

My time with Walter was during my golden years, living sober between detox and relapse. He was one of the major players of my life story. Those people who after knowing, you are permanently changed.

I met Walter one night in Zurich after my first presentation of my work in his town. I immediately recognised his uncanny resemblance to my older brother. Strangely he knew that without me ever telling him. That sealed our bond. He became the stand-in for my brother in my mind and his.

He seduced me like he did every other woman he met in those years. He was sexy behind his glasses and his deep intellect was seductive. He was a man with a golden touch, one of those people that burn when they touch you so sweetly. Every woman believed she was the one.

He flirted endlessly with all of my friends and assistants. I especially remember him trembling like a schoolboy in awe of the beauty of my friend Amanda. He came to London to ask her to marry him. She said 'you don't know me'. He insisted he did. 'You only know me in Nan's photos' she said. His sensitivity to photographs often provoked obsession.

Making books together was our sublimation of the sexuality that lay beneath the surface of many of my great friendships. For us it was a rite of passage that grew into an intense and abiding friendship. This is where Walter lived and breathed. Both of us obsessive perfectionists, we worked with such pleasure through the nights. We made love through making books.

Everything I know about book making comes from my first years with Walter. His vast knowledge and curiosity re-inspired my faith in the medium of photography. He talked about Robert Frank incessantly the first years we knew each other. Every story referred back to Robert. Working with him was his greatest pride.

My mentor - book after book, though out the 90's. We loved fancy restaurant and went to different ones every night, in Zurich, Berlin and New York. I called him for advice in every situation. He organised projects, jobs, exhibitions, and my two major retrospectives. Walter always rescued me. I referred to him as my great protector. He maintained an absolute loyalty that was so necessary for my entrance into the big life that he helped expand.

He took me to my first Frankfurt book fair in a windowless functional building that sucked the life out of books. He said 'lets do another book' and I said 'Ok. David'. It was Davids first book. The relationship between our work reflected 30 years of friendship and a similar view of the world. His stood independently and beautifully while showing me a new dimension of my own . We made the

book lying on beds in my Berlin apartment editing slides through the night and laughing hysterically. One night we looked at so many images that Walter lost it - and yelled 'Oh no, not another drag queen!' - while looking at landscapes. He locked each of us in our respective rooms and commandeered our texts, each about our version of our relationship. He created a magnificent book with us.

Rick David and I were in Salzburg the summer of '92. We went to Zurich to visit Walter and met George Rheinhardt who stood for Walters older brother, mentor and protector. He was a big, soft man whose presence embraced you. We stayed in George's sublime apartment. In one of my favourite photographs of Walter, George is standing above and behind Walter, embracing him. When George died soon after, something in Walter broke that never seemed to fully repair.

Walters apartments were empty. Often they just had a sheet and a towel while his offices were overflowing with his books. He always had a running list of new projects; a new magazine, museum, book or distribution house he created. He lived so many lives simultaneously. His mind was a whirlwind. In the 90's I had a solo show at the photo museum in Wintertur, another of Walters great creations. Before the opening, we learned that Philomina Lambert, the Swiss princess, who I had danced with in Arles, had committed suicide. It shocked me and brought me back to the night of my sisters suicide. I wept on Walter. The sky turned red. After the opening Walter surprised me with a concert of Alpine shepherds blowing rams horns and yodeling.

Later, when Walter had to sell his bookstore, the center of Zurich, he was somehow diminished in his own eyes.

At the beginning of the next century. I went to India to work as a still photographer on a film. I slipped and fell 3.5 meters into an empty varnished swimming pool on the set and broke every bone in my wrist. From the hospital I called Walter. After some terrible days he flew me back to Zurich and took me to a surgeon he knew. Unfortunately, the man was a sham. Walter refused to believe that. I stayed in Zurich in his flat for weeks, heavily doped on morphine. He was with his woman and I filled up his apartment with friends from all over Europe. That was the beginning of the end for us.

We went to Paris in 2001 to curate my retrospective at the Pompidou. It was a long summer of my fits and crises. We managed to design a voluminous book, *The Devils Playground*. But at the opening there was no Walter.

During one phone call, from Paris to Zurich, we finally broke over my coke. Our star was extinguished. He went missing in my life. I heard many reports through the years of him as ill and skinnier and deeply sad.

The last time I saw Walter he came to a show in Wintertur. His mind was full to brimming as usual, obsessively talking about a single subject. This time it was his daughter. He was full of an innocent, intractable joy, like a kid. He told me all about her classes, her pleasures, her concerns. She filled up his mind. That night he was wearing white and glowing.

A short time later I heard of his death. At his funeral his doctor told me he died of a broken heart. It was a great loss that only becomes more present over time. He carried my history, he made my life easier to live.

When one of us dies we each try to claim them as our own. But each of us only knows one story. We each have our own Walter. But all the pieces matter and fit together to form a history. I carry Walter in me. It was only a decade but it lasted forever.