HYPERALLERGIC

ART

Andy, Andy Everywhere

While the Whitney Museum retrospective celebrates his long career, two smaller New York shows cull from Warhol Factory closets important ephemera that illuminate his body of work and his relationship to art making.

Robert Becker February 28, 2019

Andy Warhol, "Feet with Campbell's Soup Can," (c. 1961) (courtesy of Paul Kasmin, collection of Paul Kasmin)

Andy Warhol left much more than his iconic paintings and films behind when he died; he was constantly making something and saving everything. Sifting through it all, like panning for gold, has proven irresistible to institutions and commercial galleries. While the Whitney Museum celebrates his long career with a major retrospective, two smaller New York shows cull from Warhol Factory closets important ephemera that illuminate his body of work and his relationship with art making. At the New York Academy of Art, a selection from around forty years of Warhol's drawings offer a glimpse of the unique nature of his talents, and a show of his Polaroids at the Kasmin Gallery — glossy, vivid pictures of the swells Andy loved and surrounded himself with — represents the better known, mechanistic part of Andy's craft and the unapologetic, money-making apparatus of the Factory. Between them, Warhol the person and Warhol the art industrialist from Pittsburgh are on display, his hand completely erased in the photographs, but revealed in its most intimate moments with the drawings.

Installation view of *Andy Warhol: By Hand; Drawings 1950s – 1980s* at the New York Academy of Art (photo by the author)

An innate artistic voice, raw and unaffected, resides in Warhol's drawings. In them he stands completely naked — figuratively speaking — shorn of the costumes and inventions, the cameras, the silkscreens, the magazine, and the fame. They're a side of him and his craft he kept mostly to himself (except for the very few people he was closest to) part of his art practice, but also a record of his day-to-day existence. We're familiar with the drawings now, thirty-two years after his death, but at the time he made them they were private.

Installation view of *Andy Warhol: By Hand; Drawings 1950s – 1980s* at the New York Academy of Art (images courtesy the NYAA)

In *Andy Warhol: By Hand*, we see how Warhol moved fluidly back and forth between pencil, pen and ink, blotted ink, graphite, and even magic marker, in travel sketches and portraits, still lifes, and life drawing. The exhibition, arranged more like an index than a chronology, has one grouping of nine ballpoint pen sketches from the early 1960s, in which a series of disembodied feet and legs show off Warhol's instinct for simplicity, and his quick, decisive decision making. But they reveal the transgressive and humorous Warhol too, with those feet just as expressive as any artist's study of hands. In "Nude Lower Torso" (c. 1957), Warhol suspended a pair of hands in space, just behind the back of an ass and legs, letting our imaginations fill in the arms, back, and shoulders of the model. If one idea is repeated over and over again in the exhibition, it's Andy's frugality: how sparing he is with an explanation, revealing his clear understanding that less is more interesting. There's also a guilelessness about this drawing and many of the others, divorced from Warhol the artist-cum-capitalist.

Travel sketches from a 1956 trip to Asia are equally economic and charming. A cluster of small triangles and squares along a pencil-thin shoreline are all you need to recognize Hong Kong from the mountains above and behind the city and harbor. In a

Andy Warhol, "Nude Lower Torso" (c. 1957) collection of Daniel Blau (photo by the author for Hyperallergic

few gem-like pictures from his stop in Cambodia, the "A.W." he initialed the drawings with match the "A" and "W" of Angkor Wat in his captions. It's easy to imagine young Andy, sitting on a stone in the humid jungle, discovering the coincidence, and the graphic designer in him playing around with it.

His now ubiquitous drawings are recognizable from a mile away — the curly-cues, almond eyes, pursed lips, the subtly sputtering line and jagged edges of the earliest work, and the exquisite confidence in the long gestures of his last, traced pieces — and though there are few revelations at the Academy, it's a compelling collection. An insipid question asked for decades about his drawings and his distinct hand — does his jaunty line somehow reveal his homosexuality? — now sounds the same as stereotyping someone for his "gay voice" or how he dresses. His sexuality does come through in the show loud and clear, however, in the content of the homoerotic imagery, as opposed to any particular *style* of drawing.

Andy Warhol, "Serious Girl," (c. 1954) collection of Daniel Blau (photo by author for Hyperallergic)

The Academy included a lion's share of intimate pictures of individual men that Andy drew — nude and clothed — from life, casually during an evening together, after or before sex, across a cafe table, formal studies from life drawing sessions. There are just enough cocks on the walls to drive home the point that Andy was gay, but the knowledge that many more exist makes the Academy seem a bit timid in this regard. Part of Warhol's allure in 2019 is his having flouted so many barriers — the strictures in what then constituted fine art *and* those of American society — with heroic chutzpa. When he was young and on the rise in New York, being gay was strictly illegal, and the work hanging in galleries, Abstract Expressionism in particular, was primarily made by one man or woman, a handful of brushes, and a huge canvas. (It's well known how Andy took it on the chin from Jasper Johns and Robert Rauschenberg about how both he and his work were more open than they about being gay and John Giorno confirmed this in a recent panel discussion at the NYAA.) Warhol's adventurousness, ambition, and curiosity are just as evident as his sexual preferences in these drawings.

Andy Warhol, "Two Male Heads Face to Face, Outline," c. 1952 (photo by the author)

This exhibition comes full circle with Warhol's tracings. A massive, brown, epidiascope became his tool of choice for projecting compositions he wanted to capture by hand using graphite on sheets of paper taped to the wall of his studio. In the 1970s, Andy traced Mick Jagger from acetates made from the same Polaroid the painted portrait was derived from, just as he did with a rather menacing handgun, a transvestite from the *Ladies and Gentleman* series, and an exquisite, never before exhibited drawing of a woman nursing a child. But he also traced at the start of his career, outlining imagery he liked, presumably as a kind of exercise. The show includes examples of these: children and families lifted directly from the pages of *Life* Magazine in the 1950s.

Warhol's drawings survive as a visual journal far more revealing than the trivial (but amusing) *Diaries* published just after his death, and they remain a sort of pure example of Warholian self-expression, the musings of the dreamer sans technology. They also link him to the great tradition of the past, that of an artist carrying a notebook, stopping, looking and sketching what they see, grabbing images and memories by drawing them. During his lifetime, however, Andy, just like the culture at large, replaced his pencil and paper with a camera.

Andy Warhol, "Foot," c. 1960, (courtesy of Paul Kasmin, collection of Paul Kasmin)

Photography became Warhol's wellspring. Every iconic work he made thereafter, including his films, in some way count on darkroom chemistry. Polaroids have a specific role from the early '70s up to his death in 1987. He used the instant pictures as preliminary sketches for most of his paintings, from the *Hammer and Sickle* series, to the knives, *Gun*s, dollar signs, *Fiesta Pig*s and *Myths*. During the last seven years of his life, when I worked for him at *Interview* Magazine, Polaroids always lay scattered on the floor or on his desk: dozens of head and shoulder shots he'd taken of an artist or celebrity friend for a painted portrait, or for one of the many commissions the Factory team solicited that kept the operation afloat. (Painted portraits then cost $25,000 for one or $40,000 for a pair.) It's safe to say that Andy, a veteran marksman with the "Big Shot" model (Polaroid's product name) he favored, always got the picture he wanted right at the start. But an overflow of extra images, and

the time it took to take them, gave the sitter a longer audience with the master and conveyed the sense of Andy's having labored over the work. It was good customer service.

Andy Warhol, "Debbie Harry" (undated) (© 2019 the Andy Warhol Foundation for the Visual Arts, Inc. / licensed by Artists Rights Society (ARS), New York, image courtesy of Kasmin Gallery)

Andy Warhol, "Debbie Harry" (undated) (© 2019 the Andy Warhol Foundation for the Visual Arts, Inc. / licensed by Artists Rights Society (ARS), New York, image courtesy of Kasmin Gallery)

Kasmin chose well, with twenty-five significant Polaroid images currently in one of the gallery spaces. Much about them is spellbinding: their size, like precious miniatures, so small you have to walk up and stare them right in the face; the smooth radiance and peculiar colors of the Polaroid chemistry; the subjects themselves and their places in cultural history. There's Debbie Harry in an elegant frame, emitting all her punk appeal; Bianca Jagger with her trademark scowl; the art dealer Pat Hearn, as glamorous as any movie star; Keith Haring in the arms of his partner Juan Dubose and vice versa; Robert Mapplethorpe, the grinning delinquent; Dolly Parton, made up for a party but looking more like she'd just been arrested. And there are eight self-portraits of Andy himself, experimenting with light and shadow, mugging for his own camera, fooling around with it like a teenager. They're confections filled with everything Warhol: beauty, celebrity and perfect control, with hints of irony, banality, and detachment, unique works of art but also artifacts of a time — a place and a vital artistic community now mostly dust except for the work left behind.

Andy Warhol: By Hand; Drawings 1950s – 1980s, *curated by Vincent Freemont and David Kratz, continues at the New York Academy of Art (111 Franklin Street, Tribeca, Manhattan) through March 10*. Andy Warhol; Polaroid Portraits, *continues at Kasmin Gallery (297 Tenth Avenue, Chelsea, Manhattan) through March 2*.

ART | 6 FEB 2019 | BY JESSICA KLINGELFUSS

David Chipperfield Architects completes new Mayfair art gallery

Berlin-based Bastian inaugurates its first international outpost with an exhibition of Andy Warhol's Polaroids

A never-before-seen portrait of Joseph Beuys by Andy Warhol is among 60 Polaroids inaugurating Bastian gallery's London space. *Courtesy of BASTIAN, London*

Bastian has unveiled its first international outpost in Mayfair's Davies Street, coinciding with the Berlin-based gallery's 30th anniversary. Taking up residence in a 20th-century mansion block, the London space helmed by Aeneas Bastian (son of founders Céline and Heiner Bastian) has been renovated by David Chipperfield Architects. The firm previously designed Bastian's Berlin gallery on Am Kupfergraben, which opened in 2007 and has recently been donated to the Prussian Cultural Heritage Foundation.

The inaugurating exhibition presents a series of 60 Polaroid portraits by Andy Warhol of his illustrious coterie, some of which have not been shown previously. These casual instant pictures were an integral – if overlooked – dimension of Warhol's practice, forming the basis of his paintings, drawings and silkscreens. The artist was partial to Polaroid's Big Shot camera: launched in 1971 specifically for shooting portraits, it has since garnered a cult-like status in spite of its cumbersome size and rigid unpracticality.

RELATED STORY
Over 100,000 unseen Andy Warhol photographs to be made public

Still, this eccentric device seemed appeal to an equally eccentric artist, who turned his lens on the likes of Joseph Beuys, Paloma Picasso, Yves Saint-Laurent, and Jean-Michel Basquiat among others through the 1970s up until his death in 1987. 'My idea of a good picture is one that's in focus and of a famous person,' he once said. Looming large over his star-studded inner circle at Bastian is a fittingly supersized portrait of Warhol himself.

Warhol's photography is having a moment: never-before-seen photographs and filmography by the pop art pioneer are going on show at Casa Perfect in Beverly Hills from 15 February, while Brookyn gallery BlackBook's current showcase features portraits of art, music, and fashion royalty. Last year, Stanford University's Cantor Arts Center published a trove of over 100,000 unseen photographs acquired from The Andy Warhol Foundation. ✱

The 90 sq m gallery has been renovated by David Chipperfield Architects. *Photography: Luke Walker. Courtesy of BASTIAN, London*

Limestone flooring covers both floors and a new staircase which has a marble inlay. *Photography: Luke Walker. Courtesy of BASTIAN, London*

Paloma Picasso, c 1983, by Andy Warhol, Polaroid Type SX-70. *© 2018 The Andy Warhol Foundation for the Visual Arts, Inc. Licensed by DACS, London. Courtesy of BASTIAN, London*

Yves Saint-Laurent, 1972, by Andy Warhol, Polacolor Type 108. *© 2018 The Andy Warhol Foundation for the Visual Arts, Inc. Licensed by DACS, London. Courtesy of BASTIAN, London*

INFORMATION

'Andy Warhol: Polaroid Pictures' is on view from 2 February - 13 April. For more information, visit the Bastian website

ADDRESS

Bastian
8 Davies Street
London W1K 3DW

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British Journal of Photography

EXHIBITIONS, FINE ART, PORTRAIT

ANDY WARHOL,BASTIAN,FRIGHT WIG,MAYFAIR,POLAROID,STUDIO 54

Andy Warhol's Polaroid Pictures

written by **Diane Smyth**
Published on 1 February 2019

Jane Fonda, 1982 © 2018 The Andy Warhol Foundation for the Visual Arts, Inc. Licensed by DACS, London, courtesy BASTIAN, London © 2018 The Andy Warhol Foundation for the Visual Arts, Inc. Licensed by DACS, London, courtesy BASTIAN, London. From the exhibition Andy Warhol Polaroid Pictures at BASTIAN, London, 02 February – 13 April 2019, galeriebastian.com

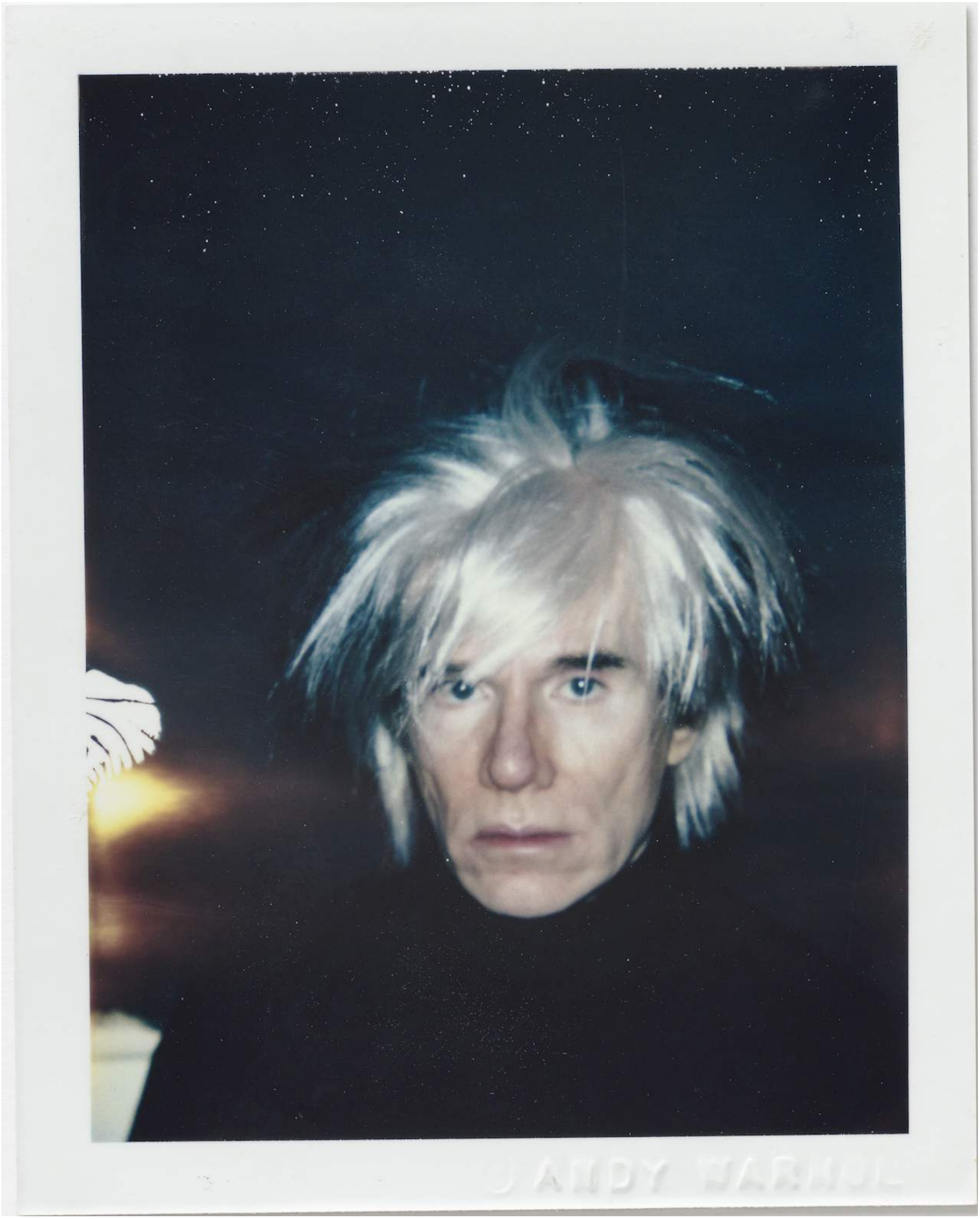
"Everybody looks alike and acts alike, and we're getting more and more that way," stated Andy Warhol and, a new exhibition in London claims, the Big Shot Polaroid camera offered him the perfect way to reveal this lack of pathos or individuality

In 1971 Polaroid introduced the Big Shot camera; featuring an integrated flash, viewfinder and fixed focus lens, it was aimed at shooting portraits – and was enthusiastically taken up by artist Andy Warhol. The camera was discontinued in 1973 but Warhol kept using it until his death in 1987, capturing shots of actors, artists, politicians, clubbers, and Factory hangers-on. He also used it to photograph himself, creating a self-portrait in 1979 in what he called his "fright wig" that measures a whopping 81.3cm x 55.9cm.

BASTIAN gallery is showing this huge self-portrait in an exhibition of over 60 of Warhol's Polaroids, highlighting "the artist's prolific capacity as a chronicler of his time". "Alongside other friends, clients and Studio 54 dwellers, these photographs – initially preparatory works for Warhol's iconic silkscreen portraits – reveal a lack of pathos or individuation, underlining the artist's notion of an era where 'everybody looks alike and acts alike, and we're getting more and more that way'," states the gallery.

The show is BASTIAN's first in London – Galerie BASTIAN opened in Berlin in 2007 but, after opening a London office, has now opened a gallery in Mayfair. Founded by Céline and Heiner Bastian and directed by Aeneas Bastian, BASTIAN specialises in 20th century artists such as Pablo Picasso, Joseph Beuys, and Robert Rauschenberg.

Andy Warhol Polaroid Pictures is on show from 02 February – 13 April at BASTIAN, 8 Davies Street, London W1K 3DW www.bastian-gallery.com/en/

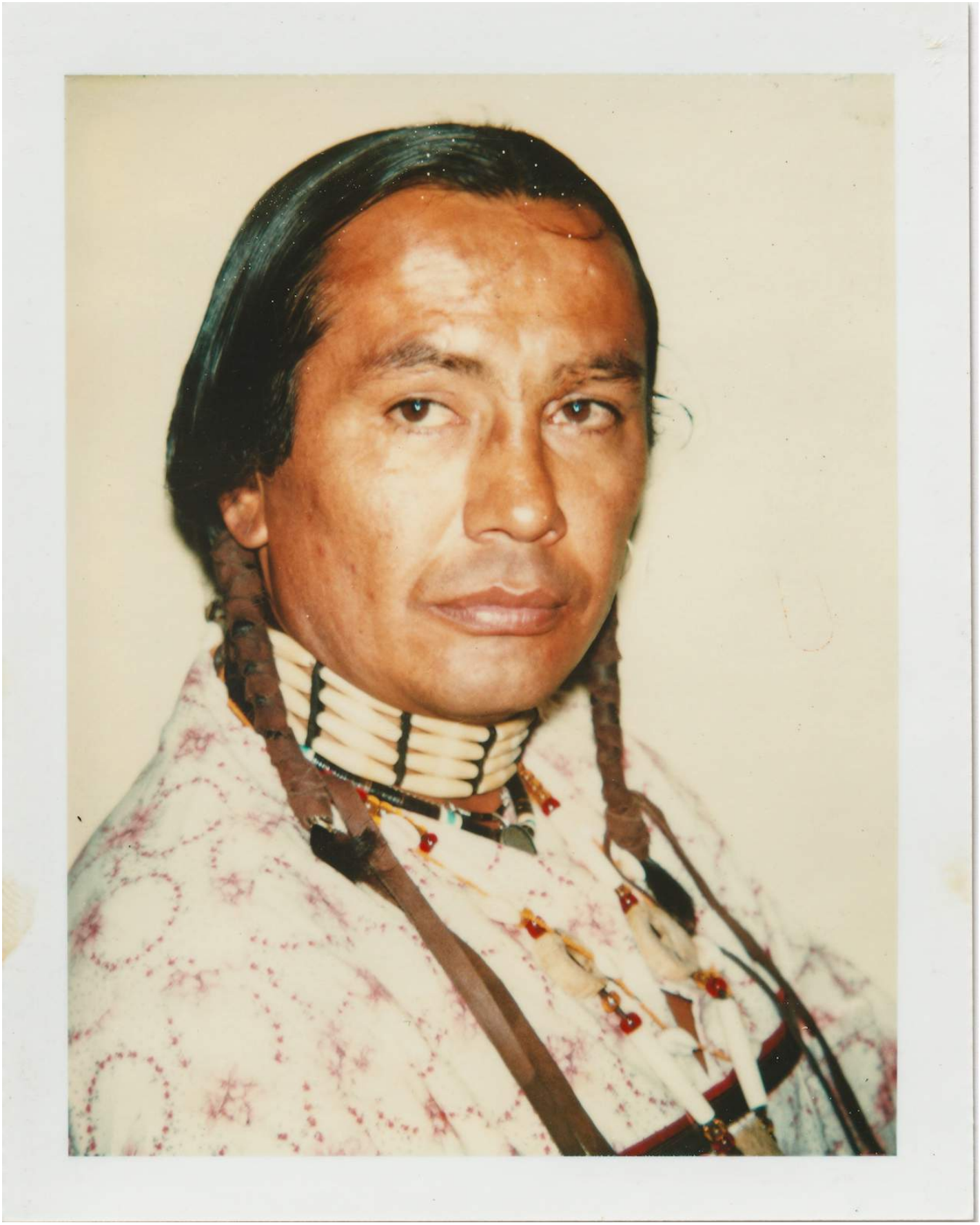


Self-Portrait in Fright Wig, 1986 © 2018 The Andy Warhol Foundation for the Visual Arts, Inc. Licensed by DACS, London, courtesy BASTIAN, London. From the exhibition Andy Warhol Polaroid Pictures at BASTIAN, London, 02 February – 13 April 2019, galeriebastian.com

