



FACE IT

DEBBIE HARRY

In collaboration with
SYLVIE SIMMONS
and based on a series of recent exclusive interviews

Creative direction by
ROB ROTH

HOUSE LIGHTS

AFTER ROB ROTH HAD SENT ME ALL THE SCANS OF MY FAN ART collection, he drove off back to NYC in his white pickup truck. Rather him than me that day—I'd been tiring of my constant commutes to the city. We had been working on how best to reproduce and organize the drawings and paintings I've accumulated over all the years, while being Blondie or being in Blondie. I didn't have a strong reason to save everything, but I couldn't just abandon them. Mostly, I kept them all because I just like them. The sweet and insightful drawings, paintings, mosaics, dolls, and hand-drawn T-shirts (of which only one remains) have traveled with me on tours around the world, suffering flight delays and bad weather and surviving just like me, a bit frayed at the edges, but still intact.

I've moved about ten or eleven times over the years and am amazed that I've managed to hold on to my fan art collection for all that time. For a while, my files were stored in Chris's basement studio down in Tribeca where they managed to survive a major flood of the Hudson River, followed by the destruction of the Twin Towers, which were only two blocks away. Now that I've written a memoir starting with my childhood, progressing through the years of Blondie almost to the present, I'm even more amazed.

I know some of the artwork is MIA and I'm hoping that more of it will emerge as I go through rediscovered boxes and files and whatever. My methods of preservation were at times pretty much catch-as-catch-can, so things turn up in unexpected places, like a series of surprise parties—which are always good for a little laugh. For many years I didn't travel with a road or wardrobe case, which in later years has been the most useful way to keep these artifacts intact and safe. Sometimes I even wondered why I was doing what I was doing except that I just did it. Now the fan art collection is giving an added meaning to the title of my book, *Face It . . . (cont.)*



