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OTHER VOICES, OTHER ROOMS:

BETWEEN ANDY WARHOL AND TRUMAN CAPOTE, 1948 - 1961

by

NEIL PRINTZ

VOLUME I

A dissertation submitted to the Graduate Faculty in Art History
in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy,
The City University of New York

2000

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This manuscript has been read and accepted for the Graduate Faculty in Art History in satisfaction of the dissertation requirement for the degree of doctor of Philosophy.

3/9/00
Date

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3-13-00
Date

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THE CITY UNIVERSITY OF NEW YORK

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ABSTRACT

OTHER VOICES, OTHER ROOMS: BETWEEN ANDY WARHOL AND TRUMAN CAPOTE, 1948-1961

by

Neil Printz

Adviser: Professor Carol Armstrong

Other Voices, Other Rooms, Truman Capote's first novel, was published in January 1948 while Andy Warhol was still a student at the Carnegie Institute of Technology in Pittsburgh. Warhol's infatuation with Capote dates from this time. It is generally maintained that this was a "peculiar obsession" on Warhol's part,[1] marking his status as an outsider and exposing the trauma of his homosexuality. This dissertation posits an alternative proposition: that Warhol's infatuation was enormously productive for him, setting in motion a force field of intense desire and identification that activated his artistic practice and his capacity for self-invention.

Moving outwards from Capote at its charged core, this field is mapped here through selected studies of Warhol's work from the period 1948-1962: idealized "portraits" of Capote and sketches inspired by the Broadway production of Capote's House of Flowers, drawings of men in partial drag, a group of display windows designed for Bonwit Teller, his privately-printed illustrated books, erotic drawings of men, and selected paintings of 1961-62. The modalities of camp, pastiche, sexual inversion and homoerotic desire are each examined, variously located in these works, and considered in

[1] David Bourdon, Warhol (New York: Harry N. Abrams, 1989), 31-32.

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a relation to particular photographic images and literary texts. The latter include Capote's early writings, especially Other Voices, Other Rooms, Gore Vidal's contemporaneous The City and the Pillar, and a vanguard homosexual novel of the early 1930s by Charles Henri Ford and Parker Tyler, The Young and Evil.

Drawing was the focus of Warhol's enterprise during the decade before 1960, and this dissertation studies its complexity at close range. Namely, it examines how Warhol used photographs in tandem with drawing, parsed his line into two functions-- one that was multiply-traced and blotted, the other continuous and haptic-- enlisted his mother's hand, and applied color. Particular attention is paid to the way photography, drawing, painting and writing operate intertextually, how presence is registered, transformation negotiated, and pleasure represented in Warhol's early work.

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For Philip Mahla and Nick

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ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

It has been my good fortune to serve as co-editor of a catalogue raisonné of Andy Warhol's paintings, sculptures and drawings for the duration of this dissertation. Although my efforts in this capacity were focused upon the paintings of the 1960s, for six years I found myself in direct and regular converse with the entire spectrum of his work and with the prodigious accumulation of papers, photographs and artifacts that he saved. This dissertation was both catalyzed and vitally informed by the unparalleled access which I was granted to Warhol's archives and work.

This access would not have been possible without Kynaston McShine, curator of the retrospective exhibition of Warhol's work at the Museum of Modern Art, New York in 1989, two years after Warhol had died. On behalf of the Art Advisory Board of the Andy Warhol for the Visual Arts, Kynaston McShine invited me to co-edit a catalogue raisonné of Warhol's work and steadfastly supported my research. I am grateful for his good advice, unfailing advocacy and friendship.

The catalogue raisonné drew me into a series of extended discussions about Warhol, his work and working methods. For their recollections, insights, collegiality and assistance, I especially want to thank: Callie Angell, Director of the Andy Warhol Film Project; Nathan Gluck, Warhol's assistant during the 1950s and early 1960s; Vincent Fremont, his associate since 1971; Michael Hermann, Assistant Director of Licensing, Andy Warhol Foundation; Sally King-Nero, Curator of Drawings and Photography, Andy

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Warhol Foundation; Robert Rosenblum, Professor of Art History, New York University; and Matt Wrbican, Assistant Archivist, Andy Warhol Museum, Pittsburgh.

At the Graduate Center, my four readers were Professors Carol Armstrong, Diane Kelder, Marlene Park, and Wayne Koestenbaum. At the earliest stages, my sense of what this project might become was stimulated by Wayne Koestenbaum's book, The Queens Throat, Opera, Homosexuality and the Mystery of Desire (Poseidon Press, 1993). I am delighted that he agreed to read my dissertation and warmed by his enthusiasm for the subject. I have known Marlene Park the longest and was especially gratified to engage her as a reader. Diane Kelder was the first faculty member with whom I discussed this project. She supported it from the outset and directed me to Carol Armstrong, who, as my first reader, generously agreed to take it on. I am enormously thankful that she did.

Carol Armstrong shaped this project at its crucial stages. She enabled me to begin writing and indicated how I might finish. She read my manuscript with all the wit and imagination one could wish for in a reader and more, drawing out ideas that were still inchoate in my writing. She made writing a pleasure, and I think that she made me a better art historian, more nuanced and more watchful, more attentive to where my words were heading, to what my work might say.

This dissertation was thought, fretted and written during the moments when I was not working on the catalogue raisonné, that is to say, it permeated my domestic life. I am grateful for the forbearance of my partner, Philip Mahla, and of our dog, Nick, who remained utterly indifferent to my dissertation. I could never have managed without them, and, through it all, without Phil's clarity, humor and help, without our life together.

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ILLUSTRATIONS

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49. Duane Michals, Andy Warhol and his mother, 1958

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107. Andy Warhol, Replique, Bonwit Teller, probably June 1955 (Andy Warhol Foundation)
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210. Andy Warhol, A Study for the Boy Book, ca. 1956 (Andy Warhol Foundation, 239.005)
211. Andy Warhol, Charles Lisanby, ca. 1956 (Andy Warhol Foundation, 200.048)
212. Andy Warhol, H. B. Mister Lisanby, ca. 1957-60 (Charles Lisanby)
213. Andy Warhol, A Pear for Mister Charles, ca. 1957-60 (Charles Lisanby)
214. Andy Warhol, H.B. Mister Lisanby, ca. 1957-60 (Andy Warhol Foundation, 400.002)
215. Andy Warhol, Charles Lisanby and pears, ca. 1957-60 (Present whereabouts unknown, D1150)
216. Andy Warhol, Charles Lisanby asleep, ca. 1956 (Present whereabouts unknown, D1017)
217. Andy Warhol, boy drawing, ca. 1956 (Andy Warhol Foundation, 200.288)
218. Andy Warhol, boy drawing, ca. 1956 (Andy Warhol Foundation, 200.289)
219. Andy Warhol, boy drawing, ca. 1956 (Andy Warhol Foundation, 200.101)
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222. Pablo Picasso, Nude on Black Couch, March 9, 1932 (Private collection)
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225. Andy Warhol, drawing, ca. 1956 (Andy Warhol Foundation, 221.023)
226. Jean Cocteau, perfume ad, Elizabeth Arden, Vogue 1950
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229. Pablo Picasso, Woman with Dead Child, June 22, 1937 (Museo Nacional Centro de Arte Reina Sofia, Madrid)
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233. Andy Warhol, Five Deaths, 1963 (Private collection)
234. Source of Warhol's Marilyn paintings (Andy Warhol Archives, Pittsburgh)
235. Poster for Rebel Without a Cause
236. Andy Warhol, cover, A Gold Book, 1957 (Andy Warhol Foundation)
237. Edward Wallowitch, photograph, 1957 (Copyright Estate of Edward Wallowitch)
238. Andy Warhol, three drawings, ca. 1957 (Andy Warhol Foundation, 424.022, 410.024 and 410.028)
239. Andy Warhol, two drawings, ca. 1957 (Andy Warhol Foundation, 401.029 and 401.030)
240. Andy Warhol, boy drawing, ca. 1957 (Private collection)
241. Andy Warhol, boy drawing, ca. 1957 (Andy Warhol Foundation, 220.043)
242. Andy Warhol, boy drawing, ca. 1957 (Private collection)
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245. Jean Cocteau, three drawings of Raymond Radiguet from Dessins, 1921
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247. Andy Warhol, drawing, ca. 1957-61 (Paul Warhola Family Collection)
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249. Andy Warhol, cock drawing, ca. 1957-61 (Andy Warhol Foundation, 205.017)
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251. Andy Warhol, two sketchbook drawings, ca. 1957-61, (Andy Warhol Foundation, 221.028)
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253. Andy Warhol, cock drawing, ca. 1957-61 (Andy Warhol Museum, 205.019)
254. Andy Warhol, cock drawing, ca. 1957-61 (Andy Warhol Museum, 205.020)
255. Andy Warhol, cock drawing, ca. 1957-61 (Andy Warhol Museum, 220.071)
256. Andy Warhol, cock drawing, ca. 1957-61 (Andy Warhol Foundation, 221.028)
257. Andy Warhol, foot drawing, ca. 1957-61 (Paul Warhola Family Collection)
258. Andy Warhol, foot drawing, ca. 1957-61 (Andy Warhol Museum , 212.021)
259. Andy Warhol, foot drawing, ca. 1957-61 (Andy Warhol Foundation, 212.098)
260. Andy Warhol, foot drawing, ca. 1957-61 (Andy Warhol Foundation, 212.096)
261. Andy Warhol, foot drawing, ca. 1957-61 (Andy Warhol Foundation, 221.035)
262. Andy Warhol, foot drawing, ca. 1957-61 (Andy Warhol Foundation, 212.097)
263. Andy Warhol, foot drawing, ca. 1957-61 (Present whereabouts unknown)
264. Andy Warhol, two foot drawings, ca. 1957-61 (Andy Warhol Foundation, 212.112 and 221.037)
265. Andy Warhol, foot drawing, ca. 1957-61 (Andy Warhol Foundation, 212.053)
266. Andy Warhol, foot drawing, ca. 1957-61 (Andy Warhol Foundation, 221.016) 221.038)
267. Andy Warhol, foot drawing, ca. 1957-61 (Andy Warhol Foundation, 221.016) 221.038)
268. Andy Warhol, foot drawing, ca. 1957-61 (Andy Warhol Foundation, 221.038)
269. Andy Warhol, foot drawing, ca. 1957-61 (Andy Warhol Foundation, 221.033)
270. Andy Warhol, foot drawing, ca. 1957-61 (Andy Warhol Foundation, 221.035)

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271. Andy Warhol, foot drawing, ca. 1957-61 (Andy Warhol Foundation, 212.009)
272. Andy Warhol, Cecil Beaton's Feet, 1961 (Philadelphia Museum of Art, Henry McIlhenny Collection)
273. Andy Warhol, Christopher Isherwood, ca. 1957-61 (Andy Warhol Foundation, 212.104)
274. Andy Warhol, Hermione Gingold, ca. 1957-61 (Andy Warhol Foundation, 212.002)
275. Andy Warhol, Tallulah Bankhead, ca. 1957-61 (Andy Warhol Foundation, 212.001)
276. Andy Warhol, foot drawing with Campbell's Soup can, ca. 1961 (Andy Warhol Foundation, 212.010)
277. Andy Warhol, two foot drawing with Campbell's Soup cans, ca. 1961 (Andy Warhol Foundation, 212.012 and 212.011)
278. Andy Warhol, foot drawing with dollar bills, ca. 1961 (Paul Warhola Family Collection)
279. Andy Warhol, Big Torn Campbell's Soup Can (Vegetable Beef), 1962 (Kunsthaus Zurich)
280. Andy Warhol, Dr. Scholl, 1961 (Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York. Gift of Halston)

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INTRODUCTION

Locating the Project

This is how Popism begins: "If I'd gone ahead and died ten years ago, I'd probably be a cult figure today."[1] Reading that sentence now, one can't help but feel a certain pang for the Andy Warhol who had written it in 1980,[2] who claimed that cult status still eluded him and seemed to believe that he had overstayed his celebrity, that he lived too long. Nor was this a purely rhetorical reflex on his part. Warhol surely was alluding to a specific event, or rather to the chain of events that followed upon being shot by Valerie Solanis on June 3, 1968: the near-death experience,[3] the slow and painful recovery, the perceptible

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[1] Andy Warhol and Pat Hackett, Popism: The Warhol '60s (New York: Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 1980; Harper & Row, 1983), 3.

[2] Since Popism was penned with his assistant, Pat Hackett, who is listed as the book's co-author, the question of Warhol's authorial voice in his memoir is somewhat difficult to delimit with any precision, although it has never been contested. Manuscript versions of the book with Hackett's notes show that she engaged in the yeomanlike task of extensive fact checking. No doubt, the text was based on extensive hours of taping Warhol. How directly his words were transmitted onto the printed page is not known, but although Warhol's voice must be understood here as having been filtered through Hackett's editorial practices, it has a ring of verisimilitude, it sounds like his voice.

[3] See Warhol and Hackett, Popism, 274-275:

> I was in surgery for about five hours with Dr. Giuseppe Rossi and four other great doctors working on me. They brought me back from the dead-- literally, because I'm told that at one point I was gone. For days and days afterward, I wasn't sure if I was back . I felt dead-- you think you're alive but you're dead. I just think I'm lying here in the hospital.
>
> As I was coming down from my operation, I heard a television going somewhere and the words "Kennedy" and "assassin" and "shot" over and over again. Robert Kennedy had been shot, but what was so weird was that I had no understanding that this was a second Kennedy assassination-- I just thought that maybe after you die, they rerun things for you, like President Kennedy's assassination. Some of the nurses were crying, and after a while, I heard things like "the mourners at St. Patrick's." It was all so strange to me, this background of another shooting and funeral-- I couldn't distinguish between life and death yet, anyway, and here was a person being buried on the television right in front of me.

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caesura in his career. After 1968, Warhol continued to paint, even as he recovered, but mostly commissioned portraits; no new series were undertaken until the Mao paintings in 1972-73. Film production was handed over to Paul Morrissey, and a new enterprise, the magazine Interview, offered Warhol only as a nominal presence, on the masthead but out of view.

Indeed in 1970, when John Coplans organized the first Warhol retrospective and Rainer Crone assembled a partial catalogue raisonné of his work,[4] it might have seemed that Warhol really had died in 1968. Clearly, one narrative had come to an end, a narrative that had been coterminous with the decade of the 1960s and more or less synonymous with a discursive field designated by the term, "Pop," and the name, Warhol. This is the triple concatenation so seamlessly folded into the complete title of Warhol's authorized memoir, Popism: The Warhol 60's.

During the 1960s, Warhol's subjects, derived from commonplace objects and images from the mass media, and their reproduction in paintings, sculptures, and drawings using mechanical and photomechanical means, had in fact thrust him into the foreground of the critical debates about Pop art. These debates may be clustered around three sets of issues: 1-the popular image as subject matter, and the problem of its visual transformation;

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[4] The retrospective organized by John Coplans for the Pasadena Art Museum traveled to the Stedelijk van Abbemuseum, Eindhoven, the Museé d'Art Moderne de la Ville de Paris, the Tate Gallery, London and the Whitney Museum of American Art, New York. Coplans also published a contemporaneous monograph independent of the exhibition, Andy Warhol (Greenwich, Conn.: New York Graphic Society, 1970). Checklists were published for each American venue of the tour; Eindhoven, Paris and London published their own catalogues. Rainer Crone's catalogue raisonné was included in his book, Andy Warhol, published simultaneously by Hatje, Hamburg and Praeger, New York. The books were produced in the context of Crone's research for his dissertation about Warhol, published as Das bildnerische Werk Andy Warhols (Berlin: Kommissionsvertrieb Wasmuth, 1976). The catalogue raisonné was somewhat revised and updated at that time.

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2-the value of the mechanical and the mass produced; and 3-the role of irony, criticality, and authorial presence.[5] In turn, these issues have decisively informed ensuing Warhol scholarship, and until recently have virtually monopolized discussions of his work.[6]

To roll back the threshold of the subject to the late 1940s and 1950s, to attend to Warhol's early work as I do here, is to dissent from the premises of the official Warhol story: to seek out other works for study and other ways in which the work may signify that do not necessarily depend upon or inhere within the public and critical reception of Pop art. Such a project will have two methodological corollaries. First of all, it participates

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[5] For an anthology of critical texts about Pop art, see Carol Anne Mahsun, ed. Pop Art. The Critical Dialogue (Ann Arbor: UMI Research Press, 1989). Examples from the 1960's of each "cluster" of issues might be cited as follows: 1- Erle Loran, "Pop Artists or Copy Cats?" Art News 62 (September 1963) 48-49, 61; idem, "Cezanne and Lichtenstein: Problems of Transformation," Artforum (September 1963): 34-37, reprinted in Mahsun, Critical Dialogue, 83-87; 2-Paul Bergin, "Andy Warhol: The Artist as Machine," Art Journal 26 (Summer 1967): 359-363; and 3-Thomas Hess, "Pop and Public," Art News 62 (November 1963): 23, 59-60, reprinted in Mahsun, Critical Dialogue, 107-110. For relatively recent examples, where the issue of Warhol's authorial voice and its criticality is examined, see Benjamin Buchloh, "Andy Warhol's One Dimensional Art: 1956-66," in Kynaston McShine, ed. Andy Warhol: A Retrospective (New York: The Museum of Modern Art, New York, 1989), 39-62; and Fredric Jameson, Postmodernism, or, the Cultural Logic of Late Capitalism (Durham: Duke University Press, 1995), 9-12. Although Buchloh's focus is largely upon the work of the 1960s, for a different reading, applied to the work of the 1970s, see Trevor Fairbrother, "Skulls," in Gary Garrels, ed. The Work of Andy Warhol, Dia Art Foundation, Discussions in Contemporary Culture, Number 3 (Seattle: Bay Press, 1989): 93-114. Fairbrother's iconographic articulation of Warhol's authorship, in fact, posed a serious problem for Buchloh, who contended that the work of the 1960s posited an erasure of iconographic hermeneutics. For the discussion, see Garrels, ed. The Work, 124-139. On Warhol as author, see also Hal Foster, "Death in America," October 75 (Winter 1996): 37-6. Foster's text was originally presented as a paper at the Andy Warhol Museum in April 1995, and later anthologized in Who Is Andy Warhol?, ed. Colin MacCabe with Mark Francis and Peter Wollen (London: British Film Institute and Pittsburgh: Andy Warhol Museum, 1997), 117-130. Both published texts are the same. Foster's discussion, centered on the death and disaster paintings, proposes that Warhol's images need not be read as either referential or simulacral, but might be considered psychoanalytically, securing Warhol's authorship as "traumatic.".

[6] For examples of recent alternative interpretations, see the work of Rosalind E. Krauss, e.g. The Optical Unconscious (Cambridge, Massachusetts and London: The MIT Press, 1993); 269-277; "Carnal Knowledge," in Andy Warhol Rorschach Paintings (New York: Gagosian Gallery, 1996), 5-12 and Yve-Alain Bois and Rosalind E. Krauss, Formless: A User's Guide (New York: Zone Books, 1997), 99-102. Krauss and Bois are less concerned with establishing a basis for Warhol's "voice," than with relating certain of his visual strategies to a broader discourse about formlessness.

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in a revisionist enterprise, the recuperation of a still insufficiently examined body of work. Second, it compels consideration of the urgency of his homosexuality to his work, both as a channel of desire and as a locus of identification.

In 1970, neither Coplans nor Crone had included any work before 1960 in their respective projects. The earliest works in Coplans' retrospective were the thirty-two Campbell's Soup Can paintings of early 1962, whereas for Crone, the rubric "early works" referred not to the late 1940s and 1950s, but to the generally more painterly works based on comic strips and black and white ads that Warhol had made in 1960-61, prior to the soup can paintings.

During the spring of 1971, when the retrospective organized by Coplans was on view in New York at the Whitney Museum of American Art, an exhibition of Warhol's early work was organized by Andreas Brown for the Gotham Book Mart, the first time since the 1950s that any work from this period had been publicly shown.[7] In 1976, Crone supplemented his more comprehensive catalogue of Warhol's paintings and the publication of his dissertation, Das bildnerische Werk Andy Warhols, with an exhibition and publication dedicated to the drawings, Andy Warhol: Das zeichnerische Werk: 1952-75. Crone's book included examples from the late 1940s to the 1970s, although his texts concentrated on the earlier work.[8] Following Crone, in 1978 Patrick S. Smith interviewed

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[7] Andreas Brown, Andy Warhol: His Early Works 1947-1959 (New York: Gotham Book Mart, 1971). The exhibition was on view May 26-June 26. Strictly speaking, it was not entirely simultaneous with the retrospective at the Whitney, on view April 26-June 6. Also in 1971, Joseph Masheck published an article about Warhol's illustrations for Amy Vanderbilt's Complete Cookbook, see Masheck, "Warhol as Illustrator: Early Manipulations of the Mundane," Art in America 59, no. 3 (May-June 1971):54-59.

[8] Rainer Crone, Andy Warhol: Das zeichnerische Werk: 1952-1975 (Stuttgart: Württembergischer Kunstverein, 1976) was reprinted in a later English edition as Andy Warhol: A Picture Show by the Artist (New York: Rizzoli Books, 1987).

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Warhol's colleagues, friends and assistants as part of the research for his dissertation published in the early 1980s. Included were a significant number of informants from the 1950s, and in a chapter dedicated to what Smith referred to as "Warhol's Commercial Illustrative Art."[9]

By all accounts, Warhol himself either studiously avoided these attentions to his early work or openly resisted them.[10] It was only after his death on February 22, 1987, that another exhibition devoted to his early work, comparable to the one at the Gotham Book Mart, took place. Organized in 1989 by Donna M. De Salvo for the Grey Art Gallery, New York, "Success Is a Job in New York . . ." The Early Art and Business of Andy Warhol restaged the circumstances of 1971, whereby the early work was shown hors de concours at a smaller venue while the retrospective was on view at a major museum.[11] Between the Whitney in 1971 and MoMA in 1989, however, institutional attitudes had altered somewhat with respect to the early work, since a representation of

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[9] Patrick Smith's dissertation, "Art 'In Extremis': Andy Warhol and His Art" (Ann Arbor: UMI Press, 1982). An edited version was published as Andy Warhol's Art and Films (Ann Arbor: UMI Research Press, 1986), and selected interviews were published as Warhol: Conversations About the Artist (Ann Arbor: UMI Research Press, 1988). In his dissertation, this chapter is preceded by one dedicated to what Smith refers to as "The Formative Years." This material is somewhat restructured, but mostly condensed into a single chapter in Art and Films, 13-80.

[10] In conversations with the author, Warhol's longtime assistant, Vincent Fremont, commented that Warhol didn't encourage interest in this period of his work, and may not have even seen the Gotham Book Mart exhibition. Crone observed that he was somewhat anxious about Warhol's opposition to his 1976 exhibition, informing me that Warhol had attempted to undermine his research. Patrick Smith's interview with Warhol included his associates Fred Hughes, Brigid Berlin and Vincent Fremont as well as the art dealer Ivan Karp, with Karp answering most of Smith's queries. This is the clearest index of Warhol's resistance to critics in general and to Smith's project in particular. See Smith, Art and Films, 513-523.

[11] See Donna M. De Salvo, "Success Is a Job in New York . . ." The Early Art and Business of Andy Warhol (New York: Grey Art Gallery and Study Center, New York University, 1989). The exhibition traveled to the Carnegie Museum of Art, Pittsburgh, the Serpentine Gallery, London, the Institute of Contemporary Art, Philadelphia, the Newport Harbor Art Museum, Lingotto S.p.A., Turin and the Fondation Cartier pour l'Art Contemporain, Paris.

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works from the late 1940s and 1950s were included in the MoMA retrospective (cat. nos. 20-76). Similarly, in a contemporaneous monograph by David Bourdon, his early chapters dutifully survey the works of these years.[12] Notwithstanding such a general shift in reception, when the Andy Warhol Museum opened in Pittsburgh in early 1993, the gallery dedicated to Warhol's early work was seen as a "revelation" by many of the museum's visitors, while the examples on view, only broadly dated to the 1950s, indicated how inadequately mapped this material remains to date.

To focus on the 1950s, however, because it has been poorly appreciated and imperfectly catalogued offers only the most basic rationale. More usefully, the scholarship of recuperation might question why a certain body of work has been neglected or suppressed in the first place (especially insofar as Warhol himself was one of its censors), and seek to disclose the personal mechanisms and ideological formations that underpin its low visibility. It will also posit particular capacities for this body of work, capacities that might be thought of as productive rather than symptomatic, enabling and activating the momentum of the work.

In the case of Warhol, prior studies of the work of the 1950s have tended to bypass the first question entirely-- the question of (self) censorship-- to focus upon what might be thought of as its formative character. Here is where my thinking begins to diverge from that of my predecessors, from that of Crone and De Salvo especially, and to a certain extent, Patrick Smith. Each has contended that Warhol's early involvements with commercial art and popular culture (Crone, Smith and De Salvo), caricature and social

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[12] See David Bourdon, Warhol (New York: Harry N. Abrams, 1989), 14-89.

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critique (Crone), and mechanical procedures (all three) anticipate the themes, techniques and very context of his Pop art. Not only do they read Warhol's work in reverse, from the perspective of the 1960s looking back to the 1950s, the later work is used to validate the earlier. The formative point of view, moreover, is invested in consolidating a normative and unified identity in the name of Warhol, in demonstrating that he was already there in nuce even in the early years, that he always was the Andy Warhol that we have always known.

Counter to this, I would point to the presence and the agency of constant divisions within Warhol's work and life, especially ca. 1960, where I would signal a major fault line that corresponds to the conventional periodization of his work. In late 1960, Warhol purchased a townhouse at 1342 Lexington Avenue that allowed him to establish a studio space dedicated to painting, an activity that he had pursued only intermittently in previous years. During the 1950s, he had made thousands of drawings, either produced on assignment in his capacity as an illustrator or made for private circulation or exhibitions in galleries and boutiques. The subjects of the latter were literary, theatrical, parodic and erotic, and the vast body of these were rarely seen. Thus, even within the ostensibly homogeneous field of the 1950s, Warhol's early work would appear to be structured as a divided professional practice, commercial and public versus specialized, elite and private.[13]

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[13] The distinction between a public and private modes in the work of the 1950s was initially made by Marco Livingstone, "Do It Yourself: Notes on Warhol's Techniques," in McShine, ed. A Retrospective, 64, with respect to Warhol's drawing techniques: "Although Warhol continued through the fifties to produce continuous-line drawings with ball-point pen, for example in his essentially private drawings of boys, it was the blotted-line technique that offered him the greatest scope for his more public art." Livingstone's distinction and the decorum he has broadly applied between contexts and techniques has been accepted here (see especially chapter 2), although there are significant exceptions, notably such interstitial categories of work as Warhol's privately printed books (see below). Recently a certain theoretical scorn has been heaped upon Livingstone's phrase "essentially private drawings of boys" as "degaying" Warhol, see Jennifer Doyle, Jonathan Flatley and Jose Esteban Munoz, eds. "Introduction," in

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The observance and various breaches of this divided practice during the 1950s suggest that Warhol's self-censorship of works of both types was less determined by a later anxiety over their content or commercial origins, and more a factor of Warhol's prevailing diffidence in the face of categories, of the way he compartmentalized divergent aspects of his life and work from the start. Beginning with the 1960s, Warhol's overlapping entrepreneurial practices of painting, film, rock 'n roll, writing and publishing suggest a deliberate inversion of his decorums during the 1950s, but even here he tended to differentiate the spheres of his activity. In May 1965, Warhol announced that he was giving up painting to make films, although he had been actively involved with film-making since 1963 and continued to produce a significant body of paintings until the end of 1967. In the early 1970s, he suppressed his vanguard films of 1963-68 in the interests of the more mainstream film production of Paul Morrissey, at the same as his interest in painting resurged. Whatever their inevitable connections, financial interdependence or impact upon one another, Warhol's various artistic practices have tended to be pursued rather discontinuously, even serially during distinct if intersecting periods.

During the 1950s, there was clearly a degree of permeability between both bodies of work, a certain migration of motifs. Further mediating between the two, moreover, was a group of privately-printed small edition books, many of them hand-colored, for example

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Pop Out: Queer Warhol (Durham: Duke University Press, 1996): 2-3, although the binaries of public versus private, or "out" versus "in," recurs through the texts of their anthology. With both Livingstone and the queer theorists, I would argue for the efficacy of this division, but I would not insist upon its absoluteness. For example, Doyle et al take issue with the privacy of the boy drawings, since they were shown at the Bodley Gallery in 1956. Of the hundreds of drawings of this type that Warhol made, however, only a handful were ever exhibited or even seen.

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A la Recherche du Shoe Perdu (1955).[14] As estheticized parodies of his commercial work, he presented them as gifts to clients, celebrities and friends. From the beginning, Warhol was particularly knowing about what might be termed the use-value of his work. Not only the books, but on occasion his other drawings as well were dedicated and offered as tokens to advance his career or gain access to someone he wanted to meet, because they were celebrated, attractive, or both. Certain projects of the later 1950s, such as the "Boy Book" drawings operated entirely with the latter purpose in view. Thus, for Warhol, the use-value of his early work threaded success with cultural mobility, and creativity with sociability and sexual desire.

The word, creativity, although common enough in general usage, may not seem rigorous enough for scholarly purposes. It is employed here, however, subject to a particular construction, to refer to artistic practices that are being located in relation to the subjectivity of its producer. Indeed, such a relationship goes to the core question of this dissertation, which ponders how Warhol's early work was instrumental to him in negotiating his identity as a homosexual, and conversely, how his homosexuality might have been productive for his work.

The centrality of both questions are a function of the second methodological corollary of this project. To study Warhol during the 1950s is to encounter the extraordinary visibility of homosexuality in his work, both as it surfaces initially and as it

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[14] Between 1953-1959, Warhol produced the following books, a is an alphabet (1953), Love Is A Pink Cake (1953), 25 Cats Name[d] Sam and One Blue Pussy (1954), , A la Recherche du Shoe Perdu (1955), In the Bottom of My Garden (ca. 1956), A Gold Book (1957), Wild Raspberries (1959). Plates for another book, There Was Snow In the Streets (1953) are reproduced in Crone, A Picture Show, 119-134, but it is not clear whether a book was ever produced.

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functions within a cultural setting that is demonstrably at variance with those that frame his work during the 1960s. David Bourdon, who knew him during both periods, observed this rift as it was marked on Warhol himself, in his personal style or what Bourdon here refers to as Warhol's Pop persona:

> His metamorphosis into a Pop persona was calculated and deliberate. The foppery was left behind as he gradually evolved from a sophisticate, who held subscription tickets to the Metropolitan Opera, into a sort of gum-chewing, seemingly naive teenybopper, addicted to the lowest forms of pop culture. When he expected important visitors from the art world, influential advocates of new art like Ivan Karp or Henry Geldzahler, Andy replaced a classical recording with a pop song that he deliberately played over and over again.[15]

Bourdon seems to suggest that the earlier persona was more intrinsic and Pop purely adventitious, that Warhol could and did shuttle back and forth readily between the two. The gum-chewing teenybopper, he invokes here, cites one of the classic early critiques of Pop art, Max Kozloff's "Pop Culture, Metaphysical Disgust and the New Vulgarians,"

> The truth is, the art galleries are being invaded by the pin-headed and contemptible style of the gum chewers, bobby soxers, and worse, delinquents. Not only can't I get romantic about this, I see as little reason to find it appealing as I would an hour of rock and roll into which has been inserted a few notes of modern music.[16]

If the new vulgarians might be personified as American teenagers, the neo-primitives of mass culture,[17] the "other" Warhol of Bourdon's acquaintance, the opera-going fop, not only designated elite or "high brow" culture, [18] but signaled his homosexuality in code.

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[15] Bourdon, Warhol, 7.

[16] Max Kozloff, "Pop Culture, Metaphysical Disgust and the New Vulgarians," Art International 6 (March 1962): 34-36.

[17] This is made somewhat more explicit in the critic Sidney Tillim's "Month in Review," for Arts Magazine that appeared the same month. Tillim cites the following paragraph from Vladimir Nabokov's Lolita (Paris: Olympia Press, 1955; USA: Putnam, 1958; New York: Random House, Vintage International, 1989), 141-142:

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Knowledge of Warhol's homosexuality typifies the predicament of "the open secret" that literary and gay studies theorist Eve Kosofsky Sedgwick has cited as an epistemological structure of the closet.[19] Although Warhol is widely credited with having been "open" about his sexual preferences,[20] discussions of Warhol's sexuality were otherwise removed to the margins during his lifetime, except insofar as homosexuality operated as an explicit point of reference in his films or implicitly colored responses to his work. During the 1960s, there was the occasional coded reference, much like Bourdon's years later, and the occasional outburst of homophobia. It is striking that the latter was

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> In the gay town of Lepingville I bought her four books of comics, a box of candy, a box of sanitary pads, two cokes, a manicure set, a travel clock with a luminous dial, a ring with a real topaz, a tennis racket, roller skates with high white shoes, field glasses, a portable radio set, chewing gum, a transparent rain coat, sunglasses, some more garments--swooners, shorts, all kinds of summer frocks.

Nabokov's list of Humbert Humbert's acquisition for teenage paramour, Lolita, is both an inventory of mass culture's disposable products and a catalogue of fetish objects. Nabokov's émigré status, like that of his factotum Humbert Humbert, represents the "disaffiliation" of elite or high culture in the face of this new American primitivism of teenage consumer desire.

[18] For the classic mid-century formulation of mass culture with respect to high culture, and the "middlebrow compromise called Midcult," see Dwight Macdonald, "Masscult and Midcult," in Against the American Grain (New York: Random House, 1983), 3-75, reprinted from the Partisan Review (Spring 1960). Clement Greenberg's "Avant-Garde and Kitsch," Partisan Review 6 (Fall 1939):34-39, earlier posed a parallel dialectic between high and low within the contradictory requirements of capitalism, rather than democracy. To my mind the most paradigmatic account of this conflicted is to be found in Thomas Crow, "Modernism and Mass Culture in the Visual Arts," in Pollock and After: The Critical Debate, ed. Francis Frascina (New York: Harper and Row, Icon Editions, 1985), 233-266. Greenberg's essay is reprinted as the opening text in Frascina's anthology, 21-34. For a recent reading of these terms in the context of see Cecile Whiting, A Taste for Pop: Pop Art, Gender and Consumer Culture, Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1997, 60-64.

[19] Eve Kosofsky Sedgwick, Epistemology of the Closet (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1990):22. Her emphasis on the article, "the," indicates the defining importance of this secret in determining knowledge of its subject.

[20] See Trevor Fairbrother, "'Tomorrow's Man,'" in De Salvo, "Success Is A Job in New York...", 54. By his own account, Warhol was ostracized at the beginning of the 1960s for his visibility as a homosexual, or namely for the visibility of one homosexuality's most conspicuous markers, effeminacy, or being "too swish." See Warhol and Hackett, Popism, 10-13; see chapter 5 here for a discussion of this citation.

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voiced more often than not within the forums of the political left. For example, here is LeRoi Jones addressing a Black Panther Rally in 1968: "We do not want them [black children] to grow up to paint Campbell's Soup cans. We do not want them to grow up to think that somehow the celebration of homosexuality is aesthetic and profound."[21] The disconnect between painting Campbell's Soup cans and celebrating homosexuality may seem to be considerable, but Jones hot-wires the two, by indirectly summoning an artist he will not name.

Above all, Warhol's homosexuality was effectively erased in his lifetime by being scripted as non-participatory, dormant, or voyeuristic. Writing about the films, Stephen Koch in Stargazer avoided pathologizing Warhol's voyeurism by making it indicative of a quintessentially pornographic imagination:

> Warhol is a man, who for all his intelligence, does not really understand people very well; Personhood is a mystery to him. His works gain their power from proposing the structure of that mystery. His voyeuristic obsession with the portrait is the arena in which this aspect of his art is most obvious. On the other hand, he is deeply engaged in the impersonality of the pornographic experience of the Other: The alternate dimension of Warhol's mystified experience of the Person is a violent anonymity. Perhaps one-- by no means normative, but at least hypothetical-- way of defining pornography is to understand the Other as a mere extension of one's own fantasies and needs. It is a self-enclosed, virtually autistic experience in which fantasy plays the dominant role: Pornography is always about imagined sex. That is to say, it is about our imaginations, about ourselves.[22]

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[21] LeRoi Jones' remarks are quoted from Don McNeil, "Run, Do Not Walk to the Nearest Exit," Village Voice, 23 May 1968: 3. The feminist writer and critic Vivian Gornick, however, offered the most homophobic denunciation of Pop culture on the front page of the Village Voice two years earlier. Vivian Gornick, "It's a Queer Hand Stoking the Campfire," in Village Voice, 7 April 1966: 1, 20-21. On p. 21, she made her only reference to Warhol was: "And one sees Andy Warhol, staring serenely across private, peroxided spaces, smiling Sphinx-like as the critics describe the meaning of his Brillo boxes." For an example of a coded reference to Warhol's homosexuality, see Calvin Tomkins, "Raggedy Andy," in Coplans, Warhol, especially pp. 10-11. See also my discussion of Tomkins' essay in chapter 1.

[22] Stephen Koch, Stargazer. The Life, World & Films of Andy Warhol rev. and updated ed. (New York: Praeger, 1973; New York: Marion Boyars, 1991), 50. Warhol himself was one of the most consistent purveyors of the narrative of his non-participation, see Warhol, "Love (Puberty)" and "Love (Senility)" in The Philosophy of Andy Warhol. (From A to B and Back Again) (New York: Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 1975), 17-28 and 39-56.

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After Warhol's death, however, double meanings were readily and persuasively decoded in the paintings of the 1960s, especially the comic strip heroes, such as Superman, Dick Tracy and Popeye (all 1961), male movie and pop stars such as Troy Donahue (1962), Elvis Presley (1963) and Marlon Brando (1963 and 1965), and series such as the Thirteen Most Wanted Men (1964).[23]

The effort to re-read Warhol through his homosexuality may be said to have crested with the publication of the anthology Pop Out: Queer Warhol (1996). The essays, which examined the paintings and films from the 1960s and aspects of the later work, were located within the framework of an academic initiative known as queer theory. Several, in particular, focused upon the various ways in which Warhol's articulation and embodiment of Pop redefined the term, effectively queering Pop as much as an already-queer Warhol.[24]

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[23] See Kenneth E. Silver, "Modes of Disclosure: The Construction of Gay Identity and the Rise of Pop Art," in Donna De Salvo and Paul Schimmel, Hand-Painted Pop: American Art in Transition, 1955-62, ed. Russell Ferguson (Los Angeles: The Museum of Contemporary Art and New York: Rizzoli International Publications, 1993), 179-204; Richard Meyer, "Warhol's Clones," Yale Journal of Criticism 7, no. 1 (1994): 79-109; Michael Moon "Screen Memories, or Pop Comes from the Outside: Warhol and Queer Childhood," in Jennifer Doyle, Jonathan Flatley and Jose Esteban Munoz, eds. Pop Out: Queer Warhol (Durham: Duke University Press, 1996):78-100; Bradford R. Collins and David Cowart, "Through the Looking-Glass: Reading Warhol's Superman," in American Imago 53, no. 2 (Summer 1996): 107-137. Colllins, in "Jokes and their Relation to Warhol's 13 Most Men," Source: Notes in the History of Art, 17, no. 2 (Winter 1998): 45, contends that, "as a result of Warhol's religious training Warhol felt guilty, not proud, about his homosexuality."

[24] See especially, Doyle, Flatley and Munoz, Pop Out, especially the introduction by the editors, 1-19, Moon , "Screen Memories," 78-100, and Jonathan Flatley, "Warhol Gives Good Face: Publicity and the Politics of Prosopopoeia," 101-32. The anthology, published in 1996, originated in a conference organized at Duke University in January 1993, scarcely five years after Warhol had died, called "Re-reading Warhol: The Politics of Pop." Eve Kosofsky Sedgwick, who is credited with naming the anthology, also contributed an essay, "Queer Performativity: Warhol's Shyness/Warhol's Whiteness," 134-143, cited elsewhere (see chapter 7). With Judith Butler, especially her book, Gender Trouble: Feminism and the Subversion of Identity (New York: Routledge, 1990), Sedgwick's writings are cornerstones of what is presently known as queer theory. As articulated by Butler and Sedgwick, queer theory emerges from a feminist perspective, emphasizing the alterity of the homosexual, i.e., queerness and its predicament with respect to a homophobically structured culture. Butler and Sedgwick's work also

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Predictably, the work of the 1950s received only passing attention in such a context, presumably because it preceded the advent of Pop art in America, and of Warhol's self-identification with the cultural manifestations it would come to represent. If one can extend a Pop context to works produced in the 1970s and later, as Pop Out's essayists do on occasion, the usage is already broadly descriptive rather than strictly historical, raising the question of why it might not have been stretched to include Warhol's earlier practices as well. The exclusion of the 1950s in this instance, however, simply cannot be accounted for by the fact that it was technically pre-Pop. Here, for example, is Michael Moon from his essay in Pop Out:

> During the 1950s, as Warhol became increasingly successful as a commercial artist, he repeatedly attempted to gain recognition as a "fine" artist with a series of exhibitions of his drawings. These early gallery shows, which featured images of cupids, beautiful boys' faces, and penises festooned with bows and lipsticked "kiss marks," predictably attracted little positive attention from a New York art world completely taken up with the macho heroics of abstract expressionism.[25]

The homoeroticism of the early work, its beautiful boys and such tokens of effeminacy as festooned genitals and cupids, or what might be termed as its sissy effect, seems to render Warhol's homosexuality transparent and unmediated, virtually moot in theoretical terms. Moon's reference to "the macho heroics of abstract expressionism" parrots an often-cited

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intersects with a broader field known as lesbian and gay studies. For a broad overview of the scope of this field, see Henry Abelove, Michele Aina Barale and David M. Halperin, eds., The Lesbian and Gay Studies Reader (New York: Routledge, 1993).

[25] Moon, "Screen Memories," in Doyle, Flatley and Munoz, Pop Out, 78-79. Moon is overstating the case somewhat with regard to the degree that works of this type were visible in Warhol's gallery exhibitions. Only one exhibition was explicitly homoerotic, the "Boy Book" drawings at the Bodley Gallery, 1956. See also chapter 8.

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passage from Popism.[26] It marks the divergence of the early work from a prevailing cultural norm, delivering it as already deviant, already queered.

A similar presumption of transparency is behind an essay by Trevor Fairbrother, "'Tomorrow's Man,'" written for the catalogue of the 1989 exhibition of Warhol's early work, "Success Is a Job in New York . . ." Oddly, his study constitutes a solitary entry, the only attempt to place a discussion of Warhol's homosexuality in the context of the work of this period, and to consider it at any length. Not only was Warhol "honest about his homosexuality," he writes, "Moreover, from the early 1950s he produced works that are as remarkable for their excellence in articulating a gay sensibility as for their technical and formal achievements."[27] For Fairbrother, given the homophobia and closeted conditions of the 1950s, Warhol's candor is in itself an achievement worth noting. But when the work is less than frank, the assessment of what beyond the homoerotic might be intended by a sensibility characterized as gay, begins to take shape. Writing about the golden shoe pictures, Fairbrother observes:

> But for all their fun, the shoe portraits also allow a critical reading: an underlying ambivalence reflects, perhaps, the experience of most gays in the fifties-- of having to live two lives. On the one hand, the golden shoes enjoy being frivolous and showy, while offering penetrating observations and allusions.[28]

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[26] Warhol and Hackett, Popism, 13. The passage begins, "The world of the Abstract Expressionists was very macho..." Moon's citation seems to partake in the same principle as Bourdon's citation of Kozloff, (see n. 16 above). Neither credits their respective sources. The characterization of Abstract Expressionism as macho was already overdetermined by the time Warhol and Hackett invoked it. And although the association of Pop with the tropes of teen status was much touted in the early 1960s, it has never taken on conventional currency. Kozloff's insight, while not uniquely his, was so vividly stated that Bourdon, an art critic for Life magazine at this time, doubtlessly internalized some of its descriptive language.

[27] Fairbrother, "'Tomorrow's Man,'" in De Salvo, "Success Is A Job in New York . . .", 54-74.

[28] Ibid., 67.

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Clearly, even Warhol's exceptional openness must be qualified by the cultural circumstances of homosexuals during the 1950s. It is at this juncture that the overriding assumptions in Fairbrother's account of Warhol's early work begins to breaks down. By "having to live two lives," by internalizing the closet or, as Sedgwick frames it, "the open secret," that Warhol's work finally becomes more than just what it seems. Its transparency unfolds, revealing a structure that is divided and contradictory.

In this dissertation, I propose to extend the scope of the study initiated in Fairbrother's essay, although my methods will differ. The articulation of a gay sensibility to my mind, is too blunt an interpretive instrument to be of much use here, since it founders on its lack of historical specificity and what I consider to be the impasse of openness, the false promise of transparency. Much as in gay liberation, another post-Stonewall construct, the problem is not with the term, gay, so much as with the totalizing functions to which it has been attached, to liberation and sensibility.

According to the historian George Chauncey,

> The ascendancy of gay reflected, then, a reorganization of sexual categories and the transition from an early twentieth-century culture divided into "queers" and "men" on the basis of gender status to a late twentieth-century culture divided into homosexuals and heterosexuals on the basis of sexual object choice.[29]

Insofar as it is historically apposite to Warhol, the term, gay, thus signals a pattern of cultural references in transition. While it may be too fluid a model to map it crudely onto the divide between the 1950s and 1960s, Warhol's "gayness," even during the 1950s,

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[29] George Chauncey, Gay New York. Gender, Urban Culture and the Making of the Gay World 1890-1940 (New York: Harper Collins Publishers, Basic Books, 1993), 22.

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might be theorized to oscillate between both positions, between a deviantly gendered affiliation, identified with effeminacy and inversion, and object choices based on same-sex desire.

Two other concepts have served me, especially at the early stages of this project--the structural models of subculture and homosocial desire. According to cultural historians, a subculture operates by establishing a network of identifying codes and rituals, sets of references and representations that define and constitute the subculture from within, while offering strategies of resistance to the dominant discourses of the culture at large.[30] To the degree that Warhol was invested in and identified with a subculture constituted by urban gay men during the 1950s, his work of this period may be seen to have been created, circulated and appreciated within this context, a cycle of production and reception that he severed at the beginning of the 1960s.

The audience for Warhol's work during the 1950s was comprised not only of his friends but of his commercial clients, colleagues, and celebrities, most of whom worked within the fields of fashion, design and the theater. Obviously, they were not all gay men, although gay men were influential in these fields, and not reduced to minority status, whether strictly speaking they constituted a minority or not. My purpose here, however, is not to attempt to reconstruct a particular subculture, namely gay New York in the 1950s, as George Chauncey has done for the period 1890-1940 in Gay New York. Rather, the value of a subcultural model for this study is two-fold. First, by attending to the relay

[30] See Dick Hebdige, Subculture, The Meaning of Style (London: Methuen, 1979); also Stuart Hall and Tony Jefferson, eds. Resistance Through Rituals: Youth Subcultures in Post-War Britain (London: Hutchinson , 1971).

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between producer and receiver, it opens onto the social utility of the work, a matter of crucial importance for Warhol. Second, in doing so, it structures the difference between the 1950s and 1960s.

In both capacities, moreover, the concept of homosocial desire is instrumental. The formulation was introduced by Eve Kosofsky Sedgwick in a study of English literature, Between Men, written in 1985:

> "Homosocial" is a word occasionally used in history and the social sciences, where it describes social bonds between persons of the same sex... To draw the "homosocial" back into the orbit of "desire," of the potentially erotic, then, is to hypothesize the potential unbrokenness of a continuum between the homosocial and the homosexual-- a continuum whose visibility, for men, in our society is radically disrupted.[31]

Sedgwick perceived that the erotic might be located in social as well as the sexual circumstances, fusing one to the other, but that "between men," the connection would be constantly broken, a break that she chose to explore. Similarly in a more recent study of male representation in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, Abigail Solomon-Godeau, employed the concept to consider "the ways in which male artists in largely all-male environments, and irrespective of what would now be termed individual sexual orientation, circumvented, repressed, or elided the 'problem' of sexual difference."[32]

To consider Warhol in this light is to reinstate the homosexual within the homosocial, a still-troublesome figure too readily vacated from the accounts of both

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[31] Eve Kosofsky Sedgwick, Between Men. English Literature and Male Homosocial Desire (New York: Columbia University Press, 1985), 1-2.

[32] Abigail Solomon-Godeau, Male Trouble. A Crisis In Representation, (London: Thames and Hudson, 1997), 10-11.

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Sedgwick and Solomon-Godeau.[33] For Warhol, the continuum between his sexual and social desires comes together during the 1950s and remains intact, however thwarted their erotic potential might have sometimes been, especially with respect to Capote. In the early 1960s, however, Warhol may be seen as operating in a space where the markers were continually shifting between the subcultural reflexes from the 1950s, and a series of still-exploratory identifications with a vanguard milieu where the continuum between the homosexual and homosocial was, in the words of Sedgwick, "radically disrupted."

This would have been made abundantly clear to Warhol somewhat earlier, if not quite in these terms. Sometime during the late 1950s, ca. 1957-59, he asked the painter Philip Pearlstein, whom he had known since his student years at the Carnegie Institute of Technology, to submit work on his behalf to the Tanager Gallery. As one of the Tenth Street cooperative galleries, the Tanager was involved in maintaining the trajectory of the avant-garde, specifically as it was represented by Abstract Expressionism. Here is Pearlstein's account:

> Andy wanted to have a show at the Tanager Cooperative Gallery on Tenth Street--at the height of its glory then. I was a member. He submitted a group of boys kissing boys which the other members of the Gallery hated and refused to show. He felt hurt and he didn't understand. I told him I thought the subject matter was treated too... too aggressively, too importantly, that it should be sort of matter-of-fact and self-explanatory. That was probably the last time we were in touch. The next thing I knew came the Campbell's Soup can. Andy and I just lost contact altogether.[34]

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[33] Indeed, one might pose the following question: can male homosocial desire exist only between heterosexual men? I think not, although the term, desire, would seem to be rendered unnecessary in the context of social bonding between homosexual men. By another token, such bonds are also subject to the potentiality of the erotic, a subtextual channel of desire that cements the ties between them. See for example, the relations between Charles Henri Ford and Parker Tyler in chapter 7, Truman Capote and Gore Vidal in chapter 8.

[34] Interview with Philip Pearlstein, Jean Stein, Edie. An American Biography, ed. with George Plimpton (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1982), 188. Pearlstein offered no date for the episode, although Bourdon, Warhol, 31, places it directly after a shoe drawing by Warhol had been included in an

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In a later interview, Pearlstein was more explicit. Warhol's work showed "boys kissing boys with tongues in each other mouths," and "the men in the gallery were all macho... de Kooning was the big dog.... the more neutral the subject the better."[35] However difficult it may be to discern a tongue in someone else's mouth-- consider fig. 1 for example-- Pearlstein's later reading both brings out the latent homophobia of the episode, and binds it to the homosocial configuration of Tenth Street's modernist vanguard.[36]

Other Voices, Other Rooms

The title of my dissertation is taken from Truman Capote's novel, Other Voices, Other Rooms, published by Random House in January 1948. The much awaited first novel by an already celebrated young writer, its publication met with great success, if a somewhat alloyed critical reception. This success was doubtlessly fanned by the notoriety of a particular image, a photograph of the author posed provocatively on a sofa, that was

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exhibition, "Recent Drawings USA," at the Museum of Modern Art in 1956. For an alternate account see n. 35 below.

In their introduction to Pop Out, Doyle, Flatley and Munoz, cite this episode as evidence of "Warhol's desire for visibility and publicity." Unlike the Tanager, the Bodley Gallery, where Warhol exhibited a group of boy drawings in 1956 was associated with the later phases of Surrealism, and his homoerotica would have been more acceptable in such a context. No doubt each audience was specialized, but the Tanager was more "public" in the sense that it represented the continuity of an institutionally acknowledged vanguard of contemporary art. Warhol may well have wanted more visibility for his homoerotic art, but for all intents and purposes, it remained effectively out of circulation, "essentially private" as Marco Livingstone had termed it.

[35] Interview with Philip Pearlstein by Donna De Salvo, unpublished but cited by Fairbrother in "'Tomorrow's Man,'" De Salvo, "Success Is A Job in New York...", 72. According to Fairbrother, the episode dates to the 1959/60 season of the Tanager Gallery. Pearlstein also observes that the works were oil paintings rather than drawings.

[36] See chapter 5, for a related example situated in the nascent postmodern vanguard centered around Robert Rauschenberg and Jasper Johns.

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reproduced on the book's rear dust jacket (fig. 2). It was widely circulated in Random House's advertising campaign, captioned, "This is Truman Capote,"[37] as if to reveal and serve him up to the public as that kind of man, horizontal and homosexual.

Three years his junior, Warhol was in the middle of his third year at the Carnegie Institute in Pittsburgh when Capote's book appeared. His fascination with Capote dates from this time, opening onto the first scene of his career, agitating its surfaces, and effectively articulating its contours. In June 1952, Warhol exhibited 15 drawings based on Capote's writings at the Hugo Gallery in New York (fig. 3). Although his first commercial assignments had come within months of his arrival in New York in June 1949,[38] the drawings shown at the Hugo Gallery constituted his first gallery exhibition.

Unlike Capote's first novel, Warhol's debut was a hastily-arranged, end-of-the-season affair at a gallery associated with Surrealism, the latter increasingly out of fashion and well on its way to becoming a fringe affiliation in New York during the 1950s.[39]

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[37] Gerald Clarke, Truman: A Biography (New York: Simon and Schuster, 1988; New York: Ballantine Books, 1989), 158. Clarke also notes that the photograph was reproduced in several reviews of the book.

[38] Warhol moved to New York City directly after his graduation from Carnegie Tech. The first illustrations to be published appeared in Glamour, September 1949, for a feature called "What Is Success," see De Salvo, "Success Is A Job in New York...", 2.

[39] The Hugo Gallery was founded by Valentine Hugo, a French artist, active in the Surrealist movement in the early 1930s, and the wife of Jean Hugo, Victor Hugo's great-grandson. Victor Hugo's Satanic Head, and Valentine Hugo's Dream of January 17, 1934, had both been exhibited in Alfred Barr's Fantastic Art, Dada and Surrealism. According to David Bourdon, Warhol showed his drawings to Alexandre Iolas, director of the Hugo Gallery, in May 1952; Iolas was planning to be in Europe during the summer, but asked David Mann, who worked in the bookshop upstairs, if he would keep the gallery open for an additional three weeks in June. Bourdon's account is based on an interview with David Mann, conducted in March 1968 (see Bourdon, Warhol, 32, 39). Mann, subsequently opened the Bodley Gallery and bookshop where Warhol exhibited in 1956-59. As Philip Pearlstein's account of the Tanager episode suggests, by the 1950s, Surrealism was becoming increasingly marginalized as too literary within the sphere of vanguard painting.

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Reviewed in passing, Warhol's exhibition seems to have garnered him very little in the way of attention or influence, above all from that member of the public to whom it was directly targeted. Capote is reported to have visited the exhibition, bringing his mother Nina, and noting that the drawings "suited" his writing. By all accounts, however, including his own, he avoided responding directly to Warhol, who was sending him notes and drawings on a regular basis, even going so far as to follow him and wait for him outside the apartment building at 1060 Park Avenue where he lived with his family. Eventually, Warhol managed to make contact with Capote's mother and, through her, with Capote himself.[40]

Warhol's preoccupation with Capote does not seem to have been cut short by Nina Capote's sudden dismissal, by his failure to establish personal intimacy with its object, nor did it pass with the Hugo Gallery exhibition. If he stopped writing notes and tracking him on the streets, Warhol nonetheless continued to track his career, attempting to attach himself to the success, status and physical appeal that Capote embodied for him.

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[40] See Bourdon, Warhol, 32-33. Bourdon notes that Capote and his "nettlesome mother" visited the Hugo exhibition "without encountering Warhol. Capote indicated to Mann that he thought the drawings suited his short stories, but he didn't offer to buy any of them. And neither did anybody else." The account is clearly based on his interview with Mann, but is not specifically cited. Regarding Warhol following Capote, Bourdon writes "When Capote did not respond [to his letters], Warhol took to hanging around the author's apartment building and stalking him on the street. A couple of Andy's friends once bumped into him as he loitered outside the Stork Club, and the visibly agitated artist told them he was waiting for Capote to come out." In Edie, Capote notes that the drawings sent to him by Warhol were based on his writings, "They certainly weren't like his later things. They were rather literal illustrations from stories of mine... at least that's what they were supposed to be..." (see Stein, Edie, 196-197). A letter from Marion Ives, a literary agent who knew Capote, one dated March 1, 1962, indicates that Warhol was writing "inane notes" to him even before the show, but had not yet met him. Ives suggests that he was rather preoccupied with the production of a play based on his novella, The Grass Harp, raising the question of whether Capote actually attended the exhibition or not. In the later note, dated June 26, 1952, Ives delivers her response to the exhibition. For more about the archival record, see the last section of chapter 2.

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Although the works from the Hugo Gallery show have never been identified, with a single possible exception (fig. 4), two subsequent groups of Capote-based works may be dated to ca. 1954-55. One is a group of idealized portraits, most them inscribed with Capote's name, the other a series of sketches based on the House of Flowers, a Broadway play that Capote adapted from an earlier short story. In addition, one of Warhol's golden shoe "portraits" from 1956 was dedicated to Capote. These works begin to testify to the durability and productivity of Warhol's infatuation, to his investment in maintaining a "relationship" with Capote, however one-sided, however fantasmatic. But more than this, they extend its trajectory across the 1950s, drawing out its implications for other bodies of work, ramifying it as an Ur-narrative that decisively informs the early work.

This study is organized in three parts. The first takes up the core problem of reconstructing what originally passed between Warhol and Capote and recovering the works that either represent Capote or are based on his writings. In so doing, it focuses upon the way identity is inscribed in portraiture, taking in the verbal as well as the visual, speech and writing as well as photography and drawing. "Raggedy Andy," the figure limned by Calvin Tomkins in 1970, is seen to be defining in the former context. It both installs the conventional portrait of Warhol as a cultural outsider, and encodes his homosexuality within a figure of dubious innocence, the knowing child.[41]

Chapter 1 foregrounds the relationship between photography and drawing that is continuously being negotiated in Warhol's work, and that parallels his relationship with Capote here. The photographs taken of him during this period, by friends such as Philip Pearlstein and George Klauber, and photographer-friends such as Otto Fenn, Duane

[41]Tomkins, "Raggedy Andy," in Coplans, Andy Warhol, 8-14.

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Michals and Edward Wallowitch not only chart his physical transformation. They show how Warhol "read" photography, using it to navigate his make-over, theatrically projecting his image, identifying himself with the erotic appeal and ambiguous gender of the young writer on the dust jacket of Other Voices, Other Rooms (fig. 2).

The visual relay that operates between Warhol and Capote draws these photographs and the early "portraits" that Warhol made of Capote into a lapidary sphere of intertextuality. The latter claim to represent him, to capture his likeness. But what the photographs rehearse on Warhol's body, the portraits enact on Capote's face, they disturb the fiction of transparency, transposing signifiers. They grant Warhol Capote's face.

Chapter 1 concludes by considering the agency of "face," utilizing Esther Newton's classic formulation of camp.[42] According to Newton, camp divides the body into opposing aspects, theatricalizing identity and desire.[43] This is examined in relation to a group of photographs by Otto Fenn and a group of drawings of men in partial drag, based

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[42] Esther Newton, Mother Camp: Female Impersonators in America, (Englewood Cliffs, New Jersey: Prentice-Hall) p. 100. See also Flatley, "Warhol Gives Good Face," in Pop Out, 101-132, for a somewhat different etiology of "face," but a very persuasive reading of the term in Warhol's portraits of the 1960s.

[43] See also Susan Sontag, "Notes on 'Camp," in Against Interpretation (New York: Farrar Strauss & Giroux, 1966, New York: Dell, A Delta Book, 1981), 275-292, which considerably precedes Newton's book. Sontag's essay originally appeared in the Partisan Review (October 1965), a point of origin that places her articulation of camp in a particular light. Sontag was reporting, provisionally through a series of notes, upon a contemporary phenomenon that neither she nor her readership in the intelligentsia was part of, but for which, she argued, the intelligentsia might feel a particular affinity. If camp was primarily a homosexual sensibility, as cultural outsiders, Sontag likened them to Jews. Sontag's analysis of camp, and the position of her argument, however, are not what interest me here, although her "Random examples of items which are part of the canon of Camp" in note 4 are cited in several instances my text (see chapter 4). Newton's more succinct formulation of camp in terms of theatricality, incongruity and humor has been much more useful to this study, especially to its first part. For two relatively recent anthologies that develop the discursive uses of camp, see David Bergman, ed., Camp Grounds: Style and Homosexuality (Amherst: University of Massachusetts Press, 1993), and Moe Meyer, ed., The Politics and Poetics of Camp (London: Routledge, 1994).

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on Fenn's contact sheets. Camp was instrumental to Warhol's make-over as it was to the way he drew. Drawing the camp queens, like drawing Capote, Warhol drew out himself.

Parsing the practice of Warhol's drawing further is the purpose of chapter 2, where it is considered relative to writing rather than photography. The function of inscription is looked at again from the perspective of the dedications and "signatures" appended to his drawings. There, his mother's handwriting summons the figure that he produced from the biographical tissue of Julia Warhola. Andy Warhol's Mother surfaces in photographs and drawings, trading public faces with Andy Warhol, interceding between him and Capote, inter-facing between Warhol and the world.[44]

This chapter also studies the indexicality of Warhol's blotted line at close range, tracking it through several stages of tracing and blotting in the Capote portraits. From a text by Derrida, the model of Freud's "Mystic Writing Pad" is proposed for the way Warhol draws Capote here, selectively reinscribing fragments of his image, writing repression into his blotted line.[45]

The freehand sketches that Warhol produced in response to the House of Flowers paradoxically represent the most realized sequence of works in which an iconic appropriation of Capote's writing may be seen. Here, he uses line as a form of notation, like shorthand. If these drawings initially seem to reveal little beyond the private play of desire in a solitary fan, nevertheless they visualize a key aspect of the theatricality of their

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[44] See Hilton Als, "Mother," in The Warhol Look: Glamour, Style, Fashion (Boston: Little, Brown and Company, A Bullfinch Press Book for The Andy Warhol Museum, 1997), 212-217, for a somewhat different reading of Julia Warhola and the significance of her role in her son's life.

[45] Jacques Derrida, "Freud and the Scene of Writing," Writing and Difference, trans. Alan Bass (Chicago: The University of Chicago, Press, 1978), 196-231.

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source, its almost all-Negro cast. Circumscribing shapes that are left blank or alternately colored in, Warhol's black marks on the whiteness of his drawing paper restage the "local color" of Capote's story and its short-lived musical production on the Great White Way.

Chapter 2 concludes by considering writing as an act. It brings forward examples of the kinds of postcards that Warhol sent to Capote, opening the "correspondence" that he summoned between them, and which in its various manifestations have been the focus of Part I. This part closes with a question that the second part will take up more fully. It considers how homosexuality might be inscribed in writing, specifically how it was written into Other Voices, Other Rooms.

Chapter 3 proposes estheticism as a signifier of deviance in Capote's writing. In my reading, this surfaces in Cousin Randolph's handwriting, in the early reception of Capote's novel, and becomes concentrated in Randolph's room. This room is the first in a sequence of decorated interiors that establish the visual coordinates for Part II. Studio and closet and studio, it is where Randolph produces and hides the Lady, his female alter ego. "Her" gradual disclosure to the novel's ephebic protagonist, Joel, parallels the epistemological structure of the closet. If Joel is an obvious counterpart for Capote, Randolph and the Lady manifest Capote's visualization of inversion, deforming the ephebe who appears on the dust jacket of Other Voices, Other Rooms, invoking another notorious picture, the portrait closeted in Dorian Gray's attic.

Chapter 4 is divided between Warhol and Capote. It uncovers André, the arty persona that Warhol minted for himself during his student years, which served both to cover and convey his embryonic homosexuality, much like the estheticism in Other Voices,

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Other Rooms. Capote appears next, personifying the culture of the young writer, photographed in a series of decorated interiors that conjure Randolph's room: a courtyard in New Orleans, Leo Lerman's New York apartment, Capote's Yaddo studio, and the Paris set of a Cocteau film. Extending the visual catalogue dominated by his dust jacket portrait, these interiors propose pastiche as another modality, like camp, that Warhol might have learned, even if he only looked at pictures, as he claimed, even if he never read a word.[46]

Pastiche and camp share intersecting terms, although the etiology of camp is distinctly homosexual. For Fredric Jameson, whose formulation I rely on here, pastiche is symptomatic of the postmodern condition of consumer capitalism; it is "like parody," like camp, but blank, "amputated of the satiric impulse," without camp's bite. Originating in music as a miscellany of borrowed pieces, pastiche elaborates on the principle of incongruity in camp. It iterates the primacy of the fragment, delights in its multiplication. Relative to camp, one might say that the mimicry of pastiche speaks with many voices, but shows only one face, what Jameson calls a "linguistic mask."[47]

Chapter 5 considers the way Warhol used pastiche as a means of staging himself ambiently in Part II's final sequence of interiors: at home with Julia, at the Factory, and in the windows of Bonwit Teller. The latter cross the divide between the 1950s and early 1960s, between Warhol's liminal status as "a window decorator type"[48] and his becoming

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[46] His statement, "I never read, I just look at pictures," seems to appear for the first time in 1968, cited among the other Warholisms gathered in a catalogue produced by the Moderna Museet, Stockholm. The evidence of Warhol's reading is taken up here at the beginning of chapter 6.