David Hockney, ca. 1972 © 2018 The Andy Warhol Foundation for the Visual Arts, Inc. Licensed by DACS, London, courtesy BASTIAN, London. From the exhibition Andy Warhol Polaroid Pictures at BASTIAN, London, 02 February – 13 April 2019, galeriebastian.com

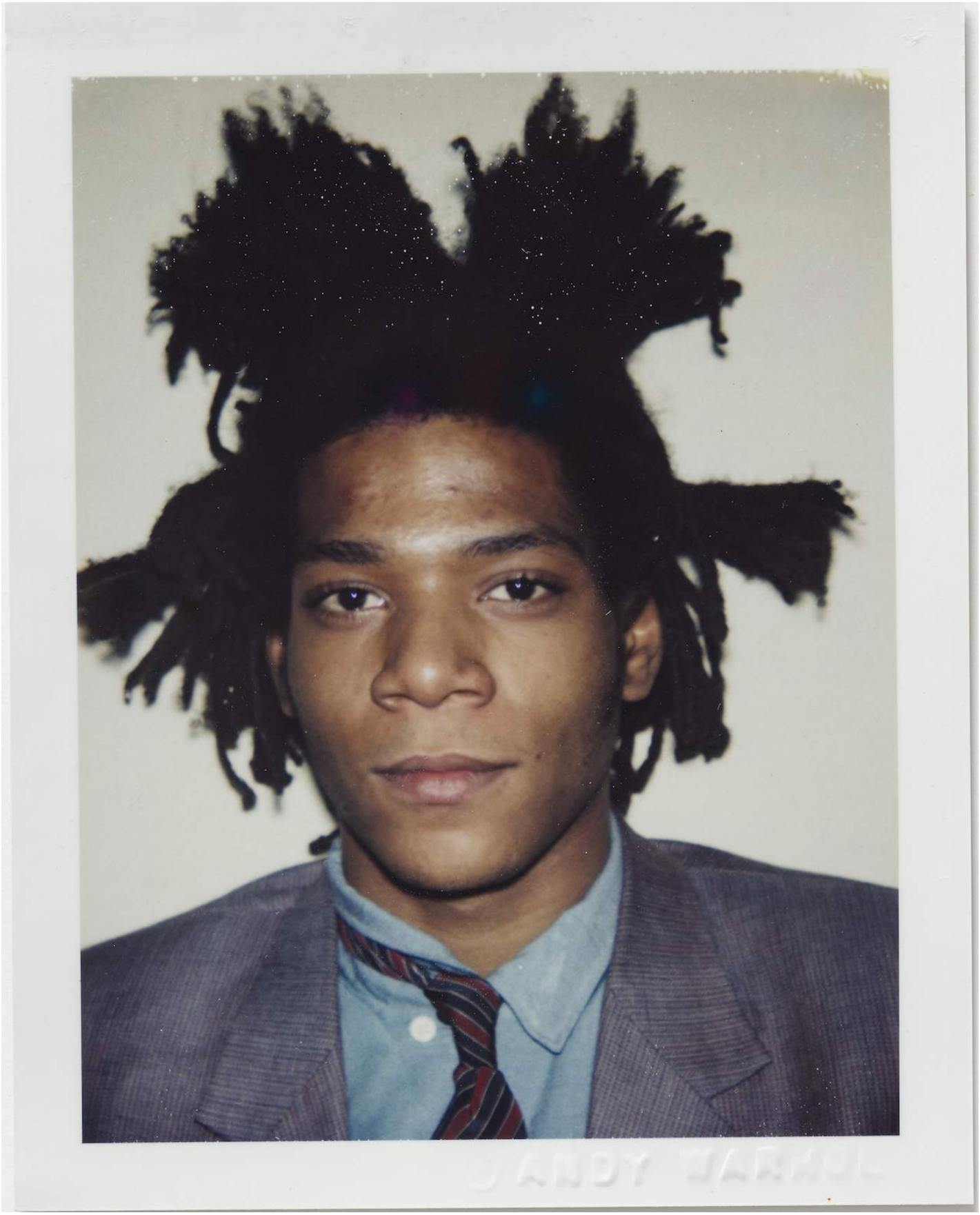
Paloma Picasso, ca. 1983 © 2018 The Andy Warhol Foundation for the Visual Arts, Inc. Licensed by DACS, London, courtesy BASTIAN, London. From the exhibition Andy Warhol Polaroid Pictures at BASTIAN, London, 02 February – 13 April 2019, galeriebastian.com

Liza Minelli, 1977 © 2018 The Andy Warhol Foundation for the Visual Arts, Inc. Licensed by DACS, London, courtesy BASTIAN, London. From the exhibition Andy Warhol Polaroid Pictures at BASTIAN, London, 02 February – 13 April 2019, galeriebastian.com



The American Indian (Russell Means), 1976 © 2018 The Andy Warhol Foundation for the Visual Arts, Inc. Licensed by DACS, London, courtesy BASTIAN, London. From the exhibition Andy Warhol Polaroid Pictures at BASTIAN, London, 02 February – 13 April 2019, galeriebastian.com

Yves Saint-Laurent, 1972 © 2018 The Andy Warhol Foundation for the Visual Arts, Inc. Licensed by DACS, London, courtesy BASTIAN, London. From the exhibition Andy Warhol Polaroid Pictures at BASTIAN, London, 02 February – 13 April 2019, galeriebastian.com



Jean-Michel Basquiat, 1982 © 2018 The Andy Warhol Foundation for the Visual Arts, Inc. Licensed by DACS, London, courtesy BASTIAN, London. From the exhibition Andy Warhol Polaroid Pictures at BASTIAN, London, 02 February – 13 April 2019, galeriebastian.com

FILED UNDER: Exhibitions, Fine Art, Portrait

TAGGED WITH: ANDY WARHOL, BASTIAN, FRIGHT WIG, MAYFAIR, POLAROID, STUDIO 54

ART & EXHIBITS

San Francisco Art Institute opens its Warhol trove of Polaroids, prints for rst time

Sam Whiting | February 22, 2019 | Updated: February 25, 2019, 11:08 am

Debbie Harry by Andy Warhol, 1980.
Photo: ©Andy Warhol, San Francisco Art Institute

The first time the San Francisco Art Institute exhibited its gift of 100 Polaroid pictures by Andy Warhol, it was for only 15 minutes in 2009, to honor Warhol's birthday on Aug. 6.

The exhibition was untitled, unannounced and in the campus library, with the images stuffed into a display case, then removed and put away.

Ten years later, those Polaroids are finally getting out of the library and into the light once more — and this time it is for longer than 15 minutes of fame.

"From the Tower: Andy Warhol" showcases 40 Polaroids, each one unique the moment the exposure spits out of the camera, in the bright Main Gallery at the Art Institute's graduate campus at Fort Mason.

The personalities in the Polaroids are large — hockey great Wayne Gretzky, rock star Debbie Harry, movie legend Sly Stallone, pro tennis player Chris Evert — but the campus gallery on a waterfront pier is larger.

To fill it, the Art Institute is also showing its entire Warhol collection of seven poster-size screen prints for the first time, including "The Nun, Ingrid Bergman" (1983), "Sitting Bull" (1986), and a still life "Hammer and Sickle" (1977). There are also five black-and-white gelatin silver prints, documenting Warhol's adventures visiting John and Sean Lennon and a trip to the beach with movie publicist Jon Gould.

"The Nun, Ingrid Bergman," by Andy Warhol, 1983. Screen print on Lenox Museum Board.
Photo: ©Andy Warhol, San Francisco Art Institute

"This was an incredible gift from the Warhol Foundation, and when you look at it all together you get a glimpse of every type of persona Andy embodied, from domestic to the high-end art world," says Kat Trataris, manager of exhibitions.

There was no special relationship between Warhol and the San Francisco Art Institute. It was one of 180 academic institutions to receive an unsolicited gift of 100 random Polaroids and 50 gelatin silver prints from the Andy Warhol Foundation in 2007, which marked the 20th anniversary of his death. The stipulation was that they be exhibited within a specified time frame, hence the 15-minute show a decade ago.

In 2013, a second gift of seven screen prints arrived. This is finally their debut.

Sylvester Stallone by Andy Warhol, 1980.
Photo: ©Andy Warhol, San Francisco Art Institute

As an artist who marveled at his own mass production, Warhol would be pleased with his market saturation. Last fall, **Cantor Art Center at Stanford University mounted a major show of his photographic contact sheets.**

In late May, the **San Francisco Museum of Modern Art plans to open "Andy Warhol: From A to B and Back Again."** The show will be on three floors. The catalog is 400 oversize pages.

The current Art Institute show, which opened last week, has small-time charm by comparison. The Main Gallery is not a confined space but the hallway at the entrance to the school. It can be seen without much detour from the Sunday Fort Mason farmers' market.

The hallway separates the outdoor masses from the studios where graduate students produce art, making it the ideal transition for viewing Warhol, says Gordon Knox, president of the Art Institute.

"We really see Warhol as one of these geniuses working at the intersection of art and society, (and) that is where the San Francisco Art Institute exists," Knox says. "We identify with the transformative quality of Warhol's work."

The screen prints are on one wall, and the Polaroids are on the wall facing it. Walk through the hall, turn around and walk out and the entire exhibition can be seen in one round trip, 20 minutes tops.

Polaroids were always meant to be quick, and that is how they treat them at the Art Institute, said archivist Jeff Gunderson.

"We don't take them seriously," he says. "We just treat them as fun objects."

"From the Tower: Andy Warhol": 11 a.m.-7 p.m. Wednesday-Sunday. Through March 24. Free. San Francisco Art Institute Fort Mason Campus, 2 Marina Blvd., S.F. 415-749-4563. **www.sfai.edu**

Polaroid of Chris Evert by Andy Warhol.
Photo: ©Andy Warhol, San Francisco Art Institute

Andy Warhol Fans Have Two New Must-See Shows

The buzzy exhibits reveal different—and never-before-seen—sides of the provocative Pop master.

by LIZ CANTRELL APR 25, 2019

In the art world, it's never *not* a good year for Andy Warhol, but lately it feels like the pop artist is bigger than ever. Even after last year's blockbuster retrospective at The Whitney (the first in the United States since 1989), there's still more to uncover about the late provocateur and society fixture, and plenty of important work to see. In fact, you have two chances to do so right now.

This week in New York City, Lévy Gorvy and Sperone Westwater galleries will both open exhibitions dedicated to different aspects of Warhol's work: the colorful, larger-than-life portraits of beautiful women, and never-before-seen intimate drawings and works on paper.

THE WARHOL YOU KNOW

At *Warhol Women*, opening at Lévy Gorvy on April 25, you're confronted by the artist's bold, colossal paintings of female celebrities, society darlings, and modern icons. Some are instantly recognizable (Dolly Parton, Jackie Kennedy, Aretha Franklin); others less so (Sarah Bernhardt, Gertrude Stein).

"This exhibition purposefully shows the broad cross section of society that Warhol focused on in both his portraits and in his life," says Brett Gorvy, co-founder and partner at the gallery. "It was his intention to make beautiful women of all ages, ethnicities, and class."

As in art, so in life: Warhol was a key player at Studio 54, holding court with a host of fashionable, famous women including Jerry Hall and Bianca Jagger.

BIANCA JAGGER, ANDY WARHOL AND DEBBIE HARRY CIRCA 1980S IN NEW YORK CITY.
IMAGES PRESS / GETTY IMAGES

His repetitive silkscreens feel more at home at ever in the age of the selfie—in fact, Gorvy says the exhibition is designed to introduce a younger audience to Warhol. "We have perhaps become jaded by the reproduction of his works and the assimilation of his radical ideas into mainstream art, cinema, and style," says Gorvy. But, "it is amazing to see Warhol's work in person."

Viewers to the Lévy Gorvy exhibit can even become Warhol's muse for the day. There's a private room to create your own 90-second screen tests, using props like Hershey's bars, Brillo boxes, Polaroid cameras, and other Warhol paraphernalia. *Warhol Women* is open at Lévy Gorvy (909 Madison Ave) from April 25- June 15.

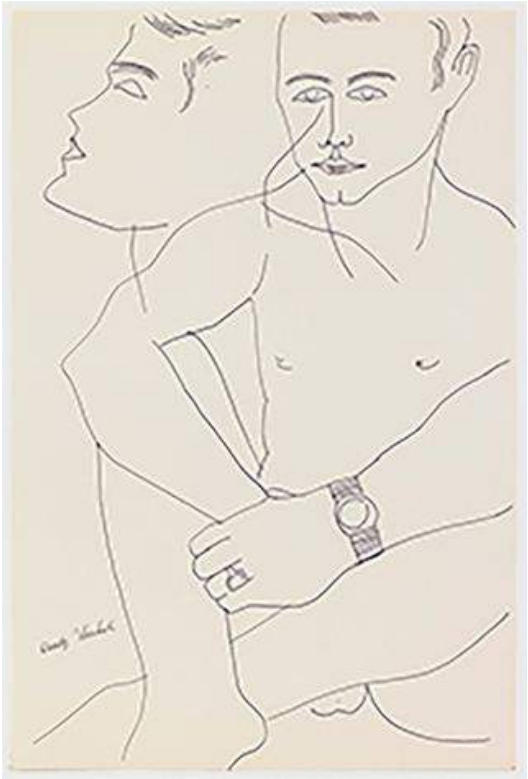
THE WARHOL YOU DON'T

ANDY WARHOL, *GLAMOUR PORTRAIT*, 1962. PENCIL AND SYNTHETIC PAINT ON PAPER, 29 × 23 IN. (73.7 × 58.4 CM)

Meanwhile, downtown at Sperone Westwater, you can experience a quieter side of Warhol. *Andy Warhol By Hand: Part II, Drawings 1950s – 1960s* showcases 125 works on paper, some of which have never been publicly shown. Curated by Vincent Fremont, former Executive Manager of Warhol's studio and former CEO of the Warhol Foundation, this is Warhol on a smaller, but perhaps more revealing, scale.

Done in materials from graphite to ballpoint pen to blotted-line, the subject matter is equally diverse: selections of nudes, portraits of showgirls, still lifes of food, flower studies, sketches of handbags and shoes. Indeed, Warhol also seems to have been particularly keen on feet.

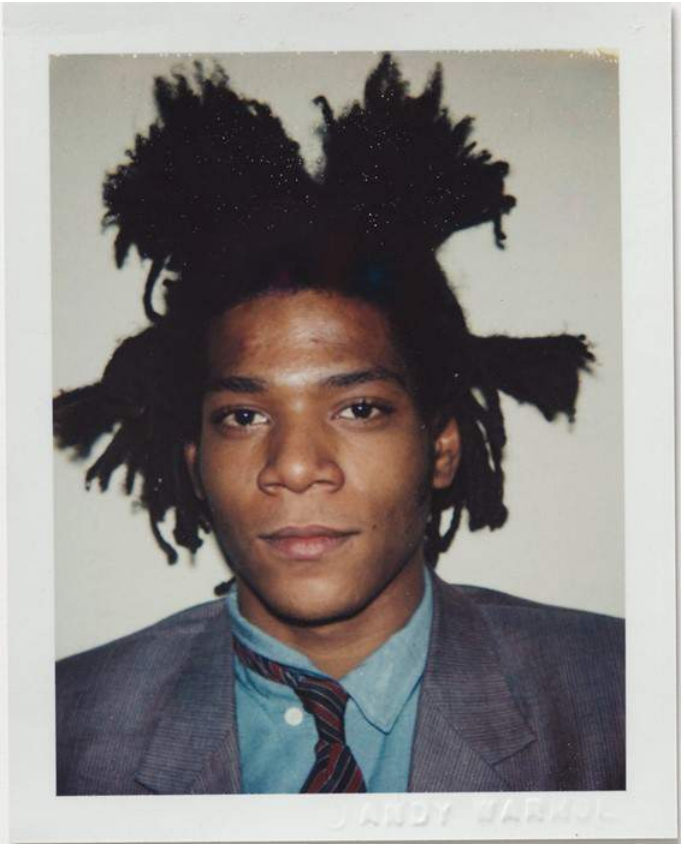
"Andy's drawing practice was very important to him. He drew his entire lifetime, from when he was a child until his unexpected death in 1987," says Fremont. "People have this idea, and he put forth this idea, that he wanted to be a machine— the idea of a factory. But it was actually very hands on."



ANDY WARHOL, *SEATED MALE NUDE*, CA. 1955. BLACK BALLPOINT ON MANILA PAPER, 177/8 × 117/8 IN. (45.4 × 30.2 CM)

Fremont also hopes the exhibition will encourage a more personal understanding of the artist.

"People think they've seen and know everything about Andy, but that's really not the case. I always find there's something new to learn [about] what kind of an artist he was." *Andy Warhol By Hand: Part II, Drawings 1950s – 1960s* is open at Sperone Westwater (257 Bowery, New York) from April 25 – June 29.



"Jean-Michel Basquiat", 1982, Polacolor Photography Andy Warhol, courtesy of the Andy Warhol Foundation and Bastian Gallery

See Andy Warhol's polaroids of David Hockney and Jean-Michel Basquiat

ART & PHOTOGRAPHY - LIGHTBOX

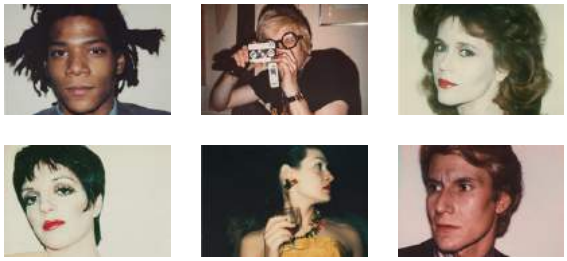
BASTIAN London's new exhibition also includes previously unseen snaps of artist Joseph Beuys, released by the Andy Warhol Foundation

30th January 2019

Text Lexi Manatakis

Andy Warhol Polaroid Pictures

7 IMAGES



Look at Andy Warhol through the lens of our current social media culture and the artist becomes a fortune teller. His almost invasive approach to photography and the way it paraded celebrity culture predicted our current obsession with self-image and idolisation. "My idea of a good picture is one that's in focus and of a famous person doing something unfamous. It's being in the right place at the wrong time," Warhol once stated.

It's no wonder Warhol was able to predict the future of images, he spent most of his life with a camera in his pocket ready and willing to snap the faces that surrounded him – through his own obsession, he himself became photography culture. One of the cameras Warhol was rarely seen without was his trusty SX-70 'Big Shot' Polaroid used to create instantaneous snapshots of the hedonistic world that surrounded him. At a time when over a million polaroids were being taken a year, Warhol captured everything from self-portraits to celebrities revelling New York's 70s-80s party scene, particularly the frequent faces of his club Factory. Now, a selection of this images including some never before seen shots will go on display at London's BASTIAN gallery in their upcoming show *Andy Warhol Polaroid Pictures* running from 2 February – 13 April 2019. The show features over 60 polaroids including celebrities from across fashion and art including Jean-Michel Basquiat, Liza Minnelli, Jane Fonda, David Hockney, designer Yves Saint Laurent, and never before seen shots of performance artist Joseph Beuys.

Warhol started engaging with polaroids when the company started to grant fine artists free film and studio time in exchange for using their cameras. Soon he was transforming candid snapshots into high brow culture while using his polaroids as the basis for many of his most famous pop art canvases. His works were preceded by photographer Ansel Adams who used the camera to shoot landscapes, and paralleled by Robert Mapplethorpe whose black and white polaroids captured his experimentations with homoeroticism. Much like these artists, the way Warhol used polaroids as a diary for his life feels like the ultimate Instagram prelude, nostalgic film filters and all.

ARTS

WEATHERSPOON FEATURES ANDY WARHOL

January 03, 2019

Work by Andy Warhol currently on display at the Weatherspoon: (l-r) "Unidentified Model"; "Queen Beatrix," 1985, from the Reigning Queen Series; "Carly Simon," 1980

What was social media before social media?

Decades before the dawn of Facebook, Friendster, or even email, an artist from an Eastern European immigrant family ("Warhola") learned to draw during a childhood illness, attended the Carnegie Institute of Technology, moved to New York, and became a leader in the pop art movement.

Along the way, this artist conceived a process – available to celebrities and wealthy socialites – for instantaneous portrait production, and Snapchat-level modification, but with a single, controlling voice: Warhol.

"Andy Warhol: Prints, Polaroids, and Photographs from the Collection," at UNC Greensboro's Weatherspoon Art Museum, is a telling display of what social media takes inspiration from today.

"He was way ahead of the curve with the instant gratification of social media," says Curator of Collections Elaine Gustafson. "He knew that people wanted to see themselves, and this kind of daily documentation that we now have on Facebook."

Today, we see and publish our photos as we are taking them, but at Warhol's time, the Polaroid camera was the only way to see your photograph right then and there.

"Truman Capote," after August 1977

Each patron of Warhol's sat for a series of Polaroid photos, and eighteen of those sessions are currently on display at WAM. Among them are shots of writer Truman Capote, musician Carly Simon and premier fashion designer Roy Halston Frowick. Warhol had the subjects pose in a number of different ways, and then, with their input, he selected photos to make prints of, in his classic 60's era advertising-style with off-kilter, aggressive colors.

Warhol was not accepted by the established art community at that time, but he created his own scene, notably at The Factory, his Manhattan studio and event space. He became a friend of the most famous people of any given time Lou Reed, Jackie O., David Bowie, Mick Jagger, and the list goes on and on – many who were celebrities or near-celebrities, artists and business people.

"He had a lot of people in his life who were not conventional, and he was very supportive of them," says Gustafson. It wasn't really until his death that he became a hot commodity in the art world. He was on the fringes."