High Times

June 77

\$1.75

Captain Crunch:
King of the
Phone Phreaks

**ALBERT
GOLDMAN
EATS NASH**

**MURDER AT
ELAINE'S**
Original
Mystery Serial

**DOPE
MANNERS**
Were You Raised
in a Barn?

Guide to
Psychodelic Cacti

Furry Frank Bros.
Look-Alike Contest

Swimsuits for
the Nude Beach

**YIPPIE
DANA BEAL**
On Not Having
Nixon to
Kick Around

BLONDIE
The Marilyn
Monroe
of Punk
Rock



All About Blondie



By: Luca Petrecca

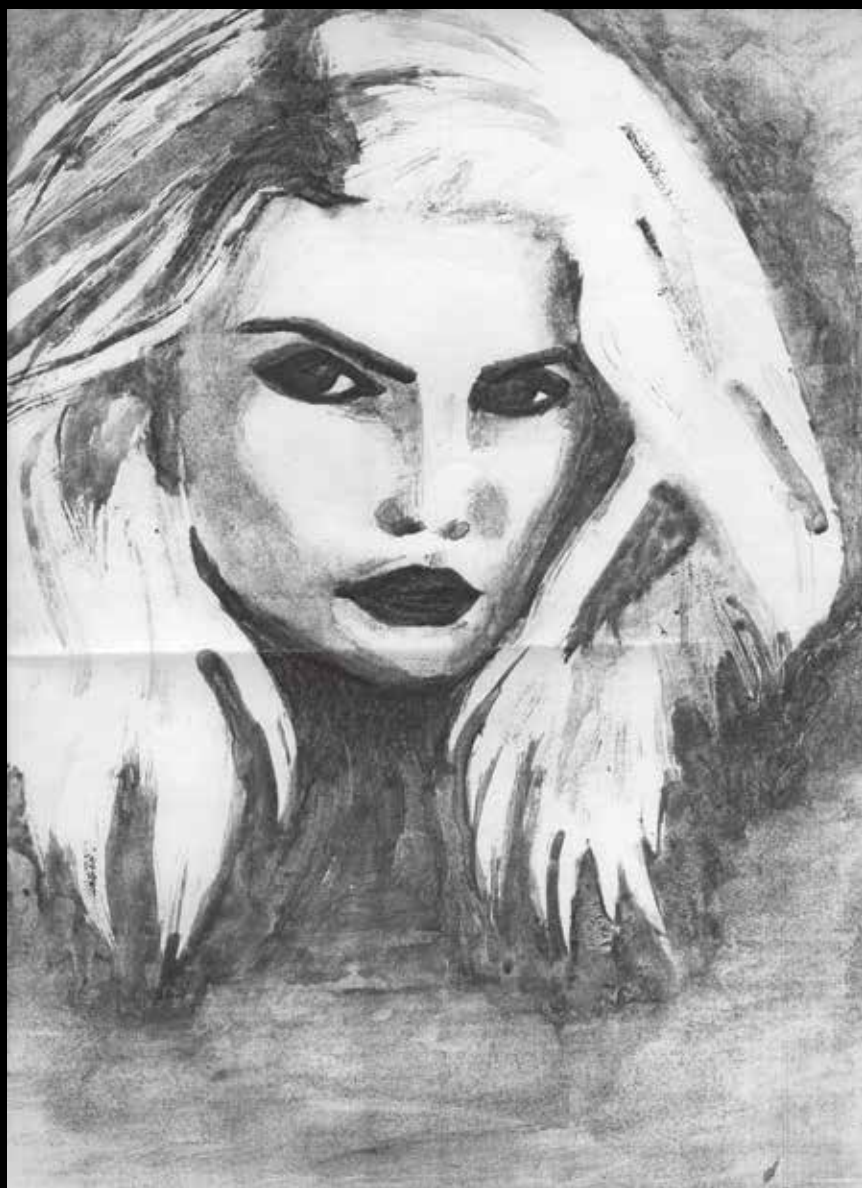


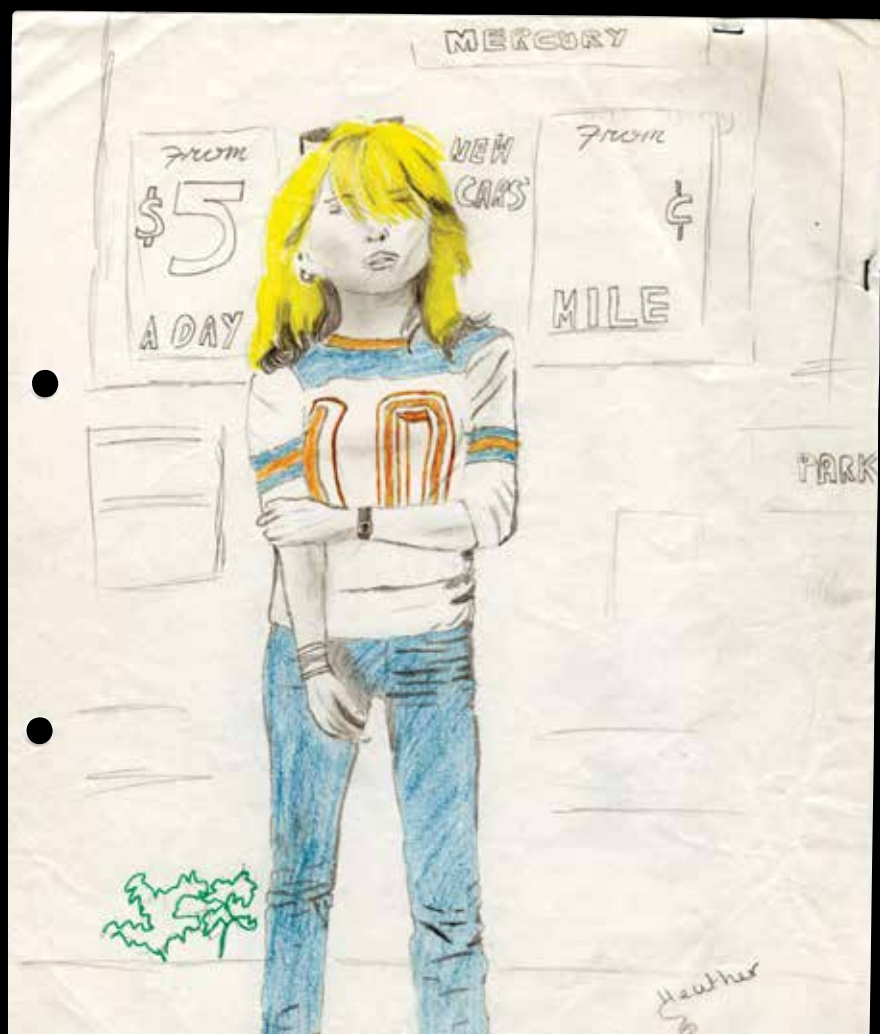














CURTAIN UP

NOT ALL THE PIECES OF FAN ART IN THIS BOOK ARE PORTRAITS OF ME. Some are works created by fans that they simply wanted to give me. I like to think that while they were drawing and printing, they were listening to me singing our songs. My old friend Steven Sprouse, who designed many of my famous looks, used to always listen to music while he sketched. Without fail the music was blasting away while he worked—which is how a lot of the artists I know do their work. This may sound like the bragging of an outsized ego, but it's not always my music they listen to. And the influence of any music on artwork is kind of a romantic notion. Still, as I look at all these interpretations of me, my face, my characters through the years, I am touched by it. Many of these images are taken directly from famous photographers' shots of me, like Chris Stein, Mick Rock, Robert Mapplethorpe, Brian Aris, Lynn Goldsmith, and Annie Liebowitz—yet the works have something noticeably their own. Something in the eye of the beholder as they say. The feelings of the artist are present whether from an accomplished illustrator or drawings from the hand of a younger, less experienced scribbler and that's the icing on it for me.

Rob's additions and overview of the fan art concept are exceptional, like all his work, and he's also come up with the idea of starting a website where fan art works like this can be posted; an interactive book. I LOVE IT!

At the Guggenheim the other night I met up with a producer friend of mine, Charlie Nieland, who worked on my solo album *Necessary Evil*. We had come to see the Hilma af Klint collection on loan from the Swedish Museum of Art. Hilma started drawing when she was a young girl, then dedicated her life to drawing and painting and studying art. Who knows if any of my Fan Art artists carried on into the future with their interests in portraiture or other schools of art. Most likely I'll never know. Very likely I'd be glad if they did.

Every musician, actor, artist I've ever met always says, "It's the fans that make it happen for us." So again it's a chain reaction, interaction, and the proof is here in my book. For me it's a way of saying thank you . . . (cont.)





