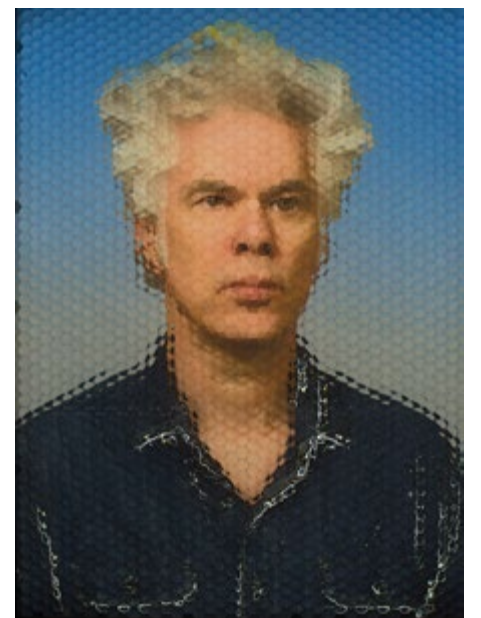
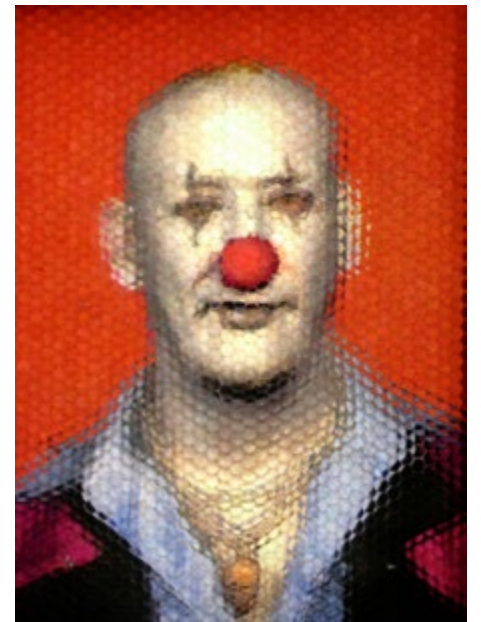




The scientific possibilities come first in M. Henry’s work. The image is almost just a tool to show off the magic. He is like a painter who labours long hours to create a beautiful portrait just so he can show you the brushes he made it with at the end. The depth of process and relentless experimentation is akin to Alberto Giacometti, and in part he shares a similar mantra of “keeping going to see what new mistakes he is capable of.”

—Text and photographs by Simon Henwood
from *M. Henry Jones: Archives Volume 1* (unpublished)





Bringing this
exhibition to light
was made possible
only by the years
of untiring dedication
given to the
Fly's Eye quest
by my collaborators:

Keith Lubell (Software, Optics)
Paul Ellsacher (Toolmaker)
Tom Ellsacher (Mold Designer)
David McCormack (Polyurethane Expert)
Mark Reinertsen (Capture Photographer)
Frank Linkoff (Lighting & Digital Processing)
Kristina Berg (Photoshop Matt Riecherer)
Rachel Amodeo (Producer)
Daniel Jay (Virtual Puppetry)
Glen Stevens (Virtual Puppetry)

- M. Henry Jones



FINDING M. HENRY JONES

In 2001, I was pushing Sony, Armani, and Microsoft to present daring art exhibitions, and when they asked me to curate they all asked me about a mysterious artist no one could find: M. Henry Jones. I had heard mythic stories about this inventor/artist who made the first music video and had been creating animating sculptures in clubs. I wondered, “Is he a nightclub myth?” Then I realized I had seen several of his sculptures myself in clubs and exterior club windows. I was directed to a few of these, but no info, no contact, no Henry, just crumbs to follow. I was working in various art circles, and several artists in the East Village said they could introduce me to Henry in a couple minutes, but then they vanished.

Soon after, I started a Free for All Art Salon on Chrystie Street, and an unassuming artist came in with a suitcase and asked if he could hang some work. I said, “No, I haven’t seen the work and the walls are full.” I turned around a few minutes later and in the middle of the room on the floor he had put 100 crazy colorful little paintings that stole the show. Within seconds everyone was oohing & ahing as Brian Leo hung half his paintings on thumbtacks. The Salon erupted & at this apex Brian told me he had a show at Henry Jones’ spot in the East Village; he was good friends with Henry and immediately had him on the phone. Henry was suddenly real.