[47] Fredric Jameson, Postmodernism, 17. See also chapter 4.

[48] The phrase is Capote's; see Stein, Edie, 197.

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a painter. To make the paintings of early 1961, I show how Warhol would have positioned himself between the canvas and his source, moving within a space of projection, his body intercepting the image as he traced it directly in paint. The extraordinary physicality and immediacy of this process marks the entire body as an instrument of indexicality, mobilizing it through a field of identification and desire.

The indexicality and erotics of Warhol's early painting process seem to draw upon the modus operandi of an earlier group of projects in drawing-- the boy, cock and foot "books" of the late 1950s, which are examined in detail in Part III. In these works, the haptic trace of Warhol's continuous contour line drawing, an alternative to his blotted line, functions both as a register of the model's physical proximity and as a conduit of erotic pleasure. Between the later 1950s and early 1960s, the objects of desire may have shifted, from the fetishized body to the fetishized commodity and its signs, but not the impulse of intense desire that impels both bodies of work.

If the activation of pleasure in the field of drawing is the focus of Part III, this is structured along a divide that is both formal, between color and line (a distinction that Warhol himself scrupulously observed), and between subjects, between child and young man. Chapter 6, Yesterday's Children, takes its title from a book that Warhol owned, with drawings by Pavel Tchelitchew and a poem by Parker Tyler, and frames the particular character of the children who appear in Warhol's privately-printed books, particularly In the Bottom of My Garden. Not as children posed as adults, not as in Tchelitchew's drawings, but as infantilized adults, Warhol 's children channel the erotic through the infantile, marking pleasure through the use of color and the childish pastime of coloring.

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Chapter 7 articulates a division in gay identity between gender inversion and male-identified object choice.[49] The Young and Evil, a novel located in the homosexual bohemia of the late 1920s and early 1930s by Charles Henri Ford and Parker Tyler, is offered as a literary prototype of the former. Here, the incompatibility of lovers who are professed inverts is contrasted with In the Bottom of My Garden, which seems to offer the proposition that inverts may "come together"[50] only in the infant Imaginary.

Tomorrow's Man is a two-fold citation, the name of a physique magazine popular with gay men during the 1950s and the title of Trevor Fairbrother's essay about the visibility of homosexuality in Warhol's early work.[51] As an avatar of the male-identified homosexual, tomorrow's man makes his entrance in the person of Capote's arch-rival, Gore Vidal. In his contemporaneous novel, The City and the Pillar, Vidal professes to rebut Capote's "American novel of inversion."[52] Here, it is looked in tandem with the spectatorial field offered by physique magazines of the period, in which sexual desire is written on men's bodies and communicated connotatively between closeted men.

As a figure for the homoerotic subjects that Warhol produced during the period from 1956 to ca. 1961, tomorrow's man presides over the final chapter of my dissertation. It marks not only a passage in Warhol's gay identity, a shift from gender status to sexual object choice, but serves to reposition erotic pleasure within the field of drawing from

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[49] See Chauncey, Gay New York, especially chapter 2, "The Fairy as an Intermediate Sex," 47-63.

[50] See Bersani, Homos, 129. See chapter 7 for a fuller citation of Bersani's remarks and the mobilization of his term, "coming together."

[51] See Fairbrother "'Tomorrow's Man,'" in " Success Is A Job in New York . . ." , 54-74.

[52] See Vidal's preface to the 1995 Random House edition of The City and the Pillar, cited in chapter 7, n. 10.

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color to line. In the boy, cock and foot drawings, the rapt intensity of Warhol's desiring gaze is relayed through the medium of his line, indexically recording the trace of his hand over another's body, inscribing the physical pleasures of touch.

The shift in Part III from yesterday's children to tomorrow's man, from color to line, and from gender status to sexual object choice, is not intended to indicate a change-over on Warhol's part, but to map certain divisions and the parallels that prevail among them in the work of this time. If the boy, cock, and foot drawings did not ultimately resolve Warhol's anxieties with regard to his gendered status as "a window decorator type," they do negotiate the problem of coming together with other men, closing the circle of homosocial desire with which this dissertation began.

The subtitle of my dissertation, Between Andy Warhol and Truman Capote, is intended to signal that what passed between Warhol and Capote, what bound them and divided them, opens onto the questions of identity and desire that were most urgent for Warhol at this time, setting his artistic practice decisively in motion. In this light, his "peculiar obsession" with Capote, as Bourdon termed it,[53] is not normalized or made less peculiar, less traumatic. Here, it is viewed as both originary and constitutive, at the constant center of my readings of the various phases of Warhol's early work. To move between them is finally also to move between drawing, photography, painting and writing in their all variety, and I can only hope to have done so, not too literally, but attuned to the particularities of each.

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[53] Bourdon, Warhol, 37.

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PART I

BETWEEN WARHOL AND CAPOTE

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CHAPTER 1

BETWEEN PHOTOGRAPHY AND DRAWING

"Raggedy Andy": Inscribing Warhol's Homosexuality

After the 1950s, the lives and careers of Capote and Warhol do not cross paths again until November 28, 1966, when both were arguably at the height of their creative powers and professional statures. The occasion was Capote's Black and White Ball, given at the Plaza Hotel in honor of Katharine Graham, owner of the Washington Post, and which Warhol attended as the guest of Henry Geldzahler. The exclusively high caste gathering that Capote assembled at the Plaza is seemingly contrary to the kinds of social events in which Warhol figured centrally at this time, from the loft parties at his silver-colored studio, the Factory, during 1964-65, notorious for their mingling of high and low, to the discotheques and multimedia spectacles which he produced for the rock band, The Velvet Underground, billed as the Exploding Plastic Inevitable in 1966-67.

Thirty years later, Capote's Black and White Ball was eulogized in the magazine Vanity Fair as the "Last Great American Party. The Last Gasp!": a sort of ancien regime trembling grandly, if gaudily, at the precipice of a cultural revolution.[1] Putting Warhol together with Capote, one might begin to glimpse the spectacle from a somewhat different point of view: the imminent closure and dispersal of the early sixties' explosive plasma. In this light, the Black and White Ball figures as a bellwether of the increasingly polarized and commercialized social spaces of the 1970s, exemplified by such celebrity discotheques

[1] Amy Fine Collins, "A Night to Remember," Vanity Fair (July 1996): 120-139.

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as Studio 54. This was a milieu which Warhol and Capote both came to frequent, and in which they seemed to come together, at least according to certain severely limited terms. This is to say, social relations passed between them that were memorably documented in 1973, when Rolling Stone commissioned and published an interview with Capote, conducted and recorded by Warhol in Capote's apartment.[2]

Warhol's Rolling Stone interview with Capote makes plain how utterly unlike their respective attitudes to creative work were and probably always had been. During the interview, Capote observed:

> . . . but that's my whole theory about writing in general, or art in particular. I mean, if there's no mystery, for the artist to solve inside of his art, then there's no point in it. It's nothing. Then it's just mechanical, a mechanical process of repeating [my emphasis] and doing something that you know how to do just on a purely technical basis.[3]

Capote is pointed about never having taken notes or using a tape recorder during his interviews and documentary-based fiction, such as In Cold Blood (1966), internalizing his subjects instead. As his interlocutor, Warhol seems to do little more than record his words, rarely interrupting or interposing himself. As such, he performs according to the journalistic protocols of his own magazine, Interview, which was dedicated to just this sort of barely redacted conversation, a quintessentially Warholian practice. Such protocols were followed too in his tape recorded book, A. A Novel (1966), in his paintings and films of the 1960s, and even ratified in his collecting practices. In each discipline, Warhol may

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[2] "Sunday with Mister C. An Audio Documentary by Andy Warhol Starring Truman Capote," Rolling Stone (April 12, 1973): 28-48.

[3] Ibid.: 37.

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be seen hewing somewhat conspicuously to a principle of non-discrimination, a lapse in affect and criticality, in favor of an indexical relation to his subject.

Warhol's interview had been occasioned by a particular creative "problem," as he termed it, on Capote's part, the latter's inability or disinclination to write an article about the Rolling Stones that had been commissioned by the magazine. Capote's explanation of his esthetic in fact had been offered by way of explaining away his failure to produce. If he had looked, and looked vainly in the case of the Rolling Stones, for the mystery within his subjects, if he refused any taint of the mechanical or the repetitive in his reportage. Warhol, of course, was famous for just the opposite, for having said that he wished to be like a machine, for collapsing the rhetoric of creative interiority, for equating subjectivity and surface, for claiming, "If you want to know all about Andy Warhol, just look at the surface: of my paintings and films and me, and there I am. There's nothing behind it."[4] And if in 1973, Capote's esthetic had come to seem rather conventional and increasingly dated, Warhol's silences during the interview cleared the stage for him to declaim it at full force and at some length, unobtrusively recording a devastating audio portrait of the writer at the beginning of his professional decline.

Another portrait, this one visual, surfaces in one of the photographs accompanying the Rolling Stone interview, a framed line drawing centered on a table-top arrangement in Capote's apartment (fig. 5). The same drawing, not in situ, but reproduced

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[4] See G.R. Swenson, "What Is Pop Art?: Answers from 8 Painters, Part I," Art News 62 (November 1963), 26 for the source of the quote, "The reason I'm painting this way is that I want to be machine, and I feel that whatever I do and do machine-like is what I want to do." For the second reference, see Gretchen Berg, "Andy: My True Story," Los Angeles Free Press (March 17, 1967), 3; reprinted from East Village Other.

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more clearly may be seen in fig. 6. It shows a young man with a shock of long hair swept to the left, three fingers splayed across the temple and cheekbone of the right side of his face. It is inscribed "Truman Capote" at the lower left, and "Andy Warhol" at the lower right. Warhol's drawing of Capote, one of several just like it, shunts us back to the orbit of the early 1950s, and to a confession that Warhol managed to insert into the early moments of the interview: "I used to write to Truman every day-- for years-- until his mother told me to stop it."[5]

Capote's account of that time appears in a coda added by Jann Wenner, the editor of Rolling Stone,[6] but it was not until a decade later, two years before his death, that Capote offered it again, this time with the elaboration of a fully polished anecdote:

> It had to be in the late Forties, or perhaps 1950, but certainly it was when my mother was still alive. Anyway, I started getting these letters from somebody who called himself Andy Warhol. They were, you know, fan letters. I never answer fan letters. If you do, you find yourself in correspondence you don't want to have; or secondly, you find these strangers turning up on your doorstep; or thirdly, if you don't keep up with your letters to them after the first, they write hurt, vindictive letters wondering why you've stopped. But not answering these Warhol letters didn't seem to faze him at all. I became Andy's Shirley Temple. After a while I began getting letters every day! Until I became terrifically conscious of this person. Also he began sending along these drawings. They certainly weren't like his later things. They were rather literal illustrations from stories of mine . . . at least, that's what they were supposed to be. Not only that, but apparently Andy Warhol used to stand outside the building where I lived and hang around waiting to see me come in or go out of the building..
>
> One day my mother was visiting from Connecticut. She was sort of an alcoholic. Somehow or other my mother spoke to him out there on the street and she invited him upstairs to the apartment. I walked in later, and he was sitting there. He looked then exactly the way he looks now. He hasn't changed an iota! He had been having a conversation with my mother, who was a bit looped. So I sat down and talked to him. He told me all about himself and how he lived someplace with his mother and twenty-five cats. He seemed one of those hopeless people that

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[5] "Sunday with Mister C.," Rolling Stone: 29.

[6] Jann Wenner, "Coda. Another Round with Mister C.," Rolling Stone (April 12, 1973): 52.

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> you just know nothing's ever going to happen to. Just a hopeless, born loser. Anyway, it was friendly and pleasant, and then he left.
>
> He started calling me every day after that. He'd tell me what was happening to him, and his troubles, and about his mother and all those cats, and what he was doing. I didn't want to be un-nice or anything, so I sort of put up with it. Then one day when he called up my mother, she told him not to call any more. She was drunk at the time. Like all alcoholics, she had Jekyll-and-Hyde qualities, and although she was a basically sympathetic person and thought he was very sweet, she lit into him. So suddenly he stopped writing or calling me.[7]

Capote's recollections appeared in the context of Edie: An American Biography (1982), a montage of interviews conducted by Jean Stein and edited with George Plimpton, documenting the life of Edie Sedgwick, heiress and for about eight months in 1965, a Warhol Superstar. Capote's narrative faithfully recites several of the more conspicuous attributes that, at least since Calvin Tomkins' essay, "Raggedy Andy" appeared in 1970, have since become a staple of the Warhol literature-- the menage with mother and twenty-five cats, the relentless fandom.

Tomkins' text, a cluster of verbal impressions and anecdotes, might easily be taken for another of his essays in cultural reportage and portraiture that had appeared in The New Yorker since the mid-sixties. Unlike the other pieces with which it was later anthologized in The Scene: Reports on Post-Modern Art (1976), however, the Warhol portrait had been commissioned for a monograph accompanying his first retrospective, organized by John Coplans, and had never appeared in the magazine with whose style it was indelibly stamped.[8] The pages devoted to Warhol's early years and career during the 1950s, the first chronicle of them to date, emphasize the humbleness of his origins, his

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[7] Stein, Edie, 163-164.

[8] Tomkins, "Raggedy Andy," in Coplans, Andy Warhol, 8-14; idem, The Scene: Reports on Post-Modern Art (New York: The Viking Press, 1976): 35-53. Citations here are from the Coplans catalogue.

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innocence and shyness, a "raggediness" that Tomkins implies is subtended by a knowingness of another kind. Describing Warhol's illustrations, he writes:

> The childish hearts and flowers and the androgynous pink cherubs that he used were not quite what they seemed to be, there was a slight suggestiveness about them that people in the business recognized and approved. He could kid the product so subtly that he made the client feel witty.[9]

The trope of people, pictures or texts not being quite what they seem, the double life that Eve Kosofsky Sedgwick has termed "the open secret,"[10] without exactly outing Andy, epistemologically codes him gay, as do references to "the boys at Serendipity" and to "the kind of taste that had not yet been identified as camp."[11] In this light, Tomkins' back-to-back references to a letter from Warhol asking for Capote's permission to illustrate Other Voices, Other Rooms, that went unanswered, and to a plan to sell movie stars' underwear, washed for five dollars, unwashed for fifty, functions as more than a citation of fandom.[12] It doubles as an expression of deviant desires, that may be "kidded" but not named.

Although originally published in a monograph devoted exclusively to his sixties work, Tomkin's portrait paradoxically becomes less vivid as it traverses this period of Warhol's career. Somewhat perfunctorily, he retools fifties camp as Pop art's chilled-out "put-on," but the sources of Warhol's "uncanny intuition" appear to mystify Tomkins, and its "resonance" for the sixties terrifies him.[13] "Raggedy Andy" ends as it began, with

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[9] Ibid., 9.

[10] Sedgwick, Epistemology of the Closet, 22.

[11] Tomkins, "Raggedy Andy," in Coplans, Andy Warhol, 10.

[12] Ibid., 9.

[13] Ibid., 14.

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inserted verbal close-ups of Warhol's face, the countenance of an angelic fourteen year-old bracketed with the degraded visage of what he invokes as "the angel of death," but which might be better likened to the 1960s portrait version of Dorian Gray.[14]

The importance of Tomkins' text is prototypical as a species of blueprint for most subsequent narratives of Warhol during the 1950s. Its presiding image was, of course, Andy's knowing raggediness, an image which Capote, a decade later, appears to take up and etch as pitifully as possible. He remembers him, not entirely gratuitously, not purely out of spite, as "one of those hopeless people" to whom nothing will ever happen, as someone who lives off the reflected glory of others. When Warhol begins to become known for his own work and gather a following, Capote registers surprise, "I thought he was one of those people who are 'interested in the arts,' he sniffs. "As far as I knew, he was a window decorator . . . let's say a window-decorator type."[15]

As an artist and a homosexual, Capote was rigorously hierarchical. For him Warhol was doubly low-caste-- not really an artist, but arty, someone whose creativity inhabited a secondary subcultural tier, and not even a window decorator, but a "window-decorator-type," a homosexual with marginal status. He concludes:

> I think, looking back, that at a very early age he had decided what he wanted: fame-- that is, to be a famous person. His drive was simply that: fame was the name of the game . . . not really talent. Not art. Whereas with me I think it was the other way around: an intense preoccupation with an art form, which in turn led to fame. Mind you, I'm not saying that Andy Warhol doesn't have any talent, because

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[14] See Chapter 7, section 3, for a discussion of Oscar Wilde's The Picture of Dorian Gray in relation to Other Voices, Other Rooms. The death's head portrait that Tomkins evokes has become prototypical for representations of Warhol during the 1960s and later, much as "Raggedy Andy" has been for early Warhol. This was brilliantly parodied by Warhol himself in The Philosophy, 10, and may be said to be mirrored or internalized in his late self-portraits of 1985.

[15] Stein, Edie, 197.

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> obviously he has some; he has to. But I can't put my finger on exactly what it is that he's talented at, except that he's a genius as a self-publicist. [16]

Capote's account of Warhol is predicated upon lack, from lack of status right up to but not quite including lack of talent, drawbacks and deprivations for which he has him compensating by singlemindedly pursuing self-promotion and fame.

Capote's reading of Warhol, not coincidentally, buttresses the other oral histories that make up Edie. Recollections of Edie, interspersed with smiling, nostalgic photographs, detail her distinguished family, its tragedies and enormous wealth; they catalogue her fragile beauty and her break-through style, including the now-celebrated photograph of her in black tights en pointe as Vogue's "Youthquaker" of August 1965 (fig. 7). The subtitle, An American Biography, proposes that the story of Edie Sedgwick's rise and fall might be moralized, that she is somehow representative, if not of America itself, then of America's most celebrated contemporaneous figure. Before her downfall, Edie is cast as the very picture of everything Warhol would want to be, but could never become. Here is Capote on this account:

> I think Edie was something Andy would like to have been; he was transposing himself into her à la Pygmalion. Have you ever noticed a certain type of man who always wants to go along with his wife to pick out her clothes? I've always thought that's because he wants to wear them himself. Andy Warhol would like to have been Edie Sedgwick. He would like to have been a charming, well-born debutante from Boston. He would like to have been anybody except Andy Warhol.[17]

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[16] Ibid.

[17] Ibid., 183.

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In such a setting, Capote's revelations might be seen to appropriate Warhol's fascination with her as a compulsive repetition of his infatuation with an earlier "youthquaker" of 1948, namely himself.

Between the Warhol-Capote conversation and its coda recorded in Rolling Stone in 1973 and Capote's rendering of his early encounter with Warhol in Edie almost a decade later, another set of oral histories intervenes. They were undertaken during the fall of 1978 by Patrick Smith as part of his doctoral research. His dissertation was completed in 1982, the year Stein's Edie appeared. Two subsequent editions were published, a monograph with a selected group of interviews, Andy Warhol's Art and Films (1986), and an expanded edition of the interviews, Warhol: Conversations with the Artist (1988).[18] Although he never spoke with Capote, and his interviews with Warhol were singularly unrevealing, except insofar as they record a pattern of resistance on the latter's part and a refusal to engage with the thread of his interlocutor's discourse, Smith's books have the distinction of having been the first methodically to canvass Warhol's friends and colleagues from the 1950s; among other things, he diligently pursued the circumstances and hermeneutics of his infatuation with Capote.

Those "recollections" relating to Capote that Smith was able to garner from his interviews come mostly second-hand and quickly move into speculation. Beyond their evidentiary value, however-- and they do have some-- what begins to emerge is the way in which each has been transmitted, how the source of the testimony offered appears, more often than not, to have been Warhol himself. The history to which Smith's interviewees

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[18] For citations of all three works, see "Introduction," n. 9.

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may be said to collectively attest remains sketchy at best, better queried for fragments than the whole story. It represents less the record of what happened than how much it might have mattered, less as a yardstick of reliability than a measure of subjective disturbance. As Nathan Gluck, an acquaintance of Warhol's since 1951, his commercial art assistant between 1954-64, and an oft-quoted spokesman for this period of Warhol's work, put it, "I know that Andy wrote to him, and he never answered his letters, and Andy was very hurt. And then, later, he got to know him."[19] The terseness of Gluck's reply to Smith's inquiry about sums it up, but somewhat defensively represses any further enlightenment regarding either Warhol's motives, or how the experience might have incorporated what was constitutive as well as what was hurtful.

Considerations such as these begin to be formulated by Smith himself in a chapter entitled "Four Portraits."[20] Here, he juxtaposed four photographs: Steichen's famous portrait of Garbo, taken in 1926 (fig. 8), the portrait of Capote that had appeared on the original dust jacket of Other Voices, Other Rooms (fig. 2), and two early photographs of Warhol, one taken at the Carnegie Institute of Technology, by his classmate, Philip Pearlstein (fig. 9),[21] the other in New York City shortly after, taken by George Klauber, a former classmate (fig. 10). The point that begins to be emerge from Smith's imaginative synthesis of these images is that both Warhol's life and art need to be interpreted as

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[19] Smith, Art and Films, 321.

[20] Ibid., 1-12. See also Smith, "Art "In Extremis,'" 50-62. In the later book, "Four Portraits" appears as an introductory chapter; in his dissertation, it is the first section of the second chapter, "Warhol's Commercial and Illustrative Art."

[21] Smith, Art and Films, 6, fig. 3, incorrectly credits this photograph to George Klauber. Bourdon Warhol, 21, fig. 9, assigns the photograph to Pearlstein, noting that it derives from Klauber's collection.

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theatrical performances: as evidenced by the impersonations negotiated in these four portraits, Warhol's self-projection as "Capote-Garbo" was "an intense declaration of his self as these two personalities."[22] Smith embeds Warhol's multiple fascinations within a larger cycle of cultural worship, the objects of which are idolized not only for their celebrity but for their physical allure, showing that this species of fandom, and perhaps fandom itself, are impelled by the machinery of romantic love, by intense desire, identification and open declaration.

At the beginning of this chapter, Smith quotes from a passage in an early collection of Capote's non-fiction writing, Local Color (1950):

> When I was twelve I had a tiresome series of mishaps, and so stayed a good deal in bed, spending most of my time in the writing of a play that was to star the most beautiful woman in the world, which is how I described Miss Garbo in the letter accompanying my script, but neither play nor letter were ever acknowledged, and for a long time I bore a desperate grudge, one which was indeed not dispelled until the other night when, with an absolute turning over of the heart, I identified the woman in the adjoining [theater] seat.[23]

Indeed, here Capote is shown to be caught in the same sort of machinery as Warhol, and in thrall to the same fantasy object, Garbo, declaring himself in writing and offering the tribute of his writing, much as Warhol had written to him and sent him drawings. More strikingly to the student of Warhol, this excerpt from Capote's education sentimentale readily invokes another mirroring, accounts of which first appear in Tomkins' "Raggedy Andy," are re-told by Warhol himself in The Philosophy of Andy Warhol (From A to B

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[22] Ibid., 7. The hybrid type of "Capote-Garbo" that Smith evokes in this passage has been enormously suggestive for me in the subsequent section of this chapter, when I take up portraiture, specifically Warhol's portraits of Capote as another hybrid, I refer to as "Warhol-Capote."

[23] Ibid., 3.

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and Back Again) (1975), and reappear in the widely-circulated Warhol biographies by Victor Bockris and Bob Colacello that appeared posthumously.[24] According to them, according to Warhol:

> I had had three nervous breakdowns when I was child, spaced a year apart. One when I was eight, one at nine, and one at ten. The attacks-- St. Vitus Dance-- always started on the first day of summer vacation. I don't know what this meant. I would spend all summer listening to the radio and lying in bed with my Charlie McCarthy doll and my un-cut-out cut-out paper dolls all over the spread and under the pillow.
>
> My father was away a lot on business trips to the coal mines, so I never saw him very much. My mother would read to me in her thick Czechoslovakian accent as best she could and I would always say "Thanks, Mom," after she finished with Dick Tracy, even if I hadn't understood a word. She'd give me a Hershey Bar every time I finished a page in my coloring book.[25]

To this narrative of childhood, Bockris adds a crucial elaboration, Warhol's adoration of Shirley Temple, which he dates to 1936, the year of Temple's Poor Little Rich Girl and of one of Warhol's "nervous breakdowns."[26] This is corroborated by a tinted sepia photograph of the child star dedicated "To Andrew Warhola From Shirley Temple" (fig. 11). It was found in the Warhol archive, but dated by them to 1941, when Warhol would have been thirteen or fourteen, and already in high school.[27] If Capote's Garbo-

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[24] Bob Colacello, Holy Terror: Andy Warhol Close Up (New York: Harper Collins, 1990) and Victor Bockris, The Life and Death of Andy Warhol (New York: Bantam Books 1989; enl. ed. London: Frederick Muller, 1989). Generally the English edition of Bockris is cited here, but the edition is given as either London or New York, each time it is cited.

[25] Warhol, The Philosophy, 21-22. See also Bockris, Warhol (London), 37-40.

[26] Bockris, Warhol, (London), 41.

[27] The notation, "Warhol archive," refers to the photographs, papers and other materials that Warhol retained in great quantity, and which after his death mostly passed to the Andy Warhol Museum in Pittsburgh. Some archival materials, such as both figs. 11 and 12, are still held by the Andy Warhol Foundation for the Visual Arts, Inc. Since much of the latter will be donated to the museum in Pittsburgh, the general designation, Warhol archive, is used here, without attempting to identity their location more specifically.

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worship at age twelve seems somewhat more cultivated and precocious by contrast, Warhol's fan letters to Shirley Temple, and the autographed picture in return, tend to normalize the scene of his infatuation with Capote. As Capote himself put it, "I became Andy's Shirley Temple."

Bockris, however, had something more in mind, an effect similar to what Smith observed operating among the four portraits he had selected. Not only were Warhol and Shirley Temple close in age, but according to him, Warhol emulated the child star's stock gestures all his life: "folding his hands as if in prayer and placing them next to his cheek, or twisting them together and holding them out to the right just below his waist. He dreamed about learning to tap-dance."[28] For Warhol, Shirley Temple prefigures Capote-Garbo, as a site of personal identification and physical enactment.

The parallelism that obtains between Capote's infatuation with Garbo, and Warhol's with Shirley Temple, locates both in childhood narratives, suggesting how rhetorical certain tropes have become: the child-artist as mama's boy, and the child-bed as a zone of safety, of simultaneous withdrawal and release into a world of fantasy-fulfillment and creativity. A notable forebear, Marcel Proust's child-narrator in Swann's Way, nightly awaiting his dear maman's kiss, suggests the degree to which the trope of the mama's boy might be situated within the cultural milieu of Symbolism, at an historical moment when the figure of the artist had become increasingly affiliated with images of introversion and inversion, and at an interval when, following Foucault, homosexuality was being constituted, beyond certain acts, as a distinct identity, a way of life.[29] That such a network

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[28] Bockris, Warhol (London), 41.

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of associations between estheticism, introversion and inversion might still obtain at mid-century is demonstrated in chapter 7, where it is taken up in relation to Capote's novel, Other Voices, Other Rooms.

In the narrative of Warhol's childhood, the mother's kiss has been displaced onto treats of Hershey bars, when he has finished coloring, when he has been creative, when he has been good. An economy between creativity and pleasure is established in this passage that will become decisive for Warhol, and with it a field of dispensations and problems that will be constantly identified with the gender status of femininity. Not surprisingly, sweets become a leitmotif in Warhol's autobiographic imagination, transmuting into pimples, another Warholian obsession, another problem, "If someone asked me 'What's your problem?' I'd have to say, 'Skin.'"[30] For Eve Kosofsky Sedgwick, Warhol's obsession with pimples might be likened to a blush that colors his "whiteness," staining his famous pallor and notorious blankness, marking him with embarrassment and shame.[31] Indeed, the mama's boy is forever marked, and although by no means is he exclusively coded gay--see, for example, Call it Sleep, Henry Roth's chronicle of a Jewish boy's "awakening" on the Lower East Side -- the sissified boy remains unequivocally a deviant model, written into the opening chapters of any number of narratives of male creativity in the modern

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[29] Michel Foucault, The History of Sexuality. Volume I: An Introduction, Robert Hurley trans. (Paris: Gallimard, 1976; New York: Random House, 1978, Vintage Books, 1990), 43: "Homosexuality appeared as one of the forms of sexuality when it was transposed from the practice of sodomy onto a kind of interior adrogyny, a hermaphroditism of the soul. The sodomite had been a temporary aberration; the homosexual was now a species."

[30] Warhol, The Philosophy, 8.

[31] Eve Kosofsky Sedgwick, "Queer Performativity: Warhol's Shyness/ Warhol's Whiteness," in Doyle, Flatley and Munoz, eds., Pop Out, 134-143. For a variant reading of color relative to Warhol's whiteness, see chapter 10.

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period. Above all, it would seem that he is a figure particular to literary forms, more at home in romance than in pictures.

The sissy is so inscribed, so well-rehearsed a type, that in "Four Portraits" Patrick Smith easily navigates from Local Color to another passage by Capote, the introduction of the boy-protagonist of Other Voices, Other Rooms, Joel Harrison Knox:

> He was too pretty, too delicate and fair-skinned; each of his features was shaped with a sensitive accuracy, and a girlish tenderness softened his eyes, which were brown and very large. His brown hair cut short, was streaked with pure yellow strands. A kind of tired, imploring expression masked his thin face, and there was an unyouthful sag about his shoulders.[32]

This is a verbal description that might as readily have been attached to Capote himself, especially as he appeared in 1948, in the photograph of him that was printed on the rear dust jacket of his novel (fig. 2). Smith incorrectly credits it to Henri Cartier-Bresson[33]-- the photographer was Henry Halma-- and reproduces it as the second of his four portraits. Although this may have been the first time that it was reproduced since 1948, the Capote portrait from Other Voices, Other Rooms had long since become famous, and Smith's description of it begins to tell us why:

> . . . lying on a couch, Capote's small, compact body-- dressed in an informal elegance (white shirt, bow tie, plaid vest, dark pants)-- turns directly toward the viewer; short-cropped brown hair worn in bangs, large gazing eyes, soft and fair skinned flesh, slightly parted lips, open hands resting on his thigh and just above his belt, characterize his pose.[34]

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[32] Truman Capote, Other Voices, Other Rooms (New York: Random House, 1948; Vintage International Books, 1994), 4; quoted in Smith, Art and Films, p. 3.

[33] Smith is confusing this with another photograph of Capote that Cartier-Bresson made in New Orleans in the summer of 1946, when both were on assignment for a travel article for Harper's Bazaar, see fig. 102.

[34] Smith, Art and Films, 4.

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Rather than blandly characterizing a pose, Smith's scrutiny of Capote's portrait rather warmly catalogues a seduction that goes well beyond the obvious characteristics of the recumbent pose and come-hither gaze, detailing Capote's body, his clothes, hair, flesh, lips and hands. In the third and fourth portraits-- now of Warhol (figs. 9 and 10)-- Smith charts how the style in which he wears his hair shifts from pompadour to Capote-like bangs. Warhol's impersonation, Smith seems to suggest, fuses identification and sexual attraction, rendering Capote as both model and object of a voyeuristically-delimited desire.

Smith's work on Warhol, especially as it is positioned in "Four Portraits," prefatory to the monograph of 1986, appears to be much informed by an earlier reading by Stephen Koch, whose Stargazer: The Life, World and Films of Andy Warhol appeared in 1973, the same year as the Warhol-Capote interview in Rolling Stone. Concentrating on Warhol's films, Koch identifies them as both projections of their maker's desires and a function of his distance. In the latter context, he variously invokes the pornographic imagination and the figures of Baudelaire and Duchamp, the latter to locate Warhol's voyeurism outside himself in terms of the historical construct of the dandy.[35] Interviewed by Smith as part of his doctoral field work, Koch offers up the episode of Warhol's fan letters to Capote, and speculates:

> Why would anyone do such a thing? . . . It was a moment when Truman Capote was extremely visible in a way that Andy probably admired and was very interested in, and the fact that he was also, from Andy's perspective, a very cultivated figure. That is to say, a major homosexual, literary figure, who was, at the same time, glamorous in a sense that absorbed Warhol. I would think he would try to make that connection as soon as possible.[36]

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[35] For Koch on Warhol's pornographic imagination, see "Introduction."

[36] Smith, Art and Films, 318.

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Koch suggests that Capote was not the direct object of Warhol's desire, but its medium, the connective network through which imbricated codes of visibility and glamor, creativity and homosexuality might be communicated, cultivated and claimed as his own, through which Warhol's homosexuality might be made visible and made over as glamorous.

Two photographs, reproduced in the chronology of Warhol's Museum of Modern Art retrospective catalogue in 1989 (fig. 12), fix the Capote episode in what we might characterize as its institutional state and final terms, integrated into the artist's official chronology two years after his death. This time the now-familiar dust jacket photograph of Capote has been paired with another early photograph of Warhol, dated ca. 1949. The photograph, taken by Duane Michals, was actually made in 1958,[37] well after the years 1948-49 designated by the entry, which reads as follows:

> Becomes infatuated with Truman Capote after seeing the author's photograph on the book jacket of Capote's novel Other Voices, Other Rooms. . . Some time after moving to New York, Warhol sends a series of letters and makes a number of phone calls to the writer, ceasing only when Capote's mother asks him to stop.[38]

The entry's condensed text and juxtaposition of images tend to short-circuit the more complex sets of connective relays that had emerged from Koch's comments and operated among Smith's four photographs, collapsing the orbit of Warhol's fascination with Capote into an infatuation with a single picture. A closer examination of both photographs, however, shows how the doubled function of identification and attraction moves from

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[37] For Michals contact sheet with this exposure, see fig. 51. In conversation with the author, Michals affirmed that these photographs were made in 1958, when he was teaching himself photography.

[38] Marjorie Nathanson, "Chronology" in Kynaston McShine ed., A Retrospective, 403.

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subject to object through mediating signifiers, which interpolate displays of creative and sexual affiliation.

In both pictures, the figures are tightly cropped, head and upper torsos filling the frame. Warhol's figure sprawls from the left, across what appears to be a bed littered with drawings, one hand extended to the right foreground. In the other photograph, Capote's body is arranged from right to left, parallel to the picture plane, his right hand dangling above the area of the genitals at the lower left. The fact that Warhol's pose more or less reverses Capote's thematizes their mirroring, a complementarity in which Warhol appears to reach out to Capote, who signals to him with his gaze, transforming the auto-eroticism of his pose into an erotic interplay between men.

In both photographs, Capote and Warhol offer similar shows of horizontality and a somewhat literal limp-wristedness to signify their deviation from the conventional markers of masculinity and male desire. Michal's photograph further alludes to the rumpled child-bed of creativity, as if citing Warhol's childhood tale. The vertical layering of both images, with Warhol on the bottom, makes Capote the dominant figure. More strikingly, it stages a fantasmatic scenario in which Warhol appears to be dreaming of Capote, summoning a vision of an alluring young man reclining on a sofa. Capote's head, propped against the sofa, mounted on a checkered vest, is surrounded by a halo of light so that it fluoresces in the foreground. The face of Warhol, the dreamer, on the contrary, hovers in the background of the frame, the darkest value in a zone of white light.

The two photographs in the Museum of Modern Art's catalogue, their vicinity and relative placement, are intended to offer visual ratification of Warhol's infatuation and his

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identification with Capote, even after the documented period of his desire. They also invite the further speculation that, metaphorically at least, he dreamed him up, that if Capote didn't exist, Warhol would have had to invent him. Duane Michal's photograph, by incorporating traces of Warhol's creativity, sheets of paper, presumably drawings, scattered in the foreground over the sheets of his bed, interposes Warhol's art between him, his outstretched hand and the objects of his gaze. It positions Warhol's art as the medium of his desire. Alternately, surmounted by the Capote picture, Michals' photograph positions Capote, appropriated as a fantasmatic image, as the medium of Warhol's mimesis in which his art, rather than Capote, becomes the ultimate object. For Warhol-- or at least as we see him here under the conditions of photographic representation-- we might offer the following proposition, that medium and object seem to work in relay, switching functions, oscillating between one another.

In contrast to Warhol, reference to Capote's creativity-- the writer's art-- is attenuated in his picture, seemingly subsumed by the demands of his pose (fig. 2). No sheets of manuscript clutter this fastidiously arranged mise-en-scène. At the lower left, however, a small, slender dark object may be observed, poised between the index and middle fingers of his left hand. It is so oriented that it addresses Capote's dangling right hand and the genital area it cups, framing an erogenous zone that splits the picture's focus upon the gaze. Pen or cigarette, it is a delicate stylus, that mimes the genitals and mocks the phallus.

For the writer Hilton Als, Capote's photograph on the dust jacket of Other Voices, Other Rooms shows him not so much as a writer, but as "a woman author":

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> The photograph, which also shows Capote as an American woman author of style (the vest as opposed to a jacket, his translucent, flat fingernails, the watered or greased hair flattening the top of his head with the light hitting it just so, his eyebrows plucked or raised in mild astonishment, something to be fucked somehow) was too much for one or two of his peers who did not have the will to deconstruct their bodies as language.[39]

Capote is so artfully groomed, so sexily soigné, Als seems to say, that he resembles a courtesan as much as "a woman of style." Cultivating the raw material of his body, Capote publicly shows himself as a woman and an author. The latter category is not only a factor of the picture's context on a book jacket, but derives most importantly from the way Capote uses his body "as language." Such cultivation, Als argues, follows from another, "his appropriation of the style, syntax, and voice [the language] of women authors generally perceived as maiden aunts (Eudora Welty) or maiden-aunts-in-code (lesbian Carson McCullers)-- women with careers less powerful than Capote's would eventually be, . . . "[40]

Cultivating Capote, Warhol was learning to do through Capote what Capote in one sense had already learned and done: not to be a woman author but a homosexual artist, although it might be said that one appears to be learned through the other. In Capote's photograph, he could study how the body might be used as language, how it might be composed and one's sexuality written on it. Capote's photograph offered a way of being in one's body, and for Warhol in particular, I would propose, a way of drawing bodies in which the syntax, style and "voice" were unequivocally other, visibly sissy. By

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[39] Als, "The Women" Grand Street: 96.

[40] Ibid.: 100

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this I mean that the inscription of Capote's homosexuality was always coded in terms of his defiant effeminacy, his break with normative styles of masculine deportment. In this context, it is worth adding that it was Hilton Als who, in referring to Warhol's work of the 1950s in another context, affectionately dubbed it "sissy art;"[41] and it is Als who, through Capote, offers a way into an analytic study of Warhol's work.

Capote-Warhol: Drawing Capote, Indexing Warhol's Make-Over

To go back to the Capote-Warhol interview in Rolling Stone in 1973, or more specifically to one of the photographs accompanying that interview (fig. 5), which shows a line drawing of a young man's face, framed and resting on a table in Capote's apartment, is to revisit the scene of Warhol's infatuation. It is to be drawn back to that period between 1948-52 when it ostensibly took hold, but not too directly, not without certain critical divigations and historical accretions.

The photograph that appears in Rolling Stone is uncredited. One would like to think that it had been reproduced from a Warhol photograph, taken perhaps with the SX - 70 or automatic focus, "point and shoot" camera that, with his tape recorder, accompanied him on his social forays during this time. In that event, the indexicality of the interview would be doubled, with visual traces punctuating its verbal registration, functioning like the punctum that Roland Barthes sited in photographs alone, the detail that both ruptures and rivets the representation.[42]

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[41] Hilton Als, exhibition review, Robert Miller Gallery, New York, Artforum 28 (March 1990): 155.

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If the photograph in Rolling Stone was not taken by Warhol-- and this seems likely-- [43] the drawing located within it is not in question. Not only is it unquestionably from Warhol's hand, it may stand in for the photographic function here, its punctum. I am proposing that we view it as having been "taken" by Warhol, not insofar as it graphically records Capote's appearance, rendering him iconically, but because of its indexicality, because it registers a physical trace, because it "captures" a moment.[44]

In the Rolling Stone interview, neither Capote nor Warhol commented directly on the drawing, but later in Edie, Capote recalled an encounter with Warhol on the street, presumably well after the 1950s, and in which Warhol had seemed to him transfigured from the abject and pitiable aspect of "his previous incarnation," as he put it, surrounded now by an entourage of hangers-on. "Then," Capote continues, "he started sending me pictures again [my emphasis], including a portrait of me that if you look at you can tell I didn't sit for him."[45] The distancing on Capote's part is two-fold. First, he undermines the

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[42] See Roland Barthes, Camera Lucida: Reflections on Photography, trans. Richard Howard (New York: Farrar, Straus and Giroux, The Noonday Press, 1981), 18; originally published as La Chambre Claire (Paris: Editions du Seuil, 1980).

[43] According to Sally King-Nero, photography curator at the Andy Warhol Foundation, New York, during the early 1960s, Warhol owned and very casually employed an early black and white Polaroid camera. In 1963, he acquired a 35 mm Pentax camera, but this was given to a studio assistant, Billy Linich, aka Billy Name, who used it to document activities at the Factory studio. The Polaroid "Big Shot" camera with its fixed focal length and ability to make color prints was first produced in 1971. Warhol seems to have used it to make his portraits as early as 1972-73. Long after the camera was in production, Warhol continued to use it for his portraits, going so far as to collect old, working models second-hand. Ca. 1973-74, for what might be termed his social photography, Warhol used an SX-70 Polaroid, that used color film and was equipped with an automatic focus. After 1975, Warhol began to use a 35 mm automatic focus, "point and shoot" camera to make the kinds of black and white pictures that figure in his books, such as Exposures (1979) and America (1986). Both the SX-70 in color and the 35 mm in black and white, however, post-date the photograph in Rolling Stone.

[44] On the indexicality of photography, see Barthes, Camera Lucida, n. 42. On indexicality, see Rosalind E. Krauss, "Notes on the Index: Part I" and "Notes on the Index: Part II," in The Originality of the Avant-Garde and Other Modernist Myths, Cambridge, MA: The MIT Press, 1986): 196-220, especially her discussion in note 12 of Duchamp's self-portrait, With Tongue In My Cheek, p. 206.

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drawing's legitimacy as a portrait, claiming that it was unasked for by its subject, an unauthorized representation. Second, he misses no opportunity to disparage Warhol's talent, critiquing the drawing's likeness, its manifest lack of verisimilitude. He has it framed and displays it, nevertheless, not on the wall but on a table together with memorabilia such as photographs of his mother. There it reposes like a paradox, registering a moment that both did and did not happen, an encounter that did and did not matter. At least in Capote's terms.

Whatever his public scorn, Capote's personal vanity was also flattered by the tribute of Warhol's furtive portrait, a flattery made both sweeter and more bitter by its gifting years after, when Capote visibly was no longer the same young man; but then neither was Warhol. And what are we to make of this tribute on Warhol's part in the aftermath of a chance encounter, but when supposedly he was no longer in thrall, when he now had followers of his own? If we are to accept Capote's account at face value, the drawing probably would have been "sent" to Capote sometime during the period ca. 1964-72. Was Warhol still trying to curry favor with him, being "bitchy," a little of both? Perhaps he couldn't help himself. Consider his off-the-cuff confession in Rolling Stone, offered relative to a discussion of the fan letters he was receiving from Lance Loud, the teenage son in The American Family, a television documentary turned psycho-drama. "I used to write to Truman every day-- for years-- until his mother told me to stop it," he divulges, "Remember?"[46] Warhol's injunction to memory comes, then, not without context but without invitation, revisiting the scene of the past unbidden, drawing it into

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[45] Stein, Edie, 197.

[46] "Sunday with Mister C.," Rolling Stone: 29

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the orbit of the present. It resurfaces in his memory, not necessarily compulsively but compellingly, as something that unequivocally happened, something that mattered to him very much.

The caption for the photograph in Rolling Stone reads, "Portrait of Truman Capote by Andy Warhol," collapsing both the context and contents of the photograph into the drawing, distilling the subject and author of the interview into a single figure. Likewise the drawing carries a double inscription, "Truman Capote" at the lower left and "Andy Warhol" at the lower right, mirrored by the terms of the caption, mirroring the interview en abyme. Between Capote's name, the invocation of his identity, and Warhol's signature, the inscription of his, both written by the same hand, the likeness of a young man's face rises up. It fills the space between the writing, taking on the mediating function that the preposition, "by," had performed in the caption. It negotiates an unlikely likeness, unlikely because not dedicated to its ostensible subject, Capote; it broaches another resemblance, one that, in the drawing at any rate, moves between him and its author, Warhol.

As a hybrid, a portrait of Capote-Warhol as it were, the drawing tips its doubled hand not only in the inscription but in the representation, a play of signifiers whose crossings reveal themselves, at least initially, across a divide, a cleaving between left and right, between the two sides of the drawing. On the right, three fingers of the subject's left hand unfold: pinkie and fourth finger framing a surround for the almond-shape of the portrait's single eye, the middle finger reposing against and establishing the otherwise unarticulated left temple, the whole supported by the silhouette of the upturned palm, anchored in Warhol's cramped signature at the bottom. On the left, a handful of single

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lines unbend and curve, cascading to the subject's nostrils and the inverted Cupid's bow of his lips, floating above the larger, more florid calligraphy of Capote's name. If the right side of the drawing clearly connects to Warhol's authorship, its references to hand and eye secured by his signature, the left, presided over by the flowing hair-- the very image of sexuality's release at least since fin de siècle representation-- if it doesn't signal Capote directly, and his much emulated fringe of blond hair, then it summons him obliquely as an object of desire.

On the right, the hand brings Warhol into the drawing, not only by referring to his authorship but by invoking his physical presence. Turning back to the photograph of him by Philip Pearlstein that Patrick Smith published in "Four Photographs" (fig. 9), one can't help but remark upon the way in which Warhol's hands do all the work of the pose. Pearlstein's photograph seemingly registers his classmate candidly-- Warhol raises his face from the book opened before him, addressing the camera, his gaze occluded by spectacles. But it is hardly "candid" at all. Rather, one is struck by how "studiously" Warhol has assembled himself before the camera, how his body is dedicated to a single gesture: the ringed left hand dangles in mid-air, index finger extended, the others loosely draped from the wrist, suspended from the right hand which clutches it. The left hand becomes the body's farthest extension, separated from it, virtually disembodied, marked by the ring. It signifies the termination of the pose, its point, its goal.

The degree to which Warhol could appreciate his pose, to which he understood the effect of his gesture, corresponds to his ability to "read" photographs. This is demonstrated by another photograph (fig. 13), in which the hand alone fills the frame. One

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might be tempted to think of it as a detail, rather than a replay that extends the logic of the other pose, except for certain discrepancies. Now the proffered hand is the right, ringless, the left hand supports it, and while that is identifiably Warhol in the "background," behind his hands, the spectacles are gone. The photograph is unidentified, but based on another found with it in the Warhol archive (fig. 14), it was likely taken some years later by Warhol's friend, the photographer, Edward Wallowitch in 1958.[47] The other photograph revisits Capote's on the dust jacket of Other Voices, Other Rooms more distantly, showing Warhol pensively draped against the limb of tree. The photographs may have been taken by Pearlstein and Wallowitch, but Warhol gives all three their articulation. In fig. 13, he arguably goes so far as to extract the crucial gesture from an image made ten years before, and to recapitulate it in monumental form. Warhol's hands come to represent him, and in representing him they call attention to themselves.

Men's hands may be comfortably identified with instruments, acceptably represented as agents of work, mediums of facture. In the photographs by Pearlstein and Wallowitch, and in the drawing belonging to Capote, however, men's hands function transgressively. Virtually disembodied and utterly self-referential, they allude more to posing than to drawing, they become objects, in part. In the Capote-Warhol drawing, this has the effect of suggesting a certain crossing-over from the fingers to the hair and back again, oscillating between both sides of the drawing. Articulated decoratively rather than instrumentally, the fingers become pure arabesque; functioning like the hair. In its turn, the

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[47] The 1958 date and attribution to Wallowitch is supported by another photograph, fig. 21, inscribed in pencil on the back with a negative number that corresponds to the system used by Wallowitch and indicating a 1958 date. Not only is Warhol's attire, hair and overall appearance the same among these photographs, fig. 21 may be identified on a contact sheet, stamped with Wallowitch's name and address.

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undulations of the hair come to seem domesticated by the hand, its free flow disciplined by Warhol's manual line. The thatch of hair that lies beyond the fingertips breaks down into little dots and dashes, ink blots of varying clarity and liquidity, while alternately these Warholian marks cohere into a figure that might be broadly characterized as Capote-esque.

The hand—or rather its signifying powers as pure gesture—is the subject of another drawing, inscribed "trumans hand" beneath the palm (fig. 15). The inscription feigns an intimacy with its subject that Capote himself felt compelled to maintain was not actual, admonishing that the ruse was obvious, if you looked at the pictures, if you looked at the portrait that Warhol sent, "you can tell," Capote asserted, "That I didn't sit for him." But if not Capote, who then?

Solitary and suspended over the bare ground of the paper, the hand now comes to represent the entire focus of Warhol's attention and, to all appearances, the undisputed object of a special address, his fascination. Detached from the rest of Capote's portrait—the head, the hair—Truman's hand also serves literally as a disembodied signifier, synecdoche and fragment, it stands in for him and, alternately, stands for the idea that he—Capote—is not an integral entity so much as field of pieces, a head, a hand, a thatch of hair, which may be detached and to which Warhol might attach himself at will. The latter especially seems to be the case if we compare the silhouette of the hand in this drawing with Warhol's hand in Pearlstein's photograph (fig. 9). It is clearly the same hand. Warhol has simply transposed it from the photograph to the drawing, re-inscribing it, giving his hand to Capote, becoming him. Twice-referenced through the photograph

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and its transposition, Warhol thus becomes subject to a double erasure in the drawing, first as a physical body, and then as a subject himself. Or to reverse the terms, appropriating the category designated as "Truman's hand," Warhol has made it his own.

Surely Warhol's gesture resembles nothing so concrete as a similar gesture on Capote's part, nothing so specific as the configuration of Capote's right hand and fingers as they appear on the dust jacket of Other Voices Other Rooms, resting on his thigh, slyly indicating the region of the genitals, although they do evoke each other a little. Looking at the drawing one more time, it seems to me that Warhol's gesture sums up a larger figure, the famous pose of which Capote's gesture was a part, and which the latter represented metonymically. Although it came first, Capote's odalisque registers like an after-image of the drawing, of the arabesque of Warhol's hand, its recumbent status, its pattern of draped curves. Much as the inscription, "trumans hand," reassigns what had belonged to Warhol to Capote, so the detail of the hand now plagiarizes Capote's dust jacket pose, signaling his body, authenticating him as the drawing's fantasmatic subject.

Warhol's hand from Pearlstein's photograph reappears in another drawing, superimposed over a portrait head (fig. 16). The head, drawn in profile, faces right; the hand extends left across the face, its pinkie spread, pivoted towards the mouth where the previous work had been inscribed with Capote's name. This drawing has no inscription, but attributes such as the sweep of hair suggest that it be ascribed to Capote, and gestures such as the way the hand has been draped in relation to the face, parroting the fall of the hair. They do not simply impersonate Capote, but personify a hybrid type, which we can designate as Capote-Warhol.

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Insofar as they are identifiably "his," Warhol's hands secure the hybrid condition of both figures in iconic and indexical terms, making them adhere to a concrete original, that has been photographically registered, copied free-hand and transposed into the field of drawing, and shifted as a signifier Capote-wards. This mobility and the gestural fluidity of his hands promote a chameleon-like performativity, so that the hands and the original they represent, Warhol himself, begin to appear noticeably changed even from one photograph to the next.

Just such a discrepancy between altered states is registered by two photographs of Warhol that reiterate the same pose, the hands covering the face, the verticals of the fingers masking his features, veiling his look. One was taken by Duane Michals in 1958 (fig. 17), the other by Otto Fenn, ca. 1952-54 (fig. 18). Fenn's picture, which Warhol used, at least in one instance, as a Christmas greeting to friends, also served as the source for a rather literal free-hand transcription in drawing (fig. 19). Between Fenn's photograph and its analogue taken by Michals in 1958, Warhol's appearance seems to have undergone a sort of make-over that appears to have occurred post-Capote, i.e., well after the documented episode of Warhol's infatuation. Like the decade-later recapitulation of Warhol's hand from Pearlstein to Wallowitch (figs. 9 and 13), the repetition here suggests the degree to which Warhol studied himself, presiding as the author of his gestures and poses in photographs. Their differences suggest how he acted as the architect of his appearance, inscribing a personal transformation onto his body. Between 1952-54 and 1958, even his fingers appear utterly changed; the stubby fingers and stained nails of the prior image show themselves six years later as longer, more elegant extensions.

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Returning to the Pearlstein photograph of 1948, we can see how the spectacles remain in 1952-54; the pompadour of his student years, however, is gone, ceding to a loss of hair, much remarked upon in interviews with his friends of the time. In Fenn's photograph, he has combed the strands of his hair forward over his receding hair line on the left, and across his forehead so that it accumulates in a wave and terminates in a cowlick on the right. Another photograph from this period (fig. 20), pairs Warhol's image with its cosmetic alteration, penciled lines trimming his bulbous nose, extending his receding hair, which now sweeps to the left, much the way it would look in 1958 when Michals photographed him. By the time of Michal's pictures, he had already undergone corrective surgery on his nose, probably in 1955/56, and his thinning hair been covered by a wig, swept to the left, somewhere between the cascade of hair in the first Capote-Warhol drawing, and the bangs in Capote's photograph.

Warhol's make-over, then, was actual, involving the intervention of wigs and cosmetic surgery on his nose. [48] His friend Charles Lisanby, who introduced him to the surgeon, recalled, "He had a strange feeling that he looked like Truman Capote." [49] From the archness of Lisanby's emphasis, it is clear that he thought the notion was farcical. According to another friend of the period, Fritzie Wood:

> Andy said . . . [that] he had taken to going up to the Plaza Hotel and sitting underneath the palm trees because he was mistaken for Truman Capote and that gave him great joy, to sit there and be mistaken for him.[50]

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[48] According to his friend Alfred Carlton Walters, Warhol acquired his first hairpiece ca. 1955. See interview with Walters in Smith "Art 'In Extremis'", 909.

[49] Interview with Charles Lisanby, in Smith, Art and Films, 371-372, 378. According to Bourdon, Warhol, 47, Lisanby and Warhol met in 1954.

[50] Interview with Fritzie Wood in Smith, Conversations, 43.

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As if with the right lighting, filtering through the Palm Court, he might come to resemble Capote, as if in the right setting, he might come to be taken for him. Indeed, the "great joy" of being mis-taken, of being seen as not-Warhol, indicates the degree to which his various transformations, both physical and photographic, were concretely predicated on the possibility of being seen as someone else, someone in particular. They derived from the enabling fiction that, with a little adjustment, he could be Capote's double.

In this light, Warhol's disappointment after his surgery must have been excessively cruel. As Lisanby remembers:

> But he [Warhol] thought that if he had his nose operated upon that he would become an Adonis and that I and other people would suddenly think that he is as physically attractive as many of the people that he admired because of their attractiveness. And when that didn't happen, I think, perhaps, that he became rather . . . he was even angry because suddenly now things weren't different-- as if an operation [that] could remove or rearrange something is really going to change that person. [51]

Or, Lisanby might have added, as if an operation could change that person into another, not an Adonis precisely, but another exemplar of male beauty, a Capote, activating the latent double that his "strange" feelings had informed him was already there.

Indeed, one is less convinced by the way in which the physical evidence of change is written on his person post-operatively, than struck by the degree to which it has been underwritten pictorially in photography and drawing, accomplishing what surgery cannot. Making himself over to look like Capote, making himself over as him, Warhol was really making himself over as a picture, as Capote on the rear dust jacket of Other Voices,

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[51] Interview with Lisanby in Smith, Art and Films, 379-380.

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Other Rooms, working on himself as a work of art. Even when the work was still in progress, when the pieces were not all in place, the intertextuality that connects these images negotiates Warhol's transformation, projecting him into various states of a hybrid condition.

This is made clear in another photograph by Edward Wallowitch (fig. 21), where the Capote-esque wig with its fringe of blond hair visible in Duane Michals' photograph appears to be missing, but where the now-familiar gestures of Warhol's hands mobilized in relation to the face offer another variation. In Warhol's reprise of Fenn's photograph (and a drawing) from 1952-54 (figs. 18 and 19) for Michal's camera (fig. 17), the hands had played hide-and-seek, concealing the face but revealing the fingers as a mask, as a surface of the self. In Wallowitch's photograph (fig. 21), the fingers frame rather than covering the face. It is as if we were finally granted access to Warhol in a candid moment, without a wig, his real hair, dark, thinning, his hairline receding, without eye glasses, his gaze vague and unfocused.

But, of course, there was nothing candid about it. On the contact sheets by both Michals and Wallowitch, only one exposure on Michals' sheet (fig. 48, first exposure, second row) shows Warhol wearing eye glasses.[52] Not only has Warhol removed them "for the camera" in 1958, both sets of sheets must now be thought of as recording

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[52] It is possible but unlikely that Warhol began wearing contact lenses about this time, although they were available by the late 1950s. In an unidentified photograph from this time (fig. 43c), Warhol is shown working without his glasses, but he is also wearing a suit coat and tie, and his work table appears somewhat too neat, contradicting contemporary reports of the disorder of his studio. This indicates that this photograph was staged as well. During the 1960s, Warhol may have begun to wear the contact lenses that Vincent Fremont, who worked for him from 1971-1987, has informed me he wore off and on during the 1970s and 1980s. He is never photographed wearing any glasses except sunglasses during the 1960s, which may or may not have had prescription lenses.

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photographic "sessions," as deliberated performances before the camera in which other poses from other photographs would be reenacted. In fig. 21, for example, Warhol's gesture visibly summons two others: George Klauber's photograph of ca. 1951 (fig. 10), and with it, Steichen's Garbo (fig. 8). According to Patrick Smith, Warhol had specifically asked Klauber to photograph him "in Steichen's famous pose of Garbo,"[53] locating the intentionality of the pose at the beginning.

In Steichen's photograph, Garbo presses her arms against the sides of her head, her hands just disappearing behind the top of her head, her face framed by her black sweater, an irradiated oval field, raked by shadows. Garbo is not so much caressing as clutching herself, holding herself together, constituting herself as a silhouette. In his reenactment for Klauber's camera, Warhol presses his fingers against his temples, but lets Garbo's tensed silhouette go slack, dropping his elbows to the low stone wall in Klauber's garden. Hair strays messily across his forehead, his large dark- rimmed glasses conceal his eyes, dominating his face, above the smile, which tentatively sends up the impersonation, countersigning Garbo's dead serious demeanor with his loose-jointed appropriation, sending the portrayal back to him from her.

Seven years later, Wallowitch and Warhol come closer to recreating the chemistry of Steichen and Garbo's photographic collaboration, their joint fabrication of a persona. Now Warhol's receding hairline corresponds to Garbo's legendary expanse of brow, and his hands, while still addressed to the temples, give shape to a face, tracked by chiaroscuro. The eyes are lost in shadow, while highlights graze the left side of the nose

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[53] Smith, Art and Films, 7.

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and forehead, the edge of Warhol's palms. Without quite falling apart as in Klauber's photograph, the face in Wallowitch's picture never quite comes together. If this suggests a later Warholism from the Philosophy, "I never fall apart because I never fall together,"[54] it might be thought of as descriptive not only of these images, but as paradigmatic of a photographic practice-- for so we might call it-- where the subject is never quite himself.

Warhol's impersonation of Garbo involved yet another photographic relay, this one by Duane Michals (fig. 22). The cupping of the hands against the temples from Klauber's photograph has been revived for Michals' camera, but Michals bathes Warhol's face more evenly with light than had Wallowitch, approximating the conditions in Steichen's portrait. But if Garbo's features had luminously shone forth, preternaturally large but impeccably in scale, in Michals' picture Warhol's nose dominates his face, even seeming to rivet his gaze, his pupils wandering uncomfortably to the center of his face. Off-center from Warhol, a sculpted bust rests on a bureau, sporting an oversized hat. It mirrors and mocks Warhol's face, securing the improvisational aspect of his pose, its status as parody.

Warhol's preoccupation with Garbo parallels and participates in his preoccupation with Capote, and Warhol-Garbo-- for so we may term the hybrid figure he realized with Wallowitch's collaboration-- is very like the figures of Capote-Warhol which I have been tracking here. Consider how the gesture in the drawing of Capote with which I began (fig. 6), pinkie and fourth finger framing the eye, is related to Garbo's pose, or better to the way in which Warhol has reenacted it in the Wallowitch photograph (fig. 21). Steichen's

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[54] Warhol, The Philosophy, 142.

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photograph of Garbo, like Capote's on the dust jacket of Other Voices, Other Rooms, becomes a catalytic image for Warhol during the 1950s, one through which he moves like a relay, pausing to try out poses, to interleaf gestural modifications, to rehearse his transformation.

If photography is uniquely constituted to register the physical traces of alteration, and to track the ramified course of what we might begin to think of as Warhol's "Trumanization" during the 1950s, it falls especially to drawing to perform the sudden alchemy of transmutation, the kind of switching instantiated by the first Capote-Warhol portrait head, or the more overt shifting recorded by "trumans hand." In a different drawing that falls outside the thematic orbit of Capote-related works (fig. 23), this relay is conducted across two adjacent figures, posed vertically on the same sheet. On top, a rather cherubic face slumps to the left, nestled into its shoulders; with the right cheek pressed into the palm of an elevated hand, the eyes cast a sidelong glance to the left, away from the pose. The subject's lips are tiny, but darkened, pursed into the sort of winsome pout that the French call a moue, its round head crowned by a group of short, curved marks, enough to suggest a full head of hair.

Just below, the main points of the pose repeat themselves, but the hair has diminished to two strokes of the pen; the rather abbreviated rendering of the upper figure's hand has been extended and elaborated below, its new contours supporting rather than pressing into the cheek; above all a pair of eyeglasses has been slipped over the figure's sidelong eyes. Before our eyes, the figure has mischievously shifted, suggesting alternately Andy and angel. Surfacing in a notebook from the later 1950s, among Warhol's

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rather more elegant drawings of men's hands, feet and genitals, all drawn from life (see chapter 8), the appearance of this much freer sketch is somewhat jarring. More improvised than observed, the double figure seems to date from an earlier stylistic phase of Warhol's drawing, ca. 1952-54; he peers from the notebook's pages at the objects of his desire as Andy and angel, naughty and nice.

Another Capote portrait (fig. 24) brings us back to the zone of reciprocity between him and Warhol, grafting attributes of each, mingling operations of copying and improvisation. It begins with Otto Fenn's photograph and the drawing based directly upon it (figs. 18 and 19). The wave and cowlick that distinguish Warhol in both carry over into the new work. Here, the lines denoting strands of hair move upward along the left and curve across the top of the composition, curling into little arcs and two break-away lines at the upper right to recapitulate this curious feature, Warhol's cowlick, from the photograph. Rather than covering his face, in the drawing the hands have been pivoted horizontally, spread lengthwise across it , the fingers opening from the middle of the hand, exposing the lashes of the closed eyes, framed peek-a-boo fashion within a diamond formed by the four fingers. The inscription, "truman capote," that appears beneath the face definitively renders self-portraiture into something else, a de facto portrait of another, of Capote, the medium of Warhol's metamorphoses.

The peek-a-boo gesture that so characterizes this portrait recurs, or arguably occurs for the first time in another drawing (fig. 25). This work appears towards the back of a sketchbook dedicated almost entirely to studies of the dancer and choreographer, John Butler (fig. 26). When they are compared with a group of contact sheets in the

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Warhol archive (fig. 27), the Butler drawings suggests two things. First, they appear to be based on photographic sources closely related to these sheets, although Warhol knew him personally, and on at least one other occasion from this period, drew Butler directly from life, filling a sketchbook with studies of the dancer as he sunbathed on a mid-town roof. Second, Warhol's drawings in the first sketchbook, however abbreviated, resemble their subject, capturing Butler's likeness, without the idealization of the Capote-based portraits, without the interpellation of Warhol into the picture.

Butler's features are distinctive-- the narrow almond-shaped eyes, retroussé nose, full lips, and above all, the bushy eyebrows and the stand of short hair that rises from his low brow, jutting forward from the forehead. Indeed, Butler's hairline and eyebrows function somewhat like attributes in caricature, only with less exaggeration, as decisive markers of identity; or more appropriately to their subject, they perform theatrically, casting Butler's characteristic silhouette. The drawing at the back of the sketchbook (fig. 25), however, is devoid of just those features that distinguish the drawings of Butler. Relative to its Capote-inscribed counterpart (fig. 24), with its closed lash-swept lids, the single eye is now opened. Intercepted by the right index finger, framed by the diamond shaped by both hands, it stares steadily outside the frame, peering rather than peered at, a peeping Andy rather than a peek-a-boo Capote.

Developing the articulation of the fingers, on the right Warhol seems to have inadvertently inserted an extra digit. The v-shape formed by the index and middle fingers mirrors the left side, but rather than two fingers, three are spread below it. Despite the extra digit, the gesture here appears to be less stylized than in fig. 24. Rather than opening

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between the index and middle fingers, as in the Butler sketchbook drawing, the fingers in the other drawing separate between the middle and fourth digits, an extension that is anatomically difficult, naturalistically implausible. Similarly, the contour of the fourth finger on the right is engorged at the knuckle, as if rather than connecting to the palm it would detach itself as a fragment.