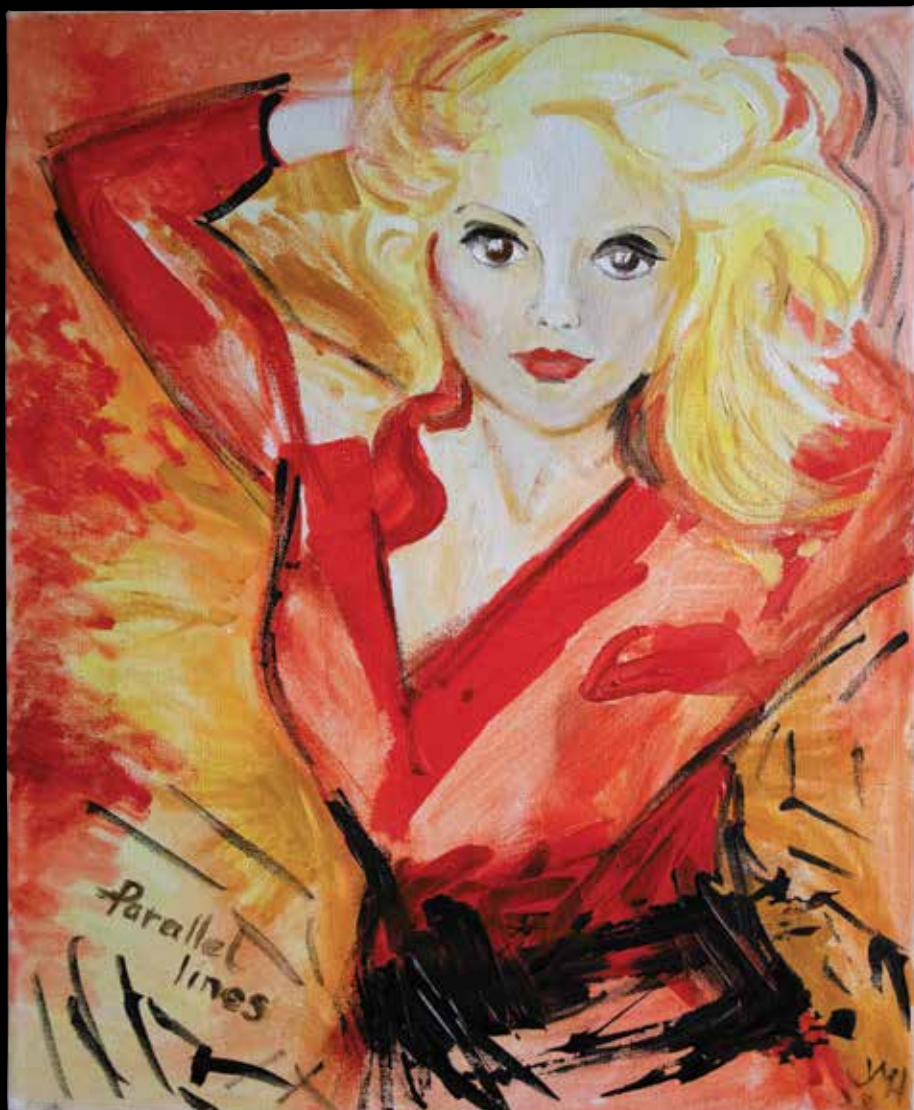
A Line Or Two



**Parallel
Lines**

Blondie

*by David Carson
DESIGNED FOR*









HAPPY BIRTHDAY
DEBBIE



LOVE
MIYUKI



DEAR
BLONDIE
My
Name
is
AMANDA
FUGAZZ



PEEKABOO

BABIES LOVE TO PLAY PEEKABOO, RIGHT? YOU HIDE BEHIND YOUR hands, then quickly open them and squeal to peekaboo, then laugh like crazy. This infantile little game is probably the earliest recognition of one's own face, another step on the road to consciousness and perhaps even self-consciousness . . . And then come the mirrors and those images gazing back at you, inevitably inducing a change in you as you view your own reflection. Imagine the startle and then the fascination when primeval creatures first caught a glimpse of themselves in a body of water . . . Or remember Narcissus, the original selfie man, frozen by the beauty of his own image in a pool . . . And now we hang mirrors along the halls and the bedrooms and the bathrooms and the living rooms and the dining rooms, so we never quite lose sight of those precious reflections.

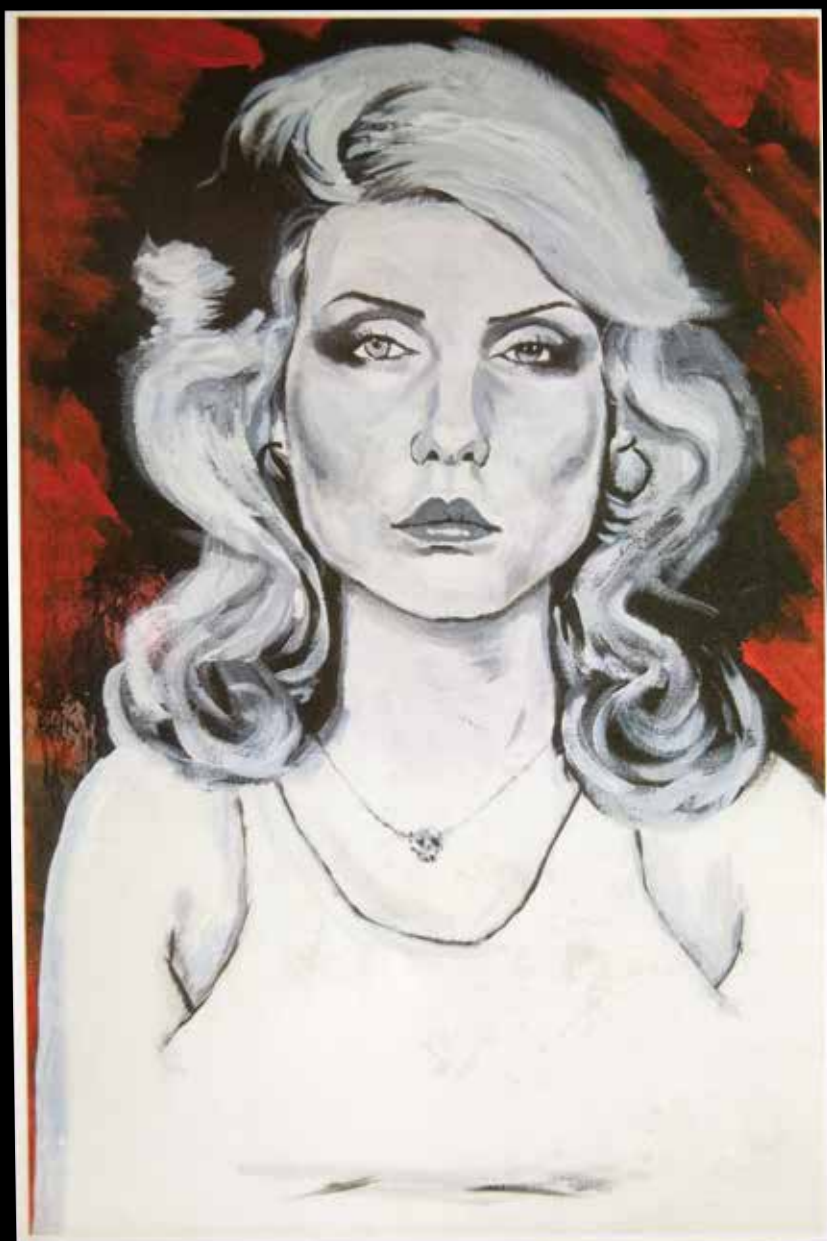
So much of what has been written about me has been about how I look. It's sometimes made me wonder if I've ever accomplished anything beyond my image. Never mind, I like doing what I do regardless of appreciation and there really is no accounting for taste. Luckily, the face I was born with has been a huge asset and I have to admit I like being a pretty person.