I didn’t quite believe it until I met Henry the next day & was entranced & irresistibly attracted to his charms & his inventive creativity, & by the beehive of energy around him. I immediately curated Henry into three shows for clients who promptly cancelled all shows when the Twin Towers melted & the world broke its first leg on its techno-totalitarian romp. But I had met Henry & we were off to the races.

I started hanging out with Henry in his studio & talking with him & about him incessantly. I had found the mysterious polymath & he was down to earth brilliant, and infinitely inventive. I was awed by his innovation & energy, his studio and storage, artist friends, his wife & son, his history & his fly’s eye photography. We went on to do a range of art projects, not least of which was a retrospective at Garner Arts Center, “Pushing the Optical Envelope,” coupled with shows of Rachel’s, Atticus’ & Robert Parker’s work. After extending the show for a year, Henry & I had one night to deinstall the massive show, run it to Shohola storage, & get back to New York for his family trip to Hawaii. Preternaturally cool, Henry made it back to New York within fifteen minutes of departure.

I had entered Henry’s warm embrace when he was at a new pinnacle of discovery with the whirring of invention of his unwieldy enigmatic sculptural machines and his Fly’s Eye 3D. I wanted Henry’s work on exhibition on Crosby Street, at GAC, at Chrystie Street Salon, at Conde Nast, in UNESCO’s Year of Light, and everywhere I could place his transformative discoveries.

Henry & Rachel introduced me to magnificent artists & to their thriving art & social scene. I frequently observed Henry in action, visiting him in both his fantastical studios. I was touched by the buzz of collaborating artists, & joined in myself. He never closed his door to me or to guests I brought at any hour. He was instrumental in the legendary East Village scene of clubs, galleries, abandoned buildings, & streets, and thrived in that atmosphere. Henry was a lightning bolt of artistic energy, pulling profound work out of the ether to astonish and awe us.

—Jonathan Shorr





Herewith a taster on M. Henry, a fellow I have marveled at for many years, for his relentless curiosity, his kindness, and much, much else. A few years back I asked if there had been a single experience he remembered as pushing him onto the road he took: Yes. He had been with his mother, an activist. “I saw Girl Scouts taking bleach bottles and turning them into animals, with glitter and gravel and different kinds of knickknacks,” he said. “That really blew my mind. And my next thought was what could you do with it if you could bring it to life? And that is what I have been trying to do for my entire career.”

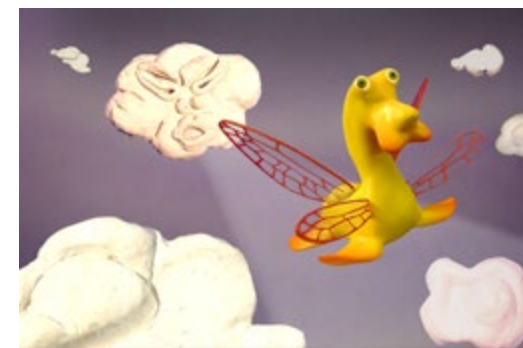
M. Henry had soon begun conjuring his own creatures, his being demi-mechanized. Artists have been eyeing emergent Tech from its beginnings, usually with an unfriendly eye, as when the Czech, Jan Kremer, created RRR—*Rise Robots Rise*—a hundred years ago. Not so, M. Henry, who clearly felt affection for the creatures he would devise. Consider Slatherpuss, the big jowly hangdog creature who came into being in his teens, who he took as a kind of add-on to his life, and of whom he made a lushly nursery-ready painting, setting him in a green field beneath a sky full of clouds that look as desirable as floating cream puffs.

And that M. Henry, of course, can helpfully be confronted with an altogether differently focused M. Henry Jones, the one who noted that he was excited about moving on from a video background to pieces with a computer background so that they could import the Fly’s Eye technology. “The most important thing about the Fly’s Eye is that you don’t have to wear glasses to see it. You just walk up to it and its 3D all the way around,” M. Henry told me. The combination of cutting-edge tech and fetching story reminds me of somebody, yes, Walt who?

—Anthony Haden-Guest

The origin and future of Slatherpuss were discussed at length in Henry’s interview with Anthony Haden-Guest at “Pushing the Optical Envelope,” Garner Arts Center, 55 West Railroad Avenue, Garnerville, N.Y., November 21, 2015.

