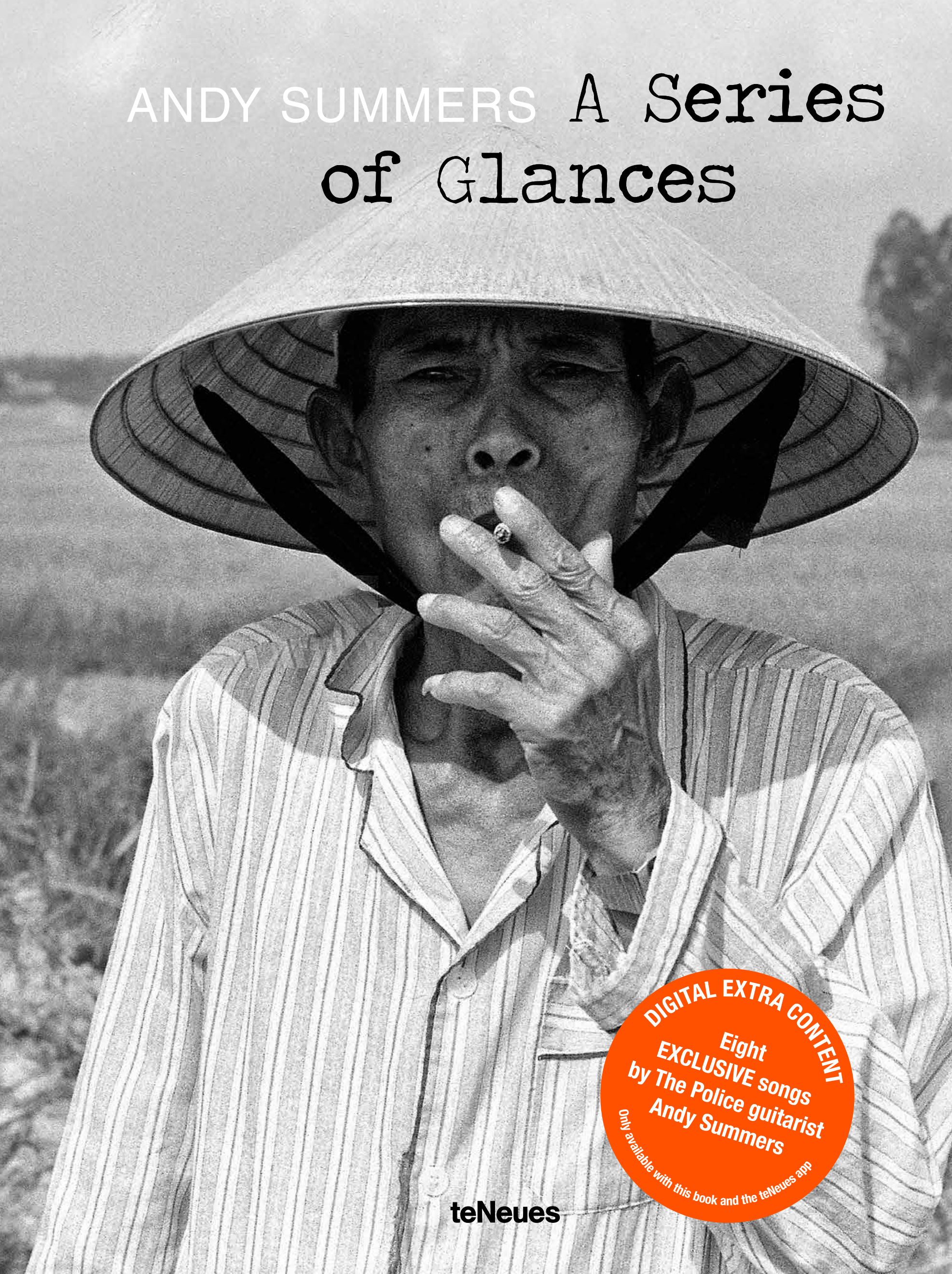


ANDY SUMMERS A Series of Glances



DIGITAL EXTRA CONTENT
Eight
EXCLUSIVE songs
by The Police guitarist
Andy Summers
Only available with this book and the teNeues app

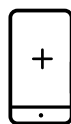
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ANDY
SUMMERS

A Series
of Glances


ANDY
SUMMERS
A Series
of Glances


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MORE THAN A BOOK

Although you are holding a book in your hands that you can read and page through, a book you can put on your coffee table or in your bookshelf, the book is only the beginning of your experience!

Use the QR code below to download the teNeues app. Then scan the adjacent page in this book with this icon: . Eight unreleased songs by Andy Summers, only available exclusively with this book, await you. Enjoy the music as you flip through the book.

And if you haven't had enough by the end: On the penultimate page of this book, you'll find this icon a second time: . Scan the image above the icon with the teNeues app. You can listen to an audio recording in which Andy talks about himself and his art, about his enthusiasm for photography and music: stories from an artist's life.







When I was sixteen I hitchhiked to Spain with my friend Dave Wilson. We were oblivious to all safety concerns as we trudged along the roads admiring the buildings, churches and golden fields of France. Was it different from England? We probably thought that it was just like England but more French. We slept in one of those golden fields after being dropped off one night and were picked up again in the morning by a French priest. He bought us breakfast, asked about our future and then raising his hand in a two finger salute drove off in his rattling Deux Chevaux. We were somewhere outside of Bordeaux. I don't know if my visual sense woke up in that city, but things were ringing in my head: the films of Kurosawa, maybe the photography of Lucien Clergue (the images in his book *Naissances d'Aphrodite* of luscious nudes in seawater), and Cartier Bresson photographs I knew from a small collection of his work. I had a tiny Kodak camera and took a few photographs probably of a fence or a doorway in France, and of a sign that said Hendaye, the last French city before crossing into Spain.

That trip was marked by a rotten lack of money and a hallucinatory hunger, barely held at bay by Spanish oranges, water and a couple of paperbacks. But being there on a Spanish beach looking at girls was heaven to our fevered minds and empty bellies. We seriously considered the itinerant life - in reality it would probably have been a few years of dish-washing in Spanish hotels, but nevertheless in that moment the lure of a vagabond existence was tempting. We discussed it vehemently as if daring one another. But I had a deep feeling that I would miss my guitar and other things like those black and white Japanese films, books, jazz records and my French girlfriend, who was still in England. We reluctantly trekked back up the French coast towards home. But I could see now it was all out there - I couldn't wait ...