Eventually, Warhol's graphic design style and his penchant for cultural documentation made him a household name, and his work, including single pieces that have sold for more than $100 million, was enormously influential on contemporary art and anticipated – or even inspired – social media the way we now experience it. He was also a diarist of objects.

"He would collect something from his life every day," notes Gustafson. "Tickets for a movie, or something he found on the ground, and he'd put them in a box and archive them." Today, you find snapshots of such objects continuously rolling through social media feeds.

“Andy Warhol: Prints, Polaroids, and Photographs from the Collection,” also includes a screen print of a paper cut-out by fairy tale author Hans Christian Anderson, who carried his art supplies around and made cut-outs to entertain children.

“Hans Christian Anderson,” 1987, from “Hans Christian Anderson Series”

Another stand-out piece in the collection is a print based on a Romanian castle that was the inspiration for Disneyland’s “Sleeping Beauty” castle.

“Neuschwanstein,” 1987, created to commemorate the 100th anniversary of the Bavarian Reinsurance Company

“Everything from fairy tales to celebrities and monarchs to industry,” says Gustafson.

Warhol’s art and his artifacts were not just about his own life, but a cultural record of the times. The Weatherspoon exhibition is a step back into our shared history at a point where art met commerce, celebrity culture, and social currency, launching us to where we find ourselves – and 3,000 of our closest friends – today.

The exhibition is open through Feb. 3. All exhibitions at the Weatherspoon Art Museum are free and open to the public.

See the website for hours and more information.

Story by Susan Kirby-Smith, University Communications
Images courtesy of the Weatherspoon Art Museum

TAGS: Arts & Culture, Campus & Community, Greensboro,

VULTURE

This Too Is Andy Warhol Shunned and swooned over: The story of an American revolutionary in eight works.

By Jerry Saltz *@jerrysaltz*

Andy Warhol, *Living Room*, 1948. Photo: Collection of the Paul Warhola Family/Courtesy of © The Andy Warhol Foundation for the Visual Arts, Inc./Artists Rights Society (ARS), New York

Andy is in the air we breathe. Among the most revolutionary artists who ever lived, Warhol, in his work from the magical years of 1962 to 1964 — Coca-Cola bottles, Campbell's soup cans, Brillo boxes, Marilyn, Jackie, Brando, Elvis, electric chairs, paint-by-number paintings, the fabulous dance-step diptych (once hung facing one another by Warhol, to be a couple), the Empire State Building film, flower paintings and superstars — gives us an artist in a state of creative grace feeding on, mirroring, doubling, and actually changing the culture he pictured. Willem de Kooning famously called him "a killer of beauty." I think he invented a new beauty. Warhol was a philosophical assassin and vampiric social figure ever interested in and hyperobservant of the culture around him. He would sometimes not speak a word, ask an interviewer what he should say, and send body doubles to lecture for him. But that performance of fame was just one part of what he did, however much it dominates the memory of him outside the art world. At the Whitney's new retrospective, you can look through all that to his art — its primitive hits of optical power, poisonously alive color that doubles as makeup and war paint, tragic glamour, coolness, heat, voyeurism, secret sexualities, bulletproof sincerity, visual originality, and brave refusal of and resistance to all pictorial norms.

It isn't to be missed. Beautifully curated by Donna De Salvo, it allows viewers to take in an artist who, by the time he died at 58, was world famous — endorsing brands, starring as himself on TV — but was still shunned in the art world. He was thought of as overexposed and over-the-hill — someone Robert

Hughes disdained as “abnormal,” “homosexual,” and “malevolent” in one sentence. As Warhol said, “All my reviews are bad.”

He also famously said that anyone who wants to know about his work only has to “look at the surface of my paintings.” Let’s do that.

1. *Living Room*, 1948

When he was 20 years old and a senior at Carnegie Institute of Technology majoring in “pictorial design,” Andrew Warhola painted a watercolor of the living room of his working-class Pittsburgh home at 3253 Dawson. Warhol was raised in the Depression, and he lived here with his two brothers; his mother, Julia; and father, Andrej. (His parents had emigrated from Czechoslovakia.) *Living Room* is a startlingly condensed, rich, incredibly well-observed and precociously complicated and bewitching picture that pulls us into its world. Think of this living room as Warhol’s van Gogh’s *Bedroom* — a weighing of some sort of ragged truth, one that pictures not the place we sleep (he made a whole film of that) but where we live, are social, and where our world takes place in private and public at the same time. It may be a beginner’s effort, but, knowing whom Warhol became, it’s an almost indispensable document of where he came from.

We see a worn, shabby still tidy 10-by-14-foot room with a run-down sofa and overstuffed maroon armchair — both covered in patterned fabrics and pillows for comfort and protection. The room is organized, full, almost modular in the way things look to be easily rearranged. Note the old wooden rocker, end table with a tilted lamp, a standing lamp also with tilted shade, the threadbare Oriental carpet on a wood floor and a solid brick fireplace. The only décor is the cross on the mantelpiece. Three beat-up window shades lowered unevenly round out this picture of a certain immigrant America.

It’s also the room where Warhol’s dead father was laid out for three days in 1942 after he died from drinking poisoned coal-mine water, according to Julia. The young Andy was too afraid to come downstairs to view the body. By then the boy had already had contracted St. Vitus’s dance (i.e., chorea), which made him shake and gave him skin blotches that lasted many years — and formed his obsession with the people he called “the beauties,” believing perhaps that his beauty would come from being around them. His sickness kept him out of school; he and his mother bonded even more. He’d only been friends with girls; boys ridiculed him.

While sick, Warhol endlessly cut out paper flowers, made decorations, played with dolls, and began a lifelong collection of autographed pictures of movie stars. Shirley Temple was his first favorite. His mother got cancer after his father died, had an operation, and wore a colostomy bag for the rest of her life, much of which she spent living with Andy, her adult son, in Manhattan; she moved out in 1971, a year before she died at age 81. Death always lurked on the margins of Warhol’s life.

There’s no outdoors pictured through the windows. Everything you need to know is right here. I love this dusky cluttered painting — and never saw it before this show!

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2. *Male Genitals*, 1950s

Warhol Museum, Pittsburgh, Founding
bution The Andy Warhol Foundation for
c./Courtesy of © The Andy Warhol
Visual Arts, Inc./Artists Rights Society

In June 1949 — after working in the display department of a Pittsburgh department store, where he’d show up with fingernails painted different colors and shoes dyed odd colors, Warhol, still 20 and now a Carnegie graduate, boarded a train to New York with his artist friend Philip Pearlstein. In one of those fabulous New York stories, on his second day in the city he went to see Tina Fredericks, art director of *Glamour* magazine. Not only did she buy one of his drawings for $10, she told him, “I need some drawings of shoes, Mr. Warhola … tomorrow morning at 10 a.m. Can you do them?” He loved feet and shoes and fashion and deadlines and could draw anything.

Look closely at the work in this show from this period. These years are often dismissed as Warhol’s juvenilia, his commercial years, but almost everything he’d do for the rest of his life surfaced in that decade. There are pictures of people sleeping, advertising images, portraits of the famous and portraits of freaks, drawings of shoes. They are dedicated to Elvis, Mae West, and Christine Jorgensen — a man who became a woman who became a successful cabaret artist. There are images of money, soup cans, men in jeans, car crashes, flowers, newspaper headlines, and endless drawings of the male body in all states of dress, undress, relaxation, and having sex. Scores of drawings of penises too. As Pearlstein rightly put it, all “totally unacceptable” subjects in the art world of that time. So if you want the political revolutionary, look no further.

There’s more though. In the ’50s, Warhol found the prototype of his own future factories. This was the wild 58th Street studio of fashion photographer Otto Fenn — who always had an assortment of strange, beautiful, and famous creatures around him. It was this underground gay scene that Andy thrived in and was nurtured by. Not the “straight” art world of the Abstract Expressionists or the new scenes around Jasper Johns, Robert Rauschenberg, Cy Twombly, Merce Cunningham, and John Cage. His “outness” made Warhol an outsider to all this. Wayne Koestenbaum writes, “How gay was Warhol? As gay as you can get.” He goes on to say that for “Warhol, everything is sexual … Movement is sexual. Stillness is sexual. Looking and being looked at are sexual. Time is sexual.” Warhol’s sexuality — however we may define the term — was even deeper than mere voyeurism; it’s simultaneously observer, participant, wallflower, cannibal, agent provocateur, and lover.

Warhol learned from Fenn and soon began holding "coloring parties," where people would come over to color his work or to help make it. His mother signed his name to works. It was here that he'd regularly ask any male visitor to his studio to draw his penis. Andy liked to look. As many have reported, sometimes he'd become turned on and flustered while making these drawings and retire to the bathroom to have what he called a "private organza." So beautiful. Here, a direct, disarming, sweet, strange, suggestive mode of loving, laughter, need, reticence, and immense focus doubles male genitals as cake candle, gift wrapped, tied in a pretty bow, and decorated with hearts and flowers. All with Matissean flair, assuredness, and simplicity. Note nearby drawings of penises wrapped in bows and decorated with pansies, or a penis placed on a plate with a fork checking plumpness, and naked men holding cats — what Warhol always called "pussies."

By the early 1960s, he had taken the *a* off his last name to remove any Slovak associations, had a nose job, took to wearing a glued-on wig, and mounted shows of his so-called illustration and commercial work. Though he had arrived in New York with only $200, and slept for years with his mother next to him on a mattress on the floor, and lived sometimes with dozens of cats, by 1959 Warhol was so successful that he paid $67,000 for a townhouse at 1342 Lexington Avenue. He continued to live with Julia for decades.

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3. *Marilyn Diptych*, 1962

The work of 1960s is what Warhol is most known for. The bulk of the catalogue is devoted to this concentrated ten-year outpouring. As radical as this work might appear now, Warhol didn't invent pop; he picked up on the trend after many, many others had. He was called derivative of artists like Rosenquist and Oldenburg, a lightweight compared to Johns, a latecomer for appearing after Lichtenstein. Nevertheless, he was an insurrectionary, though it is true that an often-breathless hagiography surrounds him. Worse, his art is at the center of an inflated market, and every rich person and would-be collector wants to share in Warhol's coolness by buying a piece of it.

But to appreciate just how original he is, here is an essential exercise for looking at Warhol's work at the Whitney: First, identify the subject matter, be it Liz, Jackie, Natalie Wood, Liza, Mick, Dennis Hopper, a car crash, suicide, over 630 sunsets, Mona Lisa, flowers, Dick Tracy, Superman, criminals, the telegram announcing JFK's death, hammers and sickles, or Andy's face. Second, set aside the subject matter for a while or, rather, look through it to only how Warhol paints. Just this. The first thing you will notice is his color. It's electric, psychedelic, vibrating, merging; it clashes, flips, and flickers. He's also prone to monochrome that doesn't read as only gravitas and serious (as in formalist painting) but something more aggressive, contradictory, "problematized." What are these colors? As with Pollock's drip — which was there in the caves but never really picked up on until the drip paintings — Warhol's colors have been with us for millennia. It's just that no one ever combined them this way in the history of art. Or anywhere, really. It's like finding another note on the saxophone. This note has since been used to create whole visual cultures. With color, he is a rival to van Gogh and Matisse.

There's more. Note how he uses the silk-screen. It isn't his choice of so-called low subjects for art. It isn't that he painted photographic images. It isn't even his serial, gridded, repeating images. What gives Warhol's work its singularly yelping optical intensity is how his screens smudge, skid, streak, aren't on register, get overloaded, are off center and out of alignment. This turns still and repeating images into quixotic filmic experiences, gives changing retinal reads, and makes seeing and deciphering them trickier, mysterious, even after you glean the subject. What's pictured and how he pictures it fuses (like in Monet or Seurat, for example); you can't see one without the other. Moreover, you're not just seeing repeating images out of register: Warhol leaves in the graininess of the original photographic images. This reminds you that these paintings are removed from the original sources, that they come from somewhere else. The degrading of the silk-screen makes the process even more ever present. And strange. Warhol is showing us that the way we usually respond to repeating images — like advertisements, Coke cans, celebrities, the news — is to see these things and then stop seeing them. They all almost blend in and begin to go unnoticed. Warhol continually pulls you back to the image, the thing, its source, what it is, how it's been deployed, and the way it's been rendered. This is as big as *La Grande Jatte*.

For real spice, add that the primary "paintbrushes" he used to make this work were the bodies of others — his assistants, always male, often shirtless, muscular, and sweaty because screens are heavy. Andy would stand to the side and "direct" them.

This last "spice" is important, as the entire history of Western painting had always rested on the artist's hand — the artist's skill with paint and the brush. But Warhol forwent such institutional and historical approval. He made his pictures without any connection to traditional uses of paint, tools, materials, surfaces, subject matter, or even photography. This takes us back to Koestenbaum's "as gay as you can get." Not only did Warhol wear makeup, pantyhose under his jeans, a wig, and pose regularly in drag, he didn't claim any traditional, approved way to make art. And he felt other gay artists didn't like him because he was "too swish." Victor Bockris quotes someone in his Warhol biography: "Here was this weird cooley little faggot with his impossible wig … it was embarrassing. Didn't he know that he was a creep?" If you know nothing else about Warhol, if you look at none of his work, just know that this "creep" way of making what he made is as revolutionary as it gets.

Marilyn Diptych may be Warhol's *American Flag.* The 50 repeating Marilyns are the stars in his flag. The picture is from Monroe's first starring role, in *Niagara,* and is the only still he ever used of her. "When Marilyn Monroe happened to die that month (August 5, 1962) I got the idea to make silk-screens of that beautiful face," he coolly said. Here, the Marilyns mirror one another. Half the painting is vibrant contrasting color. The other half — after she's dead — turns ghostly black, gray, and white. The colored half is perfect; the other half is filled with smudges and gluts. Paint sluices over one row, almost blotting out this star. Monroe, with Liz and Jackie, are Warhol's beautiful, tragic trinity of heroines. There's Jackie so young and lovely in the White House, so stunned by grief after the assassination. Liz, drug-addled divorcée, the eventual warrior queen of AIDs. And Marilyn, probable American suicide at 36. In another one of

the odd prefigurations that mark Warhol's life, in 1964 self-styled witch and Factory character Dorothy Podber put on a pair of white gloves, produced a pistol, aimed it at a stack of Marilyn paintings, and shot through four of them. It's said that when the paintings were exhibited, the holes were painted over with makeup and the portraits titled "Shot Marilyn." Warhol used everything.

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4. *Mustard Race Riot*, 1963

People have complained that Warhol wasn't political. I disagree. I've called Warhol revolutionary for changing the way the world looks and the way we look at the world. But Warhol was political in other ways. And not only as a swish gay man who openly used amphetamines and celebrated queer sex and sexuality. Warhol may have voted only once, but he noticed things and then painted what he noticed. He noticed with a vengeance and never stopped at just noticing. He made charged, confrontational pictures of gay icons, communists, capital punishment, cross-dressers, beefcake, penises, semen paintings made with semen, abstractions made by urinating and having others urinate on canvases, headlines about Harlem stabbings, Lenin, the FBI's 13 most-wanted men (which officials had removed from a World's Fair pavilion; Warhol and his assistants surreptitiously painted over the mural with silver paint, leaving it that way), hammers and sickles (some with vibrators), guns, and Mao. He also painted among the greatest so-called protest paintings ever made. *Vote McGovern,* 1972, raised $40,000 for the George McGovern presidential campaign. It is an ugly picture of Nixon with a yellow mouth, blue jowls, green upper face — a president as a Goya-like gargoyle. Warhol aficionado extraordinaire Henry Geldzahler declared the work as "loathsome … a latter-day disaster painting." After this portrait, Warhol (as well as other artists involved with the McGovern campaign, including Rauschenberg, Terry Southern, and Norman Mailer) was audited by the IRS. He was audited thereafter until he died.

An example of Warhol noticing and painting what he noticed is *Mustard Race Riot,* a powerful almost-gold silk-screen showing police with dogs beating black protesters. The right side — the all-mustard-color part (he's always telling you things you might not notice?) — hits you with flat, blank monochrome undeniability and leaves a sickening political taste in your mouth. Another kind of flag painting.

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5. *Cow Wallpaper and Silver Clouds*, April 1966

In April 1966, Warhol celebrated his "retirement from painting" with an exhibition at Leo Castelli Gallery by covering one room in pink, yellow, and black cow wallpaper and in the other room placing free-floating silver helium-filled pillows called "Clouds" (originally created as set design for Merce Cunningham's "Rain Forest"). The allover installation/happening was his "farewell to art." Warhol also declared Pop Art "dead" and went all in on what he'd been doing for the last few years anyway: making films. These feature some of his pixilated hangers-on, oddballs, acolytes, and outsiders like Viva, Ultra Violet, Sugar Plum Fairy, Holly Woodlawn, Edie Sedgwick, "Little Joe" Dallesandro, Taylor Mead, Ondine, Ingrid Superstar, John Giorno, and others. Mostly very little happens in Warhol's movies or so much that it turns into a monumental immersion in otherness. These include *Blow Job, Hand Job, Sleep, Chelsea Girls* and, perhaps most famous of all, *Empire.* This masterpiece was filmed starting at 6 p.m. from the 44th floor of the Time Life Building. Warhol framed the shot. Filmmaker Jonas Mekas and assistant Gerard Malanga changed the film rolls every 30 minutes. The crew stopped filming around 1 a.m. The first two rolls are overexposed because Andy set the exposure wrong. No matter, Warhol called the whole thing "an eight-hour hard-on. It's so beautiful. The lights come on and the stars come out and it sways." As with his other movies, *Empire* is shown at silent speed so that it lasts longer than it took to make — another typically Warholian way of manipulating time.

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6. *Big Electric Chair*, 1967-68

This is one of the last works Warhol completed before Monday, June 3, 1968. It is a jarring, chilling hard-to-read image, almost abstract, masterful, optically complicated, emotionally alienating, a cipher, a constellation unto itself, malevolent, flaglike. Nothing was the same for Warhol afterward.

That June day began like most other days for Warhol. He awoke uptown, prayed with his mother in the basement, shopped at Bloomingdale's, and procured more Obetrol — an amphetamine in wide use as a diet aid. At 4:15 p.m., Warhol got out of a cab in front of his 33 Union Square West studio. (Dallesandro claimed to Alec Baldwin that it was also his first official day working at the Factory.) His boyfriend, Jed Johnson, was walking up to the door at the same time. They got into the elevator and were joined by Warhol hanger-on Valerie Solanas (who had appeared in his 1967 films *Bikeboy* and *I, a Man*). She had been to the Factory earlier that day looking for Warhol, was told he wasn't there, so had waited downstairs, down the street. Watching. The three rode up in the elevator. Warhol noticed that she was wearing a heavy coat in this hot weather and was tightly clutching a paper bag. Inside, studio manager Fred Hughes was

at his desk. Filmmaker Paul Morrissey was on the phone to Viva, who was having her hair done uptown at Kenneth's Hair Salon. Also there was curator Mario Amaya. Johnson went into a side office. Morrissey handed off Viva to Andy, who then handed the phone off to Hughes and went in the back to the bathroom.

Just then, Solanos pulled a .32 automatic pistol from the paper bag. She raised the gun and pointed it at Warhol who was directly in front of her. He screamed, "No! No! Valerie! Don't do it." She fired two shots. Andy fell to the floor and tried to crawl under a desk. She walked toward him, pointed the gun and fired again. The third bullet entered Andy's right side, exited through his back, leaving a huge wound. His lungs had been punctured; he couldn't breathe. He later said he felt a "horrible, horrible pain, as if a firecracker had exploded inside me." Solanos, thinking he was dead, walked toward Amaya, fired, and missed. Amaya ran away, but a fifth shot hit him in his flank as he did so. He crashed into the back room, where Billy Name was developing film, and with Morrissey, the three held the door so she could not get in. Thinking the door was locked, she returned to the office, stood in front of Hughes, and said, "I have to shoot you." He fell to his knees pleading, "Please don't shoot me, Valerie. You can't. I'm innocent. I didn't do anything to you. Just leave." She pointed the gun between his eyes and pulled the trigger. The gun jammed. Just then, the elevator doors opened. Hughes screamed, "There's the elevator, Valerie. Just take it!" She did and left.

On the floor, Warhol was dying. He was passing in and out of consciousness. Billy cradled Andy's head in his lap and started to wail. Andy said, "Oh, please don't make me laugh, Billy … please, it hurts too much." Name said, "I'm not laughing, Andy … I'm crying." At 4:35, 15 minutes after it began, an EMS team arrived and put Warhol on a stretcher. The stretcher wouldn't fit in the elevator, so Warhol had to be carried, seated, in their arms, down the steep, dark flights of stairs. It was agonizing pain. He lost consciousness. At 4:45, Warhol was brought into the Columbus Hospital ER, where Dr. Giuseppe Rossi and a team began working on him. Amaya was in the bed next to him. He heard the doctors say that the pulse was faint. His wounds were devastating; the bullet penetrated his esophagus, liver, spleen, intestines, and — fatefully — his gallbladder. Then the doctor said, "Forget it" and that there was "no chance." At 4:51 p.m., Warhol was pronounced clinically dead. Amaya screamed, "Don't you know who this is? It's Andy Warhol. He's famous. And he's rich. He can afford to pay for an operation. For Christ's sake, do something." They resumed work, massaging his heart as they did so. He revived.

Police detectives searched the factory, scoffing and disapproving of all the male porn and death-and-disaster paintings. They brought Hughes and Johnson into custody as suspects. Malanga rushed uptown to Warhol's mother, who was about to hear of "me Andy" being shot on the radio. At 8 p.m., Solanas walked up to a 22-year-old rookie cop in Times Square and said, "The police are looking for me." She handed him her gun and said she had to shoot Warhol "because he had too much control over my life." The National Organization for Women (NOW) soon declared her "the first outstanding champion of women's rights." Robert Kennedy was shot and killed the next night. The '60s ended many times. These two nights are among them.

Warhol wore tight surgical binders for the rest of his life. He later said "Before I was shot, I always suspected I was watching TV instead of living life. Right when I was being shot I knew I was watching television. Since I was shot everything is such a dream to me. I don't know whether or not I'm really alive — whether I died. It's sad." It is.