The interview can be seen at <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ArtUSlaFPt0>.

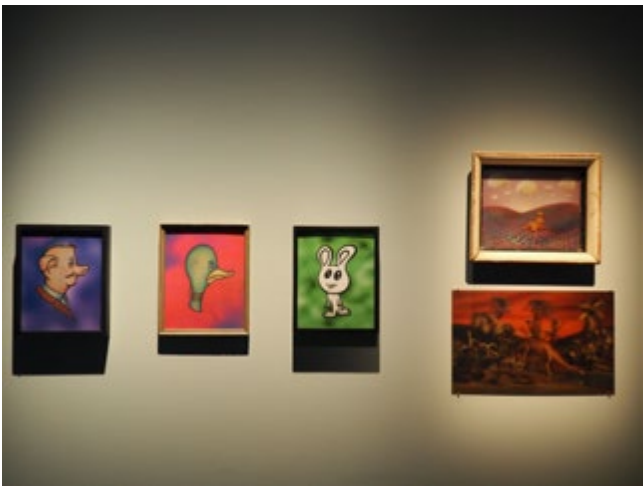




I remember when writer/art critic Anthony Haden-Guest first introduced me to Henry around 2016. My first thought was, “This guy looks like one of those mad scientists from the movies!” As I got to know him over the years and discovered the genius of his work, my opinion pretty much remained unaltered, but in the most respectful way. He was brilliant, quirky, and passionate about his work—and I loved to exhibit his 3D Fly’s Eye and lenticular pictures in our annual “Animation Nights New York/Art In Motion” exhibits at Anderson Contemporary. We sold a few of his lenticular prints, but I always felt he deserved a brighter star in the art world. He was definitely an artist whose vision was ahead of its time, and I am honored to have had the opportunity to know him and exhibit his work. Cheers to a kindhearted person who made important and legendary contributions to the arts—You will be greatly missed Henry—long live Slatherpuss!

—Ronni Anderson



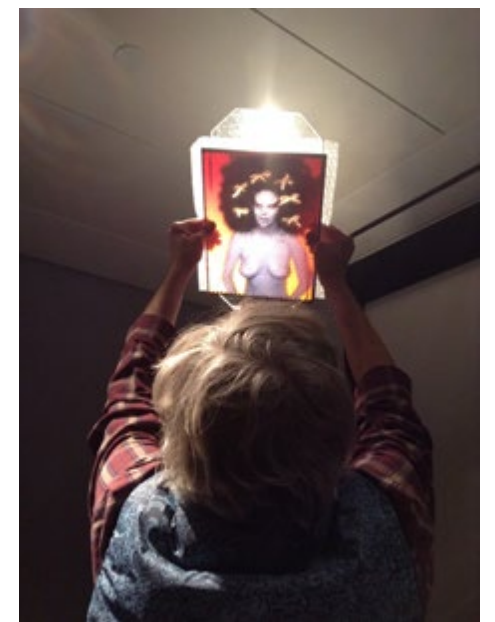
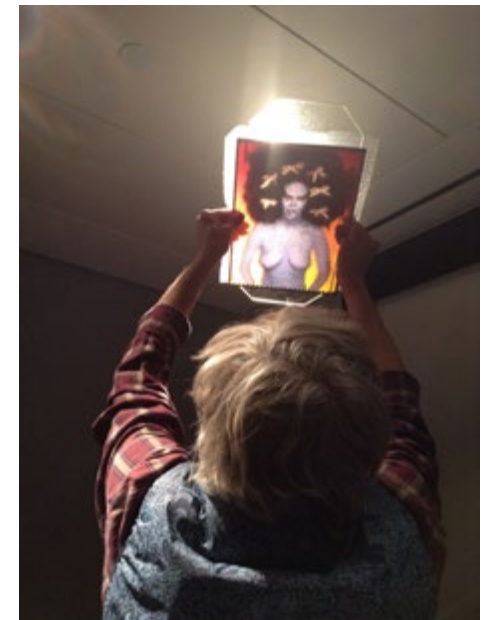
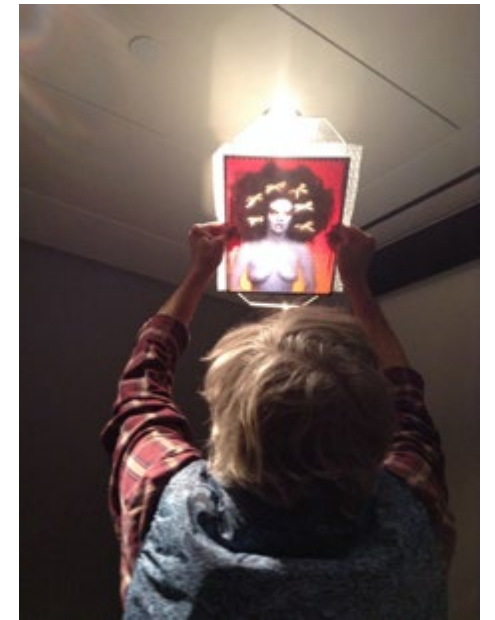