Andy Summers, California 2022





























































天九穿月
作
天九穿月



















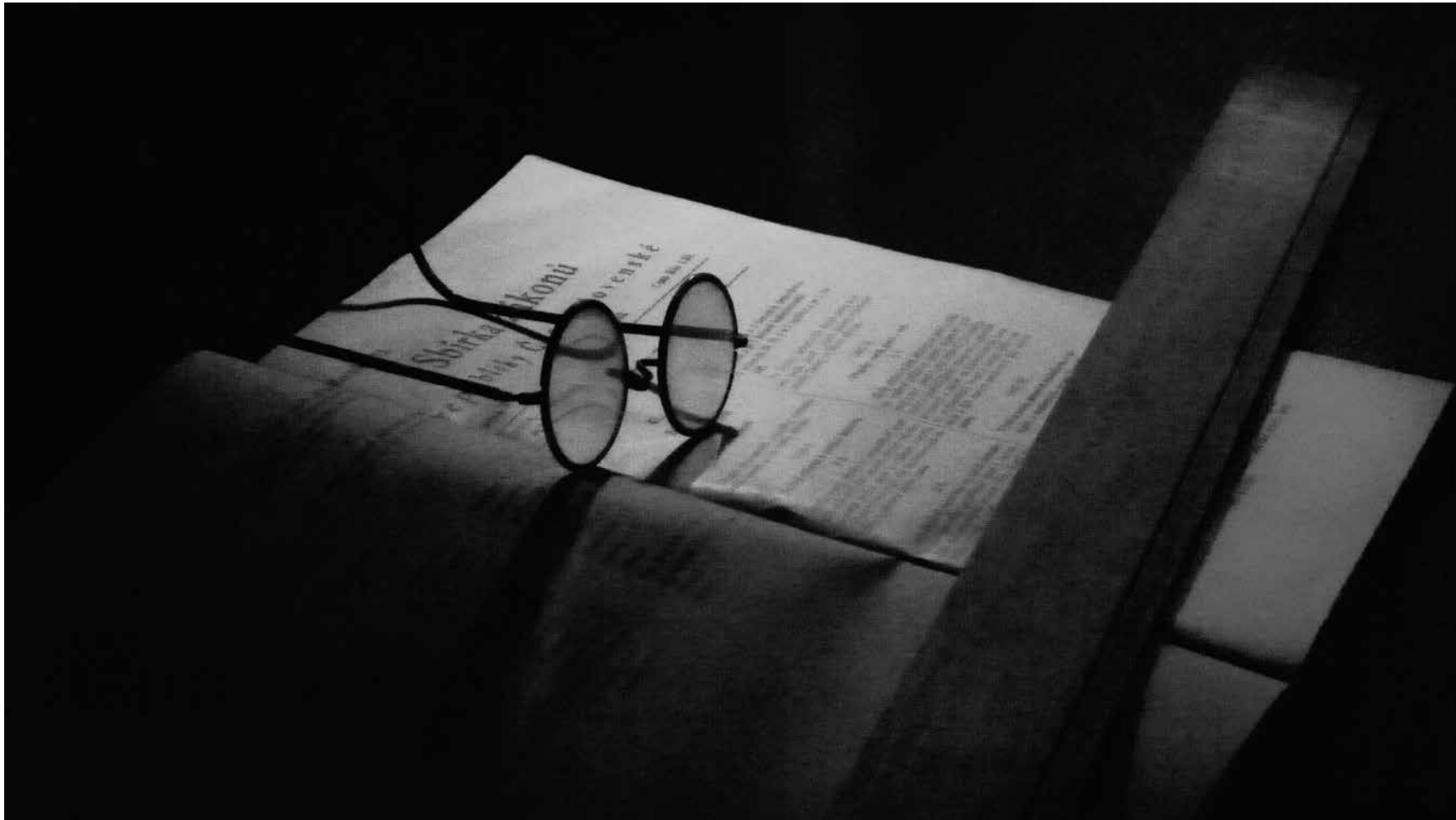






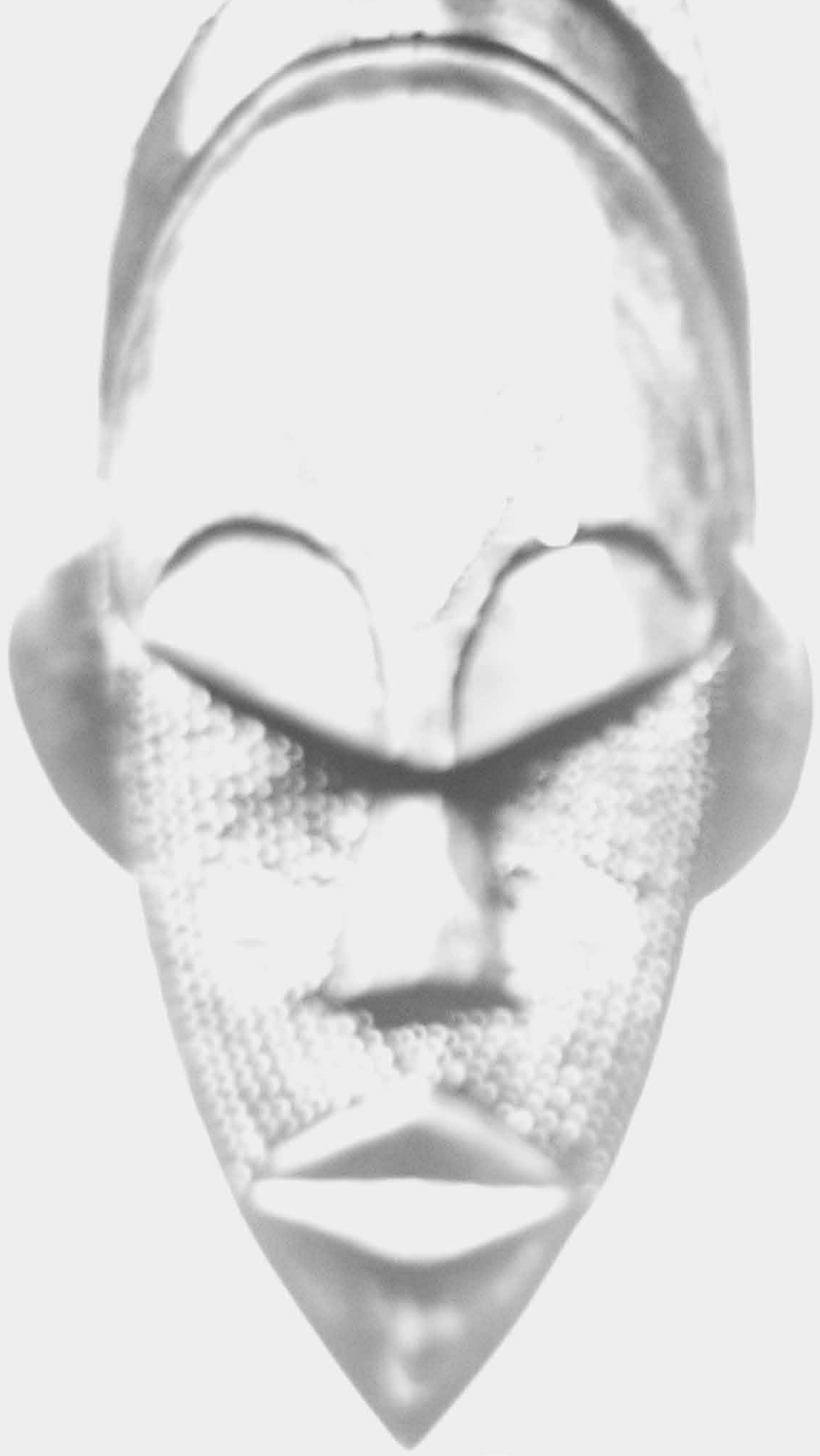




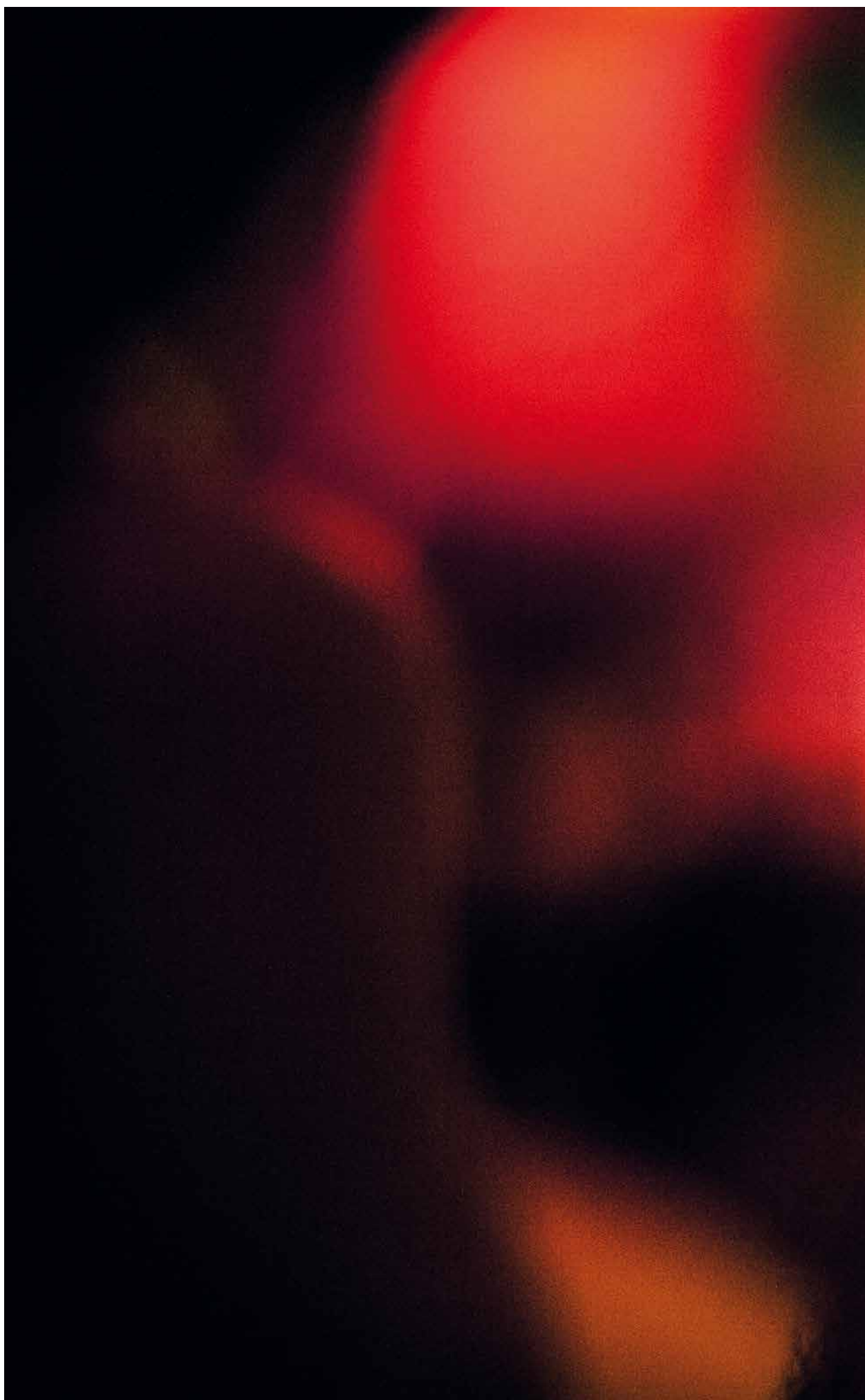




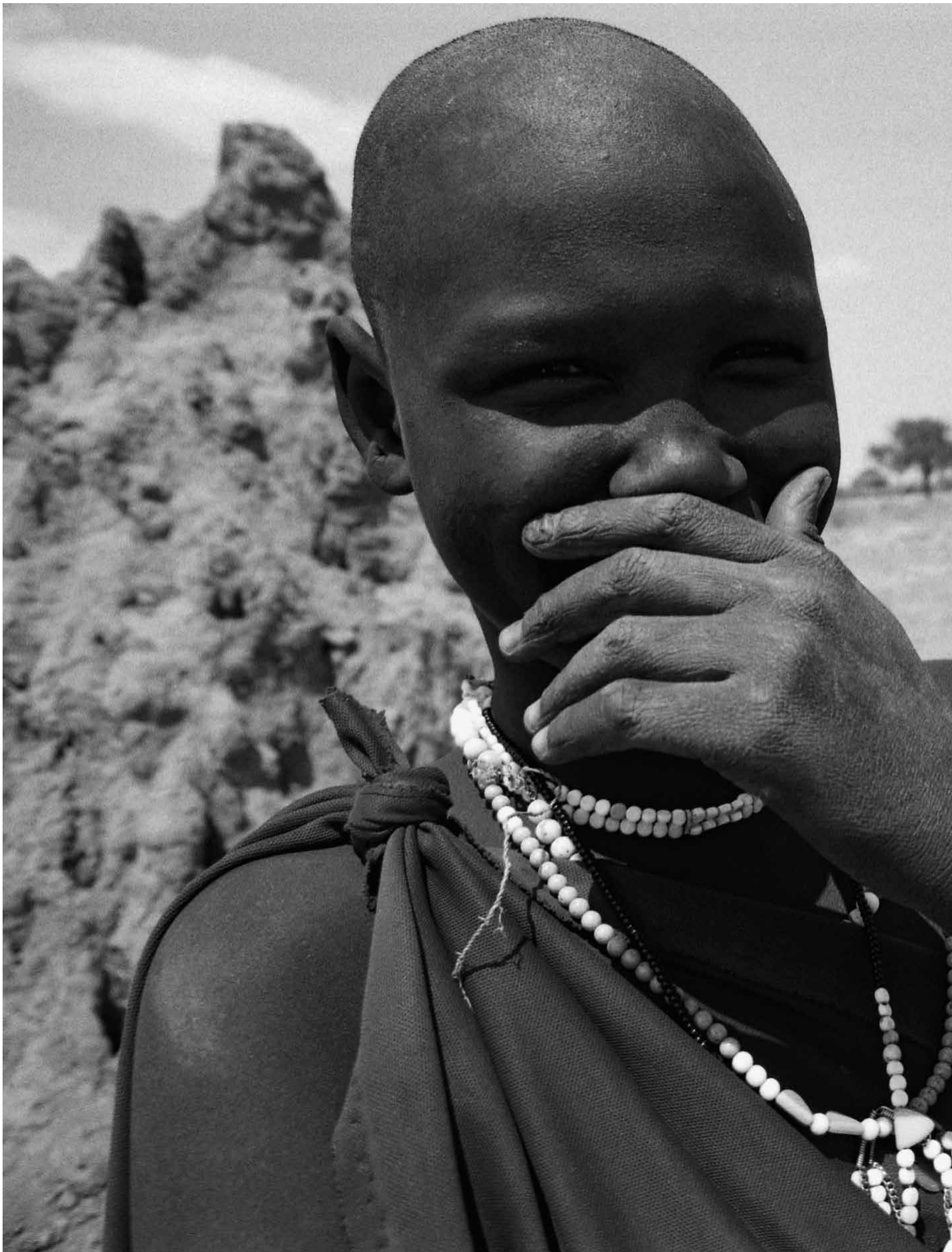














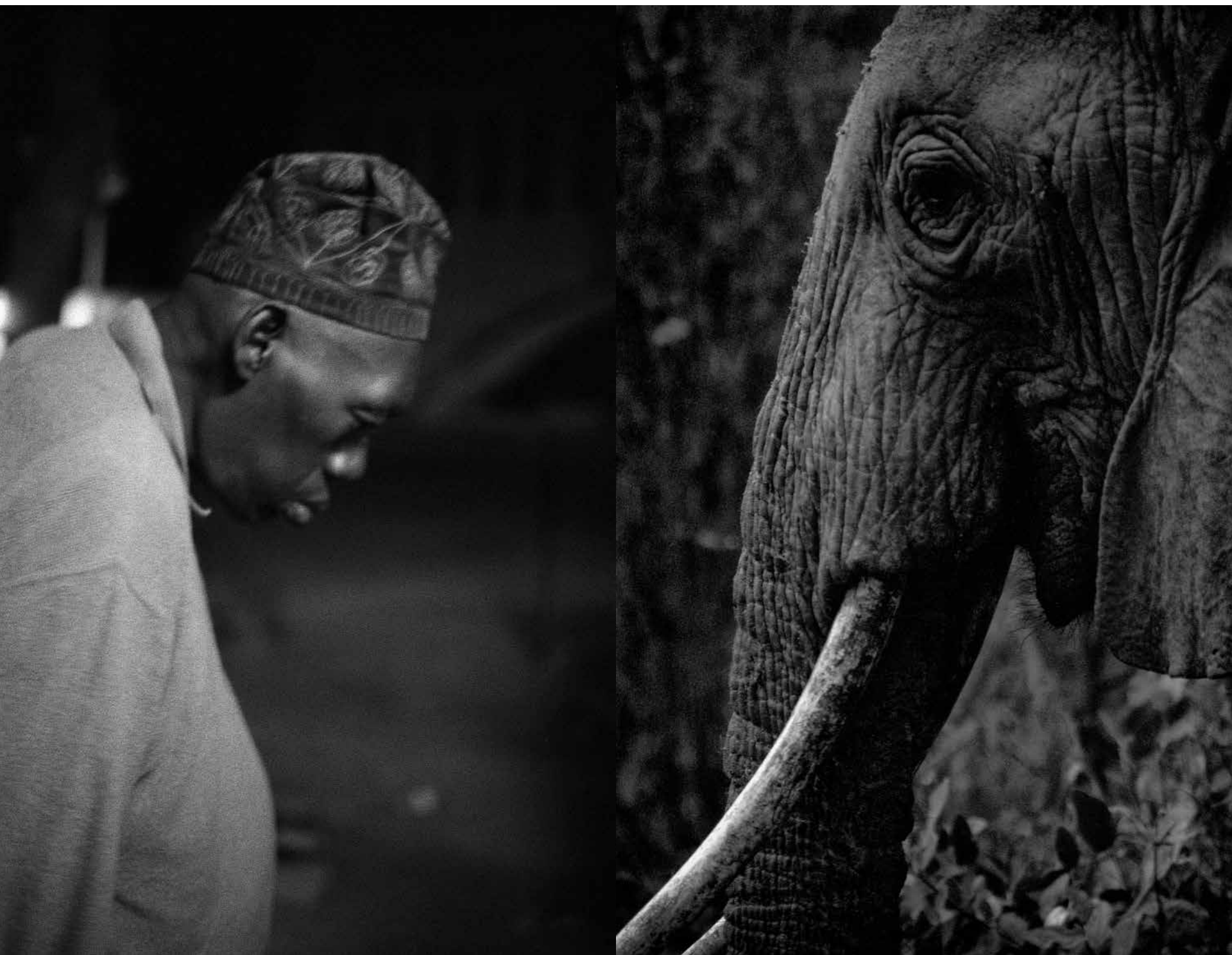


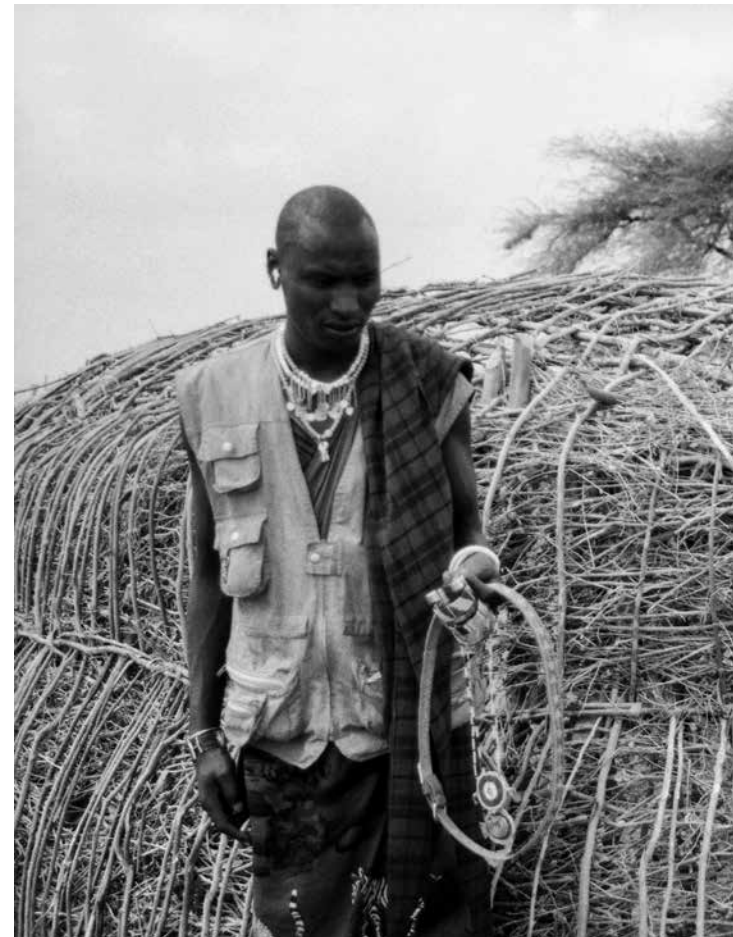
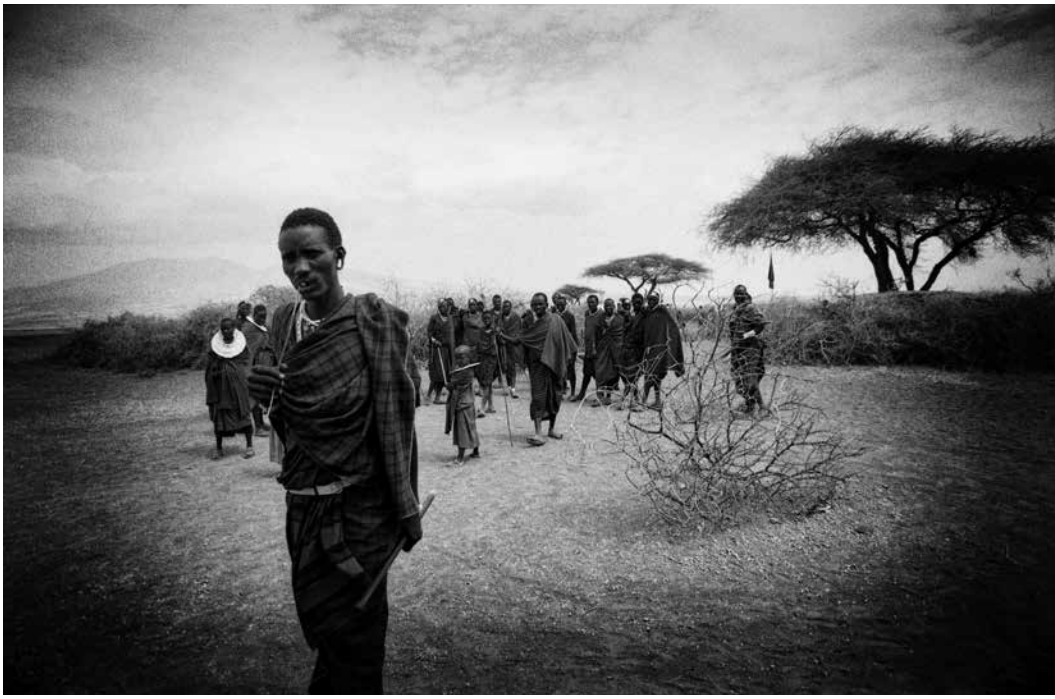