I had a few art and drawing courses when I was in school with the study of portraiture included. What I noticed in my drawings and paintings was some subtle reference to my own face when I was drawing someone else. I have noticed the same phenomenon with my fan art.

Before anything, when fans started giving me their paintings and drawings, I was flattered. After collecting these sweet tributes for a while I wondered why I was saving these fragile pieces of paper with their often odd-looking interpretations of me drawn on them. But I just couldn't throw them away. Partially because I know how hard it is to sit down and make a portrait and also how brave, loving, or curious one has to be to give a piece of themselves to me. Wanting to be known to me but in ways they perhaps never realized. But when I look at my fan art collection I can see little bits of the artist drawn into their attempts to reproduce my face that they don't even know are there . . . *(cont.)*













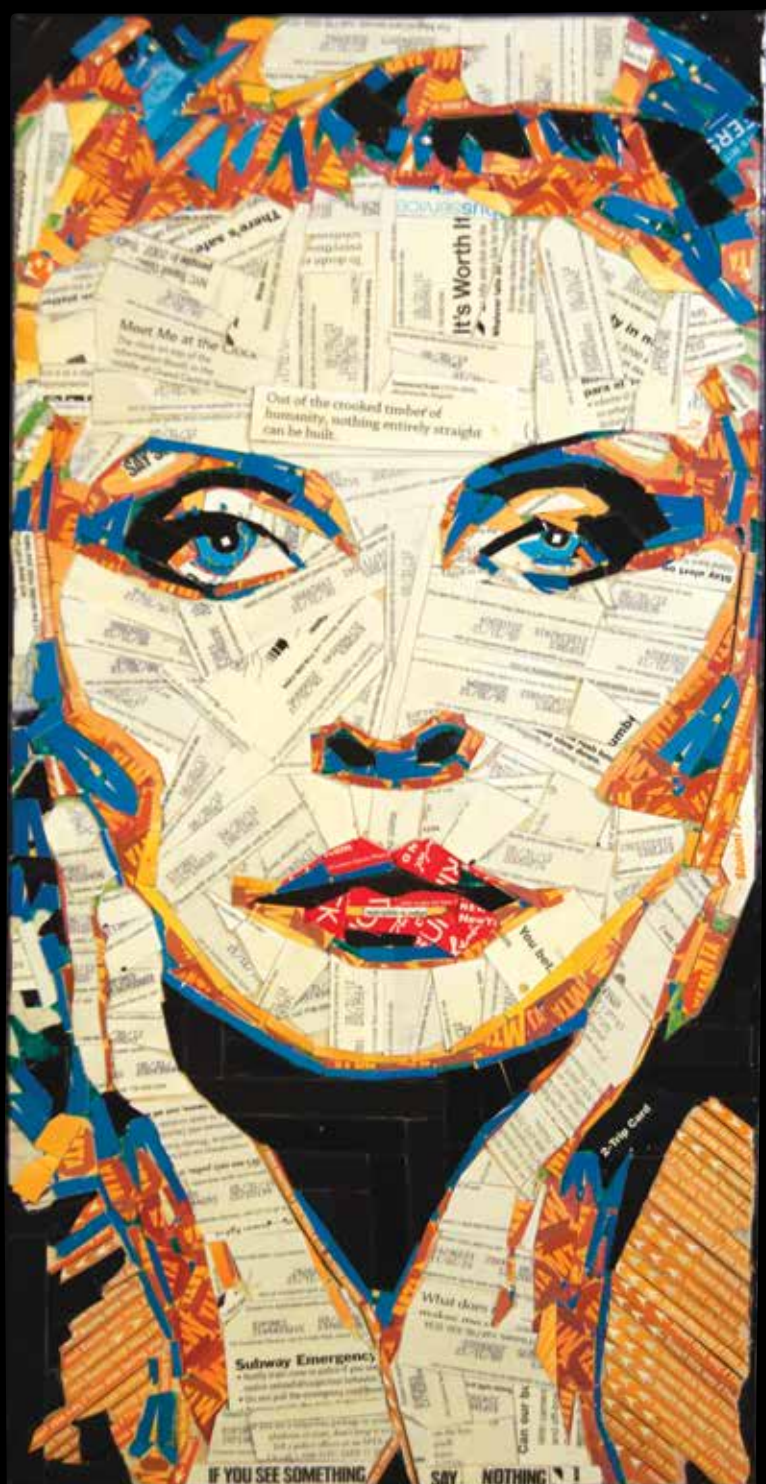


Ms Harry;
This is a copy of
a portrait I drew 19 years
ago. I would like to give you
the original. I brought it tonight.
Call my cellular phone @ 972/670-1010
(I can meet you
at your convenience)



Deborah Harry
1980







EVIDENCE OF LOVE

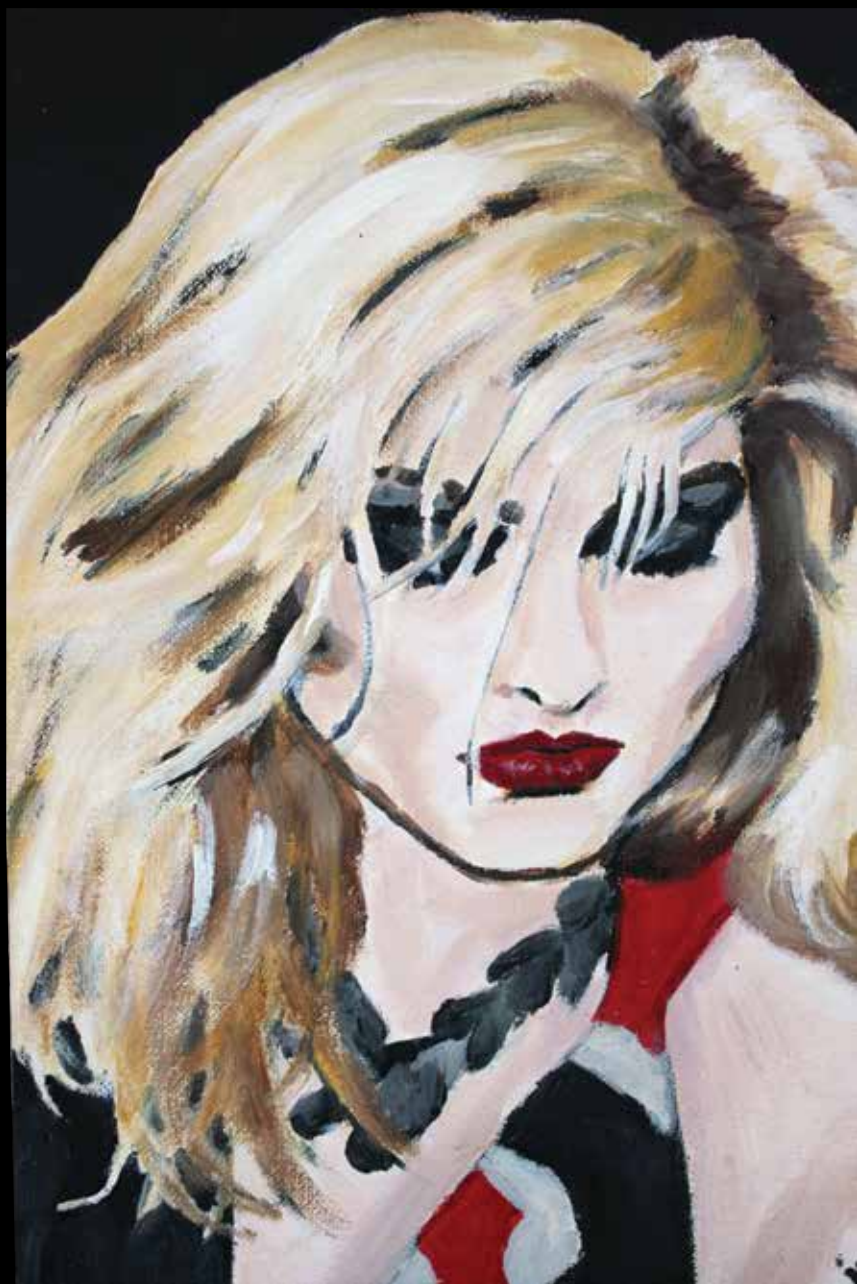
AS I WAS LOOKING THROUGH EVERYTHING I CAME ACROSS A CUTOUT of a bee, signed by Jane. I think this must have been given to me recently because of the Pollinator connection which helps save honey bees. But if it wasn't recent, it is so synchronistic, so totally appropriate, I was overjoyed by how perfect it is, I put it on a new T-shirt, orb-shirt, called BEE CONSCIOUS.