THE M. HENRY EXPERIENCE

We came to think of it as the “M. Henry Experience”: the struggle to keep up when we were with him. During the years it took Sophie Cavoulacos and me to organize and run MoMA’s Club 57 show from 2016 to 2018, we met with M. Henry multiple times at the Museum or in his toolbox of a studio. Uptown, he was never without things in bags to show us—film elements, this or that art project, ephemera from the club scene—and downtown never not tearing his workspace apart, climbing over things to hold something to the light. Seems it was always about light in one way or another. His enthusiasm hit like a wave, sweeping us in many different directions at once, and inevitably toward the work of other artists he’d interacted with over the years. M. Henry was an inspired collaborator, and we were lucky enough to know what that was like: one artist leading to another, one medium bleeding into another, one scene influencing another, one collection feeding another—many facets to be appreciated, many archives needing to be made. Interdisciplinary, eccentric, visionary, accessible, enthusiastic. These were qualities that M. Henry embodied and his work defines.

—Ron Magliozzi





I met Henry within three days of arriving in New York City from Australia, in 1992. Landing with \$600 and a Mac II, I knew only one person in the city, but she introduced me to club kid Justin Thyme, and he brought me down to meet Rachel at her 9th Street apartment, where we accidentally crashed a post-shoot gathering for her legendary *What About Me*. Her living room was packed with New York’s punk aristocracy: Nick Zed, Richard Hell, Dee Dee, Richard Edson, Stu Spasm, Rockets, and a host of others. Of course they all ignored me—an open-mouthed outsider gaping around the room—except for Henry, who took the time to come over, say hi, find out that I was a “digital typesetting” guy, and to enlist me to create the scrolling credits and a poster for the film.

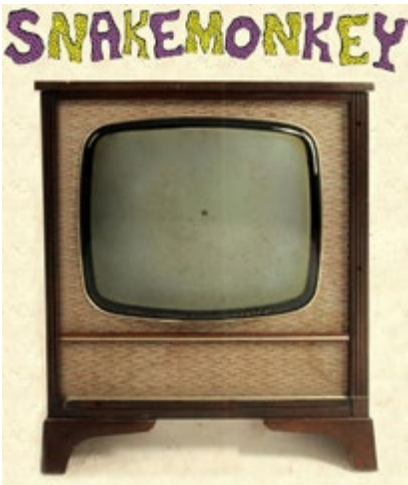
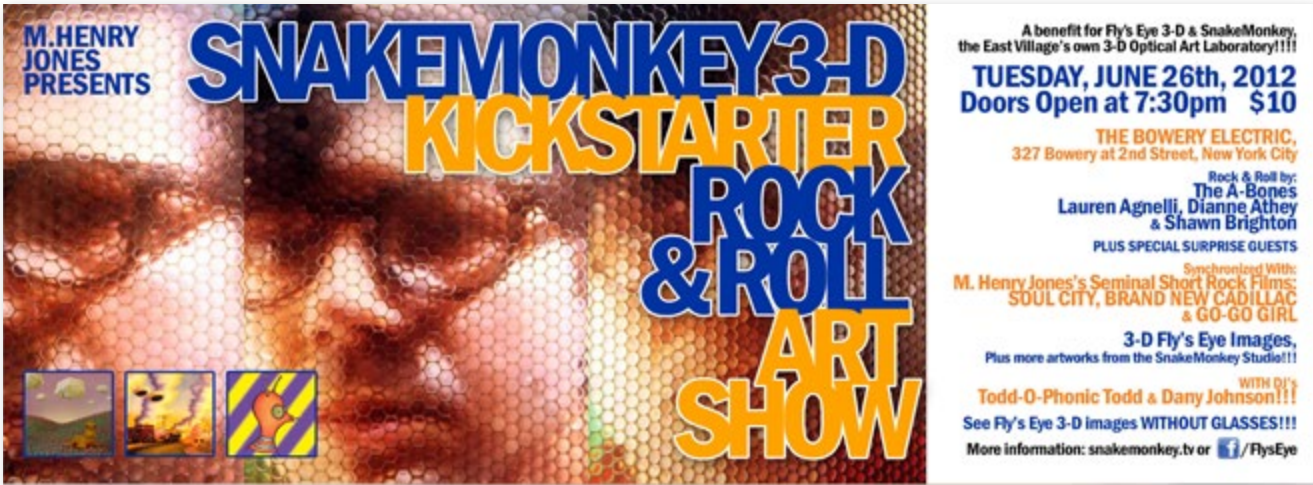
For the next few months, as I found my feet in the city, Henry’s Avenue A studio became one of my haunts—Henry’s mastery of analog animation and stereoscopic and lenticular artwork amazed me, and he was always happy to explain what he was doing, how it would work, and how he planned to get from concept to final product. Watching him run the teams producing forced perspective America’s Best commercials and the Slatherpuss winking lenticular was awe inspiring, but when he pulled out the Fly’s Eye hot dog my mind exploded. Genius!