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7. *Ladies and Gentlemen (Marsha P. Johnson)* , 1975

At the Whitney, the show drops off after the gigantic 1973 *Mao.* But what optical information is on offer still buzzes the mind. When Warhol returned to painting, it was by commencing his endless series of commissioned portraits. No one knows how many he painted. He saw it as an overall portrait of society. It's said the going rate for commissioning one was $25,000. The format was almost always the same. Starting with a Polaroid taken by the Big Shot camera, which is only in focus at 40 inches, and for which Warhol always used a flash, as many as 50 pictures would be taken. One was then selected and rephotographed with a 35-mm. camera, transferred to acetate to silk-screen and then printed, always at the same 40-by-40-inches, to preserve the Polaroid framing. Warhol would sometimes subject them to his own "kind of plastic surgery," bringing features out or collaging elements in. This endless series includes Muhammad Ali, Brigitte Bardot, Sylvester Stallone, Princess Di, Aretha Franklin, Gianni Versace, Jimmy Carter, Carly Simon, Martha Graham, unknown businessmen and society women, and O.J. Simpson. The work was panned as "shallow" and "boring" by the *Times*' Hilton Kramer, while in *Time,* Robert Hughes said they "hardly exist within the sphere of aesthetic debate."

One 1975 series stands out: *Ladies and Gentlemen* — a set of drag queens, each of whom was paid $50 to sit for a photo session—particularly the portrait Marsha P. Johnson, a black drag queen with pink teeth, blond hair in a twist, a beaded necklace, and a red streak down the right side of her hair, who has beautiful milk-chocolate-brown skin. Warhol probably never knew it but, as artist Glenn Ligon notes in a brilliant essay on the series in the show's superb catalogue, Johnson was "already a star."

On June 28, 1969, Johnson threw "the shot glass that was heard around the world." She was, Ligon writes, "an integral part of the uprising that followed a police raid at the Stonewall Inn … having thrown a shot glass into a mirror … while shouting 'I got my civil rights.'" She went on to be an activist in the fight for transgender rights. By her own estimation, "Black Marsha," as she called herself, she had been arrested "over 100 times" for sex work. She'd been living on the streets. The P. in her middle name, she said, stood for "Pay it no mind." She had nervous breakdowns, walked naked on Christopher Street. Shortly after the 1992 Gay Pride Parade, her body was found in the Hudson River. Police ruled the death a suicide. She had a massive wound in the back of her head. In 2012, activist Mariah Lopez got the NYPD to reopen the case as a possible homicide. That same year, a wonderful documentary, *Pay It No Mind: Marsha P. Johnson,* was made about her life. 2017 saw another film, *The Death and Life of Marsha P. Johnson.* RuPaul calls her "the true Drag Mother" who "paved the way for all." Now look at all the *Ladies and Gentlemen* paintings again.

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8. *AIDS, Jeep, Bicycle*, 1985-86

Another criticism against Warhol is that he supposedly ignored AIDS. In fact AIDS struck often and close to Andy; he knew many who died of the disease. The ramp-up to this was slow and terrifying. A 1981 New York *Times* headline "Rare Cancer Seen in 41 Homosexuals" was followed the next year by "New Homosexual Disorder Worries Health Officials." You know the rest. In 1984, his boyfriend of several years — Jon Gould, whom he photographed more than 400 times — was diagnosed with AIDS. He was hospitalized that year, twice. Two years later, Gould was dead from the disease; he weighed 70 pounds and was blind.

AIDS is everywhere in Warhol's last work. In paintings of words like "666 the Mark of the Beast," "Are You Different?," "Heaven and Hell Are Just One Breath Away," "Repent and Sin No More." In a *Last Supper* painting, he silk-screens the words "The Big C" under Christ. The *C* stands for cancer, as attested in Warhol's source material. He drew a blank Reagan under a blank American flag. One of his last paintings just comes out and says it, however.

Along the whole bottom left side of the enormous canvas, stenciled and painted in patchy black, is the word AIDS. Above it, you can make out the sort of scare headlines that the New York *Post* used to regularly run and that helped stigmatize the disease and spread hatred of gay men. The words "New York Post" are partially seen as is the date "Friday August 30 1985." To show how the culture was looking away, all this is somehow offset by images of a Jeep, a bicycle, seemingly from ads, and other letters. Like I said, Warhol noticed with a vengeance.

Rock Hudson died of AIDS that year. Mario Amaya, who had pleaded with the doctors not to give up on Andy after Solanas had shot them both, died of AIDS the following year. ACT UP was founded the year after that.

On Saturday, February 14, 1987, Warhol complained of abdominal pain to his dermatologist. He spent the weekend in bed, not telling friends what was going on. On Tuesday, he kept an appointment so he could be photographed with Miles Davis. That same day, he told another doctor he'd been feeling ill for four weeks. The doctor diagnosed him with an acutely infected gallbladder and advised that it be removed as soon as possible. Warhol waited two more days to see what would happen. On Thursday, he caught a chill. The gallbladder had become severely inflamed with fluid and had to be removed at once. He went to New York Hospital, was scheduled for surgery on Saturday. He said, "Oh, I'm not going to make it" and locked many of his valuables in his safe. After surgery, he was administered Cefoxitin — a drug very similar to penicillin, which he was allergic to; staff nurses failed to properly measure his fluids; a malfunctioning suction device that permitted the reduction in fluids was not replaced. Biographer Victor Bockris writes, "The chances of dying from complications of routine gallbladder surgery are thousands to one." Andy Warhol died at 6:31 a.m. early Sunday morning, February 22, 1987.

Art in America

MAGAZINE Nov 1, 2018

Contacting Warhol

by Richard Meyer and Peggy Phelan

Andy Warhol: *New York street scenes with trash, bundles of newspaper at curb for pickup; Sign: "Leash, gutter, and clean up after your dog"; Andy Warhol and Christopher Makos with man in plaid shirt; Black-tie party with Halston, Andy Warhol, Lauren Hutton, Peter Beard, Calvin Klein, Ron Galella*, 1982, gelatin silver print. Courtesy Cantor Arts Center, Stanford University. © Andy Warhol Foundation for the Visual Arts, Inc.

In 1976 Andy Warhol acquired a simple 35mm camera and began to photograph. And photograph. He shot over ten thousand images every year until his death in 1987. Some of these exposures became the basis for silkscreen paintings. Most of the negatives, however, were printed only as contact sheets, grids of thumbnail images that were often marked with grease pencil to indicate selections for later printing. In 2014, Stanford University received some thirty-six hundred of these contact sheets from the Andy Warhol Foundation. This trove forms the basis of "Contact Warhol: Photography Without End" (on view through January 6, 2019), an exhibition organized by Richard Meyer and Peggy Phelan at the university's Cantor Arts Center. (The archive can also be viewed on Stanford's website.) The contact prints offer a glimpse of Warhol's social life at a time when he was immersed in a world of celebrity and glamour. Yet Warhol also captured mundane scenes on the streets of New York and low-key afternoons with his boyfriend, Jon Gould. Here, Phelan and Meyer discuss their cross-disciplinary approach to understanding the contact sheets as a both a raw archive of one of the twentieth century's most influential artists and the outcome of a veritable performance of habitual recording that Warhol sustained for more than a decade. *–Eds.*

PEGGY PHELAN One of the first questions Richard and I confronted, given the size of the archive, was about the ontological status of a contact sheet. Richard, coming from art history, was very much of the position that these were not works of art, that they were more or less studies or rehearsals that were never intended to be exhibited. For me, coming from performance studies, they were immediately recognizable as primary works of art.

RICHARD MEYER Warhol had one of the most expansive definitions of art you could imagine, but even for him the contact sheets were not works of art. They were not exhibited, editioned, or sold; some were given away or perhaps lost. I saw these as important documents of Warhol's social and professional world in the 1970s and '80s, a visual diary of sorts. But not as materials that constituted art or even museum-worthy artifacts.

At first I was overwhelmed by the sheer number of exposures, of which there are around a hundred and thirty thousand. Some of these are over- or underexposed, or awkwardly cropped or out of focus. Many depict seemingly marginal aspects of a scene: people asleep on an airplane flight or an expanse of paisley carpeting in a hotel room. Even when the people in Warhol's photographs were extraordinary, they were most often doing ordinary things: Truman Capote lying down on a couch or Robert Rauschenberg standing, with his back to the camera, at a urinal. Initially, I didn't have the imaginative or intellectual vision to see how compelling the contact sheets actually were—or could be—if they were understood in the right way.

PHELAN In 2018 we're all archivists of our own lives in a certain way. Warhol was doing this beginning in 1976. Whatever else happened in a day, he shot one roll of film, often more, and he continued doing so until his death in '87. Taking these photographs was an eleven-year-long performance practice, a durational performance devoted to framing, clicking, and preserving photographs of his daily life.

When Stanford acquired the contact sheets, the Warhol Foundation gave legal permission for the university to process exposures that had not been separately printed during Warhol's life. And we produced numerous prints for the exhibition. Thirty to forty years separate the clicking of the shutter from the printing of these photographs, which forces us to confront the odd temporality of photography in general.

The subtitle of the show and the book is "Photography Without End," which gets at serialization and reproducibility, issues that were central to Warhol's art more generally. But to sharpen some of the issues we faced in thinking about the contact sheets, we invented the category "Warhol/Not Warhol" to indicate that the photographic exposure was Warhol's but that the selection of the print was ours. I found the idea that we were engaging with art he created in his lifetime but had existed largely unseen in latent form in the photographic archive extremely motivating. Of course, our "Warhol/Not Warhol" prints adhere to certain strictures defined by the foundation. They can't be bigger than 8 by 10 inches. The label has to be very precise. It's not like we're flooding the Warhol market with fakes.

MEYER These prints have no insurance value and are never to be sold. As specified by the Warhol Foundation, they are to be designated as "studio prints" in the Cantor's collection. But these images were initiated by Warhol when he pushed the shutter release of his camera. They are Warhol's in the sense that he made the photographic impression. And they're not Warhol in the sense that they would not exist had we not printed—and in that sense, finished—them thirty years later.

Warhol appears in many of the exposures and he was not using a shutter release cable or a timer. He was not taking selfies. Instead, he handed the camera to someone else—a friend, assistant, or new acquaintance. But all the exposures on every contact sheet are now attributed to Warhol. As Peggy pointed out to me during our research, that's sort of how cell phone cameras work. If you bring a cell phone to a party, all the pictures are yours even if you pass the phone around for other people to photograph you or other people.

The Cantor collection also includes stitched photographs, which are among the last works that Warhol did before he died. At his direction, Michele Loud, an assistant, would stitch together four, six, eight, or twelve duplicate copies of a print. She used a sewing machine, but, at Warhol's instruction, left ends of thread visible. And the seams are not perfectly symmetrical. You have the sense of a hand, of the craft of sewing, going together unexpectedly with a grid of mechanically made, infinitely reproducible images.

PHELAN The first show of the stitched photos was at Robert Miller Gallery in 1987. It was right before Warhol died, his last New York show. And it sold really well. Warhol was very excited and said he was going to continue in this direction. The stitched photos are a kind of enlargement of the grid of the contact sheet. Warhol, or possibly one of his assistants, Christopher Makos or Ronnie Cutrone, would circle some individual frames on the contact sheet, selecting them for printing. In the exhibition we show the contact sheets that have been circled (but we often selected and printed different frames ourselves). In the catalogue I wrote about the white threads on the stitched photos as a kind of psychoanalytic displacement of the pencil mark on the contact sheet. There's another emotional aspect of this that's quite amazing: as Richard suggested, one feels the effect of the hand in the act of machine stitching, just as one can feel the effect of Warhol's hand in the mechanical "errors" of his camera.

MEYER When I saw the stitched photographs in the late 1980s, I thought they were hack work that allowed Warhol to commodify his photographs as art. But now, thirty years later, they have become fascinating to me, in part because of the surprising conditions under which some of them were created. After Warhol's death, his estate discovered duplicate photographic prints that the artist intended to be stitched together. In 2014 the Warhol Foundation decided to have these prints stitched by the Fabric Workshop in Philadelphia. The resulting works are attributed to Warhol with an explanatory note that they have been posthumously printed by the Foundation, and they are dated 1987/2014. And what does that mean? Warhol dies, and yet he doesn't die. He finishes the work from beyond the grave. It is attributed to Warhol, along with a note that says, "completed by the Andy Warhol Foundation."

We are not the only ones producing new "Warhols." They're being created by the Warhol Foundation. If an artist intends to complete a work but then dies, that means the work is not completed. Death is a part of history. You don't just finish the work for him because that's what he wanted—unless it says in the will please stitch these for me, which Warhol's didn't. Even for an artist who wanted, or at least said he wanted, his work outsourced—that he wanted someone else to make his paintings for him, and who did turn to many other people for ideas—this posthumous creation challenges the artist's individual authority over his production. On one level, this seems appropriate to Warhol who, more than any other artist in the twentieth century, challenged the very idea of artistic authority. At the same time, he was very careful about branding his name and employing his signature to seal the authenticity of his work.

We began to see that Warhol's interest in gridding and repetition and difference—in exact repetition but with a difference—applied not only to the contact sheets but to the works he made from the contact sheets. In the show we do have a contact sheet of a young man, naked, kind of rolling around on the ground in all thirty-six exposures. And then Warhol takes one of those images and makes a stitched photograph of it, so it's almost as though he's transposing the logic of the contact sheet onto the sewn work. But because of the stitching—and sometimes because of the printing, of how much exposure there is, how much light there is—very slight differences appear from one print to another.

PHELAN A central paradox in Warhol studies is that his very ease across mediums sometimes leads people to assume he was shallow, flitting like a humming bird from ad work to painting to silkscreening to music, fashion, film, and so on. The assumption is that he was a kind of "jack of all trades, master of none." Those who believe that will find evidence in the Warhol archive to sustain that assumption—the range of what interested him is, again, immense.

And yet the contact sheets also show the incredible relentlessness of his central interests. There is a truly coherent Warhol, in which you can see the same sensibility, from the early Pop work all the way through '87. That has not been the dominant narrative of Warhol studies. The contact sheets make it pretty clear, to me anyway, that he had a quite coherent sensibility. If he hadn't made it as a fine artist or a commercial artist he would have been a hell of a photo editor. He has an extraordinary eye.

MEYER I don't think that the most interesting frames in the contact sheets were always selected for printing. Maybe a better way to put it is that I'm not always sure what the criteria for interestingness was for Warhol. At a dinner party, he would sometimes photograph the remains of the meal, taking a picture of food-strewn plates and abandoned glasses of wine. Rather than dinner guests (which is what you might expect to see), you get a a half-eaten dinner. Or Warhol would photograph a trash dumpster full of sundry refuse. Or some ceramics and old blankets at a flea market. As he said, "I always like to work on leftovers, doing the leftover things. Things that were discarded, that everybody knew were no good I always thought had a great potential to be funny." Warhol focuses on things that you might not expect him to care about, until you remember the profound interest in everyday life (even if it's Liza Minnelli's everyday life) and commonplace objects that runs throughout his career. He said that he wanted to paint the ordinary not to make it extraordinary, but to make it "ordinary-ordinary." Once something has become "ordinary-ordinary" rather than just "ordinary," you can't help but see it differently.

PHELAN I don't think we're actually too far apart. When he's taking photographs of flea markets, he's taking hundreds. Or if he's photographing trash, it's bags and bags of trash. I still think he's an extraordinary photographer. He demonstrates he has mastered the genres of art photography completely: Atget's street scenes, Walker Evans's vernacular, Richard Avedon's portrait style, Diane Arbus's revitalization of the concept of "the freak" are all alluded to explicitly in the contact sheets.

Part of what makes Warhol so extraordinary is the way he expands what it means to be a photographer. The act of picking up the camera itself, focusing or not focusing, and clicking the shutter—that is the primary art. Through repetition, producing the incredible number of frames we have, this photographic art becomes a performative practice that can be linked to durational performances by Tehching Hsieh, Linda Montano, or other artists who created multiyear works.

But that's not the only frame to illuminate these works. In poststructuralism and postmodernism there's a lot of knee-jerk attention to his pursuit of repetition for its own sake. But Warhol's fascination with serialization and repetition is central to how he viewed the world. And in my view, it's tied up with his being shot. According to Western metaphysics, we have one death and it occurs in the future. Warhol was pronounced dead several times the day Valerie Solanas shot him, but he survived those announced deaths and lived for nineteen more years.

For him, death's special status as a once-in-a-lifetime event is no longer valid, propelling his fascination with repetition as a life force. His emphasis on the ordinary repetitions of everyday life is part of a more relentless assault on the belief in a unique experience. You could also think about Warhol's indefatigable repetition in terms of a spiritual, almost Zen-like practice: breathing in, breathing out, over and over, consciously. It's very significant that a lot of this work occurred under the dense canopy of the HIV and AIDS pandemic. Working against the once-in-a-lifetime event of death, there's a relentless repetition of the life drive that is always at work in the archive.

MEYER One section of the show is called "Figment," and it's based on a quote: "I always thought I'd like my own tombstone to be blank. No epitaph, and no name. Well, actually, I'd like it to say 'figment.'" Warhol died in 1987. But there is an incredible afterlife to his work. Of course death is a singular event, but the way Warhol talked about it and thinking about it makes death less punctual, more continuous with a kind of cultural haunting or appearance as a posthumous yet still somehow living "figment." There is this beautiful contact sheet of skulls and skeletons, shot when Warhol visited an anatomy class, that speaks to this.

I was surprised, and not unhappily, to discover that there were eighteen sexually explicit sheets in the Stanford collection. They're real sex acts between men, but they're also staged for the camera. Some were taken at the home of Victor Hugo, a Venezuelan window dresser who was Halston's boyfriend as well as something of a sexual magnet to many other gay men. All eighteen sheets feature Hugo having sex with different partners. Most of the images were taken in Warhol's studio and business office, or the Third Factory as it was called, on Lower Broadway. Based on these photo sessions, Warhol produced a series of silkscreen pictures called "Sex Parts," in 1978, two of which are on display in our show.

By the late '70s, a decade after Stonewall, a popular idea among gay men was that sexual liberation involved multiple partners and many different kinds of sex, including anonymous encounters, bathhouse hookups, leather, kink, and S/M. Urban gay men became quite public about their roles as both sexual agent and object, about desiring and being desired. The fact that Warhol made work that captured a sense of gay sexual confidence and liberation was surprising to me. People (including me, before this show) generally think of Warhol as asexual or reticent about the politics of sexual liberation, but that wasn't the case.

In retrospect, the sexual confidence pervading these contact sheets became, at least for me, inextricable from thinking about AIDS. Hugo died as a result of AIDS, as did Halston, as did Jon Gould an executive at Paramount Studios who was Warhol's last boyfriend, as did countless other men the artist photographed. There's a moment in the *Diaries* where Warhol says that Gould has to go to a funeral for a male secretary who died of "gay cancer." That phrase reminded of me of how early in the crisis this was, before we knew it was Acquired Immunodeficiency Syndrome. Warhol says he's too afraid to go to the funeral because he might get AIDS from being there.

Since being HIV positive has become a treatable condition, we've lost the public memory of the intense fear and the backlash against gay men triggered by the AIDS crisis in the 1980s. As a gay man who lived through that time, I really felt it come back strongly thirty years later when I looked at the "Sex Parts" contact sheets from the late 1970s and Warhol's fearful diary entries about AIDS from the '80s.

PHELAN And these issues that Richard is addressing return us to the question of latency that showing the contact sheets raises. Gould, as curator Jessica Beck points out in the catalogue, was not out in his corporate job at Paramount. And his desire to remain closeted prompted him to ask Warhol not to mention him in interviews or use his name very much or at all in his *Diaries*. But the contact sheets, especially the ones taken in Montauk, show a very proud, absolutely buff and beautiful man. In some of them he flexes his muscles and even poses on a rock Adonis-like. So in thinking about these photographs in 2018, and publishing them, we are overriding Gould's lived wish to be closeted. (The publication of Warhol's *Diaries* in 1989 did the main work of outing Gould.) But we are also, I hope, restoring something of the dignity, the fun, and the passion that animated his life in a way that honors both Gould and Warhol.

Similarly, there is a history of sex and sexuality documented in the archive that is absolutely resonant with our own moment. Should sex acts, consensual or otherwise, "live" beyond those who made pictures of them? What obligations do we have to men who may have been engaged in gay sex acts in the 1970s but are no longer living as gay men? The archive teems with questions of this sort. And are "sex acts" the only thing worth puzzling over? Is cocaine use okay but anal sex acts verboten? And will these same judgments seem archaic thirty years on?

MEYER When Warhol was in London he photographed a crossing sign that instructed pedestrians to "Look Right" but he cropped the image so that it just says look. This is the message of our show and book. Look more closely at the world around you. I find it very meaningful and weirdly a little bit moving, especially in our moment, when everything is so instantaneous, when we're encouraged to glance at things rather than to really look at them.

artnet news

Never-Before-Seen Photos of Andy Warhol's Glamorous Everyday Life Are on View at Stanford—See Them Here

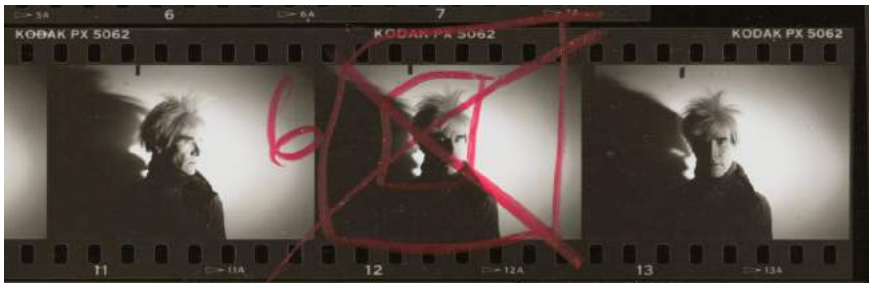
Bianca Jagger, Jean-Michel Basquiat, and Liza Minnelli make appearances in a trove of contact sheets recently acquired by Stanford's Cantor Arts Center.