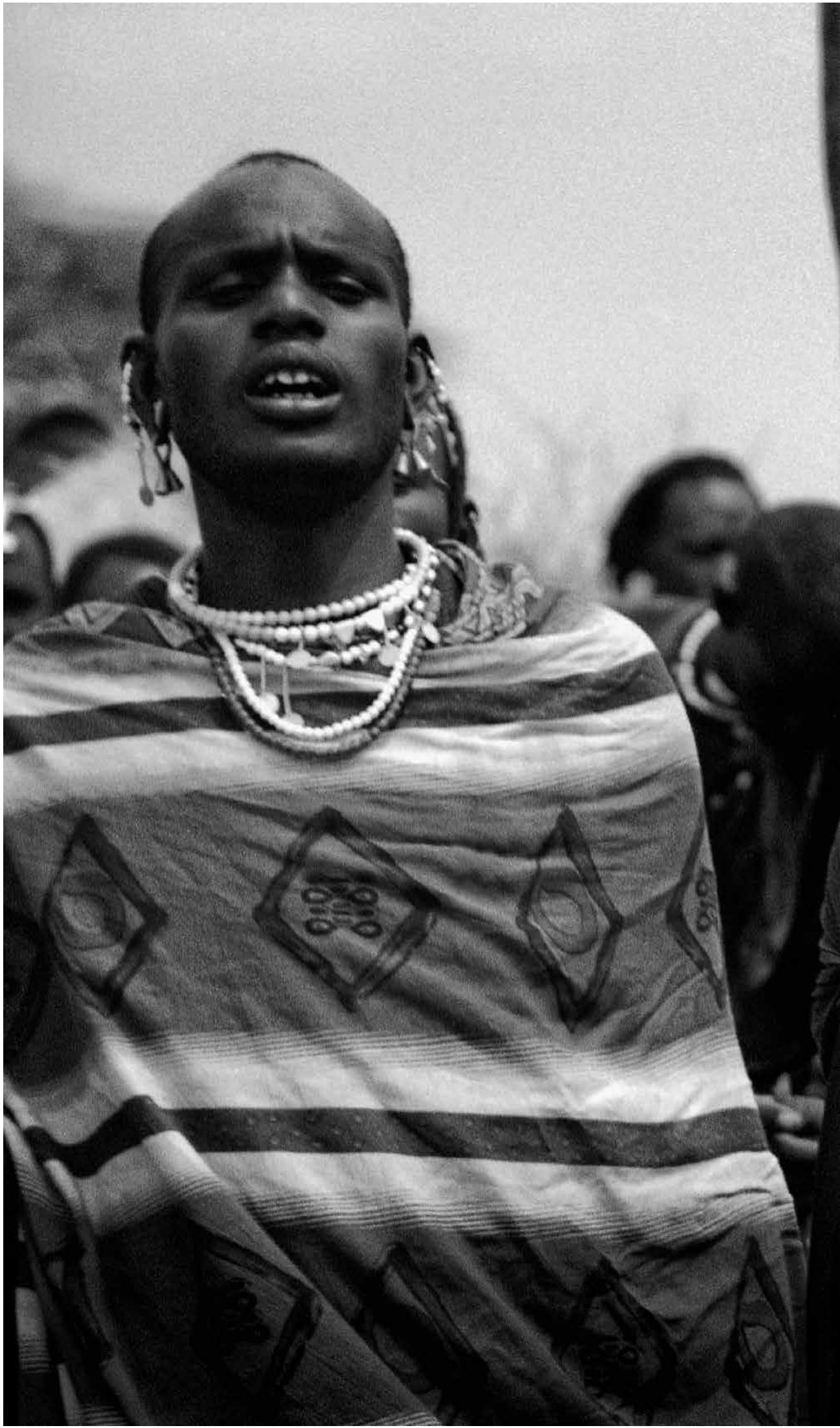
























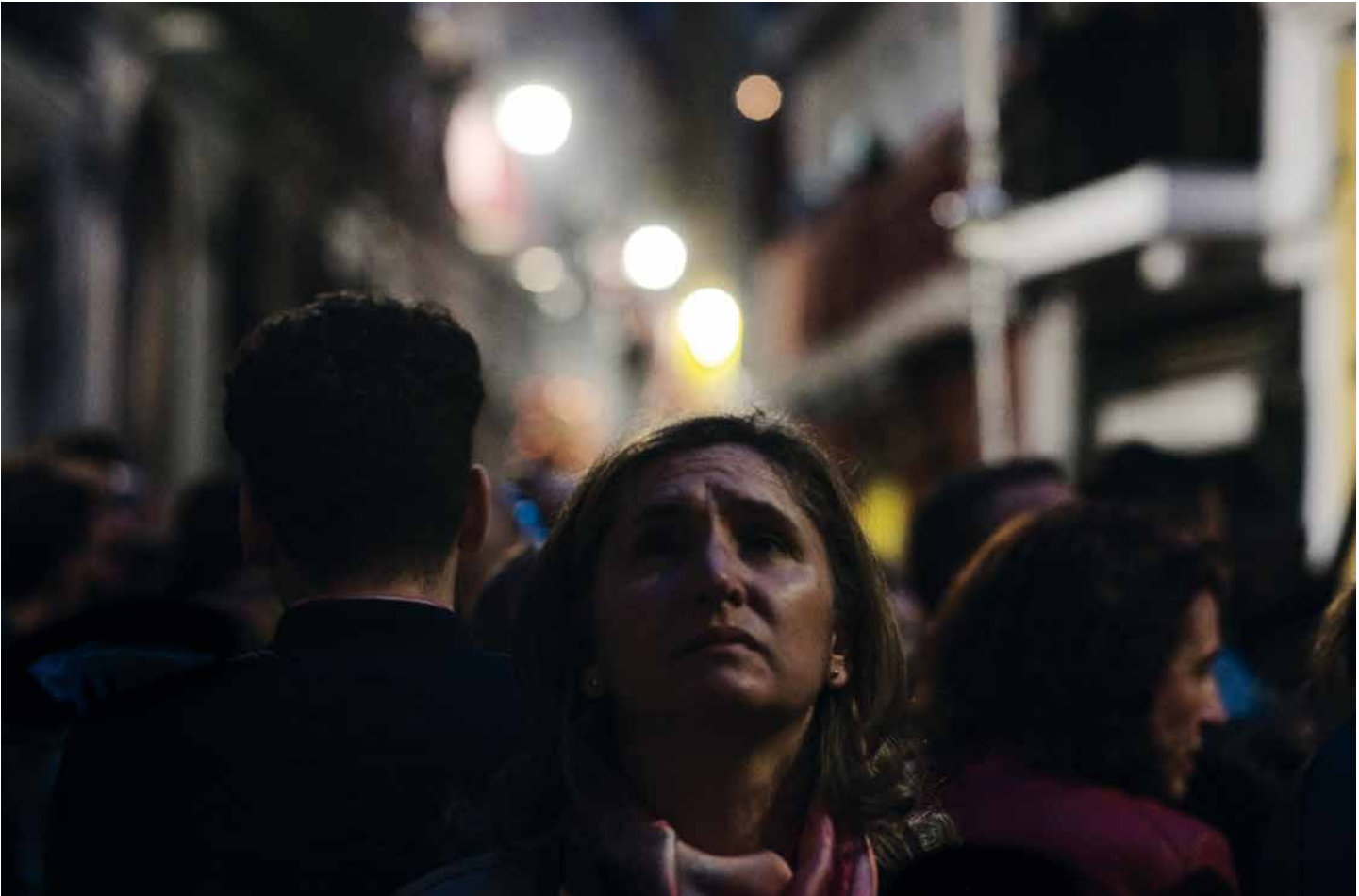
















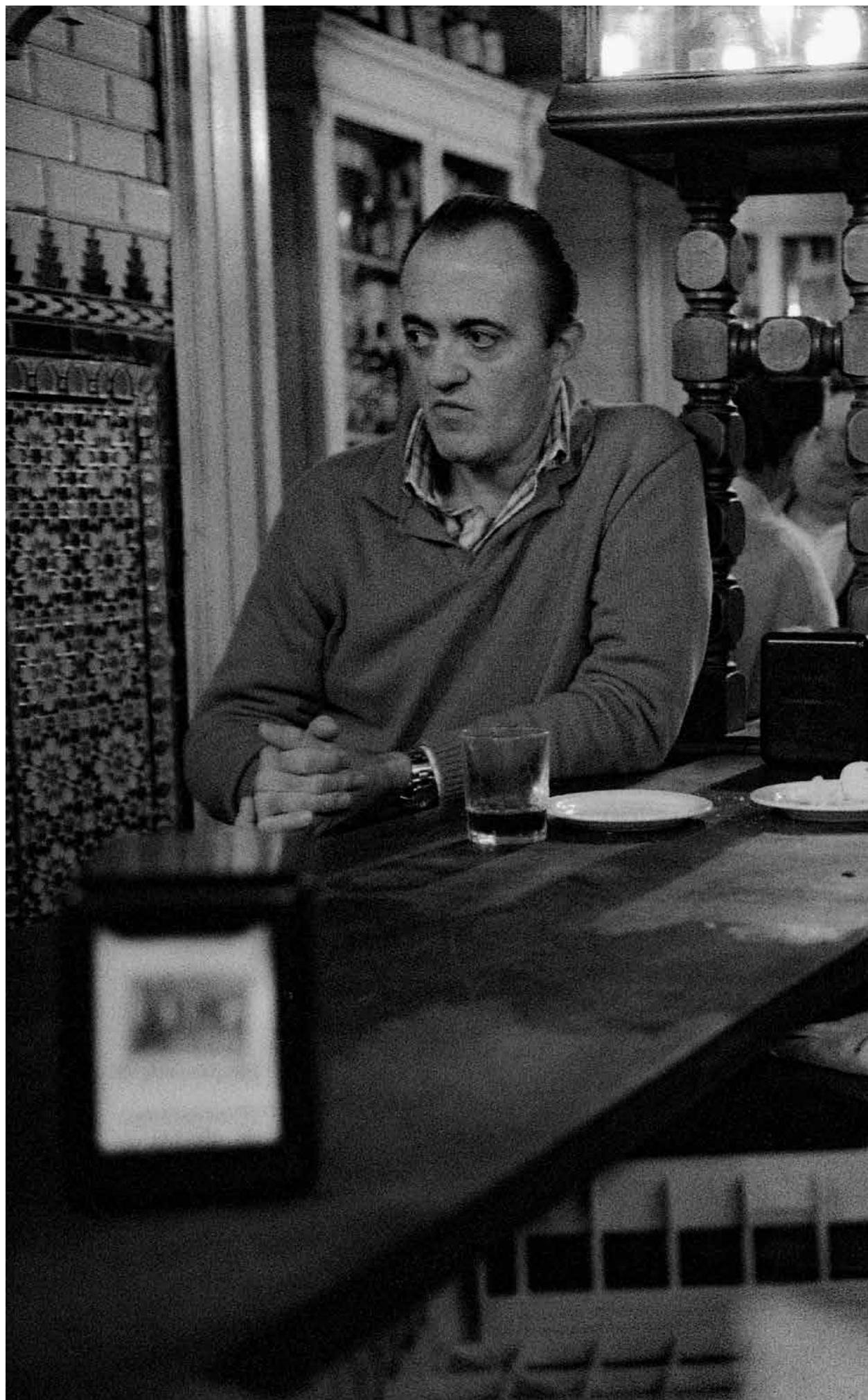






























Encounter with Morocco

In the early days of my guitar playing a thing went around about dropping the sixth string from E to low D. Twanging the low D once in a while provided a drone over which you could make up your own eastern-style melodies. This was very exciting as it opened the door to other kinds of music. It also went well with the Lebanese Red that perfumed the rooms of our West London flats. A guitarist called Davey Graham had apparently been to a country called Morocco and picked it up there. It was seductive. The low D gave one the feeling of being a wanderer, a traveler in the dune-filled desert with nothing much other than a small backpack, an acoustic guitar and maybe a tattered map ...

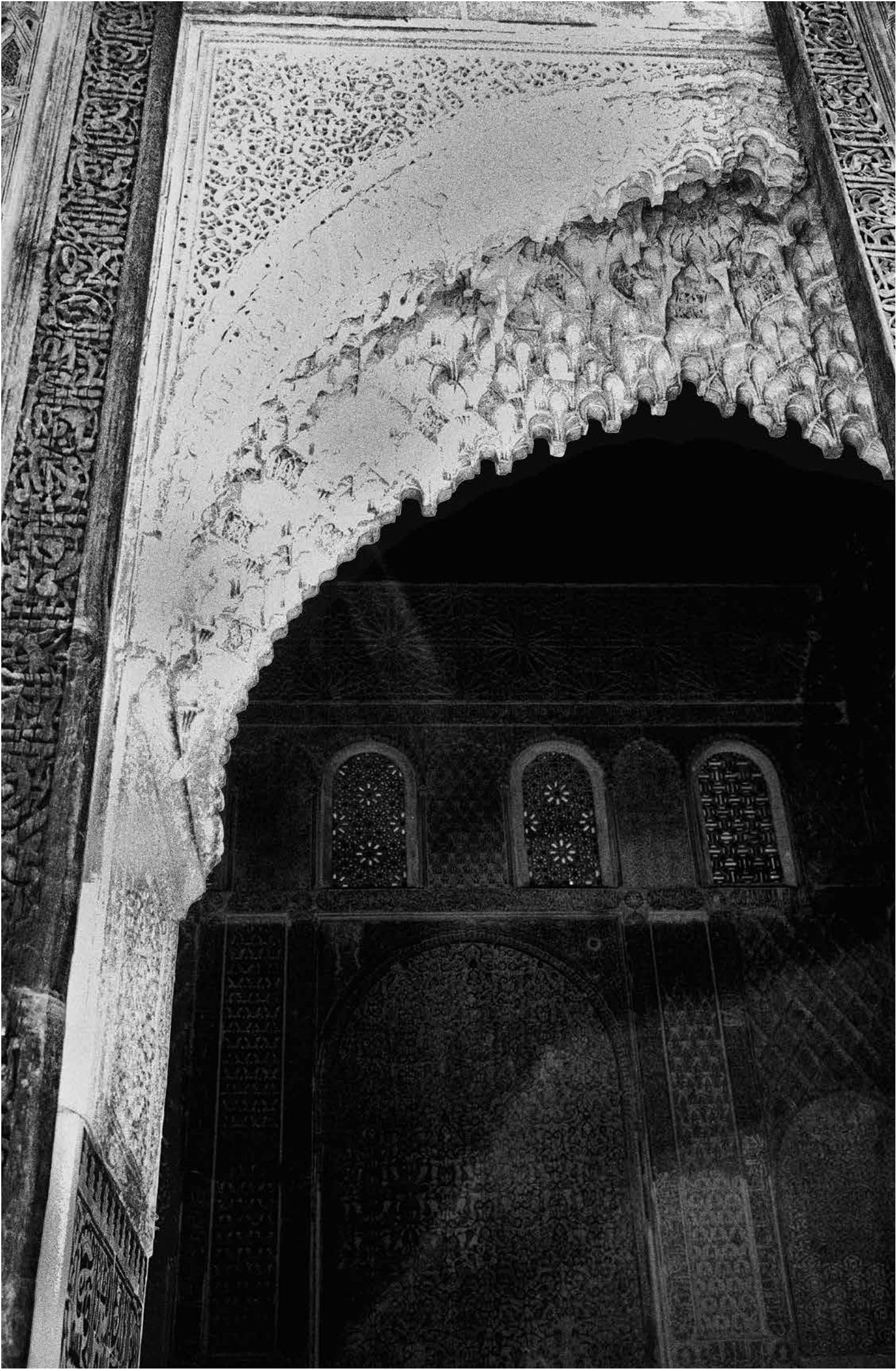
Dunes were something I had seen probably in the film *Lawrence of Arabia* or maybe on a beach in the south of England. But some time later I drove with my friend (actually named Lawrence) to the Sahara, where we holed up as the only guests in an edge-of-desert hotel. The next day we Jeeped out with a Berber tribesman towards the nearest available dune, declining to wear the face covering that he offered us, and arrived one or two hours later our mouths and faces filled with grit and sand. We gazed in wondering amazement at the granular giants, the inflexible dunes, the thousand-vertical-feet walls of sand that arched like a swelling sea into the deep blue of the African horizon.