For the thirty years since then, Henry was a constant. Constantly broke. Constantly late. Constantly curious. Constantly amazing. He had much smarter computer people around—Keith and Roberta are serious programmers—but every few weeks there would be a call and a conversation and a late-night messing around with one project or the other. He was never comfortable in the digital space, but he persevered, and working with him on invitations, or his site, or some artwork, always came with fascinating brain dumps on optical techniques and technologies.

Like so many others, I loved having Henry in my life. He and his family came to (both) my weddings. His artwork hangs above my kid’s beds. He always gave me something to think about. I will miss his passion, his amazing brain, his complete lack of realism, and his determination to push on and through any obstacles. Most of all I will miss our conversations.

RIP Henry—it was a genuine pleasure to have known you.

—David Cherry





MY LOVELY MEMORIES OF M. HENRY JONES

I started working on and off with Henry Jones in the middle '80s. I had graduated from NYU and was working at Cinema Village and also as a stagehand for some avant-garde productions in the neighborhood. My roommate, Elinor Blake, was an animator and was working for Henry out of his place on East 9th Street. She got me involved with the whole Henry scene and it wasn't too long before I was cleaning animation cels and helping to organize Henry's various jobs. We worked on many America's Best Eyeglass commercials, a few industrials, and some music videos, as well. Sometimes there were a lot of us packed into his place and conditions were really tight when there was a pending deadline, plus people were always just dropping in to say hi. There could be incredibly long hours, excessive heat or even riots in the park—and still we kept working. Tom Marsan, of course, was a major player, contributing beautiful and lush gouache backgrounds, character designs, and models—basically anything that needed to be done. Needless to say, under Henry's guidance and incredibly high standards, we all got good at our jobs. Not only that, but we enjoyed listening to endless records and smoking cigarettes end to end, laughing non-stop, and actually making a little money.

I especially recall working on Doug E. Fresh's video for "All the Way to Heaven." We created a tiny western frontier town set where two sets of sneakers have a showdown in which Doug E. Fresh's Ballys destroy the rival sneakers by firing their shoelaces. It was a long hot summer, but the work was very gratifying and came out great. One night Tom picked a bunch of cassette tapes out of a garbage can of a therapist talking with her patients. We wound up listening to those cassettes endlessly to pass the time, re-enacting them and then becoming the people on the tapes. My new name was Chrissie.

Henry was always so kind, so diligent, always fair and decent, and is responsible for a bunch of us going on to have decent careers in animation. For that we are all in his debt BUT more importantly, the times that our lives intersected with his were full of hysterical laughter, creativity, great music, conversations, art, and utter ridiculousness which will never be matched. When Tom and I visited Henry in the hospital near the end of his time on earth, I felt the reconnection of the three of us as a great gift and I'm thankful to Rachel, Henry's wife, and his sisters Penny and Terry for helping make that possible. We played songs from our phones that we knew Henry would like. It was the least we could do.