Caroline Goldstein, October 15, 2018

Andy Warhol, detail from a contact sheet [Andy Warhol Self-Portrait in Drag photo shoot] , 1981. © The Andy Warhol Foundation for the Visual Arts, Inc.

There is precious little work by Pop icon Andy Warhol that hasn't already been exhibited, analyzed, and probably emblazoned on a t-shirt. But one of the few aspects of the late artist's work that's been rarely seen by the public is the tremendous cache of photographic contact sheets he accumulated between 1976 and 1987, a period when he was in the habit of maintaining a daily visual diary of photos.

In 2014, the Andy Warhol Foundation chose Stanford University's Cantor Arts Center to receive this collection: 3,600 contact sheets containing 130,000 exposures. In return for the trove, the Cantor Center's archivist spent three years digitizing the material, and a selection is now on view in a revelatory show co-curated by professors Peggy Phelan and Richard Meyer, "Contact Warhol: Photography Without End."



Andy Warhol, *Detail from Contact Sheet [Photo shoot with Andy Warhol with shadow]* (1986). © The Andy Warhol Foundation for the Visual Arts, Inc.

Warhol's 35-millimeter camera was a continual presence in his life, and he often shot close to a roll of film per day. In the extensive array of black and white negatives on view in "Contact Warhol," one can see the stages of his decision-making process: Some frames are struck through with an X, others are highlighted in a waxy red crayon to delineate his final selections. Unlike many of the Warhol paintings that hit the auction block or headline a museum collection, these contact sheets bear the rare mark of the artist's own hand.

Andy Warhol, *Unidentified Photographers* (ca. 1981). The Andy Warhol Museum, Pittsburgh; © 2018 The Andy Warhol Foundation for the Visual Arts, Inc. / Licensed by Artists Rights Society (ARS), New York.

As part of the gift, the Cantor Center has the right to select, enlarge, and print images from the contact sheets, which Warhol didn't intend to have published—a notion the curators grapple with in the impressive exhibition catalogue. The images include Bianca Jagger shaving her armpits, Keith Haring posing with his boyfriend, plus shots of Liza Minnelli, Jean-Michel Basquiat, Nancy Reagan, and many others.

Andy Warhol, Detail from Contact Sheet [Andy Warhol photo shoot with Liza Minnelli and Victor Hugo, John Lennon], 1978.; *Liza Minnelli* (1977). © and *Liza Minelli* (1979). © 2018 The Andy Warhol Foundation for the Visual Arts, Inc. / Licensed by Artists Rights Society (ARS), New York.

Appearing alongside Warhol's negatives are the finished silk screen paintings that resulted, many loaned from the Warhol Museum for the exhibition.

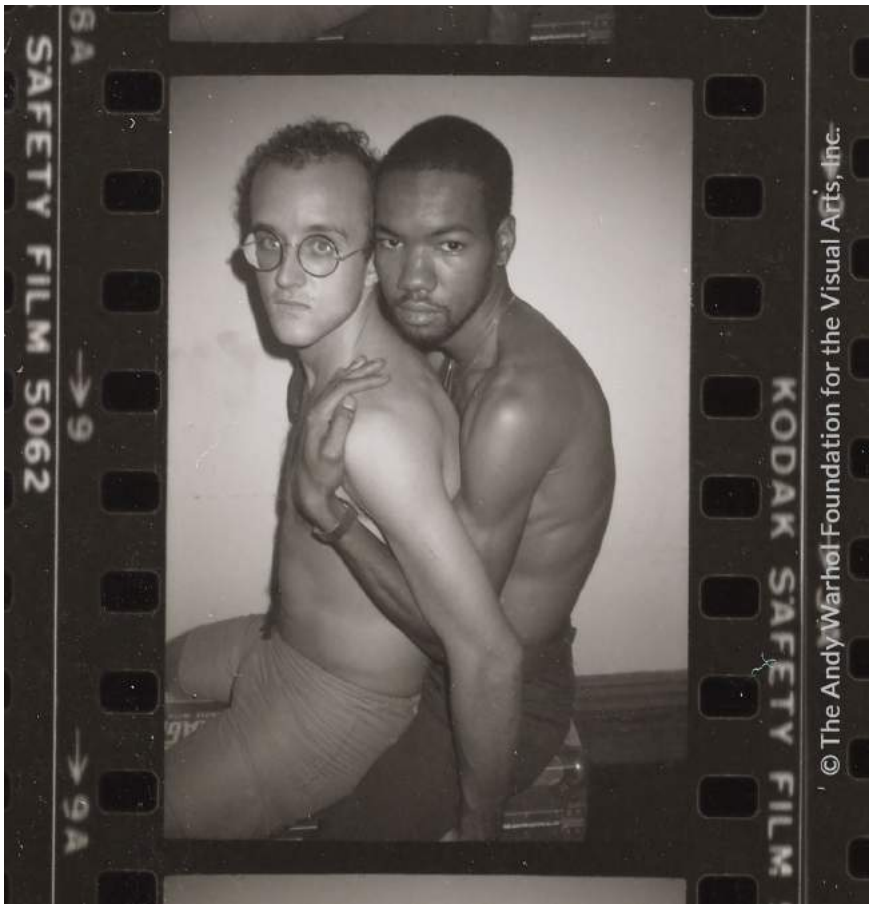
"These contact sheets comprise Warhol's last major body of work, largely unseen until now, some thirty years after his death," Peggy Phelan writes in the catalogue. "These past three decades might be seen as a kind of developing ink, as if the exposures were slumbering in a very slow chemical bath, and the conditions of visibility did not allow us to see them until now."

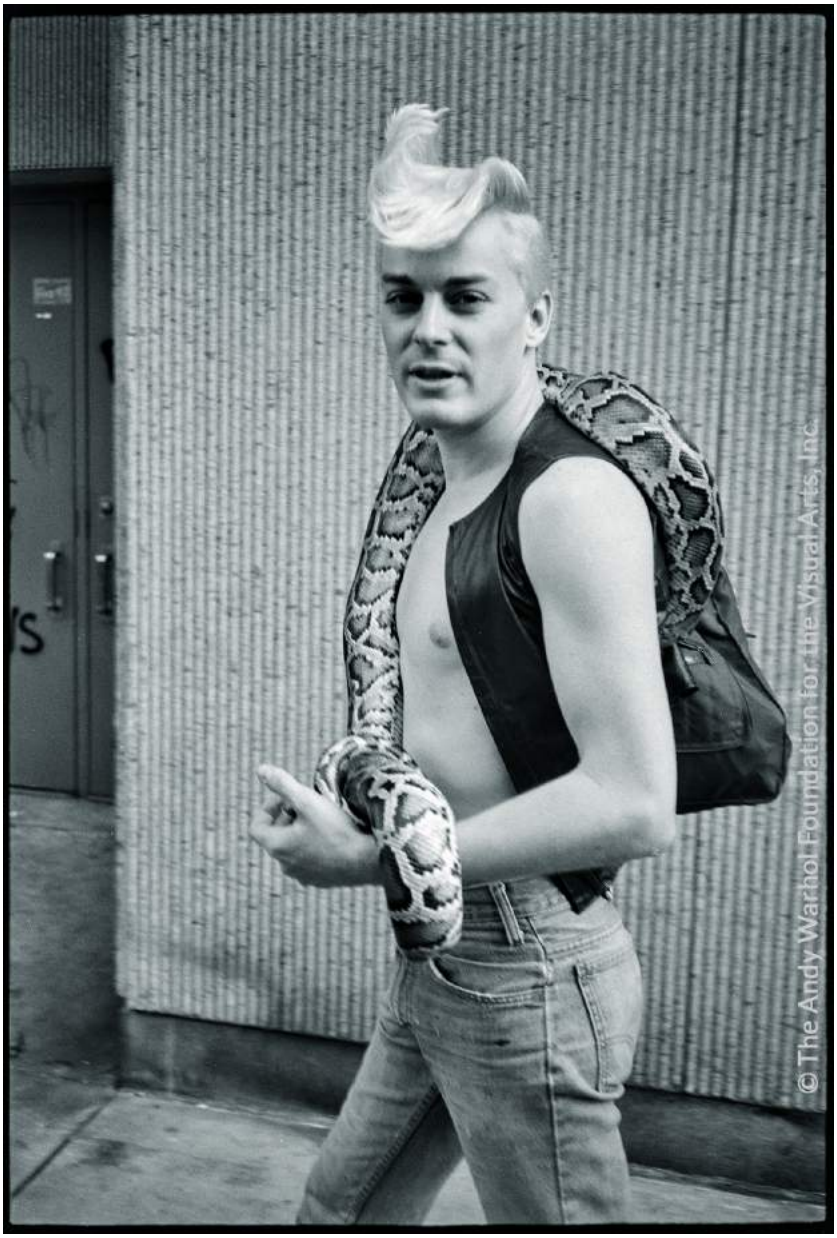
See images from "Contact Warhol: Photography Without End" below. The exhibition is open at Stanford University's Cantor Arts Center through January 6, 2019.

Andy Warhol, *Detail from Contact Sheet [Stuart Pivar with skulls and skeletons at anatomical model showroom (?)],* (1986). © The Andy Warhol Foundation for the Visual Arts.

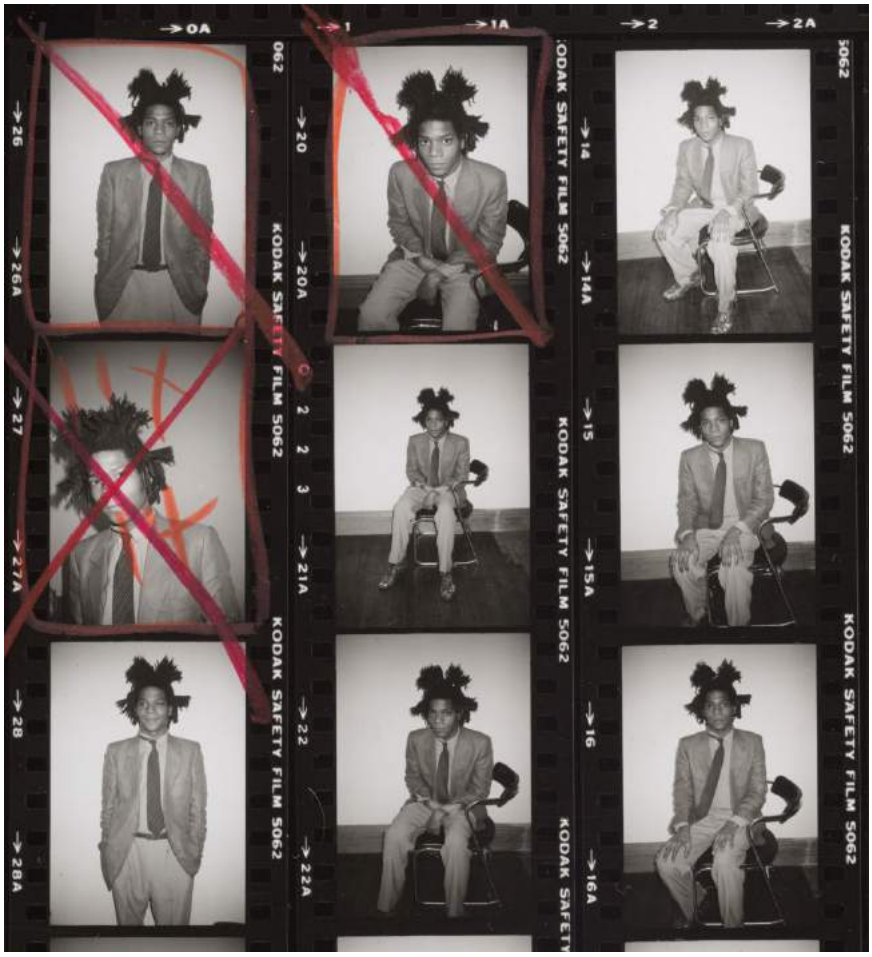
Andy Warhol, *Detail from Contact Sheet [Andy Warhol photo shoot with Liza Minnelli and Victor Hugo, John Lennon]*, (1978). © The Andy Warhol Foundation for the Visual Arts, Inc.

Andy Warhol, *Detail from Contact Sheet [Andy Warhol, Bianca Jagger, Halston, Diane de Beauvau, Bethann Hardison in the back of a limousine]*, (1976). © The Andy Warhol Foundation for the Visual Arts, Inc.

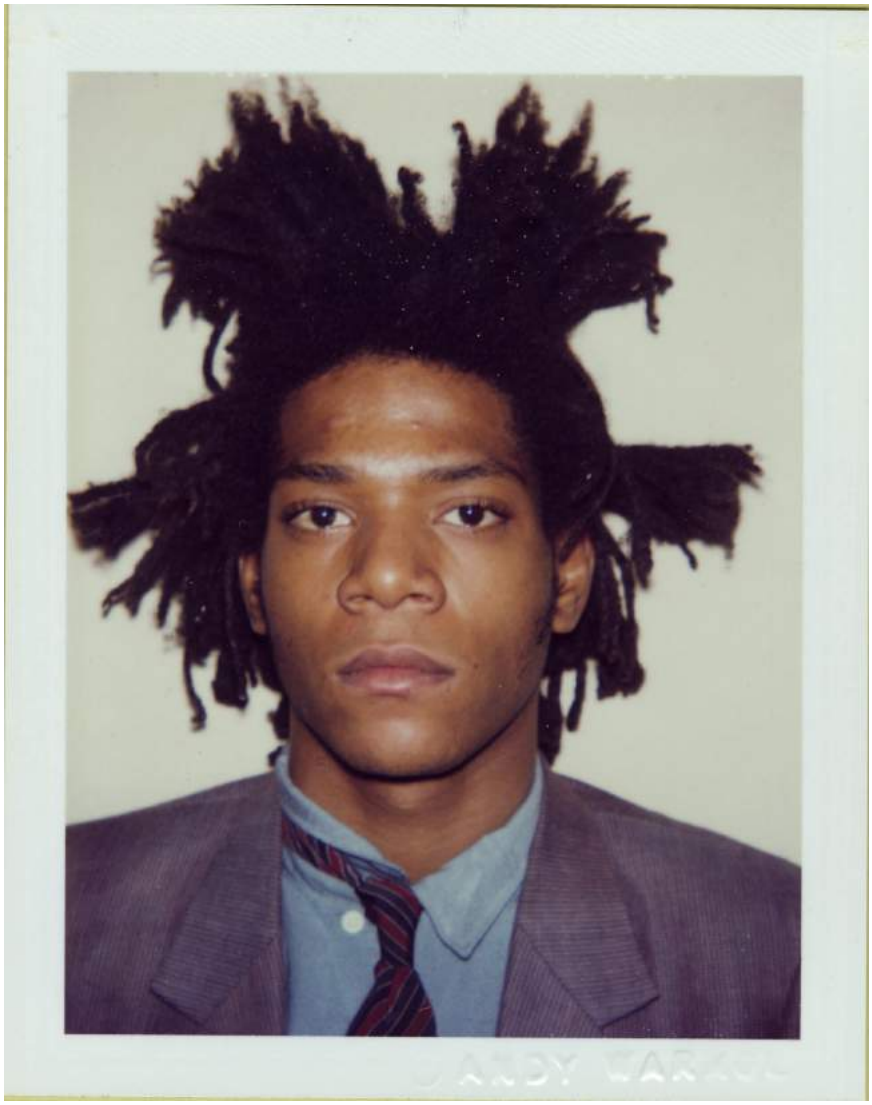




Andy Warhol, *Negative [John Sex with snake at Christopher Makos' studio and on the street],* (1983). © The Andy Warhol Foundation for the Visual Arts



Andy Warhol, *Detail from Contact Sheet [Jean-Michel Basquiat photo shoot for Polaroid portrait; Andy Warhol, Bruno Bischofberger]*, 1982. © The Andy Warhol Foundation for the Visual Arts, Inc.

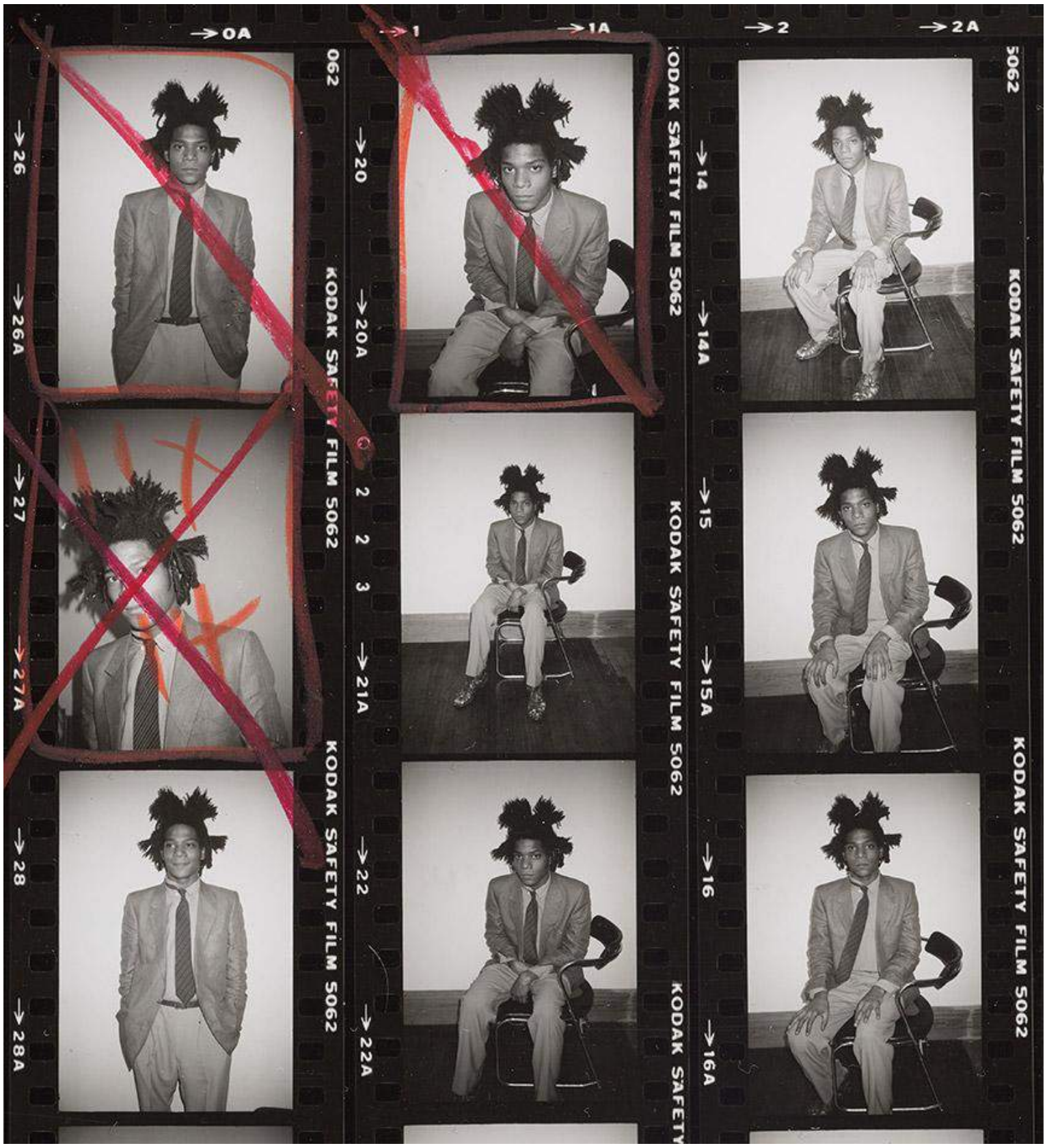


Andy Warhol, *Jean-Michel Basquiat* (1982). The Andy Warhol Museum, Pittsburgh; © 2018 The Andy Warhol Foundation for the Visual Arts, Inc. / Licensed by Artists Rights Society (ARS), New York.

Andy Warhol, *Jean-Michel Basquiat* (1982). The Andy Warhol Museum, Pittsburgh; © 2018 The Andy Warhol Foundation for the Visual Arts, Inc. / Licensed by Artists Rights Society (ARS), New York.

ART | 27 JUL 2018 | BY JESSICA KLINGELFUSS

Over 100,000 unseen Andy Warhol photographs to be made public



Detail from Contact Sheet [Jean-Michel Basquiat photo shoot for Polaroid portrait; Andy Warhol, Bruno Bischofberger], 1982, by Andy Warhol, gelatin silver print. *Gift of The Andy Warhol Foundation for the Visual Arts, Inc. © The Andy Warhol Foundation for the Visual Arts*

Andy Warhol once said, 'My idea of a good picture is one of a famous person doing something unfamous.' It's a sentiment that couldn't be more apparent in a trove of over 130,000 photographic exposures made by the artist from 1976 until his death in 1987.

Acquired by Stanford University's Cantor Arts Center from The Andy Warhol Foundation in 2014, the collection of 3,600 contact sheets and corresponding negatives is set to go on show at Cantor at the end of September. Despite shooting a

roll of film or more a day, Warhol only printed under a fifth of the photographs he took. The exhibition will be the first time many of these images of Warhol's famous social circle will be seen by the public.

The pictures satiate our voyeuristic appetite for celebrities and artists with their guard down, with snapshots of young artists Keith Haring and Jean-Michel Basquiat, and stars like Michael Jackson, Liza Minnelli, and Dolly Parton. Look carefully and you'll also find candid photographs of Debbie Harry, Nancy Reagan, Arnold Schwarzenegger, and Truman Capote.

Contact Sheet [Photo shoot with Andy Warhol with shadow], 1986, by Andy Warhol, gelatin silver print. Gift of The Andy Warhol Foundation for the Visual Arts, Inc. ©The Andy Warhol Foundation for the Visual Arts

'Whether commenting on sex, money, physical appearance, or social standing, the artist sized up his friends and acquaintances, as well as himself, with merciless precision,' says Richard Meyer, who has curated the show with fellow Stanford professor Peggy Phelan. 'This exhibition allows viewers to experience Warhol's photography in a depth and detail never before possible.'