Morphing outwards from Fenn's photograph of Warhol with the wave and cowlick (fig. 18), and from the drawing loosely based upon it that montages Warhol's hair, peek-a-boo gesture, and the inscription "truman capote" (fig. 24), is a third figure, inscribed only "truman" (fig. 28). Now, the hairline ascribed to Truman crests weirdly in a bump at the upper left, otherwise left devoid of strands of hair. At the right, the hair, repeating the empty contour of the ear, rises wing-like in a tripartite form, as if it would take off and fly away on a trajectory of improvisation. Like the prior drawings, a certain exaggeration attends upon the articulation of the left hand, which has been split again in two, between the middle and fourth fingers, now into two virtually perpendicular axes. Index and middle digits lean into the space just beneath the eye, against what would have been the cheekbone, had Warhol rendered rather than suggested it. Beneath the lips, the pinkie has been bonelessly foreshortened, rather like the one in the Butler sketchbook drawing, while the fourth finger has seemingly been drawn out along a horizontal extension, pulling away from the vertically disposed members of the rest of the hand.

Given that a certain kinship suggests itself between the gesture in this work and the one in the portrait with which we began, that belonged to Capote (fig. 6)-- we have only to pivot the left hand upwards, rotating the fourth and middle fingers together against the

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temple, sliding the pinkie beneath the eye--it might be tempting to think that we have come full-circle within the orbit of Warhol's Capote portraiture. The errant cowlick itself would return in the drawing that Capote owned, now formalized as a pair of opposed curved lines. We might attempt to plot the coordinates of a sequence here, moving from photography to drawing, from one kind of indexicality to another, from the registration of an "original" to the trace of an increasingly improvisational hand-made line, culminating in an utter fabrication, producing Warhol as Capote.

Such a sequence--always hypothetical at best-- wishfully imposes its decorum upon what otherwise might be perceived more freely as a play of signifiers. It would move us progressively along a gradient of representation from something out there in the world to somewhere in here within the psyche, from world to mind, from observation to invention. It flies in the face of certain evidence, contradicted first and foremost by Warhol's own photographic practices, which he deploys to pose, to project imposture onto the body, rather than to register himself plainly, immediately. And it scarcely accounts for works like the two profiles, inscribed "truman capote" and "truman" (figs. 29 and 30), both unencumbered by the restless activity of hands. As yet, no intermediary has been identified for either, no original binds them in place. Like the drawing of Andy-angel (fig. 23) and the peek-a-boo drawing from the John Butler sketchbook (fig. 25), they resist alignment in sequence, snubbing decorums, breaking rank. The latter especially seem to come from no place in particular, to have no prior point of reference that can be fixed. Instead, they seem to move between photography and drawing, "using the body as

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language," to invoke Als' phrase, a language that has been inscribed photographically and is being rewritten by hand, in Warhol's hand.

Camp: Drawing Warhol Out

In the name of the "body as language," this section considers another set of drawings from the early 1950s that depict a group of mostly single male figures and faces in various degrees of make-up and cross-dressing. Although they fall outside the immediate sphere of intertextuality between Warhol and Capote, they affirm a broader context for its operations: the play of appearances and crossing of signifiers, morphing and improvisation-- a practice that may be said to rely upon multiple models, but repose in no fixed original-- and compel their recognition within a field of explicit travesty, of impersonations gendered transgressively.

Among these works are four drawings of a mustachioed man with darkened-- i.e., "painted"-- lips, whose pompadour is thickly coifed (fig. 31). Brandishing a cigarette and holder; wearing a choker, necklace and stole, he smiles, throws his head back laughing, and glances coquettishly over the bare shoulder revealed by the drape of his stole. The model can be identified from the photographs on which these drawings were based as a photographer himself, Otto Fenn (fig. 32). Fenn photographed Warhol on two or possibly three separate occasions between ca. 1952-54 (fig. 33),[55] and reciprocally Warhol's drawings of Fenn surely date from this time.

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[55] De Salvo, "Success Is a Job in New York . . .", reproduces several montages of the Fenn photographs in the unnumbered front pages of her catalogue, dating all of them ca. 1952. The photographs showing Warhol wearing a cap (fig. 33, exposures at the bottom left and figs. 34a-b) were likely made in 1954, having been commissioned by Interiors. Fig. 18 (and fig. 33, top) shows Warhol in

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One photograph, showing Warhol masking his face with his hands, is already familiar (fig. 18). For another, reproduced on the contributors' page of a 1954 issue of Interiors magazine (fig. 34), Warhol has temporarily shed his eye glasses and covered his thinning hair with a brimmed cap. As the cap anticipates the wig, in another photograph from the same session in 1954 (fig. 35), Warhol has silhouetted his profile in black ink, performing yet another nose job, as in fig. 20, approximately two years before the fact.

In comparison with Fenn, Warhol is diffident before the camera, his make-over exceptionally discrete. In several frames, Warhol turns his back to the camera. He uses his body to stage the conceits of concealment and visibility, of erasure and presence, that he had mimed with his hands in another group of exposures (figs. 18 and 33), in Michals' photograph of 1958 (fig. 17), and in the drawings with the peek-a-boo masks (figs. 24 and 25). Before his own camera, Fenn, on the contrary releases himself with abandon and a certain hilarity, acting out the sorts of attitude through which, as a photographer of celebrities and models, he had doubtlessly rehearsed others. Fenn is camping outrageously.

The term "camp," while seeming transparent in such a context, follows a specific usage, as formulated by Esther Newton in her landmark social study of female impersonators, Mother Camp (1972). Newton identifies "the most recurrent and characteristic" themes of camp as incongruity, theatricality and humor. In the words of one of her informants:

> A camp is a flip person who has declared emotional freedom. She is going to say to the world, 'I'm queer.' Although she may not do this all the time, but most of the time a camp queen will. She'll walk down the street and she'll see you and say "Hi Mary, how are you?' right in the busiest part of town . . . she'll actually camp

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the same seersucker jacket, but a different tie, and was probably made on a different occasion between ca. 1952-54. In a third set of photographs, Warhol is wearing a dark suit and bow tie (figs. 34a-b) (fig. 33, bottom right).

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> right there. And she'll swish down the street. And she may be in a business suit; she doesn't have to be dressed outlandishly. [56]

It is camp to combine lipstick and a mustache, or as another of the Fenn photographs proposes, to accessorize jewelry with rolled-up blue jeans. As Newton theorizes, "Camp usually depends on the perception or creation of incongruous juxtapositions. Either way, the homosexual 'creates' the camp, by pointing out the incongruity or by devising it."[57] While this may allow Warhol a margin of camp agency, as the author of the Fenn drawings (fig. 31), as the object of Fenn's camera, Warhol initially doesn't appear to camp it up at all (fig. 33). Compared to Fenn's extroverted camp vamp, Warhol plays the ingenue. Newton again:

> Ultimately, all drag symbolism opposes the 'inner' or 'real' self (subjective self) to the 'outer' self (social self). For the great majority of homosexuals, the social self is often a calculated respectability and the subjective or real self is stigmatized. The 'inner'='outer' opposition is almost parallel to 'back'= 'front'...The 'front'='back' opposition also has a direct tie-in with the body: 'front'= 'face'; back='ass.'[58]

By covering his face and turning his back (fig. 33), Warhol may be said to be masking his social self and disclosing his subjective self, exposing his "back side," the erogenous zone of his deviant sexual "orientation," his ass.

In another sequence of sketches also made ca. 1952-54, Warhol draws a bald-headed man in a business suit, fingering a strand of beads through the painted nails of his fingers, biting them between his painted lips (fig. 36) Not only does the business suit of this camp queen echo the type cited above by one of Newton's informants, Warhol's

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[56] Newton, Mother Camp, 110.

[57] Ibid., 106.

[58] Ibid., 100.

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drawings, in juxtaposing teeth and beads, camps the metonymy of pearls, putatively, and "pearlies," sending up the entire question of authenticity.

Like John Butler and Otto Fenn, the unidentified model of these five drawings may be tracked to a contact sheet with 2 1/4 inch exposures (fig. 37). Working from contact sheets, Warhol's drawings theatricalize the notion of time. They underwrite the fiction that he has sketched his models from life, catching their shifts of pose. In the drawings of the unidentified camp queen now under discussion, moreover, they propose a sequence among the five drawings that seems to correspond to an incremental movement in real space undertaken in real time. Warhol, however, has selected only two exposures from this contact sheet--one at the lower left, the other either from the first or second exposure in the center row. The pose from the exposure in the center has been repeated across four of the five drawings, advancing from half-figure to increasing close-up, focusing on the crucial gesture of the beads, triangulated between the painted finger-tips and lips. As the sequence unfolds, the drawings become more abbreviated, sketchier, looking more improvised; as he proceeds, Warhol is no longer consulting photographs but the drawing that preceded the one he is working on, working now from his own work.

The final stage in this chain of improvisation nevertheless retains key residual traces of the first, and of its ostensive prior states, the original of the photographs and the unknown individual photographed. Such is also the case for the rest of the drawings in this group. Many of these are little more than summary sketches of single male heads, wearing earrings, necklaces, a woman's hat, or sporting a cigarette holder, just enough in the way of feminized incongruity to be camp, and just enough in the way of idiosyncrasy to

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individuate them as portraits, to allow them to be subdivided into pairs and groups, based upon specific models, particular subjects.

We can only speculate upon the sources of these portrait heads-- approximately 75 in all-- but like those of Fenn and the unidentified camp queen, they doubtlessly derive from contact sheets that Warhol might have readily borrowed from the Fenn studio. Although they were surely never intended for public circulation, a more privatized economy seems likely in which Warhol might have bartered sketches in exchange for access to Fenn's contact sheets or photographic services. At least one set of photographs of Warhol was probably commissioned by Interiors magazine, but the sessions between them clearly exceed conventional portrait studio fare. Over the course of them, Fenn seems to draw out an increasingly extroverted performance from Warhol in which the reflexes of concealment and self-consciousness in fig. 33 cede to the more practiced public face apparent in fig. 34.

The exposures of Warhol looking away from the camera, facing into a corner of the studio in fig. 33, however, also indicate something more. They seem to allude to a certain photograph, another portrait of Capote, that had been made by Irving Penn for Vogue in 1948 (fig. 38). Penn posed Capote in as decidedly studied a manner as Capote had posed himself in the dust jacket portrait from Other Voices, Other Rooms, although he seems to have made an effort to reverse much of its effect, erasing the body as language, covering over its scandal. Wrapped in a large tweed overcoat, his legs folded inside it and under a captain's chair, Capote has been squeezed into a corner. Its walls converge at an intensely acute angle, confining him, but framing the highlighted oval of his

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face, which stares back at the camera, floating over his cloaked body. Capote's pose rehearses the trope of the bad boy in the corner, his offending hands and limbs banished, the body muffled, the gaze remote, the rebuked but unrepentant enfant terrible.

If Penn appears to be exercising the public need to punish Capote, the latter willingly colludes with the ritual, playing up his waif-like demeanor, his isolation, his status as a social outcast. Penn's photograph was surely known to Fenn, a fashion photographer who had photographed Jean Cocteau when he visited New York in 1949,[59] as it also would have been to Warhol, and the allusion appears to be a deliberate code, arrived at between photographer and subject during their session, much as it had been between Penn and Capote. If Fenn and Warhol were parodying Penn and Capote, as they seem to be, they were reenacting what was already a contrivance, camping what was already high camp, insofar as Penn's darkly glamorous portrayal of Capote (and Capote's portrayal of himself) invokes yet another, Steichen's famous photograph of Garbo (fig. 8).

If the sessions in the studio with Fenn anticipate the later photographs that Warhol made with Michals and Wallowitch at home, they also forecast the cinematic character of Warhol's photographic practices during the 1960s, beginning with his portrait of the pop collector Ethel Scull (fig. 39). Like Fenn a decade earlier, Warhol coached Scull through her performance in a mid-town photobooth in mid-1963. An extraordinary number of exposures were made, some more demonstrative than others. What is of interest is the way in which so many of Scull's mannerisms seem to recapitulate those we have already seen in the photographs of Warhol taken during the 1950s. It indicates both the degree to

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[59] Interview with Alfred Carlton Walters in Smith, "Art 'In Extremis'", 919. Walters dates Cocteau's visit to 1951, but Smith notes that his Letters to Americans was published in 1949.

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which Warhol was able to inter-pose himself and the degree to which they were stock gestures on both their parts. The photobooth strip, moreover, with its four time-based exposures, is an analogue for the contact sheets that probably came from Otto Fenn's studio.

Insofar as the sources of the camp queen drawings might be located, if not specifically identified, photographically, on contact sheets, another question might be productively pondered, i.e., how might drawings such as these have functioned for Warhol? To begin to think this through, consider the following pair of drawings in which the same pose is repeated (fig. 40): a young man is shown in three-quarter view, wearing a hat and a ruffled collar, a painted index finger posed against his left temple, four fingers bent over the chin, passing the moue of his painted lips. From one drawing to the next, the contours of the draped pinkie grows more free-form, its shape now suggesting a wing. Not only do they allude to similar gestures among the hybrid figures of Capote-Warhol, but they perform in nuce in two drawings, the sort of chain of metamorphoses and improvisation that had unfolded cumulatively over the four drawings of the bald-headed, business-suited camp queen (fig. 36), and that moved more variously through the Capote-Warhol group.

Taken together as a larger group, these 75 or so drawings of single heads, while never shedding their specific characteristics, their ostensively iconic status as portraiture, tend to merge into a single accumulation of so many large-eyed personages with painted, pouty lips, melting into a single apparitional context with an intramural mobility all its own. Fingers variously flutter about faces, pantomiming jewelry, mingling with the hair,

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converging with both (figs. 41 and 42). In the pair of drawings just cited (fig. 40), the hat begins to rhyme with the wavy hair of two other heads (fig. 43), probably based upon the same model, and the bare outlines of the fluffy collar are transformed elsewhere into butterfly or fairy wings (fig. 44).

Metamorphoses such as these mobilize Warhol's hand in drawing, driving the fluidity of his line. More than that, camp's privileged sphere of incongruity, its hybrid spaces, its flickering androgyny opened up a medium through which he might rehearse his personal transformation, as well as exercising his art. Camp was doubly persuasive, exhorting Warhol to make himself over, arousing his drawing. And indeed, for Warhol "Trumanization" and drawing functioned reciprocally as well as reflexively, as mutually responsive modes of self-representation. Drawing Capote, Warhol drew out himself.

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CHAPTER 2

BETWEEN WRITING AND DRAWING

Andy Warhol's Mother: Inscribing Capote's Portrait

Thus far, I have concentrated on the mobility of signifiers orchestrated by Warhol in Capote's name, their hyper-active play navigating principally between drawing and photography but also within the respective fields of each. A hand here, a cowlick there, signifiers such as these have linked these works as much to Warhol as to Capote, portraying neither one subject nor the other exclusively, but both, the hybrid subject which I have called Capote-Warhol. It corroborates what Capote had maintained in Edie, his contention that if you bothered to look at the drawing which Warhol sent him, you would see that he hadn't posed for it, that there really wasn't any connection between him and Warhol, and that the so-called portrait really didn't look like him at all. It is unclear what bothered Capote the most, the way the drawing claimed to capture a moment in time and a relationship between them that never actually happened, or the way the features of the subject didn't look like him, the way the portrait hadn't captured his image.

What Capote was in no position to apprehend, however, was not the attenuation of the resemblance but its double nature. This would have required knowing Warhol, which despite their on again/off again relationship across three and a half decades, he never did. Capote may not have been the pure object of Warhol's fascination, but he was its inflected medium, not the absolute end-point of his attention, but absolutely the vehicle

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of his transformation, a make-over that Warhol performed upon on his body during the fifties and negotiated between photography and drawing.

To be single-minded about deciphering figures, however, is to let Capote's visibility increasingly slip into the background, if not to shift him almost entirely out of the picture. Yet it is precisely according to such terms that Capote's eclipse also might be reversed, by turning the picture inside out as it were, and inverting the focus from the figure to the ground. In so doing, iconicity-- the condition of resemblances, or the lack of them that had so vexed Capote-- yields its priority, allowing indexicality-- the physical traces of circumstances and events that really occurred-- to move into view. If figures have given shape to the changeling nature of the Capote-Warhol hybrid, the ground is better constituted to trap the phantom status of Capote, registering the sorts of occasions that, more than once, had disturbed its fantasmatic powers for Warhol, summoning it to visitation.

The occasion that first suggests itself is not necessarily the one that first occurred, those still undetermined moments when Warhol originally was made aware of Capote and became infatuated, grew fascinated. Established more concretely in Capote's memory and in the narrative of their paired history as it has unfolded here thus far was the chance encounter years later that occasioned Warhol's gift, the portrait that sat on Capote's table during the Rolling Stone interview (fig. 5), reopening the still unfinished business of the earlier encounter, the original excitation. In the light of the other Capote-related drawings, a working category that I will henceforth designate as the Capote group, this portrait sets itself apart on three counts. The first two are pressed into the ground, which serves as a

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receptor surface: the double inscription of names, and the blotted line trace of the figure; the third suffuses it as a design layer: the way in which the background has been partially painted, filled in unevenly with washes of color.

In contrast to every other drawing in the Capote group, here Warhol's name has been inserted beside Capote's, the latter inscribed with a large careful hand, the former written small, its letters cramped together. Within the hybrid configuration of Capote-Warhol, this difference immediately functions to establish the subordinate character of one figure relative to the other, to indicate Warhol's service in behalf of the construct of Capote, a self-service that requires figuring him and naming him. That Warhol names himself here at all, however, is the main distinction. No doubt, this may be accounted for by the unique occasion of its leaving the closed circle of Warhol's imagination and possession, of its having been imparted as a gift to Capote. The double inscription thus would signal a moment in time, written into the ground of the drawing, a flicker of consciousness in which Warhol tipped his hand, betraying the awareness that he was figuring not only Capote but himself, naming not him but them.

The discrepancy between the two inscriptions also might suggest the impress of two occasions: first, when it was inscribed like the others at the time it was drawn, and second, when it was signed at the time it was given. The handwriting in both inscriptions, despite the difference in size, is the same. Not only that, but it differs discernibly from all the other "trumans" and "truman capotes" among the drawings considered thus far. The double inscription, in fact, corresponds to Julia Warhola's writing, it is in Warhol's mother's hand.

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Such a circumstance was not in itself remarkable. Julia Warhola, visiting her son in Manhattan some time during 1952,[1] had stayed on, living with him until just before her death in 1972. Leaving behind her two older sons and a network of relations in Pittsburgh, she kept house for her youngest son, and when asked signed and inscribed his work, as well as drawing pictures of her own. The period of Julia's artistic activity has never been established with any precision, but she appears to have been most "productive" between ca. 1954-59. In 1958, for example, Reid Miles, an art director and friend of Warhol, commissioned her to copy a page-long text about the street poet called Moondog as the cover design for a record album of his poems on the jazz label, Prestige (fig. 45). Sloping across the cover, punctuated by misspellings, Julia's handwriting, florid but stiffly lettered, insinuated its child-like charm into a sophisticated context, a certain recipe for camp. Credited as "Andy Warhol's Mother," she received an award from the Art Director's Club in 1958[2] for the Moondog cover; it too was inscribed "Andy Warhol's Mother," as was her book of cat drawings, Holy Cats by Andy Warhol's Mother (fig. 46).[3]

Their respective roles are recorded in two otherwise unidentified family photographs that probably date from this time (figs. 47 and 48). In one, Warhol sits at his

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[1] According to Bockris, Warhol (New York), 66, Julia Warhola moved to New York to live with her son during the summer of 1952, when Warhol was living in an apartment at East 75th Street. In 1953, they moved to better apartment, the floor-through at 242 Lexington Avenue, where they remained throughout the 1950s.

[2] During the 1950s, Warhol was well-decorated in his own name. His work won awards from the Art Director's Club in 1952, 1956 and 1957, and from American Institute of Graphic Arts in 1954, 1956 and 1959.

[3] Bourdon, Warhol, 58, dates the book ca. 1957. In 1954, Julia Warhola executed the lettering for her son's hand-colored book of cat drawings, 25 Cats Name[d] Sam and One Blue Pussy, inscribing her ungrammatical syntax or mistake in transcription into the book's title.

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drawing table, holding his watercolors in his right hand, painting with his left.[4] Stationed behind his desk lamp, Warhol plays the artist, remote and decorous. He wears a suit, but no glasses, his work surface uncharacteristically neat, indicating that the photograph was probably staged for company. Julia, on the contrary, is photographed, as she inscribes a dedication, doing what she really did. "To Ann" is being written in large ink letters across the top of what at first glance looks like a blank page, but which on closer scrutiny appears to be the endpaper of a book. It is likely her own, Holy Cats, or one by her son, that she is dedicating to a family member, probably her daughter-in-law, Ann. Her right hand firmly grasps the pen, forming the distinctive lettering, the middle finger of her left hand tensed against the page, as if to secure it from moving, marking her place. Julia is all hands here, the materialized instrument, homely and reliable, of her son's persona.

By 1958, "Andy Warhol's mother" had become a Warholism, an aspect of his professional creativity. For David Bourdon, who had come to know him about this time, it was simply another instance in which "Andy typically took top billing,"[5] annexing the creative energies of others. Its cathected resonance, however, is better revealed by a pair of photographs taken by Michals in 1958. Although one was reproduced in the catalogue for the Gotham Book Mart exhibition in 1971, both were published posthumously, almost simultaneously but in different contexts: the first in the Museum of Modern Art's

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[4] The negative from which this photograph was made must have reversed in printing, since according to Vincent Fremont, Warhol was right-handed. This is corroborated in photographs. Although, he is rarely shown working, several from the 1960s show him spray painting with his right hand. Similarly in two other photographs, he may be seen eating with his right hand, see fig. 48, and "Slice of Cake School," Time, May 11, 1962, 52. Note also how Warhol's hair in this print is uncharacteristically parted on the right.

[5] Bourdon, Warhol, 58.

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retrospective catalogue (fig. 49), the other in David Bourdon's monograph (fig. 50).[6] They are adjacent exposures from the same contact sheet (fig. 51), showing the artist and his mother at home in their living room; she is posed in the foreground, dressed in her Sunday best. In MoMA's catalogue (fig. 49), Michals' lens focuses on Warhol, his unsmiling face juxtaposed with a bouquet of large white mums. Julia's face is out of focus, shadowy and made wraith-like by a blurred highlight that reflects from the top of her spectacles. In the photograph reproduced in Bourdon's book (fig. 50), Julia in the same pose and place is now the center of attention, registered in sharp focus, while Warhol in the background begins to slide out of the camera's depth of field. Michals also has shifted his point of view slightly upwards so that Julia appears to rise above her son's face; he is almost eclipsed by the bouquet of mums as well. Warhol is shown smiling, his arms no longer crossed, but dropped to his sides, as if he had suddenly relaxed, releasing his hold on himself, and on Julia.

Michals' twin images are not simply portraits of the artist and his mother, but of the artist as a mama's boy. They show how Warhol was able to appropriate this stereotype, and with it, his mother as an alter ego. The stereotype, "mama's boy," and a new term, "Andy Warhol's mother," operate in tandem, fluctuating in priority, exchanging the terms of possession. Indeed, Warhol and his mother worked together. His creativity required the creation of hers, promoting a "professional" career for her that paralleled his own, endowing her with an artistic persona, underwriting its child-like aura. He became no longer simply Julia's son but her agent, and in colluding they became artists and children

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[6] See Brown, Early Works, n.p. The same exposure is reproduced in McShine, A Retrospective, 424. For the other exposure, see Bourdon, Warhol, 60.

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together, as they had been when he was a sickly child. Fashioning "Andy Warhol's mother" and recovering his mama's boy status, Warhol forged a figure that was not regressive so much as one that carried sissyhood "forward" into adulthood, secured to the trajectory of his professional persona.[7]

Looking at one of Duane Michals' photographs of Warhol and his mother, we might think of Esther Newton's observations about drag. Positioned in the foreground, and in focus in Bourdon's book (fig. 50), Andy Warhol's mother represents Andy Warhol's "face," a social self behind which the subjective self, the real Andy Warhol, remains hidden, safe and smiling. For all her professional status as Andy Warhol's mother, however, the real Julia Warhola was rarely seen in public outside the apartment they shared, that served as studio and home. Indeed, looking at the other picture, the one in MoMA's publication (fig. 49), it is Julia's face that recedes and Warhol, the figure behind, who comes into view. Looking at both, seeing how neither absolutely occludes or precludes the other, we might want to inflect Newton's front-back, face-behind opposition, reformulating it as an exchange of subject positions. Thinking of Capote, we might want to formulate "Andy Warhol's mother" as another hybrid figure in which Andy Warhol, like his mother, variously surfaces and is effaced.

Inscribing and signing the drawing given to Capote (fig. 6), Julia Warhola becomes drawn into another dimension of her son's persona and creative orbit. She participates in a

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[7] As Carol Armstrong has observed in reference to this passage, Warhol built future devices and strategies for which he is well-known using this model of the alter ego. This is especially legible in his films of the 1960s, but also in his photographic practices from this period and in the way he intercepted the public reception of his celebrity. The most notable example of the latter was when he dispatched a so-called double, a Factory regular who'd appeared in his films, Alan Midgette, to impersonate him on a college lecture tour in 1967.

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triple impersonation, disguising her hand as his, while he disguises himself within a visual invocation of Capote; and the hybrid Capote-Warhol now becomes triply ramified. Capote-Warhol-Warhola maintains Warhol as the central term, the relay through which images of childhood and Capote shuttle back and forth.

In Edie, Capote had recalled that at their very first meeting, shortly after Warhol had moved to New York, "He told me all about himself and how he lived someplace with his mother and twenty-five cats." Although he knew that Warhol lived with his mother, Capote was probably unaware that the drawing which was later sent to him had been inscribed and signed by her. Beyond the threshold of Warhol's somewhat specialized professional milieu of illustrators and art directors and of his social circle, "Andy Warhol's mother" mostly was unknown. It was a milieu which Capote acidly perceived to be inhabited by window decorators and "window decorator types," and which he avoided as low-status. Thus, much as the overt lack of iconicity in the portrait sent to him by Warhol offended him, its covert indexicality undoubtedly escaped him.

The trace of Julia Warhola's hand, superimposed upon his own, inscribed over a representation of Capote, written into the ground, is registered in code, tendering Warhol's last word-- or if not absolutely his last, then certainly his latest-- on his still-unresolved early encounter with Capote. More than that, it indexes another mother, Nina Capote, who had welcomed and dismissed Warhol on her son's behalf years before. Between Edie and the interview in Rolling Stone, Warhol offered his own account in Exposures (1979), a book of photographs and reminiscences about his friends:

> I met Truman Capote through his mother years ago. Truman was just a little bit older than me, but a lot more famous. I wrote him fan letters from Pittsburgh and when I moved to New York I tried to meet him. I did some drawings for Other

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> Voices, Other Rooms and called up Truman and asked if he wanted to see them. Truman wasn't interested. But his mother was. When I got to their apartment on Park Avenue I realized she just wanted somebody to drink with. She took me to the Blarney Stone on Third Avenue and we drank boilermakers and talked about Truman's problems. Then one day out of the blue, she called me up and told me to stop bothering Truman. She wasn't that well and eventually committed suicide.[8]

Meeting Truman Capote through his mother, Warhol understood that his success was contingent upon her favor, upon her taking him up and adopting him as it were, if only as a drinking partner. He became useful to her as a surrogate son in the absence of her husband and son; in exchange she served him as a surrogate Capote, perhaps as a surrogate for his own mother as well. Pursuing Capote through the alcoholic ether of Nina Capote's surrogacy, Warhol enjoyed a favored status that was rather short-lived. After his dismissal by Capote's mother, by extension Truman was banished from his life. Not long after, however, Julia Warhola restored herself in her son's orbit, joining him in New York some time during 1953, becoming "Andy Warhol's mother;" and within a year-- in January 1954-- Nina Capote would take her life.

Capote's rendering of his first meeting with Warhol thus rests on a pair of chronological misattributions: that Warhol was living with his mother at this time, which he was not yet, and that Nina Capote had been on the scene because she was visiting from Connecticut, where she no longer lived. From the late 1940s until her death, Nina Capote and her husband, Truman's stepfather, lived at 1060 Park Avenue, also Truman's official

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[8] Andy Warhol, Andy Warhol's Exposures, with Bob Colacello (New York: Andy Warhol Books/Grosset and Dunlap, 1979), 143-144.

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address, although by 1948, he had an apartment of his own, lived with Jack Dunphy, his lover, with whom he spent a substantial portion of the year abroad.[9]

Capote's version inverts Warhol's: he has Warhol telling him "all about himself," while Warhol has Nina Capote talking to him about "Truman's problems" over boilermakers. Capote's Warhol, we might conclude, like Warhol's Capote, is a species of fiction, requiring contradictory narratives, producing an intertextuality driven by misprisions. If Warhol's Capote, like Andy Warhol's mother, functioned as a primary medium of his artistic formation, Capote's Warhol served a more immediate, if no less important end, helping to displace Capote's anxieties about his mother, his caste, and ultimately about his need for public acclaim, constituting Warhol first as the low-status mama's boy, and later as the "genius" of publicity for them both.

Julia's inscription of Capote's portrait thus grounds the representation in the mid to later 1950s, during the period of her resurgent importance in Warhol's life. And like the inscription, which now may be dated to this time, the drawing, we reasonably may suppose, might have been given to Capote, not during the 1960s, as I surmised in chapter 1, but earlier during the prior decade. In Edie, Capote relates an incident, subsequent to his mother's dismissal of Warhol, and prior to his encounter with him, presumably during the 1960s, when he had been "surrounded by seven or eight people, a real little entourage:"

> I didn't hear from him or about him until one day suddenly D.D. Ryan bought a gold shoe Andy had dedicated to me in a show and sent it to me as a Christmas present. She told me, 'Oh, he's becoming very well known, very on-coming.'[10]

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[9] On the beginning of Capote and Dunphy's relationship, see Clarke, Capote, chapter 23, 188-194.

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The gold shoe to which Capote refers is one of a group of ink and gold leaf drawings of shoes, each one visually personalized and dedicated to a celebrity, which were exhibited at the Bodley Gallery and reproduced as a double-page spread in Life magazine's "Speaking of Pictures" in December 1956, as "Andy Warhol's Golden Slipper Show" (fig. 52). Thus, a second Warhol drawing must be placed in Capote's possession, also a gift, this one from the socialite fashion editor D.D. Ryan, both the drawing and the gift pin-pointed rather precisely to the end of 1956.

The date of 1956 also has been ascribed to the other drawing, to the Capote portrait, when it appeared again after the Rolling Stone interview in an exhibition and publication in 1976, lent by Capote (fig. 6).[11] It might be supposed that such a date, attached to the portrait, represents a confusion on Capote's part, a conflation of two incidents, or on the contrary, that he was recalling events more or less correctly, that the drawing was received, close in time to when it was doubtlessly inscribed, during the middle to later 1950s. Warhol himself recalled a series of passing encounters with Capote during the 1950s, after the first meeting. In Exposures, he notes:

> I didn't see much of Truman in the fifties. Sometimes I ran into him with Cecil Beaton. They were best friends and I knew Cecil a little bit. Truman was always nice to me but never that friendly . . . he said he felt sorry for me then. I didn't know what he meant. I was exactly the same as I am now, but I wasn't famous.[12]

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[10] Stein, Edie, 197.

[11] Crone, Das zeichnerische Werk, and Crone, A Picture Show, cat. no. 211. Although figs. 5 and 6 are the same work, fig. 5 is reproduced from the Crone, fig. 6, reproduced from Rolling Stone, shows the drawing as it looked in Capote's apartment.

[12] Warhol, Exposures, 144.

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Warhol met Cecil Beaton through his friend Charles Lisanby, probably around 1956, so that we might bracket his account above more specifically within the later 1950s. The double-page spread in Life at the end of 1956 might have begun to change Capote's contempt for Warhol's low status, but apparently, only just. D.D. Ryan might have pronounced him "very on-coming," and he might have known Cecil Beaton "a little bit," but it was not until Capote saw him on the street during the sixties, surrounded by "a real little entourage," that the threshold of his opinion would shift, that he would begin to think him famous, find him no longer pitiable.

If Capote's account in Edie indicates that Warhol gave him the portrait in the wake of an encounter that presumably took place during the sixties, Julia's inscription suggests an earlier date in the mid to late fifties. This is more likely, in my view, since Julia's double inscription here is unique among the other drawings of the Capote group, since Warhol has had her explicitly write himself as well as Capote into the picture. The inscription, like the gift, doubtlessly was catalyzed by the same event-- a chance encounter with Capote-- one that interrupted the pattern of Warhol's life. It was disturbing or exciting enough to require a response, having his mother dedicate and sign a drawing that he could offer as a token and that might be, and was, accepted this time.

While the possibility cannot be discounted that their chance encounter might have occurred as late as the 1960s, but before the Black and White Ball in 1966, Julia's inscription renders it implausible. After 1959, there are only isolated instances of Julia's calligraphy, and these are confined to the commercial assignments that Warhol continued to accept in the period between 1960-62, when he was trying to establish himself as a

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painter. The trope of Andy Warhol's mother, however, does not disappear altogether during the 1960s, although it changes, its creative component reduced, its psychological complexity diminished.

In a photograph that probably dates from 1964, Julia and her son are shown in their kitchen, presumably at breakfast (fig. 53). She stands beside the table in a dark robe or dress, pouring milk into his bowl of cereal, a box of Kellogg's Corn Flakes strategically positioned in the foreground. In April 1964, Warhol's second exhibition at the Stable Gallery had consisted of several installations of stacked box sculptures based on supermarket packing cartons, including Kellogg's Corn Flakes cartons (fig. 54). And indeed, the more one looks at this photograph, the more staged it comes to seem-- the studied arrangement of objects on the kitchen table, the stiffness of their poses, their knowing grins-- especially if one compares it to the photographs taken by Duane Michals six years before. The photograph takes on the character of an advertisement that promotes Warhol's show, and Julia again assumes the role of her son's collaborator and helpmate. Now, however, the mama's boy has become normalized. Trading on his boyishness, Warhol represents himself as the typical American boy, and Andy Warhol's mother, forfeiting her eccentricity, serves him as the maternal cipher, dispensing pop culture, underwriting an early version of Pop art that saw it as nostalgic and native, domestic rather than industrial, homely rather high-tech, pastoral rather than the brave new world of mass culture.[13]

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[13] See for example, the review of Warhol's 1962 exhibition of the thirty-two Campbell's Soup Can paintings at the Ferus Gallery, by Henry Hopkins in Artforum 1 (September 1962):15:

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Julia Warhola's ultimate disappearance is memorialized in a series of portraits, all of them based on a Duane Michals' photograph from 1958 and painted in 1974, shortly after her death (fig. 55). Here the elaborated painterliness of Warhol's developing seventies style, especially as he deployed it in his burgeoning enterprise in portraiture, almost overwhelms the fuzzy half-tones of the superimposed screen that conveys Julia's likeness. Warhol uses the back handle of his brush to inscribe jagged zigzags and curlicued spirals through the layered effects of paint, applied wet on wet. Impersonating finger painting, Warhol's scrawls enact a sort of infantilized indexicality, that erodes the photographic rendering of Julia's features, and at the same time sutures the recognition of her phantom silhouette to a layered field of paint. Spread across the series, Julia's likeness adumbrates a perspective of diminished presence, that shows off painting's capacity for dispersion, its viscous resistance to iconicity, this against drawing's powers of instantiation, its summoning up of figures, its registration of a moment in time.

In the following section of this chapter, the second distinguishing characteristic of Capote's portrait (fig. 6) is examined at close range-- the trace of its blotted line with which the figure has been lifted from one surface and imprinted on another. As will be

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To those of us who grew up during the cream-colored thirties with "Big-Little Books," "Comic Books" and a "Johnson and Smith Catalogue" as constant companions; when "good, hot soup" sustained us between digging caves in the vacant lot and having "clod" fights without fear of having been tabbed as juvenile delinquents; when Campbell Soup Kids romped gaily in four colors on the overleaf from the Post Script page in "The Saturday Evening Post," this show has a peculiar significance.

For the only recent critical reading of Pop art in this context, see Thomas Crow, "The Children's Hour," Artforum 30 (December 1991): 84-88. This might be thought of as the minority view of Pop art, the other, which Jules Langsner called a "Jean-Jacques primitivism in reverse" might be thought as representing the majority view, see Langsner, "Los Angeles Letter" Art International 6 (November 25,1962): 49. See also Thomas Crow, "The Simple Life: Pastoralism and the Persistence of Genre in Recent Art," October 63 (Winter 1993): 41-68 for a broader reading of "pastoralism" with respect to contemporary art.

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shown, Warhol's technique has its own capacity for selectively dispensing line, distilling the imprinted likeness, but dispersing its indexicality as an array of isolate blots, pressed into the ground of the drawing.

Drawing Over: The Indexicality of Warhol's Blotted Line

If Capote's portrait, doubly inscribed by Andy Warhol's mother, expressly places us at one point during the mid-1950s-- at a moment not precisely fixed, but which probably occurred ca. 1956-- its facture impels us back somewhat further, closer to the time of Warhol's first encounter with Capote, back to the period ca. 1948-52. Drawings similar to this one, outlined in broken, blotted marks of ink, make their first appearance during Warhol's student years at the Carnegie Institute. By the early 1950s, he had so featured this broken, blotted line in his illustrative work that it became known distinctively as his, becoming "Warhol's line."

Warhol's line, being readily identifiable and identified with him, was as vital to his creative recognition as it was instrumental to his early commercial success. Like Andy Warhol's mother's handwriting, his line acted as an autographic trace, conflating style and signature, creating a signature style. In the terminology of Mother Camp, Warhol's line staged what Esther Newton might call the "social self" or "front" for his creativity; like Andy Warhol's mother again, it projected a publicly available creative persona. In fact throughout the 1950s, Warhol alternated this line with another, a contour line that seems to wrap around the figure with a single movement-- sometimes elastic, sometimes lumpy-- rather than constituting the figure bit by bit like his blotted line.

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The drawings which Warhol made of Stephen Bruce, one of the owners of the boutique Serendipity (fig. 56), is a good example of this other line. From a portfolio entitled Playbook of you S Bruce from 2:30-4:00, the drawings track its languid subject with all the fixity and much of the sense of dislocation induced by a desired object. As he shifts his point of view from head to lips, to crotch, to foot, to ear, Warhol's lines brilliantly address the edges of the paper, filling it with Bruce's presence, or rather the erotic resonance of it. His line bends and folds about the figures, appearing to caress its subject, like the little bird perched on his fingers in one of the drawings, who resembles Bruce's lips and morphs into the little hearts that flutter about him. Here, Warhol's line offers an equation between the movements of drawing, the momentum of looking and the magnetism of desire.

In the most general terms, Warhol reserved his other line--his smooth line, for want of a better descriptive-- for representations of what might be designated in Newton's terms as his subjective self: works including these of Stephen Bruce, the camp queen drawings, the John Butler sketchbooks, most of the Capote group, and the drawings for the "Boy Book," "Cock Book" and "Foot Book." The last three all date from post-1956, and are the subject of chapter 8, where Warhol's smooth line is examined at close range as a vehicle of erotic pleasure. Thus, throughout the 1950s, Warhol's drawing practice may be parsed according to a divided program in which his blotted line was channeled for public consumption and his smooth line for private, or if not utterly private, then privatized or specialized modes of circulation.[14]

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[14] See "Introduction," n. 13 for further discussion of this division and the decorum between techniques and contexts, i.e., blotted line as public, and smooth line as private. For a different reading of

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If the Capote portraits would logically be assigned to the private sphere of Warhol's drawing practice, this accords with the character of their line. What then are we to make of fig. 6, the drawing given to Capote, the anomalies of its inscription and its execution in blotted line? In view of the divided practice of drawing formulated above-- its decorum between mode of circulation and line, between audience and style-- this Capote portrait must be reassigned to a deliberated bringing forth of public presence, of Warhol's social face. It suggests that in meeting Capote again in a chance encounter towards the end of the 1950s, and again and again in a series of brief encounters, it was as Warhol has rendered it in his account in Exposures and in this drawing, about celebrity after all, about showing his face years later, and about covering his back, if not his tracks.

The face value of Warhol's blotted line is just that, a way in which to reinscribe the past, to overwrite private history without erasing it. Moreover, it is a "value" that is written into the particular character of the line. Warhol's blotted line is a species of drawing that indexes its own genealogy, that registers the traces of its prior state. Nathan Gluck, Warhol's commercial art assistant between 1954-64, has described its generation as follows:

"Warhol's line," see Benjamin Buchloh, "The Andy Warhol Line," in Garrels, ed., The Works of Andy Warhol, especially pp. 52-56. Buchloh argues that Warhol's "style" of drawing reposes on contradiction rather than a division, a contradiction that he traces to numerous sources including Cocteau, Matisse, Klee Calder, Demuth, Shahn and Sloan, all of whom have been invoked in prior accounts of the style. To this Buchloh also adds Steinberg and the Dada drawings of Picabia and Man Ray. According to Buchloh, the contradiction of Warhol's "style" may be attributed to two possibilities. First, that trained as a commercial artist, Warhol was "indiscriminately" hacking styles; second, that since "the governing formal determination of his work was the distribution form of the commodity object," the criteria of elite style, i.e., authenticity, originality and skill, was "desublimated." Parsing Warhol's line into two styles rather than one, as I do here, doesn't necessarily resolve the contradictions that Buchloh notes, but it suggests that Warhol was not hacking indiscriminately, but with discrimination. Moreover, Warhol's divided practice arguably offered back-to-back articulations of "style"-- a commercial enterprise that was already desublimated and an estheticized practice that was its obverse.

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> The basic way of doing it was, simply, to draw on a sheet of paper--usually Andy used charcoal paper which had a little tooth to it-- and you traced your pencil drawing down, and then, you would ink down a couple of lines and flip it over a piece of Strathmore paper and lift it up again. And then each time you did that, your drawing progressed, and by the time you had finished, you got this wonderful drawing of little speckles and dots.[15]

The "master drawing," as Gluck calls it, might be used more than once to generate as many as five and up to ten impressions-- although Warhol generally made only one or two-- each one differing slightly from the others, before the residual ink on the master became too heavy to produce a legible impression. The master, for all Gluck knew, might have been saved or discarded; Gluck believed it was no longer of any consequence. Warhol, however, appears to have saved many, if not most of his masters from the 1950s, including the master for Capote's portrait (fig. 57), allowing us to compare both states of the image, to study the operations that link them at first hand.

The left edge of the master still retains a piece of masking tape, where it had been hinged to Capote's drawing. The bottom portion of the paper from just below the top contour of Capote's lips has been cut, but mostly torn off rather summarily, showing how off-hand Warhol's treatment seems to have been. Likewise, an accidental spill of wet ink has been rubbed dry at the upper left, but it runs against the grain of the wave of hair that falls over the brow, disfiguring it. Examining Warhol's masters, it becomes clear that he viewed them as primarily instrumental, as templates more than works, that for him drawing extended beyond the immediate action of the hand to operations that multiply its indexicality and unfold in a temporal field.

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[15] Smith, Art and Films, 311.

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In fig. 6, Capote's drawing, the accumulation and density of the ink blots deposited onto the ground and absorbed by the paper appear to vary considerably. The ink at the upper right, being more liquid than elsewhere, has spread ever so slightly along the cowlick, its double arc of knotted smears emphasizing the way it seems to spring from an otherwise barely articulated head. The blots which constitute the palm of the hand are somewhat denser than the inking of the fingers, which like several strands of the hair appear to be submerged into the background, dropping out of sight and reappearing. Variations such as these suggest a play of lights and darks that flickers across the drawing, a brilliant formal economy in which the blotted line does a sort of double duty, articulating contours and reading atmospherically as passages of tone.

This is not the case with the master drawing (fig. 57) in which the delineation becomes continuous rather than segmented, consistently opaque rather than "speckled," as Gluck had described the blotted line's effect. In spite of its being unbroken, the lines in the master have been differentially thickened by multiple applications of short linear strokes of ink, faceting the contours, deepening the effect of shadow. At the upper left, the smears along the cowlick exactly match those at the upper right in Capote's drawing. Elsewhere however, those sections of line that seem to have been inked rather faintly in the impression (fig. 6), such as the fingers and portions of the strands of hair, appear dark and heavy in the master.

Between the master and Capote's drawing, another work intervenes in which the ink, blotted from the same master, has uniformly saturated the ground, here primed cotton rather than paper (fig. 58). While this consistency is due, at least in part, to the greater

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absorptiveness of the cotton support relative to paper, it might also result from an earlier impression, before deposits of dried ink had accumulated on the master. In subsequent impressions, those parts of the master which had not been heavily re-inked, such as the fingers and portions of the strands of hair, would have been imprinted faintly, creating the effect of local highlights, remarked upon in Capote's drawing. Such a sequence from master (fig. 57) to canvas (fig. 58) to Capote's drawing (fig. 6) is corroborated by the smeared ink blots that appear over the cowlick in both the master and the drawing, but not in the painting, confirming that the canvas must have been produced before Capote's drawing.

What is missing from this sequence is the stage that would have preceded the master, the pencil drawing which, Gluck informs us, would have been "traced down" onto the master to guide Warhol's inking. This would have been placed face down over the master and rubbed or scored from the reverse to transfer a deposit of graphite onto the surface of the master. Indeed, careful scrutiny of the master reveals traces of just such a line, a pencil transfer that sits faintly on the tooth of the paper, slightly off-register from the inked lines. Given this progression, the pencil drawing would have been a mirror image of the master, and oriented the same way as the canvas and Capote's drawing, with the subject's hand at the right side of the composition, his fringe of wavy hair falling over the brow to the left.

In the absence of such a drawing, we may turn to two other works (figs. 59 and 60) to see how they shed light on Warhol's process, how they inflect the hybrid figure that has so engaged us, to see how they may draw us back, closer to the presumptive point of

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origin for this figure, for the drawing given to Capote. Both works have been drawn free-hand in ink, executed in Warhol's other line, his smooth line. One of these drawings is identified "truman capote" by an inscription written in Warhol's hand at the bottom center of the composition (fig. 59). The figure is substantially the same as those in the painting and in Capote's drawing, except for certain details. For example, the fingers swell and taper in the smooth line drawing, appearing more organic and flexible than their counterparts in blotted line, although the lines which denote the strands of hair look limp, less tensile.

Between the figures in blotted line (figs. 6 and 58) and this newly enlisted "truman capote" (fig. 59), the subject's pose has been visibly shifted, causing the head to list about fifteen degrees to the right, pivoting it into the palm of the hand, which cranks slightly upwards at the wrist to meet it. Moreover, the figure's single eye has lost its blankness, although the eyebrow above it has been deleted. The socket of the eye now spans the outline of an eyeball, affording the subject sight, giving him a gaze, outer-directed if non-specific. In rotating the head towards the horizontal, Warhol reorients the figure towards the zones of sleep and reverie, towards connotations of the erotic. Specifically, this shift in pose summons up the reclining Capote of the dust jacket photograph from Other Voices, Other Rooms (fig. 2), his head propped against the curved arm of a sofa, his hair falling en negligé across his brow, the left eye cocked in a look of invitation.

Shuttling between both pictures (figs. 2 and 59), one notes certain obvious differences: the exaggerated sweep of the tousled hair in the drawing, its nominal but essentially vacant gaze, in comparison to the way Capote seems to send his gaze forth in

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the photograph, targeting the observer. Differences such as these reveal how attenuated the subject becomes in drawing, how objectified, how virtual, how much its erotics have been transferred. Nevertheless, the analogy, really a homology, still obtains between the reclining Capote of the photograph and the rotated figure in Warhol's drawing. In this light, consider how readily the arm of the sofa, its curve folded into Capote's cheek, is transposed in the drawing by the rendering of the hand, its palm pressed against the side of the face. If the sofa's arm supports and fortifies its horizontal subject in the photograph, the hand which draws Warhol into the other picture, mobilizes its subject as a changeling, as Capote-Warhol.

If the hand is a synecdoche that signals Warhol's presence in the drawing, it does so as a figure for the work of drawing itself, Warhol's work, which, as we have seen, invariably interpolates posing with drawing. In the photograph for the dust jacket of Other Voices, Other Rooms, however, it is the eye rather the arm that speaks to the photographic function. As a metonym for the camera's lens, Capote's eye-- really both eyes, but especially his left eye-- represents photography as more than an instrument of passive reception and involuntary registration. Capote's eye advertises photography's blandishments, its inducement to pose, and to pose for someone, to activate another's gaze. Like the depiction of Warhol's hand in the drawing, Capote's eye in the photograph makes the case for performativity, not line or light, as the privileged medium of creativity.

In the second free-hand drawing (fig. 60), the eye has been left blank again as in the blotted line drawings, and the eyebrow similarly reinstated. Another rather short line runs parallel to the upper edge of the eye socket, doubling its curve, denoting the fold of

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skin that tucks into the cavity below the eyebrow. In the previous work, the eye, reposing in rather solitary circumstances upon the extended pinkie, the eyeball appearing ready to slide along the curved edge of its contour, otherwise had been stranded from the rest of the face. Here eyebrow, eye line and eye, all framed within the repositioned fingers, transcribe Capote's gaze in somewhat different terms. They reaffirm the gestural aspect of Capote's gaze, above all the trigger action of his flexed left eyebrow surmounting the blank eyeball, its effect rather like an accent attached to an empty cipher, a stress without a signifier.

In this drawing, the rotated pose of fig. 59 recurs, now advanced so that the head also lists slightly more to the right, the palm tilting upwards to meet it. If the position of the fourth finger has been little changed from drawing to drawing, both the tilt of the pinkie and the splayed middle finger in the second work follow the axis of rotation of the head. Wedged into the lower right, anchoring the list of the head, an inscription, written in Warhol's hand, reads "truman capote/House of Flowers," the latter the title of a short story by Capote, produced as a Broadway musical in late 1954.

Warhol's Capote in the "House of Flowers" drawing conforms rather scrupulously to the silhouette of the figure in the master drawing (fig. 57). Placed face to face with the master, this drawing and the master so correspond that they must be reckoned a match, the former serving as the source image for the latter, as well as for the two blotted line silhouettes generated from it on paper and canvas (figs. 6 and 58). The shift in orientation from a rotated field now corrected to the vertical, rather than the reverse, a vertical

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subject made supine, takes us from a point of origin in the free-hand work of the "House of Flowers" drawing through its various manifestations in blotted line.

Another group of drawings rehearses much the same history, the same trajectory from free-hand rendering traced face down onto a master to generate a drawing to be blotted. It is none other than the peek-a-boo portrait type that has appeared here twice previously, in the John Butler sketchbook (fig. 25), and in another free-hand ink drawing, inscribed "truman capote" (fig. 24). A third peek-a-boo pose, inscribed "truman Capote/House of Flowers" (fig. 61) and made on the same type of newsprint as the other "House of Flowers" is the source for this second master (fig. 62). Strikingly, like the previous example, in the tracing from free-hand source to master, the field has been slightly rotated once again, this time in the opposite direction. From "House of Flowers" to master, the peek-a-boo pose rotates from a vertical axis, shifting slightly to the left, pivoting the hands, discernibly tilting the eyes, the lips. Inked, only once, the peek-a-boo master has produced a single blotted line drawing (fig. 63).

Since both "House of Flowers" drawings (figs. 60 and 61) are in ink rather than pencil, and neither shows any evidence of having been worked on the reverse, another stage in the process must have intervened, another state of indexicality. This likely involved pencil tracings of both ink drawings, that were used in their turn to execute the transfer onto the master, depositing the sorts of graphite traces still visible in both (figs. 57 and 62). Although Warhol retained most of his master drawings, the tracings appear to have been discarded, since none of these have been found. Not only is tracing paper more ephemeral, after the initial transfer they would have been of little use to him, unlike the

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master drawings, which could be used repeatedly to reproduce a figure, to make another work.

What becomes striking about Warhol's blotted line technique, is the way it multiplies indexicality over the course of its various states, from drawing, tracing, rubbing and scoring, to repeated blottings. Not only this, keeping in mind Newton's articulation of the camp body into opposing aspects of front and back, of face and ass, Warhol's technique may also be said to incorporate the erotic into the procedure but secretively, through the pressure of the hand on the tracing paper from behind, and by discarding the paper later.

If his blotted line granted Warhol a way of rewriting his drawing, one way to view it might be to characterize it as a strategy of seriality, a way of simply making more. This is an approach that we may be certain Warhol himself would have sanctioned, especially in the light of his silkscreened paintings of the 1960s. What then are we to make of the following figure? He originates in the free-hand drawing of ca. 1954, inscribed "truman capote/House of Flowers" (fig. 60). Following this, he has been traced and then transferred onto a master sheet (fig. 57) from which he will be laboriously reconstituted from tiny marks of ink and blotted mark by mark first onto a canvas (fig. 58), and later onto a sheet of paper, inscribed "Truman Capote/Andy Warhol" in his mother's hand, and given to Capote in response to a later encounter ca. 1956 (fig. 6). In view of such an elaborate narrative of procedures and interventions, in view of its duration and its intermittency, Warhol's drawing, his rewriting of this figure, becomes more than a

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normative production of multiples; it resembles nothing so much as the function of memory.

In "Freud and the Scene of Writing," Derrida comments upon Freud's brief text, "Note on the Mystic Writing Pad," reviewing three analogies of writing, "as a technique subservient to memory."[16] The first, a sheet of paper "preserves indefinitely but is quickly saturated;" the second, a slate, which may be erased, is not readily saturated, but conserves nothing. The third, an apparatus dubbed the Mystic Writing Pad, consists of a transparent sheet attached to a slab of wax. Marks made with a stylus appear on the transparent sheet, having been inscribed into the wax block. Even after the sheet has been lifted, erasing its marks, the trace remains inscribed on the block.

The procedures of Warhol's blotted line drawing may be likened to the workings of Freud's Mystic Writing Pad, the master functioning like the wax block, preserving the record of inscribed traces, the repository of memory, the reserve of the unconscious. As Derrida observes, however, "writing is unthinkable without repression," without the erasures of the transparent sheet:

> If there were only perception, pure permeability to breaching, there would be no breaches. We would be written, but nothing would be recorded; no writing would be produced, retained, repeated as legibility. But pure perception does not exist: we are written only as we write, by the agency within us which always already keeps watch over perception, be it internal or external.[17]

This transparent sheet, lifted and reinstated, corresponds to that mechanism which keeps watch over perception, which shields and censors. This differs in the Warholian model of

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[16] Jacques Derrida, "Freud and the Scene of Writing,", 196-231.

[17] Ibid., 226.

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blotted line drawing. Instead of an affixed sheet, magically erasing the drawing when lifted but never removed, Warhol discards the transfer after tracing it down, the sheet that had been rubbed from behind. Then begins the process of rewriting the drawing on the master, lifting it blot by blot onto a fresh sheet of paper. The process may continue, replacing one sheet with another, until the master has become saturated, when it is set aside.

If Freud's Mystic Writing Pad has, for Derrida, the advantage of combining the "infinite depth"[18] of memory and the unconscious with an ever-stratified present, Warhol's drawing appears to reflect his unequivocal focus upon the surface, his evasion of depth. "I see everything that way," he averred in a 1967 interview, and not for the first time, "the surfaces of things, a kind of mental Braille, I just pass my hands over the surface of things."[19] If, in terms of this extraordinary locution, "mental Braille," the hands become the medium of perception, this is visualized in the photographs of Warhol and the drawings of Capote-Warhol from the 1950s, where sight invariably move through the fingers, framed by them, occluded by them, communicating through gesture, registered on the surface of the face. And like Braille, which looks like the flickering surface of Warhol's blotted line, the pulse of each impression as the master is constantly lifted up and blotted down operates like the camera's shutter, alternately opening the image to light and sealing it in darkness on the negative, playing peek-a-boo with appearances, oscillating the subject between Warhol and Capote.

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[18] Ibid., 224.

[19] Berg, "Andy: My True Story," 3.

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The freshly inserted sheet of paper, moreover, also seems to enact the quintessentially Warholian credo of constant self-invention, the injunction to repression, to over-write the past. This is the precept uttered in the same interview of 1967, and repeated throughout The Philosophy in 1975, "My philosophy is: every day's a new day."[20] If, notwithstanding their chronological distance, the fresh sheets of paper and the invocation of every day as new share a cognate status, by saving the master drawings and their source images-- here, the "House of Flowers" drawings-- Warhol selectively reserved rather than erased the past. Reinscribed in blotted line, the drawing that he gave to Capote is written over; it is written in Derrida's sense, structured by repression, serving memory. Resurfacing now, these two works (figs. 60 and 61), which indicate a point of origin in Capote's "House of Flowers," draw us back, if not to the beginning, to the scene of Warhol's infatuation ca. 1948-52, then to another relay, another layer of excitation that occurred somewhat later, to the end of 1954 when Capote's short story was produced as a musical comedy on the Broadway stage.

Local Color: Warhol's House of Flowers

Capote's short story derived from a sojourn during the winter of 1948 in Haiti, where he had retreated not long after the publication of Other Voices, Other Rooms in January. He apparently spent most of his evenings sitting on the porches of bordellos in Port-au-Prince's red light district, drinking beer and listening to the local gossip of the

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[20] Ibid. See also Warhol, The Philosophy, 6, where he observes "Every day is a new day. Because I can't remember the day before.

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district's prostitutes, the basis for his story about a young prostitute who forsakes the brothel for the love of her rural swain.[21]

If, because it was fiction, "House of Flowers" wasn't included in the collection of Capote's travel writings published by Random House in 1950 under the title Local Color, it might have qualified in other terms, given its picturesque setting and "colorful" characters, its negritude.[22] Accordingly, I have adopted the title here. As will be seen, the black cast and elite Broadway production of Capote's story were central to its reception, to its failures and its cult following. Moreover, color as blackness relative to whiteness, as coloring in, becomes the medium of Warhol's local response, of his private reinscription of the Broadway production in a series of drawings.

Capote began working on its adaptation into a play during the fall of 1952. By the time it opened on Broadway at the Alvin Theater on December 30, 1954, the focus of the plot had shifted from a love story to a rivalry between two bordellos. The heroine had been transformed into an ingenue, and the "House of Flowers" now referred not to the bower of her lover's rural homestead, but to one of the rival bordellos, where each of the girls was named after a flower. As a musical comedy, House of Flowers was produced for Broadway by Saint Subber, with a musical score by Harold Arlen, lyrics by Capote and Arlen, and sets and costumes by Oliver Messel. Peter Brook directed and Balanchine

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[21] See Clarke, Capote, 259-264 for this account of the story's origins and its adaptation as a Broadway musical. The story is still in print, see Truman Capote, "Breakfast at Tiffany's" and Three Stories (New York: Random House, 1968; Vintage International, 1993), 113-136.

[22] The term seems old-fashioned but applicable here, not only because of the chronological context of Capote's story and the play, but because of its affirmative usage and its derivation from the French word, nègre, making it appropriate to the French-colonial setting of Haiti. It was coined by the Senegalese poet and statesman, Léopold Senghor.

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choreographed its mostly black cast, starring Pearl Bailey as Madame Fleur, with Juanita Hall, Diahann Carroll and Geoffrey Holder.

The production was culturally riven from the beginning, presided over by such luminaries of high culture as Brook and Balanchine and performed by avatars of the vernacular like Pearl Bailey and Juanita Hall. Geoffrey Holder, a dancer and performer of Caribbean folk and work music, who later danced with Alvin Ailey, recalled seeing Balanchine laboriously devising a new step, only to realize that it was a mambo. "All he had to do was say 'mambo' at the beginning," Holder remarked, "and we would have jumped!"[23] The production foundered, and House of Flowers closed after five months, but not without a final sellout performance on May 22, 1955, reported as "a ripsnorter of a wake that kept the capacity audience in its seats until the early hours."[24]

House of Flowers' extraordinary array of mismatched talent, its failure as popular entertainment yet its devoted following of fans, qualify it for cult status, for investiture as camp. Unlike its most obvious predecessor, Four Saints in Three Acts, written by Gertrude Stein, with music by Virgil Thompson, sets by Florine Stettheimer and all-black cast, Capote's theatrical straddled its incongruities, and somewhat awkwardly at that, rather than deploying them. Conspicuously situated within the avant-garde of the twenties, Four Saints in Three Acts mobilized Stein's and Thomson's American vernacular instincts, Stettheimer's eccentric cellophane sets, and the vocal and physical dignity of American Negroes to interrogate the musical, vocal and visual conventions of European grand

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[23] Clarke, Capote, 261.

[24] Ibid., 264, quoted from the Daily News.

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opera. If Four Saints was avant-garde and camp, or better, if it was avant-garde camp, House of Flowers was only camp.

Among the contents of the House of Flowers' souvenir program is a photograph that must have caught Warhol's eye, addressing as it does key reflexes of his Capote portrait (fig. 64). As the author of the entertainment, Capote is characterized as follows:

> Of his own work, Mr. Capote feels a certain impatience with those who hastily label it fantasy, although he is the first to proclaim it not of the realistic school. He prefers to consider it imaginative impressions of possible realities, and his devoted literary following is more than willing to follow his enchanting course between the realistic and the unanchored drift of the spiritual world.[25]

If the effect of such a passage is somewhat more promotional than spiritual, nevertheless, it reads as a none too inadequate recipe for the exceptionally anchored drift of Warhol's imagination, and the role played therein by his fantasmatic visualizations of Capote on paper. One wouldn't want to be too hasty in labeling them pure fantasy, but characterizing them as "imaginative impressions of possible realities" on the other hand, justly renders the way Warhol's fascination shuttles between memory and projection, the way his drawing mixes the indexical operations of inscribing and blotting with improvisation and idealization.

Such a textual recipe of authorial imagination is mirrored, rather exquisitely I think, by Capote in the photograph he stages for his souvenir program portrait (fig. 64), a promotional context of course, but one dedicated as well to memory and retention. Capote poses in his shirtsleeves, but in fancy dress, his pleated shirt and black bow tie suggesting that he is dressed, or not quite dressed, for an opening night, his attire seeming to signify a

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[25] House Flowers, n.d., n.p.

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male version of fashionable deshabillé. He leans against a railing in the lower foreground of the picture, suggesting again that he is in the theater, and tilts his head to the left, leaning against his bent right arm, his fingers folded against the cheekbone, his eyes gazing upward to the right, as if in a spiritual drift.

If Capote's photographic impersonation of authorship on the dust jacket of Other Voices, Other Rooms (fig. 2) signified an appropriation of the category of "woman author," or so Hilton Als would have it, the House of Flowers photograph is much less transgressive. Nor is it the source of Warhol's "House of Flowers" Capote, at least not in a direct, unmediated way. There are telling likenesses between Warhol's drawings and this photograph, especially the curvature of Capote's nostrils and lips, and the texture of the eyebrows. The hair, however, is another matter; plastered across his forehead in the photograph, in the drawings it is allowed to drift down his brow in massed arabesques. Capote's fingers, although curled into an articulated configuration at the base of his cheekbone do not travel across the face, framing and animating it as in the drawings. And the tilt of Capote's head, while offering another prototype for Warhol's drawings, reverses orientation, as if traced, although the hair maintains its leftwards sweep. In the program, the angle of the tilt of the head is accentuated by two factors, the angle of the foreground railing, and the rotation of the photograph itself in the layout. This rotation of the pictures within the field is a conceit that recurs throughout the program, as if they had been tipped into view, like snapshots in an album, candid frames, savored, saved.

If Warhol saved his souvenir program for House of Flowers, however, neither it nor a playbill has been found thus far among the still unfinished inventories of ephemera

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which he saved, apparently without discrimination, throughout most of his life. Nevertheless, it seems improbable to suppose that he had not seen the production. A playbill from an earlier Broadway production adapted from Capote's novella The Grass Harp has been found in the Warhol archive, its cover scribbled over with Warhol's doodles (fig. 65), and a friend from the 1950s, Alfred Carlton Walters, has remarked that Warhol often impulsively treated his friends to expensive seats for Broadway shows.[26] Given that this was Capote's play, and the cult-like devotion of its fans, it is almost unthinkable that Warhol would not have been a House of Flowers camp follower.

Warhol's particular preoccupation with the Broadway production of House of Flowers is secured not only by the two portrait drawings inscribed "Truman Capote/House of Flowers" (figs. 60 and 61), but by a somewhat larger group of works, which circulate and improvise upon the cover design used for both the souvenir program and the playbill. On the cover, a female figure, drawn in silhouette, is shown lying in a hammock, one hand dangling a fan, the other raised (fig. 66). Its design counterpoints her darkened shape with the distended grid of the hammock that holds her body, the spidery outlines of the letters that spell out "House of Flowers," and the "flowers" themselves, sprays of tropical foliage that suggest the leaves of fancifully oversized ferns, or fern-like palms. The use of the silhouette doubles as a graphic device that renders the essential contours of the female form, while omitting its particulars, like a cameo, and that denotes the color of her skin.

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[26] Interview with Alfred Carlton Walters in Smith, "Art 'In Extremis,'" 915-916

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In one of his drawings, Warhol takes over both the figure of a woman lying in a hammock and the representation of her blackness (fig. 67). This figure, cut off at the right, just above her knees, twists to the spectator, raising her upper torso on a bent right arm, her fingers touching the temple à la Capote. "House of Flowers" is inscribed below the hammock, but the word above it, which apparently issues from her lips, is indecipherable, and the credits below, an intentional scrawl. The hammock itself is not so much rendered as released in a jazzy curtain of zigzagged lines that sets off the coloring of the figure.