—Cindy E. Brolsma





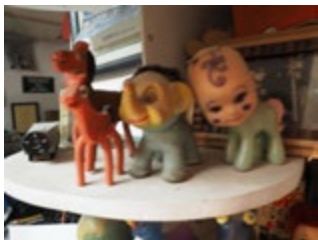
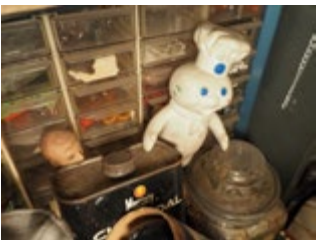
There was something other-worldly about Henry. His helplessness in the face of the simplest of technical things, locating an icon that might be in a different corner of a computer screen than he had memorized, writing a letter. Perhaps that is the bargain he had to make with the world, to always get help, he would always need help. Just as I realize how deeply I felt about his friendship, he is gone. There is a giant bell ringing. Can you feel it too?

Henry was quite hopeless with computers and the new smartphones. I think they were like some kind of labyrinth full of shifting passages and doors with meaningless markings for him. I recall one time in his shop watching as he was trying to do something on his phone. I don't know what, maybe find an email or message or contact. His frustration kept mounting, as if he were being battered from all sides with approbations, telling him how hopeless it was, how simple it should be but wasn't. It was almost to the point where he was weeping. I watched in horror, not knowing how to help, feeling simply stepping into the task was not the right thing. Just . . . I was there.

A few years back, we lost a friend who had been visiting the studio, trying to do drawings and maybe animation. A young, troubled, difficult boy. After he passed, I started a sort of memorial pinata, a paper-mache vessel all of rose petals and twigs that I thought might be set on fire and sent down the river. It sort of looked like a roly-polly isopod. We never could settle on a time to do the send-off though, and so one day I just sent the rose petal bug on its way in the park, abandoning it to the whims of whoever or whatever might come by. When Henry heard about that, he dashed with me to where I had left it. We looked for it for a little while, but it was already gone.

—Roberta Bennett





WHO’S WITH HENRY?

- iv: Henry escaping Terry.
- 1: Mumps with Penny.
- 2: Mother’s Brownie troop with Henry as mascot. Grandparents Luske and Alice Gray. Grandpa Gray was a foreman on other people’s farms, in a sawmill, and on WPA road projects. Granny Gray raised their family and had huge vegetable gardens.
- 3: Terry, Penny, Hank, Bill, and Maxine Jones at grandparents, Cleveland, Texas.
- 4: Penny, Peter, Hank, and Maxine Jones in the Wilson kitchen. Penny, Peter, Bill, grandparents Lois and Big Hank, and Hank in hat, all Jones’s, Wickenburg, Arizona. Big Hank was an informal large-animal vet and a horse trader and trainer for ranches. Grandmother Lois was a Wurlitzer movie organ tester in Chicago in her youth and a weekend landscape painter.
- 6: Hank’s art teachers at Wilson Central High School. Chess club.
- 9: Tom Geise, high-school friend John Tracey, Jim Stephens, and Henry at the Burchfield Penney opening, Buffalo, 2017.
- 13: Building Nancy Holt’s *Hydra’s Head*. Suzanne Harris pouring molten metal.
- 40: Scanny shoot at Globus with Blue, Cindy Brolsma, and Henry. Tom Marsan, Angel Dean, Henry, Machi Tantillo, Elinor Blake, and Joey Ahlbum, Megan Miller in front, at the Scanny launch party.
- 44: Tom Marsan and Henry in 1988 working on *Earth* at 428 East 9th.
- 46: Penny and Henry in back, Whitney and his mother Terry in front.
- 50: Dame Darcy and Rachel Amodeo in *Rest in Peace*, 1991.
- 51: Dame Darcy and Henry fooling around.
- 54: Henry, Joe Coleman, and Tommy Turner.
- 56: Gary Taxali, Henry, Mark Enger, and Joel Castillo, 1993.
- 69: Stills from music video *Bangin’ in my Head* by Atticus and M. Henry Jones, music by Bruno Wizard and The Homosexuals.
- 70: Henry and James Romberger, animator and Crosby’s father.
- 75: Maxine, Henry, and Bill Jones.
- 92: Penny and Henry Jones going to clear the house in Wilson.
- 93: Henry, Penny, and Peter Jones, and Whitney Canfield and the last views of Wilson.
- 97: Fly’s Eye machinist Paul Eilbacher’s band in Shohola.
- 101: Publicity photo of Nikola Tesla’s Colorado Springs Experimental Station, [1899].
- 102: Henry showing his mother and his sister Terry the dummy of Simon Henwood’s book.
- 108: Henry with Brian Leo and friend at Brian’s opening at SnakeMonkey Avenue A. Rachel at the opening of “Pushing the Optical Envelope” at the Garner Arts Center, 2015.
- 112: At an “Art in Motion” opening at Anderson Contemporary.
- 114: High-school friend Rick Bohlman at the Burchfield Penney opening, Buffalo, 2017.
- 123: Henry and Roberta Bennett explaining Fly’s Eye innovations at the Garner Arts Center opening, 2015.