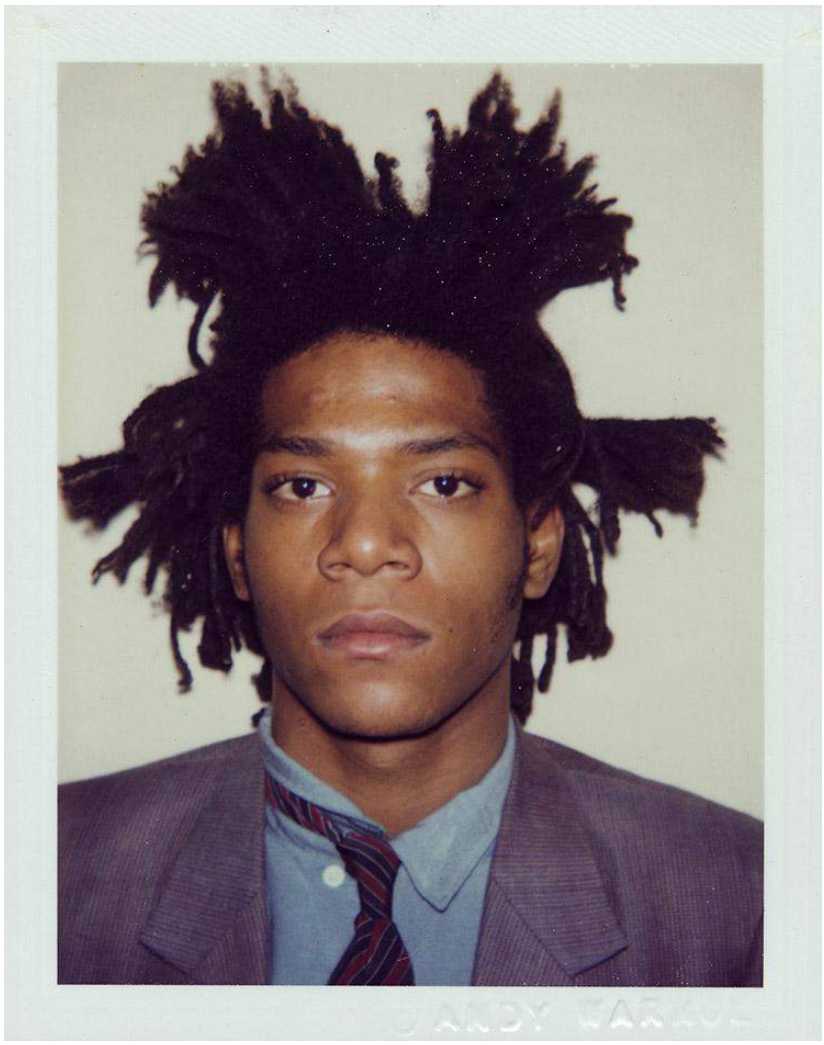
'Contact Warhol: Photography Without End' will also trace the artist's fascination with the gay culture of the 1970s and 80s. Photographs of drag queens and Fire Island parties will feature alongside the artist's rarely-seen, sexually explicit images. Photographs of the artist's boyfriend, Jon Gould – an executive at Paramount Studios who died as a result of AIDS in 1986 – will also be exhibited.

Opening in tandem with the exhibition is a digitisation project helmed by Cantor project archivist Amy DiPasquale, which will make the centre's collection of Warhol's photographic work available to the public. The archive of contact sheets and negatives will searchable through an online database on the Stanford University Libraries system, and on the Cantor website by the end of the year. ✱

Unidentified Photographers, c 1981, by Andy Warhol, gelatin silver print. *The Andy Warhol Museum, Pittsburgh; Contribution The Andy Warhol Foundation for the Visual Arts, Inc. © 2018 The Andy Warhol Foundation for the Visual Arts, Inc / Licensed by Artists Rights Society (ARS), New York*

Detail from Contact Sheet [Andy Warhol, Bianca Jagger, Halston, Diane de Beauvau, Bethann Hardison in the back of a limousine], 1976, by Andy Warhol, gelatin silver print. *Gift of The Andy Warhol Foundation for the Visual Arts, Inc. © The Andy Warhol Foundation for the Visual Arts*

Detail from Contact Sheet [Andy Warhol photo shoot with Liza Minnelli and Victor Hugo, John Lennon], 1978, by Andy Warhol, gelatin silver print. *Gift of The Andy Warhol Foundation for the Visual Arts, Inc. © The Andy Warhol Foundation for the Visual Arts*

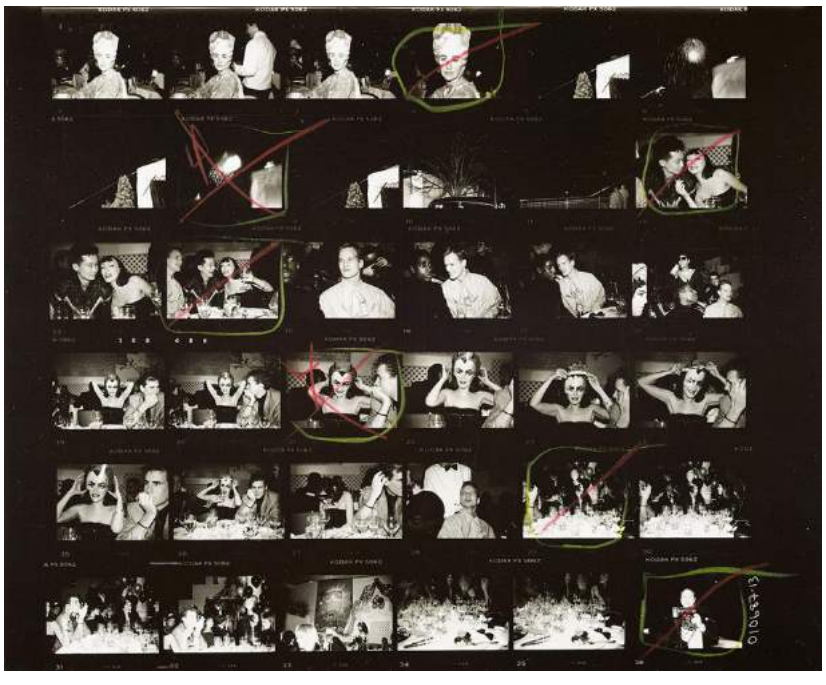


Jean-Michel Basquiat, 1982, by Andy Warhol, Polaroid Polacolor ER. *The Andy Warhol Museum, Pittsburgh; Contribution The Andy Warhol Foundation for the Visual Arts, Inc. © 2018 The Andy Warhol Foundation for the Visual Arts, Inc / Licensed by Artists Rights Society (ARS), New York*

Jean-Michel Basquiat, c 1982, by Andy Warhol, acrylic, silkscreen ink, and urine on canvas. *The Andy Warhol Museum, Pittsburgh; Founding Collection, Contribution The Andy Warhol Foundation for the Visual Arts, Inc. © 2018 The Andy Warhol Foundation for the Visual Arts, Inc / Licensed by Artists Rights Society (ARS), New York*

Liza Minnelli, 1977, by Andy Warhol. Polaroid Polacolor Type 108. *The Andy Warhol Museum, Pittsburgh; Contribution The Andy Warhol Foundation for the Visual Arts, Inc. © 2018 The Andy Warhol Foundation for the Visual Arts, Inc / Licensed by Artists Rights Society (ARS), New York*

Liza Minnelli, 1979, by Andy Warhol, acrylic and silkscreen ink on linen. *The Andy Warhol Museum, Pittsburgh; Founding Collection, Contribution Dia Center for the Arts. © 2018 The Andy Warhol Foundation for the Visual Arts, Inc / Licensed by Artists Rights Society (ARS), New York*



Contact Sheet [New Year's Eve party at River Café with woman in Marie Antoinette mask, Benjamin Liu and Larissa, Michael Musto, Tama Janowitz, Paige Powell, Ron Galella], 1987, by Andy Warhol, gelatin silver print. *Gift of The Andy Warhol Foundation for the Visual Arts, Inc. © The Andy Warhol Foundation for the Visual Arts*

Detail from Contact Sheet [New Year's Eve party at River Café with woman in Marie Antoinette mask, Benjamin Liu and Larissa, Michael Musto, Tama Janowitz, Paige Powell, Ron Galella], 1987, by Andy Warhol, gelatin silver print. *Gift of The Andy Warhol Foundation for the Visual Arts, Inc. © The Andy Warhol Foundation for the Visual Arts the Visual Arts*

Detail from Contact Sheet [Stuart Pivar with skulls and skeletons at anatomical model showroom (?)], 1986, by Andy Warhol, gelatin silver print. *Gift of The Andy Warhol Foundation for the Visual Arts, Inc. © The Andy Warhol Foundation for the Visual Art*

INFORMATION

'Contact Warhol: Photography Without End' is on view 28 September – 6 January. For more information, visit the Cantor Arts Center website

ADDRESS

Stanford University
Cantor Arts Center
328 Lomita Drive
Stanford CA 94305

VIEW GOOGLE MAPS

WIDEWALLS

Jim Hedges, The Man Behind the Biggest Andy Warhol Photography Collection in the World

July 19, 2018

Angie Kordic

Passionate about art, frequent visitor of exhibitions, Widewalls photography specialist and Editor-in-Chief.

Between the 1960s, when his artistic career skyrocketed, and 1987, the year of his untimely death, AndyWarhol reigned as the Pop Art King.

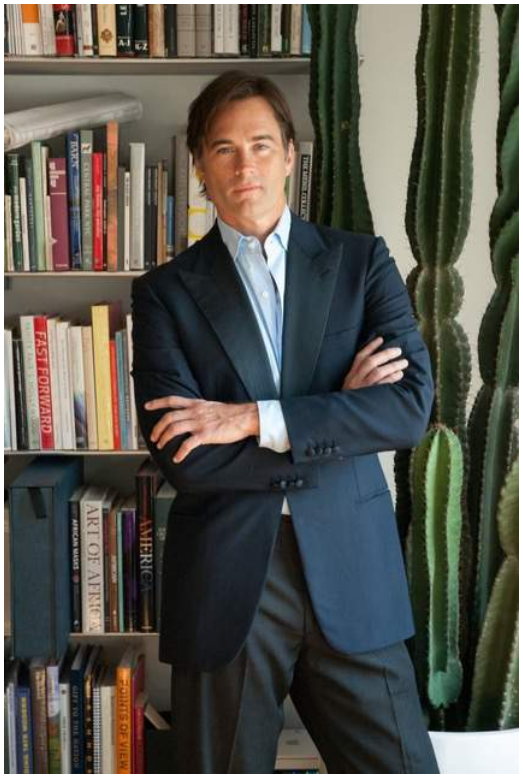
When we talk about his incredible oeuvre, however, we can't not talk about his photography, as this practice of his was a significant part of virtually all of his projects.

It all began with the Photo Booth Strips portraying many famous faces inside a Times Square tourist shop. Then, in the late 1960s, Warhol began carrying aPolaroidcamera with him, calling it “his date” and documenting his friends, usually against a neutral background – just think of the iconic shots of Liza Minnelli or Mick Jagger.

Around 1976, the artist received a35mmMinolta camera as a gift from the art dealer Thomas Ammann, which he used to take pictures of the New York City nightlife, travels, but also his art-making processes at The Factory. That same year, Warhol also began formally relying on the new images he made with the Polaroid Big Shot, which he would use to create sketches for his prints and silkscreened paintings.

Last but not least, Andy Warhol would also repurpose his unique gelatin silver prints by stitching and sewing repeated images together with a thread, usually in grids of four and six images.

Had he not died when he did, Andy Warhol would have probably had an even more successful photographic career, particularly in terms of exhibitions and the market. The only exhibition of photography organized during his lifetime took place at the Robert Miller Gallery in January 1987, six weeks before his death.



Jim Hedges

Jim Hedges and The Love for Andy Warhol Photography

Between 1987 and 2007, only about two dozen gallery shows featured Andy Warhol photography around the world. This was due to The Andy Warhol Foundation for the Visual Art requiring galleries to commit to purchasing artworks before offering any materials on consignment for shows. The estate held approximately 50,000photographicworks and held them at very low valuations called “blockage discounts”.

In 2007, on the 20th anniversary of Warhol’s death, The Foundation started the Photographic LegacyProgram, making a gift of over 28,500 of his photos to more than 180 educational and art-collecting institutions. This was to ensure that the work was well-studied by curators and students alike, and it also drastically decreased the number of these pieces available on the market.

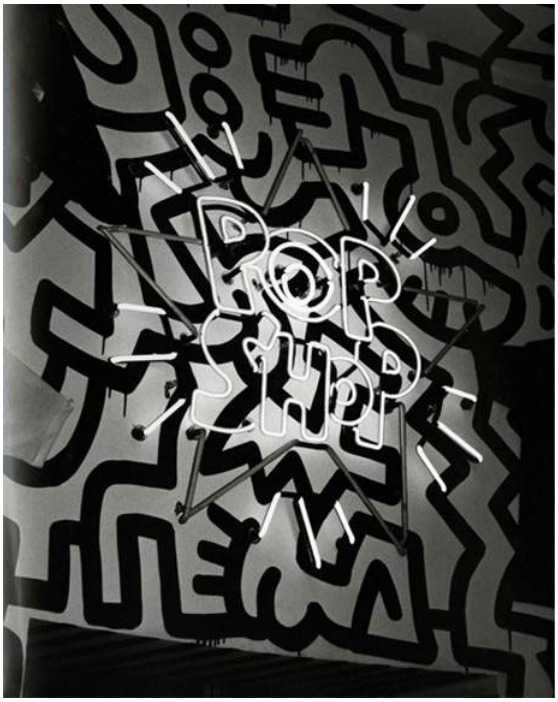
This is where Hedges Project comes in. As a result of a close personal relationship that Jim Hedges had with the Directors of The Andy Warhol Foundation for the Visual Arts, he was offered a rather unprecedented access to their inventory. He spent nearly ten years going through the archives alongside Tim Hunt, the Director of Photo and Print Sales, and began acquiring groups of works, small at first and quite large later.

What happened next?

Hear Jim Hedges himself talk about his incredible Andy Warhol adventure in the podcast below. Among other things, we talk about the diversity in the artist’s photographic practice, the exhibitions that were held are to be held by Hedges Projects, the Torsos and Body Parts series, as well as how the next two big exhibitions of Warhol’s works, at Stanford and The Whitney later this year, will surely cast a light on the work’s importance.

Have a listen!

Left: Andy Warhol – Torso (https://www.widewalls.ch/artwork/andy-warhol/torso-5/) / **Right:** Andy Warhol – Sex Part (https://www.widewalls.ch/artwork/andy-warhol/sex-part-9/)



Left: Andy Warhol – Keith Haring's POP Shop, Soho / **Right:** Andy Warhol – Mick Jagger (https://www.widewalls.ch/artwork/andy-warhol/mick-jagger-11141/)

Left: Andy Warhol – Heart on Plate / **Right:** Andy Warhol – Placeholder Holly Solomon (photobooth strip)

Andy Warhol – Jean-Michel Basquiat with Ladder

Andy Warhol – Debbie Harry (Blondie)

Featured image: Self-Portrait (Andy Warhol in Drag). All images courtesy Hedges Projects.

WIDEWALLS

Examining Andy Warhol's Polaroids of Sex Parts and Torsos

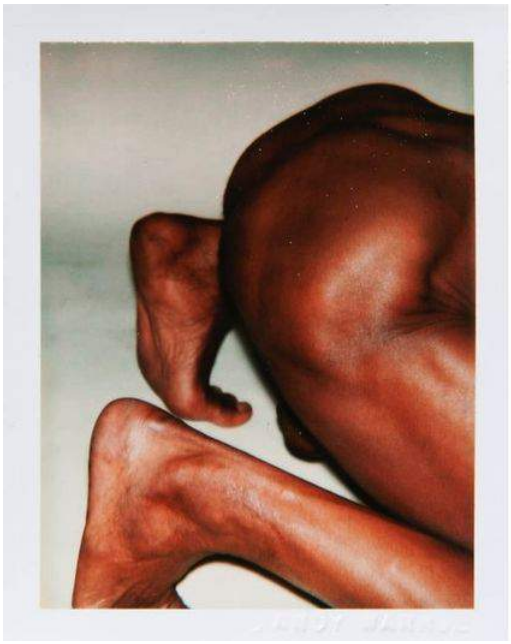
March 29, 2018

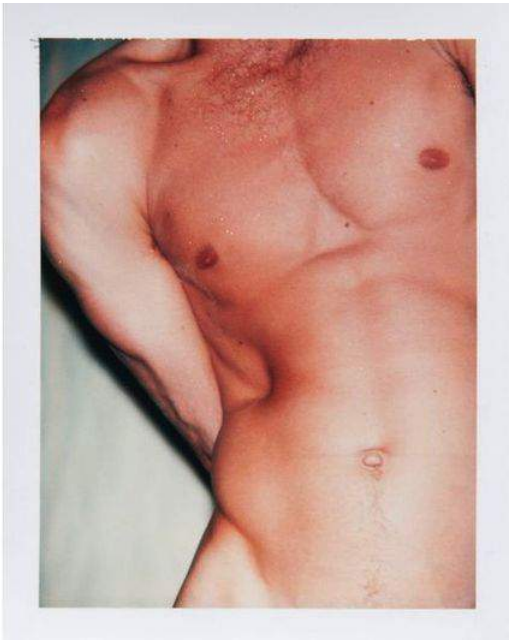
Elena Martinique

A philosophy graduate interested in critical theory, politics and art. Alias of Jelena Martinović.

In the fall of 1977, Andy Warhol began work on two new series of artworks which would become known as Torsos and Sex Parts. Isolated from series like Marilyn, Campbell's and other highly accessible works, these two bodies of work are regarded as the artist's most personal ones. Belonging to the darker and more profound aspects of his output, these works blurred the line between art and pornography.

The seed of these two series sprouted sometime earlier, when a man approached Warhol boasting about the size of his penis. Warhol responded by taking out his camera, and these photographs were placed in a box casually labeled Sex Parts. He revisited the contents of the box in Autumn of 1977 and decided to create a series of works based on the original images he found inside





Left and Right: Andy Warhol – Torsos and Sex Parts, 1977

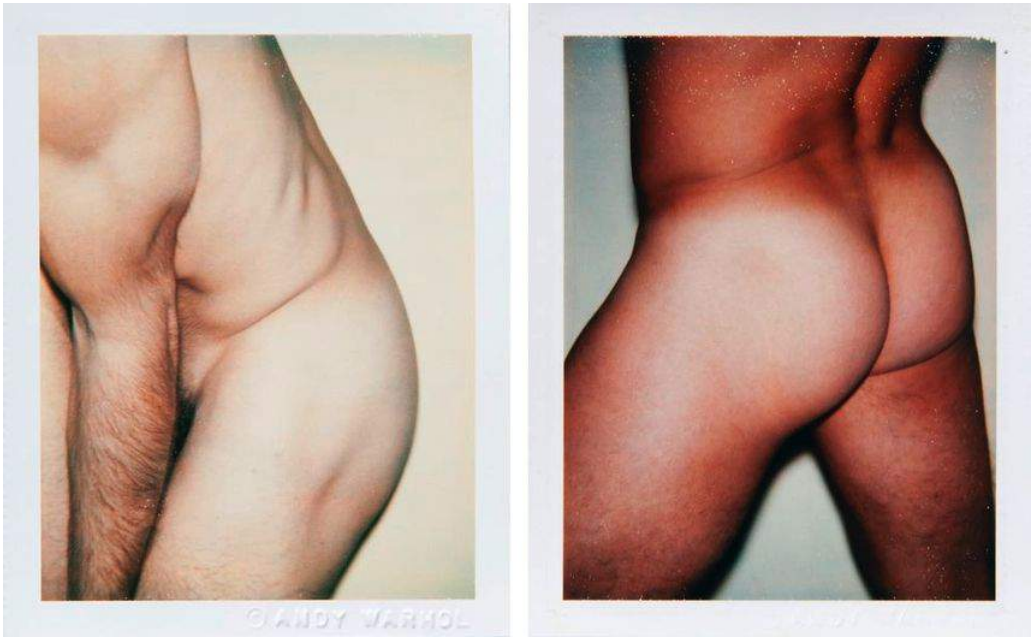
Sex Parts

The body of work, that Andy Warhol fondly referred to as the *Cocks, Cunts and Assholes* series, is based on aseriesofPolaroid shots created during several photo shoots with models procured from gay bathhouses and clubs by Warhol's assistant, Victor Hugo.

A collection of anonymous male and female body parts captured with 35mm camera and Polaroid Big Shot, *Sex Parts* was a radical compositional departure and along with *Torsos*, his most focused figurative series. By highlighting the body through extreme close-ups and cropping, Warhol allows no usual pictorial connection with the model.

When asked by the writer and Factory-insider, BobColacello about the explicit content of the series, Warhol replied:

Just tell them it's art... They're landscapes.



Left and Right: Andy Warhol – Torsos and Sex Parts, 1977

Torsos

Undoubtedly the tamer part of the series and less graphic, *Torsos* features screenprints of bodies posed and presented in ways that more easily evoke the traditional classical nude. For the artist, these images playfully occupy the space between the high and the low by challenging the notional values we assign to different cultural artifacts.

However, it seems that the underlying motive for the entire series was the final acceptance of his sexuality. As Warhol's longtime assistant Ronnie Cutrone recalls, the artist was a Catholic and a homosexual who jokingly referred to homosexuality as a "problem".