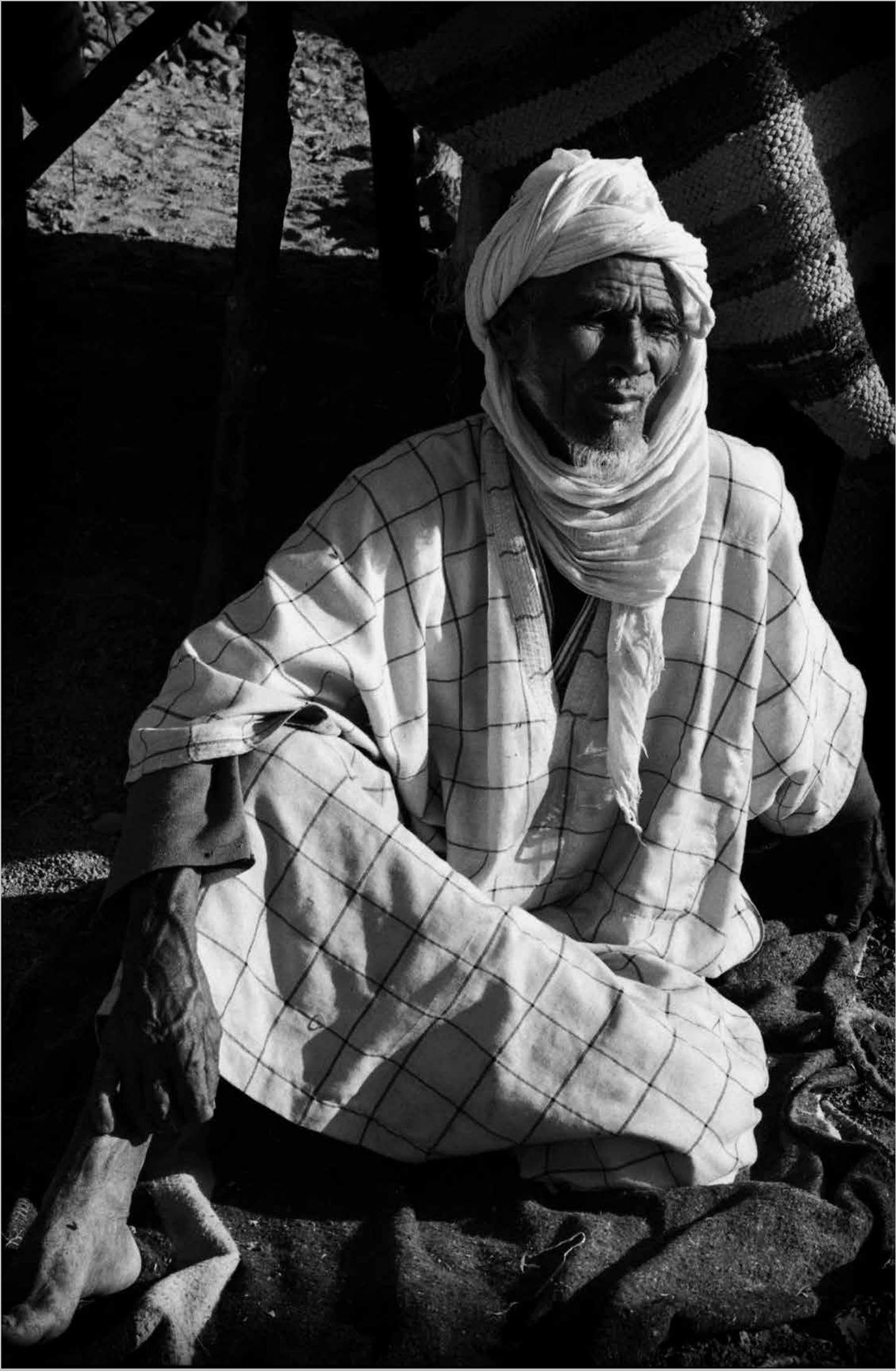


















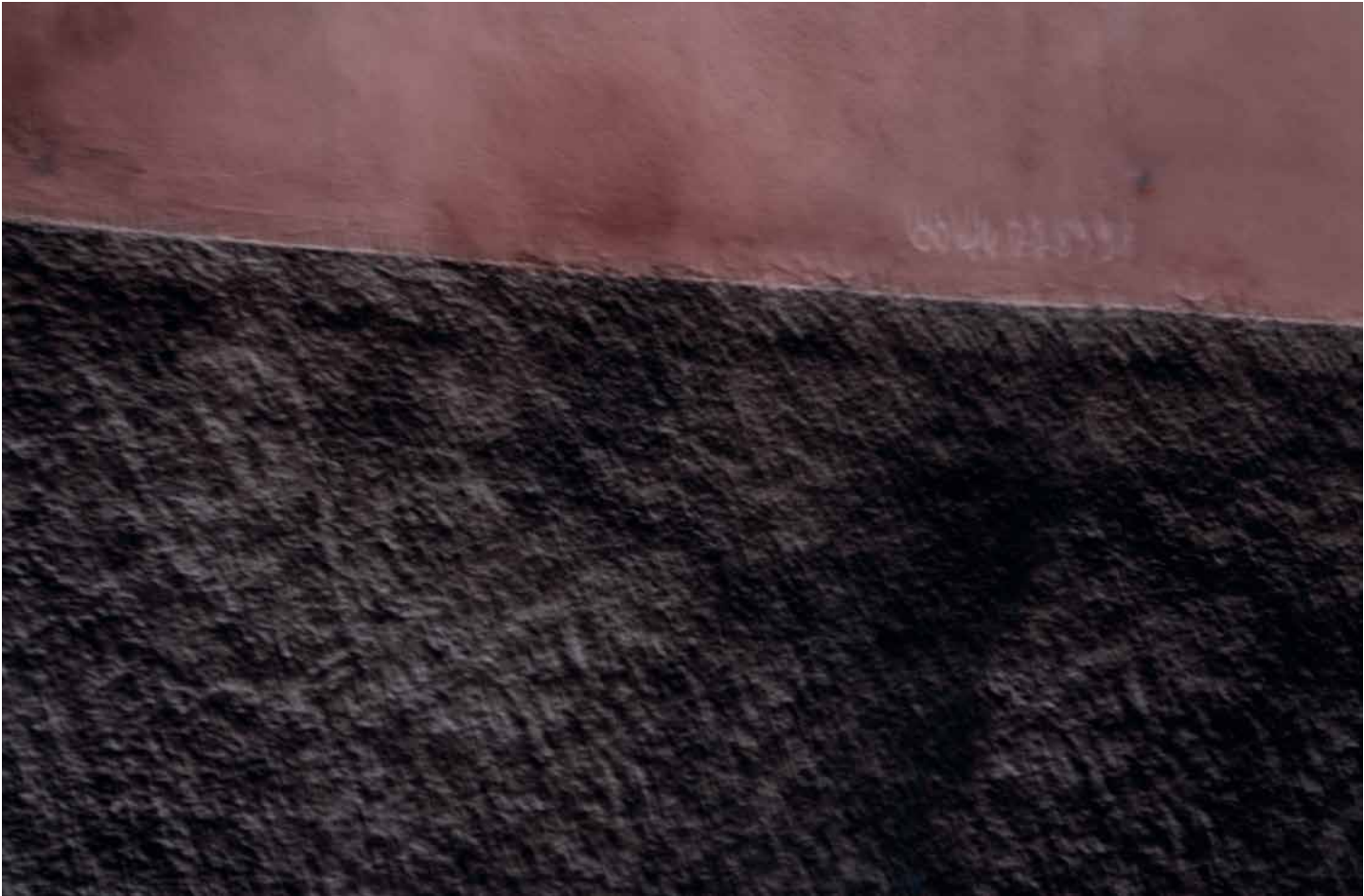












Asia - Bali Thailand Nepal Bhutan Vietnam

I left Perth, Australia and flew to Bali, where I met the great American comedian John Belushi. We became pals real fast. Fueled by Balinese magic mushrooms we ripped and tripped through a few kaleidoscope adventures, and feeling like a Martian I photographed a lot of empty sky, waves and some tyres on a truck. Maybe there was no film in the camera.

In Katmandu I played old jazz songs on a Gibson B25 to a sweet little cleaning lady in the hotel. She turned off her vacuum cleaner to listen. We bowed to each other. Music ...

I went to Bhutan to play a part in a slasher film. The production plunged into a disorganised mess as the Bhutanese crew rebelled, surrounded the hotel and trapped the white producers. The police made arrests, and the producers escaped and fled to India. I holed up in a German hotel, slipped out the back and knocked off a few more temple pics ...

The island of Koh Samui in the Gulf of Thailand was magical, and on a stony impulse I bought a house. I never saw it again but had it for ten years like a stone around my neck along with criminal proceedings. But in the brief moment I was there I enjoyed getting photographs of these lovely Thai kathoey, otherwise known as ladyboys.

Ha Long Bay in Vietnam was like being in a James Bond film. We all said, 'Bond, James Bond' over and over.

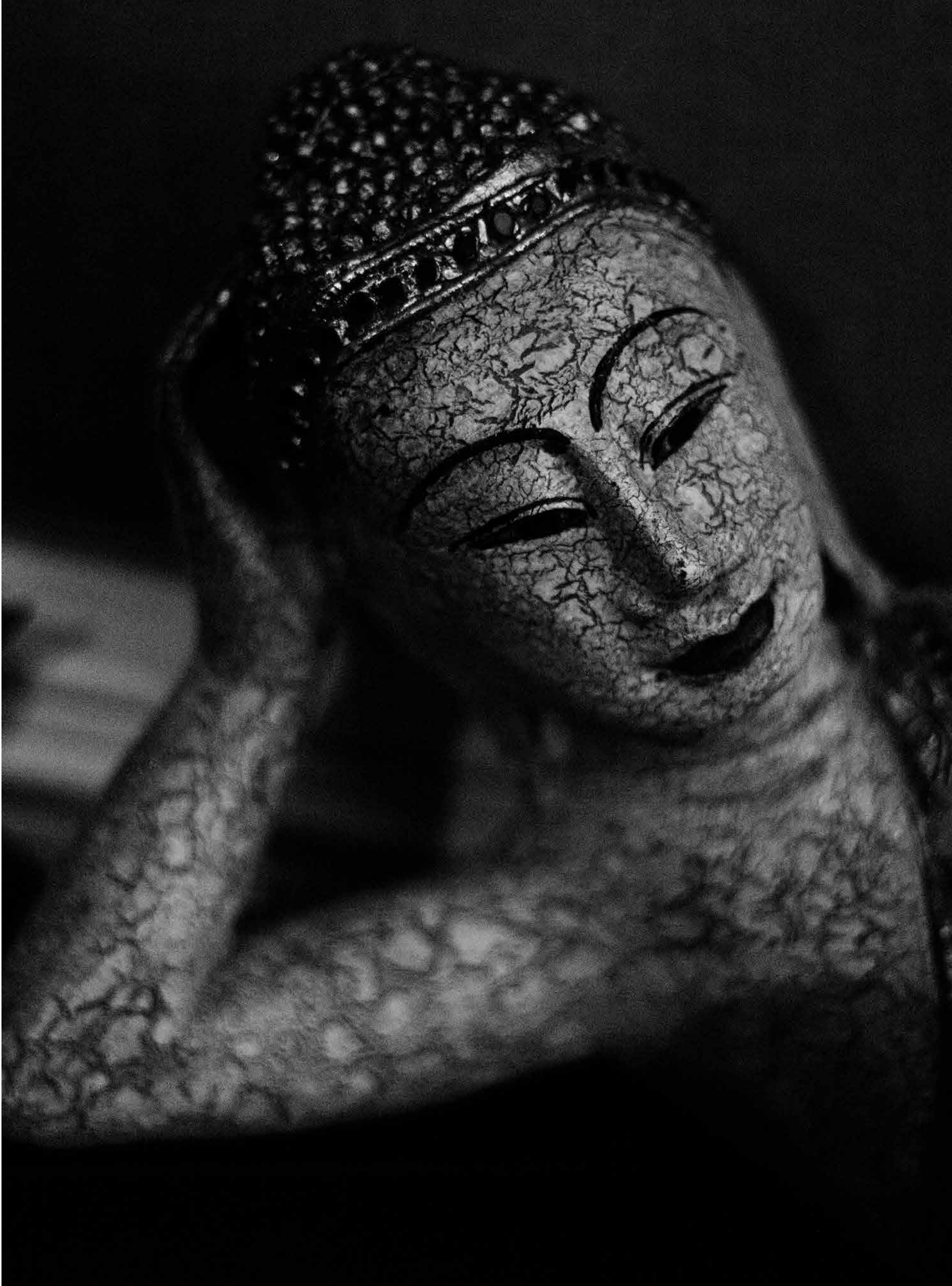
The Naxi Orchestra play in their own little theatre in Li Jiang, Western China. The players vary in age between 75 and 95 and wear magnificent robes in purple, red and yellow. At the bottom hem of the robes you can spot the odd Nike sneaker tapping out an obscure rhythm as the music, strange and beautiful, circles overhead, a haunting echo of eleventh-century China.



















































言酒藝

臉 郭汤圆二楼

行 演出时间

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爆

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འཇམ་མཁའ་འཁོར་ལུ་

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Rat's Blood Wine preface

... wandering along a dirt path made orange by a low dipping sun and crossed with faint shadows of trees and high-strung electrical wires, a vague question drifts through my head: where we will sleep tonight? On the other side of the path a lazy and contented river shines like a dream pool, a magician's mirror of elongated reflections. A tall wooden Chinese house spreads its reflection across the water. A bird softly plops into one of its watery windows. The reeds on the bank bend toward the river as if calling it to rise.

In the distance, the Wind and Rain Bridge with its grand seventeenth-century architecture holds the center point of this soft landscape. The grasses sway slightly in the air as they did a thousand years ago. The fields are the fields, the crops the crops; they break through the dirt at the same time every year. The rounded backs of the people echo the bones of their ancestors, their hands pull the same plants from the same earth.

A dark waterwheel turns slowly in circles in the river. Dipping and rising, it pulls cool clear water above the riverbank in wooden buckets. A crane materialises from the soft afternoon light and swoops across the limpid river before vanishing like a paper kite on the other side.

The Wind and Rain Bridge is lined with venerable ladies selling everything from beads and paint brushes to blouses and silky pink pajamas. To the northeast lies Xian, the starting point of the Silk Road. The road from the bridge to Sanjiang is thick with dust and S bends.

We pull over to get water in a quiet village that seems entirely deserted. There is an open space with a broken-down old proscenium and a baseball court. You imagine an announcement being made here, traditional plays at night, school days. But now it is shabby and broken, a remnant of another time, the young having left to work in the factories on the east coast. And then the silence is broken by the sound of voices rising like the clucking of a flock of hens. We cross over the road to find several old men sitting together in a dark house playing cards. They hunch over a rickety old table smoking, coughing and tutting at each other's foolish moves. Cards, cigarette smoke and dim light. They welcome us and smile up through mouths of shipwrecked teeth. My friend sits down to smoke and play a hand with them. In the back room three of the other men crouch in the dust and broken chairs to watch incomprehensible - to us - Chinese television. They are not even slightly disturbed by my raised camera you intrude but attempt to remain invisible: seen but not seen - sinking into darkness.

Sanjiang emerges from the surrounding dark hills as a flood of neon light. We have no hotel. Do we sleep in the van tonight or out in the fields like Chuang Tzu, our dreams wandering among the stars above the fields of Central China? Our driver converses with a local who points to a black shape on a far hill. Through the glimmer of neon we can just make out the words 'International Hotel'. Fifteen minutes later we walk into the vast marbled entrance.

Young girls in tight silk take our passports and give us room numbers. The International Hotel is vast, corporate and icy. I look around to see if there is anything of visual interest. Maybe that huge screen on the wall with Chinese flowers and dragons. Those marble columns ...? We have dinner in a spacious private room at the top of the hotel where we are seated at a huge round table which could seat King Arthur and all of his knights. We are four people seated at distant points along the perimeter. It's a good spot for a selfie - maybe not the Leica. After dinner the hostess insists on showing us the massage parlor, in truth a brothel where you view girls on a small TV screen that the madam provides. The girls all look bored to death. The rooms have packets of condoms and signs that say no smoking in bed.