INDEX OF NAMES

- Lauren Agnelli: 16
- Joey Ahlbum: 26–27, 40, 95
- Rachel Amodeo: 17, 50–51, 57, 63, 81, 86–87, 98–99, 108–9, 119, 121
- Ronni Anderson: 112–13
- Anthony Bannon: 12–13
- Lisa Barnstone: 66–67
- Lisa Baumgardner: 17, 20–21
- Margaret Bazura: 89
- Roberta Bennett: 122–23
- Rose Bevins: 52–53
- Elinor Blake: 36–37, 40, 121
- Blue: 40
- Rick Bohlman: 114
- Mark Brady: 90, 96–97, 110
- Cindy E. Brolsma: 40, 120–21
- Whitney Canfield: 46–47, 93
- Brennan Cavanaugh: 116
- David Cherry: 84–85, 88, 90, 104, 118–19
- Dame Darcy: 50–51, 71, back cover
- Henry Darger: 76–77
- Angel Dean: 35, 40
- Roger Lannes de Montebello: 28–29, 38–39, 105
- John Dent: 8
- Eileen Doster: 80–81
- Sarah Louise Douglas: 72–73
- John Eberenz: 78–79
- Steven Effinger: 20–21
- Paul Eilbacher: 96–97, 104
- Fly’s Eye Collective: 104–5
- Jessica Frampton: 113
- Bob Franz: 69, 72, 89
- Tom Geise: 6–7, 9
- Globus Brothers Studio: 28–29, 38–41, 49, 63
- Alice and Luske Gray: 2
- Anthony Haden–Guest: 110–11, 113
- Suzanne Harris: 13, 15
- Simon Henwood: 54, 60, 102–3, 126–27
- Jon Herder: 48–49
- Nancy Holt: 13
- Sarah Johnson: 62–63

- Atticus Jones: 5, 51, 56–57, 68–69, 80–81, 86–87, 98–99, 109
- Lois and Hank Jones: 4
- Maxine and Bill Jones: iv, 1, 2–5, 55, 89, 111
- M. Henry Jones:
 - While in Morgantown, Louisiana, iv, 1
 - While in La Marque, Texas, 1–3
 - While in Wilson, N.Y., 1, 3–13, 17, 34, 55, 68, 88–89, 92–93, 114–15
 - While in 428 East 9th Street, 5, 7, 12–49, 63, 81, 97, 103, 107, 115, 121
 - While in 202 Avenue A, iii, 7, 17, 23, 50–87, 97, 101–2, 104–5, 107–11, 115, 119, 121
 - While in Shohola, Pennsylvania, 5, 81, 89, 96–97, 106–7
 - While in 412 East 10th Street, iii, 3, 5, 7, 9, 17, 57, 81, 89, 98, 100–125, back endpaper
 - Works, photographs by, and ephemera, 16–18, 25, 47, 50, 58–59, 68–69, 84–85, 91, 104–5, 108, 110–12, 115, 118–19, 121–23, 128
- Penny Jones: ii–iii, 1–5, 9–10, 24, 34, 46, 61–62, 68–69, 87–89, 92–93, 102, 106–7, 115, 121, 124–25
- Peter Jones: 2, 4, 16–17, 89, 92–93
- Terry [Jones] Goad: iv–1, 46, 93, 121
- John Lenz: 40–41
- Brian Leo: 108–9
- Frank Linkoff: 100
- Keith Lubell: 60–61
- Ron Magliozzi: 116–17
- Michael Markos: 22–23
- Tom Marsan: front cover, front end-paper, 44–45, 47–48, 94–95, 121, 124–25, back endpaper
- Barry Masterson: 32–33, 36–37, 40
- Marc Miller: 106–7, 111
- John Mozzer: 42–43, 49
- Niagara Falls Gazette*: 10, 12, 55
- May Oppenheim Hiddleston: 30–31
- Robert Parker: 88–89