Unlike her predecessors on the program and playbill, Warhol's figure in the hammock is not conceived as pure silhouette. Her hair has been left uncolored, articulated by a band of waves that traverse the hammock's rhythmic field of diamonds. Her eye, mouth, breast, limbs and fingers are framed or tipped by areas of white. Their contrast with the opaque areas of the body permit its features and movements to be legibly rendered. Nonetheless, the effect of these areas left un-inked is to call attention to the strokes of the pen that activate the figure's blackness, and to the condition of "being colored": rather than negritude per se, to black as color, suffusing whiteness, staining paper, tinting skin.

Whiteness is not normative in such circumstances, it cannot be taken for granted. It becomes a predicate of being not-colored, it requires specifications of its own. The female figure who reappears in four related House of Flowers sketches (figs. 68 and 69), suspended in a hammock, is depicted accordingly. Not only has she not been colored, but not being colored, she has acquired other characteristics as well: a change of costume, of coiffure. Changes such as these do not specify whiteness per se, but mark her difference.

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Unlike the colored skin of the figure who graces the cover of the program and playbill and Warhol's prior drawing, rather than having been left uncolored, she is now draped in white. The long, loose, but clinging dress reveals her breasts as if it were transparent or a second skin, except for the way sleeves and skirt terminate in a scalloped edge, a frilly ruffle.

The figure in these sketches seems to be a more free-hand variant of a Warholian female type who appears in his drawings throughout 1954. As one of the sketches shows (fig. 69, bottom), the immediate model is an illustrated plate that Warhol borrowed from the New York Public Library's Picture Collection and never returned. Captioned "Idleness," the plate was indexed by the Picture Collection under "Hammocks" (fig. 70).[27] With credentials such as these, one may suppose that the figure in these sketches represents another character entirely, or better, another of Warhol's improvised hybrids, who has migrated or trespassed onto the House of Flowers' set. Although one of the sketches is inscribed with the production's chief credits (fig. 68, top), in another any identification of this sort devolves into a trail of cursive strokes, hanging decoratively but indecipherable from a dotted line that issues from the figure's mouth (fig. 68, bottom). This new character addresses the spectator from an unassigned context in which Capote's authorship slips into another voice, registered by Warhol's line.

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[27] This printed plate in the New York Public Library's Picture Collection appears to have been based somewhat broadly on a painting by Courbet, Le Hamac, 1844. The compositions reversed, which is readily explained by the likelihood that the illustrator of the plate knew the Courbet from an engraved reproduction. Courbet's sleeping young woman with her bodice unbuttoned, her left arm extended behind her head exemplifies the physical abandonment and erotic enticements of sleep discussed in Chapter 8. The Victorian book plate is predictably much primmer. It is interesting to note that the facial type and ruffled garments of this figure bear a certain likeness to another sleeping young woman from Courbet, the Parisienne in the foreground from Les Demoiselles au Bord de la Seine (Été), 1856-57.

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In the third sketch (fig. 69, top), only the lower half of the figure is shown, focusing on the stockinged legs. They protrude past the ruffled hem, dangling from the netted hammock, a detail derived from the Picture Collection plate. Put on now like a stocking, blackness, like whiteness, becomes subject to costume, subject to change. Warhol's evident interest in the theatricalization of colored skin, his delight in its play of variegated surfaces, becomes even more apparent among the other half dozen or so increasingly improvisational sketches that he executed in homage to Capote's House of Flowers.

In two of these, the production's credits are presented on hand-held cloths, supported by three grinning imps, alternately represented as black (fig. 71, top) and white (fig. 71, bottom). A peaked cap, surfaced with scallops, and probably intended to denote petals or leaves, recurs on the middle figure in both drawings. The flanking figures are bare-headed and bald-pated when their faces are white. In the other drawing, the side figures acquire caps of their own, setting off the three black faces, counterpointed at the bottom of the composition by six bare black feet, which gamely poke beneath the cloth they hold up for view. In two other sketches (fig. 72), three putti-like figures are represented in obvious black face, unfurling the production's credits. In one (fig. 72, top), where the puttis seem to be suspended in mid-air, their bodies have been completely colored in. In the other (fig. 72, bottom), they appear only in black face, a swathe of ink on the chest of the middle figure, calling attention to the contrast with the rest of their bodies, plump and white.

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In the transition from Capote's story to the Broadway production, the shift in the work's eponymous house of flowers from moral antipode, i.e., the rural homestead of the heroine's true love, to the bordello of Madame Fleur, camped its licentious milieu by situating innocence incongruously at the heart of sexual experience. This may be a well-worn trope, but it surely had special resonance at that time for Warhol, who produced two books, Love Is A Pink Cake (1953) and In the Bottom of My Garden (ca. 1956), which mirror this theme. The latter took its title from a song performed by the British comedienne Beatrice Lillie, "There Are Fairies in the Bottom of My Garden." Warhol's fairies are candy-colored putti, drawn in playful but compromising poses, which he appropriated from a 17th century French book of engravings by Jacques Stella; his garden populated with the sorts of fleurs animées inspired by the French illustrator, Grandville.[28] If Capote's House of Flowers had camp potential and achieved camp status, Warhol's book, with its arcane and incongruous sources and prevailing sense of parody was conceived as camp itself.

Is it any wonder then that near relations of the female type from Love Is A Pink Cake (fig. 73), or of the putti and animated flowers featured in the hand-colored plates of In the Bottom of My Garden (fig. 74), should make cameo appearances in this project? Three examples draw Grandville further into their orbit, animating Warhol's House of Flowers with fairies: the face of a putto sprouting from the bud of flower (fig. 75); the voluptuous female figure with colored skin, nestled at the heart of a giant flower, framed

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[28] See Crone, A Picture Show, figs 40-43, p. 54; figs. 47-50, p. 57; pp. 58, 60 and Smith, Art and Films, 55-63. See also my discussion of In the Bottom of My Garden in chapter 6, "Yesterday's Children."

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by the petals that uncurl around her (fig. 76); and the centers of three flowers that metamorphose into faces (fig. 77). In sketches such as these, or the woman in the hammock (figs. 67 - 69), Warhol's improvisations are extramural. They trespass Capote's theatrical, becoming liminally his own, or better, they double the possessive, making the House of Flowers "their" own.

Perhaps the oddest cross-over figure in this project is neither a putto nor a flower, but a black-faced female personage in an elaborate headdress, characteristic of an opera diva or a 1920s siren of the silver screen (fig. 78, top). Another drawing, without the House of Flowers' credits (fig. 78, bottom), identifies her as Gloria Swanson, and as one of a group of drawings copied from A Pictorial History of the Silent Screen by Daniel Blum (1953). The drawing identified as Swanson predictably is closer to its photographic source (fig. 79), the details of its headdress less abbreviated, the features of the face less caricatured. The eyes of the House of Flowers Swanson are larger, their exaggeration heightened by her black skin and the ring of white that outlines them (fig. 78, top). The same sort of highlighting appears around her choker and among the pendant braids of her cap. Indicating their photographic origins, Warhol's two Swansons seem to submit that drawing may plausibly exists in two states, positive and negative. Moving from A Pictorial History of the Silent Screen to the House of Flowers, the image passes from photography through drawing, from light through line. Registered in reverse, Swanson is not simply written into a new context, but written into it in the code of drawing, of black and white.

The function of Capote's House of Flowers as a vehicle for drawing in code is made clear in the remaining sketch of the series (fig. 80). An eye that surely corresponds

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to Swanson's long-lashed and upward-turning gaze appears twice, by itself at the upper left, and as a detail of the face at the bottom center. If they signal the act of looking out, as if each circle were a peephole, the others remind us that they double as apertures for looking in, for glimpsing the subject in fragments. If both eyes may be assigned to Swanson, and the hammock to the program for House of Flowers, others are more ambiguous-- the landscape may allude to the island paradise, the kissing couple to the lovers, likewise the heart and lips, or to its commercial practice in the bordello. Only the fragment at lower left escapes decoding, cannot be assimilated as a motif.

But it is more than a question of reading motifs. Each pictograph also opens onto the legibility of drawing itself, as a pattern of darks and lights and as a species of notation. The latter becomes particularly apparent when similar elements shift between adjacent frames. For example, the shorthand for the hammock at the right, especially its two nested curves, repeats the interval between the parted lips immediately to its left, whereas the scalloped line below the nose at the bottom center seems to have migrated and become tripled as the waves or cloud-forms in the landscape to its immediate right. Lips or hammock, face or field, the subject of drawing becomes contingent upon fluctuations between positive and negative, upon the play of line.

Warhol's Fan Letters: The Act of Writing

The Broadway musical of Capote's story offered Warhol a ready-made occasion to renew their acquaintance of several years before, or at least to revisit his prior infatuation exclusively on his own terms, to structure his fascination more conventionally as a fan. As

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far as can be ascertained, he seems to have made no attempt to contact Capote at this time, to reinstate their interrupted relation. In a manner of speaking, Warhol's encounter with Capote at the time of House of Flowers goes no deeper than its program cover, constituting one of Warhol's famous surfaces.

In this light, I would like to interject a literary counterpart to this later state of Warhol's desire. Writing about André Gide, Leo Bersani contends that his pederasty was consummately in the skin, a magnetism of surfaces, devoid of intimacy:

> His eroticism is uncontaminated by a psychology of desire, by which I mean that it is unaccompanied by an essentially doomed and generally anguished interrogation of the other's desires. That interrogation is at the heart of Proustian eroticism. For Proust, the sign of sexual love is the mentalizing of the sexual drive, a disastrous sublimation of the desire for the other's body to an always unanswered demand addressed to the other's consciousness. The Gidean homosexuality of The Immoralist knows no such demands, and its very emptiness constitutes a challenge to any sexual ideology of profundity.[29]

If the sexuality of Gide's protagonist, Michel, impels him outwards, to travel in constant search of erotic contact, this stage of Warhol's infatuation now permits him the absolute opposite, it allows him to stay at home. The House of Flowers drawings do not require Capote, or better, they do not require Capote's response, they do not require that he respond to Warhol. The contact of the play, or just the playbill, is enough. Now Warhol does not seem to be seeking intimacy with Capote, but appropriating something that belongs to him. The program cover (fig. 66) functions in such an eroticized matrix like an article of clothing, a substitute for Capote or his body, a fetish that Warhol can possess and enjoy solo, with which he can play and improvise upon home alone.

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[29] Leo Bersani, Homos (Cambridge, Massachusetts: Harvard University, Press, 1995): 123.

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In this light, the inscriptions on the Capote portraits may be seen as impersonating Capote's "autograph," faking the personal trace of his hand, much as the drawings impersonate him. They function like the photograph of Shirley Temple, signed by her (or by her fan club in her behalf) and dedicated "To Andrew Warhola" (fig. 11).[30] They sign over their subject, yielding him as an image to be substituted for the absent body of the original, ceding it to the solitary ministrations of a fan. By having his factotum, Andy Warhol's Mother, inscribe the drawing that he gave to Capote ca. 1956, Warhol reverses the flow, he turns Capote-Warhol back to Capote, giving the fetishized image over to him. It seems to preempt the resumption of anything further passing between them, announcing the closure of Warhol's infatuation. Alternately, what the inscriptions on the Capote portraits open onto-- Julia's above all-- is the act of writing that initiated their relations, or writing as an act, as a summons to another, as a summoning of desire .

Two postcards and two letters from the Warhol archive establish the general authenticity of Warhol's claim, "I used to write to Truman every day-- for years . . .,"[31] although they cannot confirm its frequency or the duration of his devotion to his object. One postcard comes from the Museum of Modern Art: it shows Garbo and Robert Taylor in a still from the film, Camille. Between Garbo and Taylor, Warhol has collaged two typewritten word balloons: "Merry Christmas" issues from Garbo, "meow" from Taylor

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[30] Wayne Koestenbaum has raised the very interesting possibility that Temple's autograph might actually be in Julia Warhola's hand. A close comparison of the writing in fig. 11 with the extended sample that we have of Julia's writing, the "Moondog" cover in fig. 44, while not conclusive, suggests that they are probably not by the same hand. Temple's autograph is mostly written along a consistent cursive axis, not the case with Julia's writing, where the axes shift as much as the formations of individual letters.

[31] Warhol, "Sunday with Mister C.," Rolling Stone, 29.

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(fig. 81). On the reverse, Warhol has typed "me & my cat," wishfully casting himself as the adored Garbo, casting as Taylor as his cat, as Capote. The card was never mailed, but it was addressed to "truman capote & mrs capote" at the 1060 Park Avenue address where Mrs. Capote lived, but which Capote had left by 1948, not long after the publication of Other Voices, Other Rooms.

The other card, a penny postcard, also typed in all lower case letters, was never mailed either. It is addressed simply to "mr capote," but at the same apartment as the other card. The name on the return address is simply "andy," the address 216 East 75th Street, the apartment he occupied between 1951-1952. Its message is a halting, ungrammatical fragment-- "my name is andy/ miss ives gave me your address/ she said talk to you about me/ i"[32] --before the writer breaks off woefully at a loss as to how to proceed.

Warhol's penny postcard would seem to pre-date the picture postcard from the Museum of Modern Art, before he had met Nina Capote. It resembles the cards, also typed in lower case letters, that he exchanged between 1951-52 with someone else, a young artist named Tommy Jackson, attending Black Mountain College. The Warhol-Jackson postcards rehearse the tropes of a flirtation, variously poetical and teasing, jealous and petulant, unlike the one-sided campaign he addressed to Capote for which we have only these two examples. If the image of Garbo seems to allude to the eventual passing of some communication between them, in the first card, the gulf between wanting to be known but being unknown opens out as an unbridgeable division, cleaving the correspondence, pre-empting intimacy.

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[32] Archives, Andy Warhol Museum, Pittsburgh.

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Two letters written to Warhol, not by Capote but by Marion Ives, identify the Miss Ives of the penny postcard, a literary agent introduced to Capote by Carson McCullers in 1945. In the first, dated March 1, 1952, she writes:

> Hav [sic] you met Capote? I saw him for a quick luncheon a week ago for the first time in months, it seemed. He asked me to come over where they're rehearsing for GRASS HARP, but he was surrounded by all of them and I had little time to talk. He said he'd been receiving some inane notes from one Warhol and thinks you might be slightly insane. So of course I told him you were.[33]

Rather breezily brushing off the strangeness of Warhol's advances, the kindly Miss nevertheless appends a note of caution in the margin, "Would advise you send him no more notes, tho. He's too upset and distracted as of now." The distraction was the Broadway production of his novella, The Grass Harp, published in 1951. "All of them" would refer to its cast and production team, including Saint Subber, Cecil Beaton, who designed the sets, and Virgil Thomson, who wrote the music. Despite its celebrity production, Capote's first Broadway play experienced an even shorter run than House of Flowers, playing for one month between March 27 and April 26, 1952.

The date of Marion Ives' first letter indicates that Warhol's attempts to contact and meet Capote begin in late 1951 or early 1952, more than two years after he arrived in New York, and almost four years after the publication of Other Voices, Other Rooms. This is supported by the recollections of Joseph Groell, a Carnegie classmate and Warhol's roommate from the fall of 1950 to the spring of 1951. In Patrick Smith's interview with him, he remembers no "fan letters," only that "he seemed very ambivalent about Truman

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[33] Ibid.

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. . . Like he would want to meet him, or he didn't want to meet him."[34]

Warhol's notes to Capote, just preceding The Grass Harp, fold into the chronology of its rehearsals and short run. In this context, however, Warhol seems to have produced no drawings to summon his infatuation visually, no pictures to negotiate his exclusion, as he had two years later, except for the doodles he drew on the cover of the playbill when he attended a performance of the play (fig. 65). At the right, below two heads, drawn in the notation of his earliest illustrational style, Warhol seems to have written the word, "meow." Code for a species of eroticized purring-- for desire-- it is also interjected in his correspondence with Tommy Jackson.

Although the three falling leaves silhouetted on the playbill cover correspond to the conventionalized shapes of maples leaves, the central figure of Capote's novella was a Chinaberry tree. His protagonists retreat to the tree in protest and hear nature singing from it, like music from a grass harp. Beaton's set piece was a giant tree, that dominated the stage of the Broadway production (fig. 82). Among Warhol's drawings from the early 1950s, we may find several variations of a composition with a very large tree, but they show only a single figure, a young girl with little relation to Capote's story (fig. 83).

A second letter written to Warhol from Marion Ives is dated June 26, 1952, well after The Grass Harp had closed, and in the wake of her visit to the Hugo Gallery, where accompanied by the writer Pearl Kazin, the two had seen Warhol's first gallery exhibition, "Fifteen Drawings Based in the Writings of Truman Capote," on view June 16-July 3. She wrote to Warhol as follows:

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[34] Smith, "Art 'In Extremis,'" 646.

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> Pearl Kazin was with me and knows Capote's works as well as do I. We both recognized the talent of the Artist Warhol and were intrigued by his technique and originality. We were not able to identify some of the Capote characters-- which may not seem necessary to you but did seem so to Kazin and Ives. So altho the pictures were peculiarly interesting, some of them might have been more so, had the artist been present.[35]

The failure of Warhol's drawings to capture Capote's cast of literary characters might seem relatively insignificant beside his failure to capture Capote's attention, who she noted was "back in Taorima working away on his next play." Yet Warhol's difference, his break with conventional illustration, is precisely what, Miss Ives realized, conferred distinction upon him as "the Artist Warhol."

In this context, it might be useful to gauge the degree of Warhol's difference by examining a conventional illustration, and we are fortunate in having an appropriate comparative example at hand, a drawing that spans the double title page of the first edition of The Grass Harp, published by Random House in 1951 (fig. 84). The illustrator in question, whose name has been cropped by the bottom edge of the right page, binds this rather complicated composition with the strokes of his pen. These marks bristle across the page, animating highlights, or congeal in welters, creating velvety blacks, constellating the ground as an integrated, elaborated landscape, dispersed with trees and fields, a radiating sun at the upper left, and dotted with endless figures. Vignettes from the novella, representing specific narrative incidents and characters, may be extracted from this visual maze by readers knowledgeable about Capote's novella, readers like Marion Ives and Pearl Kazin. The China tree, for example, is repeated across the composition, varying only in the groupings of its inhabitants. The illustration encourages the skills of decoding and

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[35] Archives, Andy Warhol Museum, Pittsburgh.

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identification, like the continuous narratives of medieval composition that conflate space and time, eliding the conventions of looking with reading. It even sanctions a measure of literary interpretation: for example the female violinist is surely a symbolic figure representing the grass harp, while the oversized figure in the lower left foreground, a boy riding a horse bareback and glancing backwards, must be the young narrator, signifying Capote's first person voice.

A recently auctioned drawing with a Hugo Gallery provenance (fig. 4)[36] is the only known example of a work that might have been among the fifteen included in Warhol's exhibition. It is also the only work which might be compared to the illustration from the 1951 Random House edition to ascertain what it is that Warhol's drawings don't do, and what it was that Marion Ives and Pearl Kazin couldn't identify. Like the book illustration, Warhol situates a single figure, the head of a young man, in the bottom foreground of his composition, out of scale with the figural group behind him. While the bareback rider at the lower left of the book illustration appears to culminate the narrative flow of its composition, the young man's head in Warhol's drawing establishes a sense of distance, that is at once spatial and psychological, formalized by the counterpoint between line and color.

The children's faces display the abbreviation of features and modeling characteristic of Warhol's blotted ink transfers. Their blankness is accentuated by the absence of color in this part of each figure, set off against the opacity and various hues of their clothes, as is the enlarged head in the foreground. Skin becomes a kind of whiteness

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[36] Christie's, New York, May 8, 1996, no. 304.

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in this drawing, a transparency through drawing to the ground, or a different sort of opacity that secures the surface of sheet, the vacancy of the children, the impenetrability of the young man.

The young man's head is rendered in much greater detail than the children's faces. Not only his features but the entire topography of the face has been mapped, the tip of the chin delineated, nose and ears articulated, the cavities and creases around the eyes and mouth and the hairline surmounting his brow receiving particular attention. The drawing of this figure harks back to a slightly earlier manner, to certain drawings that Warhol made at the Carnegie Institute and not long after (figs. 85 and 86). These works are notable for their animated surfaces, the networks of line, wrinkling garments and faces, the clusters of stippled marks. They show Warhol as an art student, ably exercising his skills in rendering, displaying his mastery of the craft of illustration in the conventional manner, of representation in the service of narrative, of history and drama, on behalf of capturing the human character.

By 1952 Warhol's style was changing, divesting itself of incident and detail. This new reserve with respect to drawing, to his former proliferation of ink blots and marks, now calls attention to the rather disembodied quality of each mark, as it adheres upon the white page, wet and fat or dry and attenuated. It addresses itself to the question of just how much drawing is necessary to representation, how little illustrating might be done. It forgoes particularities for the generality, specific references for suggestion and association; it indicates its dispersal, it signals itself. Figures such as the children in the background of

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the Hugo drawing, rather than interacting dramatically, have been gathered more or less additively as if in a tableau; as ciphers more than identifiable characters.

One begins to understand the nature of the decidedly literary Miss Ives' problem with these works. This drawing may or may not refer to a story like Capote's "My Side of the Matter," published in A Tree of Night and Other Stories in 1949. More than this, or less, Warhol's figures correspond in the most general manner to a set of types that readers of Capote's stories might recognize, the self-governing assembly children, seen without sentimentality, who advance and retreat towards a single figure, the protagonist, impinged upon but distinct. Like Capote's narrative voice, and like Capote, he is both part and not part of the composition, or like Warhol, he represents a creative subjectivity that can only be called Capote-esque.

The solitary review of Warhol's Hugo show consists of a single paragraph in the July 1952 issue of Art Digest. Taking his cue from the show's name, its reviewer didn't fault Warhol with illustrating Capote inadequately, he assumed a priori that there was a certain association between image and text. In fact, he did what Warhol surely must have wanted, affiliating them automatically, contextualizing him within a Capote-esque milieu:

> Andy Warhol's fragile impressions-- 15 drawings based on the writings of Truman Capote-- are less amusing, less impressive altogether [than the work of Irving Sherman also on view at the Hugo Gallery]. For various reasons one thinks of Beardsley, Lautrec, Demuth, Balthus and Cocteau. The work has an air of preciosity, of carefully studied perversity. Boys, tomboys and butterflies are drawn in pale outline with magenta or violet splashed here and there--rather arbitrarily it seems. At its best it is an art that depends upon the delicate tour de force, the communication of intangibles and ambivalent feelings.[37]

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[37] J.F. "Irving Sherman, Andy Warhol," Art Digest (July 1952): 19.

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Warhol's reviewer doesn't attempt to decipher the text in the images. Like Warhol, he doesn't read so much as move across the surface of his subject, evoking perversity and ambivalence as an effect, as if it were registered by the "pallor" of Warhol's line, summoned by arbitrary splashes of magenta and violet.

Invoking Balthus, Beardsley, et al., the reviewer suggests a rostrum of names and talents, which if not already known to Warhol doubtlessly would become so. And while his inventory does not constitute an exclusively homosexual matrix of visual creativity, it readily passes for such by alluding to artists generally known for their depictions of socially stigmatized sexual preferences and practices, denizens of a deviant milieu. And if this seems a far cry from the boys, tomboys and butterflies whom the reviewer cites as inhabiting Warhol's drawings, deviance may be signaled in other ways, he reminds us, by form as much as content, as a matter of style. "The work has an air of preciosity," he continues, "of carefully studied perversity." Preciosity and perversity become almost interchangeable terms here. Warhol's preciosity, his "fragile impressions" and "delicate tours de force," in other words, represent "ambivalent feelings," they visualize perversity, inscribe inversion by allusion, in code.

The preciosity observed by Warhol's reviewer defies the cultural injunction that sexuality be sublimated into creativity, that it might impel but must disappear into the work of art. Deflected onto the surface, sexual "ambivalence" is rendered apparent rather than inherent, affected rather than actual, assumed rather than inchoate. It is all very Wildean, this screening of the sexual through appearances, this surfacing of the unspeakable through mannerisms, as a pose. If Warhol's perversity, like Oscar Wilde's,

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wears an air of studied performance, as his first reviewer contends, then it has been studied somewhere, but where? It draws us back to the scene of Warhol's early studies, returns us to Capote, opens onto Other Voices, Other Rooms.

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PART II

"A WINDOW DECORATOR TYPE"

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CHAPTER 3

BETWEEN READING AND WRITING

Reading Capote's Writing

Other Voices, Other Rooms opens onto a scene that fairly bristles with sexual tension. The novel's thirteen year old hero, Joel Harrison Knox, is stranded in the swamp town of Paradise Chapel. The well-meaning proprietor of the Morning Star Cafe introduces him to a driver for the Turpentine Company, Sam Radclif, a "big balding six footer with a rough, manly face," gulping his beer on a hot June day:

> Radclif eyed the boy over the rim of his beer glass, not caring much for the looks of him. He had his notions of what a 'real' boy should look like and this kid somehow offended them. He was too pretty, too delicate and fair-skinned; each of his features was shaped with a sensitive accuracy, and a girlish tenderness softened his eyes, which were brown and very large. His brown hair, cut short, was streaked with pure yellow strands. A kind of tired, imploring expression masked his thin face, and there was an unyouthful sag about his shoulders. He wore long, wrinkled white linen breeches, a limp blue shirt, the collar of which was open at the throat, and rather scuffed tan shoes.[1]

Capote installs a telling slippage in this passage that cleaves Sam Radclif's "notions"-- that Joel was "not a real boy," that "he was too pretty, too delicate and fair-skinned"-- from his own. In the clause that follows-- "each of his features was shaped with a sensitive accuracy, and a girlish tenderness softened his eyes, which were brown and very large"-- the tissue of the description continues substantially unchanged, but its point of view

[1] Truman Capote, Other Voices, Other Rooms (New York: Random House, 1948; Vintage International, 1994),4-5. The citations from Capote's novel in this chapter come from the Vintage edition.

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suddenly shifts. Across the divide of a semi-colon, Joel is described in the sort of language that no longer can have come from Sam Radclif. He is re-articulated, rotated from object-status as the target of the truck driver's disapproving gaze and re-framed as a subject, constituted appealingly, and somewhat pathetically, within the rest of the passage by a narrative voice that is distinctly authorial, from a point of view that can be assigned only to Capote.

It requires little wit to observe how much this new Joel, Capote's Joel, resembles Capote himself, or at least how much he looks like Capote soon will look, arrayed for Harry Halma's camera, mounted on the dust jacket of Other Voices, Other Rooms. It is as if in posing for the dust jacket portrait, he were re-staging the writing of this passage, its shift from undesirable object to desiring subject. Or better, it seems that for Capote, writing stimulated self-depiction, that in writing this passage, he was anticipating a photographic occasion, summoning himself up and issuing himself a summons to pose, to undertake a pictorial performance.

Sam Radclif, although he will shortly disappear from the narrative, evokes another set of figures, ciphers of "rough" (recall that this is Capote's adjective for Radclif) masculinity, who move through Capote's writing and his life. They oscillate between being on the sidelines and occupying center stage, endlessly observed, sometimes as in In Cold Blood (1966) years later, setting the narrative in motion, however terrifying the consequences. In Hilton Als' brief essay, "The Women," which otherwise focuses upon Capote's proprietary attentions to particular women, writers such as Carson McCullers

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and Jane Bowles and socialites like Babe Paley, men occasionally surface, eyeing Capote and eyed by him:

> In Answered Prayers, his unfinished novel, the character widely believed to be based on [Bill] Paley, Sidney Dillon, "conglomateur, adviser to Presidents," is described by Capote's fictitious alter ego, P.B. Jones (who has seen him in a Polaroid belonging to a women friend), as "a wiry well-constructed man with a hairy chest and a twinkle-grinning tough-Jew face; his bathing trunks . . . rolled to his knees, one hand rested sexily on a hip, and with the other he was pumping a dark fat mouth-watering dick."[2]

What Als notes parenthetically, however, seems to me a matter of some importance. Having Paley/Dillon appear to Capote/Jones in a picture, Capote structures his desiring within its frame. The now-desired male object is arrested and objectified; Paley/Dillon's picture may be saved, savored, even shared among adoring eyes. The fact that the photograph is both a Polaroid-- hence "instantaneous"-- and pornographic heightens its performative quotient. It indicates that more than passively capturing, the picture-making collaborates with what is happening before the lens. The pornographic picture, moreover, seen and seen again, incites fantasies of re-enactment, sanctions mimicry, stimulates repetition.

In tandem with the Polaroid of Paley/Dillon verbally described in Answered Prayers, Capote's portrait on the dust jacket of Other Voices, Other Rooms occupies the position of the erotic other, his feminized recumbency, his come-hither odalisque complementing Play/Dillon's active figure of phallic power, of rough trade unzipped. Capote's pose, of course, is more suggestive than explicit. Shifting the pictorial context to painting, we might presume to disrobe Capote that much more readily, rendering him nude, making him female, situating his pose somewhere between the knowing languor of

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[2] Als, "The Women," Grand Street : 99.

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the Venus of Urbino and Olympia's direct address. And if he appears appropriately more demure than the "comglomateur" and corporate savage, Paley/Dillon masturbating, Capote's pose is no less daring, more willed, more provocative of a performance, transgressing gendered conventions without smirking, transposing himself with utter self-possession to a feminine condition.

Returning to Hilton Als' essay, one begins to remark other instances from Capote's life and writings in which not just any tough guy but the truck driver in particular is invoked as the privileged stand-in for a man's body, the male gaze. Als recounts an incident in which the writer, Donald Windham, recalls Capote "sassing" a glowering truck driver in the street, "What are you looking at? I wouldn't kiss you for a dollar."[3] Although he may have been the object of the same disapproving gaze as was Joel in the opening scene of Other Voices, Other Rooms, Capote is not the same timid boy. Moving from sissy to sassy, he indicates the degree to which desirability is not so much a passive condition as one predicated upon oneself desiring, so that displaying desire, one might become desirable.

Recall that Joel at the Morning Star Cafe, as characterized by the narrator, is not so disdained as Joel observed by Sam Radclif, a half-sentence earlier, but neither can he be folded into seamless surrogacy with Capote, the author. About Joel, the narrator informs us that "a kind of tired, imploring expression masked his thin face, and there was an unyouthful sag about his shoulders," but the author who appears on the dust jacket has summoned himself up differently. In the photograph, he renegotiates each of these features

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[3] Ibid.: 96.

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from the written picture, morphing Joel's imploring gaze into one of erotic invitation, the limpness of his clothes and body into a limpid arabesque, his vulnerability into availability, his prettiness into poise.

For Als the truck driver, as a "sometime homosexual erotic artifact,"[4] is a quaint figure, a dated accessory of the floating world of gay life in the pre-Stonewall days of the fifties. He is just the sort of love interest that a character like Holly Golightly in Breakfast at Tiffany's (1958) might propose for Rusty Trawler, her fellow traveler in the demimonde. Thus Als cites from Holly's chatter, "Can't you see it's just that Rusty feels safer in diapers than he would in a skirt? Which is really the choice, only he's awful touchy about it. He tried to stab me with a butter knife because I told him to grow up and face the issue, settle down and play house with a nice fatherly truck driver."[5] According to her, Rusty Trawler remains infantilized so long as he suppresses his homosexuality and evades the scenario that his inversion requires, coupling with a kindly, but unequivocally butch, older man, the father.

For Capote, of course, the decorum of these roles, truck driver and pretty boy, butch and femme, never became quaint artifacts of the past. According to Gray Foy, like Donald Windham another friend from Capote's youth, "the lower part of him was like a truck driver-- sturdy legs-- and the upper part was like a little boy."[6] Foy's description is echoed by others, as if Capote carried the attributes of both like a physical division within

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[4] Ibid.: 103.

[5] Ibid.: 107, cited from Truman Capote, Breakfast at Tiffany's (New York: Random House, 1958); see Breakfast at Tiffany's and Three Stories by Truman Capote (New York: Vintage International, 1993), 42.

[6] George Plimpton, Truman Capote: In Which various Friends, Enemies, Acquaintances, and Detractors Recall His Turbulent Career (New York: Nan A. Talese, Doubleday, 1997), 94.

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his body. Subject neither to history nor theory, these roles and their polarity were unchanging for him, remaining fixed even when he was no longer pretty or a boy. How much so is shown by a third truck driver anecdote offered by Als in his essay. This time Capote insults Jacqueline Susann, author of Valley of the Dolls, saying that she looks like "a truck driver in drag."[7] As a pulp fiction authoress, Susann, with whom he was publicly feuding on television talk shows, epitomized a low caste in letters with which Capote flirted, even as he tried to distance himself from it. In his terms-- terms which, not incidentally, would mirror the norms of most TV viewers-- a truck driver in drag was the very embodiment of the grotesque, a femme-butch hybrid, which, while potentionally camp, was utterly undesirable to Capote.

The father figure that Holly Golightly invokes in behalf of resolving Rusty Trawler's future is, not surprisingly, a leitmotif of Capote's biography, and one that sets the narrative in motion in Other Voices, Other Rooms. He is a figure notable for his absence: the charming confidence man and ne'er-do-well, Arch Persons, who drifted out of Capote's life when he was a child; and in a parallel, but slightly deflected configuration, the mysterious man, estranged from Joel's mother. His mother's death and a letter from his absent father sends Joel on the quest that brings him to the backwater of Paradise Chapel and to the temporary attention of Sam Radclif at the Morningstar Cafe.

After he has been introduced to Sam Radclif, Joel produces a letter, ostensibly written by his father, summoning him to his new home, an even more remote plantation

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[7] Als, "The Women," Grand Street: 103.

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called Skully's Landing. Showing him the letter, Joel is offering his credentials, which, as a delegate for Capote, he appropriately offers in the form of writing:

> Radclif fingered the letter a moment before opening it; but presently, with clumsy care, he extracted a green sheet of tissue-like paper and moving his lips, read: . . .[8]

For all the awkwardness of his manner, Sam Radclif's attitude before the letter now becomes more deferential, and there is an undertone of inchoate sensuality to the exercise. What Sam Radclif reads is less interesting than how he responds:

> There were two things about this letter that bothered him; first of all the handwriting: penned in ink the rusty color of dried blood, it was a maze of curlicues and dainty i's dotted with daintier o's. What the hell kind of a man would write like that? And secondly, 'If your pa's named Sansom, how come you call yourself Knox?'[9]

Again the point of view in this passage seems split between a descriptive mode that visualizes the letter's inscription, the words read by Sam Radclif but omitted here, and the primitive voice of his response. What the hell kind of a man would write like that? he thinks without uttering it, only asking aloud, "If your pa's named Sansom, how come you call yourself Knox?" Indeed, the only transgression that can be spoken is Joel's defection from his father's name, Sansom (a.k.a. Samson) and his maternal affiliation. It brands him as a mama's boy, bad enough but no worse. Like Joel, Capote abandoned the name of the father that abandoned him, taking the name of his mother's second husband, the stepfather who adopted him, Joe Capote. What kind of man would affiliate himself with his mother, with surrogate fathers? Capote, Joel Harrison Knox, Rusty Trawler.

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[8] Capote, Other Voices, Other Rooms, 6.

[9] Ibid., 8.

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However dubious such behavior may have appeared to Sam Radclif, and to the paternal order his response affirms, the other question, the one he avoided asking aloud-- what kind of man would write like that?-- is the one that preoccupies Capote, and is perhaps the central question of the novel. Shortly, Joel will be delivered from Sam Radclif's kindly, clumsy, manly hands, to arrive at his father's new house, where he will meet the man who, as he will learn much later, wrote the letter-- not his father but his cousin Randolph. What kind of man is his cousin Randolph? About this, Sam Radclif also has his "notions," but again he keeps them to himself. "And the cousin . . . yes by God, the cousin!" is all he will say aloud in Joel's presence, smiling "a curious smile, as if amused by a private joke too secret for sharing."[10]

If Sam Radclif's unspoken query goes right to the issue of the letter writer's manhood, or more precisely, if it all but articulates the suspicion that masculinity is what the letter writer manifestly lacks, the question surely doubles as an interrogation of Capote, and of his authorial voice. What kind of a man is Capote? and what kind of man would write like him? If the letter had visualized the appearance of writing as if it were drawing, with "its maze of curlicues and dainty i's dotted with daintier o's," Sam Radclif's question, with its extension to Capote, focuses attention on the physical activity of writing. It presupposes a certain transparency between writing and conduct, between writing as a mode of behavior and the behavior of the writer: only a certain kind of man would write like that. Or as an early mentor and his former editor at Mademoiselle,

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[10] Ibid., 15.

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George Davis, quipped, "I suppose someone had to write a fairy Huckleberry Finn,"[11] and, one supposes, this someone would have had to have been a fairy like Capote.

Capote himself made certain that the connection between the homosexual doing the writing and homosexual writing was secured by scripting his portrait for the book's dust jacket. It functions allegorically in regard to Other Voices, Other Rooms, extending its influence from outside the frame of the text, hovering above it like a palimpsest through which Capote's words are unavoidably screened. With respect to a "reader" like Andy Warhol, in whose name the claim that "I never read, I just look at pictures"[12] has often been asserted and interrogated, Capote's picture arguably did all the work, telling Warhol what he would need to know, whether he read a word of the book or not.

Receiving Capote's Writing

In September 1948, Warhol made his first brief visit to New York City, nine months after the publication of Other Voices, Other Rooms, and almost a year before he graduated from Carnegie Tech and moved permanently to Manhattan. According to Victor Bockris,

> Before Andy left New York, he visited the offices of Theater Arts magazine, where he fell instantly in love with a blow up of the sexually provocative photograph that appeared on the back of Truman Capote's novel, Other Voices, Other Rooms, which had just been published. He must have turned on all his charm, because he left the office with the photograph of Capote.[13]

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[11] Clarke, Capote, 158.

[12] Andy Warhol, Kasper König, Pontus Hultén and Olle Granath, eds., Andy Warhol (Stockholm: Moderna Museet, 1968), n.p.

[13] Bockris, Warhol, 73.

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The blow up to which Bockris refers was part of the publicity campaign conducted by Random House in which displays of Capote's portrait from the dust jacket were sent to bookstores along Fifth Avenue, and to the offices of magazines such as Theater Arts. It seems improbable that displays such as these would have been widely distributed outside New York, although the dust jacket photograph appeared in newspaper ads for the book, sensationally captioned, "This is Truman Capote." So identified with Capote was the image to become, that it was even reproduced with reviews of the book, as if the picture were more than a companion to the book but its surrogate, as if it represented the writing.[14]

One can only wonder at such an extraordinary performance in the early post-war milieu of 1948, not so much on Capote's part, but on the part of his handlers. Flaunting local mores and contemporary taboos, Random House conveyed Capote into an arena of publicity, staged his image as a disturbing vehicle of fantasy and desire. One scarcely wonders at the heat of the response, as Capote crossed the threshold of notoriety, to become a scandal. According to his friend Marguerite Young, "That book aroused absolute hysteria. Truman received suitcases of letters from people all over the United States, which he would read to me every night over the telephone."[15] Allowing some latitude for hyperbole, especially with respect to the "suitcases of letters," one might suppose that many of the letters addressed to Capote had come from citizens outraged by

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[14] See Clarke, Capote, 158, for the source of this account of the book's reception.

[15] Ibid., 160.

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the travesty of his picture, or repelled by the mannerisms of his writing, or both. Even so, Warhol surely would not have been the only admirer to write to him, disturbed and excited by what he saw, by what he might or might not have read.

In another milieu, the writer Cynthia Ozick has effusively invoked the aura of undergraduate glamor that Capote's first novel held for her in 1948:

> In 1948, cruising the lunchbag-odorous Commons of Washington Square College, I used to keep an eye out for Other Voices, Other Rooms. That place and that time were turbulent with mainly dumb, mainly truculent veterans in their thirties arrived under the open enrollment of the GI Bill, and the handful of young esthetes, still dewy with high school Virgil (O infelix Dido!), whose doom it was to wander through that poverty-muttering postwar mob in hapless search of Beauty, found one another through Truman Capote . . . [He] was the banner against this blight. To walk with Capote in your grasp was as distinctive, and as dissenting from the world's values, as a monk's habit.[16]

Ozick's account synchronizes not only with the moment when Other Voices, Other Rooms first appeared, but with the years when another undergraduate, Andy Warhol, was studying pictorial design at Carnegie Tech in Pittsburgh. Beside him were older classmates, such as Philip Pearlstein, who had enrolled under the G.I. Bill. This is not to suggest that Pearlstein conformed to Ozick's stereotype of the "dumb and truculent" veteran-- by any account he would not-- but to show how well her memoir excavates this milieu, bringing to light the general contours of Warhol's cultural predicament at the moment when he was first hearing about Capote.

If Ozick's recollections fail to remark upon the even more conspicuous glamor of Capote's dust jacket portrait, unlike Warhol there is no question of her "just looking at the pictures" and not reading; Ozick is writing after all about reading, about becoming a

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[16] Ibid., 160-161, cited from Cynthia Ozick, Art and Ardor (New York: Knopf, 1983), 85-86.

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writer. Moreover, she is specifying a set of historicized circumstances through Capote, citing him as a symbol of a generational dissent from social realism. His book becomes for her a talisman of a counter affiliation, a talisman of estheticism. The visual Capote moves through her account, his image utterly informs her ardor. His figure, languid and youthful, draped across the rear dust jacket of his novel, is mirrored in her visualization of a "handful of young esthetes, still dewy with high school Virgil." Covertly, Capote's photograph shows through Ozick's paean to self-conscious Beauty, indexing, as it had for Warhol, not just beauty but art itself, picturing the way it should be and look.

For Ozick, as for Warhol, Other Voices, Other Rooms and the image of Capote that adhered to it, championed an attitude toward art that was surely exemplified in such passages from the novel as the following:

> Randolph dipped his brush into a little water-filled vinegar jar, and tendrils of purple spread like some fast-growing vine. "Don't smile, my dear," he said, "I'm not a photographer. On the other hand, I could scarcely be called an artist; not that is, if you define artist as one who sees, takes and purely transmits: always for me there is the problem of distortion, and I never paint so much what I see as what I think . . ."[17]

If Randolph distinguishes his painting from photography, which he denigrates, associating it with the public fiction of the smile, he also elects to distance himself from "the pure transmissions" of art. The distortion of perception to which he answers is a private ministration, a mediation that is involuntary but intellectual, a reflex of the mind.

Randolph's chosen term, distortion, is what is most telling in this context. With its invocation, Capote lays him open to a chain of implications in which esthetic choices carry

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[17] Capote, Other Voices, Other Rooms, 136.

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behavioral connotations, in which the operation of distorting functions transgressively, going against perception, against nature. Randolph's notion of art as a manifestation of artificiality, as a prescription for estheticism, becomes code for an unnatural practice, for decadence, for deviance itself. The "tendrils" of purple paint, that "spread like some fast-growing vine" from Randolph's brush give his discourse form, evoking the fin de siècle style of Art Nouveau, inviting comparison with the handwriting on the letter to Joel, "penned in ink the rusty color of dried blood . . . a maze of curlicues." The writing, which of course comes from Randolph's hand, traces indexically back to Capote, and through him relays to Warhol. It is the writing that arouses Sam Radclif's masculine indignation, "What the hell kind of a man would write like that?" he asks, what the hell kind of a man is Randolph, Capote, Warhol?

Randolph's Room, Dorian's Picture, the Closet

Randolph's room elaborates on this question. The description below is offered from Joel's perspective, framed by his gaze of presumptive innocence that registers its strange surroundings without the intervention of overt indignation:

> Sighing, Joel glanced about him. It was the first time he'd been in Randolph's room; after two hours, he still could not quite take it in, for it was so unlike anything he'd ever known before: faded gold and tarnished silk reflecting in ornate mirrors, it all made him feel as if he'd eaten too much candy. Large as the room was, the barren space in it amounted to no more than one foot: carved tables, velvet chairs, candelabras, a German music box, books and paintings seemed to spill each into the other, as if the objects in a flood had floated through the windows and sunk here. Behind his liver-shaped desk unframed postcards crusted the walls; six of these, a series from Japan, were for Joel an education, even though to some extent he already knew the significance of what they depicted. Like a museum exhibit, there was spread out on a long black, tremendously heavy table a display consisting in part of antique dolls, some with missing arms, legs, some without heads, others whose bead-eyes stared glass-blank through their

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> innards, straw and sawdust, showed through open wounds; all, however, were costumed, and exquisitely, in a variety of velvet, lace, linen.[18]

Randolph's room thus is established as an artificial paradise, hermetic, cluttered with exotica, embellished with bizarre touches. To Joel, it is like "too much candy," slightly sickening, or like the dolls on the table, vaguely terrifying, a display of surfeit, dressing a broken armature, a decaying substructure.

Joel's eye, it turns out, is somewhat more conventional than innocent. His perceptions are colored by an incipient distaste, if not full-blown disapproval. Under Randolph's eventual influence, Joel's distaste will become inverted as he develops a sense of distortion, to use Randolph's terms, and acquires the requisite taste for Randolph's room. The room, like his collection of dolls, is not simply an analogue of Randolph himself, an extension of his body and persona, although it is certainly this as well. Decorated with exotica, or dressed in finery, the room is also a vehicle of his creativity, the medium of an esthetic practice. Randolph's room is the quintessential studio, a place for draping walls and dressing dolls, for painting pictures, but above all, it is the site in which Randolph produces himself. And while Joel is observing the room, Randolph is observing him, painting his portrait, initiating his distortion.

If Capote leaves the reader with no particulars of the portrait of Joel which Randolph is painting, offering the room instead and a highly charged mise-en-scène that surrounds the picture and impinges upon it, no doubt this is because they are considerably more vivid than its fledgling subject's likeness at this juncture. Later, the effects that

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[18] Ibid., 137.

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Randolph has wrought upon Joel are presented in a descriptive passage that occurs after Joel's psychic awakening towards the novel's end:

> For long periods each day he studied his face in a hand mirror: a disappointing exercise, on the whole, for nothing he saw concretely affirmed his suspicions of emerging manhood, though about his face there were certain changes: baby fat had given way to a true shape, the softness of his eyes had hardened: it was a face with a look of innocence but none of its charm, an alarming face, really, too shrewd for a child, too beautiful for a boy. It would be difficult to say how old he was. All that displeased him was the brown straightness of his hair. He wished it were curly gold like Randolph's.[19]

The glass that Joel holds to his face mirrors more than his present features, it reflects back to another portrait of Joel given at the beginning of the novel, when he is presented to Sam Radclif in the Morning Star Cafe in Paradise Chapel. In the passage above, it is no longer morning for Joel, and he is not in Paradise Chapel any more; Randolph and his room, and with it Skully's Landing, have claimed him. As he scrutinizes himself in the mirror, critically recording his changeling features, the second face imposes itself on the first, or in Randolph's terminology, a second face distorts the first, disfiguring it. Holding the mirror to his face, Joel holds his image in his hands, seemingly the master of his own gaze. The image he sees, however, has been fashioned by Capote: "it was a face with a look of innocence but none of its charm, an alarming face, really, too shrewd for a child, too beautiful for a boy," he writes. The second face was rather more like Capote's than the first, more like the face on the dust jacket of Other Voices, Other Rooms.

The introduction of Randolph, "the cousin," triangulates the relation between Capote-as-prototype and Joel-as-subject. He functions as more than the relay between

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[19] Ibid., 207.

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them, the switching mechanism which impels Joel's coming of age. Rather, he appears to occupy a distinct, if not too distant third pole, neither Capote nor Joel, nor a point in between. Although he has been the subject of almost constant reference from the beginning, Randolph himself is not introduced in the novel until much later, almost a third of the way through. Capote offers this description of him:

> Randolph inched nearer to Joel on the loveseat. Over his pajamas he wore a seersucker kimono with butterfly sleeves, and his plumpish feet were encased in a pair of tooled-leather sandals: his exposed toenails had a manicured gloss. Up close, he had a delicate lemon scent, and his hairless face looked not much older than Joel's. Staring straight ahead, he groped for Joel's hand, and hooked their fingers together.[20]

Randolph in pajamas and kimono, with his baby face, painted toenails and lemon scent, is presented to us here as a potentially toxic mixture. One part child and one part harlot, he represents degraded innocence, infantilized corruption, a stock caricature of the aging homosexual as the feminized old queen.

One might expect Joel to pull away from him in full horror. Instead, Capote merely notes that Joel found that "holding hands with Randolph was obscurely disagreeable." Moments later, when Randolph has flattered him, Joel looks him in the eye directly: "He questioned the round innocent eyes, and saw his own boy-face focused as in double camera lenses."[21] Through Joel's eyes, we now see Randolph differently, as his mirror image, albeit somewhat distorted, with Joel as the origin of that image, the very picture of what Randolph once had been.

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[20] Ibid., 85.

[21] Ibid., 86

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From another angle, closer to Randolph's presumptive intentions, we might view him according to the terms of the camp queen, as an avatar of incongruity, a theatrical persona, and a striking anticipation of the figure Capote himself would cut in his later years. The baby face is still there, only ravaged, the elfin silhouette not merely plumper, but engorged, the childish lisp of his voice, slurred and slurring, disfigured by his acid tongue. Writing Randolph, Capote was still young. He sequesters him in his room, warehoused in the bizarre backwater of Skully's Landing, a ruined plantation. Becoming Randolph years later, Capote felt obliged to take the camp queen public, on prime time and in print, to savage the figure by overacting, to demonize growing old.

In 1948, however, when Other Voices, Other Rooms was published, Capote's anxiety about aging could have been little more than embryonic. Gracing its dust jacket, he served as the poster boy not just for his novel, but for an already-articulated discourse of ephebic glamor, for male beauty, for youth, for art. Recall the heady mix of literary and erotic inflections in Cynthia Ozick's vision of Capote-esque "young esthetes, still dewy with high school Virgil." But the Virgilian youths who rise to Ozick's invocation may well have been out of range for the largely self-taught Capote. Estheticism was more within his compass than classicism, and the ephebe most akin to him within such a discursive matrix surely would have been Oscar Wilde's Dorian Gray, a young man like Capote, whose beauty was captured in a notorious picture.

The notoriety of Dorian Gray's portrait was conferred upon it outside of Wilde's text. It was as much a function of its author's scandalous reputation as a homosexual and a mouthpiece for estheticism-- and the way the two were imbricated at the Queensberry

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trials-- as it was of the book's literary resonance and its popular reception, and surely the last was considerable. In 1945, the year that Capote's career as a writer begins, The Picture of Dorian Gray was released as a motion picture.[22]

In Wilde's book, Dorian keeps his portrait hidden in a locked attic, his childhood schoolroom, where the ravages of age and dissipation that are visited upon his picture, leaving him paradoxically untouched, are seen by no one. To the world, Dorian seemingly remains an exemplar of the ephebic virtues he has long since discarded, virtues whose public face, whose signifier, is his exquisite beauty. In secret, his vices accumulate, registered as marks of corruption that indexically deform the once beautiful portrait he now must keep from view. Dorian visits his portrait in private, bound to the spectacle of disfigurement that has been displaced onto the picture.

The conflict represented by Dorian and his picture, the conflict between public demeanor and private passions, asocial desires, rehearses the structure of what has come to be called the closet, the secret life of the homosexual threatened by exposure and disgrace. Its doubleness is internalized by the female impersonators and camp queens interviewed by Esther Newton in Mother Camp, with their body language of outer and inner, front and back, face and ass.[23]

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[22] The film was directed by Albert Lewin, designed by Hans Peter and shot by Harry Stradling. It starred Hurd Hatfield as Dorian, George Sanders as Lord Henry Wotton, and Angela Lansbury as Sibyl Vane. Cedric Hardwick narrated the voice-overs, and Dorian's picture, as it revealed him in his aged and thoroughly depraved state was painted by Ivan Le Lorraine Albright. One of Warhol's early New York roommates, Elaine Finsilver, remembers their excitement at spotting Hatfield, see Smith, "Art 'In Extremis'", 556.

[23] Newton, Mother Camp, 100. For the complete citation, see chapter 2.

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For the homosexual in the closet, as for Dorian, the closet's structure negotiates the tension between outer and inner, between the social and subjective selves, or as Dorian identifies the latter, his soul. It comes to a question of representation, a matter of appearances, factored into aspects, such as front and back, face and ass. One's face to the world remains a front that masks desire, a facade that is seemingly impenetrable and illegible. The ass marks that desire; masked by the face, it exposes the back side that leaves one vulnerable, opened up, legible. According to this configuration, it may be likened to Dorian's picture, which has been marked by desire, "branded by passions" that cannot be revealed, which must be kept private, locked in the closet.

When Joel looks into the mirror near the end of Other Voices, Other Rooms, what he sees is "an alarming face really, too shrewd for a child, too beautiful for a boy."[24] The alarming aspect of Joel's face is a factor both of its excess of shrewdness and of beauty, its loss of innocence and crossing of gendered norms. In the former capacity especially, it calls up an anecdote reported by Harold Halma, the photographer of Capote's dust jacket portrait. Taking a walk one evening not long after the publication of Other Voices, Other Rooms, Halma overheard two middle-aged women discussing the blowup of his photograph in the window of a Fifth Avenue bookstore: "I'm telling you he's just young," said one. "And I'm telling you, if he isn't young, he's dangerous!" the other replied.[25]

As an ephebe, Capote's excess of physical beauty is culturally sanctioned: it becomes permissible, that is to say, Capote can be too beautiful for a boy, precisely if he is beautiful as a boy, pretty as the picture of an ephebe. Insofar as he shows himself to be

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[24] Capote, Other Voices, Other Rooms, 207.

[25] Clarke, Capote, 158.

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initiated, knowing, insofar as he is no longer innocent but marked by his desires, he forfeits his youth, his beauty becomes problematic, and the face becomes dangerous, alarming like Joel's face, or like Dorian's picture, it becomes disfigured. This is precisely the dilemma posed by Capote's body to the women in Halma's anecdote. Like Joel's face in the mirror, it had "the look of innocence but none of its charm," an affect of innocence but not the effect of its charm. Was Capote young or dangerous, were they-- Capote and Joel-- ephebic or defaced, or both? Didn't the ephebe seem to bring the suspicion of his asocial desires with him, wasn't he already marked?

Capote's picture on the rear dust jacket, the back side of Other Voices, Other Rooms, moreover, may be said to deface the book itself, exposing the homosexual content behind its cover. In Epistemology of the Closet, Eve Kosofsky Sedgwick observes that

> In such texts as Billy Budd and Dorian Gray and through their influence [my emphasis], the subject--the thematics-- of knowledge and ignorance themselves, of innocence and initiation, of secrecy and disclosure, became not contigently but integrally infused with one particular object of cognition: no longer sexuality as a whole but even more specifically, now, the homosexual topic.[26]

In such a light, Capote and his picture breach the closet's opacity, unlocking a door and disclosing a secret that was, however, already partially open, inscribing a topic that was already written, if still encrypted. And Joel's cousin Randolph, closeted in his room at Skully's Landing, is situated at the core of this topic, as he is at the center of Capote's book.

From the beginning, Joel's knowledge of his cousin, and the reader's, is filtered through codes of secrecy and modes of selective disclosure, exemplifying what Sedgwick

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[26] Sedgwick, Epistemology of the Closet, 74.

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means when she proposes to "explore the differences it makes when secrecy itself becomes manifest as this secret." En route to Skully's Landing with Sam Radclif, Joel is offered a preview of his new home and family, framed by the narrow aperture of what the truck driver knows. When he muses aloud about Randolph, "And the cousin . . . yes, by God, the cousin!" he is questioned further by Joel. "But Radclif merely smiled a curious smile, as if amused by a private joke, too secret for sharing."[27] Having aroused Joel's interest, he proceeds to intensify rather than deflect the young man's curiosity-- and ours, of course, as well-- with silence and a tantalizing smile, twin signifiers that encode secret information and private knowledge.

Continuing alone to Skully's Landing, Joel shares the final leg of his journey with the twin sisters, Florabel and Idabel. Like her name, Florabel is feminine and rather prissy. She dismisses her tomboy sister by extending the following confidence to Joel: "Idabel will take any kind of dare; even when we were real little she'd go up and poke around the Skullys' and peek in all the windows. One time she even got a good luck at Cousin Randolph."[28] If Skully's Landing is off-limits to the sisters, Cousin Randolph embodies its central mystery, and its definitive taboo.

When he finally arrives at his new home, Joel encounters another enigma, or better the recurrence of the enigmatic, which presents itself in another form. Left to his own devices on his first morning at the Landing, he wanders through the wildly overgrown garden that occupies a ruined side wing of the house, gazing at the top-floor windows:

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[27] Capote, Other Voices, Other Rooms, 15.

[28] Ibid., 35.

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> It was at this point that he saw the queer lady. She was holding aside the curtains of the left corner window, and smiling and nodding at him; as if in greeting or approval; but she was no one Joel had ever known: the hazy substance of her face, the suffused marshmallow features, brought to mind his own vaporous reflection in the wavy chamber mirror. And her white hair was like the wig of a character from history: a towering pale pompadour with fat dribbling curls. Whoever she was, and Joel could not imagine, her sudden appearance seemed to throw a trance across the garden: a butterfly, poised on a dahlia stem, ceased winking its wings, and the rasping F of the bumblebees droned into nothing.[29]

The woman in the window is an apparition, whose smudged features recall to Joel the distortion of his own reflected face. At dinner, Joel broaches the mystery of her identity to his new family, Cousin Randolph and Miss Amy, his father's wife. "'You know,'" said Amy slowly . . . 'Randolph, have you been . . .' she paused, her eyes sliding sideways to confront the smooth, amused peach-face. 'Well, that does sound like . . .'"[30] But Randolph interrupts her by kicking her under the table. Like Sam Radclif's smile, Randolph's "amused peach-face" and his surreptitious kick signal a private joke, a secret. The joke, still lost on Joel, has become Randolph's secret, now all but disclosed to the reader as this secret, as Randolph's transvestitism, his inversion, his homosexuality.

Before the identity of the "queer lady" or, "the Lady," as Joel refers to her, may be revealed to him, she passes into discussion at Skully's Landing as a chimera, as "Joel's ghost." As such, she represents an attenuated presence, a projection that is less than physical, not quite real. On the other hand, the Lady also becomes subject to fantasy, to elaboration, to the lapidary agency of the imagination. With respect to the former, Joel, importuning his cousin regarding the contested reality of what he knows he saw is

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[29] Ibid., 67.

[30] Ibid., 82.

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counseled by him, that it is, "A matter of viewpoint, I suppose... I know her fairly well, and to me she is a ghost."[31] In the light of his imagination, however, Joel overlays her still amorphous figure with a character from a Hans Christian Anderson fairy tale, "The Snow Queen," which he remembers from an earlier moment in his childhood:

> . . . it came to Joel that he had a lot in common with Little Kay, whose outlook was twisted when a splinter from the Sprite's evil mirror infected his eye, changing his heart into a lump of bitter ice: . . . suppose, like Little Kay, he also were spirited off to the Snow Queen's frozen palace?[32]

Much as the Snow Queen functions allegorically, like a matrix through which Joel's visions of the Lady will be filtered, so the question that he poses to Randolph about her reality is read through another: when will he meet the absent father whose letter summoned him to Skully's Landing. In his mind, future knowledge of the Lady's secret will follow upon another postponed enlightenment, the much-delayed meeting with his father, Mr. Sansom.

When Randolph finally ushers Joel into his father's room, the man he meets is paralyzed and unable to speak, a shadow of the father figure he had imagined, now Joel's other ghost. "But you never told me," he says to Randolph. "Told you what, baby?" the latter replies, as if Mr. Sansom's enfeebled state were a sui generis condition, without cause, without a history to disclose.[33] Mr. Sansom's story will be imparted to Joel not long after this first encounter, in the context of the Lady's identification, in the veiled light

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[31] Ibid., 90.

[32] Ibid., 11.

[33] Ibid., 121-122.

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of Randolph's room. It is there, while Randolph paints his portrait, that Joel learns what had happened to his father, while also having the enigma of the Lady illuminated; it is there that Randolph will all but manifest himself as her. It is as if the cloistered status of Randolph's room were not only conducive but requisite as the setting for telling the narrative that follows-- his story finally, more than Mr. Sansom's-- a text whose unsealing constitutes the beginnings of Joel's initiation.

Joel's inventory of Randolph's room terminates with a photograph in an ornate silver frame, a picture that introduces the four characters of his story. Joel recognizes Randolph immediately, thinner and more handsome in the picture, and another man whom he discerns must be his father, the figured body of the bedridden ghost with whom he has just been reunited. Of the other two:

> The third man, taller than his companions, cut an amazing figure; he was powerfully made and, even in so faded a print, very dark, almost Negroid; his eyes, narrow and sly and black, glittered beneath brows thick as mustaches, and his lips, fuller than any woman's, were caught in a cocky smile which intensified the dashing, rather vaudeville effect of a straw hat he wore, a cane he carried. He had his arm around the girl, and she, an anemic faunlike creature, was gazing up at him with the completest adoration.[34]

The third man, Pepe Alvarez, is a prizefighter managed by his father; the girl, Dolores, Randolph's companion and now his rival for the prizefighter's attentions. If the "anemic faunlike creature " of the photograph is offered to the reader as if she were seen through Joel's eyes, the words that Capote uses to describe her scarcely could have come from a thirteen-year old boy. Pepe, on the other hand, is pictured much as he might have appeared to Joel, gazed at in admiration but from a distance, without desire.

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[34] Ibid., 138.

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This is all rather different than the way Pepe Alvarez appears to Randolph. In his words, screened through the veil of memory and passion, Pepe is a radiant primitive, radiating desire: "I looked at Pepe: his Indian skin seemed to hold all the light left in the air, his flat animal-shrewd eyes, bright as though with tears, regarded Dolores exclusively."[35] To employ Randolph's earlier terminology, Pepe in the photograph may be designated as a "pure transmission," a reflection of the innocence of Joel's gaze; Pepe in Randolph's story is a "distortion," a figure privileged by interpretation, mobilized by narrative, produced by writing.

The turning point in Randolph's story is a Mardi Gras ball in New Orleans:

> Dolores appears the night of the ball with a tremendous pink box: transformed I am a Countess and my king is Louis XVI; I have silver hair and satin slippers, a green mask, am wrapped in silk pistachio and pink; at first, before the mirror, this horrifies me, then pleases to rapture, for I am very beautiful, and later, when the waltz begins, Pepe, who does not know, begs a dance, and I, oh sly Cinderella, smile beneath my mask, thinking: Ah if I were really me! Toad into prince, fly, feathered serpent, the hour grows old: so ends a part of my saga.[36]

Randolph's "saga" arrives at a rather melodramatic climax not long after. Dolores and Pepe run away together and Randolph shoots the raging Mr. Sansom, reducing him to his present helpless state. Randolph's story, however, has already diverged from Mr. Sansom's, its defining moment having come during the masquerade. If the moment had been lost on Pepe, "who does not know," all has been revealed to the reader, and surely by now to Joel: the queer lady in the window is Randolph, costumed like a Louis Seize Countess, Randolph reenacting the glory of a brief triumph at a Mardi Gras ball long since

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[35] Ibid., 147.

[36] Ibid., 150.

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past. In Esther Newton's terms, Randolph becomes the Lady when he changes face, when he takes her public. "The Lady" is Randolph himself as her, a fantasmic envisioning of his inner self, or reiterated in Randolph's words, when the "I" becomes "really me."

Later in the novel, Joel finds a letter addressed to Pepe Alvarez in the post box, written on green paper in Randolph's hand. He realizes—somewhat belatedly, the reader may well think-- that the letter that first brought him to Skully's Landing had been written by Randolph, not his father. If Randolph had initially summoned Joel surreptitiously, as Mr. Sansom-- in a code that Sam Radclif virtually deconstructed without deciphering it per se--- in the book's final passage, he summons Joel again, now as the Lady:

> His mind was absolutely clear. He was like a camera waiting for its subject to enter focus. The wall yellowed in the meticulous setting of the October sun, and the windows were rippling mirrors of cold, seasonal color. Beyond one, someone was watching him. All of him was dumb, except for his eyes. They knew. And it was Randolph's window. Gradually the blinding sunset drained from the glass, darkened, and it was as if snow were falling there, flakes shaping snow-eyes, hair: a face trembled like a white moth, smiled. She beckoned to him, shining and silver, and he knew he must go: unafraid, not hesitating, he paused only at the garden's edge where, as though he'd forgotten something, he stopped and looked back at the bloomless, descending blue, at the boy he left behind.[37]

By his own metaphor of snow falling, Joel has been spirited off to the Snow Queen's ice palace, claimed by Skully's Landing, frozen in the past. The woman in the window, the Lady of the Landing who summons him is the Snow Queen in her palace, Randolph in his room.

If Joel's groping towards knowledge may be said to thematize the closet's epistemology, Randolph's room literalizes the closet as a site. In the final dazzling moment of full disclosure, Joel likens himself to a camera, attentive and receptive, whose eyes, like

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[37] Ibid., 231.