Along the road to Danian we notice a temple on the other side of some fields. It looks lost, alone, as if it has run out of worshippers and energy. We walk across the fields and through a dark wooden roofed bridge over a sluggish stream and enter the gates of the temple. Which came

first, temple or village? But even in its stillness the building emits a quiet energy. There is an altar with burned out incense, various images of the Buddha, flowers, a faded paper tiger leaping down the wall, and along one side a dark room with recently-used cooking utensils and the ashes of a fire. Someone inhabits these rooms - a monk, a caretaker? We see him on the balcony which overlooks the courtyard. He is asleep with his head in his arms, a sleeping position commonly seen in China. He hears us and looks up to smile weakly as we raise our hands in acknowledgement of his temple.

Danian

The last seven miles into Danian are a rough ride over potholed dirt roads. Steep cliffs pile down into the roads from both sides, occasionally opening to a glimpse of a river below. A faint grey haze hangs over everything, pollution from the eastern coal factories that has drifted even to this remote area. You try to console yourself that it's just an overcast day again while a small voice reminds you of the truth.

Danian sprawls across the river as if it has been dropped from the sky like pick-up sticks. The town collects itself around one main artery with veins of alleys and steps disappearing off into the small dark recesses where the people live. We bed down in a small comfortless hotel with squat toilets and no light on the stairs. You need a flashlight to find your room and then you are confronted with an obstinate circular Chinese lock that refuses to open. You laugh into the darkness and of course ask yourself - how did I get here?

In the morning the Chinese national anthem blares out over the square below your uncurtained window. The anthem is followed by several happy pieces of music that celebrate the unity of the people, songs that in their relentless positivity are a reminder that this is still communist China.

We drive to a village close to the town where we have been told all the people will be in traditional 'minority' costume. What we find is a very quiet place with a few wooden houses, some kids and a couple of dogs. The kids are very interested in us and follow us everywhere as we desperately look for people in traditional garb, and want to sell us a small bird in a wooden cage. My friend Dan buys it for five yuan, and sets it free as the kids gape in amazement at his foolishness. They lead us to a village store where a young girl sits and watches TV, a rack of dusty cola bottles behind her. There seem to be no adults anywhere - probably they're down in Danian.

That night I wander through more alleys and meet a fit-looking old man who invites me into his place for a drink. He has worked in the fields all his life and it shows in his trim, muscled body. He fills me with drinks that would start a tractor as I drunkenly shoot pictures of him and his home. Later his wife arrives, a beautiful older lady who perfectly matches her handsome husband.

The following night I am invited to a house across the river to a special dinner. As pots boil and simmer on the stove, there are endless jokes among the young local men present who seem to be very happy together enjoying this moment away from work. We sit down as the table gets piled with dishes of food. Some of it looks recognizable ... yes that is definitely rice and that appears to be cabbage and ... and then someone whispers to me that some of the meat is rat! And that they are also serving rat's blood wine ...

My confidence and hunger shrink rapidly as mouths open, chopsticks dance, drinks are downed.

I raise my Leica ...