> *Sex Parts was a final announcement or affirmation of his homosexuality.*

Left and Right: Andy Warhol – Torsos and Sex Parts, 1977

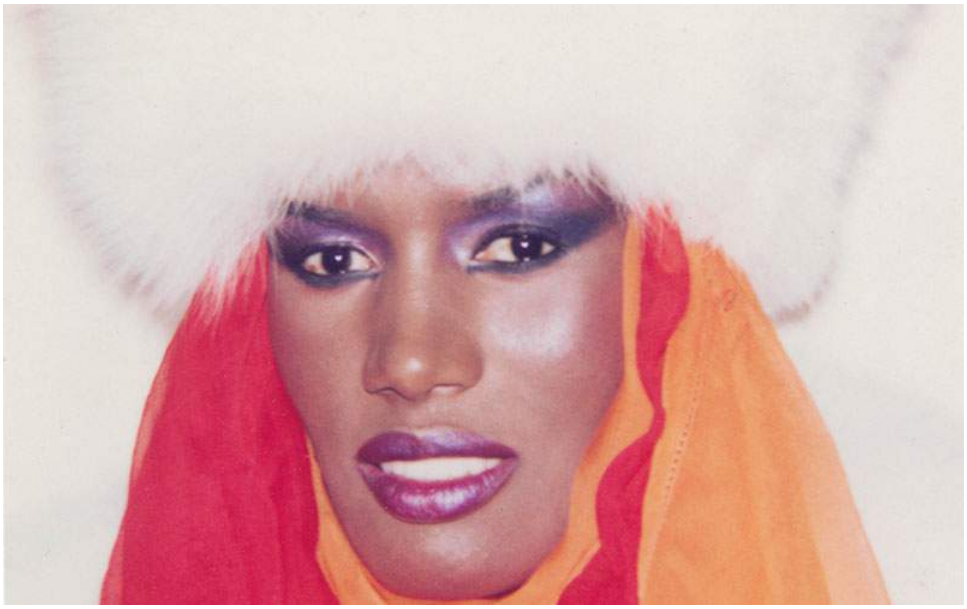
Andy Warhol, Sex Parts and Torsos at Hedges Projects

The exhibition *Sex Parts and Torsos Polaroid Photos* will be on view at Hedges Projects in West Hollywood until June 30th, 2018.

Founded by Jim Hedges, Hedges Projects collects, promotes and produces artworks by leading 20th century conceptual, Pop artists and self-taught Outsider artists. In particular, Hedges has acquired and sold more Andy Warhol photography than any other collector or dealer in the world, mounting dozens of shows of these works all around the world.

Featured image: Andy Warhol – Sex Parts and Torsos (detail), 1977. All images courtesy of Hedges Projects.

CHRISTIE'S



PHOTOGRAPHS & PRINTS | INTERVIEW |AUGUST 20, 2015

Pop goes the Polaroid

In celebration of *Andy Warhol: Polaroids* by TASCHEN, Christie's is hosting an auction of Warhol's polaroids from September 17 -29. TASCHEN Editor Reuel Golden talks us through Andy Warhol's fascinating instant picture collection

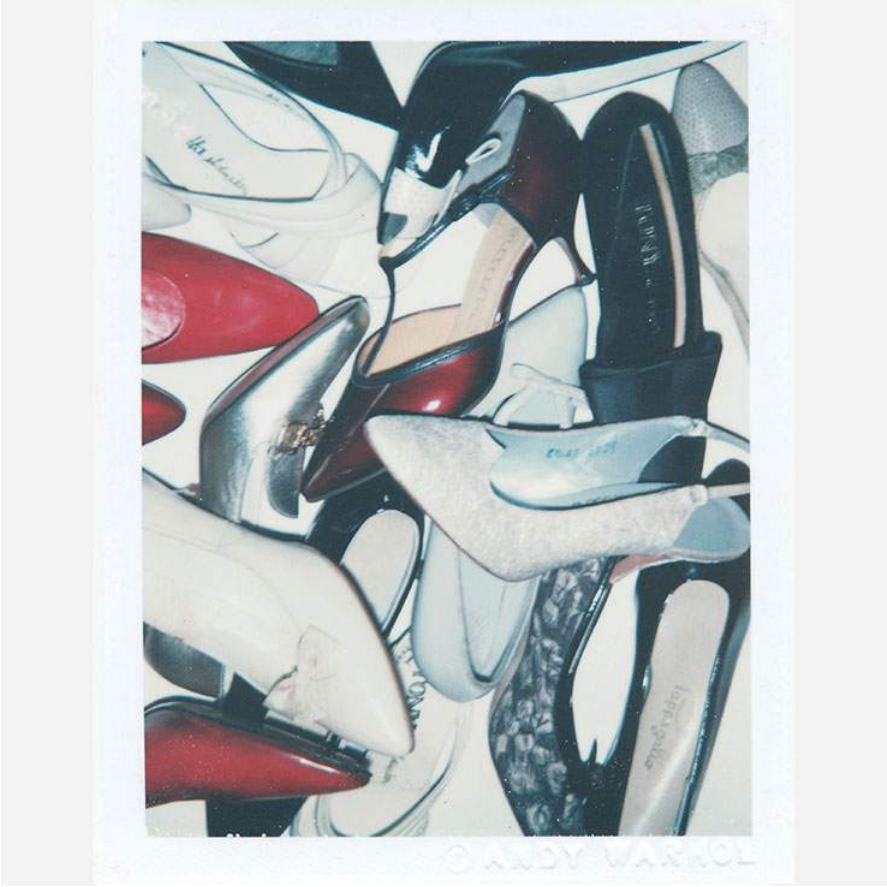
Tell us about this new book *Andy Warhol Polaroids*. How did the project develop?

Reuel Golden: We've always had an excellent relationship with the Andy W arhol Foundation, which started with our book on Andy for our Basic Art series. Michael Hermann at the AWF and Marlene Taschen began discussing a new , major project and landed on the idea of a definitive book of Andy's Polaroids. TASCHEN has already produced books on Helmut Newton's Polaroids and the Polaroid Corporation's own collection, so we have experience with, and much love for , the aesthetics of classic instant film.

What period do the Polaroids cover?

The book is chronological so the Polaroids reveal how W arhol developed (to use a bad pun) as an artist and a person. The book starts in the late 1950s with some very rare black and white pictures, and then moves to the 1960s and the whole Factory scene. By the early 1970s, Warhol starts moving amongst the high society jet set and we see him in Venice, Montauk, and other exotic locations. These outdoor Polaroids
are some of my favorite in the book. They are not only virtually unseen, but they also show a different, more relaxed Andy. From the mid 1970s until his death in 1987, Warhol was obsessively photographing everything and everyone. He could get particularly focused on a particular subject like cabbage patch dolls

and shoot them from every angle. These shots aren't all so individually compelling, but they reveal Warhol's relentless quest for perfection and his obsessive interest in other people, such as fellow artist Jean-Michel Basquiat. Their relationship is so intriguing both personally and artistically that we're now planning another book on their close connection.



Andy Warhol (1928-1987), ***Shoes*** . Unique polaroid print, 4 1/4 x 3 3/8 in. (10.8 x 8.6 cm.). Executed circa 1980.

How do you see the Polaroid portfolio in relation to the rest of Warhol's work?

In some instances the Polaroids were a key component of his famous silkscreen paintings. He also used Polaroids to help with his commercial assignments, for example when he worked on his famous campaign for Absolut Vodka and for private commissions of patrons and Upper East Side types. Warhol didn't want a clear demarcation between his personal life and his work or between high and low culture, and the Polaroid camera is a perfect tool for that blurring of boundaries. He would shoot an important collector , in the day and in the evening he would be photographing nude male hustlers.

How would you compare and contrast instant Polaroid photography with the Instagram images of today?

From a technical point of view, the Polaroid was more clunky and expensive and, being film, had only a certain number of shots available to the user. I think that sense of each shot having to count gives a Polaroid image something momentous and beautiful. At the same time, a fascinating element of this book is Andy's futurist use of the instant picture which in many ways anticipated the age of Instagram. The ways in which photography is used by Warhol to project a personal narrative or "brand" is really an early form of social media.

Andy Warhol (1928-1987), *Andy Warhol* . Unique polaroid print, 4 1/4 x 3 3/8 in. (10.8 x 8.6 cm.). Executed in 1971.

Do you have a favorite image in the collection?

As well as the outdoor shots that I mentioned above, it has to be Andy's self-portraits.
Step aside Kim Kardashian, it's Andy who invented the sel fie! Yet unlike her, he wasn't afraid to shoot himself looking vulnerable, in drag, getting older, despondent. This is Andy at his most human and exposed, showing us how he really sees himself.

Main Image: Andy Warhol (1928-1987), *Grace Jones (https://onlineonly.christies.com/s/andy-warhol-christies-instant-andy/grace-jones-1/19594)*. Unique polaroid print, 4 1/4 x 3 1/2 in. (10.8 x 8.9 cm.). Executed circa 1984.

VANITY FAIR

IN CONVERSATION

Bob Colacello Remembers Andy Warhol's Celebrity Polaroids

The former *Interview* editor reflects on Warhol's moments with Jack Nicholson, Audrey Hepburn, and more.

BY RACHEL TASHJIAN

AUGUST 10, 2015

Next month, Taschen releases *Andy Warhol: Polaroids 1958-1987*, a Factory-doorstop-thick collection of the artist's instant portraits. Filled with the expected characters who comprised Warhol's Factory, as well as those who made cameos—Mick Jagger and Jean-Michel Basquiat are here, but so are Arnold Schwarzenegger and Audrey Hepburn—the collection demonstrates the sheer expanse of Warhol's reach as an artist and society figure.

Vanity Fair's special correspondent Bob Colacello was one of Warhol's right-hand men, serving as the editor of *Interview*. He remembers Warhol's Polaroids—and the artist himself—very well. "When I met Andy in 1970, he was carrying the Polaroid Big Shot in his Brownie's health-food store plastic bag, along with his little Sony tape recorder and extra tapes and extra Polaroid film," he says. While Warhol was best known for his multi-panel screenprint portraits, "the Polaroids he tended to take more when you were in a small group," Colacello says, "or they were the first stab at someone having their portrait done."

In addition to his editing duties at *Interview*, Colacello was roped into laying the groundwork for Warhol's now-iconic portraiture format, the genesis of which is seen in many of this book's Polaroids. "I mean, I sold a lot of commissioned portraits," Colacello says. "Andy realized early on I was good with people, and I could talk to anybody, so he started telling me I should pop the question—I should ask these ladies if they wanted to have their portraits done for $25,000. And they all wanted to have their portraits done, and at first it was, 'Oh, Andy wants to paint me! I'm so flattered!' And then it was, 'Oh, well, it's $25,000.' And originally, it was $5,000 for each additional panel, and then he went up to $15,000, sort of in the mid-70s, for each extra [panel]."

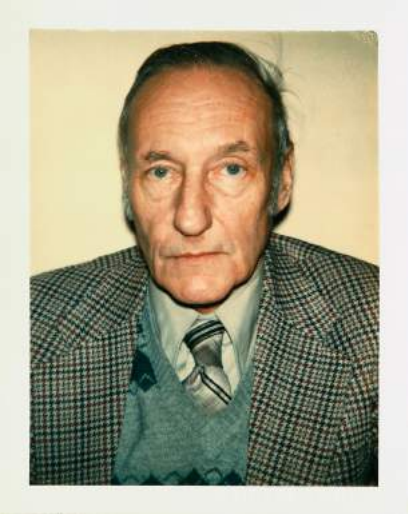
While those multi-paneled works may be the more iconic of Warhol's portraits, the Polaroids offer a kind of time capsule into the scope of Warhol's influence and universe. "These Polaroids, you know, [are] artifacts from that era and that jet-set kind of world that Andy found himself in the 70s, because it was the best place," Colacello says. "Well, it was glamorous, and I mean, glamour was a big world at the factory, it was kind of the ultimate accolade."

Below, Colacello reflects on a selection of Warhol's subjects.

Jean-Michel Basquiat. Basquiat, to me . . . looks like a portrait shot. It's also 1983, which is more or less when Andy first met Basquiat and they traded portraits. And Andy was so upset because Basquiat—I was there, I don't know if [Basquiat] even took pictures; he kind of made a sketch . . . but he came back in two hours with two portraits of Andy, two paintings—fairly good paintings. I mean he couldn't have gotten something developed that quickly unless he had a Polaroid [camera], but in any case the Basquiats of Andy were really great, and Andy was so upset. He said, "Oh my God, you're so fast, you're so fast! I haven't even gotten the Polaroid out to the lab and blown up!"

Andy really fell, I would say, pretty madly in love with Basquiat. Andy was very confused about love and what it meant, how it happened, was it good, was it bad. He never really liked to be touched very much, even with his longtime boyfriend, Jed Johnson, who basically lived with him when he was shot in 1968, until Christmas in 1980. . . . But Basquiat, there's actually a great Paige Powell photograph with his arm around Basquiat's shoulder, and there's another where he's kind of touching the back of Basquiat's neck, and I thought, My God, this is like a major breakthrough for him.

I left [the Factory] in early '83, which was just about the time that Andy and Basquiat were formally introduced by Bruno Bischofberger to exchange their portraits. Glenn O'Brien had brought Basquiat to the Factory a year earlier, but he was still sort of in his street phase, and he looked really dirty and messy and scary—to Andy, anyway. I mean, Andy was scared and Andy didn't even really meet him¬—he ran to the back of the Factory and sort of hid in his studio. He didn't really want to talk to him. But no one knew who Basquiat was; I think Glenn O'Brien was one of the first people to sort of pick up on him. [But] a year later, with Bruno Bischofberger, who was Andy's big European dealer from Zurich, [by] then, Basquiat was starting to make money, and had his studio. I left, like, right after this all happened, and in the subsequent four years, from early '83 to when Andy died in '87, they became kind of, um, inseparable, Andy and Basquiat. And Paige Powell was kind of in the middle of it—Andy set her up as Basquiat's girlfriend, and he wanted Paige to have a baby with Basquiat, which Andy would then adopt—this is what Paige told me after Andy died.



William Burroughs.

And I think Andy really was trying to get Basquiat off drugs, in Andy's very loosely disciplined approach to getting anybody off anything, because part of Andy was very fascinated with the decline and fall of people. But when Andy died, Basquiat didn't last much longer, I think Basquiat just completely fell apart without Andy.

This photo is quite beautiful, this Polaroid, because it's almost got a sculptural quality to it. When Andy started taking portraits, he started asking people to take their shirts off, and blouses off, and with women he would just take a bed sheet, a white bed sheet, and just wrap it around their breast because he wanted bare shoulders. This is clearly for [his] portrait.

William Burroughs. It was a running joke at the Factory that Victor Bockris, who later wrote a biography of Andy . . . sort of had three people that he would interview and over and over and over again for different publications. And they were Muhammad Ali, William Burroughs, and Andy Warhol. And he would get, like, Andy to interview Burroughs, and Burroughs to interview Ali, and then Andy . . . I mean, it just kept going around in circles. . . . Those were Victor's, I guess, idols, or the most famous people he had access to, as a freelance journalist, so he really ran with them. And you know, William Burroughs was the kind of person who Andy would always say, "Oh gee, I never understand what he's saying, you know? I don't like Bob, Fred [Hughes], is he really smart?" I think Andy far preferred Muhammad Ali, because he was so much better looking. And sweet.

Candy Darling was Andy's favorite drag queen. And unlike Caitlyn Jenner, Candy was witty, smart, and *truly* brave, because transsexuals or transvestites were not being put on the cover of mainstream magazines back in 1969 or 1970. . . . And these Italian aristocrats who'd come to the Factory, or men we'd see at the Italian embassy, these men would fall in love with her. They'd say: oh my God, here's a woman who's like a real woman! Not like this women's-lib thing—you look like Monica Vitti or Anita Ekberg! And half the time they didn't realize she wasn't a real woman, and that would become problematic as the evening wore on. . . . But Candy never came up to the Factory, as did Holly Woodlawn and Jackie Curtis, demanding money and throwing fits, you know? She was too ladylike for that. Though they kind of had a point, Jackie and Holly, because they were paid, like, $25 a day to film Trash and Flesh, and they were in Women in Revolt, which was the funniest movie ever—it was a takeoff on women's lib. It was very unpopular. It was boycotted and picketed. But it was really funny, and it was the typical sort of Paul Morrissey camp romp through SIGN IN political un-correctness.

Candy Darling.

Audrey Hepburn. She looks beautiful, of course she was beautiful. . . . I mean, the early 70s was the big era of print on print on print in decorating. . . . Bob Denning and Vincent Fourcade were the big apostles of that. And Diane von Furstenberg's apartment on Fifth Avenue, when she was still married to Egon, was like cabbage rose wallpaper with chintz sofas, and it was like a little hard to follow in a way. I mean, it was hard for the eye to rest, but it looked fabulous. Tenting was the other big thing, especially in dining rooms: print fabrics, usually, like, from India or Indonesia. And [fashion designer] Giorgio di Sant'Angelo, that was his big look, too. It was kind of like the transition from hippie, liberty print, Indian print . . . into the rich look that started taking over in the middle 70s and by the 80s came completely over the top

Divine. We had a friend in California named Dagny Corcoran who had this store—she still does; it's at LACMA now—where you could get any catalog of any art show that had been done in the U.S. And Dagny hired Divine as her nanny for her son. And they lived in a little two-bedroom cottage in West Hollywood, and there are some funny photos Andy took of Divine standing in the front door of this cottage. And Divine was, like, larger than this doorframe. I mean, she kind of spilled outside the doorframe.

Dennis Hopper and Andy went all the way back to the early 60s. . . . When [Andy] first got a movie camera, he drove cross-country with Taylor Mead, and they made a movie in Los Angeles called *Tarzan and Jane Regained*. And Andy met Dennis Hopper, because Dennis was a big movie star at that point, but also was one of the first collectors of contemporary art among the Hollywood group. And he frequented Irving Blum's gallery . . . where Andy had his first gallery show of the Campbell's soup cans in 1962. . . . [So]Dennis Hopper was always part of Andy's Los Angeles circle. Whenever we went out there, we always saw [Dennis], along with Jack Nicholson, who Andy must have met through Dennis. And then Anjelica Huston we knew before she was with Jack, because she was a model who was very good friends with Marisa Berenson, Berry Berenson, Joan Juliet Buck, Paloma Picasso—it was this whole group of girls—Loulou de la Falaise—who were sort of more European-based, [but] who would be in New York a lot, and were all sort of around Halston and around Yves Saint Laurent in Paris

Jack Nicholson. Jack, too, we knew pretty well, and Jack we put on the cover of *Interview*. What was so great about *Interview*, and about having Andy as the publisher of *Interview*, is that Jack Nicholson would be coming to the Factory anyway, and we would just say, "Oh, could we interview you, and could Chris von Wangenheim or Francesco Scavullo take the photos?" And it would be, "Sure, great." And then all of his publicists and movie companies would be all upset because the new movie is not coming out for five months and now you gave it to *Interview* before we could give it to *Time* or *Life*, and you blew that. . . . And Jack, I remember, I think Jack was the first person we got to bring to Quo Vadis where we did a lot of interviews, it was a very old-fashioned sort of "Continental"—there were these restaurants called Continentals in those days, which were sort of—they were more Italian, but they were like Italian and French mixed, and they had things like steak Diane, and croquettes brésiliennes, and cheese croquettes. And Quo Vadis had, like, red carpeting, red walls—red velvet walls—[so] it had the best acoustics, and it was on 63rd Street, and Jackie Onassis and Lee Radziwill and Diana Vreeland—all these grand ladies—went there all the time—Truman Capote—so we used to go there and do all our interviews there, if we didn't do them at the Factory, if you had a clean tape. And you had to wear a jacket and tie, but they made an exception for Jack—or maybe it was Burt Reynolds; it was a *scene* with Burt Reynolds. But with Jack and then with Mick Jagger, we started getting them to go there without a tie. Jack was always so much fun, and I guess he still is. . . . It was this whole group that sort of overlapped—certain movie stars and certain fashion designers, and Andy was really the only artist in that group. David Hockney, a bit . . . and Larry Rivers, a bit, because Larry and David were more like Andy, in that they weren't, like, in these ivory towers. You know, Larry had a motorcycle and young girlfriends and had a band and he went to bars, and not just Cedar Tavern. It was sort of this free-floating group that a lot of fashion designers—Valentino, Halston, Stephen Burrows, Calvin the main axis. [And] Rio a little bit.

Bianca Jagger. I remember she came to the Hamptons that summer right after [she and Mick Jagger] were married, and there was this gay bar called Millstone in the backwoods of Bridgehampton, and everybody would be there, and everybody wore Levi 501s and Lacoste polo shirts, and Liz Smith and Larry Rivers and Joanne du Pont—we had, like, this mix of sort of like the rich bohemian set and the good-looking young guys and some girls. . . . And Fred [Hughes] and Andy walked in and Jed with Bianca Jagger, who was wearing a white pantsuit and a hat with a little veil and a walking stick. And someone said, "This is Bob. He's the editor of *Interview*." And she said, *"Ohhhh, I am so happy to meeeeet youuuu. Would you like to daaaance with me?"* And the song they played over and over and over—because they had a jukebox, no D.J.—was [Cat Stevens's] "If Only My Mother Could See Me Now" and [Marvin Gaye's] "Heard It Through the Grapevine." Those were the two songs that alternated there, mostly. It was such a funny scene.

So the first time we went to the White House was when Bianca went to interview [son of U.S. president Gerald Ford] Jack Ford. She went to have lunch with Jack Ford and David Kennerly—the White House photographer who seemed to be running the whole Ford White House—and she told Andy, she called us and said, "Get on the first train in the morning, and get down to Washington . . . because you can come and have lunch tomorrow with Jack Ford. I'm going to interview him and Andy can do the interview with me and take pictures." And David Kennerly took pictures, too, and he had a friend who he wanted to get in *Interview*—he took black-and-white pictures. Somehow these pictures were leaked—maybe by us—just before the issue came out, because they were really kind of sexy ones. Jack was wearing, like, the shortest pair of basketball shorts, you know, *ever*, like shorter than running shorts, shorter than the bartenders at 54. And he and Bianca were, like, reclining on Lincoln's bed, in Lincoln's bedroom. And Bianca—so we had to bring down [from New York] this Giorgio di Sant'Angelo evening gown for her to wear. They were very funny photographs because here's Jack Ford in his running shorts, and Bianca in her black-and-silver sort-of evening dress, and they got a huge amount of coverage for *Interview*. And that was the first time we went to the White House.