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lenses, "know." In Randolph's room, however, the favored medium of visual disclosure is not the camera's "pure transmission"-- or "pure permeability to breaching" in Derrida's terms[38]-- its indexical transparency, but the mirror, which distorts and transforms. It offers another sort of picture, what we might designate as an iconic projection. Standing before the mirror in his room, Randolph appears altered to Joel:

> . . . while duplicating him in all essentials, the mirror, full-length and of French vintage, seemed to absorb color, to pare and change his features: the man in the mirror was not Randolph, but whatever personality imagination desired him to resemble, and he, as if corroborating a theory, said: "They can romanticize us so, mirrors, and that is their secret . . . I tell you, my dear, Narcissus was no egoist... he was merely another of us who, in our unshatterable isolation, recognized, on seeing his reflection, the one beautiful comrade, the only inseparable love . . . [39]

The man in the mirror, like the woman in the window, is "not Randolph," but something better, Randolph as he chooses to see himself, Randolph as the Lady, Randolph as he would be. His mirror is a looking glass of "French vintage," a doubled image. It is like wine, catalyzing intoxication, distortion, misrecognitions, and it is Louis-style, if not precisely Louis Seize, a frame suitable for conjuring the Countess.

Randolph's enchantment before the mirror has a manifestly Lacanian ring to it, his transmutation of reflection into projection, his identification with an image that extends from himself but is not himself, that appears more beautiful, more complete, idealized.[40]

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[38] Derrida, "Freud and the Scene of Writing," Writing and Difference, 226; see also chapter 2.

[39] Capote, Other Voices, Other Rooms, 139-140.

[40] The reading of Randolph's mirror and the "woman" in the window that ensues owes its orientation to Laura Mulvey's essay, "Visual Pleasure and Narrative Cinema," Screen 16, no. 3 (Autumn 1975): 6-18; reprinted in Art After Modernism: Rethinking Representation, ed. Brian Wallis (New York: The New Museum of Contemporary Art in assoc. with Boston: David R. Godine, 1984), 360-373. Citations are from the reprint.

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Randolph's mirror gaze, however, is homoerotic. What he sees in the mirror is not the conjured Countess herself but a projection of his desiring: "the one beautiful comrade, the only inseparable love," a glorified male image. And Narcissus in his "unshatterable isolation" -- not the mirror, but the closet--is "another of us," he instructs Joel, which is to say, "one of them," i.e., gay.

When Joel studies his own reflection later in the novel, the mirror he consults is hand-held, not the full-length looking glass in Randolph's room. The figure who appears to Randolph in his mirror is fully spatialized, capable of acting, receptive to identification; "he is a figure in the landscape," according to Laura Mulvey's characterization.[41] And if this figure is more like Pepe than like the Countess, she appears in the window, behind yet another sort of glass. Framed by a parted curtain, the architecture of her wig towers over a whitened face, which is likened to falling snow, to the fluttering of a butterfly or a moth, destabilizing the entire structure. The face that flickers in the window, insubstantial and evanescent, is manifestly cinematic, like a close-up on the silver screen. If Countess and prize fighter are both projections in Randolph's glass, following Mulvey's analysis of visual pleasure in narrative cinema, the Countess is a fetishized image, the object of Pepe Alvarez' conjured desire.

Nor is the image that Joel summons in his hand-mirror much more than an incomplete figure. Like the woman in the window, it is only a face. Unlike her visage, glamorous and vaporous, white and silver, Joel's face does not rise up in cinematic close-up, but remains small. Not only is it reduced literally, framed by the mirror he holds in his

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[41] Mulvey, "Visual Pleasure and Narrative Cinema," 367.

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hand, it is diminished by his disappointment, analyzed critically, verbally parsed. Joel inventories his features for the fugitive signs of emerging manhood, and finds himself lacking: "baby-fat had given way to a true shape," but "the softness of his eyes had hardened." Worst of all, "the brown straightness of his hair" displeases him: "He wished it were curly gold like Randolph's."[42]

Critiquing particular features, Joel envisions Randolph, or better, the "true shape" of Randolph, his beautiful double: Randolph, as he might have appeared in the photograph in the silver frame, younger and thinner, more perfect. Disparaging his own appearance--that "face with a look of innocence but none of its charm, an alarming face really, too shrewd for a child, too beautiful for a boy"[43]-- Joel invokes Capote, summoning his face in words. In purely Lacanian terms, we might be inclined to suggest that Joel has passed from the Imaginary into the Symbolic, into the realm of language, into Capote, except that such a view of the writing is well beyond what Joel, as a thirteen year-old, might articulate. It is as if Capote were standing behind him like a ventriloquist, his face reflected in Joel's mirror, his voice projected in the text, his writing informing Joel, his words forming him. Or, in somewhat different terms, following Wilde, and following the closet's epistemology, it is as if Joel, undergoing initiation, becomes distorted, deformed by knowledge like Dorian's picture.

The intelligence behind Dorian's portrait, the figure projected by his picture, is not so much the "real" Dorian, nor that of the portrait's painter, Basil Hallward. It belongs,

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[42] Capote, Other Voices, Other Rooms, 207

[43] Ibid.

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although not entirely, to Dorian's mentor and Wilde's mouthpiece, Lord Henry Wotton. Above all it is textual; it comes from a book "bound in yellow paper" that Lord Henry gives to Dorian, who muses:

> It was the strangest book he had ever read. It seemed to him that in exquisite raiment and to the delicate sound of flutes, the sins of the world were passing in dumb show before him. Things that he had dimly dreamed of were suddenly made real to him. Things of which he had never dreamed were gradually revealed.
> It was a novel without a plot . . . It was a poisonous book . . . [44]

This "poisonous book" is generally identified as J.K Huysmans' A Rebours (1884),[45] a plotless novel indeed, inhabited by a solitary character, the neurasthenic aristocrat, the Duc Jean des Esseintes.

Retreating from the world, Des Esseintes is shunning not only modernity's vulgarity but the vulgate of direct experience itself. He cultivates a parallel universe, dedicated to artificial correspondences with the world he has left behind. Scents are elaborately confected to evoke the effect of a woman or a meadow; his chambers are carefully decorated to simulate other rooms: the dining room fitted out like a ship, the bedroom like the cell of a monk. He immerses himself studiously. The period of Latin

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[44] Oscar Wilde, The Picture of Dorian Gray in Oscar Wilde (The Oxford Authors) (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1989), 141.

[45] Robert Baldick, "Introduction," J.K. Huysmans, Against Nature, trans. Robert Baldick (Baltimore: Penguin Books, 1959), 5. Baldick notes that Wilde readily identified A Rebours as the book given to Dorian by Lord Henry Wotton during cross-examination at the Queensberry trials. See also, Richard Ellman, Oscar Wilde, (New York: Knopf, 1988). In his discussion of the Queensberry trials, Ellman, however, makes no mention of Wilde citing Huysmans' novel in reference to the book given to Dorian by Lord Henry Wotton, although he observes the general influence of Huysmans' book on Dorian Gray and his play, Salome. According to Ellman, Wilde read A Rebours shortly after its publication while on his honeymoon. In her notes to the Oxford Oscar Wilde (see n. 44), Isobel Murray observes that in an earlier version of Dorian Gray, the book was identified as "Le secret de Raoul par Catulle Sarrazin." She also notes that the three chapters described at the end of Chapter XI in Dorian Gray (pp. 155-156), have no relation to Huysmans' book.

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literature that he most admires is its decadence, as its remote traditions, broken and without issue, move into their final decline. He collects exotic plants that resemble diseased tissue, bruised flesh; he tires of them, they die. In short, A Rebours is a virtual primer of the attitudes of estheticism, and Des Esseintes the very embodiment of fin de siècle decadence and Baudelairean spleen. Like the dark figure behind Dorian's shining ephebic face, he is a registry of unnatural pleasures; shut in his little house in a Paris suburb, he is a recluse in the closet.

Des Esseintes' rooms, a multi-chambered closet, are more than eccentric backgrounds to a now-uneventful life. Rather, they model his subjectivity, offering up images, giving his inner life aspects, a physical face. The monastic decor of the bedroom, for example, articulates Des Esseintes' spiritual inclinations, his Jesuit education, his ongoing discourse with the Church, his rehearsals of religious conversion. In the dining room, Des Esseintes' timetables refer to the calibrations of the intellect, its port-hole windows allude to sea-borne travel, a voyage to uncharted territory, to the deracination of the imagination. In Des Esseintes' house, each chamber constitutes an integral environment unto itself, a coherent esthetic composition. Like the metaphoric space evoked in Ferdinand Knopff's painting, I Shut My Door Unto Myself, Des Esseintes' rooms embody subjectivity as a refuge and the creative life as an inner sanctum, self-sufficient and self-contained, a closed chamber.

Randolph's room, his closet, recapitulates this trope. The closed chamber, like the tendriled trace of his writing, is another of his backward-looking impulses, a reflex that is oriented not only to the past in general, but to a set of historicized markers in particular, to

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the fin de siècle, and its discourse of decadence. For all its eclecticism, its seeming incoherence, Randolph's single room, much like Des Esseintes' several chambers, posits a mutuality between creativity and closure. In this sense, there is something almost efficacious about Randolph's room, something instrumental, counter to claustrophobia. It invokes the closet as a now-privileged space, as a medium in which to sustain a creative practice, to incubate one's homosexuality.

Such an insight into the complicity of deviance and decor is implicit in the dismissal of one of the contemporary notices of Other Voices, Other Rooms, where a reviewer sniffed at "the distasteful trappings of its homosexual theme [that] overhang it like Spanish Moss."[46] By contrast, Cynthia Ozick, as an aspiring writer, had admired Capote's book longingly as a beacon of the beautiful in a dark time, as a declaration of estheticism, of art itself. George Davis, an editor and a gay man, observed-- from the inside-- that Capote had penned "a fairy Huckleberry Finn,"[47] a sissified makeover of an American classic, a queer parable, a homosexual pastoral. For the critic from Time, however, Capote's book represented little more than a distasteful exercise in excess, as if homosexuality might be collapsed into the embarrassing spectacle of its accessories, and deviance consigned to poor taste. On the other hand, what the critic from Time appeared to realize, and what George Davis apparently already knew, is that characteristics as well as characters might be deciphered, that "trappings" like Spanish moss might have

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[46] "Spare the Laurels," Time (January 26, 1948); 102; cited in Clarke, Capote, 155.

[47] Ibid., 158.

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connotations, that handwriting as much as writing, and a room as much as rural America, might be queered.

The word "trappings" recurs in Diana Trilling's conflicted review of Other Voices, Other Rooms in The Nation.[48] While Trilling begins by praising Capote's stylistic virtuosity, she finds the psychological realism of his narrative too freighted with surrealism, too "overlaid with so very many trappings of symbolic horror." Here, the word brands Capote's novel again, not necessarily in allusion to its homosexual theme, but as excessively melodramatic. For Trilling, nonetheless, the thematics of homosexuality present a problem, one that is central to her problem with the book. It symptomizes Capote's "determinism," she argues, the lack of a moral core in his novel. Joel becomes a homosexual "when the circumstances of his life deny him the other, more normal gratifications of his need for affection." Sexual inversion, as she terms it, is de facto a falling away, an absence; its background doesn't much interest her. What concerns Trilling is that Joel, as a factotum for Capote, passively accepts his diminished state. The novel, she contends, serves a higher purpose; it is "par excellence the medium for bringing both sympathy and moral-social discrimination to bear upon the individual human plight." Were there to be a homosexual novel that would meet Trilling's standards of moral and social discrimination, one supposes that the protagonist would have to be at war with his sexual impulses, or at least struggling against them heroically.

The presence of homosexuality within writing appears to have been very much on Capote's mind at this time. In another context, not the high ground of The Nation, Trilling

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[48] Diana Trilling, The Nation (January 31, 1948); reprinted in Plimpton, Capote, 77-80. The citations are from Plimpton.

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has related how Capote challenged her husband, Lionel, for omitting any mention of E.M. Forster's homosexuality from his study of his work.[49] Lionel Trilling responded to Capote that although it was all very interesting and that he had guessed as much, it was of no relevance to his study. In a sense, the position of both Trillings was pretty much the same. Even when encountered, homosexuality falls outside their field of interest, is irrelevant to their work, to writing's privileged mission to illuminate "the individual human plight." In this context, Capote's agitation over Forster, and the visibility of "the homosexual theme" of his novel, become historically pointed again. It signals dissent not only from the already dated school of social realism, but from the intellectual mandarins of post-war humanism.

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[49] Ibid., 70-71.

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CHAPTER 4

BETWEEN ARTINESS AND BEING A WRITER

Andy as André

Randolph's rather retardataire estheticism is not the sort of creative project readily associated with Warhol, whose art-- after 1960 at any rate-- rhetorically defined itself in terms of contemporary public fictions, which he claimed to transmit "purely," without inflection or distinction, without recognizable esthetic "distortion." Recalling Cynthia Ozick's recollections, I would suggest, however, that the very datedness of Randolph's attitudes as a figure for Capote doubtlessly would have accounted for much of their appeal. For Warhol in his school days at Carnegie, as much as for Ozick, estheticism emitted an aura of historicism and alterity, an "artiness" that offered appealing alternatives to the present tense and the quotidian, especially in 1948. And arguably for Warhol, it offered more.

Artiness, with its professed affinity for beauty, declines the terms of art towards their adjectival functions, towards the artistic, towards the status of the esthetic as a term of pure description. As a mode of behavior, it is a composite of mannerisms readily associated with artistic character, attributes that have been extracted for their social distinctiveness, exaggerated for cultural legibility. For Ozick, it served as a marker of difference and dissent, indicated by talismans and trappings. For Warhol, the markers of difference were arguably more proactive, producing signals somewhat beyond the range of

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Ozick's field of interest or vision. As an undergraduate at Carnegie and in the early New York years thereafter, artiness, I would propose, offered Warhol a set of connotations to encode his homosexuality, and a space for their improvisation, to rehearse becoming gay.

The pedagogical component of Warhol's development during the Carnegie years, 1945-49, has been thoroughly considered elsewhere.[1] The personal and social framework of this development, what we might call Warhol's sentimental education, is very much a subject for two of his posthumous biographers Victor Bockris and Fred Lawrence Guiles. The following passage from Bockris' account of Warhol's school days at Carnegie merits citing at length:

> Andy never spoke about his homosexuality and never made any sexual advances, but it was evident from his mannerisms and the way he dressed that he was probably gay. He used to wear a corduroy jacket with the collar turned up, which he would hold closed across his throat with one delicate hand. Walking with a dance step, he whispered "Hi!" to everyone he met, in a surprised, breathless voice. When he was sitting down, his hands were always artfully placed or suspended from his wrists. Betty Ash said, "People tended to shield him from others who said unkind things about him. I remember admiring one of Andy's drawings in an exhibition, and there was this one guy who liked to tell dirty jokes and make fun of any fella he thought less than fully masculine. I remember him making a comment about how he didn't understand why everybody was always celebrating the work of this fruitcake." But according to Perry Davis, the teacher who was closest to Andy, "Homosexuality was pretty well accepted in art school. No one really thought much about Andy and sex because he left a very sexless impression.[2]

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[1] See Crone, Das bildnerische Werk, interview with Philip Pearlstein, 253-270; idem, A Picture Show by the Artist, especially chapter 12, "Warhol's Years at Carnegie Tech," 38-44. In the prior chapters of A Picture Show, Crone attempts to place Warhol's work of the 1940s and 1950s in a broader art historical context. See also Smith, "Art 'In Extremis'", chapter 1, "Warhol's Formative Years," 4-49; interviews with Arthur Elias, Joseph Groell, George Klauber, 527-540, 640-649, 683-694; Bennard Perlman, "The Education of Andy Warhol," in The Andy Warhol Museum (Pittsburgh: The Andy Warhol Museum, 1994; New York: Distributed Art Publishers; Stuttgart: Cantz, 1994), 147-166.

[2] Bockris, Warhol, (New York), 41. See also London, 68-69. In the British edition, this passage has been expanded, and the different narrative voices-- of Bockris, Ash and Davis-- are more carefully differentiated.

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Although Bockris knew and worked for Warhol, he didn't meet him until 1973. The above biographical portrait above has been seamlessly narrativized, physical description and the commentaries of a schoolmate and a teacher, folded into an integral eyewitness account. The remarks offered by Betty Ash and Perry Davis suggest, however, that the opposite was true, that Warhol's inchoate homosexuality was either highly visible or invisible, depending on one's point of view, and that the signifiers of homosexuality and sexuality in and of itself may be read rather differently.

Guiles' biography, Loner at the Ball. The Life of Andy Warhol, is much less known and cited even less. Part of the problem is one of distribution, part of it one of biographical method.[3] No other researcher seems to have talked to as many people from Carnegie and the 1950s, or sought to excavate these milieus as extensively, nor has any other so generously leavened his accounts with extrapolation, hearsay and assumed intimacy with his subject. Less insightful, much less careful but more detailed than Bockris' biography, Guiles's text, nevertheless, merits consultation and citation, if only as an entry in what we might consider the historical reception of Warhol's life.

According to Guiles, Jean Cocteau was an early and crucial influence:

> Jean Cocteau was an artist of many parts. He was also gay and unashamed about it. There seems to be little doubt that it was Cocteau's example that successively led Andy Warhol into serious art, film, magazine publishing and consummate self-promotion. As a young man of many parts, he decided he wanted to learn dancing . . . . He even joined the Modern Dance Club at the college . . .[4]

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[3] Fred Lawrence Guiles, Loner at the Ball. A Life of Andy Warhol (London: Bantam, 1989). Unlike Bockris' biography which was published in England and the United States, albeit in different editions, Guiles' book never found an American publisher, or much distribution in the United States.

[4] Ibid., 28.

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Historically, this is somewhat confused, since Warhol probably didn't become aware of Cocteau until later in the 1950s,[5] and the "many parts" that Guiles cites in reference to Warhol, "serious art, film, etc." don't manifest themselves until the 1960s. For Guiles, however, the name of Cocteau serves as a segue to Warhol's enrollment in modern dance, securing his artiness. "Andy's own recognition of his homosexuality and developing a circle of male dance friends, most of whom were gay . . ."[6] are readily conflated by Guiles as consecutive clauses of the same sentence. And when Warhol graduates from Carnegie, Guiles, as if wistful for the period before Stonewall when "male dancer" was code for gay, notes almost elegiacally that:

> He was also leaving another group of friends, all male and some of them dance students. With few exceptions, they were all homosexual. Somehow Andy had come out to them or they had seen their own kind in him [my emphasis].
>
> Still, there was no sense on Andy's part that he would be leaving his friends behind. All of them spoke of New York, and especially of Greenwich Village, as the place where they would regroup.[7]

Indeed, if "somehow" Warhol had "come out" to his dancer friends, the question is how; or alternately, if "they had seen their own kind in him," what might they have seen?

In his senior year at Carnegie, Warhol did indeed join the Modern Dance Club, and was photographed with them for the senior yearbook (fig. 87), where, however, he is the only male club member. As David Bourdon has observed, modern dance movements inform certain pictures of this time by Warhol, as well as certain pictures of him that

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[5] See chapter 8, for the relationship of Cocteau drawings to Warhol's smooth line drawings of the late 1950s.

[6] Guiles, Loner at the Ball, 29.

[7] Ibid., 31.

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document his comportment. Bourdon reproduces the painting, Dancers (fig. 88), and a 1948 Christmas card (fig. 89), the latter signed archly, "André," an arty nickname, adopted by Warhol on at least several occasions at this time and in circulation among his friends.[8] Painting and drawing address an alternative to the social and literary driven realism of his Carnegie training (figs. 85 and 86). Rather than being impacted with detail and impelled by earnestness, these examples from Warhol's juvenilia show him studying silhouette and pattern, informed as much by the theatrical lines of caricature as dance.

Warhol's work, to the extent that it begins to go against the grain of major tenets of the Carnegie pedagogy, begs other relationships. If not yet Cocteau, perhaps Beardsley, another influence of the Carnegie years served up by Guiles, surely avant la lettre:

> "... there were conservative teachers whose opinion of Andy's work was negative. Some of them felt that it was subversive, outrageous and fanciful. Andy had begun some drawings that were strongly inspired by the work of the decadent fin de siècle artist Aubrey Beardsley.[9]

Recall the review in Art Digest of Warhol's first exhibition, "Fifteen Drawings Based on the Writings of Truman Capote": "For various reasons one thinks of Beardsley, Lautrec, Demuth, Balthus and Cocteau."[10] Taking up Cocteau and Beardsley, the most homosexually-determined examples among this array of deviant talents, Guiles appears to be taking his cues from this review.

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[8] Bourdon, Warhol, 22-23.

[9] Ibid., 23.

[10] J.F. "Irving Sherman, Andy Warhol," Art Digest (July 1952): 19.

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Beardsley's work, however, also signals an historical moment that is somewhat more distant: namely the citation of "Aubrey Beardsley drawings," among the "random examples of items which are part of the canon of Camp," in note number 4 of Susan Sontag's "Notes on Camp," (1964).[11] Sontag's "notes" adumbrating what she specified as a homosexual sensibility, were dedicated to Oscar Wilde, and compassed other turn-of-the century "items," such as Tiffany lamps and Zuleika Dobson (Max Beerbohm's novel), and Art Nouveau itself as "the most typical and fully developed Camp style."

Beardsley's re-absorption by gay men as camp at a particular juncture during the early 1960s is one thing, his assimilation within a framework of estheticism at an earlier moment in the immediate post-war period is another. If not Beardsley's drawings, then perhaps Beardsley's photograph (fig. 90) might grant us access to the sort of image that would have mattered to Warhol, if he saw it, and that might be read through codes of artiness to produce a subtext that is usably gay. In the photograph, Beardsley appears in profile, the angle of his pointed noise sniffing upward, beneath a fringe of hair, which Capote's might well echo in his dust jacket portrait. Above all, it is the hand, or the proper left hand, which supports the raised head and slices across the foreground at an angle parallel to the nose, fingers of extraordinary length pressed to his temple, across the cheek.

Pivoted 45 degrees to the frontal, Beardsley's pose is echoed in a photograph of Warhol, taken by a commercial studio not long after he moved to New York (fig. 91).[12]

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[11] Susan Sontag, "Notes on 'Camp," Partisan Review (October 1964), reprinted in Against Interpretation (New York: Farrar Strauss & Giroux, 1966, New York: Dell, A Delta Book, 1981), 277-278.

[12] This photograph, stamped on the back, Melton-Pippin studios, was probably commissioned for the contributors' page of the May 1951 issue of the magazine, Interiors, although another exposure from the same sitting was published.

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The cap of thinning hair now seems to echo the fringe of bangs affected by Beardsley as much as by Capote. More striking is the way in which Warhol nests his head within his hands like Beardsley, displaying the longitudinals of the fingers. Only the large spectacles which owlishly frame his eyes are as pronounced, offsetting the prominence of the hands, their importance. In the recapitulation of this pose years later for Edward Wallowitch's camera (fig. 21), Warhol has shed his glasses, but the premature cropping of the photograph just below the wrists spoils much of its effect, and we must turn to Duane Michals' contemporary variant (fig. 17), to capture the quality of the original gesture, the linear extravagance of Beardsley's hands.

The studio photograph of 1951 also includes alterations to the nose and hair line that Warhol added in pencil, retouching his features much as he would do later in the 1950s in another photograph (fig. 20). If his later photographic intervention is more determined in its direction, more decidedly Capote-esque, especially in the penciled sweep of the hair, the earlier make-over (fig. 91) seems more overdetermined, as a conflation of both Beardsley and Capote. Perhaps, Warhol was simply rehearsing his cosmetic transformation pictorially, representing them after the fact by going over old photographs, retouching the past. The latter in fact seems to be the thematic that informs four paintings and several drawings of 1961-62, known as Before and After. Of course, the nose job paintings rehearse something else too.

The mark below the eye of the left profile, which represents it metonymically, variously disappears and reappears. It is there in the first state of the first painting of the series (fig. 92), when it was exhibited in a display window in Bonwit Teller in April 1961

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(see fig. 125, right), but it is gone within a year, when the painting was photographed in the studio in late 1961 or early 1962 (fig. 92), whited out, with several other supernumerary drips of black paint. At the same time as the facial mole was painted over, the eye in the left profile was repainted, bringing it into closer conformity with the silhouette of the eye on the right. The profile of the forehead on the right has also been reshaped with white paint, likely at the same moment, though this can't be determined with any certainty, since this side of the canvas is not visible in the only documentary photographs that exist from April 1961 (fig. 125).

In any event, moving from left to right, from "before" to "after," Warhol has performed an operation of his own, one that mirrors the work's subject. He focuses our scrutiny on repainting, on painting as painting over, a make-over that selectively alleviates the painterly mark. Here, Warhol is restaging a layered and deeply cathected moment from his own biography, his nose job of the mid-fifties, his professional make-over as a painter at the beginning of the 1960s, and the make-over that he brings about in his own early paintings, one which occurs at the very inception of his painting between 1961 and 1962, which is characterized by the sudden and almost complete excision of painterly marks and the mechanical look that his work assumes beginning in 1962. This becomes abundantly clear in the contrast between the first Before and After and the fourth and last version, painted in mid-1962 (fig. 93), where all vestiges of marks, of moles, have vanished as if they never had been.

Returning to the main points of Beardsley's pose, we find them summed up in a caricature drawn by Max Beerbohm in 1896 (fig. 94), that parodies the silhouetted shapes

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and sinuous lines of Beardsley's signature style. Beerbohm draws him full-length, with a thatch of black hair that makes him sightless, raking over the outsized extension of his pointy nose, as he turns with his tapered chin drooping, his tiny ornamented feet skipping, his hands outrageously limp-wristed, one of which holds a toy French poodle on a leash. The dangling hands and stuffed poodle thread the needle of Beerbohm's satire of the mix of dandified and effeminate mannerisms in Beardsley's appearance, according to the testimony of the photograph.

If the dancers in Warhol's student painting from the Carnegie (fig. 88), especially the figure kicking up its heels at the top of the composition, seem reminiscent of Beerbohm's Beardsley, the latter also resembles the art student evoked in Bockris' biographical portrait, his hands "always artfully placed or suspended from his wrists" (when sitting), the corduroy jacket clasped "with one delicate hand" at the throat. In a photograph by Otto Fenn (fig. 95), probably taken a year after the studio photograph from Melton-Pippin, Warhol appears just so, his hands draped over the lapels of his jacket, indicating the throat, his wrists bared. The last detail is telling, as in the photographs from Melton-Pippin (fig. 91), as in those by Duane Michals (fig. 17), as in the portrait of Beardsley (fig. 90). It bares not only the skin of the forearm, extending the axis of the fingers, but marks that stigmatized joint of the anatomy, the wrist, which the codes of masculinity demand remain inflexible if not invisible or immobile, neither limp nor flexed.

This, of course, is precisely the sort of transgression modern dance will allow him. In a photograph taken with a classmate on the grounds of the Carnegie (fig. 96), Warhol's pose is all angles. Seated cross-legged, he leans forward and to the right, collapsing the

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form of the lotus position, folding his right forearm, bending his wrist backwards against the right side of his head, supporting the upper arm with his flexed left hand. Warhol will reenact the artful angularity of this "modern dance" pose in the later 1950s during his session with Edward Wallowitch session, arms and legs crossing as he perches on radiator, behind a gauzy curtain in his apartment. Another Wallowitch exposure captures Warhol in that other gesture that Bockris claimed to be characteristic, clutching his collar at the throat, touching it now to his lips. (fig. 97, especially the exposures at the lower left).

Relatives of this gesture recur in another contact sheet, which probably derives from the same photo session (fig. 98). What is most striking in these rows of exposures is how familiar these gestures have become, gestures which we might designate as characteristic, but which Warhol is still rehearsing, familiarizing himself with them still. Capote's dust jacket pose seems to distill them all; they seem to operate as improvisations from this pose. What is also striking is the way in which the head and hands move away from the orientation of Warhol's body, the way they search out vertical axes outside of the body, such as the edge of a door, even a veiled curtain. In de-centering the body, they work to make it eccentric.

In the Carnegie photograph (fig. 96), the laughing classmate and the eccentricity of the stylized pose suggest that Warhol might have been sending up a dance class routine for the benefit of his clique, or better that he was parodying his own air of languid artfulness, the sort of air that Bockris is writing about, that later moves in and out of the warm-ups recorded on the contact sheets of ca. 1958 (figs. 97 and 98), and that had already made a prior appearance in another picture from the Carnegie years (fig. 99). This photograph is

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situated in the studio, with Warhol now surrounded exclusively by male classmates, among them Philip Pearlstein at the upper left. Warhol leans against the easel, his right hand draped over a post of an easel, his left raised with the index finger pointed aloft. Warhol's raised finger beckons, probably in answer to a question, but the single indicating digit and the collapsed demeanor of his body belie any hint of his fellow students' more consolidated physical address. More to the point is the right hand's syntax, "suspended from the wrist," according to Bockris' curious locution. It summons up that other Carnegie photograph-- the picture taken by Philip Pearlstein in which Warhol offers his left hand to the camera, bathing it in light, while the rest of his body recedes (fig. 9)-- the quintessential image of Andy's early artiness, of Andy as André

Capote as a Writer

According to George Klauber, Warhol not only discovered Capote during his student years at Carnegie, but his first works based on Capote's writings also date from this time. In his interview with Patrick Smith, Klauber recalled,

> I think it was at Tech-- and this was after I had gone [1948-49]-- he discovered Truman Capote, and this started his illustrations for the short stories... When he came to New York [in 1949], he came with a portfolio with these huge drawings-- very large-- absolutely beautiful.[13]

These very large and "absolutely beautiful" drawings which Klauber remarks upon are perhaps the very ones that Warhol showed at the Hugo Gallery in June 1952, although the one likely example that can be identified from this group isn't especially large (fig. 4), and

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[13] Smith, "Art "In Extremis,'" 687.

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is stylistically distinct from the work he executed while at school (figs. 85 and 86). It seems unlikely that Warhol would have included works in his first New York show that were as much as four years old. Nevertheless, Klauber's recollection which dates Warhol's familiarity with Capote's stories to the Carnegie years, well before the Hugo show recommends itself to our consideration.

In the spring of 1948, during his third year at Carnegie, Warhol was hired as a part-time display assistant at a department store in downtown Pittsburgh called Joseph Horne, directly apprenticing himself in the work and milieu that Capote would later slur in Edie. According to his own account in The Philosophy:

> I had a job one summer in a department store looking through Vogues and Harper's Bazaars and European fashion magazines for a wonderful man named Mr. Vollmer. I got something like fifty cents an hour and my job was to look for 'ideas.' I don't remember ever finding one or getting one. Mr. Vollmer was an idol to me because he came from New York and that seemed so exciting. I wasn't really thinking about ever going there myself, though.[14]

Warhol's offhandedness in regard to finding or ever getting an idea is exactly what we might expect him to claim, especially from the vantage point of almost thirty years later in 1975, when The Philosophy was written. In 1948, however, it may be supposed that he was finding many. And among them might have been his first discoveries of Capote, whose first short stories were published not in the more august literary pages of the New Yorker, to which he aspired, but in just the sort of magazines that Warhol was studying at Joseph Horne.

Under the patronage of fiction editors such as George Davis at Mademoiselle and Mary Lee Aswell at Harper's Bazaar, Capote made his literary debut. His first story,

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[14] Warhol, The Philosophy, 22.

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"Miriam," was published in Mademoiselle in June 1945. "Tree of Night" appeared in Harper's Bazaar in October, and "Jug of Silver" in Mademoiselle in December. In the summer of 1946, Harper's Bazaar sent Capote on an assignment to New Orleans with Henri Cartier-Bresson, and "Notes on N.O." was published in October, followed by "The Headless Hawk" in November.

The symbolic devices and Freudian tropes installed in "Miriam" and "The Headless Hawk" doubtlessly brought Capote requisite attention as a serious contender on the literary scene, as the regional accents and local color of "A Jug of Silver" and his "notes" on New Orleans marked him as a distinctive native voice. Although Capote tended to cultivate the symbolic and the regional as alternate voices in his early writing,[15] his first novel, Other Voices, Other Rooms fuses the two.

Warhol may or may not have come across some of Capote's early stories, leafing through copies of Mademoiselle or Harper's Bazaar in the display department of Joseph Horne. It seems just as likely that he would have passed over them, unless of course he knew of Capote already, since they would have been easily overshadowed by the magazines' glossy photographic spreads. The photographs that accompanied Capote's stories were secondary, mostly nondescript and anodyne, such as the doubled image of a doll's head that illustrated the theme of the split personality in "Miriam" (fig. 100). If Warhol had "discovered" Capote from his early stories, in advance of Other Voices, Other Rooms, if he had seen these stories at all, doubtless they would have made much less of an

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[15] In 1949, when Random House published an anthology of his stories A Tree of Night and Other Stories, examples of each type were included, although the symbolic tales-- e.g. "A Tree of Night," Miriam," "The Headless Hawk," "Master Misery," and "Shut Another Door"-- somewhat outnumbered the regional-- e.g. "A Jug of Silver," "My Side of the Matter," and "Children on Their Birthdays."

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impression upon him than another magazine article and another published photograph, that he almost certainly would have seen.

The article in question appeared on June 2, 1947 in Life, the sort of magazine that might readily have been found in Warhol's home, that would not have required the resources of Carnegie Tech or Joseph Horne for someone like Warhol to discover. It was called "Young U.S. Writers," and Capote appeared on the first page, his photograph dominating the layout and surmounting the title of the article, appropriating its honorifics virtually for himself (fig. 101).[16] Although he was the only young writer featured who had yet to publish a full-length novel, his short fiction exemplified what Life's literary trend spotter identified as follows: "What is to succeed the '30s in the '40s and '50s is still in the making: it will probably run to symbolism and the use of imagery and a continued revolt against naturalism and realism." Even better, the caption underneath Capote's picture read, "Esoteric, New Orleans-born Truman Capote, 22, writes haunting short stories. His novel, 'Other Voices, Other Rooms,' will be out this fall," distilling the double idiom of his early style-- esoteric and Southern-- capturing the way he mirrored the moment, proffering his forthcoming novel as an index of the new generation's promise.

Life might have published Henri Cartier-Bresson's portrait of Capote, taken during their New Orleans sojourn on assignment from Harper's Bazaar (fig. 102). It shows Capote in a tee shirt, shifting his body on a garden seat, surrounded by the giant fronds of a plant, looking brooding and fragile in an exotic clime. For Life's camera, however, Capote poses wearing jacket, vest and tie, at repose in a cluttered room, holding a

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[16] "Young U.S. Writers," Life (June 2, 1947): 74-75, 79, 81-82.

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cigarette, as if between thoughts, or in dress rehearsal for the picture that would appear only six months later on the dust jacket of Other Voices, Other Rooms. The room pictured in the photograph was in a friend's apartment, actually a town house that belonged to Leo Lerman, a writer and editor. At first glance, the theatricalized decor of Lerman's parlor seems to preempt its subject, or become it, with Capote one more element, only somewhat larger, legs crossed, nested into one corner of a four-sided settee. Beside him an empty seat opens to the foreground, its plush cushion bisected by a mysterious diagonal shadow, terminating in an ornate vase decorated with beaded swags that rises from the settee as its centerpiece. Settling among Lerman's bric-a-brac-- a blackamoor figure, a still- life painting, a hurricane lamp, a lathe-turned chair back-- things that for the photographic opportunity have become putatively his own, Capote does not appear to be quite at home, not quite the urbane young sophisticate that the room makes him out to be. Still he raises his face heroically to meet the camera, a dark and appealing presence among the highlighted trappings that surround him.

Compare this to another picture of Capote in another room, taken in Paris in 1948 (fig. 103). After the success of his first novel, Capote decamped to Europe, or more precisely, to London, Paris and Venice, the first of his many extended sojourns abroad. One idle day in Paris, he accompanied his friend Karl Bissinger to photograph the set for a film that Jean Cocteau was making of his play Les Parents Terribles. Bissinger observed,

> You don't haul your friends along to see a famous director, and if I had been more sophisticated, I wouldn't have taken Truman. But that Other Voices, Other Rooms photograph had dominated the year's gossip, and, as it happened, Cocteau was fascinated by him. He called him 'the infant.'[17]

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[17] Clarke, Capote, 168.

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The decor of Cocteau's film set, while substantially less encumbered than Lerman's tchotchke-choked living room, was no less artistic, and Capote fit right in. An oversized scarf tied at his neck like an elfin bohemian, he draped himself in a large wicker rocker beneath the skylight that raked the set, pivoting his head to the camera and admirers, re-enacting the sexed languor of "that Other Voices, Other Rooms photograph," charming Cocteau, auditioning for the role of enfant terrible of le tout post-war Paris.

If the bohemian demimonde of Europe, especially Paris, offered an adoring, vagabond arena for his new-found, scandalous success, welcoming him as an artist, Lerman's parlor the year before had functioned as the "before" to the "after" of Cocteau's film set, at a time when this young U.S. writer was still little more than an appealing promise. Before the publication of Other Voices, Other Rooms, Lerman's town house granted Capote access to precisely the sort of estheticized surroundings lacking in the conventional setting of his parents' apartment, and the portrait in Life magazine showed him off accordingly.

Framed by Lerman's possessions, Capote was projecting himself, however tentatively, as a connoisseur for Life's camera; he was posing as a young gentleman with an eclectic but delimited sensibility, of somewhat bizarre but thoroughly decided tastes. If homosexual taste is being signaled here, and it seems to be, it encodes the idea that homosexuality is itself a personal taste, specialized, acquired like a taste for oysters or spicy food, piquant but passing, and ultimately assimilable into a more digestible generality. The picture tips its hand to the latter via the correspondence between Capote

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and the blackamoor statue in the background, figuring this young literary homosexual as a colorful exotic, or as Life's caption writer had it, "esoteric, New Orleans-born."

Off camera, Lerman's house as well as his regular Sunday soirées doubtlessly offered Capote a welcome refuge from the family apartment at 1060 Park Avenue, but also the kind of social sphere and artistic milieu that he had not quite created for himself. The previous summer, recommended by Carson McCullers, he had been invited and availed himself of a residence at Yaddo, the writers' colony in Saratoga Springs. And that summer when Life sent a photographer to record the colony-- the same photographer who would take his picture in Lerman's apartment the following year[18]-- Capote appeared in two of the three pictures that were published by the magazine.

The Yaddo photograph that is most telling about Capote shows him at a large desk, reading over the words that presumably he has only just typed, the very picture of the young writer working (fig. 104). Capote occupied a Gothic-style tower room at Yaddo that summer, and this is where the photograph was taken. The room is bathed in a light of near-uniform intensity, illuminated by a small leaded glass window and no doubt by the photographer's lamps. The light washes over the neo-Gothic tracery of the woodwork and Capote's chair, highlighting the statues behind him, the bust of a child in the background and in the foreground on the right, the draped head of a woman. Mounted on a pedestal, she is an imposing presence, who stands guard over the room. Protector and patroness, part mother and muse, she watches over the child's bust, over the young man at the typewriter dressed in immaculate summer whites and writing.

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[18] The photographer was Lisa Larsen.

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However inspirational the light, however glamorous the setting, there is something perhaps a little too fastidious in this portrait of the young writer. Apart from several select objects-- a dark, oversized lamp and the black typewriter, a tiny piece of decorative porcelain and an unlit candle, barely visible in its glass holder-- the large desk is conspicuously lacking in writerly clutter or personal color. Capote forges an immediate connection only with the typewriter, which we may suppose to have been his, while the desk and chair, busts and lamp, even the china and the unlit candle, were simply furnishings that belonged to the room.

Notwithstanding the period conceit of its scenographic gothicism and visible eccentricity, Capote's Yaddo room is ultimately too impersonal, too institutional, to be entirely persuasive. The privileged access to the young writer in his room which Life's camera ostensibly grants us here is less convincing than it might be: not because it is too posed but because it seems to be too much of a piece, not because it is too studied, but because its subject appears too studious. It as if Capote's picture has been taken in the library rather than in his room, photographed at school or an institution of higher learning rather than in his private aerie, his creative lair.

In this light, Life's picture may be said to portray its subject accurately. For Capote, who never attended college, Yaddo was his university, where he could socialize with writers such as McCullers and Katherine Anne Porter, studying them first-hand . It was where he met the scholar, Newton Arvin. "Newton was my Harvard," Capote is reputed to have said of the man who became both his literary mentor and a lover, to whom he dedicated Other Voices, Other Rooms.[19]

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Compared to the lambent homogeneity of the Yaddo picture, compared to the way it annexed Capote to the surfaces of his milieu, the picture of him in Manhattan a year later, installed in the crespuscular clutter of Lerman's parlor, seems somewhat less museological, more intimate, more like a portrait that focuses on the personality of the artist. This parlor, and Lerman's town house more generally, surely was one of the prototypes for the sort of room that Randolph inhabited, that metaphorizes him in Other Voices, Other Rooms.[20] By choosing Lerman's house for his sitting for Life, it is as if Capote were imprinting himself on Randolph rather than Joel-- the ephebic figure he would opt for on the dust jacket-- shifting Randolph's representation into the foreground of his first "official portrait" as a writer.

The decor of Lerman's town house and the eclectic mixture of guests at his Sunday evenings was intended to approach the thresholds of visual overload, to flirt with incoherence. Here is Leo Lerman's description of the house:

> Four-story house and a basement. It was full of love and things and darkness, because those houses always were . . . There was a whole wall in the front parlor of late eighteenth-century gouaches of Vesuvius' eruption . . . We had a very early collection of Tiffany lamps. Mr. Cecil Beaton came in and said, "Isn't that lovely?" We knew instantly we should get more because he was going to go out and buy them. In those days, you'd get them for twelve dollars, fifteen dollars in those marvelous junk shops on Third Avenue.[21]

Here is the description of a friend, Gray Foy:

> Leo's house was at Ninety-fourth and Lexington. Number 1453. That was the date of the fall of Constantinople. Leo always used to say that after that date all Culture

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[19] Clarke, Capote, 119.

[20] While Lerman proposes himself as an interesting, if partial, model for the character of Randolph in Other Voices, Other Rooms, according to Capote, it was not Lerman but a man he befriended in New Orleans who became the source for Randolph himself. See Capote, "Preface," Three by Truman Capote (New York; Random House, 1985), 8-9.

[21] Plimpton, Truman Capote, 45, 46.

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> went to the West. The house was always brimming over . . . Everybody came, everybody that you can think of, a kind of clearinghouse in a way. It was usually somewhat impromptu . . .[22]

The effect of such a setting is distilled in the fragment captured in Life (fig. 101). It is a dense composition, a motley inventory appropriated from multiple sources rather a single model, a "world" confected from stray elements, among them Capote himself. As a composition, as a picture, it corresponds to the improvisational strategy of collage, to the operational modality of pastiche.

Pastiche may be characterized equally as miscellany and as copy, both in terms of its linguistic origins as a pasticcio, a potpourri of borrowed fragments, as in music,[23] and according to a more contemporary usage as Fredric Jameson has defined it in his treatise on postmodernism and late capitalism:

> Pastiche is, like parody, the imitation of a peculiar or unique, idiosyncratic style, the wearing of a linguistic mask, speech in a dead language. But it is a neutral practice of such mimicry, without any of parody's ulterior motives, amputated of the satiric impulse, devoid of laughter and of any conviction that alongside the abnormal tongue you have momentarily borrowed, some healthy linguistic normality still exists. Pastiche is thus blank parody, a statue with blind eyeballs: . . .[24]

In his writing, much as in his choice of milieus, Capote made it a practice to parrot the voices of others, to inhabit previously occupied sets and settings, others' rooms. Diana Trilling, in her review Other Voices, Other Rooms, initially championed Capote's

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[22] Ibid., 44.

[23] This usage is documented in The American Heritage Dictionary of the English Language, William Morris, ed. (New York: American Heritage; Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1971)

[24] Jameson, Postmodernism, 17.

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language-- "his powers of description and evocation, his ability to bend language to his poetic moods, his ear for dialect and for the varied rhythms of speech"-- which she compared to Eudora Welty's early writing. However, she also felt that his talent for description and ear for dialect were undermined by the surrealistic "claptrap" and "paraphernalia" that he installed in his novel, which, Trilling complained, made it into "merely the latest chic example of Southern Gothic,"[25] a pastiche in Jameson's sense of being an "imitation of a peculiar or unique, idiosyncratic style, the wearing of a linguistic mask, speech in a dead language."

Jameson's formulation implies that the enterprise is somehow antiquarian, but Trilling's criticism indicates where the expired might be said to intersect the chic. To Elizabeth Hardwick in a more recent estimation of Capote's writing, this linguistic dead zone is post-Faulknerian, and only Flannery O'Connor transcended the cloying parodies of Capote and his ilk:

> Reading over these writers [Capote, Carson McCullers, Harper Lee] brings to mind the triumph of their contemporary Flannery O'Connor, painting a similar landscape and filling it not with cute hunchbacks [pace McCullers] and dwarfs [pace Capote] but with predatory swamp rats, literally God-forsaken Bible salesmen intoning their handy lies in magical speech rhythms, all transcending the fictional clichés in the dramaturgy after Faulkner.[26]

If the South is local color, a "specialité," to Hardwick, "like Key lime pie and conch fritters, to be exploited again and again," it is open to mimicry, as we find in characters

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[25] Trilling in Plimpton, Capote, 78, 79.

[26] Elizabeth Hardwick, "Tru Confessions," The New York Review of Books,(January 15, 1998): 4.

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such as Holly Golightly in Breakfast at Tiffany's. Hardwick finds Holly Golightly to be an imitation of Sally Bowles from Christopher Isherwood's Good-bye to Berlin:

> However Tulip, Texas, does not always inhabit Holly Golightly's conversational style-- the rhythms of Sally Bowles perhaps overwhelming national boundaries. (There is mention of French lessons given to smother Holly's Texas defect in preparation for a film career). Nevertheless here she is in a typical locution: 'But, after all, he knows I'm preggers. Well, I am, darling. Six weeks gone. I don't see why that should surprise you. It didn't me. Not un peu bit.' At times her diction crosses to the Rhine. 'I suppose I'll sleep until Saturday, really get a good schluffen. [27]

For Hardwick, Capote's book is not as "rich and beautiful" as its model; in Jamesonian terms, Holly's speaking in tongues would seem to exemplify pastiche's "conviction that alongside the abnormal tongue you have momentarily borrowed, some healthy normality still exists." Holly's mimicry in this sense goes to the deconstruction of language itself.

Hardwick's project, it seems, is to exorcise the exclusivity of Capote's brilliance, especially insofar as it becomes the object of various testimonials in an oral history and group memoir of Capote recently compiled by George Plimpton.[28] She archly recalls the rumor of his broken later period, his professed longing to emulate "a writer, who, like Capote, knew a lot of rich people and who wrote something herein called Proustian." Again, in Jamesonian terminology, the never-finished "Proustian" novel, Answered Prayers, might be seen as yet another "literary mask" that Capote hoped to slip into, to host the ultimate authorial bal masqué, a counterpart to the black and white affair of 1968, when he launched not only Katharine Graham, but the final period of his writing.

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[27] Ibid., 5.

[28] Hardwick's essay is a review of George Plimpton, Truman Capote; see chapter 3, n. 6 for a complete citation of Plimpton'd book.

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If I offer pastiche at this juncture, it is not on behalf of delivering Capote from his critics, which is outside my sphere here. Rather, I would propose that pastiche is distinctively representative of what I would call Capote's vagabondry, of his culture as a writer as much as of his writing. It is in the former capacity, of course, of Capote picturing himself as a writer, that pastiche as a mode of visual implementation, might have made itself available to Warhol, through looking at pictures, without reading a word. Like camp, pastiche is parodic, but without its skewering of social role playing, or its travesty of gendered protocols.[29] In the following chapter, pastiche draws our study outwards from the body as language, and more particularly from the camp body as a divided language, spatializing Warhol in a series of decorated interiors much like Capote's. This leads us now to examine the windows that he decorated as "a window decorator type."

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[29] See also my discussion of the intersection of camp and pastiche in "Introduction." Camp and pastiche are related terms, but I have made every effort here to keep them distinct here, reserving camp for a particular usage with respect to being homosexual. In a generalizing light, each might be seen as functional extensions of the other. Pastiche might be said "to camp," in the sense that it mimics, but to put it this way neutralizes camp's critical edge. Similarly, pastiche might be used "in camp" as a means of elaborating upon incongruities, but this tends to normalize camp's central problematic, the gendered incongruity between male and female in a single body.

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CHAPTER 5

BETWEEN PAINTING AND DECORATION

Warhol's Rooms, Bonwit's Windows

For Warhol, pastiche opened onto a divided trajectory. On the one hand, it opened the possibility of passing into a pasticcio as just one of its elements, much as Capote had done in the portrait he posed for in Leo Lerman's salon (fig. 101). Going one better, it offered him the promise of camouflage, of social cover among the signifiers of an already developed, idiosyncratic style. On the other hand, it mobilized Warhol's anxiety of presiding over the copy, as Capote had appeared to do in his picture, of summing up the bits and pieces-- not as the fugitive original-- but as pastiche's master term. Thus among the ideas that Warhol might have apprehended in the fashion magazines at Joseph Horne, in Capote's portrait in Life, or in Randolph's room, are those that have to do with staging one's presence artistically, ambiently, outside oneself but by extension to disparate objects and others, to divergent scenes.

Looking back at Duane Michals' two double portraits (figs. 49 and 50) in which Warhol and his mother shift focus and trade faces, we might consult the sequence in which they appear on Michals' contact sheet (fig. 51). It shows how such a presence would have to be negotiated, calibrated. In the earlier exposure Julia is registered in focus (fig. 50); the camera offers her as the subject of the sitting, posed in the foreground. Her head rests against the floral pattern of a high-backed kitchen chair, which rises behind the dotted

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sleeves of her dress, almost like a fairy's wing from one of her son's drawings. He sits behind her in soft-focus, fused into the background, folded into her home, her world. In the exposure that follows (fig. 49), the camera not only reorients its focal point, it changes its position, pivoting slightly downwards from the ceiling into the room. Warhol is no longer smiling; he faces the camera rather intently, rather like Capote in Life, crossing his arms as Capote had crossed his legs. It is as if Warhol had suddenly taken possession of the room between exposures, asserting himself over the gemütlichkeit of his surroundings, the framed pictures, the pots of flowers, Julia herself and her homey kitchen chair, which although he is still behind her, now all become contingent upon his presence, his centrality, his command of the space.

> As he observed in The Philosophy,
>
> > I've always had a conflict because I'm shy and yet I like to take up a lot of personal space. Mom always said, 'Don't be pushy, but let everybody know you're around.' I wanted to command more space than I was commanding, but then I knew I was too shy to know what to do with the attention if I did manage to get it. That's why I love television.[1]

Or why for that matter Warhol appears to have been so drawn to photography twenty years before: it allowed him to command more space, to extend himself to people or things, without having to pretend to master them socially. In the other exposures on Michals' contact sheet, Warhol poses alone. In several he appears spread across his bed, as in fig. 12 (bottom), with sheets of papers fanned out behind him, exposing the disarray of the studio, its metonymy with the rumpled bed linens. I have remarked upon this before, this relay between drawing and bed, how it casts Warhol's drawings in a liminal zone

[1] Warhol, The Philosophy, 147.

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between sleep and consciousness, how it grants them access to the condition of fantasy. I now might add how much Warhol's bedroom at this time, late in the 1950s, is still an extension of Julia's world, how unlike Randolph's room it seems, how much more like the room we might imagine Joel inhabiting before he left home, before his mother died.

From 1953-60, Warhol and his mother shared an apartment at 242 Lexington Avenue. David Bourdon, who would have visited them at this time, describes it as follows:

> The apartment had two big rooms--one in front, one in the back-- a kitchen in the middle, and a bathroom in the rear. Andy set up a drafting table in the front room and shared the back bedroom with his mother. Large stacks of drawing paper began to pile up everywhere. Much of it was used, but none of it was ever thrown out. [2]

In 1956, Calvin Holt, co-owner with Stephen Bruce of the boutique, Serendipity, vacated the parlor floor of 242 Lexington Avenue, which Warhol then rented as well. According to Victor Bockris:

> While Andy worked upstairs in the last months of 1956, they [Messrs. Holt and Bruce] were decorating the place downstairs. When they finished, they had created a stage-set apartment that set a whole trend. Stephen and Calvin had installed a long white wicker couch in the living room, and placed a white wooden column with a big bulb atop it at each end. The leaves of a large potted palm tree spread over it. Apart from a couple of rustic rockers made out of twigs and branches, the rest of the living room was empty, so that when you sat on the couch it was like being on the set of a Tennessee Williams play. They put a large round table in the front room and surrounded it with eight bentwood chairs. An enormous Tiffany lamp hung above the table. White curtains covered the windows and beautiful white china filled the kitchen cabinets. A friend rigged up a stereo system. A four-poster Louis XIV gold bed and Eartha Kitt-influenced tiger-skin throw rug had been installed in the bedroom.[3]

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[2] Bourdon, Warhol, 33.

[3] Bockris, Warhol (London), 123. His account in New York, 88, is substantially the same.

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Bockris' account must have been based on the descriptions and recollections of others, although at least one of the photographs from Duane Michals' contact sheet surely shows Warhol in one of the rooms decorated by Messrs. Bruce and Holt (fig. 105), his head tilted back, in the direction of what must be the "enormous Tiffany lamp" cited by Bockris as hanging above the table in the front room.

Recall Leo Lerman's dismay when Cecil Beaton admired his Tiffany lamp collection, and their inclusion in the "canon of Camp," virtually at the head of the list in note number 4 of Susan Sontag's 1964 essay.[4] Looking back, one is tempted to designate the Tiffany lamp as a quintessential signifier of camp taste, although when during the 1950s or early 1960s it might be said to have gained such status is open to question. Looking at Michals' picture from 1958, one can see how closely the circumstances of this room, and Warhol's position within it, parallel Capote's pose among the trappings in Lerman's parlor, how sedulously Warhol is working through what Jameson calls "the imitation of a peculiar or unique, idiosyncratic style, the wearing of a linguistic mask, speech in a dead language," the semiotics of a pastiche of camp taste.

The Tiffany glass shade appears to undergo a radical transfiguration when it is transported from the parlor at 242 Lexington Avenue to the Factory, Warhol's studio from 1964-68 at 231 East 47th Street. But then, so does Warhol. There they appear in a 1965 photograph (fig. 106). The dome that veritably crowns Warhol in Michals' photograph now sits derelict on the Factory floor, situated between other scavenged items, a toy car and the bottom half of a display dummy. Car, dummy and glass shade, the

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[4] Sontag, "Notes on Camp," 277-278.

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last in particular, have all been refashioned according to the studio's silver regime. Warhol's Tiffany lamp has been retooled from camp status symbol to mirrored fixture, suitable for a 1960s discotheque, as if in rebuttal to Sontag's essay published less than a year before, or simultaneously claiming his priority, shifting its context from démodé to ultra hip.

A pervading ground of reflectivity tends to flatten the studio's landscape here. The red sofa, the red light bulbs above the two exit signs, and Warhol himself in his red and white striped sailor's polo shirt, rose-tinted glasses, black boots and pants, are the only elements in this composition that are neither insistently silver nor left without color, like the darkened ceiling, the dull gray of the concrete floor. They operate as ironic hot spots in an otherwise homogeneous site in which there appears to be neither a real exit nor a compelling center. Warhol reclines near the middle of this composition, as if by proxy he would recapitulate Capote's pose from the dust-jacket of Other Voices, Other Rooms one more time. His horizontality displays the artist ostensibly at his ease, not working but located among his toys. The parody being enacted here, the Factory's simulation of the studio, where work occurs, is made-- note that neither canvas nor camera is in view-- and Warhol's mimicry of being an artist, of being Capote, is seemingly echt camp. But outdistancing Jameson's formulation of pastiche in its chilled-out blankness, it withholds satire and resists camp; it is pure pastiche.

Pastiche, in both senses, as a Jamesonian "blank parody" and as a pasticcio, an eclectic mix of borrowed riffs or motifs, subtends just the sorts of "ideas" that Warhol had been asked to look for at Joseph Horne, ideas that might be readily extracted from

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pictorial spreads in magazines and imitated in three-dimensions in the display window of a department store. What he learned during his brief apprenticeship at Joseph Horne-- despite his denial of learning anything at all-- may be interrogated after some years' deferral, but within much the same context in several sets of display windows that he decorated for Bonwit Teller in 1955-1961.

The Bonwit windows establish Warhol's association with a métier that would mark him as "one of those people who are 'interested in the arts,'" as Capote acidly put it. "As far as I knew [my emphasis]," he recalled, "he was a window decorator, let's say a window-decorator type."[5] Capote's aperçu suggests that he knew something more than he was telling, that he was choosing one Warhol over another: the one who was not an artist, but merely arty. If "window decorator" was code for homosexual, it attached him to a representable identity, a legible if low-caste slot. The "window decorator type," on the other hand, signaled a category that was more liminal: like a window decorator rather than less than one, as if it were a role to be acted out parodically, like camp, or plain mimicry, like pastiche.

If the Bonwit windows refute the gist of Capote's dismissal on one level, on another they underscore an insight into Warhol's early art. Although a successful illustrator, Warhol was not really a window decorator, at least not professionally speaking. But he was a window-decorator type in his capacity as a ready bricoleur of images, in the sense that he was an adept at pastiche, and an insider in an esthetic strategy that Capote surely would have disavowed, but which he mastered in his work as well.

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[5] Stein, Edie , 197.

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In 1955 and ca. 1957-59, Warhol was commissioned by Bonwit Teller to decorate their display windows for two in-store campaigns for perfume. Both shared the same format. Panels of wood were mounted directly behind the glass, covering the window and opened at intervals into small, shaped apertures that displayed the bottles of a particular fragrance. The 1955 campaign appears to have been orchestrated around a store-sanctioned infatuation distilled in the slogan, "Bonwit's Loves . . ." Thus Bonwit's loved a fragrance called Replique in one window, and in another Bonwit's loved Pot Pourri--names that neatly conjure pastiche's double function. Warhol stenciled both slogans on the boards in each window, scattering hand-written notes and off-hand drawings over the surface, imitating the jejune style of children's graffiti scrawled across the slats of a picket fence (figs. 107 and 108).

Warhol's sketches of cupids and kisses, faces and hearts, butterflies and flowers exude an air of having been improvised entirely on the spot. At most, they appear to be affiliated to contemporaneous examples from his graphic work, the cupids especially from his sketches for a House of Flowers, or the plates from his book, In the Bottom of My Garden (figs. 71, 72 and 74), the butterflies from the sort of pictorial missives he circulated among his business associates and friends, for example "Happy Butterfly Day" (fig. 109) and "Happy Bug Day "(fig. 110), the latter inscribed at the lower right of his window for Pot Pourri, like a private greeting to his friends.

Notwithstanding their semblance of spontaneity, Warhol initially tried out his designs for both windows in several preparatory studies. For Replique, two drawings rehearse the same pictorial format and figures, like a warm-up exercise in which particular

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elements are repeated and ever so slightly refined from one sketch to the other (fig. 104). In the window, their arrangement becomes somewhat changed. The pair of heraldic Loves shifts upwards above the tic-tac-toe sketch, and both slide away from the main figure of the standing Cupid holding a display of bottles. To make way for another aperture for a perfume bottle, the face reflected in the mirror at the upper left in the drawings moves to the bottom center, dropping below to Cupid's feet. Movements such as these are easily navigated, since there is neither a spatial logic nor an organizational rigor to breach. Like a page of sketchbook paper, the 1955 Bonwit windows and attendant studies are comprised of motifs—i.e., recurring figures, fragments in a contextual free-fall-- not so much composed as dispersed over the surface, constituting the copycat and manifold status of pastiche's visual field.

The same format of wood panels, punctured by apertures for displays of perfume bottles, and covered with hand-work by Warhol, also governs a later set of eight windows for Bonwit Teller. The character of the pastiche is somewhat different, since the later compositions are more integrated; nor does Warhol try to simulate the appearance of children's graffiti. He presents the displays now under a different pretense, attaching a whimsical coat of arms to each fragrance, installing motifs that play on the fragrance's name. In the most clever parody for Replique, the letters of the word "amour" are individually inscribed on the increasingly larger silhouettes of five birds and mirrored, as in the heraldic organization of its other motifs-- lions, lambs, fish, fleur-de-lis, flowers and the name of the fragrance immediately below its coat of arms (fig. 112). Miss Dior is more literal; the tools of the couturier's trade occupy Dior's cranium, viewed in profile, while

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his signature initials, "CD" s stud the background of his escutcheon, its edges marked by a measuring tape (fig. 113).

This set of windows has variously been dated 1955, 1957 and 1959 on the occasions when they have appeared in the Warhol literature.[6] On stylistic grounds, it seems clear that they are different from the 1955 windows and were made after them, and the sequence of photographer's negative numbers and the signage in the window indicate that the later windows were all executed at the same time, as part of the same campaign during the summer. The problem of dating them, however, is compounded by the various references to Warhol's past manners among the motifs. Thus the cupids of 1955 resurface in the Carnet de Bal window (fig. 114), much as the inside reference to twenty-six dance partners named Sam and "one blue edgar" allude to Warhol's illustrated book 25 Cats Name[d] Sam and One Blue Pussy of 1954. The musicians in the Arpege window (fig. 115) hark back even farther to Warhol's illustrations from the Carnegie days (fig. 116). Across the top, musicians such as Harry Belafonte, Tchaikovsky, and Elvis Presley are invoked, the names of the first two misspelled. After Bartok, the litany concludes with the name of Warhol's assistant, N. Gluck, in place of the German composer, Christoph Willibald Gluck.

An illustration from the January 1958 issue of Dance Magazine, accompanying "A Word from George Balanchine" (fig. 117), also employs the coat of arms design that Warhol had used in these windows, indicating a date close to 1957. In the article,

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[6] Miss Dior (fig. 106) is dated 1955 in McShine, ed., A Retrospective, 403. The captions for the reproductions in De Salvo, "Success Is a Job in New York...", 44, 45, date Replique (fig. 105) and Carnet de Bal (fig. 107) to 1959. However, the catalogue listings, nos. 162, 163 record them as 1957.)

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Balanchine wryly observes "By profession I am a choreographer, by avocation a cook and a carpenter," and Warhol takes him at his word. He mounts the head of Balanchine, drawn in the manner of the Arpege musicians and the Carnegie period, atop a field with the letter "B" and another with a dancer, while the tools of la belle cuisine and humble cabinet-making take either side of the coat of arms. The coat of arms offers just the device to represent Balanchine, much as he presents himself, the choreographer as cook and carpenter, as bricoleur, or better, the portrait as an assembly, a pastiche, and Balanchine himself as a bricolage.

Warhol's drawing style here, as well as in both sets of windows from ca. 1957 and 1955, matches the off-hand tone of Balanchine's text-- the scale is slight, the touch quick, the voice light, if not always witty. It reminds the reader that Balanchine after all is not a writer, much as the Bonwit windows corroborate Capote's observation that Warhol was not really a window decorator, but a window decorator type. Notwithstanding Capote's venom, the lack of manifest professionalism gives Warhol's decorations their effect, their insouciant sophistication. Their mongrel references to Tchaikovsky, Belafonte and Presley, to Gluck and Gluck, to heraldry and children's book illustration, grant them their pedigree, crossing high with low.

Precisely because he is not a decorator, Warhol is granted access to a dandyish dissociation from too much earnestness, or the appearance of effort that might be betrayed by too much correctness in the drawing. Thus, the lumpy silhouettes of his figures, the conventional forms of notation for faces and surfaces, impersonate what Gombrich called "schemata," the way a child might learn to draw, to read or write in visual form.[7] In the

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face of the aristocratic airs of designer fragrances, Warhol's baby talk is like the dandy's lisp. It mimics speech in the now-defunct language of the child, it pastiches awkward gestures and juvenile remarks, attaching them incongruously to an armature of high style, that it camps rather than illustrates.

What turns Warhol's parody of the grammar of drawing into a Jamesonian pastiche is its ostensible blankness, the apparent absence of animus, or critical satire. The performative quotient of Warhol's seemingly art-less drawing, the persona that Calvin Tomkins would later dub Raggedy Andy, now enters into dialogue with the affect of his undergraduate artiness, with Andy as André.

> Andy never wore anything but old clothes. He would show up at Vogue or Bazaar looking like some street urchin in his torn chinos and dirty sneakers--Raggedy Andy-- and the editors and art directors found this irresistible. Imagine coming in here looking like that![8]

Under this rubric, a whole anthology of anecdotal material might be collected, all of it attesting to the way Warhol cultivated an aura of downtrodden innocence about himself, an air of the sort of naiveté that Capote characterized as "hopeless." To do a brief inventory, there is the portfolio of drawings presented in a brown paper bag, or the cockroach exiting from the portfolio during an interview with Carmel Snow, the legendary editor at Harper's Bazaar; there are the pinhole glasses for 'lazy' eyes worn on social

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[7] E. H. Gombrich, Art and Illusion: A Study in the Psychology of Representation, The A.W. Mellon Lectures in the Fine Arts, 1956 (New York: Bollingen Series XXXV, 5 and Pantheon Books, 2nd ed. rev., 1961). See especially chapter V, "Formula and Experience," 146-178.

[8] Tomkins, "Raggedy Andy," 9.

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occasions, the apartment overrun by cats and superintended by the immigrant mother, the granules of bird seed given with instructions to plant and grow birds.[9]

All of these are faux naif gestures surely, tactical maneuvers in a campaign staged to mute his earlier demeanor, the arty mannerisms deriving from his school days. If the latter had mediated an embryonic deviance, masking his homosexuality but also relaying it through a network of behavioral codes, the anti-arty Andy appears to attenuate the sexual component, deflecting attention from it entirely, rendering him like a little boy, even infantile, anything but an ephebe. According to Nathan Gluck, at one point Warhol considered calling himself Andy Paperbag.[10]

How instrumental such a persona might become somewhat later during the 1960s is indicated by two photographs taken by Edward Wallowitch in early 1962 (figs. 118 and 119). Though neither depicts Warhol, at this juncture, it might not be too farfetched to regard the photograph of the paper bag (fig. 118), as an encrypted self-portrait, a surrogate for the way he wanted others to see him, if not the way he saw himself.