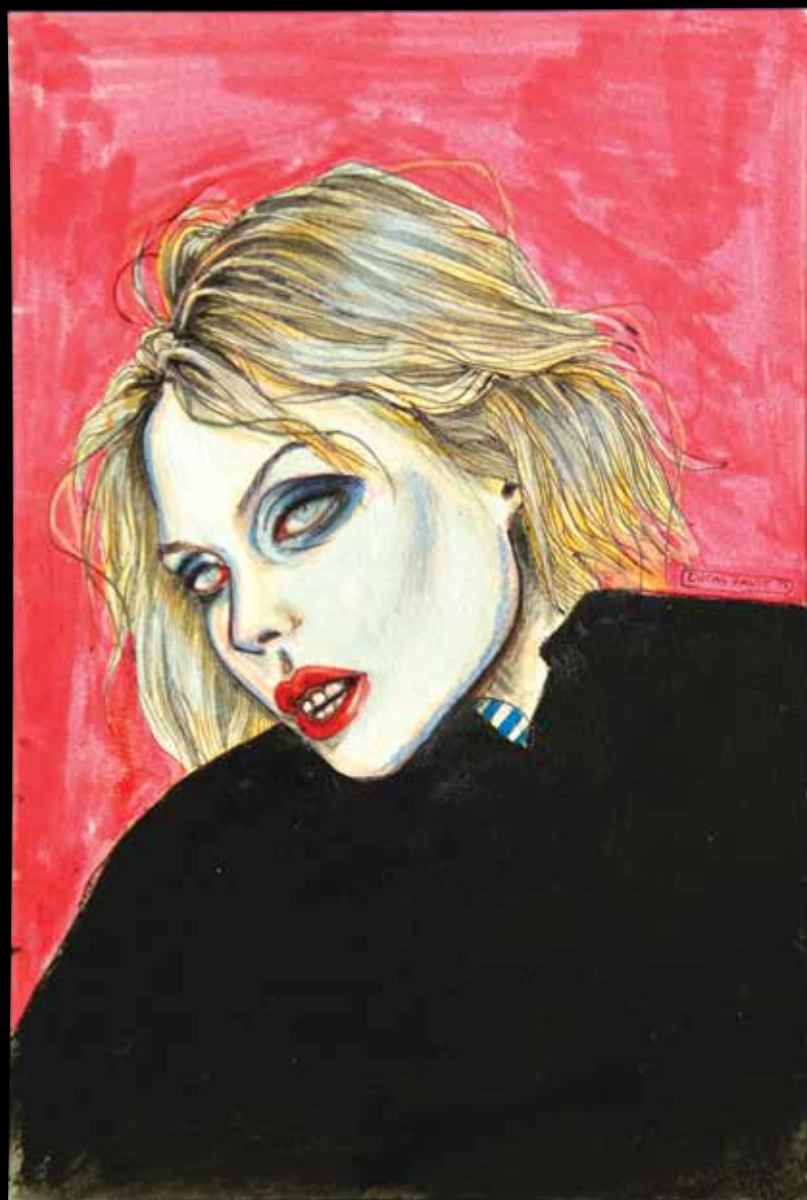
So here are some, lovingly saved since the 1970s, a gallery of drawings and paintings done for me, likenesses of me by my fans. You must know by now how precious you are to me and totally amazed by what you've given me I am, because the act of making art is the important part. The art itself is just souvenirs . . . and beauty in the eye of the beholder.