- Angelo Pastormerlo: iii, 76–77
- Esther Regelson: 42–43
- Mark Reinertson: 122
- Fabio P. Roberti: 18–19
- Crosby Romberger: 70–71
- James Romberger: 70
- Judi Rosen: 82–83
- Jonathan Shorr: 108–10
- Slatherpuss: 7, 72, 88, 91, 111, 113, 119, 125, back cover
- Charlotte Slivka: 22–23
- Harry Smith: 14–15, 82–85
- Azalee Snow: 2–3
- Johanna Spoerri: 84–85
- James E. Stephens: 6–7, 9
- Lisa Stephens: 9
- Joe Teitler: 14–15, 74–75, 80
- Tiger: ii, 3, 5, 57
- Elizabeth Tisdale: 101
- John Tracey: 9
- Susan Tremblay: 35
- Tommy Turner: 54–55
- Jennifer Tull Westberg: 54, 56–58, 70
- Wilson Central High School: 6–9
- Joel Winston: 38–39
- Bruno Wizard: 68–69
- Michael Wolfe: 28–29
- Peter Zaremba: 16–17, 58–59



PICTURE CREDITS

Joey Ahlbum: 95; Rachel Amodeo: 50, 86; Courtesy Artpark, Lewiston, N.Y.: 12–13;
Lisa Barnstone: 66–67; Rose Bevins: 52–53; Maria Bohlman: 114; Mark Brady: 90, 96–97, 110;
Cindy Brolsma: 40; Brennan Cavanaugh: 116; David Cherry: 84–85, 88, 90, 104, 118–19; John Cohen: 14;
Dame Darcy: back cover; Roger Lannes de Montebello: 28; John Dent: 8; Boonsri Dickinson: 104;
Sarah Louise Douglas: 72; John Eberenz: 78–79; Steven Effinger: 20; Fly’s Eye Collective: 105;
Jessica Frampton: 113; Bob Franz: 72; Getty Images, Donaldson Collection: 15;
Globus Brothers Studio: 29, 38, 41; Bob Gruen: 126; Harry Smith Archives: 14; Dennis Headley: 21;
Simon Henwood: 54, 60, 102–3, 126–27; Holt/Smithson Foundation: 13; Maxine or Bill Jones: iv, 1, 2, 4;
M. Henry Jones: 16–18, 25, 31, 47, 58–59, 69, 86, 104, 121–23. 128; Penny Jones: ii–iii, 3, 5, 9–11, 24, 34,
61–62, 87–89, 92–93, 102, 106–7, 115, 124–25, 128; Peter Jones: 92; Terry [Jones] Goad: 93;
Sid Kaplan: 83, 127; Kiyoko Lerner and Andrew Edlin Gallery/Artists Rights Society (ARS), N.Y.: 76;
Steve Kramer: 22; Wanda Lau: 118, 123; Jung Nam Lee: 112; Frank Linkoff: 100; Ron Magliozzi: 117;
Michael Markos: 22; Tom Marsan: front cover, front endpaper, 45, 47–48, 124–25, back endpaper;
Barry Masterson: 32–33, 36–37, 40; Marc Miller, Courtesy online Gallery 98: 29, 38, 98, 111;
John Mozzer: 42–43, 49; *Niagara Falls Gazette*: 10, 12, 55; May Oppenheim Hiddleston: 30;
Photographer unknown: 14 top, 15 right, 18, 26, 27, 33, 44, 51, 56–57, 64–65, 68, 75, 76 bottom, 40, 82,
83 top, 86 top, 87 upper left, 91, 94 top, 98–99, 101, 104 center, 106, 108, 110–12, 117, 118, 120;
Mark Reinertson: 122 top; John Sarsgard: 94; Jonathan Shorr: 108; Azalee Snow: 2–3;
Lisa Stephens: 9; Joe Teitler: 74, 80; Susan Tremblay: 35; Jennifer Tull Westberg: 54, 56, 58, 70;
Wilson Central High School: 6.



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