Annabel Dover v Paul Kindersley

High waisted trousers, quilted sleeves and a bit of crying

Annabel Dover, *Urtica Dioica*, 2011, cyanotype, 112x77cm

Who is your *Tainted Love* person?
PK: Always Norman Bates in Alfred Hitchcock's *Psycho*. Anthony Perkins is SO handsome and his awkward autistic mannerisms are endearing. I would love to spend some time in Bates Motel with him. One look into his eyes over a snack of milk and sandwiches would make me forgive him all the murders! And he's a dab hand at taxidermy - swoon.
AD: Mine is Anna Atkins, she made albums of cyanotypes of seaweed, ferns, plants, feathers and lace that she found in and around her house, garden and nearby coastline. She went on walks to collect them, on her own or with her friend Anne Dixon. From her albums it appears that she had a sense of wonder about everything she saw. She also, like the Lincaeans (creators of the Paper Museum), used 'local' specimens, whether weeds from her native Kent, or plants brought back for her from her husband's coffee plantation in South America. She imbibed it all and reproduced beautiful, encyclopaedic albums that were unique to her. Later she worked collaboratively with her friend Anne.

Do you have any other heroes?
PK: Myra Breckinridge for being nasty, vile and obnoxious, but oh so glamourous. A real anti-heroine.
AD: Probably anyone that's kind. People often seem to misinterpret kindness for stupidity.

Favourite colour?
PK: I always say red as a default reaction, but when I think about it, egg yolk yellow.
AD: Papal purple, Schiaparelli pink, gold. Jet jewellery on black crinoline is amazingly luscious.

If you could have your own museum, say like Peggy Guggenheim's gallery in Venice, what would you have in it?
PK: Can I just list some fave artists? The big ones, for the permanent collection, would be Karen Kilimnik, Tom Burr, Ray Johnson, Jean Cocteau, Jack Smith, Lothar Hempel, Eleanor Antin, Cady Noland and Richard Hawkins. And I'd have a cinema dedicated to trash, not to mention a rotating exhibition of new and exciting friends' performances and exhibitions.
AD: I'd like any Rembrandt self-portrait, Manet flower paintings, Goya's dog sinking in sand and Fra Angelico. I'd like Staffordshire pottery, the eye brooch that cries diamonds in the V&A, a diamond trombler, Titian's *Man With a Quilted Sleeve*, a Chardin, some Blaschka brothers glass flowers, a Fabergé Egg, a golden oak leaf garland, a wunderkammern, an automaton, the complete collection of Wiener Werkstatte, Dutch flower paintings, Dürer's clod of weeds, Anna Atkins' last album and a Fox Talbot photogram of lace. I loved the Hayward show a few years ago called *Eyes, Lies and Illusion*, so any of that would be lovely. Ideally I'd have somewhere as big as the Hermitage to put everything in.

Favourite films?
PK: *Psycho, Suspiria*, *Female Trouble*, *Beyond the Valley of the Dolls*, *Jubilee*, *Liquid Sky*, *Daughters of Darkness*.
AD: *The Graduate*, both of Steve McQueen's films - *Hunger* and *Shame*, *Vertigo, Rear Window*, *Little Deiter Wants to Fly*, *Smoke*.

Favourite item of clothing?
PK: High waisted trousers
AD: The quilted sleeve on Titian's *Man With a Quilted Sleeve*.

Given the choice of anyone in the world, whom would you want as a dinner guest?
AD: Modigliani would want a row and would stink, living as he did with Soutine in his house made out of shit bricks. Picasso would letch and chain smoke through the dinner. Oscar Wilde's ego would be out of control. Lautrec was meant to have been a great conversationalist- he could go in a high chair, reeking of absinthe. So maybe nice friends, oh and I've always fancied Gregory Peck so maybe he could come.
PK: This is a hard one. I often dream about celeb filled dinners. I would love a sexy lads night out with Anthony Perkins (but only as Norman Bates), Terence Stamp (*Teorema* period), Z-man Barzell (from *Beyond the Valley of the Dolls*), Mathieu Carrière, Udo Kier, Vincent Cassel, Stephen Tennant, Pelle Almqvist (the Hives) and to be au courant – Benedict Cumberbatch (but only as Sherlock obvs!) For an intimate meal however I would choose Elizabeth Taylor, Mario Lanza, Samantha Fox, Apollo, Jane Fonda, Salome and Kirstie Alley.

Tainted Lover?
PK: Autistic boys...
AD: He was married that was what tainted him but he was strong and gentle, like a loo roll, that's why he was so amazing.

Which piece of your own work is your favourite?
PK: My installation for my Transition solo show, *She wanted his soul but he could only give her his blood*. It only lives on in pictures, but it expressed what I wanted it to. I hope to get the opportunity to make more all-encompassing works like it.
AD: I liked the *One a day for a year* series because people told me their stories after they'd visited it.

What would constitute a perfect day for you?
AD: In no particular order: Swimming in a river, picnic, birds in the trees, animals, Bloody Mary, painting/drawing, a Champagne fountain (to look at), an outdoor film, reading a lovely book, having sex, bath, radio, crossword, dancing a waltz, a languorous sleep.
PK: Lots of food, anything really, but plenty; a huge Japanese breakfast, an enormous meaty British lunch, snacks galore and dinner of hundreds of little dishes. Also see some exciting art (the kind that makes you want to make) and wash it all down with a Campari soda and an extremely trashy blood and nudity filled Italian Giallo.

When did you last cry?
PK: Sounds stupid, but a bit too much gin, and no bustop, do not a happy Paul make.
AD: That sounds like a recipe for hell and tears Paul I agree. Anti depressants mean I cry less than I used to but actually I cried last week.

Do you have a secret hunch about how you will die?
PK: I would hope something quick and unusual; crushed by a disco ball or collapsing at NY fashion week like Zelda Kaplan. However, its more likely to be an accident around the house. I had to go to A&E six times one year for silly household incidents, like having a plug stuck into my heel.
AD: No. I would love to be in bed with my children (I don't have any children yet) and the love of my life and listening to swifts from an open window.

Paul Kindersley, *Trying to Draw Marina 2012, 28x21cm, ink on paper*