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[9] Warhol is the source of the anecdote about the cockroaches, see The Philosophy, 22; it is recapitulated by Victor Bockris, see Warhol (London), 82. According to Bob Colacello, Holy Terror, 22:

> Years later, Andy loved to tell me tales of what he called 'my cockroach period,' and his favorite has been repeated in every book written about him. He'd never forget the day, it goes, that he finally got an appointment to show his work to Carmel Snow, the white-gloved editor-in-chief of Harper's Bazaar. When he opened his portfolio, he said, a cockroach crawled out and ran across her desk, and she felt so sorry for him that she gave him an assignment. It never happened-- not to Andy anyway. Philip Pearlstein says that it was his appointment, his portfolio, his cockroach, and that Mrs. Snow was so horrified that he didn't get the job.

For the most comprehensive, if dispersed, inventory of Warhol's Raggedy Andy tropes, see the interviews with Warhol's friends from the late 1940s and 1950s in Smith, "Art 'In Extremis,'" especially the interviews with Nathan Gluck, Joseph Groell and Alfred Carlton Walters, 456, 602, 610, 614, 641, 646, 909-910.

[10] Smith, interview with Nathan Gluck, "Art 'In Extremis,'" 614. See also chapter 8.

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Although both photographs were intended as source material for paintings or drawings, to the best of my knowledge the paper bag picture was never used. Like the soup can, shown here with a torn label (fig. 119), it is a seemingly common object, plain and ubiquitous enough to function as an empty signifier, blank enough to sanction pastiche's forfeiture of critique.

From another point of view, the can's torn label and the bag's crumpled skin are picturesque in their scarification, their raggediness, their déclassé status. Like Dorian's picture, etched by experience, both photographs record a double-life, one blank, one written. For the camp queens interviewed by Esther Newton, parsing identity into face and rear was a matter of social survival, of passing, of getting by. If one can't pass with a butch front, or get by as boyish, ephebic or arty-- and, notwithstanding his Capote-esque pretenses, Warhol seemed to believe he could not-- one needs to cultivate other options. Hence the baby face of Raggedy Andy wearing goggle-eyed glasses, hence the paper bag persona wearing torn chinos, carrying bird seed around in his pockets, hence the window-decorator type decorating windows with the markings of a child. Pastiches of Capote and episodes of juvenilia, of André and Raggedy-Andy, alternate during the fifties, and arguably afterwards, like fluctuant happy/sad faces, covering the rear.

The infra-dig invoked by Capote between the codes of "window decorator" and "window decorator type" was just the sort of nuance he might use in Edie to calibrate the status of Warhol as a young man, to deflect his "on-coming" in the words of D.D. Ryan, and retroactively to put him in his place. Nonetheless, the term, "type," by indicating a

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zone of liminality, opens just the requisite interval to permit Warhol to operate with a certain latitude via the hybrid persona of Raggedy-André.

Between Rauschenberg and Johns

Gene Moore was the display director at Bonwit Teller and, beginning in 1956, at Tiffany's as well, granting him stewardship over the visual panorama along a significant commercial thoroughfare, the southeast corner of Fifth Avenue at 57th Street. Moore has become recognized for his patronage of young artists, especially for hiring Rauschenberg and Johns, Rosenquist and Warhol. Rauschenberg and Johns decorated windows for him under the name of Matson Jones during 1956- 58. Moore himself was also a master window decorator, and one might compare windows by him, as well as by Matson Jones, with Warhol's perfume windows to examine how he, or for that matter how Johns and Rauschenberg, operated within or against the conventions of the practice.[11]

Although Matson Jones designed several displays for Bonwit Teller in 1956, most of their work during the period 1956-58 was executed for the smaller scale of Tiffany's display windows. In this, their production may be likened to Moore's own work, which

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[11] For an overview of Warhol's window displays, and its relationship to Gene Moore's work, and the work he commissioned, see Judith Goldman, "Windows," in The Warhol Look, 111-116. See Kirk Varnedoe, Jasper Johns: A Retrospective, "Chronology," compiled by Lilian Tone (New York: Museum of Modern Art, New York, 1997), 126, 127, 129. Tone's chronology records three window displays for Bonwit's in 1956: a mushroom field, February 14; tilted paint cans, August 7 and a moon, November 5. For Tiffany's, the following displays are recorded, three in 1956: cave scenes, August 30; still life re-creations, Nov. 9; and a Christmas forest, November 29. In 1957, none were commissioned for Bonwit's, but four were made for Tiffany's: Valentine's Day, January 31; "Landscapes", June 20; "Webs," August 29 and "Piles of leaves and falling leaves," October 29. In September 1958, two Tiffany's windows follow, "Dimensional cutouts of birds," September 8, and "Forest with tree stumps, rakes, squirrel, tree," September 25. The last, according to Tone, is probably their last display. See also Walter Hopps and Susan Davidson, Robert Rauschenberg: A Retrospective, "Chronology" by Joan Young and Susan Davidson (New York: Guggenheim Museum, 1997), 555, 556.

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also focus on Tiffany's windows. Nor was the size of these windows incidental. It allowed for the box-like containment of each display, a setting appropriate enough for jewelry, but also suited to miniaturization and striking disjunctions in scale between commodity and props. Moore himself exploited Tiffany's windows' particular susceptibility to surrealization, drawing upon the pedigree of fashion's historical involvement with Surrealism, especially in the person of Dali, whose aborted window displays for Bonwit Teller in 1939 had become legendary.

Moore's windows for Tiffany's in the late fifties (fig. 120) cite Magritte, Tanguy, even Joseph Cornell, a little-known artist at that time perhaps, but one whose format, the shallow relief of the shadow box sculpture, represented a consummate vehicle for imitation. Apart from pastiches of surrealist-inspired fantasy in the service of consumer desire, another Moore window for Tiffany's in 1956 is based on the constructed pasticcios of the American trompe l'oeil painter, John Frederick Peto (fig. 120, top left), whose work had particular resonance for Johns.

In 1956, Moore also commissioned Matson Jones to make a series of designs recreating seventeenth-century still lifes for Tiffany's (fig. 121). If only the most informed stroller along Fifth Avenue might be expected to recognize a recreation of Zurburan's still life with a bowl of lemons, let alone Magritte, Tanguy or Cornell, surely they would perceive that Tiffany's was alluding to Surrealism and still life, that it was indicating art. Warhol's windows signaled nothing more than his own illustrations, for those in the field who would recognize it, those in the know. Beyond that, they could only be apprehended as representing the work of a child.

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But however child-like their guise, Warhol's drawings for Bonwit's windows managed to negotiate the two-dimensional graphic plane of illustration-- the métier for which he was known, and surely the reason he was hired-- into the three-dimensional space of a window display. Moreover, the diminutive size of his figures represented a canny solution to the display of perfume bottles, which otherwise would have been dwarfed by the scale of their frame. Most important, his window decorations never seem to situate the commodity in the foreground, but fold them seamlessly into the decor. In the Arpege window for example (fig. 115), the apertures cut for each bottle are so much a part of the overall composition that they virtually camouflage the bottles they display (an effect heightened in black and white photographs and reproductions). Here, the lid raised from a grand piano and the silhouette of a violin enclose bottles at the upper left, while a round bottle is nestled in the open mouth of tuba at the lower left, and the side elevation of an upright piano at the lower right frames a bottle of the same size and shape.

Matson Jones' designs derived from assignments provided by Moore. He might request a setting such as "Cave scenes," "Webs" or "Piles of leaves and falling leaves" for example, which Rauschenberg and John would fabricate as they wished. In Moore's view, Warhol was apparently less a fabricator for hire than a fellow "professional," and Moore seems to have given him free reign to create the display. This may account for the fact that whereas in a Matson Jones or Moore window, the commodity for sale is the fulcrum of the display, mounted among props that present and support it, like a jewel in a setting, in Warhol's windows, the commodities themselves were auxiliary incidents rather than focal elements, supplemental to the design's general effect. In the later windows of ca. 1957-59,

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the perfume bottles function as supernumeraries to the designer's fictive coat of arms, to names which, like Dior, and like Andy Warhol, were inscribed in the design, making it his window as much as theirs, conferring status on both, conflating the conditions of authorship with the distinction of a brand, fusing their auras.

The question of authorial presence is seemingly clarified, at least for Rauschenberg and Johns, if not quite for Warhol, in another type of window display with which all three were also involved. In addition to the decorations which Moore commissioned, he also invited the still-struggling artists he hired to show their work once a year in the windows at Bonwit Teller. In January 1956, early states of a red combine painting by Rauschenberg and of Johns' White Flag were shown in Bonwit's windows (fig. 122), as was Johns' Flag on an Orange Field the following year. In such a framework, their paintings surely functioned decoratively. The texture of their inflected surfaces adhered to the background, nicely serving as a foil to the printed patterns of the dresses on display, and subtextually, they marked the difference between painterly facture and the mannikins' articulation, their constricted gestures, their contrived address. If they worked effectively in decorative terms, they were not, however, decor. Most important Rauschenberg's and Johns' paintings were just that-- isolated and identifiable as Rauschenberg, as Johns, not camouflaged together under the pseudonym of Matson Jones.

Concerning the latter, Rauschenberg had written to his friend, the dancer Rachel Rosenthal, "Our ideas are beginning to meet the insipid needs of the business [so] that our shame has forced us to assume the name of Matson Jones-- Custom Display." [12]

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[12] Varnedoe, Jasper Johns, 125.

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Rauschenberg's "shame" seems to represent an especially intense form of his anxiety about his work, a overreaction in the sense that his shame is doubled up. He is not merely embarrassed about being in "the business," about doing successful commercial work, he is also mortified about working as a window decorator, about being branded not only as a homosexual but as a window decorator type.

In a passage in Popism, Warhol relates his own version of this state of affairs. He recounts a lunch at the restaurant, "21," with Emile de Antonio, a friend and advocate for all three artists, during which he asked why Rauschenberg and Johns continued to snub him, "Every time I saw them, they cut me dead." De Antonio's response-- as Warhol recalled it, and as he and Pat Hackett render it here-- has elicited considerable contemporary commentary, and is worth quoting at length:

> . . . and De said, "Okay, Andy, if you really want to hear it straight, I'll lay it for you. You're too swish, and that upsets them."
>
> I was embarrassed, but De didn't stop. I'm sure he saw that my feelings were hurt, but I'd asked him a question and he was going to let me have the whole answer. "First, the post-Abstract Expressionist sensibility is, of course, a homosexual one, but these two guys wear three button suits-- they were in the army or navy or something! Second you make them nervous because you collect paintings, and traditionally artists don't buy the work of other artists, it just isn't done. And third," De concluded, "you're a commercial artist, which really bugs them because when they do commercial art-- windows and other jobs I find them-- they just do it to 'survive.' They won't even use their real names. Whereas you've won prizes! You're famous for it! . . .
>
> What De had just told me hurt a lot. When I'd asked him, "Why don't they like me?" I'd naturally hoped to get off easier than this. When you ask a question like that, you always hope the person will convince you that you're just paranoid. I didn't know what to say. Finally I just said something stupid: "I know plenty of painters who are more swish than me." And De said, "Yes Andy, there are others who are more swish-- and less talented-- and still others who are less swish and just as talented, but the major painters try to look straight; you play up the swish-- its like an armor with you.[13]

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[13] Warhol, Popism, 11-12.

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Thus De's "whole answer," is really an imbricated, four-fold, response. Rauschenberg and Johns have been ostracizing Warhol because: (a)-he is too "swish," i.e., too visibly effeminate, (b)-he collects art, i.e., he is too arty, (c)-he has become recognized for his commercial work, i.e., he is too commercial, too low, and (d)-he is both talented and swish. Neither "a major painter" nor a window decorator, Warhol becomes that uncomfortable amalgam between the two, a window decorator type.

If Matson Jones was a cover for Rauschenberg and Johns, a way of saving face as aspiring "major artists," it also negotiated the problem of their sexual status, not simply by keeping the fact that they decorated windows a trade secret, until years later, until they were both famous. It also legitimized their status as a male couple, corporatizing their personal relationship: Matson Jones, an entity produced by joining the maiden name of Rauschenberg's mother with a name that sounds like Johns, a marriage as a business partnership.

In Mother Camp, Esther Newton has observed how "the extreme sensitivity of stage impersonators to public recognition and stigmatization leads to the development of baroque systems of personal and territorial avoidance." Stage impersonators, she notes, place strict limitations on drag, reserving it for work, as a profession. "If it is work," she writes, "it is not home, it is not where a man 'lives' in the deepest sense; if it is work, a man could always quit."[14] Like professional impersonators, Matson Jones' limited partnership could be dissolved, they could quit the business once they could afford to, they could stop decorating windows, they could break up.

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[14] Newton, Mother Camp, 18.

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"Cutting Warhol dead," Rauschenberg and Johns carry the prerogatives of the stage impersonator's "baroque systems of personal and territorial avoidance" into the sphere of homosociality in the art world. In the words of one of Newton's informants:

> I would be seen anywhere with a lot of queens in the business. But there are some queens I wouldn't step outside with. Uh, out of the neighborhood, I mean . . . I might be seen in the Coffee Cup . . . with them, but even then, in some cases I'm embarrassed. Because I don't act like a queen on the streets. Even though I work in drag. And I don't see any reason why anyone should. If I want to wear a sign, I'll wear it.[15]

Once Rauschenberg and Johns leave the neighborhood of Bonwit Teller and Tiffany's, the Coffee Cup of that milieu, they wouldn't want to be seen with Warhol, and even there, in some cases, they're embarrassed, since Warhol's swishness, artiness, and commerciality are too visible. It attaches to them like guilt by association, tagging them with the same stigmatization. For Warhol, however, visibility was precisely the issue, making his "mark." Past the threshold of the Coffee Cup, in the art world, he was learning how the very distinctiveness of his mark was the problem, how it functioned as a stigma.

Newton contends that this sort of stigmatization is not a simple function of overt versus covert, or in more contemporary terms of closeted versus "out." Rather, it is a continuum, operating by degree, adhering to a social hierarchy:

> The point here is that overtness is not in fact a fixed quality that invariably divides the sheep from the goats, but is rather a continuum, and that people vary a great deal as to how they fall on it situationally, and relative to comparison with others. This may be viewed as a hierarchy of stigmatization, or "obviousness." Any particular group will tend to draw the line just below itself. For instance, female impersonators are considered by most homosexuals to be too overt. They are consistently placed on the low end of the continuum of stigmatization, and one of the first things that female impersonators must learn is not to recognize anyone on the street or in any other public place unless they are recognized first. Yet female impersonators who believe themselves to be less overt try to avoid public

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[15] Ibid.

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> association with female impersonators whom they consider "too obvious," and very few female impersonators will associate publicly with "street fairies," boys who wear make-up on the street, because "there's no point in wearing a sign. I believe I can pass." Those on the low end resent those above them.[16]

By signing his name in one of the Bonwit's windows beside the name of the fragrance, Miss Dior, Warhol had linked himself to a famous designer (fig. 113). "Miss Dior" floats in a cartouche at the bottom of the composition, below Dior's escutcheon. Surmounting both and crowning the composition, Warhol has inscribed the profile of a high-heeled shoe, an emblem that by 1957 could only signal himself. Like the Capote-Warhol hybrids of several years earlier, another hybrid, Andy Warhol-Miss Dior, surfaces here. Observing Newton's hierarchy of stigmatization, he now assumes the low status of a "street fairy," a boy who wears make-up, carries a girl's name, or hustles perfume on the street. His situation is that of the sort of boy that very few professional impersonators, men associated with Rauschenberg's or Johns' status, would want to be seen with, the sort they would cut dead, especially outside the Coffee Cup or its satellite neighborhood, in the territory demarcated by the art world.

Newton offers another proposition concerning stigmatization that might be examined here. Not only does stigmatization operate on a hierarchical continuum, but its positions are labile rather than fixed. "Rather it is a dynamic principle," she maintains, "one that continually causes tension and the redrawing of social lines."[17] In the case of Warhol, this dynamic and the attendant friction within received social configurations may

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[16] Ibid., 25.

[17] Ibid., 24.

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be calibrated most concretely within the venue of window displays. At more or less the same time as Rauschenberg's and Johns' paintings were shown in Bonwit's windows, Warhol displayed several line drawings in one of the store's windows as well (fig. 123). As far as one can tell from the photograph, these are modest works not unlike those he was showing contemporaneously at the Bodley Gallery, or more casually at the boutique, Serendipity. For Warhol, authorship in this context was more an issue of divulging his liminality and casting it artistically, rather than distancing himself from lowness per se.

In Popism, Warhol prefaces the account of his revelatory lunch with De at "21" with a virtual inventory of chronological references as if to document the date:

> As we sat at "21" (I remember I had the National Enquirer in my lap-- I was fascinated by all the Thalidomide stories) we talked about the art around town-- about Claes Oldenburg and Jim Dine's Street exhibit at the Judson Gallery, about Oldenburg's beach collages in a group show at the Martha Jackson, about Tom Wesselmann's first exhibit of the Great American Nude series at the Tanager Gallery-- but my mind kept going back to what De had just told me about the exhibition that Jasper had made for himself in his own loft.[18]

The current events and art world happenings that Warhol's is cross-referencing for the record here all occurred within a relatively limited period of time. The news of the birth defects caused by the sedative Thalidomide became public in 1959, at the same time as the joint exhibitions by Oldenburg and Dine that opened the Judson Gallery. Warhol's memory may be conflating the Judson show with another by Oldenburg, "The Street," shown at the Reuben Gallery in 1960. Oldenburg's driftwood assemblages had been included in Martha Jackson's "New Forms, New Media, Part I" in the fall of 1960, at about the same time as the exhibition of Wesselmann's nudes at the Tanager Gallery.

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[18] Warhol, Popism, 11.

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The date of Johns' private showing in his loft is another matter. It does not appear in official chronologies of Johns' career, and in any event, De Antonio rather than Warhol surely would have been invited. Johns' has recalled his first meeting with Warhol as taking place somewhat later, presumably in early 1961 during his exhibition of sculptures, drawings and lithographs at Leo Castelli Gallery, from which Warhol acquired the drawing Light Bulb, 1958 (fig. 124). According to Johns,

> We were introduced, and I said, "Oh, I know your work.". . . I was talking about his commercial work, which was what I knew, because at that time I did display work. Bob Rauschenberg and I were working together, and one of the jobs that we had gotten was to interpret some of Andy's shoe drawings in a kind of three-dimensional window display. It was at I. Miller, I think. And so I told Andy this, and he said, "Why didn't they ask me to do it?"[19]

Johns, as one might expect, is rather unemotional and somewhat bemused by their mutual connections during the late fifties, or at least he is so in retrospect. The same cannot be said of Warhol, who appears within Johns' account in the doubly vexed role of collector and talented commercial artist, as competitive as he is swish.

De Antonio's stratified and gendered reading of the art world may well reference more than one occasion, that may or may not have involved lunch at "21." What matters most here is how Warhol chose to recall it, situating the discussion in the highest caste social lunch that commercial success and secondary glamor could buy in New York. Lunching at "21" may have represented the sort of milieu to which he aspired as an "on-coming" commercial artist during the fifties, but it also measured the degree of disparagement meted out by the downtown world of "major artists."

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[19] Tone, "Chronology" in Varnedoe, Jasper Johns, 192.

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The copy of the National Enquirer that rests on his lap at "21" folds parenthetically into this narrative like a low-brow aside in a high-toned locale. It is also cunningly sited as a harbinger of Warhol's work to come in the proto-Pop world of 1959-60. The tabloid and its "Thalidomide stories" arrives in advance of the topical mass traumas of the death and disaster paintings that he would make in 1963, and more imminently, it heralds his very first paintings of the 1960s, begun in early 1961. Five of these works made their debut in public almost immediately thereafter. For one week in April 1961, they appeared together in a 57th Street display window at Bonwit Teller (fig. 125), much as Johns' White Flag and Rauschenberg's red combine painting had several years before.

Warhol Paints A Picture

The circumstances of Warhol's first show of paintings, its venue in a display window at Bonwit Teller, are commonly perceived to confirm the commercial basis of his early work and to herald his role as mass culture's quintessential avatar. The latter capacity was also constantly underwritten by Warhol himself, especially in a string of epigrams, such as the following, "When you think about it, department stores are kind of like museums."[20] But it might be more useful to contextualize the Bonwit Teller "exhibition" in the light of Gene Moore's other artist's windows, like those with Rauschenberg and Johns. Accordingly, that first show marks Warhol's first attempt to represent himself as one of them rather than as an outsider, as a window decorator type.

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[20] Andy Warhol, America, (New York: Harper & Row, 1985), 22.

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He announces his ambition to be seen as a "major artist," to breach the museological status of the avant-garde by using the department store as a vehicle.

Although Popism was intended to package for popular consumption Warhol's personal account of his rise during the 1960s, it neglects to note that his first show of this period took place in a department store. If it had been cited in Popism, it might have been bracketed between De's aperçu at luncheon that the "post-Abstract Expressionist sensibility is, of course, a homosexual one"[21] and Warhol's introduction to Henry Geldzahler, which probably occurred at the end of 1961. Instead, this brief interval in Popism's narrative is occupied by an account of the "macho" antics of the Abstract Expressionist artists at the Cedar Bar. The initial meeting with Geldzahler ensues:

> When Henry and Ivan [Karp, then director of Leo Castelli Gallery] came in, I could see Henry doing an instant appraisal of every single thing in the room. He scanned all the things I collected-- from the American folk pieces to the Carmen Miranda platform shoe (four inches long with a five-inch heel) that I'd bought at an auction of her effects. Almost as quickly as a computer could put the information together, he said, "We have paintings by Florine Stettheimer in storage at the Met. If you want to come over tomorrow, I'll show them to you." I was thrilled. Anyone who'd know that I'd loved Florine Stettheimer had to be brilliant. I could see that Henry was going to be a lot of fun.[22]

Geldzahler's instant appraisal was not brilliance alone, but a form of subcultural radar that transmitted in code. The homosexual sensibility that he and Warhol shared, and arguably promulgated as post-Abstract Expressionist, was made intelligible to outsiders by Susan Sontag when she published "Notes on Camp."

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[21] Warhol, Popism, 12.

[22] Ibid., 15-16.

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Although it is "the Cuban pop singer La Lupe" rather than Carmen Miranda who figures in note 4 in Sontag's thumbnail inventory of the "canon of Camp," the latter, like Stettheimer, would have readily qualified for consideration as extravagant or "démesuré," (according to the terms of note 25), and as "old-fashioned in 1961, out-of-date, démodé" (according to note 31).[23] Time as a distancing medium, Sontag argued, delivered camp objects from relevance; it "contracts the sphere of banality" (note 31). It made them appear "fun" (Warhol's word) or "fantastic" (Sontag's). "It incarnates a victory of 'style' over 'content,' 'aesthetics' over 'morality', of irony over tragedy." (note 38).

If Sontag's "Notes on Camp" attempt to map a taste and a sensibility, and one that emphasized estheticism and style, that would seem to be the very position that Warhol was beginning to abandon in his work of 1961. The five paintings in Bonwit Teller's window (fig. 125), may be classified according to two types. The first, Advertisement (fig. 126) and Before and After [1] (fig. 92) were black and white paintings based on ads for cheap consumer goods and services that appeared in the back pages of the mass press, especially the National Enquirer (i.e., Before and After and portions of Advertisement) and The New York Daily News. The second, the three paintings Little King, Superman, and Saturday's Popeye (figs. 127 - 129) were all based on color comic strips from comic books (i.e., Superman), or syndicated locally in newspapers, like the Journal American (i.e., Little King and Saturday's Popeye).

In none of these works does Warhol seem to be contracting the sphere of his subject matter's banality, unless by monumentalizing their scale and translating them to

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[23] Sontag, "Notes on Camp," 278, 283, 285, 287.

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paint on canvas, one might argue that he is transporting his common sources, rendering them "fantastic," making them strange. Nor does a buffer of time operate on behalf of these subjects, removing them from relevance, making them passé. Although the comic strip paintings are redolent of nostalgia, their imagery evokes childhood-- the persona of Raggedy Andy-- rather than a sensibility that is out of style. Moreover, after 1961 Warhol's painting only becomes more topical and timely, culminating in the death and disaster paintings of 1963.

At the time that he was working on this series of paintings about death, Warhol was interviewed by the critic Gene Swenson. This interview, together with Swenson's interview with seven of Warhol's contemporaries, was published in two parts in Art News at the end of 1963, under the title "What Is Pop Art?"[24] Warhol's answers to Swenson's questions have become a sort of Ur-text to commentators about his work. Not only is it the source of his now-canonical statement of purpose-- "The reason I'm painting this way is that I want to be a machine, and I feel that whatever I do and do machine-like is what I want to do."-- in it, he offers some of his most thoughtful, surprising and least rhetorical responses to questions about his work.[25] For example, he observes that, "When you read Genet you get all hot, and that makes some people say this is not art. The thing I like about it is that it makes you forget about style and that sort of thing; style isn't really important." Sex, like death, is a hot topic, one that flattens the question of style.

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[24] G.R. Swenson, "What Is Pop Art?. Answers from 8 Painters, Part I," Art News (November 1963):24-27, 60- 64 The three other artists interviewed in this part were Dine, Indiana and Lichtenstein. Warhol's comments appear on pages 26 and 60. In part 2, Johns, Oldenburg, Rosenquist and Wesselmann were interviewed.

[25] Gerard Malanga has commented that Swenson secretly taped Warhol for this interview. See interview with Malanga in Smith, Art and Films, 393.

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When asked by Swenson if "commercial art was more machine-like" than his current painting, Warhol replied:

> No, it wasn't. I was getting paid for it, and did anything they told me to do. If they told me to draw a shoe, I'd do it, and if they told me to correct it, I would-- I'd do anything they told me to do, correct it and do it right. I'd have to invent and now I don't; after all that 'correction,' those commercial drawings would have feelings, they would have a style. The attitude of those who hired me had feeling or something to it; they knew what they wanted, they insisted; sometimes they got very emotional. The process of doing work in commercial art was machine-like, but the attitude had feeling to it.[26]

Feeling and style are linked terms in this response, as if Warhol were addressing another contemporaneous species of art, i.e., Abstract Expressionism, which decidedly he is not. In the commercial art he made during the 1950s, there was an "attitude," Warhol avers, a point of view-- although not necessarily his own-- that conferred "style" upon the work, regardless of the mechanical aspects of the process. In the 1960s, the techniques may have changed somewhat, although the process remained mechanical. But what seems to have changed most was that there was no attitude, neither taste nor sensibility behind the subject of his work.

Or so he claimed, and if one refers to most of the secondary literature about him until rather recently, he maintained this claim to great effect. Warhol's comments from 1963, however, invite some further questioning on both counts. First, regarding the work of the 1950s, how might we specify the "attitude" behind a shoe drawing, the character of its style? Second, during the 1960s, with the five Bonwit's paintings specifically in mind,

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[26] Swenson, "What Is Pop Art?" Art News, 26.

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how might we determine the way in which an attitude moves between him and the subject matter of his work, or does it have no attitude, as Warhol always claimed?

I would like to begin with the second question. The two types of subject matter among the Bonwit's paintings, those derived from colored comic strips and those taken from black and white ads, oscillate in their frame of reference between scenes of nostalgia and transformation, between childhood and coming of age, between Raggedy Andy and Andy as André. Two recent studies have situated the comic strip paintings within an erogenous zone of childhood fantasy in which "Superman (fig. 128) may have been for Warhol one of those primal, puberty-cathected images of desire around which one's first erotic yearnings coalesce. To paint Superman was perhaps to return to the roots of sexual identity."[27]

Advertisement (fig. 126) is based on a study of cut and pasted ads (fig. 130), most of which offer goods or services that promise self-improvement, including an ad for cosmetic surgery that Warhol appears to have removed from the study in order to use it as the source for the first three of the four Before and After paintings. The crudeness of their blandishments notwithstanding, ads such as these surely would have addressed Warhol's yearnings even more directly than comic strip figures-- the desire to be more desirable, to be more like Capote. Or better, surely both the images from ads and the comics "worked" for Warhol, alleviating certain anxieties that arose from his desires and their heat, reorienting them to a new object of affection-- painting rather than Superman or Capote--

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[27] Bradford R. Collins and David Cowart, "Through the Looking Glass: Reading Warhol's Superman," American Imago, (Summer 1996): 107-137, citation on p. 115. See also Michael Moon, "Screen Memories, or, Pop Comes from the Outside: Warhol and Queer Childhood," in Pop Out. Queer Warhol, (Durham: Duke University, 1996),78-100.

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and his aspirations to make himself over again, now according to the terms designated by De, as a "major artist."

All five paintings were made in much the same manner. The source image, or an enlargement of it made on a photostat machine, was projected onto a piece of primed, but unstretched canvas, vertically tacked to the wall. Without tracing the image first in pencil, Warhol painted it directly, over a field of projected light. Placing himself between the projector and the canvas, between the source and the painting, each mark counted less as the pure trace of the original than for its registration of facture, of a free-handed rendering guided by light. It would have required a certain situational choreography, since every mark and every movement would have interrupted the beam of projected light, occluding the image and shadowing the painting. For Warhol, painting in this way could only have signified a tremendous insertion of physical presence, an obstruction interposed by the body of artist and its extensions across a space of projection, between two affiliated surfaces, the source and its intended site.

His unstretched canvas tacked before him, moreover, Warhol places himself in the extraordinary posture of painting with his back to his source. With reference to the polar coordinates employed by Esther Newton's informants in Mother Camp, the front-- here, the canvas-- functions as the social self, whereas the back-- here the model, but also Warhol's otherwise absent, but now interfering and interfacing physical body-- signals the status of both as private self. During the painting process, he becomes sandwiched between model and picture as their relay, their medium, and a curious mise-en-scène surely ensues.

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Painting behind Superman's body, Warhol's body necessarily moves in response to the torque of his buttocks and lower body as it hangs before him, suspended within reach. Moving constantly towards those portions of the canvas he is about to paint, he must also keep his distance, or paint at an angle at any rate, so as not to block the projection of the source. Either this, or he lets the projection break over his body, probably crouched below the passage being painted, illuminated fragments of the image moving over the extensions of his painting arm and the action of his wrist. While painting, he no longer can take in the model in its entirety, he works divided from it and his body, immersed in fragments, absorbed in execution, probably working as quickly as possible, temporarily released from the requirements of the image as an integrated idea.

In the color compositions, Warhol appears to proceed color by color, layering them in over the entire composition one at a time. In Little King and Saturday's Popeye (figs. 127 and 129), blocks of uninflected color hover over the bare ground of the primed canvas, paralleling the way the source image had been suspended in projected space. Even in Advertisement (fig. 126), the marks of black paint appear to float without material anchor in a monochromatic field. Only in Superman (fig. 128), does Warhol return to the canvas after he has blocked in the color, outlining the image, binding figure to ground, imposing a governing conception, the scheme of the idea. Crucially, this is an operation of drawing, that intervenes after the painting, and probably after he has shut off the projector. Drawing now reposes over the painting, presenting the painting's public face. Color hovers behind it, staining the canvas, flushing the space of projection.[28]

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[28] For more on the role of color in as a signifier of pleasure in Warhol's drawings and the paintings of the early 1960s, see chapter 6, "Yesterday's Children."

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Warhol's position between painting and source image, physically intercepting the field of projection, is reenacted in reverse in Bonwit Teller's window by the five store mannikins posed in front of his work (fig. 125). This time it is not a question of the intrusive body, but of figures, representing a milieu of middle class decorum, signaling the relay between painting and public, mediating between studio and street. Although it was a Bonwit Teller display assistant who installed Warhol's works, their staggered hanging at different heights subliminally indicates their origins as projections, emphasizing the sensation that they hover above the mannikins, like mental images suspended in space. This is reiterated in the center of the window's composition by the thought balloon that floats behind the flying Superman. If one allows that Superman is rife with homosexual reference, and that the word "Puff" is a slang allusion to a homosexual man, as one commentary has had it,[29] it might also double as invocation of the painting's apparitional function, of its summons to fantasy, its status as a figment of the imagination.

Years before, probably during the mid 1950s, Warhol and Otto Fenn had experimented with the visual effects that might be derived from projected images. Fenn photographed a model posed before a screen on which an over-sized butterfly had been either painted or projected, her face superimposed by what appears to be a distinct projection of smaller butterflies drawn by Warhol (fig. 131). The symmetrical silhouette of the stylized butterfly in the background-- which does not look as if it had been painted by Warhol--- fans out behind the model, so that her coifed head appears to be mounted on its wings, as if it were itself the butterfly's body. The soft-focus of this butterfly tends to fuse

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[29] Collins and Cowart, Through the Looking Glass," 111.

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with those that flutter over the model's face, the corporeality of her head and clarity of her features impose themselves as a separate modality, a lodestone of the photographic registration of presence, veiled by images that are wraith-like and lapidary. It is as if Fenn and Warhol were rehearsing in advance the circumstances of Warhol's later painting, not only the projected images of 1961-early 1962, but certain characteristics of the silkscreened paintings as well: the photographic basis of the screened image, the diffuse blocks of hand-painted color.[30]

Circumstances such as these begin to address the question of attitude which I posed several pages earlier. It shows how Warhol's painting, at least at the very beginning of the 1960s, was neither sui generis nor transparent, referring only to an already-made point of origin. Like commercial drawings from the 1950s, there was an "attitude that had feeling to it," a modality that emotionalized the work, even if the kinds of feeling that were at stake were different. In 1961-62, Warhol's feelings, as much as they might ever be known, appear to be uniquely associated with painting, activated during painting, aroused by wanting to become a painter. They were rooted in personal desires and fantasies, that moved through the resistance and relay of his physical self, that indexed his body and suffused painting with erotic longing and pleasure.

How then might we differentiate the feelings behind the work of the 1950s, their association with sensibility and style? In the following section, I propose to turn briefly to the shoe drawings, to Warhol's commercial work, and to a parody of them that he produced in 1956. The latter brings us back to the sphere in which Warhol's fascination

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[30] See chapter 6, "Yesterday's Children," for a discussion of the Marilyn Diptych (1962) in this context.

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with Capote reaches the end of its term, at least until the end of the 1960s, when their social orbits would begin to intersect again, after the Black and White Ball in 1966, and after 1968, the year Warhol was shot.

Warhol's "Golden Slippers": Capote Found

What Warhol might have meant when he observed that there was an attitude to his shoe drawings is amplified by the following recollections from Tina Fredericks, the art editor of Glamour, who offered him his first commercial assignment:

> I said, can you draw anything useful? And he said he could draw anything. We came up with shoes, and he took them home. He brought them in the next day [What he had drawn] were worn-looking shoes full of character and personality. I said, no, that doesn't do it, they have to look neat, have to have 'sell'; you have to see every stitch, you have to really want to wear them, or be able to tell what they're like . . . they have to look fresh from the racks at Bonwit's.[31]

The drawings that Warhol initially submitted to Fredericks have not been identified thus far, and may no longer exist. In their place, I would offer an early work from an entirely different context, a small watercolor and tempera view of the Warhola living room in Pittsburgh, made for an assignment at Carnegie (fig. 132). In this space, every object registers human use and habitation, it is a well-worn room, like an old pair of shoes, full of personality, redolent of history.

Fredericks's comments and the Warhola living room both invite comparison with another artist's pair of shoes, the several famously painted by van Gogh. The histories, usages and various meanings proposed for these painted shoes have generated a virtual

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[31] De Salvo, "Success Is A Job in New York . . .", 4.

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discourse of its own, initiated by Martin Heidegger, rebutted by Meyer Schapiro, with more recent commentaries by Derrida and Jameson.[32] Turning briefly to the opening of the dispute between Heidegger and Schapiro, one might pose its central question rather simply-- did the shoes that van Gogh painted belong to a peasant woman, as the philosopher had supposed, or to the artist himself, as the art historian contended? Or, following the insertion of another picture, the Warhola living room, might we not allow that the shoes, like the room, belonged to both, both a peasant woman and the artist-- here Julia Warhola and Andy Warhol-- and that the disputed subject of the painting is the relay that links them?

According to Nathan Gluck, Warhol learned to draw shoes that had "sell" from Fredericks herself,

> Tina Fredericks told Andy to lengthen the shoe and twist the toe. Now, for instance, when you draw a shoe in profile you see it in profile. Now, if you get to see a lot of shoe ads, you will notice that you're seeing this: the shoe is twisted. In other words, if you draw them in profile you can't see what's on [the shoe] here. . . . It's turned on axis, but the heel stays where it is. . . . This part stays where it is, but this is turned in three-quarter view... Now, when I look at your shoe, I see all of this but not the heel. . . . You have this distorted view, and, yet, it looks very natural. It looks very right, but what you have done is to flip it over a little bit this way to show a little more of the detail on the surface that you wouldn't see.
>
> And, the vamp, you sort of lengthen it a little bit to make it look glamorous. It's just like fashion drawing because if you did a fashion drawing of a real human person, it wouldn't look very glamorous... [33]

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[32] Martin Heidegger, "The Origin of the Work of Art" in Albert Hofstadter and Richard Kuhns, eds. Philosophies of Art and Beauty (New York, Random House 1964), 649-70. Meyer Schapiro, "The Still Life as Personal Object-- a Note on Heidegger and van Gogh," and Further Notes on Heidegger and van Gogh" in Theory and Philosophy of Art: Style, Artist and Society. Selected Papers (New York: George Braziller, 1994), 135 -142 and 143-152. Schapiro's original essay was reprinted with changes in the text from The Reach of the Mind: Essays in Memory of Kurt Goldstein, ed. by M.L. Simmel (New York: Springer, 1968), 203-209. Jacques Derrida, "Restitutions of the Truth in Pointing," in The Truth in Painting, reprinted in A Derrida Reader: Between the Blinds, ed. by Peggy Kamuf (New York: Columbia University Press, 1991), 277-309. Jameson, Postmodernism, 7-8.

[33] Smith, Art and Films, 335.

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A drawing of a high-heeled pump, marked with the art director's correction (fig. 133), records precisely how such adjustments on behalf of glamor might be calibrated on a drawing of a shoe. Warhol began with the shoe in profile, as in Gluck's example, exaggerating the extension of its silhouette. The art director's notes address refinements to this silhouette in three places: the rounding at the toe and at the base of the shoe below the vamp, and "indicating the lift" below the stiletto heel. Most important, as Gluck had noted, Warhol has torqued its orientation to the picture plane along the incline of the vamp, making the white lining visible and bringing the top surface of the toe into view.

To all appearances, the shoe featured in the drawing is every bit as prosaic as the quotidian function behind its assignment. Yet as Warhol was to contend some years later, "after all that 'correction,' those commercial drawings would have feelings, they would have a style." Thus, it is the process of "correcting," of exaggerating and refining, of inventing and indicating, that confers not merely style but feeling upon the work. Commenting on his commercial work in the Swenson interview, the drawings he produced on assignment, Warhol nevertheless makes no mention of those he made for other purposes, for exhibition in art galleries, or to be circulated privately among friends and professional associates whose favors he desired. These might be designated as arty affiliates of his commercial enterprise during the 1950s. Chief among them are a group of gold shoe drawings, each inscribed with the name of a celebrity, or dedicated to a particular friend. In December 1956, a set was exhibited at the Bodley Gallery, under the title, "Andy Warhol, the Golden Slipper Show. Shoes Shoe in America." On January 21,

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1957, "Crazy Golden Slippers," a selection from the Bodley show, was published in the "Speaking of Pictures" feature section of Life, signaling that Warhol had at last arrived in the privileged territory of Capote's celebrity.

Apparently, this was all but lost on Capote, the object of Warhol's earlier attentions. In Edie, he recalled,

> I didn't hear from him or about him until one day suddenly D.D. Ryan bought a gold shoe Andy had dedicated to me in a show and sent it to me as a Christmas present. She told me, 'Oh, he's becoming very well known, very on-coming.'[34]

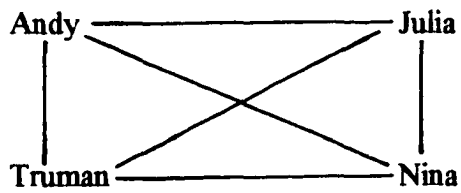
The drawing, acquired by Ryan and given to Capote as a Christmas present (fig. 134), is inscribed "truman Capote" beneath the heel, and signed "Andy Warhol" in a smaller hand, both of them written by Julia Warhola. This is typical of the dedications throughout the series, coupling Warhol's name with a celebrity, or sometimes a business associate or friend, using Julia's hand as the medium of inscription, as in the portrait he gave to Capote (fig. 6). Warhol's object now is no longer solely Capote; Capote now is no longer the dedicated vehicle of Warhol's creativity and drive; rather, a host of others has intervened, including professional celebrities such as Mae West and Zsa Zsa Gabor (fig. 135) and celebrity professionals like Diana Vreeland, pop stars like Elvis Presley, household names like Kate Smith, even celebrity oddities like the trans-sexual Christine Jorgensen (fig. 136). Making these connections with his drawings, connections to people whose public status and visibility had abstracted them, making them "figures," Warhol readily passed, as D.D. Ryan put it, as "very well known, very on-coming."

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[34] Stein, Edie, 197.

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The dedications scripted for the golden slippers in Julia Warhola's hand represent another sort of brokerage on behalf of her son's desires than those she inscribed in the Capote pictures. In the latter context, she has been secretly written into the relations between two men and their mothers, between Andy and Julia, Truman and Nina, and the cross-connection between Andy and Nina, Truman and Julia, more or less according to the diagram that follows:.



If the relation between Julia and Truman inheres in this structure, and was axiomatic to Warhol, who mobilizes it through Julia's inscriptions, he never disclosed it to Capote.

By the end of 1956, however, when the golden slippers were made, dedicated and shown, Andy Warhol's Mother was already surfacing as an attribute of Andy Warhol, a figure in her own right, but one of limited circulation, an open secret for those who could recognize her writing, who had seen her "work," or had been told about her, for those who then knew. This sort of intertextuality added a frisson, a rite of recognition and passage, for those who were tracking Warhol's on-coming, his growing cult of admirers. Andy Warhol's mother could be spotted in a Warhol drawing not only by the florid style of her penmanship, but by her misspellings, "Za Za Gabor" for example (fig. 135), misinscriptions that revealed the mother, out of touch as much as old-fashioned, handicapped by poor sight. In this light, Julia represents not Warhol, or not simply him at any rate, but Raggedy Andy, a figure in his stead. Andy Warhol's Mother thus functions as

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a stand-in for artlessness among the golden slippers in which the affect of artiness and the aura of glamor otherwise indicate Andy as André in the primary role of author.

The golden color of these shoe drawings is a central factor in producing their artistic effect and sense of allure. The gold leaf used by Warhol, according to Gluck, was actually a less expensive variant known as "Dutch metal," that he applied first, like a shaped block of color.[35] Over the gold, a blotted ink drawing was transferred, articulating the shoe's silhouette. The final layer consisted of bits of patterned gold trim pasted on the drawing, a literal performance of pastiche as paste-up, as a parody of modernist collage.

In Picasso's canonical Still Life with Chair Caning (1912), for example, the elements of collage have been put into a multiple play (fig. 137). The rope that bounds its perimeter and the chair caning that dominates a lower quadrant of the oval composition materially reference a cafe chair and table. In so doing, they underwrite a vantage point above the painting, as if the table were transparent to the chair and both were seen in a bird's eye view. Simultaneously, the attachment of the rope and caning reasserts the stretched canvas' thickness and the adhered two-dimensionality of its layered surface.

Although Warhol's pasted trims stay resolutely on the surface, they also evince, like Picasso's chair caning, a ready-made illusionism that they carry on their own. In Z[s]a Z[s]a Gabor, (fig. 135), the silver roses glued to the toe have come embossed with such a fulsome plasticity that they appear to cluster and flop across the upper plane of the toe. This obviates the need for Warhol to torque the shoe along the vamp, as had been the convention in his advertising drawings, and indeed, Z[s]a Z[s]a Gabor maintains a strict profile. From this profile, certain elements, particularly along the vertical axis of the strap-

[35] Smith, Art and Films, 337.

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- the pendant ties that terminate in little hearts and the band of pointed trim that traverses its edge-- but also the striated silver plane of the heel, reinforce the silhouetted aspect of the slipper, while proposing an alternative reading of volumes in pictorial space.

The ornamental details attached by Warhol are instrumental in bestowing characterological distinction upon each golden slipper. Here the blossoming roses and the tiny hearts and spikes that grace the slipper's t-strap readily invoke the florid femininity, as well as the professional amorousness and pique of this jolie Gabor. In another example, the golden slipper for the 1950s' most famous transsexual, Christine Jorgensen (fig. 136), the split in Jorgensen's gendered identity is indicated by two shoes that are not quite a pair. Touching at the heels, where "Christine Jorgenson" is misspelled but written large in Julia's hand, the division between the slippers, follows diverging torques and axes, terminating at the toes, where the difference that ostensibly alludes to Jorgensen's doubled sexual characteristics is mounted on the surface of the shoe: the oversized buckle above, the bow on the lower pump, the tip of its toe pointing to the more diminutive inscription of Warhol's "signature." As much as a signifier of femininity, the bow also functions as a synecdoche for Jorgensen's two-part nature, but unlike the pair of slippers, it is generally symmetrical in structure, each half adorned with a stamped fleur-de-lis. They are joined together at the center by a gold trim cupid holding another sort of bow. He seems to flutter between the folds of the other bow, mediating between both inscriptions, hovering between the heel and toe. As Cupid, he targets desire, mocks sex, and marks the mobility of gender, personifying the "slipper" of the shoe.

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The "attitude"-- to use Warhol's word-- that he puts in play in his golden slippers results from other factors and transmits a different effect than the attitude at work in his commercial fare. The golden style comes from neither corrections nor inventions in the rendering, but attaches to the slipper through add-ons and allusions, the double function of pastiche. Rather than giving them what might be described as "sell," or ascribed generally to "character," Warhol assigns each shoe from his golden series particular attributes that link it to a readily identifiable individual, a personality, a celebrated character. If these drawings may be designated as a form of portraiture, their capacity to convey the subject through purely pictorial means is singularly indirect. It first depends upon the act of reading before decoding, upon inscription before depiction. The subject is thus relayed through a chain of associations in which "likeness" is no longer a condition of pure resemblance, but must be negotiated as a relational set of terms.

From Capote's name beneath a golden slipper in which a colony of flowers are sprouting as if they had been planted in the vamp (fig. 134), it is a short stretch to decipher the reference to his play, House of Flowers. In 1956, Warhol might still rely on the cult recognition and recent memory of Capote's celebrity-studded failure. If the memory had faded for some, however, or if its brief transit on Broadway had failed to be noted much beyond a limited milieu, in the caption that accompanied its reproduction in Life's "Speaking of Pictures," the features writer had been sure to note the allusion.

Of all the golden slipper pictures, it is the one dedicated to Capote that most publicizes Warhol's coming on, his arrival as an insider, a status that his privately produced and unseen House of Flowers drawings never breached. It is also probably the

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last of the Capote "portraits" to be made during the 1950s. Looking at it, one is readily reminded of his complaint regarding the earlier portrait. Capote protested that if you looked closely at it, you'd see that it didn't really resemble him, that it was obvious that he hadn't posed for it, his reproach implying that it was all in Warhol's mind. Although the earlier portrait appears years later, placed on a table in Capote's apartment, in the photograph that accompanied his Rolling Stone interview in 1973 (fig. 5), one supposes that the golden slipper may well have delighted him more. It was more literary in its allusions, more public in its context, and more decorative in its visual effect, just the sort of flattering tribute a window decorator, or decorator type, might appropriately offer a celebrated writer. For Capote, the golden slipper seemed to pose no vexing questions about art or portraiture. There was no question that he might have posed for this picture, nor could there be any question that Warhol's golden slipper represented Capote as he might wish to have others recognize him, rather than as the apparition summoned by the earlier work.

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PART III

YESTERDAY'S CHILDREN, TOMORROW'S MAN

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CHAPTER 6

YESTERDAY'S CHILDREN

Warhol Reading Capote

In one of the sealed cardboard boxes known as "Time Capsules" housed in the archives at the Andy Warhol Museum in Pittsburgh, a book of Truman Capote's short stories has been found. A Signet paperback edition of A Tree of Night and Other Stories (1949), printed in September 1951 (fig. 138), it bears directly upon the still-unidentified drawings based on Capote's writings that Warhol made at this time, fifteen of which were exhibited at the Hugo Gallery in June 1952 (fig. 4). The book's status thus becomes evidentiary, like the cards and letters discussed in chapter 2. It also functions like a case study of the classic methods and limits of iconographic research, offering a text, or more precisely a group of them, to be broken down and likened to a corpus of visual work, to construe the iconicity of words, to reconstruct them as pictures.

In its function as document, its role as evidence, this book appears to be virtually unique in the Warhol archive, representing the only edition of Capote's writings that he may have owned. Not only this, but it is a book, moreover, that we can assert with reasonable certainty that Warhol, a self-proclaimed non-reader, had actually read. Let us begin then with the evidence. First, inserted in the paperback--between pages 50 and 51, between the last page of a story called "Children on Their Birthdays," and the first page of another, "Shut a Final Door"-- is a 1952 Christmas offering card from the Church of St.

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Jean Baptiste on Lexington Avenue at 76th Street. The card, which was never filled in, must have belonged to the devout Julia Warhola. The church is not known to have been one that either she or her son regularly attended, but it was near the apartment at 218 East 75th Street that Warhol rented between 1951-52. The offering card indicates that Julia had come to visit. Or, she may have been living with him as early as 1952, before he moved to the apartment at 242 Lexington Avenue, the address where they both lived and worked through the rest of the decade. Most important, it also shows that the book surely belonged to Warhol since 1952, and that it hadn't been bought secondhand years later.

If the offering card establishes Warhol's early ownership of the book, it virtually secures the authenticity of a second and more specific clue to his reading and the loci of his interest in the text. Several passages from two of the stories, "Shut A Final Door" and "A Tree of Night" have been scored in pencil along the margins, and these are surely his. In "Shut A Final Door," most of these passages are singularly unrevealing. They introduce secondary characters, named Irving, Margaret and Anna, who reappear from the past of the protagonist, Walter, and haunt his self-hatred. They seem to mark a careful but not especially engaged reading; they summarize, much the way an undergraduate might studiously highlight passages from a text to help him extract and recall its major elements.

A more vivid passage also captures his attention. In this passage, Walter dreams of a funeral procession attended by figures from his past. They laugh and toss roses at him from the limousines, as he stands by watching, naked and excluded, finally falling upon a "mountain of roses," his flesh torn by their thorns, a cloudburst of rain washing his blood over their "shattered" blooms. If the neo-Freudian "trappings" and the gothic ambiance of

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this dream sequence recall the sort of criticisms that Diana Trilling had earlier leveled at Capote's writing in her review of Other Voices, Other Rooms, it is just the sort of passage that might appeal to a young, aspiring esthete in the post-war culture of 1951. Nevertheless, nothing that might be related to it has surfaced thus far among Warhol's drawings.

If the marked passages that punctuate Warhol's copy of "Shut A Final Door" lead to no visual works, if they simply represent an extension of his reading, they nonetheless reveal him reading with an eye to the exotic, psychological color of the text. Moreover, it is an exercise in reading that follows directly from his training at Carnegie Tech. One of the more influential instructors, Robert Lepper, assigned problems that involved the interpretation of characters from literature. Warhol's drawings from All the King's Men by Robert Penn Warren (figs. 85 and 86), and a watercolor known as Miranda and Maria at the Races (fig. 139)-- which, according to Lepper, was based on Katherine Anne Porter's short novel Old Mortality-- have their provenance in the classroom, assigned by Lepper under the rubric, "Human behavior as recounted by masters of the short story and the novel."[1]

Philip Pearlstein has commented that Lepper's pedagogy taught students, "to make a picture of the neighborhood, a sociological, political, economic picture of the neighborhood through your drawings. . . . You had to see it terms of how [the people] lived, what they lived for."[2] If one compares the drawing after Katherine Anne Porter's

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[1] See Crone, A Picture Book by the Artist, 39. See also n. 1 in chapter 4, for additional citations about the pedagogy at the Carnegie.

[2] Interview with Philip Pearlstein in Crone, Das bildnerische Werk, 255.

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novella (fig. 139) with the illustration on the cover of Signet's edition of Capote's stories (fig. 138), Lepper's influence becomes evident. The Capote cover, which probably refers to the story "The Headless Hawk," is conventional and bland, while the male-female encounter in Warhol's drawing is charged with psycho-sexual expressivity to the point of caricature. Insofar as this encounter is legibly "sociological, political and economic"-- to transpose Pearlstein's terms-- Warhol's interpretation is more behavioral than Freudian, driven more by situation than symbols. It showcases Lepper's social humanism as a prior reflex, in advance of Capote's ephebic estheticism.

The passage that Warhol marked in "A Tree of Night" suggests how he may have begun to navigate the conceptual distance between the two. In it, the story's protagonist, a young woman named Kay, assesses the features of one of the two strangers she faces, traveling opposite her on a train:

> Kay closed the magazine and looked at her more or less for the first time. She was short; her feet barely scraped the floor. And like many undersized people she had a freak of structure, in her case an enormous, really huge head. Rouge so brightened her sagging, fleshy-featured face it was difficult even to guess at her age; perhaps fifty, fifty-five. Her big sheep eyes squinted, as if distrustful of what they saw. Her hair was obviously dyed red, and twisted into parched, fat, corkscrew curls. A once-elegant lavender hat of impressive size flopped crazily on the side of her head, and she was kept busy brushing back a drooping cluster of celluloid cherries sewed to the brim. She wore a plain, somewhat shabby blue dress. Her breath had a vividly sweetish gin smell.[3]

Warhol has inscribed the word "hat" at the top of the page-- the handwriting is unmistakably his-- while each of two hand-drawn spirals in the left margin align with a description of the woman's hair, "twisted into parched, fat corkscrew curls," and "the drooping cluster of celluloid cherries sewed to the brim" of her hat, that keep her busy

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[3] Truman Capote, " A Tree of Night, in A Tree of Night and Other Stories, (New York: Random House, 1949; A Signet Book, 1951), 134.

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brushing them back (fig. 140, left).

Several paragraphs later, on the opposite page, Warhol has marked the place where the woman's companion is described as follows, "His gray hair was clipped close and combed forward into uneven bangs. He looked like a child aged abruptly by some uncanny method."[4] A tiny sketch of a face fringed with bangs, and traversed by a forked vertical, floats in the right margin beside these lines (fig. 140, right). In both passages, Warhol's marginal scorings go beyond his prior notations, to specify each character in concrete visual terms. Indeed, in one of his pedagogical exercises, Lepper advised students to focus their attention on the "most significant single object in the social flux,"[5] directing them to select and extract, to detach the object from its context. Thus, it comes to operate symbolically, to embody in nuce the whole.

Warhol thus navigates from Lepper and the Carnegie towards Capote in these two linked passages. In one, a single motif-- the spiral-- has been chosen to represent the woman on the train, her corkscrew curls, the celluloid cherries, the "crazily" drooping hat. The spiral distills these, and functions as a symbol, the visual equivalent of her madness. In the other, the image in the margin is more descriptive, adumbrating an entire face. It functions like a pictographic character, framing and mounting a single distinctive trait-- the fringe of hair-- like Capote's that marks him as an uncanny hybrid, not man, not child.

Harry Halma's notorious photograph of the man-child Capote re-appears on the back cover of this Signet edition of his stories, cropped significantly at the left so that only

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[4] Ibid., 134.

[5] Crone, A Picture Book by the Artist, 38.

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his head with the fringe of hair may be seen (fig. 141). In 1956, it appears once more, this time uncropped, gracing the back cover of a second Signet paperback edition, recapitulating unexpurgated the blandishments of the rear dust jacket of Other Voices, Other Rooms. The same picture illustrates the cover of both Signet editions, although the later printing has been packaged to include Capote's novella, The Grass Harp.

The front and back covers of both editions take up the inevitable positions dictated by the regime of the closet. The conventional illustration on both covers advertises a normative heterosexuality, where man meets woman in an urban setting. Capote's picture, which alludes to a taboo sexuality, is consigned to the back cover, available for viewing, but not readily, not in "plain" sight. The way in which the photograph has been cropped in 1951, cutting off the torso and hands, cutting away from the pose, may testify to the diminishing impact of the picture's scandal three years after it first appeared, to the way it seems to have become a mere cipher for Capote. Or, it may be a product of paperback marketing as much as of time. Even in its entirety in 1956, the image has been radically reduced from the original Random House edition, where the photograph had been bled to the edges, completely covering the rear dust jacket.

In the 1951 edition, Signet restages the compulsory symmetry of the closet on a textual basis as well. On the very first page, sandwiched between the cover and the title page, on a page dedicated to publishers' copy, Signet has selected a rather unusual excerpt from Capote's writing, taken from his story, "Master Misery." As if it had come from a woman's magazine, a bold-face heading asks, "How do you meet men?" Although it has been extracted from a more extensive paragraph, the excerpt is framed on this page as an

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integral unit of text, ending with the heroine's complaint, "Every man I ever met who seemed the slightest bit attractive was either married, too poor to get married, or queer." Signet's tactics seem targeted to a female readership, the likely market for paperback books, yet they also make a covert appeal to men who might want to meet other men, who might be queer.

The nature of this appeal is elaborated upon on the back cover (fig. 141), where Capote's now-curtailed image still gazes provocatively from the bottom right of Signet's layout. "Beauty and Decay," the heading trumpets, offering Capote's ephebic countenance, heralding its premature collapse, invoking in a phrase the milieu of Other Voices, Other Rooms. A blurb from the Washington Post, printed on the bottom of the inside page, shows how automatic the pairing of such terms, or their surrogates, had become: "Truman Capote stands out as a master of fear and the borderland between sanity and the neurotic wastes of the mind... the writing is unobtrusively beautiful."[6] Beauty and waste, beauty and decay, they inscribe the dialectic of decadence, and they diagnose deviance, encoding reference to male homosexuality, signaling something queer.

Between Warhol and Tchelitchew

I'm tempted to think that the woman with the corkscrew curls of dyed red hair and the lavender hat with the drooping cluster of celluloid cherries, or her traveling companion with the aged baby face and uneven fringe of gray hair, might surface one day among the corpus of Warhol drawings from the early 1950s, but I haven't found them thus far. In

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[6] Capote, A Tree of Night and Other Stories, back page.

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their absence, the drawing of the group of children with the Hugo Gallery provenance (fig. 4) stands alone as the unique example of the works that may be linked to Capote's writings from either a documentary or narrative point of view. And in the latter context, it is worth recalling the ambiguity of Warhol's drawings, how Marian Ives, a literary agent for Capote, and her friend, the writer Pearl Kazin, had remarked upon the way the drawings exhibited at the Hugo Gallery seemed to lack any recognizable likeness to characters from Capote's work. Their response situates the drawings in a zone of liminal iconicity, and focuses attention on the problem in methodology that these works pose. Unidentified historically, and unidentifiable by subject matter, the identity of the Capote drawings seemingly confront us with an epistemological impasse. If one can't proceed on a textual basis, moving from Capote's writings to Warhol's drawings, adducing a body of images from a tissue of words, neither can one work in reverse, from Warhol to Capote, relaying narrative, character, or verbal description from the visual field, adhering literary fiction to pictorial figures.

But still using fig. 4, the drawing with a Hugo Gallery provenance as a point of reference, I would propose a more speculative approach, indicating this body of work in a negative capacity as it were, suggesting what it might have been by showing what it unequivocally was not. From such a perspective, another book in the Warhol archive recommends itself to our review. It is a book of Pavel Tchelitchew's preliminary drawings for the painting Cache-Cache (in English, Hide and Seek, fig. 142), accompanied by a poem by Parker Tyler. Published in 1944 and titled Yesterday's Children, Warhol's copy is inscribed, "Greetings from Parker Tyler." The dedication probably dates from 1963, the

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year in which he was introduced to Tyler by Charles Henri Ford at a private screening at the offices of Film Culture magazine. Tyler himself has recalled the meeting, if not the film that was screened, or the gift of the book.[7]

Warhol probably knew that Ford had been Tchelitchew's lover since the 1930s and until the latter's death in 1957. He owned a painting and several drawings by Tchelitchew, that were probably acquired during the late 1950s, when he began collecting art. The late Surrealism of Tchelitchew, moreover, was of a piece with his own gallery affiliations from the 1950s, the Hugo and the Bodley. Warhol thus might have already owned Yesterday's Children. Moreover in 1963, when he met Tyler, the latter's long delayed biography of Florine Stettheimer had finally been published, accompanied by an exhibition at the Durlacher Brothers Gallery. Like Geldzahler, who had introduced Warhol to Stettheimer's work, Ford and Tyler serve as pivots from which two seemingly opposed modes may be seen to hinge-- avant-garde and camp. Although neither Ford nor Tyler were celebrities, like Capote, they were consummate insiders. Ford had been intimate with such celebrated lesbians as Gertrude Stein and Djuna Barnes in Paris, and had founded View magazine. As such, he and Tyler represented a direct link with the avant-garde of the 1930s and 1940s, indicating a territory where camp, a recuperated context for the outmoded, and avant-garde, a privileged site of the new, might come together.

Tyler's poem threads through the book page by page, alternating with and intercepting Tchelitchew's drawings, punctuating their narrative, scoring their emotional

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[7] Parker Tyler, "Dragtime and Drugtime: or, Film à la Warhol," Evergreen 11(April 1967):28. Ford has recalled meeting Warhol in 1962, see interview with Charles Henri Ford in John Wilcock, The Autobiography and Sex Life of Andy Warhol, (New York: Other Scenes, 1971).

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color. Like Hide and Seek-- his signature painting-- his "preliminary" drawings here are exclusively inhabited by children, although they seem to be about them only obliquely, staging instead a fantasy replica of adult behavior. Attired in cloaks that hang from clotheslines, or wrapped in capes of giant leaves and oversize hats , they swagger and battle like little costume-soldiers (fig. 143). Tchelitchew draws as he paints, academically but con brio. The illustrations are animated by swashbuckling massings of chiaroscuro, and by a thin nervous line that seems to register every tic of the hand. It is the sort of style that justly merited James Thrall Soby's sobriquet, "neo-romantic"-- illustrational but inflected with fantasy, classically based but painterly in affect.

Consider one of Tchelitchew's drawings from the beginning of the book (fig. 144), and compare it with the one by Warhol from the Hugo Gallery show (fig. 4). The three young girls at the left in Yesterday's Children are composed in an allusion to the classical grouping of the Three Graces, each figure representing one aspect of a single figure, constituted in the round. On the right, a taller figure completes the allusion. He, or she, takes shape quite literally from the lines that descend from the crown of laurel leaves. Gathered like drapery, they form a self-contained assembly, not so much children as scaled-down dress-up performers in a pageant of adult address.

By contrast, the children in the background of Warhol's Hugo drawing are not simply in mufti, in the knickers, jumpers, tights and booties that children ordinarily wear, they are positioned unhistrionically, if theatrically, activated by a gaze outside the frame. This gaze is so contemporary and so vernacular that it appears transparent, natural enough. It might well pass unnoted were it not for the way that it re-surfaces with variable

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intensity and sheds light on an important tactic of Warhol's drawing practice during the 1950s, his use of photography.

Three other images that appear on different occasions during the 1950s closely parallel the Hugo drawing-- one which was used as an announcement for a show of his work at the Loft Gallery in 1954 (fig. 145), and two that appeared in one of Warhol's later, privately printed books, A Gold Book, from 1957 (figs. 146 and 147). In each, a group of children gather in the picture's foreground. Their casual demeanor belies their attention. Rather than interacting with one another, each figure appears focused outside the picture, as if marshaled by a photographer's summons, poised for a moment before the camera.

Although the sources for these have yet to be identified, I have little doubt that they derive from pictures taken by Warhol's friend Edward Wallowitch. It is not certain precisely when Wallowitch first met Warhol, but he had known Nathan Gluck since the beginning of the fifties. Gluck apparently advised him to show his work to Edward Steichen, who at the Museum of Modern Art acquired several of his photographs and included them in his landmark exhibition and book, The Family of Man (fig. 148, center right). Gluck began to work as Warhol's assistant in ca. 1954, and surely introduced him to Wallowitch about this time. A substantial group of black and white prints by Wallowitch may be found in Warhol's archives, including numbers of photographs of children taken on city streets (fig. 149). In this regard, Wallowitch's work is unexceptional, relative to other practitioners of the street photography during the period, such as Helen Levitt, whose photographs might well have been known to him.

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If the urban urchins who populate Wallowitch's pictures are less vivid than Levitt's, in Warhol's hands the sentimental quality is attenuated if not banished. His blotted line technique facilitated his piecemeal lifting of the image, dropping out details, vacating the background, decontextualizing the tracks of the blot. If the evidence of a photographic original, traced over and blotted, doubles the indexical factor of Warhol's drawings, the imprint grows lighter, reducing gesture and expression to a faint trace. Indeed in the Gold Book drawings, the folios of gold paper function not so much as background, or as highlights as in the golden shoe drawings, but as a field of illumination, that drains the image of its memory of the original, leaching it with light.