So for better or for worse, I have saved face. My collection of Fan Art is not only portraiture. The works include other things, other subject matter and figures, i.e., dolls and different ephemera with my likeness on them. It touched me, touches me still that another person would go to the trouble and time to create a piece of art and then give it to me. Many of these things aren't even signed except for the evidence of love.



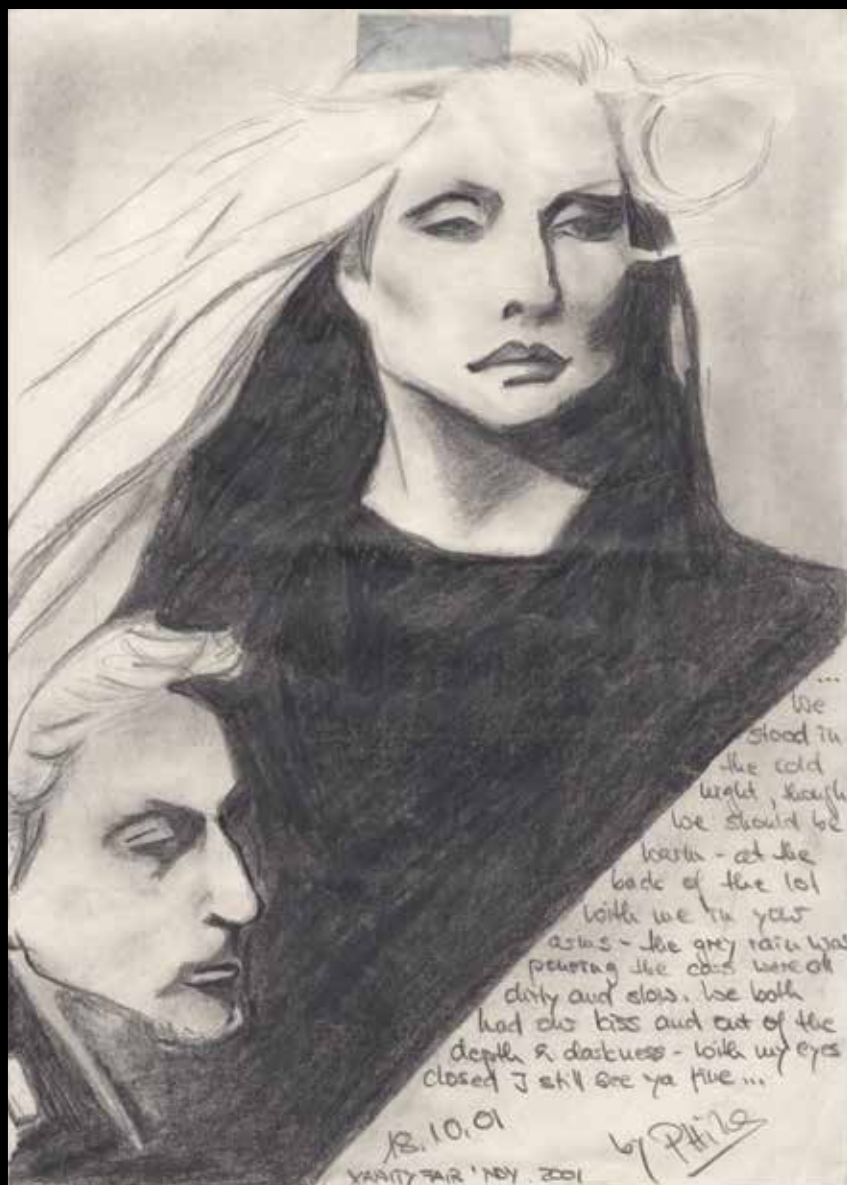












...
We
stood in
the cold
light, though
we should be
warm - at the
back of the lot
with me in your
arms - the grey rain was
pouring the cars were all
dirty and slow. We both
had our kiss and out of the
depth & darkness - with my eyes
closed I still see ya five ...

18.10.01

by Phila

VARIETY FAIR 'NOV. 2001

HAPPY BIRTHDAY.







This is a work of nonfiction. The events and experiences detailed herein are all true and have been faithfully rendered as remembered by the author, to the best of her abilities. Some names have been changed to protect the privacy of the individuals involved.

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