See Mick, Liza, Lennon, and More in These Exclusive Warhol Polaroids

1 / 15

Liza Minnelli, 1978

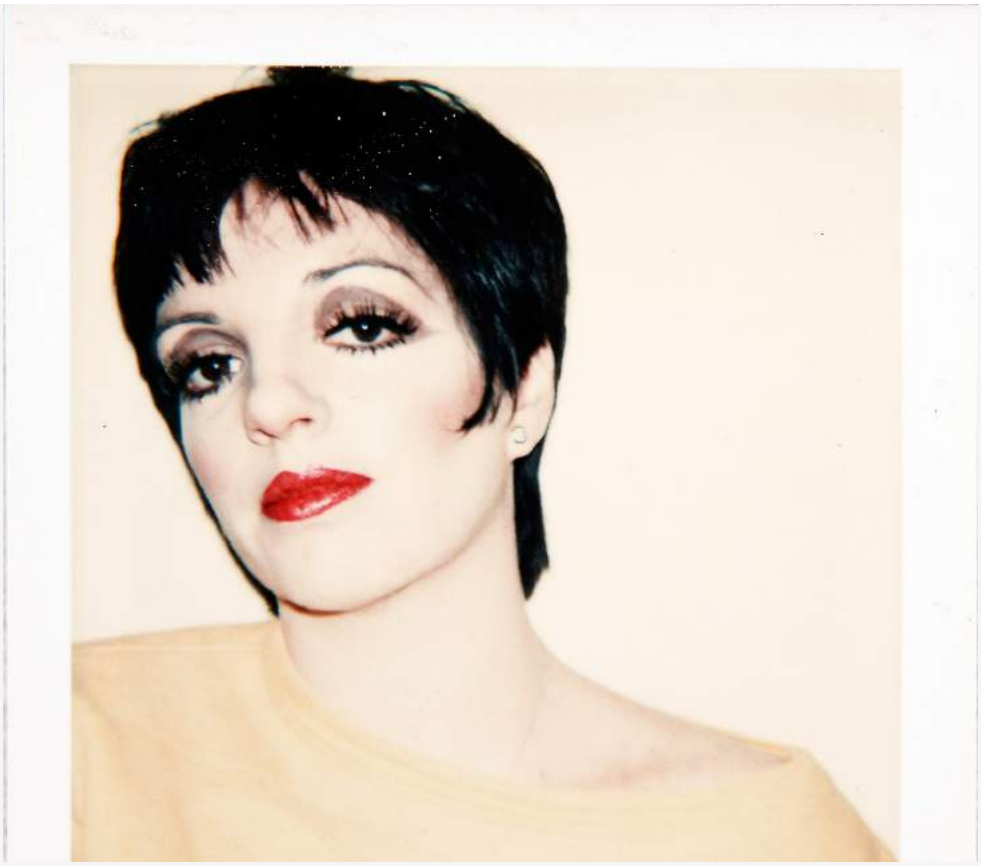
See Mick, Liza, Lennon, and More in These Exclusive Warhol Polaroids

This month, Taschen releases *Andy Warhol: Polaroids 1958-1987*, a Factory-doorstop-thick collection of the artist's instant portraits. Filled with the characters who frequented and made cameo appearances in Warhol's Factory scene—Mick Jagger and Jean-Michel Basquiat are here, but so are Arnold Schwarzenegger and Audrey Hepburn—the collection demonstrates the sheer expanse of Warhol's reach as an artist and society figure. Here, we present a selection of exclusive photos of icons at their most glamorously spontaneous.

BY RACHEL TASHJIAN

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ANDY WARHOL

AUGUST 7, 2015



Liza Minnelli, 1978

Arnold Schwarzenegger, 1977

Dennis Hopper, 1970

Dick Cavett, Montauk, 1972

Anjelica Huston, 1972

Donna Jordan, 1971

Audrey Hepburn, 1973

Lee Radziwill, 1972

John Kennedy Jr., Montauk, 1972

Andy Warhol with large format Polaroid camera and Self-Portrait photograph, 1976

Valentino, 1973

John Lennon, Andy Warhol, and Yoko Ono, 1971

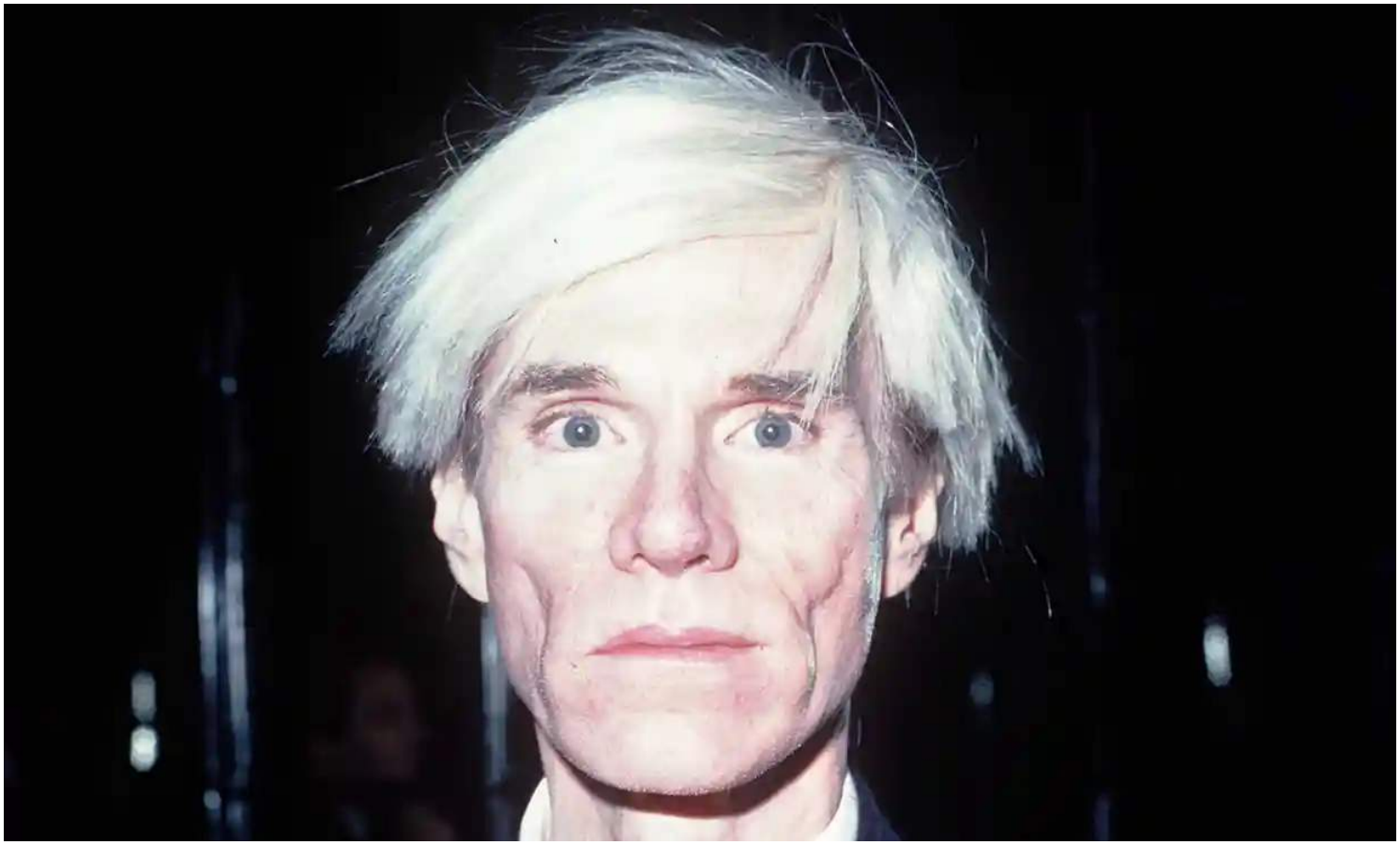
Bianca Jagger, 1971

Princess Caroline of Monaco, 1983

The Guardian

Andy Warhol's intimate polaroids: from Divine to Bianca Jagger

A new book by Taschen offers a fascinating insight of Andy Warhol's intimate relationship with his celebrity friends – and the look he wanted from them for the photographs

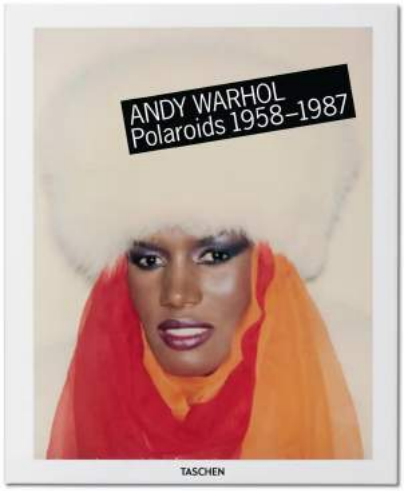


Andy Warhol at Studio 54 in 1981 Photograph: Robin Platzer/Twin Images/Getty Images

Lauren Cochrane

Wed 29 Jul 2015 09.27 EDT

When selfies were still called self-portraits, Andy Warhol took loads of them, along with photographs of the great and the good of his era.



Grace Jones on the cover of Andy Warhol, Polaroids 1958-1987. Photograph: Taschen

The artist's polaroids, taken from the late 50s till his death in 1987, have been collected in a book out this week. They include celebrity friends such as Dennis Hopper, Divine, Audrey Hepburn, Yves Saint Laurent and Nico, and have one thing in common - they look fabulous. Here are four elements that make up the Warhol look.

Glasses

Warhol in 1972 from the book, Andy Warhol, Polaroids 1958-1987. Photograph: The Andy Warhol Foundation for the Visual Arts, Inc

This one comes from the man himself, who wears round specs with clear plastic frames. Combine with a kind of preppy, old man-ish look - bowtie, corduroy - and, if you're Yves Saint Laurent, an open-necked shirt and medallion. Classy.

A scarf

Candy Darling in 1969 from Andy Warhol, Polaroids 1958-1987. Photograph: The Andy Warhol Foundation for the Visual Arts, Inc

This can be worn any way you like. Candy Darling wears hers as a sort of wrap while Grace Jones creates some sort of head piece, adding a white fuzzy hat. All the better for framing that genetic gift that is otherwise known as her face.

Holiday light

Yves Saint Laurent and Bianca Jagger in Venice in 1973 from Andy Warhol, Polaroids 1958-1987. Photograph: The Andy Warhol Foundation for the Visual Arts, Inc

Warhol is a fixture of New York but it turns out he got around. There are photos in this book of him hanging out with Jackie O's sister Lee Radziwill and children on the beach (Cape Cod, surely) and Yves Saint Laurent and Bianca Jagger in Venice. The soft sunshine in the back of this picture is almost enough to distract from the awesomeness of this pairing.

A scowl and a pout at the same time

Divine in 1974 from Andy Warhol, Polaroids 1958-1987. Photograph: The Andy Warhol Foundation for the Visual Arts, Inc

Warhol could do joy but, as someone obsessed with cool, a touch of rebel edge would always go down well, too. There are lots of scowly people in this book but the top prize goes to Divine, who practically spits out of her picture. Fast forward 40 years, and this expression is basically what Kim Kardashian does on Instagram on a daily basis.

AD

A new book surveys highlights from over 20,000 Polaroids Andy Warhol snapped of his friends, his surroundings, and himself.

ART

A New Book Compiles Andy Warhol's Famous Polaroid Portraits

Andy Warhol's eccentric social circle comes to life in a new compilation of his revealing Polaroids

By Hannah Martin

Photography by Andy Warhol Foundation for the Visual Arts

July 1, 2015

Intent on chronicling his day-to-day life, artist Andy Warhol took to the one device of his day that offered instant gratification: the Polaroid camera. Snapping away at the colorful individuals who crossed his path as well as the objects that intrigued him—Campbell's soup cans, Brillo boxes—he captured more than 20,000 images on the popular instant film from the 1950s until his death in 1987. The new photograph collection *Andy Warhol.Polaroids* (Taschen, $100) reads like the Instagram feed that might have been—a highlight reel of the creative bunch he ran around with. Picturing luminaries such as Yves Saint Laurent, Bianca Jagger, Audrey Hepburn, and Dolly Parton, the book is itself a snapshot of culture and celebrity in the latter half of the 20th century.

Forbes

Apr 17, 2014, 04:43pm

Was Andy Warhol A Polaroid Product? See The Big Shot Artist In Action At This Las Vegas Exhibit

Jonathon Keats Contributor

Andy Warhol wanted to be a machine. He reasoned that machines had it easy, envying their efficiency. Beginning in the early '60s, virtually everything he did involved mechanization. To make art an industrial product, he churned out silkscreens in a studio dubbed the Factory. But the truth is that he was less a machine than a foreman. Then in 1971, Polaroid released the Big Shot, an instant camera priced at $19.95 and designed to take "portraits that you can't mess up". It was just what Warhol needed finally to become a robot.

Warhol took his Big Shot everywhere, shooting celebrities ranging from Blondie to Muhammad Ali. He also used it in the studio to make portraits, dusting his wealthy subjects with white powder and photographing them against a white wall in bright light. Sometimes he took three hundred Polaroids before choosing the one he wanted blown up and silkscreened on canvas.

Andy Warhol, Self-Portrait, 1981. Polaroid Polacolor 2. The Andy Warhol Museum, Pittsburgh; Founding Collection, Contribution The Andy Warhol Foundation for the Visual Arts, Inc. 1998.1.2867. © The Andy Warhol Foundation for the Visual Arts, Inc. Courtesy of the Andy Warhol Museum and the Polaroid Museum.

Though these Polaroids were never really meant to be shown, they've been exhibited extensively over the past few years in museums from Los Angeles to Poughkeepsie, and a strong selection is now on view at the new Polaroid Museum in Las Vegas. As with most Warhol ephemera, they're riveting, the postmodern equivalent of Michelangelo's preparatory drawings. (Whereas Michelangelo is unmistakably present even when depicting Adam or Jesus, Warhol is mysteriously absent even in his self-portraits.)

Pressing the shutter over and over, Warhol becomes part of the camera's mechanism. He can't mess up because the camera won't let him. And that has an unexpected effect. As he explained it, "all my images are the same, but very different at the same time." His mechanistic repetitiveness coaxed his subjects to reveal different facets of themselves, as if they were alone in a photobooth (a method he used, incidentally, before the Big Shot was invented). That's why so many of his Polaroids of socialites and celebrities have the intimacy of selfies.

And the silkscreens he made from them? Always keen to please his clients – who paid him $25,000 for a portrait – he was careful to touch up any human blemish. Warhol's '70s and '80s silkscreens are mechanization incarnate, the perfectly boring product of industrial logic. In *reductio ad absurdum* terms, they're conceptually brilliant. But if you're seeking the ghost in the machine, then see his Polaroids in Las Vegas.

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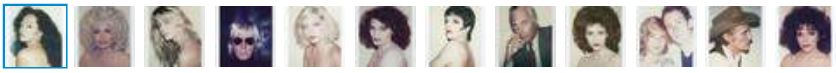

ART

12 Amazing Celebrity Portraits From Andy Warhol's Private Polaroid Collection

PAPERMAG | 01 April 2014

Head to upper Midtown to catch a glimpse of Dolly Parton, Liza Minelli and Diana Ross at the Corning Glass Building/Steuben Glass Building (717 Fifth Ave). No, they're not having a ladies good vibes time (we wish) -- they're portraits on display in a new exhibit of Andy Warhol's private polaroids. The exhibit was produced in collaboration between Christie's, Equity Office real estate firm and art advisory firm Art Assets, and the polaroids are on sale through May 31st, ranging in price from $4,000 to $26,000 (proceeds go to The Andy Warhol Foundation). Warhol once said "my idea of a good picture is one that's in focus and of a famous person" and, in that vein, scope some of our favorites from the show, including shots of Debbie Harry, Jane Fonda, Ross, Minelli, Parton and more, below.

The New York Times

PHOTOGRAPHY VIEW

PHOTOGRAPHY VIEW; WARHOL SEWS A SUBVERSIVE PATTERN IN BLACK AND WHITE

By Andy Grundberg

Jan. 11, 1987


Art

ART VIEW

A Collagist's Mosaic of God, Literature and His People

PHOTOGRAPHY VIEW

Warhol Sews a Subversive Pattern in Black and White

For many, Andy Warhol was the quintessential Pop artist of the 1960's. Certainly he became the most journalistically celebrated, since his Campbell soup cans and Brillo boxes readily lent themselves to spectacle and ridicule. If in the public mind a five-year-old could make a painting that looked like a Picasso, it didn't even take an infant to make a Warhol. Warhol's paintings looked like they had been done by a machine.

In a way, they were. Warhol liked the idea of mass production, and he tried his best to imitate its qualities in his work. As a result, one of the tools that entered his repertory at an early stage in his career was the camera. The camera made negatives that, like his silk screens, could produce endless repetitions of a single image. Unlike the painters of an earlier generation, Warhol was not interested in unique objects; rather, like Robert Rauschenberg, he sought to open art to commonplace experience and to acknowledge the influence of the mass media, including camera-based reproduction. Besides producing paintings, then, Warhol and his ''Factory'' made films, published a magazine, promoted a rock band and, of course, took photographs.

Most of these photographs were transformed into facsimiles of themselves through Warhol's silk-screen process, making them more like reproductions and less like the rarified products of contemporaneous creative photography, from which Warhol always kept his distance. But in the years since his relationship to photography began, the field of photography has changed considerably. No longer is there a hard distinction to be made between photographers who consider their pictures art and artists who use photography in their work. Given such a climate, it is not too surprising that Warhol, following Rauschenberg's lead, should leave the silk-screen mode and reveal himself as a photographer, pure and simple.

Or almost simple. The more than 70 black-and-white photographs on view at the Robert Miller Gallery (41 East 57th Street, through Jan. 31) are made complicated by the stitches that join them together into grids of from four to 12 prints each. The images, which have been linked by a sewing machine, are invariably identical so that each work consists of one image repeated several times. One sees, for example, Brooke Shields four times, a station wagon four times, a tea kettle on a stove four times -often with a length of loose thread hanging from the center. In addition to making the images approximately the size of paintings, these gridlike arrangements disrupt our conventional way of looking at an image. So does the jam-packed installation, in which the works are stacked on the walls like postcards in a display rack. Instead of magnifying the effect of whatever is depicted, the repetition diminishes it. Warhol used the same strategy in the 60's, most memorably in in his ''Disaster'' series, in which he used silk screens to transfer newspaper photographs of auto accidents and other tragedies onto canvases dozens of times apiece.

Characteristically, the artist pursues no single formal idea in his photographs, no one compositional device. In some, the single image is centered in the frame, so that the whole reads as four discrete pictures. In others, the elements within the frame are such that an overall pattern is created. A fragmentary view of Manhattan skyscrapers, when stitched to others like it, becomes part of a bilevel panoramic skyline. A piece of a tulip bed is repeated to create an overall field of flowers. In still others, the interest is on where the edges of the frames meet, as when the rear half of one horse leaps the stitching and joins up with the front half of another. (The humor here, as well as the juxtaposition, brings to mind William Wegman's photographs of the 70's.) It is clear, in short, that as much as Warhol enjoys the formal combinations and coincidences possible in this sort of photocollage, he is devoted to none of them. His subject matter is equally diverse, encompassing portraits, window displays, room interiors, urban architecture and even a flushing toilet. One can draw several possible conclusions from this superabundance of subject and approach. Perhaps Warhol is demonstrating his virtuosity, showing himself to be at least as much a connoisseur of chaos (poet Wallace Stevens's words) as Rauschenberg, whose career has traversed photography in much the same manner. Or perhaps Warhol is as yet uncertain about what these photographs should focus on, what their message should be. Or - and this I think is the most likely possibility - perhaps these photographs are meant to be as subversive of art today as his soup cans were of the art of the 60's.

To understand the relationship, we can refer to another significant Warhol exhibition now on view, at the Dia Art Foundation in SoHo (77 Wooster Street, until June 13). There, the artist's hand-painted images from 1960 to 1962 are being shown.

They are called hand painted because they predate Warhol's adoption of his silk-screen method, and they contain somewhat sketchy and slightly crude recapitulations of mass imagery drawn from magazine advertisements, comic books and matchbook covers - icons, that is, of popular culture. Looking at their impudent but still painterly demeanor, one can see how radically important it was when Warhol made the shift to a more mechanical means of producing images - via the camera and the silk-screen process.

Just as Warhol's repetitive, mechanically reproduced images in paint challenged the dogma of artistic creativity 20 years ago, his multiple-image photographs challenge the ideas of creative photography today.

By rendering subject matter irrelevant through repetition and variety, and by exploiting a wide variety of formal devices without an allegiance to any of them, he negates the conventional notion of an artistic ''eye.''

There is no point of view in these pictures; instead, the point of view is all in the presentation.

Thus, these photographs are very much of the moment in today's art world, since presentation seems well on the way to replacing style as the means by which art (photography included) is recognized and appreciated. Warhol, of course, is the one artist to have foreseen this tendency long ago, and to have fashioned a career based on it. What Warhol does in his art is to present representations, making us face them for what they are, devoid of sentimentality and beyond the reach of irony. As Stephen Koch writes in the book that accompanies the Robert Miller Gallery exhibition ($25, published by, and available at, the gallery), Warhol's art has an esthetic distance ''just beyond the reach of either passion or resolution.'' If this essential quality has seemed diminished by repetition since the 60's - as if it were simply another serialized image in Warhol's repertory - with these photographs he has found a way to restore its contemporaneity.

A version of this article appears in print on Jan. 11, 1987, Section 2, Page 33 of the National edition with the headline: PHOTOGRAPHY VIEW; WARHOL SEWS A SUBVERSIVE PATTERN IN BLACK AND WHITE