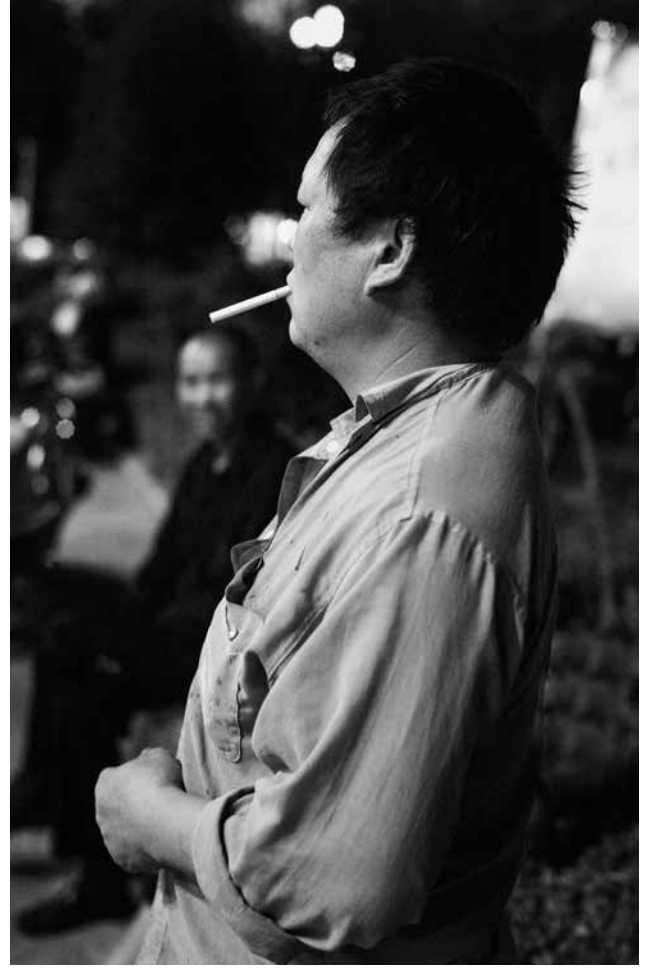






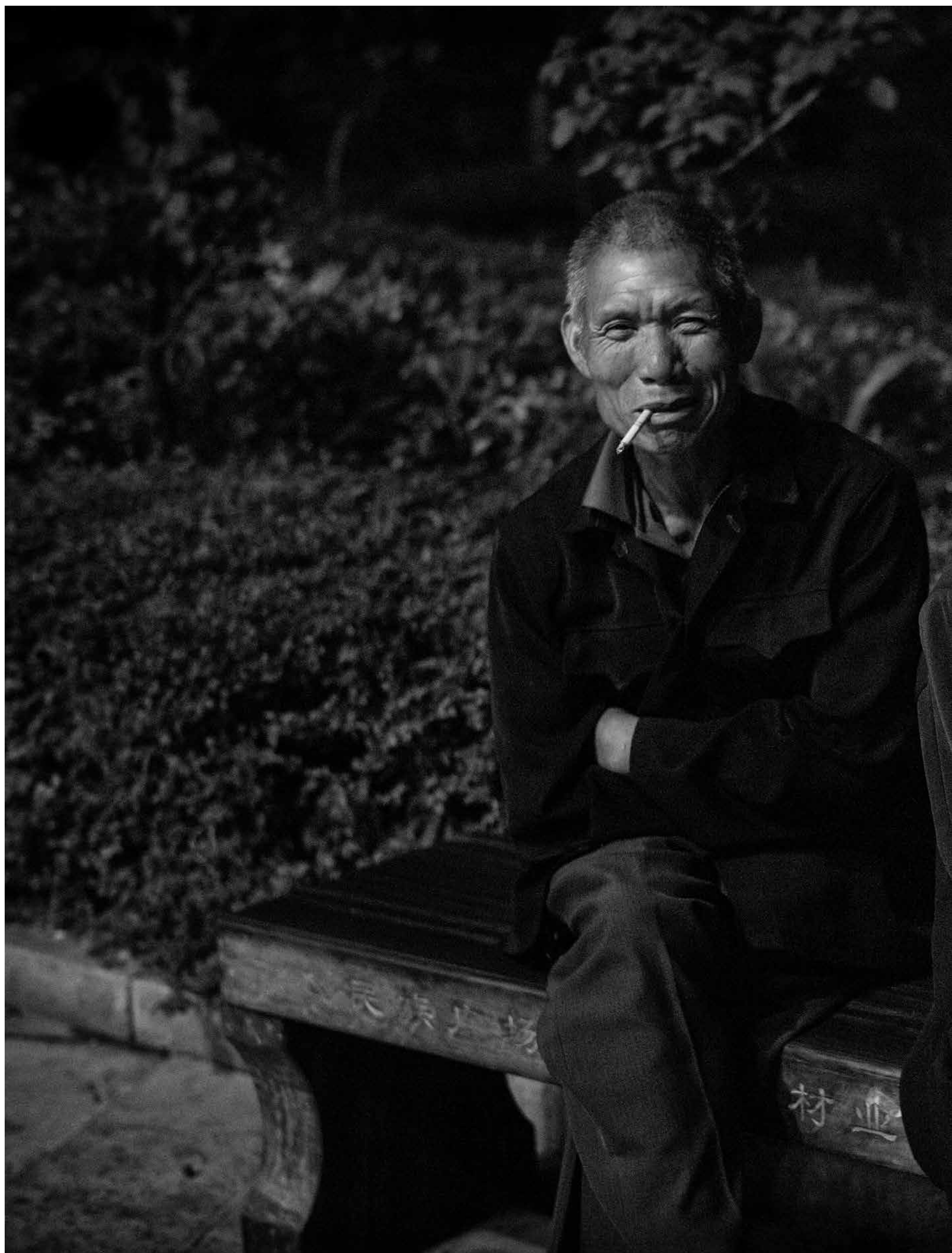
















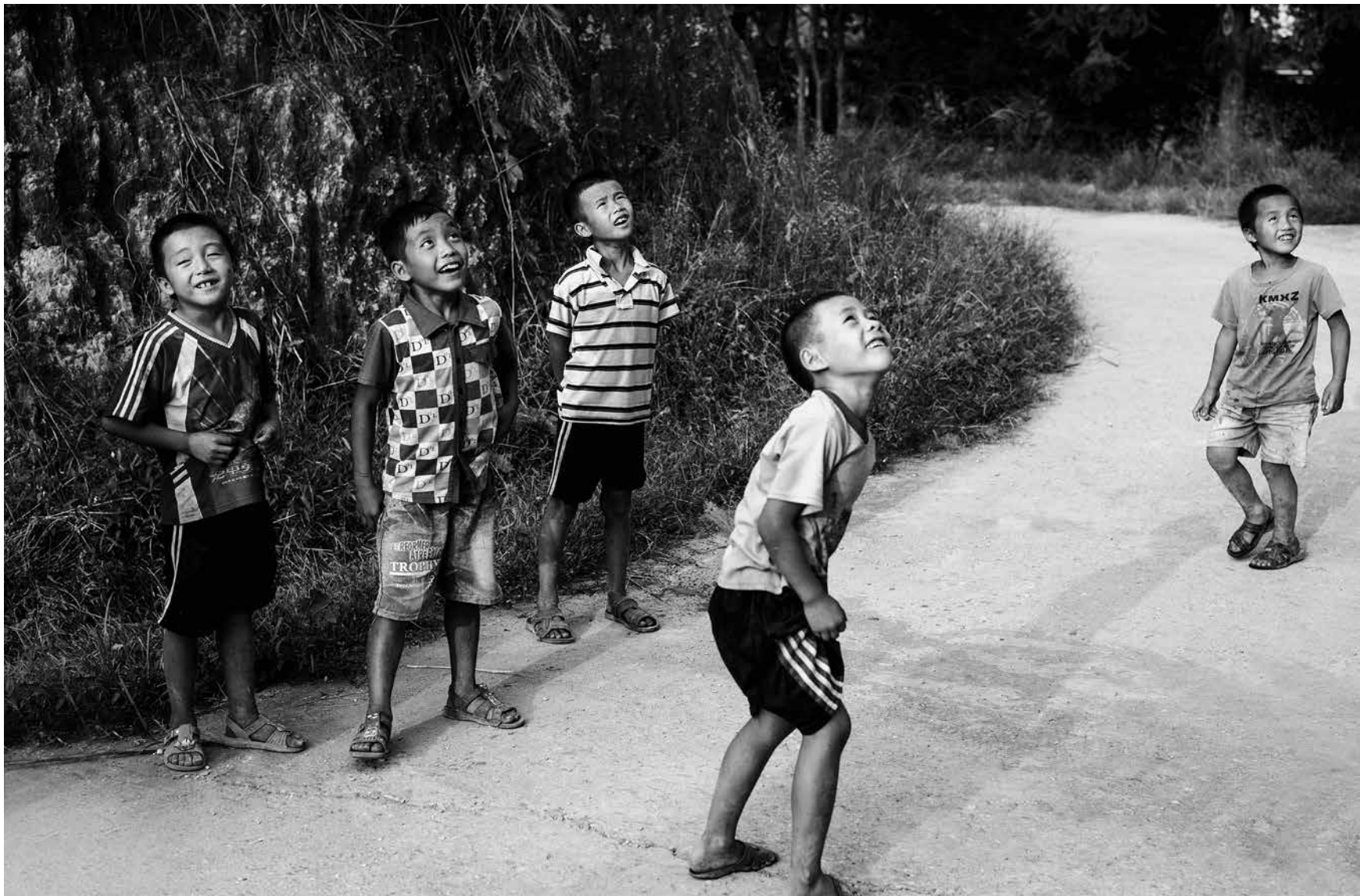




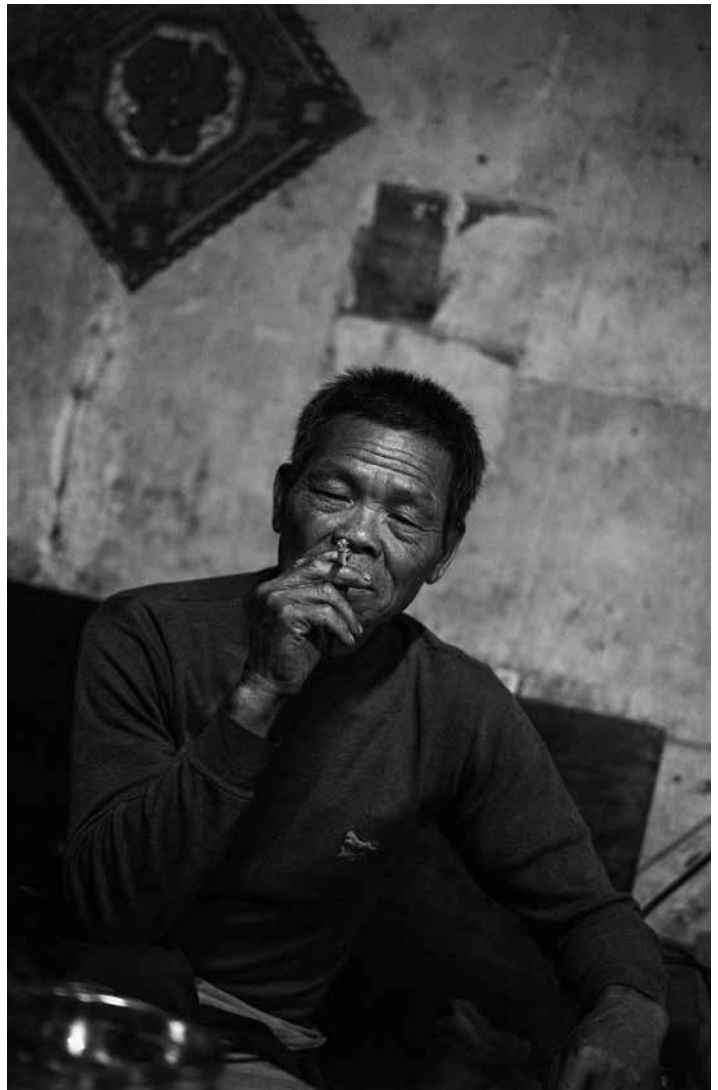






































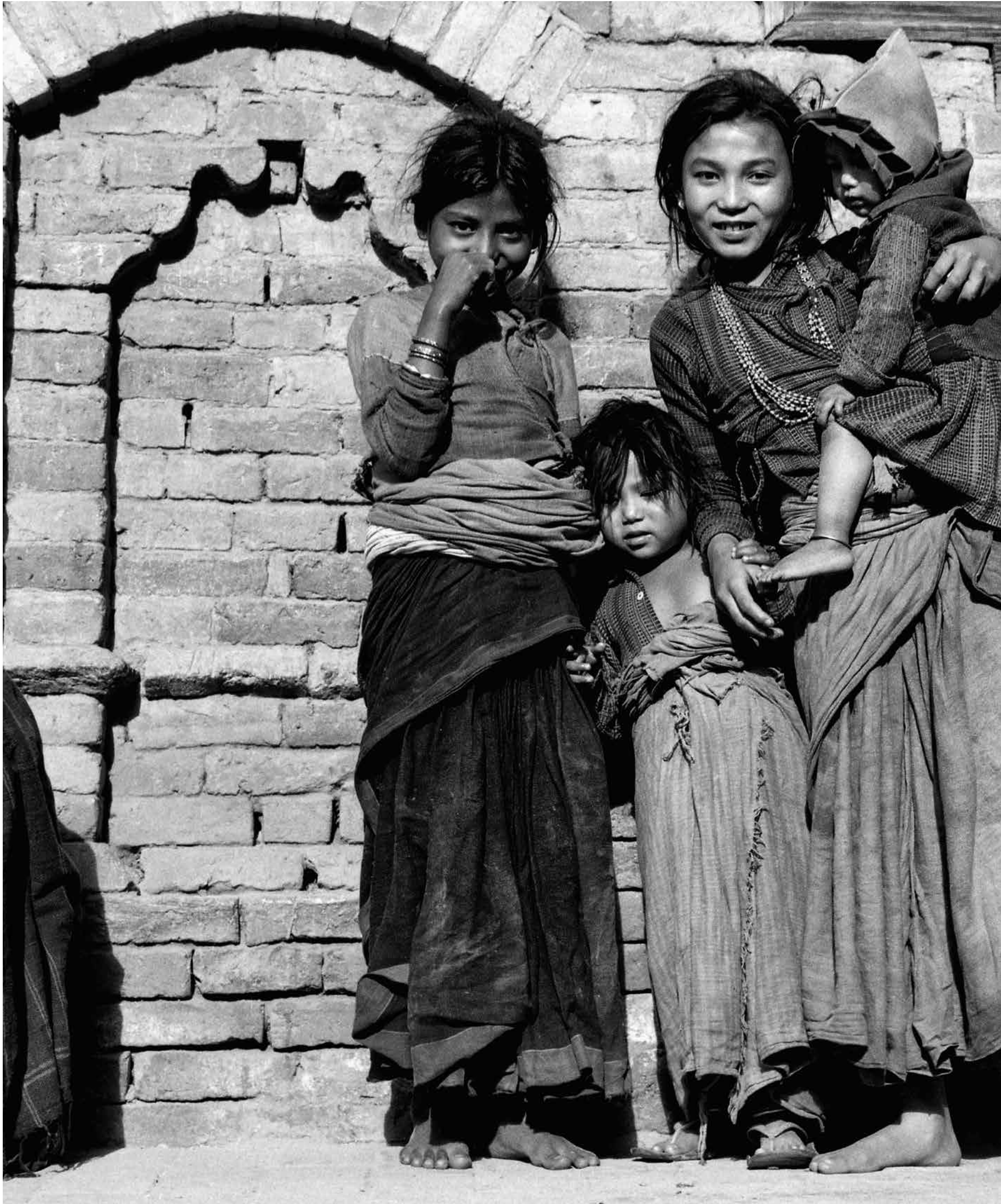










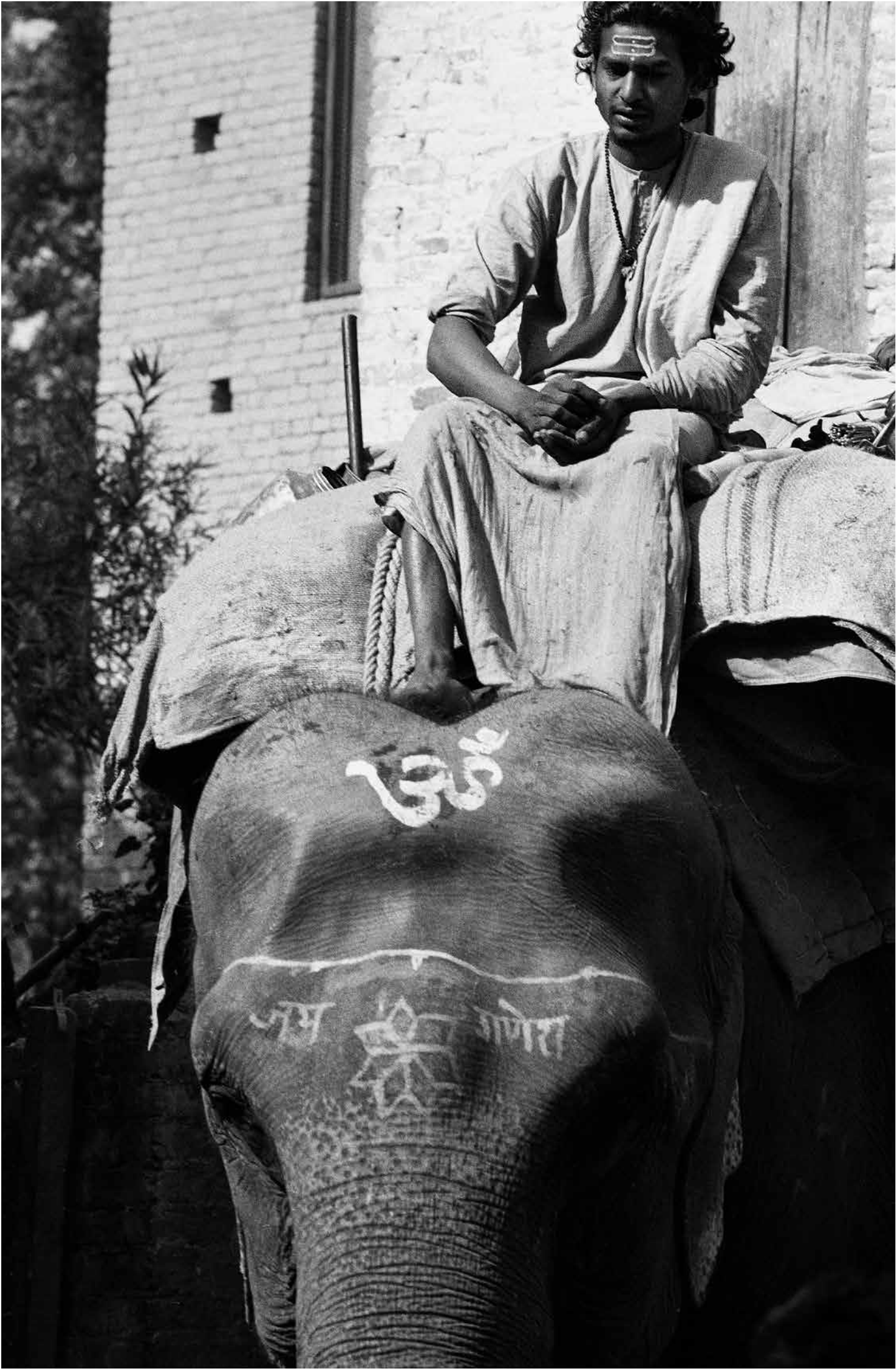






















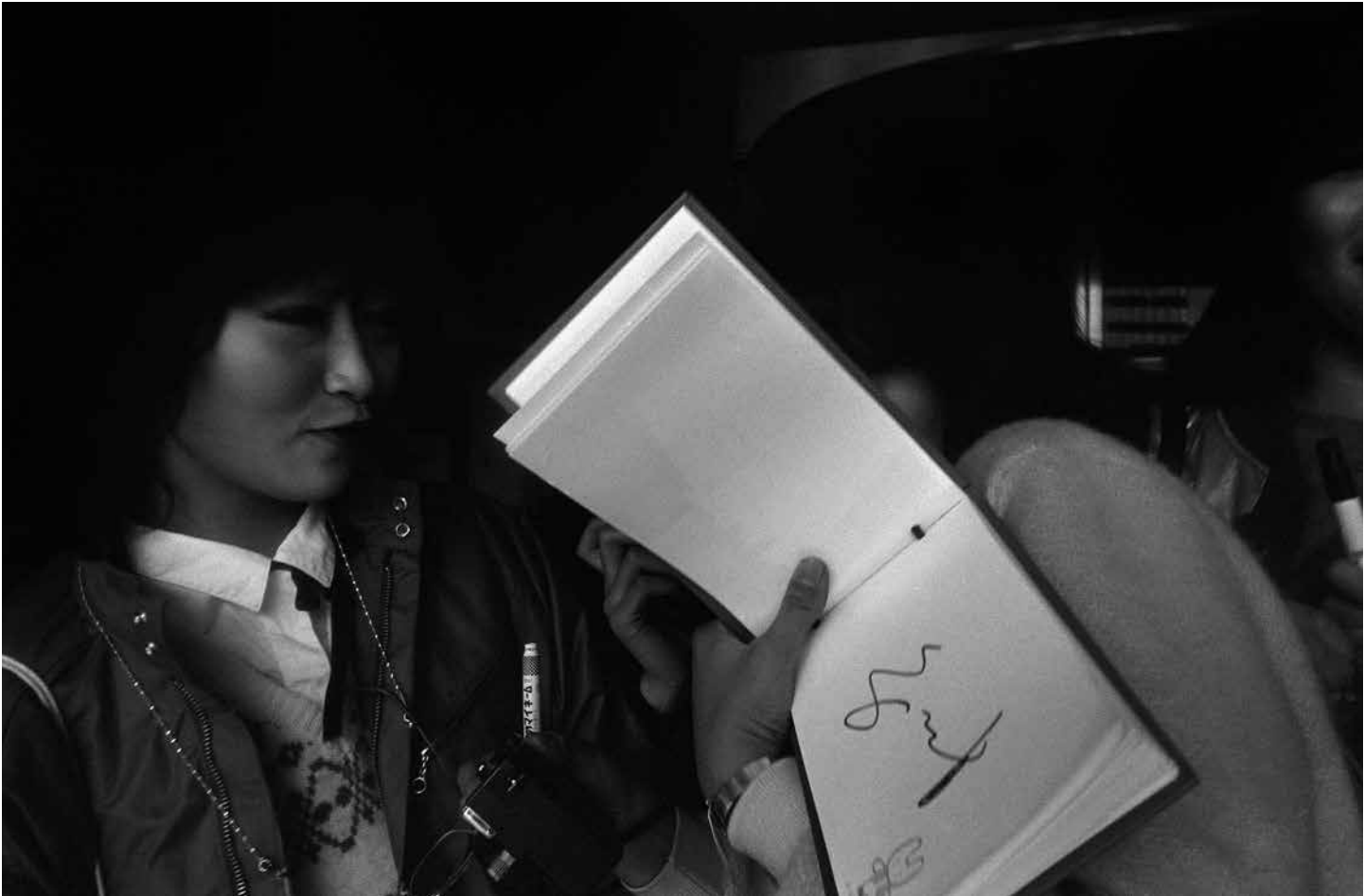
















Were she a flower
She would be a wild, fringed pink
Petals manifold

Basho





★☆☆☆☆
ヨールダン川
風の森へ
はじめての方、
おひとりでも、
お気軽に
お入りください
DRINK 800 YEN ~
60s BAR KAZENOMORI

60s BAR
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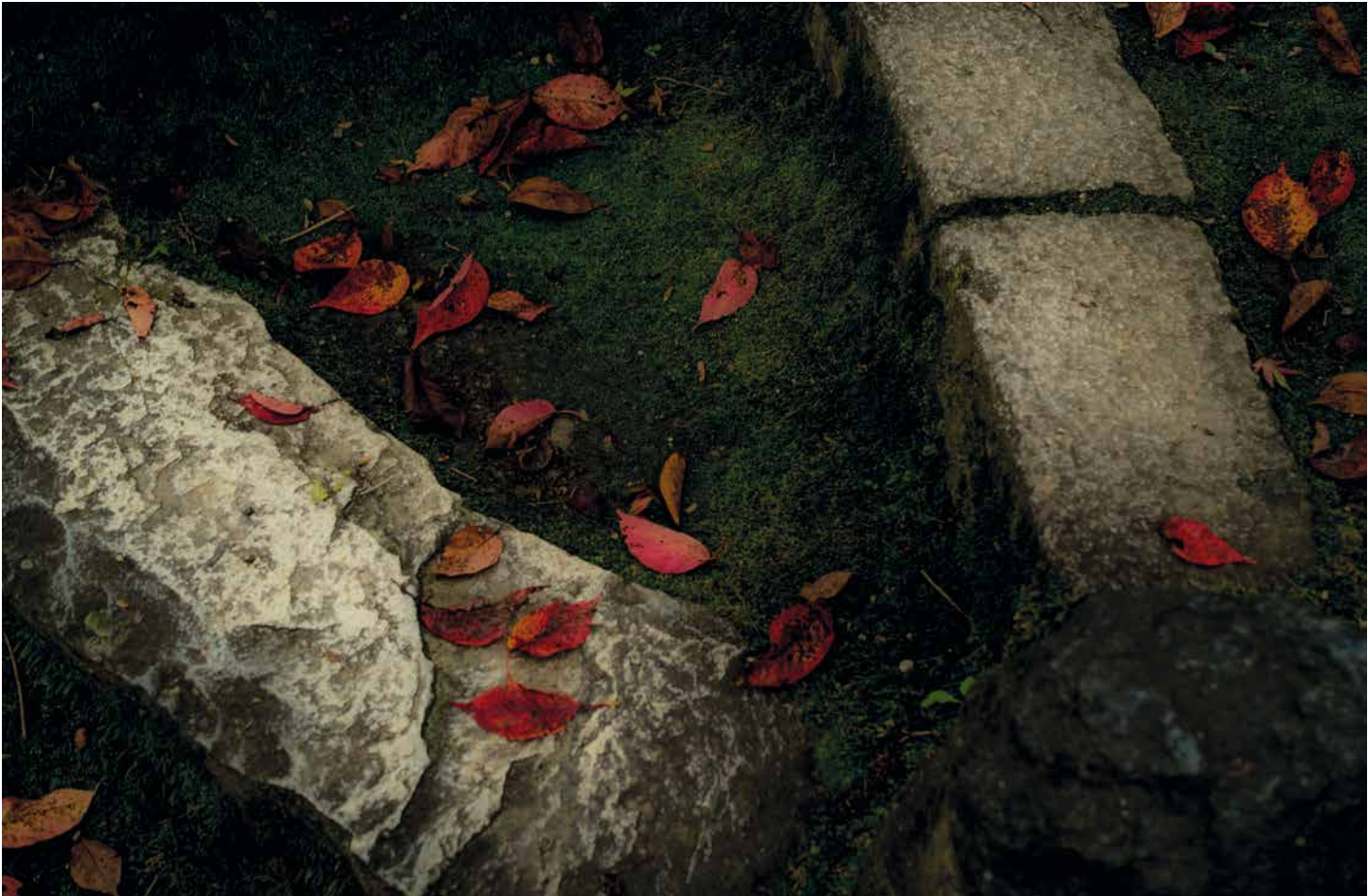
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1人 きっぷ2枚
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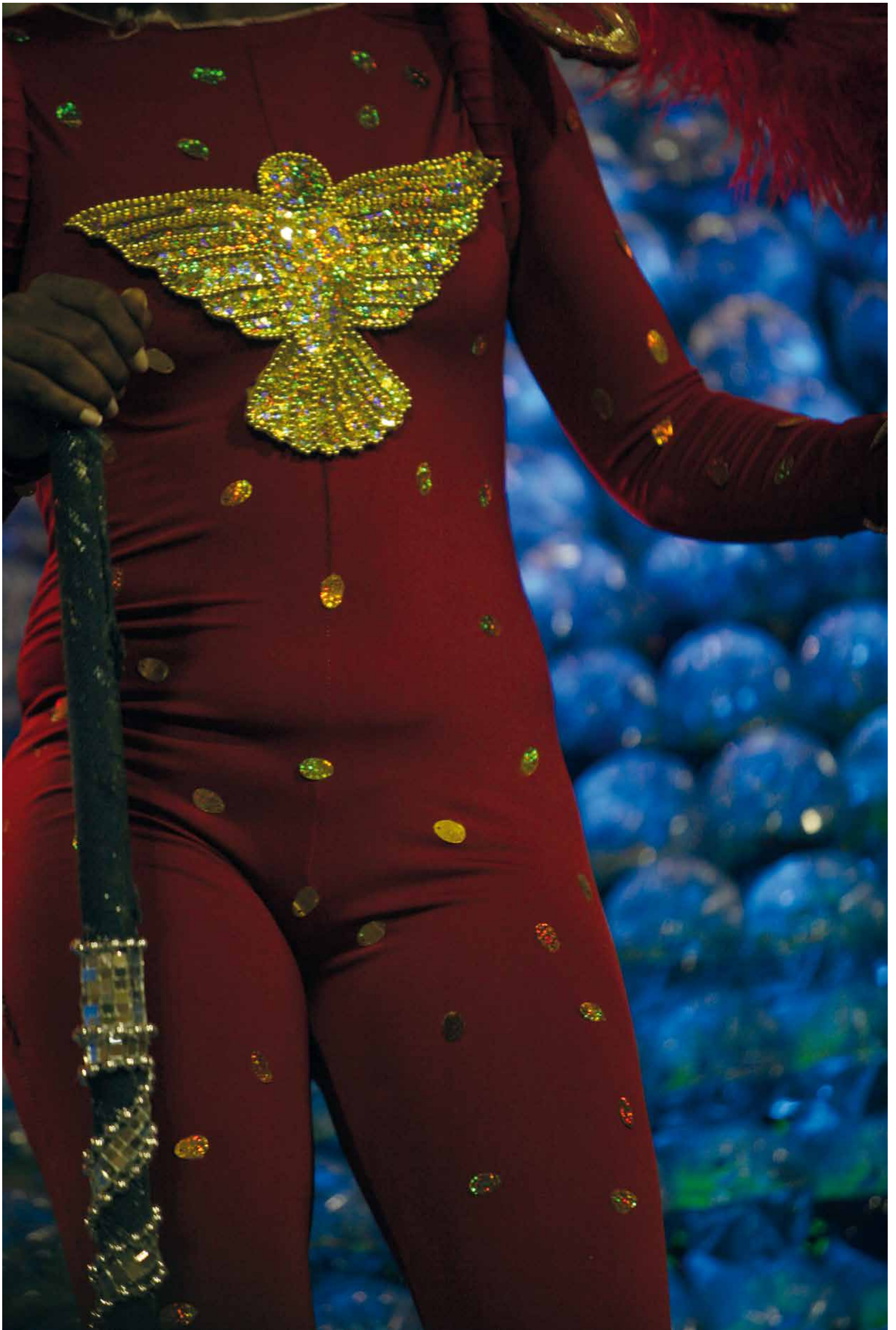