Patrick S. Smith has demonstrated that the operations of tracing and blotting from photographic reproductions had become utterly procedural for Warhol as early as 1952-53.[8] Smith identified various photographs, originally reproduced in Life and Theatre Arts from January 1952 - November 1953, that Warhol used as source material for many of the illustrations in his book a is an alphabet (1953). These illustrations are accompanied by verses composed by Warhol's friend, Ralph "Corkie" Ward. Their blotted line silhouettes are suspended above the verses, three lines per letter of the alphabet. Warhol's spare drawings (fig. 150) are visually as light as Ward's verses are whimsical and light-hearted. They are generally less ornamental than the handwriting that inscribes them on each page, which is probably neither Julia Warhola's calligraphy nor her son's writing.

A is an alphabet seems to be the first of Warhol's privately printed and distributed books. As much a promotional token as a livre d'artiste, it has none of the pretense of

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[8] Smith, Art and Films, 44-48.

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Yesterday's Children, Tchelitchew's and Tyler's little book. In Warhol's book, image and text are reciprocal but independent. The placement of the pictures is adventitious. Already removed from their original contexts, they are indifferently related to the letters with which they have been matched. And like free-floating motifs-- here "O" is a good example-- they reappear in isolation or recombination in other works (figs. 150, bottom and 151).

Tchelitchew's children, locked in a narrative of adult conflict, obey unforgiving determinations, following the laws of human nature-- after all, yesterday's children inevitably become tomorrow's adults. The book begins as it ends, with the same pair of drawings-- a detail of strawberry leaves and one of Queen Anne's lace (fig. 152)-- framing this parable within the continuity and inexorability of nature. If Warhol's book, on the other hand, is seemingly structured by language, or better, by a language primer, an alphabet book, the armature is purely formal, a pretext for the project, much as the primer is a child-like conceit. Rather than a parable like Yesterday's Children, where children are allegorically cast as adults, a is an alphabet was conceived as a diversion, an entertainment for grown-ups who like to play like children.

Tchelitchew's little people acting out adult antagonisms are nothing less than phallic children. The delicate figures in Warhol's alphabet book-- both youthful and juvenile-- are little more than ciphers for jejune limericks in which deviant forms of behavior are infantilized as children's games. For example, below the paired outline of two heads, both ostensibly male in fig. 150 (bottom), the following verse is inscribed: "O was an otter/ who slept in the same bed with this young man/ And there never was an odder

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otter." Or, "S was a snake/ who played with this young man/ until his mother chased it with a rake," and above it, the silhouettes of two standing figures, face to face, hands in their pockets, this time clearly male (fig. 153). Not all of the verses are covertly homoerotic, but most are as decidedly odd as the otter, behaviorally and biologically, and might be coded queerly, for example this young man's "itch": "I was an itch milk/who after itching this young man/ And being scratched at took flight in fright."

The division between this phallic visualization of childhood and infantilized images of adult behavior becomes more striking if one compares other drawings from Yesterday's Children with examples from another privately printed book by Warhol, In the Bottom of My Garden. In a number of Tchelitchew's drawings, the children are shown in hand-to-hand combat (fig. 154). In one (fig. 154, bottom), the blur of flailing limbs and grimacing faces has been distilled in a detail of exceptional intensity in which two pairs of boys are thrust together in violent encounters. There is a sexual quotient to both, the mouth-to-mouth contact and wrapped limbs in the foreground pair, and the figure bent into the genital midriff of his combatant in the background, as if he were fellating him. The force of their mutual violence, however, explodes into hotly contested displays of power and snarls of drawing, deforming sexuality into brutish couplings.

Against the spectacle of aggression that overtakes yesterday's phallic children, compare the infantilized send-up of eros as play in a plate from Warhol's In the Bottom of My Garden (fig. 155, top). Baby faces are primly averted from the clefts of plump baby buttocks, as Warhol's "children" pantomime inversions of the traditional missionary position, indicating rather enacting lovemaking, or evincing erotic desire. This effect is

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underscored by the abbreviated and blandly pneumatic style of the drawing as much as by the composition. Moving from a full-face/full-posterior orientation at the left, to profile in the center, and rear-view in the right background, the three primary pairs of figures restage the panorama of the Three Graces, the figure in-the-round as the theoretical sum total of its facets.

Such a contrivance, however, came to Warhol ready-made. As both Rainer Crone and Patrick Smith have shown,[9] this grouping and another (fig. 156, top), derive from engraved plates in a 17th century book, Jacques Stella's Les jeux et plaisirs d'enfance. Warhol has taken the former composition verbatim-- Le jeu de pet en gueule (roughly, slang for "the butt-in-your-mug game;" see fig. 155, bottom)-- only omitting the landscape in the background. In the second plate-- Le batonet et la charrue ("the little stick and plough, or wheelbarrow;" see fig. 156, bottom)-- he has extracted two figures from the right background, and rotated them 90 degrees to the horizontal, so that the game of wheelbarrow becomes sexed in the form of a reluctant embrace.

Warhol, moreover, has attached pairs of wings to this couple, as he has to most of the other children in his book. Recall that its title, In the Bottom of My Garden, alludes to a tune that the English comedienne, Beatrice Lillie, had recently made popular, "There Are Fairies in the Bottom of My Garden."[10] In another plate (fig. 157, top), a turbaned figure makes a cameo appearance as Bea Lillie playing the Fairy Queen. Both Crone and Smith have noted that this figure and the insect violinist in another plate (fig. 158, top), are based

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[9] Crone, A Picture Show by the Artist, 54; Smith, Art and Films, 60-63. Recall that the original edition of Crone, Das bildnerische Werk (1976) precedes Smith's dissertation (1982).

[10] See chapter 2, "Between Writing and Drawing," n. 28.

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on plates from another old book, Jean-Ignace Grandville's Les Fleurs Animées of 1846, (figs. 157, bottom and 158, bottom).[11]

Animated flowers appear again in several other guises in Warhol's book (fig. 159), that relate them not only to Grandville, but quite specifically to several of the sketches that he made contemporaneously for the Broadway production of Capote's House of Flowers (figs. 75 - 77). Whether the Grandville-inspired drawings preceded the Capote improvisations-- which seems plausible, considering the visual specificity of the former-- or vice versa, scarcely matters in the face of the way allusion accrues and functions as pastiche in Warhol's work of this time. Crone rightly notes that Warhol's style is closer to caricature-- however mild its manner, however reticent its exaggerations-- and seemingly uninfluenced by Grandville's style of drawing; but it is the choice of Grandville that matters here even so. Grandville, Capote, a dash of Bea Lillie, even the intertextual references to his own work, accumulate in the form of a code. Its incongruities are telling, exposing the intention to signal and enabling the parodic function. Most important, Grandville, Capote's House of Flowers, Bea Lillie and "Warhol" all serve as agents as well as objects of the send-up, mirroring the way in which camp theatricality and camp humor is already structured as a burlesque of doubles.

Consider the flower children from In the Bottom of My Garden (fig. 159) in relation to a counterpart plate from Tchelitchew's book (fig. 160). The latter was also clearly aware of Grandville's illustrations, and here he costumes his child actors in floral cloaks and hats. In one of the lighter passages of the book, the two figures sketched in the

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[11] Crone, A Picture Show By the Artist, 57, 60; Smith, Art and Films, 55-59.

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background play or dance in a pas-de-deux that almost appears to take flight. A stem-like umbilicus extends from the figure in the rear, while petal-shaped extensions billow from the waists and necks of both, like flowers caught in the wind. Tchelitchew's protagonists, however, are in the foreground staunchly holding their ground in the solemnest of embraces; and a hat in the form of a giant poppy perches imperiously on one child's head. Its scale effectively weighs upon the figure like an oversized accessory of period costume that a player can barely master. Compare this with an illustration from Warhol's book (fig. 161), which includes a figure wearing a large hat. A second figure decorously covers the genitals of the first with a red flower, arabesques of limbs, wings, flowers and feathers buoyantly ascending in the travesty of a plump pink fairy crowned in a purple-plumed, turquoise hat.

In Tchelitchew's hand, the what-if whimsy of Grandville becomes declamatory and portentous. Towards the end of Yesterday's Children, the plates are populated by leaf-children, who give the Grandville-esque mechanism of fusing figures and foliage a mock-heroic turn. Leaves cling to and drape their bodies, like shredded cloaks or camouflage, as if nature were a place of last resort for these rag-tag urchins of the woods (fig. 143). In two plates, "blossoming boys, and budding girls," emerge pod or larvae-like from the leaves and spidery branches of the tree (fig. 162). Tyler's words are suggestive of ripening sexual attributes, that are not borne out in Tchelitchew's illustrations. Much of the fascination of these pictures, like Tchelitchew's style, derives from the mix of concealment and disclosure, a pictorial display that reaches for the gothic rather than the erotic. It is exemplified in the metaphor of his quintessential painting, the work to which these

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drawings relate-- Hide and Seek. In the drawings, scratches of the pen and a liberal use of washes coalesce into recognizable shapes and features, morphing into animation from the seemingly random flurry and liquidity of his marks.

The budding babes at the bottom of Warhol's garden are another matter. His line, his technique of tracing and blotting, isn't about becoming or coming into being, but about registration and memory, about having been. In the case of the Grandville-related images, however, they are no more than that, based on Grandville, but not visibly traced. Nor does he seem to have traced the figures from the plates in the 17th century book of children games by Jacques Stella. Discrepancies between the way Stella articulates the volumes of his plump children and the abbreviated and rather pudgy silhouettes in Warhol's copy suggest that the latter was probably drawn free-hand.

The transfer process involved in the blotted line technique results in a mirror image when the inked master drawing is blotted over. Since the lateral orientation of Warhol's prototypes and his copies all correspond, some sort of intermediate stage would have been required to produce a master in reverse. It seems plausible to suggest that he might have initially traced his prototypes and then turned the sheet over, drawing on the back side of the image he had just traced. This would free him to revise or improvise upon the original, and, literalizing the analogy Esther Newton formulated in Mother Camp, would offer him access to the drawing's private, sexual self, its-- and his-- inversion. The touch of the blotter, moreover, the pressure on the paper from behind opens onto the erotics of Warhol's distinctive drawing technique.

Warhol's friend, Charles Lisanby, seems to suggest a similar reading in the

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following observation to Patrick Smith,

> And he [Warhol] was very fascinated by sexual things, such as that [In the Bottom of My Garden], and I don't know what the original artist meant by this, but his idea was that it was "naughty." But it is, really, so innocent and so naive, and that is the charm of it all.[12]

Surely there is something already suggestive in the original, something not to be taken at face value, as Lisanby implies, something "naughty," that Warhol's copy broaches from behind. Warhol may have elected to drop the explicit reference to fairies from Beatrice Lillie's song when he appropriated it as the title for his book, but the wings he pins on Jacques Stella's toddlers slyly signal the absent term. If "fairies" is a widely recognized code word for male homosexuals, it specifically targets effeminacy and a male type often designated in less vernacular discourses as the invert. In this light, Warhol's winged version of the 17th century games of "butt-in-your-face" and "wheelbarrow" bring out the homoerotic connotations of the original, their orientation to the posterior side. In two other instances-- at the front and back of his series of illustrations-- Warhol plays again on the buttocks' anatomy: on the title page, he alludes to the garden's "bottom" where the fairies gather (fig. 74), and in the final plate, he brands the derrière of the book's final winged figure "the End" (fig. 163).

Lisanby is right. Warhol is drawn to and draws out the sexual reference from his subjects, but oh so lightly. The naughtiness of these antics here, their seeming innocence and naiveté, or as Lisanby interjects, "the charm of it all," however, dismisses the threat of transgression at a stroke. His reading of Warhol's drawings seems to go directly to their

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[12] Smith, Art and Films, 64.

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point, to the way they naturalize the "crisis"[13] of deviance, negotiating anxiety with respect to inversion and same-sex desire by situating them discursively within the diminutive, within the context of infantile license. But is this accomplished only on a diminished basis and principally in iconographic terms-- by adding a pair of wings here or a jejune pun there? Is the mutuality of the infantile and the erotic purely an exchange of linked messages to be decoded, or might it somehow be encoded as an infusion of pleasure, hot-wired into Warhol's approach to drawing? The following section will attempt to respond to this question by considering Warhol's coloring as an infusion of pleasure.

Warhol's Pleasure: Between Line and Color

If Warhol's blotted line incorporates touch in drawing, making it physical, giving it a body from behind, its record is little more than a trace of the original, of another body that has been left behind. It evokes absences as much as presences, the displaced, but not-so-distant sources of Jacques Stella or Grandville. And it moves in reverse with respect to Tchelitchew's manner, to the formative metabolism of his line and wash technique. Warhol's line continuously circumscribes contours, it surrounds shapes and delimits them as closed, if blotted, forms. It silhouettes the figure, establishing a blank template for filling it in, a channel for color. In Wöfflinian terms, Warhol's work would seem to privilege line over color, drawing over painting. Or better, it simply pries them apart, articulating them as separate operations that govern distinct functions, exaggerating their functional

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[13] The word "crisis" is used here to cite a cultural distress, as in the title of Abigail Solomon-Godeau's book, Male Trouble: A Crisis in Representation, see "Introduction," n. 32.

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separation.

In the Bottom of My Garden, like a is an alphabet, was offset printed from Warhol's line drawings, as were the other books that he produced at this time. Several, including In the Bottom of My Garden (ca. 1956), feature passages of color that were added by hand after the line work had been printed, beginning with 25 Cats Name[d] Sam, and One Blue Pussy (1954), A la Recherche du Shoe Perdu (1955), and Wild Raspberries (1959).[14] According to the recollections of his contemporaries from the 1950s-- including Stephen Bruce of Serendipity, friends such as Ted Carey and Charles Lisanby-- coloring represented a special occasion.[15] Warhol might color himself, or he might invite a group of attractive young men to Serendipity, or to the Serendipity-derived decor of his parlor-floor apartment at 242 Lexington Avenue. Here they were given paints and asked to color the images printed in blotted outline on loose sheets or bound plates.

Warhol's "coloring parties," like his fascination with Capote, are another instance in which he cross-patterned the matrixes of art and desire, leveraging one to obtain the

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[14] Privately published, Warhol's books have no colophon pages, and bear no dates on their title pages. Several, such as A Gold Book and Wild Raspberries may be securely dated based on exhibitions at the Bodley Gallery. About others, there seems to be a consensus in the literature. In the Bottom of My Garden is dated by Andreas Brown, the earliest entry in the literature, to ca. 1956, a year after the House of Flowers (see Brown, Early Works, n.p.) Smith, Art and Films, 58-60, 62 follows Brown. Further, Charles Lisanby in his interview in Smith, 367-368 ,observes that the drawings were based on books that the two found in Amsterdam, after "our famous tour around the world" during the summer of 1956. Lisanby doesn't cite Grandville, but children's books, such as Flower Fairies of the Autumn by Cicely Mary Barker (published in London and Glasgow). Crone, A Picture Show by the Artist, 162, dates the book to 1955, as does Nathanson, "Chronology" in A Retrospective, 405. Finally, Bourdon, Warhol, 56, 61, correctly notes that the drawings for this book were shown at Serendipity 3. He dates the exhibition to December 1958, but this is not substantiated by the announcement in the Warhol archive which is not dated. (Bourdon also dates 25 Cats Name[d] Sam . . . to ca. 1955, although the other sources agree on the 1954 date). Here, I use the date ca. 1956, for In the Bottom of My Garden, which seems most probable, although stylistically it seems somewhat retardataire.

[15] See Smith, Art and Films, 31-32; also interviews with Ted Carey, Charles Lisanby, 261, 384; and interview with Stephen Bruce, in Smith, Conversations, 149.

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other. The coloring party, in particular, as well as coloring itself, resonate with infantile associations, namely the coloring book that surfaces in Warhol's own account of his childhood-- a memory suffused with pleasure. In The Philosophy, in and around his recollections of childhood and mother, he observes simply, "She'd give me a Hershey Bar every time I finished a page in my coloring book."[16] In effect, the coloring book with its pages of empty shapes, outlined and waiting to be colored in, might be designated as a model of childhood itself, if childhood were to be characterized as an open imprint, a genetic registration still blank in places, a template not yet filled in.

The coloring book is also paradigmatic of the way Warhol parses his process into the operations of outlining and coloring in, a procedural articulation that will also govern his studio practice when he begins to produce his first concentrated corpus of paintings in 1961-62. The approach is thematized in the Do It Yourself series (see fig. 164), which recapitulate at the end of this period the techniques of projecting, tracing outlines and "coloring in." Paint by numbers pictures now substitute for the ready-made images of coloring books. It is as if Warhol, as he reinvented himself as a painter-- as an artist-- were revisiting childhood's learning curve, progressing from "picture books" to the rudiments of instructional picture making.

The Do It Yourself series derived from a set of images packaged by the Venus Paradise company; the pictures having been produced to accompany a coordinated set of Venus Paradise pencils. On the face of it, Warhol's series readily parodies the commodification of painting in the form of a mechanically-structured convention of the

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[16] Warhol, The Philosophy, 22.

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picturesque. He also parodies the cult of self-made improvement which held him more persuasively in its thrall, so that as in the Before and After series (figs. 92 and 93), painting and self-invention become reciprocal enterprises that produce one other. The brand at the source of the Do It Yourself series, Venus Paradise, privately signals the presence of a more esoteric code. Here the pencil functions as an eroticized stylus, the sheet of blank paper disclosed as a surface of pleasure, as if the numerically-tagged zones of color alluded to the occult geography of the body's erogenous zones.

If the Elysian fields of jouissance conjured by the name Venus Paradise may only be retrieved subtextually, it zeroes in uncannily, nevertheless, on the way in which Warhol uses color. As Tom Lacy, one of the young men recruited for a coloring party later recalled the occasion, "Oh I was doing them too carefully, that's not a part of the way that he works. I was rather shocked even then, at least, that's the way my mind works-- that he would have other people doing that . . . but I was having such a good time."[17] Lacy is both aghast and amused, however tepidly. It goes against "the way my mind works," he observes, the mental construct that making art was, or should be, serious and solitary.

Nathan Gluck, Warhol's commercial art assistant at this time, characteristically addresses the method and effect masked by his embrace of "carelessness:"

> That's the way Andy liked them, and that's the way Andy himself used to do it because if there's something that Andy didn't like was a complete flat color wash, and I've since then done it, and I think it's a great effect. You put down the color very strong. You work at it. You let it fade out. If you bring it back, it gives an unevenness which gives it a richness and a depth to it.[18]

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[17] Smith, Art and Films, 32; also interview with Tom Lacy in Smith, Conversations, 151-152.

[18] Ibid., 337.

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If the ragged lines that partially infill the ready-made shapes composing Do It Yourself (Flowers) (fig. 164) act out a childish transgression against the injunction to "color in evenly, and stay between the lines," the tactics so sedulously copied by Gluck from the color washes of the later fifties' drawings effectively rehearses a rather adult display of sexual technique cloaked as "spontaneity"-- it comes on "very strong"(i.e., arousal), is worked at (as in foreplay), is allowed to fade out (momentarily), and brought back, comes back rich and deep (orgasm). Color is employed on a selective basis in the illustrations for In the Bottom of My Garden. Some plates are colored, some not, some only partially, and this varies somewhat from book to book. Warhol used a watercolor called Dr. Martin's, known for the intensity of its dyes. Although the Dr. Martin's washes generally stay within the blotted contours of the printed drawing, on occasion they bleed sufficiently beyond them to establish silhouettes of their own. These repose over the drawing, as in fig. 165, where an irregularly-shaped film of liquid purple echoes the perimeters of an oversized bouquet of flowers, intermittently trespassing its edges.

Color-forms such as these-- irregular and comprised of a single hue-- are similarly characteristic of Warhol's silkscreened paintings of the early 1960s, such as the Marilyn Diptych of 1962 (fig. 166). In the later works, these generalized but still legible shapes-- for example, the violet foundation of Marilyn's face and neck, the cadmium yellow crown of hair, and the floating arcs of pthalo green eye shadow and cadmium red lips-- are actually sandwiched between two layers of black and half-tone screens. The first serves as a type of underdrawing, locating the principal placement for each color-form. Unlike Dr. Martin's dyes, however, the Liquetex acrylic emulsions that Warhol began to use in 1962

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are essentially opaque, unless extensively diluted. Accordingly, a second screen identical to the first was essential to deposit the defining topography of the subject's features over the irregular fields of color-forms.

If the relationship between color and line-- and by extension, between painting and drawing (or printing)-- is effectively inverted in the works of the 1960s and 1950s, both bodies of work attest, nevertheless, to a recurrent reflex on Warhol's part in which each is articulated as a distinct mode. In the canvas panel on the right in the Marilyn Diptych, moreover, it is as if the drawing layer has been peeled back from the color and reserved for visual contemplation on its own, whereas on the left, the juvenile prohibition against coloring beyond the edges is restructured as a misalignment of registration, an infraction that stems from the waywardness of the indexical screen.

The hand-painted washes that tint the pages of In the Bottom of My Garden vary in diluteness and depth, much as Nathan Gluck had described, although these are lost in color reproductions.[19] In paintings of the early 1960s such as the Marilyn Diptych, on the other hand, the color-forms, although applied by hand, seem to try for an effect of overall flatness, in spite of slight variations in the consistency of the paint. The application may be flat and uninflected, but the Liquetex colors are consistently high key-- for example, the lightness of the yellow hair and the brightness of the cadmium orange background, or the intensity of the Acra violet that Warhol used for the flesh tones. They approximate the saturated brilliance of the Dr. Martin's dyes from the earlier period, and like them release the colors' sensate character. Color irradiates the figural template of the drawing layer,

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[19] See for example, Crone, A Picture Show by the Artist, 163-196, where the color in the plates appears to be completely flat and uninflected by different densities of colored dye in the ink washes.

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especially in those places where the pink tinctures of Dr. Martin's ink or Liquetex Acra violet suffuse the whiteness of the paper and canvas. Their exposure might be likened to bare skin, or better, to Warhol's epidermal pallor, to the zero ground of his "whiteness,"[20] now flushed with the tints of carnal pleasure.

Just such a touch of pinkness surfaces on the whiskered face of a kitten in In the Bottom of My Garden, the only site of color that enhances one version of the book's penultimate plate (fig. 167). The pink feline face emerges from the interior of an apron or a basket held at midriff, belonging to a winged young girl. Her query, "Do you see my little Pussy[?]," underwrites the picture's visual pun, and with it the function of color as a venue for misbehavior, as a marker of erotic zones, or what, in reference to this example, Charles Lisanby reiterates as "a naughty little thing."[21] The pussy's pinkness invokes the only note of color in a prior book, the title of Love Is a Pink Cake, much as the plate revisits the principal device of another book, this from 1954, 25 Cats Name[d] Sam and One Blue Pussy.

In 25 Cats Name[d] Sam . . ., Warhol recycles the private joke of his domestic arrangements as an illustrated fable of a lone female presence vastly outnumbered by males. Some months before, in his byline for the February 1954 issue of Interiors, a magazine that often commissioned illustrations from him, Warhol leaked a first installment in a trial run:

> Andy Warhol, our most omnipresent nonstaff cover artist, did some drawings for our Music in Interiors study in this issue, as well as the thematic cover. He also supplied some new biographic facts; he will have a show in October at the Loft

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[20] See Sedgwick, "Queer Performativity: Warhol's Shyness/Warhol Whiteness," 138-142.

[21] Smith, Art and Films, 386.

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> Gallery, he has published two picture books-- Love Is A Pink Cake, and A is an Alphabet and after thorough housecleaning, he has newly acquired 10 cats named Sam.[22]

Indeed, the household he shared with his mother was, according to all accounts, overrun with cats, and by 1957 at the latest, he had annexed Julia to the official network of Warhola-esque/ feline associations, publishing a book of her cat drawings, called Holy Cats by Andy's Warhol's Mother (fig. 46). Indeed, if anything Julia's awkward but heartfelt ink drawings establish a folkish contrast to the sleek silhouettes and catty innuendo of her son's work. Indeed, the cats' function in the unfolding of Warhol's mystique is best calibrated through his appropriation of maternal creativity. It falls more in line with the child-like persona of Raggedy Andy than with the arty markers of Andy as André. In this light, it is worth remembering how Truman Capote retrospectively narrated it years later in Edie: "He told me all about himself and how he lived someplace with his mother and twenty-five cats. He seemed one of those hopeless people that you just know nothing's ever going to happen to. Just a hopeless, born loser."[23] Loser or loner, Warhol was historically cast-- a hapless child in an adult world, a hopeless femme among the butches, the blue pussy.

Perusing the series, one might just bypass the cats named Sam and the plate inscribed "One Blue Pussy"-- at least momentarily-- to look at a related drawing of two nestled kittens, colored blue (fig. 168). Here, rather more than In the Bottom of My

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[22] Interiors (February 1954), n.p. from tear sheet in the Andy Warhol archive, Andy Warhol Museum, Pittsburgh.

[23] See Stein, Edie, 163-164.

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Garden, the color surges with all the characteristics to which Nathan Gluck had alluded-- unevenness, richness and depth. Blue washes flood the drawing's perimeters, staining the paper's surface with varying degrees of saturation. Even where it is allowed "to fade out" (following Nathan Gluck's terminology) as in the portion of the kitten's face and ear at the upper right, the dye maintains its brilliance, reading as a highlight encroached upon by deeper shades of blue.

The washes tend to stay within the drawing's outer edges-- although they may casually trespass-- and sometimes respond to the definition of interior contours. An example of the latter is the saturated zone of blue that spills over a blotted boundary at the center of the composition, where the silhouette of the kitten at the left overlaps the one at the right. The way in which differential saturations of color bleed into one another is analogous to the irregular pulse of Warhol's blotted line. Optically, they operate in concert, no matter that they serve different ends. Drawing, in its capacity as a trace, comes from the outside, much as Warhol would later aver about Pop art.[24] Like Pop, it transfers the topography of the subject onto the sheet of paper, giving it features, a legible face.

Color, of course, is also applied to a surface from the outside, but it appears to come from behind, and to move inside the picture, an effect that Warhol would later literalize by submerging the color, applying it by hand in advance of the "drawing" layer of the black screen. This is what occurs in the 1963 painting Liz as Cleopatra (fig. 169), where the color in the background turns Liz-Cleopatra blue. In the illustration of two blue cats from the 1950s (fig. 168), however, color doesn't evenly adhere to the plane of a

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[24] Warhol, Popism, 116.

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substratum; it animates the paper's skin. Again, this is a surface akin to Warhol's storied whiteness-- or, as he parodies it in The Philosophy, "The albino-chalk skin. Parchmentlike. Reptilian. Almost blue . . ."[25] In the drawing, pools of blue dye engorge the parchment, imbuing the rotund silhouette of the pussies' double figure with a chromatic bloom, as if mobilized from within, from a private self. Their golden eyes and two red hearts radiate like jeweled accents on the exotic blue of their fur coats. The "One Blue Pussy" inscribed in Warhol's book of cats (fig. 170) is transformed into as two sex kittens in this drawing (fig. 168), or like Elizabeth Taylor costumed as a blue Cleopatra, reproduced as a replicated token of exotic luxe et volupté.

At the end of the fifties-- in December 1959 to be precise-- Warhol released the final installment of his series of hand-colored and privately-published books-- a spoof of culinary extravagance called Wild Raspberries. If the title plays on the name of Ingmar Bergman's contemporary art film, Wild Strawberries, it does so in the context of the pun on raspberries, slang for an audible outburst of derision, also known as the "Bronx Cheer." If this is reminiscent of the matrix of juvenilia earlier evoked by the "blue pussy," the text, unlike the title, aims for a less alloyed condition of sophisticated address. Dishes are often named in honor of the insider status of minor celebrities, as in "Dorothy Killgallens Gateau of Marzipan," their contents described in pseudo-recipes. These were written by Warhol's collaborator, Suzie Frankfurt, but penned uncredited by Julia Warhola.

Frankurt's parody targets not gourmet cookery per se, but a farcical scenario of snob appeal wherein take-out foods are dressed and accessorized for conspicuous display.

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[25] Warhol, The Philosophy, 10.

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According to Nathan Gluck, Warhol and Frankfurt took their inspiration from the illustrations in two nineteenth-century cookbooks and from Grandville's Le Patissier Pittoresque, all of which, Gluck maintains, Warhol once owned.[26] In books such as these, plates of food were visually assembled in the manner of elaborate architectural fantasies, a sort of architecture parlante of haute cuisine. In Wild Raspberries, however, Warhol never really "raids the icebox"-- the name given to his foray into museological collecting in an exhibition of 1970. He never extracts images or parts of images from the cabinet of culinary curiosities, archived within his own collection of antiquarian books. These might have furnished him with the visual ingredients he would have required to prepare a classic Warholian pastiche, such as In the Bottom of My Garden. Rather, he seems to have been content to follow the authorial lead scripted by Suzie Frankfurt, illuminating the text with rather literal illustrations. It is this dependence on the text no doubt, and the tenor of the latter-- arch and ironic, rather than naughty and insouciant-- that account for the disappointing effect of Warhol's final semi-private (plates from the book were exhibited at the Bodley Gallery in December) offering of the 1950s.[27]

Rather than parody, in Wild Raspberries, I would propose attending to the idea of color as a species of wild card, a preserve for fantasy and the flow of the unrepressed. Here it takes the form of infantile oral gratifications, which begins for Warhol-- in his conscious recollection at any rate-- with the Hershey Bar rewarded after coloring, and

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[26] Smith, Art and Films, 333-335.

[27] Drawings for the book, or possibly loose, hand-colored plates, were exhibited at the Bodley Gallery in December 1959, as if marking the official end of the 1950s. See chapter 8, "Tomorrow's Man," for a discussion of the foot drawings from 1960-61, trespassing this sharp chronological division.

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presumably bestowing him with a lifelong attachment to sweets. There may be nothing exceptional about the latter, nothing special about his love of sweets, except the amount of anecdotal testimony that has been offered in its behalf. Here is a particularly comical example:

> I pop right out of bed. I shuffle, I shuffle, I tippy-toe, I cakewalk, anything to avoid the chocolate-covered cherries that are spread all over the floor like land-mines. But I always step in one. I feel the chocolate . . . [Warhol's ellipses][28]

The passage cited above comes from the opening pages of The Philosophy, where it ostensibly transcribes a taped telephone conversation between Warhol and his friend "B," probably Brigid Berlin. The discussion begins with Warhol's levée, his assertion that "Every day is a new day," an anodyne prescription for the tabula rasa of his born-again blankness. Waking, he observes that he must remove his wings, a cosmetic prophylactic against wrinkles, but also a coded allusion to the fairyland of bed, sleep and dreams. Very little in this "conversation" seems to be accidental, from expressions such as " I have to take off my wings," turns of phrase such as "I pop out of bed," to the chocolate-covered cherries lying in wait "like land-mines" beneath his bare feet. They indicate the degree to which Warhol's fixation on sweets, however sensate, however "real," was also a self-representation, like his whiteness, like the excess of the 25 cats. And it transports us back to the vexed territory where Andy as André-- arty and effete-- and Raggedy Andy-- artless and infantile-- intersect.

Most of the hand-coloring in Wild Raspberries corresponds unremarkably to local hues-- eggs are yellow, maraschino cherries red, and asparagus, mint leaves and pistachio

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[28] Warhol, The Philosophy, 6.

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ice cream, are variously tints of green. A noteworthy exception is the pound of half-inch balls of chocolate, gathered beneath the tricoleur standard of a French flag and colored a voluptuous purple in the dish called, "Chocolate Balls à la Chambord" (fig. 171). It summons up the passage from The Philosophy just cited, where chocolate membranes cover liquid cherry centers, structured to rupture on contact in the mouth or underfoot. There are surely other ways to pop one's cherry, but Warhol carnally sites it at either end: oral gratifications, deferred but available in plenty, and the inevitable pay-off of pleasure and disgust as something goes soft and liquid beneath one's foot.

For all intents and purposes, the Chambord-style chocolates on display in fig. 171 should have the density of solid spheres. Their purple skins, however, signal a more fluid consistency, a softer core, a cherry within. The mottled wash darkens in places to the depth of a deep plum stain, fading out in others to a pink-tinged hue. In comparison, the little red maraschinos circling around them on the platter appear somewhat insipid, banded by an edge of methodically placed mint leaves and a row of almonds. The mounded terrain of purple balls, on the contrary, offers a provocative model for the volley of sexed cherries that attend on Warhol's rising in The Philosophy.

Their florid complexion hints at another reading as well. As Warhol, somewhat later in the "conversation," confides to "B":

> 'Day after day, I look in the mirror and I still see something-- a new pimple. If the pimple on my upper right cheek is gone, a new one turns up on my lower left cheek, on my jawline, near my ear, in the middle of my nose, under the hair of my eyebrows, right between my eyes. I think its the same pimple, moving from place to place.' I was telling the truth. If someone asked me, 'What's your problem?' I'd have to say, 'Skin.'[29]

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[29] Ibid., 8.

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Like the cherries underfoot the morning after, Warhol's skin eruptions are hot-wired to his cravings, the blush of the purple chocolate visualizing both the surge of arousal and the pay-back stain. Eve Kosofsky Sedgwick has noted that, "In Warhol's face, the blush, per se, is figured only in the hysterically condensed form of the wandering pimple; it's a 'beauty problem.'"[30] Warhol's face disfigures color, she seems to argue; he is incapable of registering it except as 'a beauty problem.' It gives his pallor its "allegorical excessiveness," according to Sedgwick, its rhetorical resistance to the normatively constructed conditions of whiteness where blushes are notifications of shame that fluoresce the skin.[31]

That Warhol might color with pleasure, and that the site of his pleasure would logically be painting, are omissions from Sedgwick's brief text. As a figure of opacity, "Warhol's whiteness" reaches back to an already-written corpus of interpretation, one with which he knowingly colluded and arguably helped to shape, a figure more matched to the public persona, the chronicle of his reception and his own literary offerings than to the material record of his work. The whiteness that surfaces in his drawings and paintings, if not precisely a paradigm of transparency, is variously suffused, stained and skimmed with color, even when it constitutes the skin of the face. Consider the face of Warhol's longed-for double, Capote. In the drawing that he gave to Capote (fig. 6), a light stain washes

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[30] Sedgwick, "Queer Performativity: Warhol's Shyness/Warhol's Whiteness," in Pop Out, 139.

[31] In her essay, Sedgwick explores whiteness in relation to a double-barbed shame on Warhol's part, about both sexuality and race. In the latter context, she observes "There is a history, at least a century long, of racist uses of shame and the blush specifically as related to skin color and whiteness..." See her discussion in "Queer Performativity," 139-142.

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across the ground of the paper in the drawing, and the head is surrounded by a darker wash. It is difficult to ascertain much from reproductions, but the canvas that he produced from the same master (fig. 58) is available for a closer scrutiny of the way color and whiteness function.[32]

In fig. 58, roughly brushed washes of what appears to be oil paint stain the background around the head, varying in opacity, intensity and value. The effect is most curious at the bottom, where a block of purple intercut with red floats at chin- level, not framing the face so much as interrupting it, virtually separating itself from the rest of the composition. The right background, while dark in tonality is dilute, cool, and tends to recede. At the upper left, pale green and yellow washes echo the sweep of the hair, the yellow faintly trespassing the open contour of the topmost wave. This is the only interval where color moves in on the otherwise uncolored face. Against the color that surrounds it, and hems it in, Capote's face seems to become translucent, as if irradiated by Warhol's whiteness. It is as if Warhol were not only imprinting himself onto Capote through the blotted line that marked them as a hybrid, but suffusing him from behind, fusing them in light.

Here, the "intractable literality" that Sedgwick attributes to Warhol's whiteness yields to the play of metaphor; here, opacity is breached as it opens onto the ground of painting, which Warhol activates on behalf of his desire. His "beauty problem"-- i.e.,

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[32] The drawing has been reproduced only once and in black and white, in Crone, A Picture Show by the Artist, 212, fig. 211. The same reproduction appears in the earlier German edition, Das zeichnerische Werk, 1160, no. 211. After Capote's death, the drawing's ownership passed to Robert Keene in New York. It was subsequently sold at Christie's New York, October 8, 1992, no. 125. Its present whereabouts are not known. The canvas was found in the artist's estate and still belongs to the Andy Warhol Foundation for the Visual Arts, New York.

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whiteness and the hysterically-figured pimples-- is not refuted so much as contested as a final term. As he observed about his tape recorder in The Philosophy, "Nothing was ever a problem again, because a problem just meant a good tape."[33] And for that matter, a beauty problem just might mean a good painting or drawing. Like his tape recorder, painting and drawing mediated between Warhol and the world; but not only that, they mobilized him socially. At the end of the 1950s, drawing shuttled him into the society of beauties like Capote, the pretty boys of the "Boy Book," where whiteness becomes a metaphor of pleasure and coming together, for the field of drawing as bed.

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[33] Warhol, The Philosophy, 26.

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CHAPTER 7

COMING TOGETHER

Between Charles Henri Ford and Parker Tyler

"Nothing, Proust suggests, is more unnatural than for sexual inverts to come together." So Leo Bersani begins his consideration of homosexuality and desire in Proust's Sodome et Gomorrhe: "Having come together, inverts are, according to Proust, compelled to see with disgust their unnatural selves reflected in the specular presence of their fellow inverts. And there is no escape from this in sexual pleasure: it is unnatural for an invert to desire another invert, and so coming together, having orgasms together, can only reinforce the disgust of their having come together socially."[1] Inversion-- whether it is ascribed to same-sex desire, as with Proust's M. de Charlus, or whether it manifests same-sex desire as part of a more comprehensive reversal of gender roles-- sustains or distorts a heterosexual model. The male invert is female-identified (or, as with Proust's Charlus, he becomes identified as a female), but desires male-identified men. Or as George Chauncey has noted, he is a "virtual woman," or even theoretically, a member of an "intermediate" or "third sex," with characteristics of each. The latter terms originate in the turn-of-the-century discourses of such gay intellectuals as Edward Carpenter in Britain and Magnus Hirschfeld in Germany, both contemporary with Proust in France:

> In the dominant turn-of-the-century cultural system governing the interpretation of homosexual behavior, especially in working-class milieus, one had a gender identity rather than a sexual identity or even a "sexuality"; one's sexual behavior was thought to be necessarily determined by one's gender identity. (Or, to put it in

[1] Bersani, Homos, 129.

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> other words, since the language is notoriously ambiguous here, one had an identity based on one's gender rather than one's "sexuality," which was not regarded as a distinct domain of personhood but as a pattern of practices and desires that followed inevitably from one's masculinity or femininity. [2]

We might consider Capote's Randolph in this light. Like Charlus, it is Randolph's passion for a man, for Pepe Alvarez, the Latino boxer, a powerful elixir of masculinity and primitivism, that magically inverts him, that makes him into a woman, the Countess at the ball. As the Lady in the window, her image flickers ever-more desperately as a beacon for the chimerical male lover, Pepe, until as the Snow Queen in her palace, she summons Joel instead. If he cannot be cast in the heated mold of Pepe Alvarez, if Joel is unimaginable as "trade," Randolph is already inverted, already a woman. If Randolph desires Joel at all, it must be as the ephebic image of his own lost youth. His desire corresponds, if somewhat queerly, to what might be designated as a pederastic structure-- one most susceptible to being construed as a species of deliberate contagion, wherein the older man, now a woman, here "Cousin" Randolph as the Snow Queen, corrupts an innocent youth, Joel, recruiting him as a fellow invert.

If Randolph's passion for Pepe had been redefining, if it had turned him on his head, remaking him as a woman, the bond that ties him to Joel is affectionate, even sentimental. It ushers Joel into his condition gradually, in traumatic increments as it were, rather than inverting him all at once, and casting him out. In volume 2 of The History of Sexuality, subtitled The Use of Pleasure, Foucault's observes, "A male relationship gave rise to a theoretical and moral interest [in ancient Greek texts] when it was based on a

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[2] See Chauncey, Gay New York, chapter 2, "The Fairy as an Intermediate Sex," 47-63.

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rather pronounced difference on either side of the threshold separating adolescence from manhood."[3] The same-sex relationship that has been passed on historically under the coded name of "Greek love" was, according to Foucault, subject to a calibrated regulation through which cultural status and social position might be conferred intergenerationally.

In such a context, Capote's ephebic self-display on the rear dust jacket of Other Voices, Other Rooms functions in counterpoint to the dedication that follows the title page-- "For Newton Arvin," the brilliant critic of American literature, his former lover. (As Capote is reputed to have put it, "Newton was my Harvard."[4]) What might this have begun to signify to the young Warhol, at the time he was importuning Capote, when he was remodeling himself in Capote's image? If Capote's relationship with Arvin was principally a private matter, known among their circle but not much beyond it, Warhol probably was utterly unaware of it at this time, if he even knew who Newton Arvin was. But what of Randolph and Pepe; Randolph and Joel? if, as it seems increasingly plausible to suppose, he really read the book. And if he hadn't, it still might be argued that their respective roles were already so culturally inscribed by 1950, that it would take the merest suggestion-- a photograph on a dust jacket for example-- to confirm or suggest how and where an aspiring young ephebe might apply.

Let us take another example--a book by Charles Henri Ford and Parker Tyler, The Young and Evil, first published in Paris in 1933, and reprinted in 1960 by Maurice Girodias's Olympia Press, not long before Warhol had met them and received an inscribed

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[3] Michel Foucault, The Use of Pleasure, volume 2 of The History of Sexuality, Robert Hurley, trans. (New York: Random House, 1985; Vintage Books, 1990), 195.

[4] Clarke, Capote, 119.

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copy of Yesterday's Children. According to Ford, "nothing is invented" in the novel,[5] which relates the meeting and experiences of two young homosexual poets, Julian (Ford) and Karel (Tyler), in the marginal but tolerant milieu of Greenwich Village during the early 1930s. Julian's arrival in New York at the beginning of the novel closely parallels the circumstances of Ford and Tyler's meeting in New York in 1930:

> Julian raised his big blue eyes from the telephone directory on the slanting shelf outside the booth on pier 36 and saw a slightly orange face containing eyes with holes in them. . . .
>
> He knew that this was Karel. For one thing he expected eyelashes made up with mascara.[6]

The precocious Ford had been publishing a little review, Blues, from Columbus, Mississippi, with contributions from such writers as Ezra Pound, Gertrude Stein, William Carlos Williams, and among them, Parker Tyler. With the latter's poems, came letters and photographs: "Parker was the main magnet, because he described New York life in such colorful terms I wanted to go there," Ford has recalled, remarking elsewhere that "he also sent me photographs and I was attracted to his outrageous appearance-- long hair, re-shaped eyebrows . . ."[7]

The letters and photographs that pass between Ford and Tyler parallel a similar communication between Warhol and Capote, although the particulars may vary somewhat. Like Capote, Tyler "was never simply Parker Tyler, writer, but the Beautiful Poet Parker

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[5]Charles Henri Ford quoted in Steven Watson, "Introduction," in Charles Henri Ford and Parker Tyler, The Young and Evil (New York: Masquerade Books, A Richard Kasak Book, 1988), n.p.

[6]Ford and Tyler, The Young and Evil, 15.

[7] Ford quoted in Watson, "Introduction" in Ford and Tyler, The Young and Evil, n.p.; see also interview with Charles Henri Ford conducted by Steve Lutrell, in The Café Review 7 (Summer 1996): 3

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Tyler, a character in a drama of his own devising."[8] A photograph by Carl Van Vechten, taken in 1934, several years after their meetings, shows Tyler in this guise (fig. 172). The shaped eyebrows that Ford remembered mirror the sweep of his long hair, much as the lift of his profile invokes the photograph of Aubrey Beardsley, only less manifestly aquiline and minus the extension of the latter's long fingers extravagantly draped at the profile's edge (fig. 90).

Like Julian and Karel, Ford and Tyler never became lovers; their initial night together is ostensibly recounted in The Young and Evil, where they share a cheap hotel room in Greenwich Village and a pair of pajamas-- Julian wears the top and Karel the bottom, an inappropriate sexual arrangement since Karel doesn't stay. They exemplify Bersani's axiom, that "nothing is more unnatural than for sexual inverts [or for two bottoms] to come together." Karel becomes involved with the violent anarchists and poets, Gabriel and Louis, falling in love with Louis. Rather than Karel-Tyler, the "Beautiful Poet," it is Louis for whom the book is named, with a face that is "evil and young," who represents the elusive love-object, or as Louis puts it, "the kind that makes homosexuality worthwhile."[9]

If the poems, letters and photographs exchanged between Ford and Tyler, and the collaborative novel that retrospectively scripted their coming together and coming apart, seem to anticipate key aspects of Warhol's courtship of Capote a generation later, the latter may be said to culminate in the vehicle that Warhol invented for himself within the

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[8] Watson, "Introduction," in Ford and Tyler, The Young and Evil, n.p.

[9] Ford and Tyler, The Young and Evil, 141.

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theatrical venue of Capote's House of Flowers. The golden slipper sprouting flowers and inscribed "Truman Capote" (fig. 134) that D.D. Ryan acquired from the Bodley Gallery was both a token of Warhol's precocity, his "on-coming" status, and of his coming on to Capote one more time. It was a talisman of early blooming and coming together, negotiated in the imagination, summoned in the fiction of a collaboration.

In this light, one of the drawings that more or less coincides with Warhol's House of Flowers "collaboration" might be reconsidered-- the illustration of le jeu de pet en gueule from In the Bottom of My Garden (fig. 155, top). Here, where the fairies gather in multiple couplings of erotic pleasure and play, Warhol seems to offer an impossibly idealized view of the coming together of inverts. It circulates exclusively within a sphere of undifferentiated adrogyny, among the infantile, within the Imaginary.

During the latter half of the 1950s, however, it becomes increasingly clear that Warhol will mobilize drawing no longer to secure a contested ephebic status, but as he had used color, to avail himself of pleasure, and as I propose to show, to insert him within a carnal field. But before I do so, it might be useful to articulate the theoretical and spectatorial characteristics of this field. These are represented in subsequent sections of this chapter by Capote's lifelong rival, Gore Vidal, and by the physical culture magazines popular with gay men during the 1950s, one of which was called Tomorrow's Man. The paradigm, and the problems, of coming together are examined respectively in both sites, between Capote and Vidal, and between the covers of physical culture magazines.

Positioning himself and his early novel, The City and the Pillar, as an alternative to what he termed "American novel of inversion" exemplified by Other Voices, Other

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Rooms,[10] Vidal advocated a male-identified homosexuality. If Ford and Tyler's early connection offers a structural parallel to the relationship between Capote and Vidal, their coming together as two enfants terribles quickly came apart, cleaving between Capote's personification of childhood and inversion and Vidal as an avatar of tomorrow's man.

Between Gore Vidal and Truman Capote

On June 2, 1947 when Truman Capote appeared in the lead photograph of Life magazine's "Young U.S. Writers" (fig. 101), he upstaged Gore Vidal, his chief rival on the literary scene. The latter was shown in a much smaller photograph reproduced on the feature's last page (fig. 174, left). How different Vidal looks here from the smooth-faced ephebes represented by Capote, or by Parker Tyler and Charles Henri Ford in the photographs of them from the 1930s (figs. 172 and 173).

Cropped from the background of Vidal's magazine portrait is the ship that originally appeared in the photograph (fig. 174, right), its prow nosing in from the left of the frame, reversing the angle of Vidal's pose, emerging from the bottom right. The upturned collar of his heavy coat furls from the torque of his neck and head as he turns to face the camera's lens, slightly raising an eyebrow in acknowledgment of a spectator, his gaze otherwise averted.

Ensconced among the bric-a-brac of Leo Lerman's apartment, "esoteric New Orleans-born Truman Capote" displayed himself as a hothouse exotic (fig. 101), a writer

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[10] Gore Vidal, "Preface," The City and The Pillar and Seven Early Stories (New York: Random House, 1995), xiii. This edition not only includes a new preface but the revisions to the novel published by E.P. Dutton, New York in 1965. Dutton published the original edition in 1948. all citations here are from the 1995 Random House edition.

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of "haunting short stories." In contrast, his rival, Gore Vidal, is identified as a writer of "Hemingwayesque fiction (Williwaw, In A Yellow Wood). He was in the Aleutians, now lives in Guatemala."[11] Indeed, he may be little more than a footnote to a feature visually dominated by Capote, but Vidal establishes himself as the embodiment of a rugged but still youthful masculinity, alert but guarded, massed against the elements, positioned for adventure, poised for ordeal: a portrait of the young American writer as tomorrow's man.

Vidal and Capote had met almost two years earlier in December 1945. According to the latter's biographer Gerald Clarke, when they were introduced at Anais Nin's apartment, Capote asked Vidal, "Well, how does it feel to be an enfant terrible?," pronouncing the French with an accent "all his own."[12] Young and terrible, especially in the light of his particular patois, Capote's line established precocity as the medium of the competition that would bind them, a conceit to which Capote continued to cling long after his rival, even when he was no longer young and had come to represent yesterday's child.

To Clarke, Capote recalled:

> I rather liked Gore. He was amusing, bright and always vinegary, and we had a lot of things in common. His mother was an alcoholic, and my mother was an alcoholic. His mother's name was Nina, and my mother's name was Nina. Those things sound superficial, but they're not. And we were both terribly young and at the same time very knowledgeable about what we were doing. We used to sit at those little lunches at the Plaza, and he would explain to me exactly, in the greatest detail-- he was very methodical about it-- how he was going to manage his life. He planned to become the grand old man of American letters, the American Somerset Maugham. He wanted to write popular books, make lots of money, and have a house on the Riviera, just as Maugham did. . . . He got it all except for one thing: he will never be as popular as Maugham was, and none of his books will ever be as good or readable as the best of Maugham.[13]

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[11] "Young U.S. Writers": 82.

[12] Clarke, Capote, 139.

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The password here is mother, as it had been with Warhol, but even better, between Capote and Vidal, she could be invoked by the same name, the mimetic figure of the alcoholic Nina. The lodestones of their juvenile desires for laurels, however, were essentially literary-- little lunches at the Plaza, Maugham, and a house on the Riviera.

If the alliance briefly forged by Capote and Vidal in the later 1940s was literary-- two enfants terribles born of errant mothers-- from the beginning it cleaved along sexual lines. Clarke notes that "Gore took Truman to the Everard Baths, a well-known homosexual bathhouse. Truman took Gore to Phil Black's Celebrity Club, a vast, mostly homosexual dance hall in Harlem." The exchange is emblematic, reflecting their different affiliations as homosexuals, mirroring their portrayals in Life. Recall that Capote had tellingly noted that Gore was "always vinegary," that he was too butch to be bitchy. Vidal was the male-identified homosexual seeking contact with his own kind, and Capote the invert, the dance hall fairy.

In this light, it is not especially surprising that the decisive break between them would occur in early 1948. It coincides not only with the publication of Other Voices, Other Rooms, but with the appearance of The City and the Pillar, Vidal's third novel, and one with an explicitly homosexual theme. As he observed in a later preface to the novel:

> Until then, American novels of "inversion" dealt with transvestites or with lonely bookish boys who married unhappily and pined for the Marines. I broke that mold. My two lovers were athletes and so drawn to the entirely masculine that in the case of one, Jim Willard, the feminine was simply irrelevant to his passion to unite with his other half, Bob Ford: unfortunately for Jim, Bob had other sexual plans, involving women and marriage.[14]

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[13] Ibid., 140.

[14] Vidal, "Preface," The City and The Pillar (1995), xiii.

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Without citing Capote directly, Vidal pointedly establishes the distinction between his book and the first novel of his former rival. To the degree that his characterization is apt, that Other Voices, Other Rooms exemplifies a genre, the "American novel of inversion," The City and the Pillar might be said to represent its other pole, the novel of male separatism, and to homosexualize the genre to which it belongs.

Consider for example, Vidal's protagonist, Jim Willard, for whom "the feminine was simply irrelevant."[15] Although female characters appear in the novel, with one exception they play only the most minor roles. Maria Verlaine, the exception, is an old friend of one of Jim's lovers, the writer Paul Sullivan. Wealthy and beautiful, but no longer young, she wanders the globe in search of love. Cast as the exotic, the emigré, Maria is an outsider in the all-male world of Jim and Sullivan, consigned to melancholy in her unconsummated passion for Jim. In a different sort of inversion of heterosexuality, rather than the homosexual impersonating the female role, it is the female who now personifies the homosexual. For Maria Verlaine assumes minority status in a territory dominated by Jim and Sullivan, overshadowed by Jim and his first love, Bob Ford.

Jim's world is also marked by the conventional patterns of inversion, by fairies and trade, the effeminate millionaire Nicholas J. Rolloson, known as Rolly, and the bellhops at the Garden Hotel in Southern California, like Leaper, for whom "all men were whores, and all whores bisexual."[16] Through Jim's eyes, it is a thoroughly corrupted milieu, utterly at odds with the prelapsarian scene of adolescence when Jim and Bob come together in an

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[15] Ibid.

[16] Ibid., 69.

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isolated cabin by the river, "As faces touched, Bob gave a shuddering sigh and gripped Jim tightly in his arms. Now they were complete, each became the other, as their bodies collided with a primal violence, like to like, metal to magnet, half to half and the whole restored."[17]

Scripted as instinctual, the coming together of Jim and Bob as two same-sexed bodies is instantly legitimized, ratified as a force of nature. Having come together with Bob so ideally in a moment that is molten, that elides the difference between the mirrored and the bipolarity of the magnetic, Jim is always looking back, constantly conjuring Bob in his memory. He can only recover the experience imaginatively; he can never come together with another man:

> Jim Willard's erotic life took place almost entirely in dreams. Until that day with Bob beside the river, he had dreamed of women, as often as men, and there had seemed no set boundary between the two. But since that summer day, Bob was the constant dream-lover, and girls no longer intruded on their perfect masculine idyll. But at the same time he made no connection between what he and Bob had done and what his new acquaintances did. Too many of them behaved like women. Often after he had been among them, he would study himself in a mirror to see if there was any trace of the woman in his face or manner; and he was always pleased that there was not. Finally, he decided that he was unique. He was the only one who had done what he had done and felt the way he did. Even the elegant, long-haired youths all agreed that he was probably not one of them.[18]

Jim anxiously interrogates his face in the mirror to scope out any phantom feminine traces, the telltale signs of inversion. For Jim, to move among inverts is a kind of contagion that might transgender him, precipitating his morphing into a female skin. Against this, consider Joel's scrutiny of his young features in Other Voices, Other Rooms, as he

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[17] Ibid., 29.

[18] Ibid., 66.

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hopefully compares himself to Cousin Randolph. Or consider Warhol cosmetically refiguring himself as an ephebic Capote, into Andy as André, "elegant, long-haired," and long-fingered (as in fig. 9).

It is not homosexuality per se that is at issue for Jim, not his desire for another man, but his view of inversion as a behaviorally degraded state. On the party circuit in New York, he learns the coded terminology and his place within its hierarchy:

> Like jazz musicians and dope addicts, they spoke in code. The words fairy and pansy were considered to be in bad taste. They preferred to say that a man was gay, while someone quite effeminate was a queen. As for those manly youths who offered themselves for seduction while proclaiming their heterosexuality, they were known as trade, since they usually wanted money. Trade was regarded with great suspicion; in fact, it was a part of the homosexual credo that this year's trade is next year's competition. Jim was thought to be trade by most of Shaw's friends, and inaccessible trade at that.[19]

Even trade was not exempt from the eventual loss of masculine signifiers, the dreaded androgynous makeover, the cruel subcultural determinism in which yesterday's trade inexorably becomes tomorrow's queen.

As "inaccessible trade," Jim removes himself from the meat market, resisting corruption and intercepting alteration, if only on a temporary basis. It is no accident that he is an athlete, trained in physical culture. In contradistinction to inversion, which is cast as a changeling state, fickle and flaccid, Jim's principal preoccupations are constitutive, keeping up his masculine body, keeping his memory of Bob intact. Bob Ford may have been the final term of Jim's recollection, but its medium was the original idyll, the abandoned cabin by the river in the woods:

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[19] Ibid., 164.

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> Close to the cabin there was a large pond, bordered by willows and choked with lilies. Jim sat on a moss-covered bank while Bob undressed, throwing his clothes into a nearby tree, the trousers draped like a flag on one branch while his socks hung like pennants from another. Then he stretched happily, flexing his long muscles and admiring himself in the smooth green water. Though slim, he was strongly built and Jim admired him without envy.[20]

This scene is not simply a matter of Bob undressing, but of Jim seeing Bob undress, eyeing the erotic traces of his discarded clothing hanging from the trees like pennants, the flexing body, and Bob's narcissistic gaze reflected in the shimmering surface of the pond. Then, "As Jim undressed, he tried to fix the image of Bob permanently in his mind, as if this might be the last time they would ever see one another. Point by point, he memorized him: wide shoulders, narrow buttocks, slim legs, curved sex."[21] A perfectly ordinary inventory of a well-formed man, but it is Jim's memorization point by point, part by part, that informs the description with his desiring gaze, with his erotic visualization.

Framed by Jim's watchful longing, the idyll deliberately unfolds through a series of romantic relays that gradually bring him together with Bob. They swim and sun themselves, catch frogs, stroll under the stars by the river, idly discussing their plans for the future that will pry them apart. Bob absently puts his arm around Jim's shoulders, and the weight is "wonderful but unbearable" for Jim. They wrestle, then "for a moment they pretended to wrestle,"[22] the contact sport collapsing into man-to-man contact, leading to lovemaking. If Bob represents the figure of the "constant dream-lover," it is the idyll that embeds Bob within the dream, an idyll that might be summoned in shorthand:

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[20] Ibid., 23.

[21] Ibid., 24.

[22] Ibid., 28-29.

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> . . . a memory of a cabin and a brown river. Someday he would relive all that again and the circle of his life would be completed. Meanwhile he would learn about the world and please himself and scrupulously hide his secret from those who wanted him to love.[23]

The secret itself becomes constitutive, a masculine ordeal that measures and maintains Jim. Kept from others, the secret keeps Jim solitary and separate, keeping alteration and others at bay.

As he waits for the circle of his life to be completed, to recover the idyll with Bob, it is not the mise-en-scène of the cabin by the brown river that Jim will compulsively reenact but its infrastructure of ambiguity and inadvertency-- an arm absently placed around another's shoulders, circumstantial physical contacts that irresistibly lead to the carnal. With his lovers, the writer Paul Sullivan and the movie star Ronald Shaw, Jim is generally withdrawn and emotionally neutral. In his sexual adventures with strangers, however, Jim plays the role of what Sullivan calls a "hunter," the advance guard in the meat market, the recruiter of trade:

> Jim went straight to a Times Square bar frequented by soldiers and sailors. He studied the room carefully, like a general surveying the terrain of battle. Then he selected his objective: a tall Army lieutenant with broad shoulders, dark hair, blue eyes. Jim squeezed in beside him and ordered a drink. Jim's leg touched the lieutenant's leg, a hard muscular leg which returned the pressure.[24]

Leg to leg, like to like, as if by accident, as if it were a matter of mere proximity. Jim is not always successful, however, as he was not with Corporal Ken Woodrow, drunk and sharing a bed with Jim on an overnight pass:

> Jim turned out the light. The darkness was complete. His heart beat rapidly. He was conscious of the warmth of Ken's body close to him. Slowly he moved his

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[23] Ibid., 85.

[24] Ibid., 166.

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> hand beneath the covers until he touched Ken's thigh; he waited, fingers resting lightly on the firm flesh.
>
> Ken moved away, "Cut that out," he said in a clear sober voice.
>
> A pulse beat furiously in Jim's temple. Blood rushed to his head. He turned over on his side. In the morning he would have a hangover.[25]

The aborted seduction of Ken prefigures his disastrous reunion with Bob. Now in the Merchant Marine and married, Bob visits him on leave. "The duet began pianissimo. 'You remember the old slave cabin?' asked Jim. . . ." When the drunken Bob falls asleep on the bed he is sharing with Jim, the scene is set:

> Wearing only shorts, they tumbled onto the unmade bed. Bob lay sprawled on his back, arm across his face, apparently unconscious. Jim stared at him: was he really asleep? Boldly, Jim put his hand on Bob's chest. The skin was as smooth as he remembered. Lightly he touched the stray coppery hairs which grew below the deep-set navel. Then, carefully, like a surgeon performing a delicate operation, he unbuttoned Bob's shorts. Bob stirred but did not wake, as Jim opened wide the shorts to reveal thick blond pubic hair from which sprouted the pale quarry. Slowly his hand closed around Bob's sex.[26]

Bob awakes and challenges him. "Plainly a nightmare, Jim decided," in a somewhat dry aside on the souring of his dream. The struggle that ensues is no longer "pretend wrestling," and ends with the rape of Bob.

In the original edition of the novel, Jim had strangled Bob, but Vidal rewrote the ending for a new edition published in 1965. At first, the change may not seem to be of much importance, merely a slightly less apocalyptic spin on the homosexual novel's obligatory unhappy ending, no more than a nod in the direction of updating, an effect of lesser melodrama and greater verisimilitude. Either way, the ending critically reverses the

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[25] Ibid., 128.

[26] Ibid., 201-202.

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opening, the reunion in New York bitterly mirroring the idyll by the river. Insofar as Jim's passion for Bob, like Randolph's for Pepe, may be said to have inverted him, both of Vidal's endings effectively invert Jim's inversion, as he overpowers Bob, a figure whose masculinity was never open to question. As the narrator's voice had coolly noted, "Bob was no match for Jim," no match at all, for in fact, despite the attraction of their physical likeness, as lovers Jim and Bob were utterly mismatched.

Vidal may have wanted to believe to The City and The Pillar "broke the mold," but Jim, as a lonely young man, seems to be yet another example of those "lonely bookish boys," like Joel, who personify the novel of inversion. Vidal's novel of male separatism also rehearsed corresponding strictures of the closet and the same sad end. I would argue, however, that it did in fact break the mold, not so much for the alternative to inversion it claimed to offer, but because it offered a way of viewing homosexuality as a form of romantic love. In this light, the earlier ending begins to seem more purposeful, more apt:

> There were those who found the original ending 'melodramatic'. . . When I reminded one critic that it is the nature of a romantic tragedy to end in death, I was told that so sordid a story about fags could never be considered tragic, unlike let us say, a poignant tale of doomed love between a pair of mentally challenged teenage 'heteros' in old Verona.[27]

In his later preface, Vidal cites entries from Thomas Mann's journals in which he recorded reading "the homo-erotic novel 'The City and the Pillar' by Vidal."[28] Mann's choice of words, it seems to me, is not in the least casual, but quite specific. In a later entry, when he observes, "The sexual, the affairs with the various men, is still

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[27] Ibid., xvi.

[28] Ibid., xviii.

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incomprehensible to us. How can one sleep with men--" Vidal notes parenthetically that "Mann uses the word, Herren, which means not 'men' but 'gentlemen.' Is this Mann being satiric? A rhetorical question affecting shock?"[29] Probably not, I think. Rather, Mann seems to be pondering the impossibility of coming together among his caste or among equals, its incomprehensibility in literature, the illegibility of eroticism between men. In one sense, Vidal isn't breaking the mold with The City and the Pillar so much as retro-fitting homosexuality in the mold of hetero-romanticism, making Jim (and Bob) as tragic as the two "teenage 'heteros' in old Verona." But, as the entries in Mann's journals propose, it is somewhat more than this as well. The City and the Pillar breaks the mold by writing eroticism between men into literature, representing the homoerotic in words.

Physical Culture: Between Tomorrow's Men

At this point, certain parallels might be proposed between Vidal's novel and a group of magazines from the 1950s that provided men with a way of looking at other men erotically within the stylized visual matrix of physical culture. Physique magazines such as Tomorrow's Man and its immediate predecessor, Physique Pictorial, emerge in the early 1950s, distinguishing themselves from men's health magazines, such as Physical Culture, founded early in the century, and from the professional arena of competitive body-building, reflected in magazines such as Muscle and Fitness which appeared in 1940. The new generation of 1950s magazines, "shifted their formats to offer more of what were called 'informal' poses and slimmer 'natural' physiques."[30] The cover boy for a 1959

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[29] Ibid.

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Physique Pictorial, for example (fig. 175), is still well-muscled and well-oiled, but his pose reads more athletically than theatrically, as if he were about to vault with his bamboo pole across the beach and the page into the viewer's space. He advances to the camera, beaming happily, an engaging subject targeted to an appreciative audience, undisclosed but homoerotically inclined.

The City and Pillar actually antedates magazines such as Physique Pictorial and Tomorrow's Man by several years but, I would suggest, they share a common spectatorial field, a parallel logic of looking and touching connotatively, of ambiguous physical contacts and a coded gaze. If Vidal had opened a venue within the mid-century American novel for overt homosexual content, authorizing a literary field in which the homoerotic might be written as romance, his protagonist, Jim, operated like the subjects and readers of Physique Pictorial and Tomorrow's Man in public but under the cover of masculinity, as a beard for a still-oblique homoeroticism.

The idyll by the river is an obvious example. When Bob disrobes at the pond, he looks at himself admiringly in the water's reflection, flexing his body suggestively. Jim, however, eyes him coolly, seeming to appraise his body dispassionately, "Though slim, he was strongly built and Jim admired him without envy." The description of Bob's clothing, hanging from branches like "banners," offers an erotically-charged index of his body that is visualized for the absent reader, inserting him as a third gaze (after Bob's narcissistic gaze and Jim's "objective" gaze), as the private eye within the text.

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[30] F. Valentine Hooven, III, Beefcake: The Muscle Magazines of America, 1950-1970 (Cologne: Benedikt Taschen, 1995), 62. Much of the thumbnail history outlined above, and all of the plates reproduced in this section derive from this book.