Brazil

My first sense of Brazil came when I wandered into a local music shop as a teenager to find a scruffy looking man inside playing a nylon-string guitar. I was taken with his playing and the piece of music he was running through. 'What's that?' I asked. 'Villa Lobos,' he said without looking up as he whipped up the fifth string and then grunted 'Brazil' before plunging back through some chromatic descending chords.

I was excited by this wonderful guitar music: it seemed strange and exotic and I was instinctively drawn in. I found the name of the composer, Heitor Villa Lobos, and began trying to understand his compositions. Not long after that I saw the film *Black Orpheus* and was enchanted by the lyrical and harmonic music of Luiz Bonfá and Antônio Carlos Jobim. I was hooked on Brazil by the time I was sixteen, and the music of these great Brazilians has always inspired me and been present throughout my life in music.





























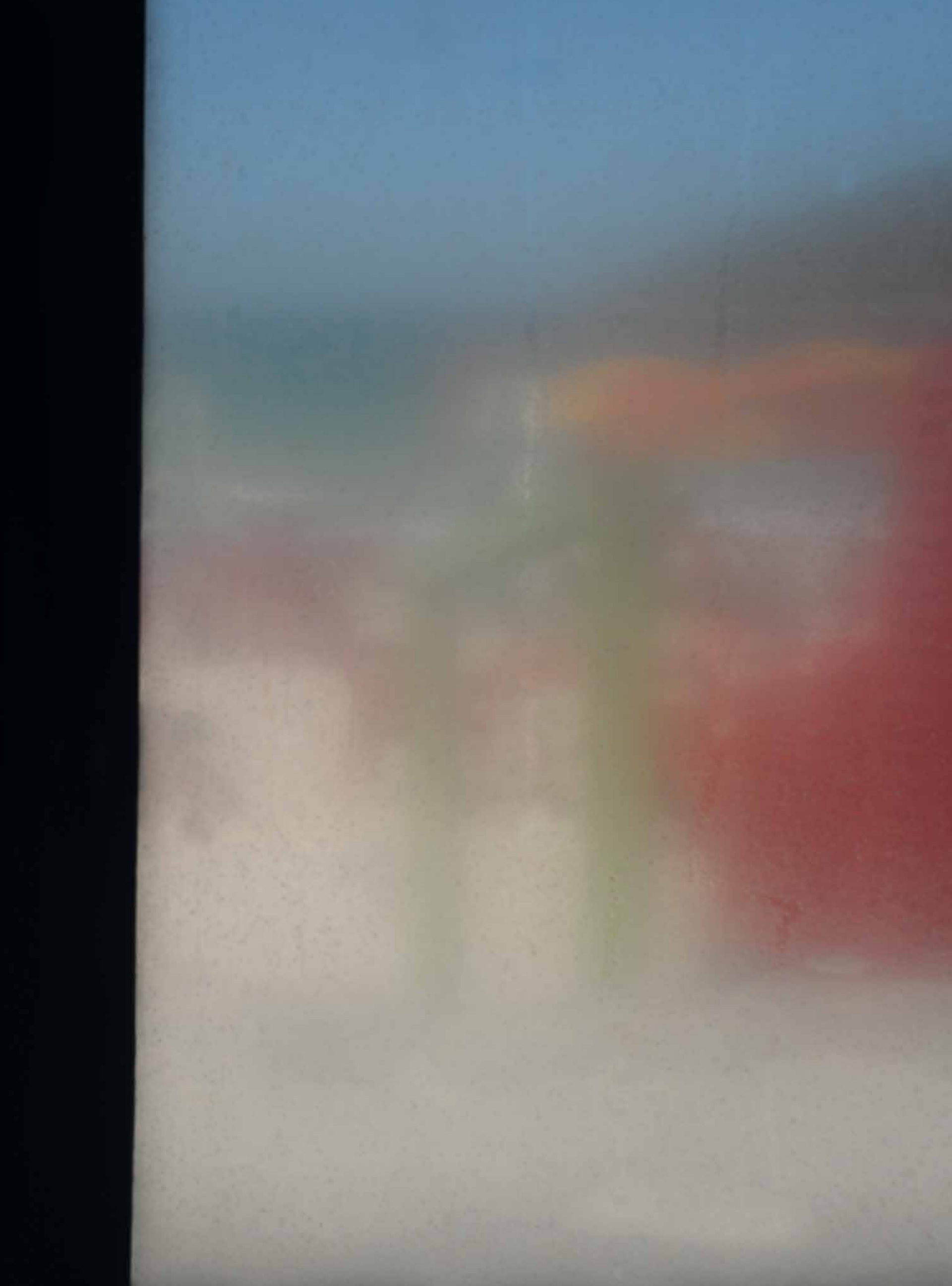
















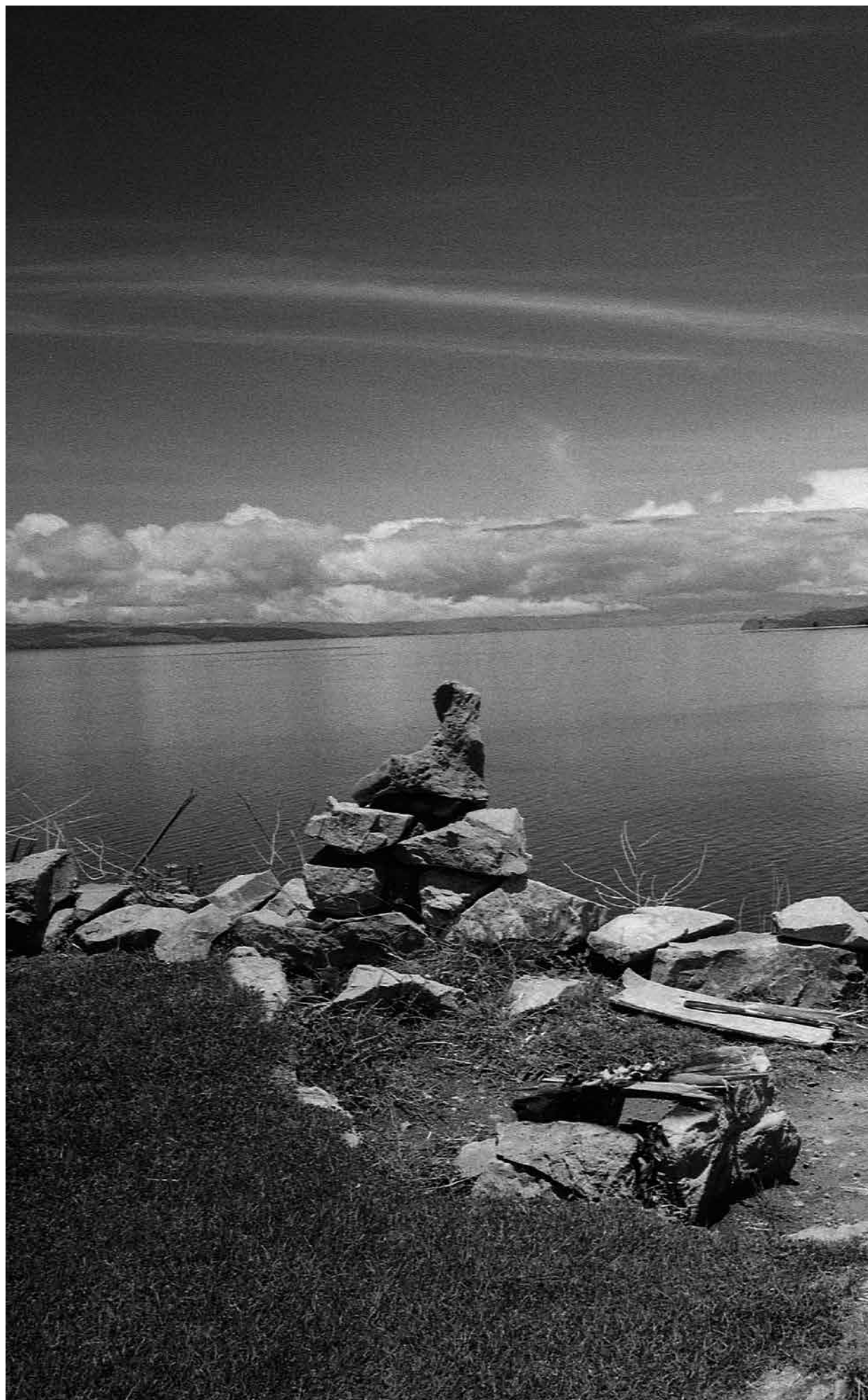
At 12,500 feet in La Paz, Bolivia my hands are shaking from the effects of the altitude pills I've just swallowed in my hotel room. But catching the roar of what sounds like a mighty crowd in the street below I grab my camera bag and head out to see what's happening. The main plaza is dotted with fires, tents, mothers, babies, families and men shouting through megaphones and microphones, a big political protest which seems like an everyday event here.













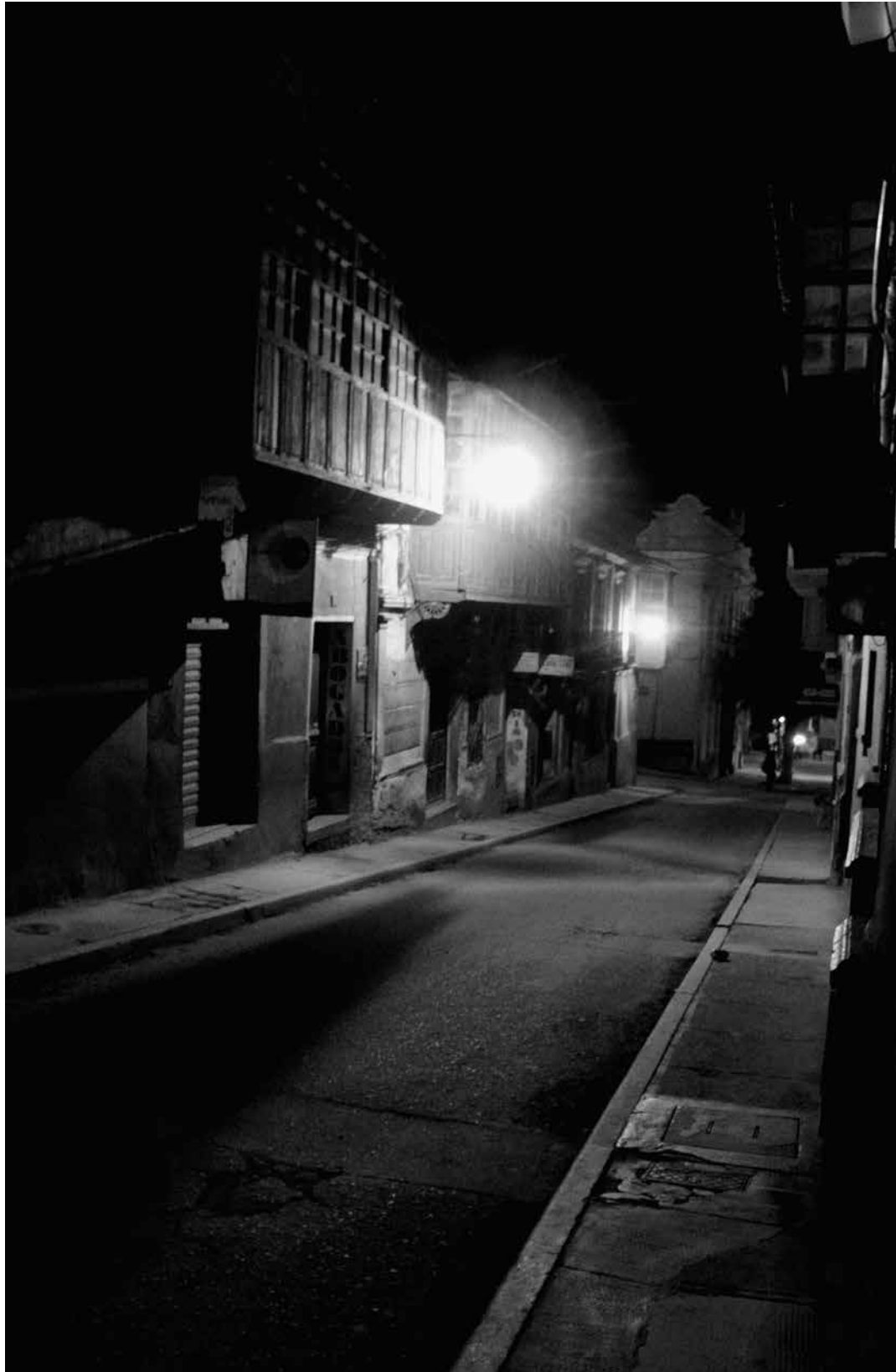




































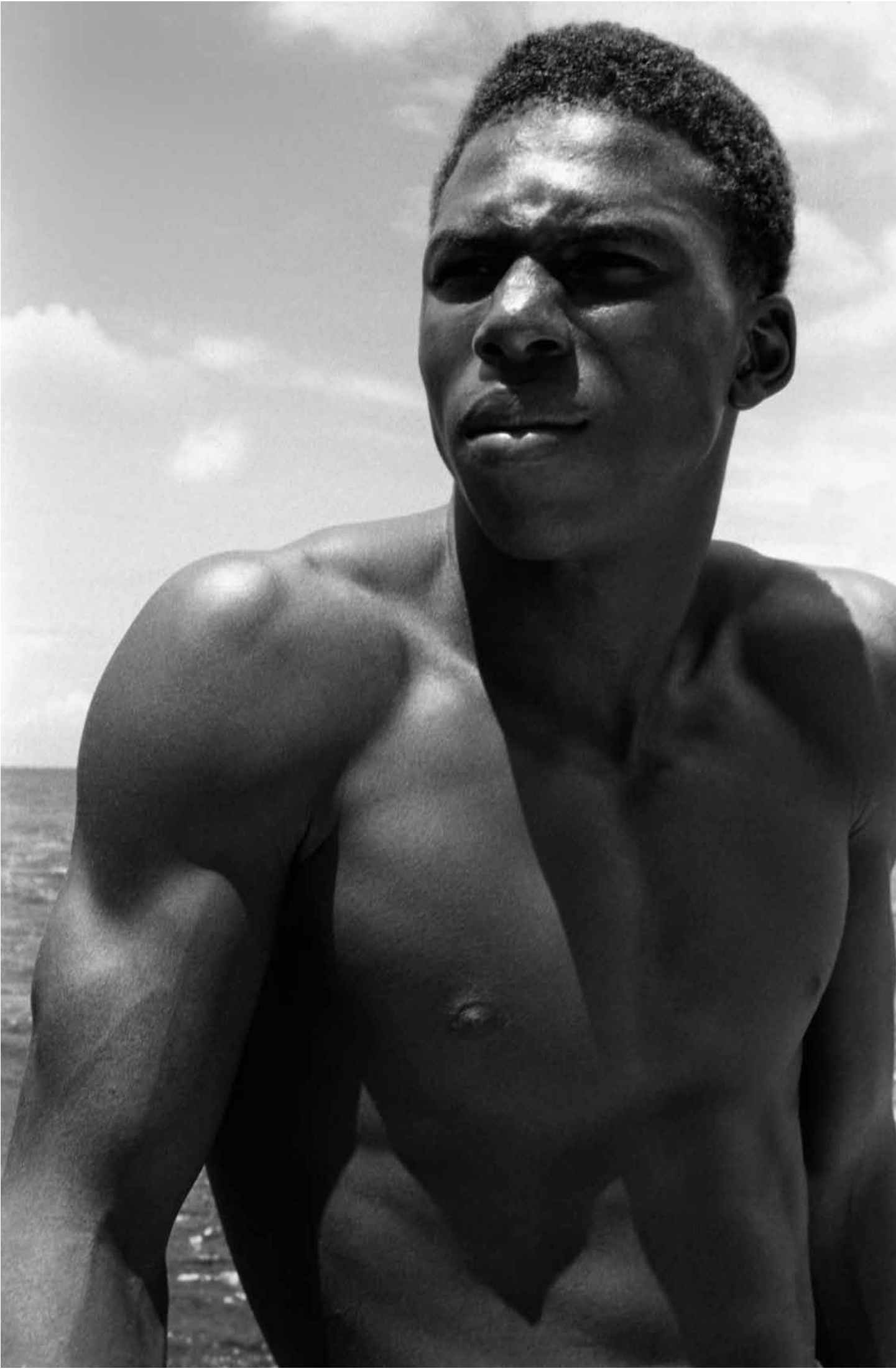
































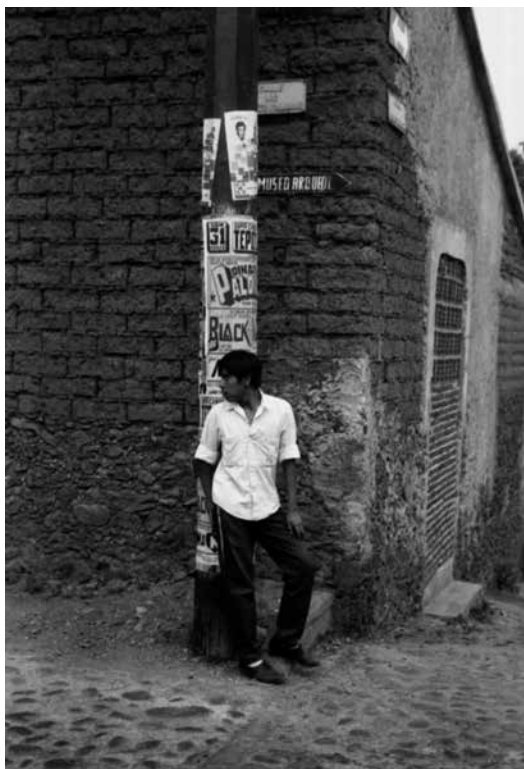
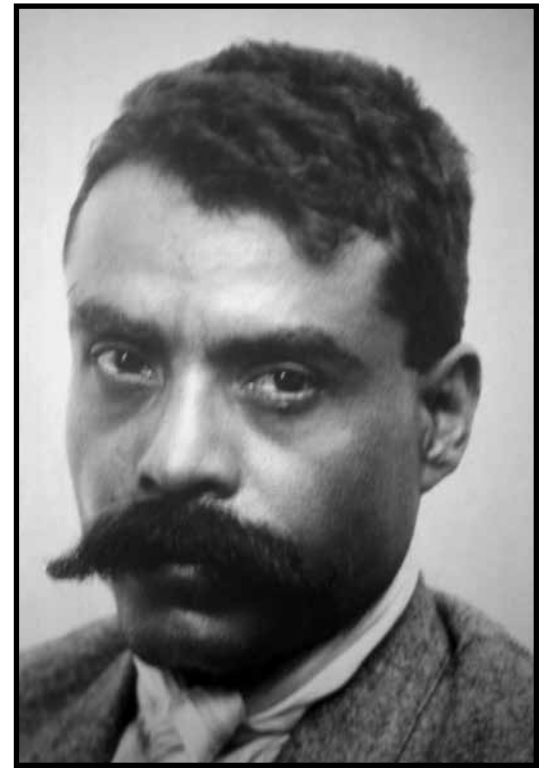






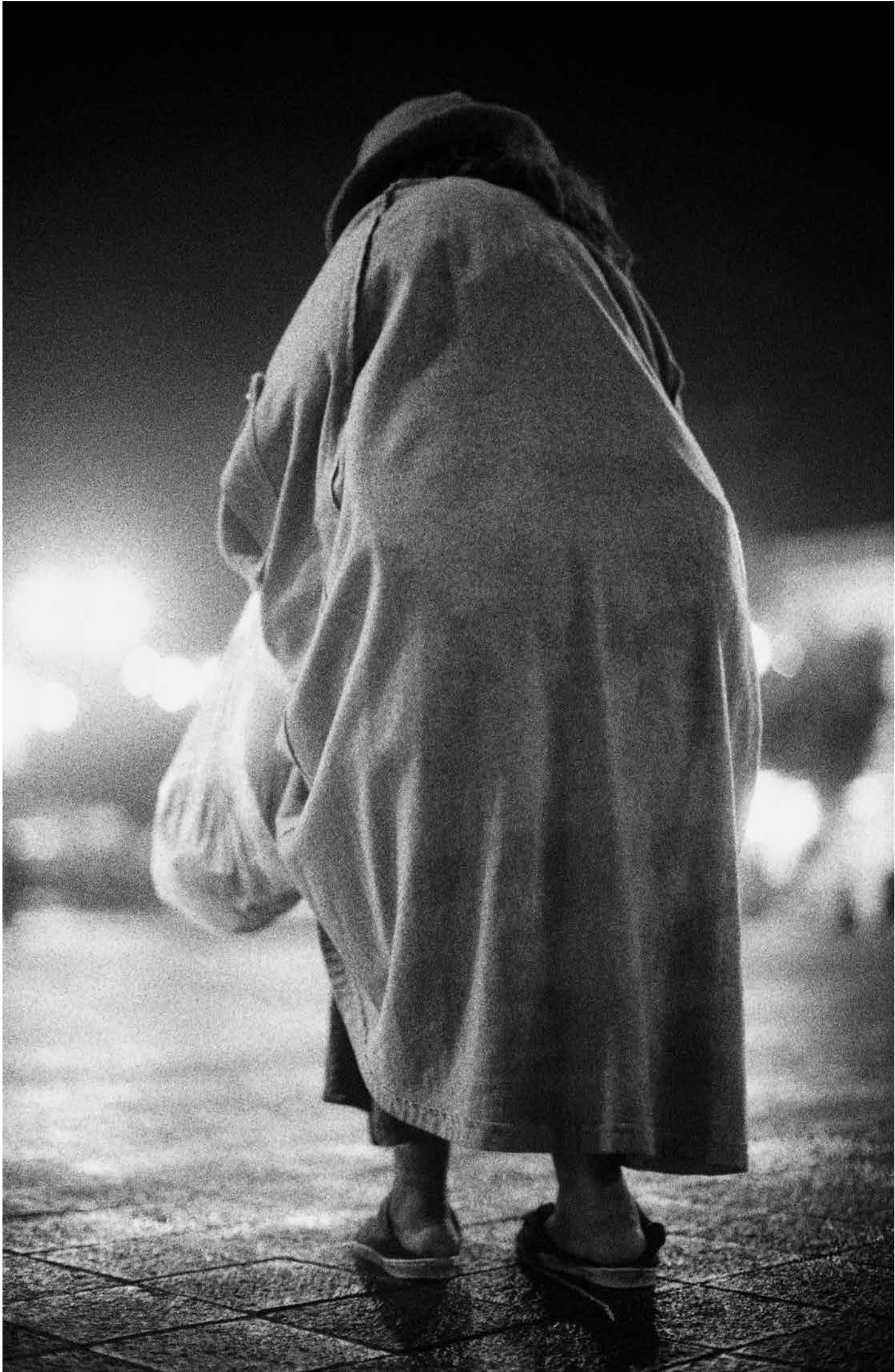
















DAXAGA. DAX.











Shutter open - shutter closed

As few words as possible

Don't talk about photographs

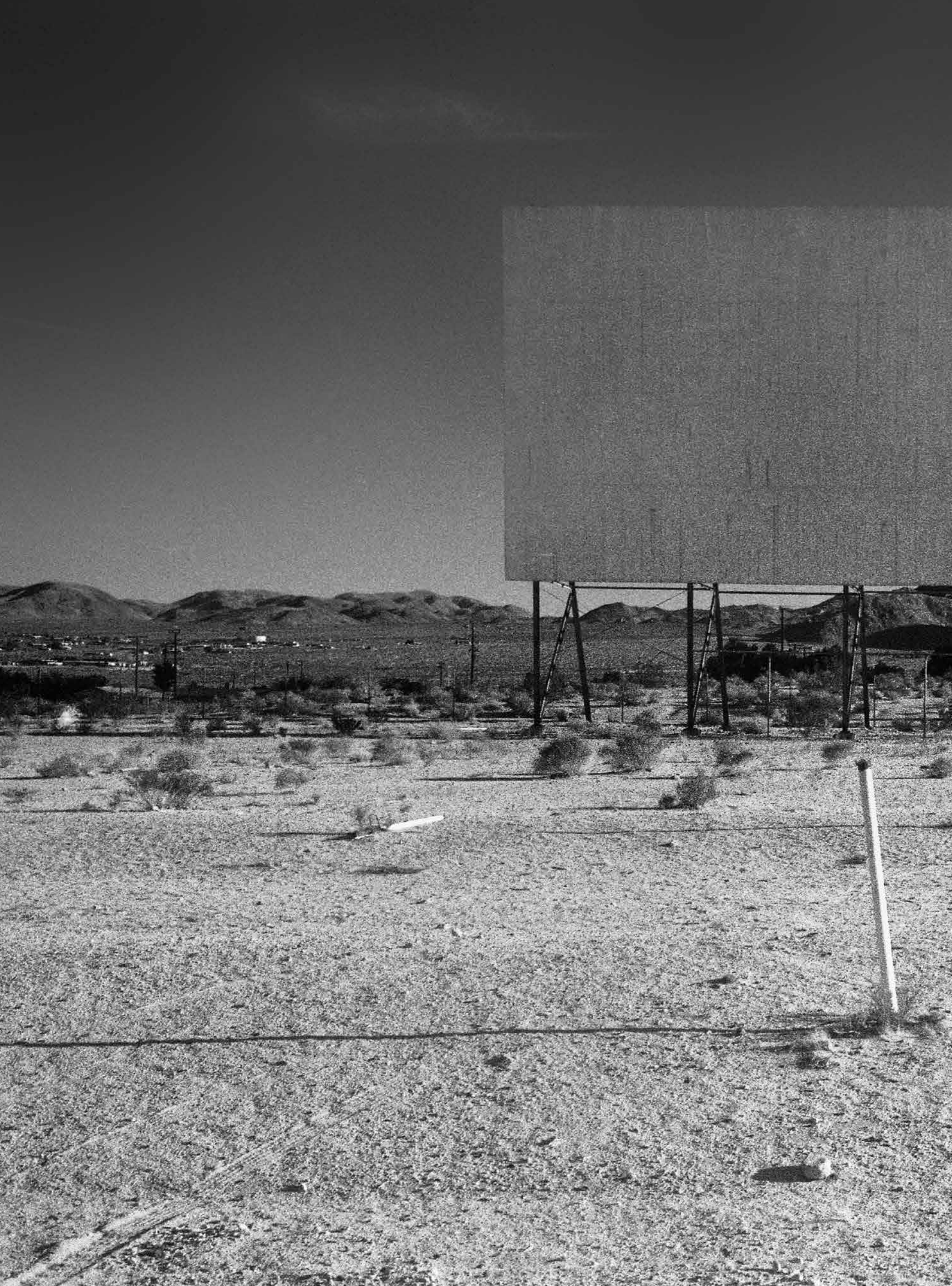
That's a jungle that's a river that's a city,

Somewhere ...

That's all









acknowledgement

I'm very pleased to see this beautiful publication by teNeues. After so much hanging around in the back streets of Vietnam, Shanghai, Kyoto, Texas etc., and all the anxiety about getting your film wiped out at the airport, it is rewarding to finally have something solid that reflects all those experiences and wonderful adventures. Along the way of course I was helped by many people - you might call them angels. My most substantial mentor of course is the great Ralph Gibson, who has been such an important influence. Also the long list of great photographers - too many to list here, but among them Robert Frank, Lee Friedlander, Cartier Bresson, Werner Bischoff, Gary Winogrand - and all the wonderful European cinema auteurs that I grew up with and have never tired of, and who are always present when I press the button - you get the idea. I would also like to thank my friend Gilles Mora, who staged and curated *A Certain Strangeness* in Montpellier, and friend Stijn Hujits for the beautiful museum show in Masstricht, and of course Leica for their ongoing support and the beautiful M camera that you can play like a guitar.

On the personal side: my wife Kate, our children Mo, Anton and Layla, and all the friends who are always so supportive through all the attendant madness ...

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Düsseldorf Office
Waldenburger Straße 13
41564 Kaarst, Germany
e-mail: books@teneues.com

Augsburg/München Office
Ohmstraße 8a
86199 Augsburg, Germany
e-mail: books@teneues.com

Berlin Office
Lietzenburger Straße 53
10719 Berlin, Germany
e-mail: books@teneues.com

Press Department
e-mail: presse@teneues.com

teNeues Publishing Company
350 Seventh Avenue, Suite 301
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Phone: +1-212-627-9090
Fax: +1-212-627-9511

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