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Outdoorsy idylls such as the one shared by Jim and Bob will be endlessly recycled in men's physique magazines. They banish women, rationalize male nudity, incite displays of physical prowess, and naturalize the homoerotic subplot. For example, the game of arm wrestling played at the water's edge in fig. 176, reproduced in a 1959 Physique Pictorial, is as patently "pretend" as the wrestling performed by Jim and Bob by the river. Rather than unfolding and serving as a prelude to lovemaking, here the narrative seems to be arrested by an already carnal code: the tensed forearms of the arm wrestlers are echoed by their clenched buttocks and the intensity of their interlocking glances. A third figure who stands off to the right, observing them, stands in for the "third" gaze, mirroring the wrestlers, but not wrestling, sexing the gaze.

In his resistance to inversion, Jim so internalized the idea of a physical culture that the regimen of body-building may be said to metaphorize the upkeep of his masculinity, the very premise of his sexual identification. In the novel, the visual vernacular of the physical culture magazines is filtered through a literary grammar. As in romance, Bob represents the idealized object located at the core of the narrative, remote but promissory, inactive but activating Jim in the role of the hero in love, as the romantic subject. Romance now acts as a cover for the homoerotic, for looking at Bob with desire. Arguably, this double function, this constant oscillation between the homoerotic and the romantic, was already written into the pictorial idiom of magazines like Tomorrow's Man, in photographs like that of the sexy, smiling pole vaulter on the cover of Physique Pictorial (fig. 175).

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How such an oscillation may function within the visual field is demonstrated by another photograph from Physique Pictorial (fig. 177). In a 1954 issue, the body-builders Jack LaLanne and Jack Thomas strike a double pose that mirrors their elaborately-articulated and flexed bodies. The contact point of their joined hands seemingly is purely structural, it holds together their pose. On the left, however, the gaze of one of the Jacks fondly lingers on the other, linking them and drawing the viewer into its private orbit of adoring and adored. There is something just a little ecstatic about these hulking, hand-holding figures on tip-toe, as if they were dancing, as if they were in love. But the romantic gaze of the Jack on the left is so integrated into the joint he-man maneuver and the status of both bodies as carnal objects, that it is easy to miss. By the same token, the look is guarded enough to veil its longing .

Not so another plate from a 1954 Physique Pictorial, (fig. 178). It surely blows the cover of these images' homoerotic address. The smitten gaze that resides within this picture mobilizes both models' bodies, fusing erotic display and romantic rapture. This internal gaze leads the eye upward in an unbroken chain from the arc of the buttocks and contracted back of the kneeling worshipper to the standing figure on the pedestal, the personification of the dream lover, the romantic ideal. Into this highly scopophilic realm, the esthetic enters as a third term, along with the erotic and the romantic.

Fig. 178 literalizes the physically cultivated body as sculpture. Oiled to simulate bronze or marble, the body is seemingly sublimated as classical statuary, an abstract harmony of integrated parts. With his right leg disengaged and his outstretched arm, the mounted figure loosely impersonates the Apollo Belvedere, but the terminus of his pose,

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the gesture of the right hand with its indicating digits, unfortunately leave the eye with nowhere to go. Unlike the joined hands in fig. 177, which cement the composition at its physical and romantic center, here the gaze is stranded in mid-air, suspended somewhere near the top of the image. Moreover, the highlights that glance off the glistening surfaces of both figures emphasize the lack of unity. They isolate details such as the buttocks, selecting parcels of luminous flesh to a fetishized third gaze-- ours-- just outside the immediate relay between both men.

The reference to the Discobolos on the cover of a 1956 issue of Tomorrow's Man (fig. 179, top), is so pointedly obvious that even if they couldn't specify the prototype, it surely would have been apparent to any of the magazine's readers, so widely reproduced is the statue (or rather its Roman copies), so available is the work as an image. Accordingly, the model replicates the main points of the pose in torqued profile as it might be known from photographic reproductions. If, however, one compares just such a reproduction (fig. 179, bottom), with the pose taken here by tomorrow's man, it becomes clear how certain details inevitably decenter the modern figure, undoing the classical unity of the original. First the head, rather than folding into the body, closing its arc, rises away from the torso as a discrete locus of romantic interest. Similarly the right forearm that extends, oiled and poised, behind the trajectory of the pose, detaches itself from the body, a gleaming object of fascination on its own. Then there is the tan line, which separately targets the hips and buttocks as a specialized site of attention. The model may clench his right fist, grasp a knee with his left hand; the designer may devise a modernist layout for the background to counterpoint the figure graphically and integrate the page. The pose

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may not fly apart centrifugally, but it never really comes together either, never really centers or coheres. Pose and cover remain a pastiche of improvised gestures, of unassimilated desires.

The classical, of course, has functioned subtextually since the Renaissance as a cover for the homoerotic, as code for Greek love. Not as immediately legible as the quotation of the discus thrower in fig. 179, a studio pose from a 1960 Physique Pictorial cover (fig. 180) cites another classical model, the Barberini Faun, (fig. 181). The composition of this cover is integrated, more "classical," than the discus thrower from Tomorrow's Man (fig. 179): the pose terminates in the left-facing look of the model, his head framed by the upthrust elbows that mirror the metallic triangle of the ornate and oversized posing strap, which giddily spills outwards from the zebra-patterned rug. Athletic support and "animal" hide, both parody the gladiatorial equipment of the genitals and the Greco-Roman world.

Details such as the upthrust elbows are decidedly second-generation allusions. It tracks its classical source, the Barberini Faun, through a now-standard display pose, that may be found as readily in the 19th-20th century female nudes from Goya to Picasso (fig. 222), as in the gestural lexicon of professional body-building from which fig. 180 surely derives. As such, it conveys the Jamesonian sense of pastiche as a lingua franca, an entire language of defunct figures, rather than the solitary quote. For Jameson, the problem with pastiche is its absence of satire, of a critical point of view. What we might offer as an alternative function, however, is pastiche as a form of cover, like the metallic shield

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closeting but emphasizing the model's loins in fig. 180, a mask that does the work of a public face, that may be opaque but is not utterly blank.

A cover for a 1956 issue of Tomorrow's Man (fig. 182), completely sidesteps the referential mechanisms of pastiche for a less formal set of circumstances that we might term a kind of physique vernacular. The seemingly mundane character of the pose sanctions the looking in this instance, as if the model were not posing but captured by the camera in the natural act of stepping out of a pool, his physique articulated by purposeful movement rather than display. The coyness of the cover surfaces in the way it discreetly indicates another, the man on the back cover, offered here as "Back Cover Man," promised on page 3 of the issue. However much the emerging model on the front cover may be full of promise of his own, signaling the thematic of tomorrow's man, he is "Front Cover Man," the public face of the unseen back side, of another man of tomorrow, "Back Cover Man," who has been summoned but concealed.

If fig. 182 invokes the normalized milieu of Vidal's dissenting view of homoeroticism, of the athletic idyll by the river, in the pond, it may be worth noting here that the front cover man from this issue is Mickey Hargitay, a former Mr. Universe, who joined Mae West's revue in 1955 (fig. 184, top left), before eloping with Jayne Mansfield. Thus Hargitay, losing his anonymity, moves into a nominally heterosexual arena, except insofar as the carnal antics of West and Mansfield, acceptable to a mass audience, doubled as gay male camp.

Anonymity, of course, was not the intended state. Magazines such as Physique Pictorial and Tomorrow's Man invariably identified their models by name, age, vital

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statistics, and often hobbies, like personal ads, that offered them as love interests to the magazine's readers, as would a girlie magazine such as Playboy. On the face of it, of course, the captions were positioned as professionally as the model's pose. It is not incidental that physical culture magazines flourished in Hollywood, since physique modeling was promoted as a first step to becoming noticed, to being seen, and the pages of Physique Pictorial and Tomorrow's Man were filled with hopefuls like Hargitay, a handful of whom developed professional careers in the movies and television. In fact, this was the world from which the Warhol-Morrissey superstar Joe Dallesandro came (fig. 183). If his work with Warhol brought him instant notoriety, the career was marginal enough that even after his debut in Flesh (1968), he posed for Physique Pictorial in January 1969 (fig. 183, bottom).[31]

If in working for Warhol, Dallesandro never really departed the demimonde of the physical culture magazines, Steve Reeves, a Hollywood Hercules like Hargitay, passes as heterosexual. Shown in a photograph from a 1954 Tomorrow's Man (fig. 184, top right), Reeves performs as the buffed and beefy big brother to a proverbial 98-pound weakling, vainly flexing his biceps, yesterday's sissy counterposed to tomorrow's man. In a photograph from a 1955 Vim (fig. 184, bottom), yesterday's sissy is reduced to a pint-sized child, mimicking tomorrow's man (Gordon Scott, television's Tarzan) who looms as the model of the future.

There is a homology between the pairing of Reeves and a 98-pound weakling and Warhol's nose job paintings of 1961-62 (figs. 92 and 93), with their doubled profiles and

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[31] While the caption alludes to the Warhol film, it is incorrectly identified as Couch, an earlier film.

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parallel scenarios of before and after. They map an operation performed on the topography of the body in painterly terms, routing physical cultivation through mark-making. If physical culture promised its adherents that they would develop, and become more like a man, for Warhol, the culture of painting will be read through an inversion of its terms. Between 1961 and 1962, between Before and After [1] and Before and After [4], Warhol becomes a painter by becoming less like one, by suppressing the painterly in favor of the graphic, by muting gesture, by "normalizing" his mark.

Figs. 92 and 93 derive from two versions of the same rather unprepossessing black and white ad that Warhol found in the back pages of the National Enquirer and considerably scaled up in these works. The same genre of publication is the likely source for another painting of this period, Strong Arms and Broad S[houlders], (fig. 185). Here, erasure is written into the title. By eliding the ad's original copy, "Strong Arms and Broad Shoulders," Warhol effectively recodes it from a physical descriptive to a suggestive coupling, that is not reflected in the illustration. And again at the lower right, "Should /hands and ...," surfaces under the stains of wash and crayon hatchings. "Should" stands in for "shoulders," posing an open question about the agency of hands (and . .. touch ?) that is both alternately framed and obscured by Warhol's painterly marks. Should they, or shouldn't they? The question doubles over, wondering simultaneously about painting and sex.

The subject matter of Strong Arms and Broads falls squarely within the domain of body building, the public arena of the physical culture magazines. Its source, however, originates in a field that Warhol surveys in another painting, Advertisement (fig. 126),

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where it appears across the composition from the source for the Before and After paintings. It is Warhol's only composition of this type, generated from a montage of disparate subjects, all derived from ads (fig. 130). By dropping out texts and extracting graphic passages from the original, the dislocations are both diminished and signaled. At the right center, the word "Rupture" captions the diagram of a torso, summarizing what is at stake: it telegraphs the pulse of advertising, its fragmentation, its distraction. It indicates how physical culture was made available to Warhol, how it came to him via the free-floating radicals of consumer desire.

The insight is reiterated in a subject that Warhol repeated in a series of small paintings that he made in 1985-86, of which fig. 186 is one example. "Be Somebody with a Body," the copy exhorts above the torso of a pumped-up man. Unlike Strong Arms and Broad S[houlders] from twenty-five years before, which uses painting to undermine the face-value of the ad, Be Somebody with A Body takes form from a series of continuous contour lines that crudely outline the figure and every letter. As a species of pure drawing, it doesn't parody its subject so much as copy it free-hand, the loaded subject having already been emptied, serving now as a vehicle for a graphic improvisation.

The Elvis paintings of 1963 expose another way of writing desire on the body by projecting it into an already-inscribed site of arousal. Using a still from the movie, Flaming Star by Don Siegel--a title that in itself seems to pun on arousal, and on a brazen state of camping known as "flaming"-- Warhol had it photographically enlarged onto an over life-size silkscreen. In the little-known first state of the series, the figure is knit into a half-tone background that sits over the silver-painted ground (fig. 187). In the slightly later state of

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the series (fig. 188), Warhol dropped out the half-tone background, enlarging the figure and directly wedding it to the silver ground. The effect is to heighten the cinematic fiction that Elvis is stepping out of the silver screen. Costumed as a cowboy, he raises a pistol in his right hand. It is not only the conspicuous charade of masculinity, the phallic punctuation of the image, but the structure of the figure that indicates its erotic address. The left side of the figure is extended and clenched, tightened around the gun, the right half withdrawn but on guard. This hand rather than the gun is the real punctum of the image. Suspended in mid-air at the terminus of the forearm, it opens in response to the tensing of the forearm, on hold for an object not yet in hand. A similar body language animates the two models posing for Young Adonis in 1963 (fig. 189), whose hands alternate clenched and opened positions, invoking the grip, summoning the hooded nearby phallus.

In an essay titled "Tomorrow's Man," Trevor Fairbrother, the first to explore the impact of Warhol's homosexuality on his work, pointed to the copy of Tomorrow's Man in the Warhol archive (fig. 190), observing : "Tab Hunter who simultaneously smiles, flexes and fleshes out his gym shorts on the cover of Tomorrow's Man contributed to the canon of exceptional male beauty that Warhol identified in his 'boy' drawings."[32] Following Trevor Fairbrother's image, "tomorrow's man" might allude not only to the coded display of beefcake in physical culture magazines, but to the embodying of conspicuous masculinity represented by Gore Vidal, and the protagonist of his novel, The City and the Pillar.

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[32] Fairbrother, "'Tomorrow's Man'" in De Salvo, "Success Is a Job in New York..." 64.

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In the next chapter, tomorrow's man is also offered as the sign under which Warhol's drawings of the later 1950s may be assembled, especially those for a project that he called the "Boy Book" (fig. 191). The drawings for the "Boy Book" and two other projects, known as the "Cock Book" and "Foot Book," scripted Warhol into a scene that was both esthetically sanctioned and homoerotically rapt, sexing the canon of "exceptional male beauty." In this, they may be said to visualize what is at the core of Vidal's project in The City and the Pillar. Insofar as the boy, cock and foot projects are less about gender status than object choice, they represent a repatterning of Warhol's gay identity in George Chauncey's terms, a switch in affiliation from Capote to Vidal. Yet, tomorrow's man is still a beautiful boy. The "Boy Book" opens onto an ephebic field, which, while not immediately circumscribed by Capote, is ineluctably informed by his trace. If anything, tomorrow's man finally closes the circle of desire and identification originally breached by Warhol's blighted infatuation.

What follows in chapter 8 is a veritable soft parade of Ganymedes-- appealing young men who constitute the subject matter of an astonishing number of drawings that Warhol made after 1956. With them it begins to seem as if what we now might designate with a certain historical distance as "yesterday's children," i.e., the matched and mismatched pairings represented by Ford and Tyler, Warhol and Capote, Capote and Vidal, recede behind the single figure wished for by each, invoked by the term, tomorrow's man.

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CHAPTER 8

TOMORROW'S MAN

Warhol's "Boy Book": Sexing Tomorrow's Man

Warhol announced the "Boy Book" in his first exhibition at the Bodley Gallery, on view from February 14-March 3, 1956. It was reviewed in the March issue of Art News:

> "Drawings for a Boy-Book" comment, inevitably often cruelly, by means of a hard psychological line and such symbolism as strings of inverted hearts on the young men. For example, Tom's head, narcissistically is lifted with closed, rather eyeless eyes to an anonymous pair of lips suspended in space. Prices unquoted.
> R[onald] V[ance] [1]

Vance's review, really a brief notice, and Warhol's announcement (fig. 191), are the only materials from the exhibition that document its contents. Little else is known about the "Boy Book", beyond the fact that there seems to have been no book, unlike In the Bottom of My Garden (ca. 1956) and A Gold Book (1957), privately published books that chronologically bracket this project. As distinct from the way it has been transcribed in Art News, Warhol's title for the show, "Studies for a Boy Book," stresses the provisional aspect of the drawings as a project still taking shape.

Differently written-- one is visual and one verbal-- Warhol's announcement and Vance's notice offer two rather concrete examples of the sort of drawings that Warhol exhibited and envisioned for his unrealized anthology. It is not merely that the subjects are related, young men that might be written into his book as "boys," but that both strike much the same pose. In both, the head is lifted, the eyes closed, as if they were responding

[1] R[onald] V[ance], "Drawings for a Boy-Book," Art News (March 1956): 55.

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to a common set of circumstances or an as-yet undisclosed program that determined the character of both figures, decoding the pose.

The affinity becomes clearer once the work described in Vance's notice is identified among the corpus of drawings in Warhol's estate (fig. 192). The same striped garment, probably a robe, wraps around the base of both figures, but the head in fig. 192 leans back somewhat farther, lengthening the extension of his neck and pivoting his profile to the horizontal. The eye is not so much closed, as Vance infers initially, but "rather eyeless," a blank almond-shape that is characteristic of Warhol's drawings of this period. The eye is indicative of a stylized approach to representation grounded in his career as an illustrator, a system of conventional notation that Warhol employs to elegant effect, abbreviating marks and symbols, buoying them across the mannered blankness of the page.

In the drawing for the announcement, this shorthand yields to a greater elaboration. Consider the robe, hair and eyebrows: there are not simply more lines, they have been gathered into syncopated bundles, conveying texture and mass more than pure pattern. Rather than the open template of Tom's features, they are carefully articulated in fig. 191. The drawing loses none of its mannerism, but it gains a certain specificity that is critical to its mode of sensual offering, of erotic address. Now the eye is visibly closed, fringed by lashes, the upturned nostril emphasizing the incline of the nose, the tilt of the head. The mouth is not only divided into lips, but they are parted, peaking towards the septum, sweeping above the cleft lobe of the chin, indicating the ear on the other side of the head, with its intricate inner topography, its pendulous droop.

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The tilted head, closed eyes and slightly parted lips are unmistakably signifiers of a figure preparing to receive a kiss. This is precisely what had been signaled by the "anonymous pair of lips suspended in space" over Tom's face. Vance's description, however, omits two details visible in fig. 192. Below the lips, float two inscriptions, "Tom" and "Andy Warhol," the latter considerably smaller at the bottom, as if they echoed the figure and the lips, transcribing their identity verbally, naming each. In this light, the pair of lips suspended above Tom's face are no longer so anonymous; they are now Warhol's.

In fig. 191, in lieu of the lips, "Studies for a Boy Book by Andy Warhol" has been inscribed in the same hand as in fig. 192. Both, characteristically, were lettered by Julia Warhola, as if she were summoning her son, citing him as the author, as a constant presence, the hovering, disembodied lover within the composition, and indexing herself as the persona behind him, the absence outside the frame. If the "young men" of the "Boy Book" are all love objects, and the book a repository of erotic desire, Warhol installs Julia as its keeper. Mothering "the boys," she becomes his unwitting accomplice, the curator of his desire.

This disembodied kiss in the name of Warhol may be likened to the little hearts that appear in Playbook of you S Bruce from 2:30-4:00, 1954. In the suite of six drawings reproduced in fig. 56, Stephen Bruce, a co-owner of the boutique Serendipity, is catalogued part by part and over a period of time in the afternoon. Or that, at any rate, is a principal conceit of the album. Tiny hearts alight on the erogenous zones of Bruce's fly, the tip of one of his loafers, and about one ear, where they mime musical notes. A larger

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heart has been bitten, the tiniest passed mouth-to-mouth by a love-bird perched on his fingers, and two others float beside Bruce's dozing head. If these love tokens-- lips, hearts, and bird-- may be said to embody Warhol and his hovering, enamored gaze, a dotted heart-silhouette in the first drawing both traces the master imprint of the subject himself, much like the blotted ink drawings, and suggests that Bruce's heart beats invisibly but palpably beneath his shirt.

Vance's notice had also included mention of the symbolism of "strings of inverted hearts." This is corroborated by Fritzie Wood, who recalled the Bodley Gallery exhibition and a Valentine's Day show at Serendipity: "The "Boy Book" drawings had hearts on the pubic hair and nipples of the young men, but they had a cheeriness that made you bubble with simple laughter."[2] Wood may well have conflated two events, since the Bodley show also opened on Valentine's Day, but the hearts that she and Vance cite materialize in no more than a handful of drawings, pinpointing the tip of the genitals for example, either exposed (fig. 193) or encased in tight jeans (fig. 194). In another drawing (fig. 195, top), the naked torso of the model is tattooed with tiny hearts, as if he had been covered in kisses. The same model may be identified in another drawing (fig. 195, bottom). He appears to pivot his head in the direction of a single heart, delivered to his blank gaze on what appears to be the head of a floating flower. In the lower right corner, the model's name, Dick Banks, his address, and phone number have been jotted down in Warhol's hand, as if the drawing were a page in a private address book recording Banks, and the "Boy Book" were code for a little black book, a registry of available young men.

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[2] Smith, Conversations, interview with Fritzie Wood, 44.

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Bob Mizer, who established the Athletic Model Guild (AMG) in the late 1940s and published Physique Pictorial, was probably the preeminent photographer of body-builders and male models in Hollywood during the 1950s. In a curious aside to the main corpus of his AMG photography, which he distributed and published, Mizer sometimes annotated his photographs in a code derived from astrological pictographs, that recorded the model's character, his sexual availability and degree of participation. In the mid-sixties, Mizer began to publish these annotations in Physique Pictorial (fig. 196) and on occasion, provided key charts of the code to his most trusted customers, like a little black book privately circulated from hand to hand, unlocking his hermetic inscriptions, enhancing the carnal draw of AMG's catalogue of young men.

Mizer's notations conspicuously testify to his lack of objectivity as a photographer, underwriting an obvious assumption-- that his models moved him sexually, that they aroused him, much as they were intended to elicit arousal in his audience. Given that AMG served a growing market for the erotic consumption of men's bodies, this is not especially surprising, nor is it that Mizer clearly availed himself of his models' sexual favors, and even offered them to the inner circle of his clientele. Yet what might pass for a conventional practice within the context of the fleshpots of Physique Pictorial is all but unthinkable (until recently) in another spectatorial field, modern art, where the gaze tends to be formal, to neutralize the carnal, and abstract the body.

How closely the drawings that relate to Warhol's "Boy Book" might come to the territory delimited by Mizer and AMG, how close Warhol himself might come to going

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out of bounds, is indicated by the following recollections of one of his models, Robert Fleischer:

> And Andy used to sketch and sketch and sketch and sketch. I'm sorry that I don't have them, but . . . He said he was going to do what he called his "Boy Book", and he wanted all of us to pose nude, and we did, there were loads of us. . . .
>
> And Andy loved to sketch models and very intimate acts. Really! And Andy sketched us screwing a couple of times. Andy would get very, very excited. He wouldn't quite join in, but he loved watching. He would very often like to draw me nude and see me with an erection, but he never actually touched me. and I think I never put myself in a position of letting him or leading him on, or [think] that I was interested physically, because I wasn't. And at one time he said that he got so hot when he saw men with erections that he couldn't have an orgasm himself. But he started to strip that day. "And wasn't it all right if he sketched in his Jockey shorts?" And he did. And I was really upset. And it kind of confirmed what I had thought about Andy's personal habits in those days.[3]

Fleischer's account reveals the extent to which "sketching" functioned instrumentally for Warhol. Akin to the pleasure of watching but not joining in, sketching both drew him into a zone of pleasure and mediated his withdrawal.

Fleischer may be identified from a portrait drawing inscribed with his name and "Seasons Greetings" (fig. 197), and his account above corroborated by a sequence of three drawings in one of Warhol's sketchbooks. In the first (fig. 198, top), Fleischer and his companion gaze at each other with affection, the topography of their naked bodies rendered by smooth and continuous curves that map their overlapping, and the relaxed but encroaching dominion of the companion's embrace. In the second drawing (fig. 198, bottom), the companion has moved closer and mounts him in what is now clearly a sexual hold. The contours of their bodies now shift away from the psychological center of the loving glances from the first drawing, moving to either end of the composition. Fleischer's

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[3] Ibid., interview with Robert Fleischer, 114-115.

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hand clasps the back of his lover's neck, its tensed outlines gradually traversing the incline of the other's back, as he lowers himself onto Fleischer, one leg straddling his body, folding back the latter's genitals. In response, Fleischer's head is arched upwards in a series of concentrated curves, cropped by the edge of the paper, as if he were being pressed against the edge of the frame. The third drawing (fig. 199) returns to the easy cadences of line established in the first drawing, reversing the lovers' positions, the latter enjoying a post-coital smoke. The smooth dome of Fleischer's pate reposes on his companion's chest, the short strokes marking Fleischer's brows and mustaches and his companion's chest hairs centered in a filial cluster.

Warhol observes Fleischer and his lover at close-range, but he maintains a decorous point of view. He places himself close enough so that their bodies completely fill the frame, but he is not intrusively positioned, so that we remain unaware of his presence on the scene. It is only Warhol's continuous line that signals his presence, that indexes his hand, flowing sympathetically across the three-page suite, reorienting itself relative to the movement of his models' bodies, tensing slightly in the middle drawing as it registers their lovemaking.

The same might not be said with respect to the perspective in two other sketchbook drawings showing sex acts (figs. 200 and 201). In both, the act in question is fellatio. In both, the view is not only in extreme close-up, so that the genitals are central and bodies fragmented into parts, but the point of view is overhead, looking down, looking in to the core of the zone of erogenous activity. In fig. 200, it is not so much the lips around the head of the penis that is focal, but the way its shaft emerges from the

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unzipped pants, the rim of exposed hair. It is only by rotating the drawing 90 degrees to the right that the sex act becomes apparent, or better, by turning the sheet upside down, reorienting the composition to the point of view of the person performing it. In fig. 201, the disorientation originates from the position of the lovers, creating an inverted figure whose face emerges from a backside, clinging to the bottom. Similarly, it is by rotating this drawing 90 degrees either to the right or left, that the image becomes more intelligible; turned to the left, it assumes the perspective of the fellating subject.

Just this sort of rotation around the figure might be readily performed on the printed page. In one of the many examples of paperback erotica from the 1960s that have been found in Warhol's archives, especially among the "Time Capsules," a double-page spread juxtaposes two 3/4-length male nudes (fig. 202). The fact that both figures are oriented to the vertical of the page and display much the same parts of the body side by side effectively establishes parallel expectations. Turning the book to the horizontal, the figure on the right may be corrected, corresponding to the photographer's overhead point of view. On the left, however, the figure loses his grounding, although his lower legs and feet have been cropped by the camera. Following the vertical plane of the printed page and the figure on the left, the other begins to assimilates itself to the vertical, plastered against the straw matting in the background, hovering somewhat uncomfortably above eye-level.

A comparable figure drawn by Warhol (fig. 203), appears to be subject to the same ambiguity with respect to its orientation. He has been sketched while lying on his back on a flat surface, either a bed or the floor, his arms spread-eagled, his body diagonally positioned across the composition, his thighs tapering around the genitals at the lower

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right. Or such is the logic of the pose at any rate, if one views it as a vertical, following the presiding orientation among Warhol's other sheets. If one turns it to the left, however, a position equally sanctioned by the overhead perspective, the recumbent form now tumbles in from the upper right, expanding at the bare torso, fanning out along the spread forearms at the lower left, the head tilted back, the hair trickling from the frame. The opened silhouette at the bottom of the composition and a dozen or so short strokes only suggest the fall of the hair, an effect that is separately articulated just above the figure in the cascade of verticals at the upper left. In the realignment from vertical to horizontal, the figure may be said to have been rotated from subject to object status. The latter probably represents the "correct" orientation, i.e., Warhol's position; such is the revised logic of the pose and of the model's erotic address. The gaze is centered on the expanse of the chest and lower torso, targeted to the navel, and its proximity to the genitals. The latter emerge from the foreshortened thighs, mimicking the head, now crowning the composition.

If fig. 203 may be "corrected" by reorienting it, Warhol seems to have performed the same sort of procedure elsewhere, in other drawings related to the "Boy Book", working with deliberation, counter to the logic of the pose. Looking at one example (fig. 204), its model, the art director Joe Giordano, recalled:

> Yeah, that's me. I have other things like this . . . He wouldn't say , "Would you model for me?' Ah. He would just pick up the pen and do it. And you always had to be on the bed. That's another thing: he could only sketch in the bedroom. You know? [Giordano turns the drawing vertically, as opposed to the horizontal viewpoint in Rainer Crone's 1976 catalogue of Warhol's drawings.][4]

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[4] Smith, Art and Films, 64-65. The drawing that Giordano and Smith are looking at is cat. no. 206 in Crone, Das bildnerische Werk, and idem, A Picture Show by the Artist.

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Smith has inadvertently transposed his terms: the drawing is reproduced vertically in Crone, and "corrected" to the horizontal in Smith's book. Crone follows the dedication and signature, Smith the position remembered by the model. The inscription, "to F," indicates that the drawing was ultimately not intended for Giordano, that if it depicts him, as Giordano claims, it was given to someone else. In such terms, it would divide the dedication from the drawing, separating the iconicity of the subject from the indexicality of Warhol's hand, or better from Julia's since it is her writing. It would locate the rotation of the sheet and the figure's revision, to the time it was dedicated, well after it was drawn.

Unlike Fleischer, who had no examples from his sketching sessions with Warhol, no tokens of the intimacies which Warhol witnessed and drew, at the time of his interview with Smith in 1978 Giordano observes that he has "other things." Warhol kept for himself at least two other drawings. Figs. 205 and 206, from Warhol's estate, visibly show the same model. In one (fig. 205), the pose is quite similar to the plates in Smith and Crone. This time, however, Giordano's distinctive profile, with the densely hatched waves of his pompadour above a Roman nose, is unequivocally aligned along the vertical. Only the position of the head is somewhat different; the line of the forehead has been extended and pivoted forward, the jaw continuously delineated from ear to chin, as the head inclines to the picture plane, and the lower portion of the profile recedes. Fig. 206 shows the reclining pose that Giordano may be recalling, in which he lies at a 45 degree angle, his head probably propped on a pillow, his chest hair tapering to a vee at the lower right, his eyes closed in sleep.

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In his interview with Patrick Smith, Charles Lisanby identifies himself as the same subject, as the model in the first drawing, the one reproduced as a vertical in Crone (fig. 204):

> Yes. It's really me. And it's not that way at all, even though he signed it that way. I think, he used this as a poster or something for the "Boy Book", which never got printed. It was just on exhibit at the Bodley [Gallery].
>
> You see, it's because the way he signed it, it's printed that way [head side up], but actually it's me lying down that way [sideways, head left]. I was lying down, taking a nap-picture, and that's why the eyes are closed. And I looked like that then. A lot of those pictures in the "Boy Book" really are me.[5]

Lisanby seems to be confusing this drawing with another, the one that Warhol used for the "Boy Book" announcement, fig. 191. Accordingly, Smith identifies the model in the announcement drawing as Lisanby and "corrects" its orientation, realigning it to the horizontal as he had done with Giordano. He observes that "the back of Lisanby's head, sunk into an undrawn pillow, follows the contour of that headrest." [6]

As with fig. 204, the drawing of Lisanby was probably rotated at the time it was inscribed for the Bodley show. In the original that was used for the announcement (fig. 207), just above Lisanby's head at the upper left, the "undrawn pillow" that Smith deduced must have been there is drawn in, but then dropped out when the drawing was reproduced. The name of the show has been inscribed directly onto the sheet, although the gallery's name, address and the exhibition's dates have been cut and pasted from another sheet and laid in at an angle to follow the line of Lisanby's upturned jaw and chin.

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[5] Smith, Art and Films, interview with Charles Lisanby, 371; see also 384.

[6] Ibid., 64, 66.

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Three other versions of the Bodley announcement may be identified among the drawings in Warhol's estate (figs. 208 - 210). In all of them, the same features are recognizable, the thick, manicured pompadour and bushy eyebrows, the slightly fleshy retroussé nose, the Cupid's bow of the full lips, the cleft chin and the general rectangularity of the shape of the head. However stylized and notational certain features like the lips may be, they appear to be characteristic of the same sitter, and rather different from Giordano's. They argue that although Lisanby doubtlessly "looked like that then," resembling Giordano in fig. 204-- resembling a veritable legion of young men-- it is what we might call the attitude of the pose, its general character rather than the particulars, that is causing confusion. Whether Lisanby actually looked like that or not, these features come to look like Lisanby, come to resemble a character that Warhol has sketched, confirming Lisanby's claim that many of the boys in Warhol's "Boy Book" are him.

That the subject is really Lisanby and not some other boy is confirmed by another drawing inscribed "Charles" (fig. 211), whose profile shows much the same features as those recorded in figs. 191, 208 - 210. Adjacent to the profile, what appears to be an oversized fan of peacock feathers fills the background, stitched together from densely hatched lines. At its edges, the striations splinter from the fan, assembling into a field of tiny inverted hearts, that mirror the buttocks-like shape at the core of the fan. At the upper right, Warhol's signature is situated among the hearts and in the same diminutive scale, falling towards Charles' face and his name, inscribed at the bottom of the composition.

Another drawing, this one owned by Lisanby, might be thought of as a presentation piece (fig. 212). Inscribed "H [appy] B[irthday] Mister Lisanby Andy W."

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along the bottom, it has been drawn using the blotted line technique, the pear branch hand-colored with washes of Dr. Martin's ink. Like the peacock fan, the pear branch has an implicitly narrative relationship to the subject, as if Lisanby were taking in its fragrance. The pear reappears in another drawing (fig. 213), with the addition of a cross-section of the fruit placed just above it, and the inscription, "A Pear for Mister Charles." As an offering, the pears stand in for such love-tokens as the inverted hearts in fig. 211, or the lips, birds and hearts that had fluttered about Tom, Stephen Bruce, Dick Banks. Detached from the birthday picture (fig. 212), as a separate offering and an autonomous subject, a drawing in its own right, it stands in for Warhol himself, inverting himself, offering himself to Charles.

Much as the same source was used for both pears still on the branch, the split fruit in fig. 213 draws us back to Lisanby's unpainted profile in fig. 212. If Warhol summons himself through drawing, here he does so as the painted fruit, suffused with color and still on the vine, while Lisanby surfaces on the sheet faintly, like an apparitional image conjured by the blushing body of desire.

The source of both works can be traced to a drawing designated by the Warhol estate as an "ink transfer"(fig. 214), which reverses the composition from the blotted and hand-colored drawings. The uniform consistency and continuity of the contours in this drawing, however, indicate that it is probably not a "master," that is to say that it does not appear to have been incrementally inked and gradually blotted to generate the other works. Not only this, but Lisanby's hair is notably denser in the transfer, and the split pair in fig. 213 would have necessarily materialized from another source, as yet unidentified.

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The additional elements in fig. 214, namely the upper portion of the pear branch at the right and the heavy inking of the contours suggest that this transfer preceded the master and was used to trace it. The inscription on the bottom, moreover, indicates that initially Warhol may have considered presenting it to Lisanby for his birthday before opting for a more elaborate offering.

Another drawing that shows Lisanby in profile banked by a spray of pears (fig. 215), brings us full circle, back to the announcement drawing for the "Boy Book" (fig. 207). Lisanby's silhouettes are absolute mirror images, but since neither drawing is blotted, their relationship is somewhat enigmatic. One drawing must have been laid face down, and the other traced from it, but which is the source and which the tracing cannot be determined. It is also possible that there is a third unknown drawing that mediates between the two. If Lisanby's account of having been drawn while sleeping is to be credited, fig. 215 would have to be the spin-off and not the reverse. As with Giordano, Lisanby may be recalling correctly, but attributing his recollection to the wrong work. A more likely example would be fig. 216, although the model is unidentified. Apart from the silhouette of the nose, he might well be Lisanby too. He is shown placidly asleep in what is the most unambiguous of poses, the one least subject to double reading.

Closely resembling Lisanby's pose in the drawing used for the Bodley announcement (fig. 207), but not especially resembling Lisanby, the model in fig. 217, is unequivocally horizontal, incontestably drawn while asleep. The "undrawn pillow," visualized by Patrick Smith, that would have supported Lisanby's head similarly is actually tucked under the neck of the sleeper in fig. 217, the back of his head flattened against its

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yielding mass, principally implied by the exposure of the sheet. The upturned planes of the model's features, however, such as the lips, nostrils, the scoop of the pompadour, are all oriented to a perspective from the lower right. Even the eyelashes slant upwards, echoing the shadows hatched below the upper lip and reversing the delicate downward sweep of Lisanby lashes. Their angle places Warhol closer to the foot of the bed, but below it, and sanctions a ninety degree rotation of the paper to the right, so that the neck approximates the arch of Lisanby's in fig. 207.

In another instance where an inscription dictates the orientation of the sheet (fig. 218), the composition brims with illogic-- the vertical alignment of a sleeping figure, the inversion of the pose. The model's head seems to spill from an opened collar, descending in sleep along the axis of the striped sleeve, dangling upside down over the signature, cramped and tiny at the lower right. If this orientation appears to be "incorrect," rotating the sheet does little to right the composition. For example, turning it ninety degrees to the left, brings the model's features into better view, but the swell of his closed eyelid and protruded lower lip, and the foreshortening of his chin and tip of his nose only reassert the coherence of the vertical orientation. Warhol, however, cannot be sited at the bottom of the composition where Julia's inscription has placed him. His vantage point is outside the frame, hovering over the sleeping figure, who lies sprawled in bed.

A similar vantage point, aerial but intimate, informs a handful of other boy drawings. In one example (fig. 219), a supine figure sprawls obliquely across the page. The model is face-down, the head turned to one side, his eyes gazing up to where Warhol must have been as he bent over his body, drawing him. The buttocks are unseen but likely

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exposed outside the composition, congruent to Warhol's position as the uncited presence nearby. Without either in the frame, pose and point of view collude in making the model sexually available. A state of languid readiness is marked by his sidelong glance, his slack, puffy lips (which stand in for the missing buttocks), by the mixed signals of the decorative array of his fingers, ringed pinkie up, the others dangling towards the tattoo on his forearm which displays the inverted insignia of the U.S. Navy, a symbol of machismo, a cipher of homoerotic fantasy.

While much the same pose is repeated in fig. 220, its loses all its innuendo without such details as the Navy tattoo and the louche quality of the model's sidelong glance and inflated lips. Here, the model (Lisanby again? note the shape of the hair, head, nose) decorously tucks his left forearm under the other, cradling his head. The subject is withdrawn in sleep, but the body is still available, still sexed, exposed in a vulnerable state. His naked back opens onto the lower right of the frame, indicating Warhol's position at one end, rising to the sensual dollop of the model's pompadour at the other. The fingers of his right hand wrap around his left arm, but their hold is more tensed than limp, as if to alert us to a furtive consciousness on the model's part. All in all, Warhol's smooth continuous contour lines bring the pose full circle , so that it seems to circumscribe itself, closing us out.

In a second drawing (fig. 221), which seems to show the same model, to follow directly from the first, and to have been drawn during the same session while he slept, the groomed pompadour has now dissolved in a disarray of disheveled hair, the mouth falling open during the abandoned state of deep sleep. The cover pulled up to the neck and the

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methodically contoured scallops of the unkempt hair, however, indicate a guardian presence, carefully watching over the model, studying him at length, slowly drawing him in sleep. It is as if Julia were once again hovering in the wings, tenderly ministering to her son's attentions, mothering the boys again. It is as if like a night nurse, she were covering for Andy, serving as a cover for his desire, for the pleasure of watching.

Whether or not Lisanby's pose on the announcement (or Giordano's in fig. 204 for that matter) did in fact originate in the horizontal, whether Warhol later rotated the sheets or not, the overwhelming number of recumbent heads among the drawings of this period makes the bed the privileged site of the boy drawings, and sleep its fellow traveler, the encoded subject of the "Boy Book". Consider the drawings that Warhol passed over for the announcement. Two especially (figs. 209 and 210), are conventional portrait heads, that might be affiliated with the earlier Capote-type. Rather than the "Studies" collectively invoked in the announcement drawing, each is inscribed "A Study for a Boy Book," reflecting their status as solitary and tentative efforts, somewhat tangential to the main corpus of the project.

Recall also Giordano's account of the procedure, "He [Warhol] would just pick up the pen and do it," but ". . . you [the model] always had to be on the bed. That's another thing: he could only sketch in the bedroom. You know?"[7] Getting boys in bed was clearly prerequisite, but not necessarily with sex in mind, as Giordano knowingly implies. Sexiness itself seemed to suffice, a state of desire induced by proximity to the model and the body's condition of availability, of being abandoned by its owner in sleep.

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[7] Ibid., 64-65.

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The classic exemplar of the latter, of a body vacated by consciousness and offered up for erotic display is the Barberini faun (fig. 181). Even as he is overcome by sleep, this is a figure ostentatiously without repose, his brows knit, every muscle tensed, the entire body flexed, opened but resistant. Compare him with Picasso's beloved Marie-Therèse Walter (fig. 222), the seamless curves of the female form swollen and suffused with pinkness. In her sleeping state, she is given over to our contemplation, but remains self-contained, given back to nature like the plant in the background that pantomimes her body, pliant but inviolate.

The arched necks and upthrust limbs in figs. 181 and 222 are synecdoches of sleep, as well as of sexual ecstasy and satiation, fragments that distill the entire figure. They also register the conventional male-female attitudes of each pose, clenched versus slack, hard versus soft, and its not-so-conventional coordinates, opened versus closed. Where, one might ask, do Warhol's boys, Lisanby, Giordano, Tom, and others-- fit in? How might one map the arched neck as a separate figure in the "Boy Book," as a barometer of the loss of wakefulness and watchfulness, of the exposure of sleep?

In figs. 223, for example, showing consecutive pages from a sketchbook, the head pivots from an incline not unlike the Barberini faun to a vertical position, the lashes slightly lifting from the lidded eyes as if the model were just awakening. Asleep, however, the contour of his neck on the right had extended from the shoulder to a point behind the ear in a single tensile line that bulges at the center, as if balancing the weight of the unconscious head. Warhol's line activates the body in sleep. It is not restless, not

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centripetal like the Barberini faun, but ductile as it moves through the neck, shaping it into an engorged muscle.

In another pair of drawings (fig. 224), a similar pivoting of the head occurs with greater implications for the body. The drawings have been separated from the original sketchbook, making their sequence indeterminate, but their order is not the issue. For the sake of convenience, one may proceed from the erect profile, the head leaning forward slightly, the eyes opened, an alert and watchful figure. On the second sheet, the head has been swept back at a radical ninety-degree angle to the neck, which bends under the stress and seems to sweep the upper torso in its wake, bringing the body to bed. The extension of the head hangs suspended, almost inverted as in fig. 218, the contours of the cranium opening outward, the jawline tapering to the advanced prow of the chin.

The exaggerations of the second drawing verge on caricature, of the model's distinctive features and the extravagant character of the pose. In another example of this type (fig. 225), the pose is less ambiguously carnal. The model's head is thrown back in erotic rather than narcoleptic abandon, the eyes and mouth half-opened, not waiting for a kiss, but already receiving or granting himself sexual gratification outside the frame. In this instance, Warhol's vantage point is close at hand, his position readily conflated with the source of pleasure. As it exposes the throat and traces the folds at the back of the neck, Warhol's line operates as a conduit of the model's pleasure, and his own, its registration seemingly indexical, responding to the body's seisms.

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Jean Cocteau and James Dean: Yesterday's Enfant Terrible, Tomorrow's Teen-ager

In "Tomorrow's Man," Trevor Fairbrother specifically cited a picture by Jean Cocteau, an Elizabeth Arden perfume ad reproduced in a 1950 issue of Vogue (fig. 226), as evidence of a contemporaneous sensibility replete with homoerotic overtones:

> The raw male sexuality in the Boy-Book exhibition had a striking impact, but it was entirely consistent with earlier sensualism in drama and literature by Tennessee Williams, screen characters played by Marlon Brando, James Dean, and Paul Newman, and even a perfume ad Jean Cocteau made for Vogue in 1950.[8]

However openly inscribed, the male sexuality of the boy drawings is less raw than refined, more Cocteau than Brando. In fact, the drawing that Fairbrother notes in passing might be thought of as a direct prototype of the pose that I have been considering in figs. 217, 224 and 225 and in the drawings of Lisanby, Giordano and Tom. The upthrust head, the closed eye, the significant attributes of the type are all there, as are the inscriptions including "My Love" and the perfume bottle suspended in mid-air to which the figure raises his nose and lips. As in the boy drawings, the figure is sensate but rapt, inundated with pleasure, overcome by love, by perfume. Cocteau's picture, moreover, is a magazine ad, situated in precisely the milieu in which Warhol was then immersed, and is likely to have commanded his attention at this time.

If Cocteau but not Brando (at least not in the 1950s), the ephebic countenance of the more sexually ambiguous James Dean nevertheless surfaces within the orbit of the "Boy Book" in a suite of three drawings that might have been scripted by Cocteau himself.

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[8] Fairbrother, "'Tomorrow's Man,'" in "Success Is a Job in New York..." 63.

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In one of the three (fig. 227), "James Dean" is written in the same small neat hand as Warhol's signature in fig. 218, in scale with the overturned car, brick wall, and tree in the background. They allude to the car crash that killed Dean, although the brick wall is invented, and the overturned car generic-- nothing like the silver Porsche convertible that Dean was driving when he collided with another car in Salinas on September 30, 1955, four months before the Bodley show. The tree in flower with hearts calls to mind similar love-tokens from the "Boy Book." It also reads like a quotation from the pages of Cocteau, with his fixation on the Orphic, on poets like Raymond Radiguet, who die beautiful and young, objects of adoration in grief.

If the inscription in the background unquestionably attaches to the overturned car as Dean's, the silhouette that dominates the foreground might double as another figure, a rapt onlooker, "an aroused viewer of his [Dean's] auto-erotic 'death.'"[9] As in Cocteau's drawing, a single line traces the contour of Dean's upended profile, ending in a cascade of falling hair. In fig. 227, the line traverses the now-broken neck as it rises to the chin at the apex of the figure, retracing the terraced features of the face in reverse order. Warhol's line may be more ductile and more descriptive, but Cocteau's drawing is a veritable fountainhead of his stylistic mannerisms: the smooth line drawing, the notational features, such as the hair and ear, the unbroken path of the line as it silhouettes the figure, maximizing the white space of the blank page.

In another drawing from the Dean suite (fig. 228), only the tree remains in the background, but it is now bare, reflecting its lifeless subject, "James Dean Dead," as the

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[9] This was suggested by Wayne Koestenbaum.

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inscription notes at the lower right. The same radically inverted figure-- now unambiguously Dean-- dominates the composition, but the drawing is more free-form, the head somewhat misshapen with respect to the studied idealization of the subject in fig. 227. Above all, the way that the ear is rotated in the center of the white space of the head, doubling as an eye, is uncannily Picassoid. It evokes a similar play among the displaced and swiveled signs that stand for human features among the Weeping Women studies related to Guernica (fig. 229).

In the third drawing (fig. 230), the distinctive silhouette of Dean's upturned profile is now virtually obscured by the maze of lines that zigzag over the figure. It is only Dean by virtue of its similarity to figs. 227 and 228, and its proximity to them in the same sketchbook. It would be tempting to think that Warhol proceeded from them to this drawing, from the legible figure to its scribbled dissolution, but the reverse seems to be true, at least if we are to read the sketchbook from front to back. Note how the line of the brow projects horizontally in fig. 230, rather than sloping downward as in figs. 227 and 228. It looks like Warhol lost his way while tracing Dean's profile and decided to release the line from its circuit, generating a network of free-form arabesques and scrawls that void recognition of the subject, defacing Dean with his line. Embedded within this field, the recognizable silhouettes of legs and high-heeled shoes seem to surface from Warhol's other drawings, as if he were shunting between doodled counterparts of abstract expressionism and illustration.

The breakdown of the drawing in fig. 230, or better, the way it spins out of control is to a degree connotative, signaling Dean's disfigured body after the car crash, an image

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which couldn't be represented in the media, except by its trace, the mangled body of his silver Porsche (fig. 231). The broken or upended automotive body is precisely the sort of figure that would fascinate Warhol in the early 1960s, as a spectacular sign of death (figs. 232 and 233). If the Dean drawings-- and the complex of sleep and sex drawings to which they belong-- lie under the sign of the car crash, if they are marked by death, it is without narrative. Rather, James Dean dead is observed by Warhol in one of two ways. The first, in the manner of the "Boy Book" drawings, summons Dean via Cocteau, as a death mask. Its features frozen, its beauty unspoiled, the face of death is akin to sexual release and sleep.

The second would become a key strategy of the 1960s work, a topical response unmediated by classical references, but relayed through the medium of public transmission. In the case of the closest parallel to Dean, Marilyn Monroe, in the weeks following her suicide on August 6, 1962, Warhol chose a studio publicity still as the basis for a series of portrait heads (fig. 234). For Dean, Warhol turned to the poster for the film released several months after his death in response to the urgency of his cult, the film that would become the sine qua non of Dean's persona, Rebel Without a Cause (fig. 235).

"You know that's James Dean. . . From a photograph,"[10] Charles Lisanby rather blithely confided to Patrick Smith, referring to another drawing by Warhol (fig. 236). And indeed they appear to be much the same subject, Dean on the poster for Rebel Without A Cause and the figure printed in blotted line on the cover of A Gold Book (1957). Warhol's drawing retraces the main points of Dean's pose: the body-slouch against the wall, the

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[10] Smith, Art and Films, interview with Charles Lisanby, 377.

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way the slope of the shoulders and angle of the head follows the axis of the disengaged right leg. Most important, Warhol recapitulates the distinctive attributes of the "original": Dean's signature pompadour and upturned collar, the cigarette and rolled jeans. The differences are secondary. In the drawing, the disengaged leg is bent back ninety degrees, supporting the figure against the wall; in the poster, Dean's bent leg crosses the body more easily at the ankles. Warhol's figure raises his cigarette to his mouth, the left hand clutching his belt buckle, whereas Dean suspends his smoke mid-figure, thumb, index finger and cigarette indicating the body's center of gravity, where the left hand is hooked from a pocket and fans out in the direction of the genitals.

For David Bourdon, the subject on the cover A Gold Book is also transparently James Dean.[11] The image of Dean on the poster is so familiar, so well-known, and Warhol's drawing is so similar to the poster, so iconically like Dean, that one might suppose it to have been made with the poster in mind, or traced from an another photograph of the actor taken at the same time. But it is not Dean as a 1957 photograph by Edward Wallowitch, makes clear (fig. 237).[12] The smiling young man in Wallowitch's picture is ingratiating and direct, unlike the remote and brooding poster boy for the Rebel Without a Cause. Yet Wallowitch's model gamely approximates the type, the tousled hair, the short dark jacket, the opened-neck shirt and upturned collar, if not precisely Dean's

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[11] Bourdon, Warhol, 51.

[12] Crone is the only commentator to note that the boy from A Gold Book is not Dean but a "James Dean type." In its place, he offers yet another source, a plate from a book by Edgar Morin, The Stars (1960), although this too significantly diverges from Warhol's drawing. See Crone, A Picture Book of the Artist, 69, fig. 59. As Crone notes, the caption in Morin's book reads, "He looks enough like Dean to be his brother," suggesting how concretely the "type" would have been embodied in 1956, how readily available it would have been from other sources, and above all for Warhol, how compellingly it must have rescreened his own infatuation with Capote.

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white tee, and most important, the thumbs looped around the belt, the dangling cigarette, the tight blue jeans.

Wallowitch's photograph is the only example in Warhol's archive of what must have been a more extensive shoot, and the source of a group of ink transfer drawings preparatory to the cover drawing for the Gold Book (figs. 238 and 239). Fig. 238 (top) is a reversal of the figure on the cover, although its contours are generally too continuous and too fine to indicate that it might have functioned as a master, the drawing that was blotted down. It is probably an intermediary sketch, possibly a tracing made from the verso of the source. Two other images (figs. 238, bottom left and right), that appear to have been blotted together, offer reversals of another pose. Fig. 239 shows other variations, one closely related to Dean's pose on the poster, but shown in a three-quarter view, the other studied from the rear, the model's thumbs hooked over his back pockets, framing the swelling buttocks, revealed by his skin-tight jeans.

Wallowitch's photographs are surely behind each of these studies, and it is this young model rather than Dean who was the indexical original of the cover drawing from A Gold Book. But whether or not the model is copying Dean's look and attitude, which seems likely, Dean represents the avatar of the type, and it is not especially surprising that both Lisanby and Bourdon would identify him as such, since for all intents and purposes, he is indeed James Dean. Not Dean as the tragic ephebe commemorated elegiacally within a type from "Boy Book", but Dean as tomorrow's teen-ager, the inchoate Rebel Without a Cause, a cipher for outlaw youth, for tough boys with soft centers, for penetrable trade.

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The same James Dean type, although increasingly remote from any direct reference to Dean, may be encountered in a handful of drawings that relate to the "Boy Book" project, its live models, its smooth line drawing, its sexed attention. In these instances, Warhol's vantage point is addressed to the body's erogenous center, and cuts off just above the waist, just below the knees. The genitals and buttocks move to the head of the composition, flanked by the model's hands. In fig. 240, the hand inserted in a back pocket functions semiotically, to signal sex; in fig. 241, the hands pantomime touch, making contact with the body through the membrane of the jeans; and in fig. 242, the stylized diminution of the pendant hand in the background echoes the creased bulge at the center of the body.

The cropping of all three figures assures that the hands are prominently featured. In fig. 194, another acephalic torso in blue jeans, the hands are studied apart from the figure, as if they were separate fragments. Like Warhol's hands in the Capote drawings, they establish a crucial metonymy with the rest of the figure. The left hand hangs vertically and doubles for the body beside it, its knuckles folded and notched like the genitals and topped by tufts of body hair. The right hand crosses the left, cinching it like the waistband on the jeans, embracing the pendant wrist and forearm. A comparable pantomime occurs in a drawing from A Gold Book (fig. 243), where the two projecting but still outsized hands at the top of the composition are like separate figures. The left hand is turned palm up, imitating the voluptuous curves of the now undraped buttocks, signaling the naked body's receptivity, while the right hand takes it pulse.

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If these right hands may be said to stand in for Warhol, for the erotic trace of his touch, the agency of his line, they also mark his displacement, his position off-center, at the margins of the composition. The tiny heart in fig. 194 recenters his gaze, targeting not the genitals so much as their casing, the zone of the crotch articulated by the vertical descent of the pleats of the fly and the horizontal creases crossing the thigh. Even the waistband doubles as a second skin, the button and its radiating hatch marks becoming associated with the naval and its s-shaped whorls of hair. This naval area crowns the genitals like a head of hair. A similar role is performed by the delicate esses of pubic hair that spill from the opened shorts of the inclined model in fig. 244. Here Warhol's line becomes truly unzipped as it opens the figure, tracing the contours of the parted and loosened garment, still clinging to a telltale erection that angles upwards in silhouette like the diminutive profile of the model's face.

In works such as these (figs. 240 - 244), Warhol's drawing broaches the erotics of fetishism, with its fixated attention upon parts of the body, upon touch as a disembodied sensation. It leads us to the drawings that constitute what are likely the later projects of this period, the "Cock Book" and "Foot Book," which I will examine in the final section of this chapter. But before I do so, I would like to review the question of Cocteau's influence in more detail, not to calibrate its degree, but to consider how it operated and what it might have accomplished for Warhol, beyond providing an Orphic model for James Dean. The question was of particular interest to Patrick Smith in his project to untangle a homoerotic reading of Warhol's early work. Two years before Smith began interviewing Warhol's friends and associates, Rainer Crone had commented upon another, more

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canonical and more mainstream influence on the early work, namely Matisse, especially his later graphic style. Crone reproduced several comparative examples, but concluded that, "Whereas Matisse's drawing is more introspective, more thought-provoking, and to a certain extent curious, Warhol implies elegance and a decorative touch..."[13] In the interview he conducted in 1978, Smith asked informants such as Gluck and Lisanby about both. Lisanby observed that it was not Matisse's style but his celebrity that interested Warhol, in particular a photograph of the artist by Henri Cartier-Bresson that had appeared in Vogue or Harper's Bazaar. About Cocteau, he was more affirmative:

> Yes. Particularly Cocteau's lines. I think that was probably more a conscious influence. He knew those drawings then, and liked them very much. They were not easy to see in those days. But they've been reprinted so many times, since, but they were around. And . . .[14]

The ellipses are Smith's, and it is somewhat curious that he chose to insert them here, since he remarks elsewhere that Lisanby owned a copy of Cocteau's erotic illustrations for Jean Genet's Querelle de Brest (1947), which Warhol saw and admired.[15]

Lisanby's distinction between celebrity and style, however, is called into question by the recollections of Bert Greene, a friend from the early 1950s. Greene remembers being with Warhol around 1952 when they both saw Cocteau exiting from the St. Regis Hotel. "Andy was like a groupie," Greene commented, "He had a fix on Cocteau." Warhol also gave him a group of photographs of pornographic drawings that may or may not have

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[13] Crone, A Picture Book by the Artist, 51.

[14] Smith, Art and Films, interview with Charles Lisanby , 374.

[15] Ibid. 67.

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been by him, but which he claimed were by Cocteau. Greene thought looked nothing like Cocteau's work: "And I said, 'They're not Cocteau. Cocteau wouldn't draw like this.'"[16] The fact that Cocteau was a celebrity homosexual who might be spotted at the St. Regis, like Capote in the Palm Court of the Plaza, incited the patently false attribution. Celebrity mattered more than style, or better, celebrity was a broader style, a signature writ large, a reinscription of identity, especially his own.

Gluck recalled another point of reference to Cocteau, his album Dessins, published in Paris in 1923-24. Gluck owned a copy of the 1924 edition, but apparently never shared it with Warhol: ". . . and Andy, I think, saw a reprint of it somewhere and thought it was a great book and wanted to get a copy."[17] Again, Cocteau is functioning like a commodity for Warhol, a token homo, only now he is a de luxe product, yesterday's enfant terrible, the purveyor of an arty, out-of-print style. Perusing the album with Smith, Gluck observes that "I think maybe it's the basic things that motivated Cocteau motivating Andy [and] motivating a lot of other people." He notes that "they were both using a fine line," and points out the drawings of Raymond Radiguet (figs. 245), "And, I think, this happens to be a guy who was Cocteau's lover. And whoever Andy was drawing, he considered pretty people, too."[18]

Gluck's aperçu about motivation in fact addresses the core question. The basis of Warhol's style of drawing, like Cocteau's, is surely overdetermined, originating from more

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[16] Ibid., interview with Bert Greene, 343.

[17] Ibid., interview with Nathan Gluck, 328.

[18] Ibid.

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than one source. Gluck even suggests drawing back the arc of influence to Picasso and further to Ingres, but this only begs the question of motivation. Cocteau's drawings of Radiguet are contemplations of a love object, executed under the cover of sleep, like Warhol's boy drawings. Unlike Warhol's models, Radiguet's form physically folds into itself in sleep, heavy, self-contained and inscrutable. The poet sleeps but who knows what he dreams. This is underwritten by the way Cocteau draws him, constructing him from short sketchy strokes of the pen, suturing his features with X-shaped hatches of the pen.

Cocteau dedicated the publication of Dessins to Picasso, as follows:

> Poets don't draw. They untie handwriting and then knot it up again in a different way.
>
> That's why I take the liberty of dedicating to you a few downstrokes made on blotters, tablecloths and backs of envelopes. Without your advice I would never have dared to assemble them.[19]

The dedication reminds us that Cocteau identifies himself first as a poet and that Dessins is a text inscribed in an "untied" handwriting, an album written on the fly, recorded in "downstrokes on blotters, tablecloths and backs of envelopes." It suggests that Cocteau may have visualized Picasso's Ingres-like line from this period as a different species of writing: formal, highly-factured, and masterful, like Flaubert perhaps. Cocteau's combination of diffidence and insouciance before the master is to be expected, especially in a dedication, especially from Cocteau.

Yet it also goes to the question of motivation, that Cocteau was sketching sur le motif, observing the moment, registering a life. The milieu in fact is very much his own, the drawings identified as "Le mauvais lieu" (fig. 246 for example), are his place, the

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[19] Jean Cocteau, "Dedication to Picasso," Drawings. 129 Drawings from "Dessins," Stanley Appelbaum, trans. (Paris: Delamain, Boutelleau. Librairie Stock , 1923; New York: Dover, 1972), vi.

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deviant scene of a gay bar, and of the signature drawings of the album. The question of "motivation" now becomes a matter of queerness, with Cocteau's bar drawings congruent to Warhol's boy drawings, his album of Dessins parallel to the "Boy Book" project. They position their authors as insiders. If Cocteau may claim to be scribbling tout court, it is because he is already there. For Warhol, projects such as the "Boy Book" were required to gain access to his subjects, to get inside. They interpolate him within the figure, they draw him within the frame.

In fig. 247 for example, Warhol literalizes the project by authorizing a stand-in for himself-- a young man wearing the glasses that he rarely posed in and a loosened necktie-- front and center in the composition. The subject gazes sidelong at the foot offered for his pleasure, his tongue absently inserted between the big toe and its companion. Compare this with a plate from Cocteau's Dessins (fig. 248), in which he shows himself in the act of drawing, copying his own foot. The body is depicted piecemeal and disjunctively, the stylus-wielding hand, the reduced figure of the depicted foot, the copied object interposed between the agency of the hand and the looming "original" behind it. Called "L'Art," the plate glosses the topos of art mirroring nature, since there is really no original, only the drawing and the drawing within it, not a mirror but the paradox of a mise en abyme.

It was not simply celebrity, or the question of "motivation," but Cocteau's line that was paradigmatic for Warhol, as Lisanby suggests. Consider its exposition in "L'Art": the pen, posed against the tablet, a trail of ink flowing backwards from its tip in a single, continuous take. There are only two minor interruptions in the line of the toes, where the middle and baby toes bend against the larger toes to their left, and the line breaks, skips a

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beat, as if hesitating before taking up its course again. But stammers such as these are so slight that the continuity of the line is virtually seamless. It is as if Cocteau, and Warhol in his wake, were not drawing in the sense of merely depicting, but drawing the subject forth, adducing it from emptiness, from the blankness of the tablet, the whiteness of the page.

Lisanby, who is not always the most precise of Smith's informants, is nonetheless a highly perceptive commentator on Warhol's drawing. As he observed about the blotted ink line:

> But that meant to him-- those things looked to him as if they were printed [my emphasis]. In other words: someone saw a drawing and recognized its worth and printed it. And as a matter of fact, they really are printing. They're off-set printing.[20]

For Lisanby, the blotted line was linked to Warhol's drive "to become famous, to become recognized, to be noticed,"[21] its printed look a mark of public recognition, of an already-accredited value.

If the virtue of the blotted line was its legibility, its public face, the pedigree of the smooth line was arty, and Warhol seems to have reserved it for predominately private usages, for projects such as the "Boy Book", whose status as erotica made it liminal as art. Here is Lisanby's description of the smooth line:

> But these things which he drew like this, almost like hand-writing, were drawn by a ball-point pen and almost without taking the pen off the paper. And absolutely nonstop. And never with putting pencil outlines down first, as some kind of guide. And if things went off the paper, it went off the paper. If he made a mistake or something, he would throw it away and draw a new one. And he wanted to have it

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[20] Smith, Art and Films, interview with Charles Lisanby, 370.

[21] Ibid.

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> have that autographic quality, and he was right. I've never seen anyone work that way before at that time.[22]

This is like Cocteau's "untied hand-writing" perhaps, his louche indexicality, but without the elegant minceur of his diamond-tipped stylus: not pen and ink, but the rolling nib and self-inked cartridge of the ball-point pen, allowing the line to proceed without refill, to continue, as Lisanby had it, "absolutely nonstop." The ball-point delivers a thin, hard, mechanical line, ductile like wire and tensile like a filament, but without variations or surface, uniform in thickness and regular in consistency. How curious then that Lisanby characterizes this line as autographic, except insofar as its character may be understood to derive from the uninterrupted movement of the wrist, the unstoppable itinerary of the gesture, its indifference to mistakes.

Lisanby, however, is also describing a somewhat more mundane practice known as contour drawing, where the eye remains fixed on an object as the hand draws its edges, without consulting the paper to correct the lines. Contour drawing was introduced as a pedagogical exercise in 1941 in a book by an art teacher, Kimon Nicolaides, called The Natural Way to Draw.[23] Its vintage is such that it seems likely that such exercises would have been integrated in the Carnegie Institute's drawing curriculum during the 1940s. According to Nicolaides, a chief benefit of contour drawing was the fact that it enlisted the student's sense of touch as well as sight. In an erotic context such as the "Boy Book",

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[22] Ibid., 383.

[23] See Betty Edwards, Drawing on the Right Side of the Brain (New York: Penguin. Jeremy P. Tarcher/ Putnam, 1988), 82-83.

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Warhol's line thus would signify not simply as a contour, as the uncorrected trace of an optical edge, but as the registration of a touch, haptic and carnal, as a conduit of pleasure.

Warhol's "Cock Book" and "Foot Book": the Final Pieces of Tomorrow's Man

Warhol's fascination with the sensation of touch, ramified within an already-sexed visual field, is made manifest in two further projects from this period, a series of drawings for a so-called "Cock Book" and for a book of drawings of feet. Like the "Boy Book", the omnibus in question was always posited rather than published. It offered Warhol a ready-made line; that is to say it offered him a way of renegotiating his status through the medium of his smooth line, relative to male beauty, celebrity, and the generality of desire. As Ted Carey, a friend from the late 1950s, recalled:

> The "Cock Drawings" were never reproduced, and I don't have any. They were done mostly through friends . . . like if he met somebody fascinating or interesting . . . he'd say, "Oh, ah, let me draw your cock; I'm doing a cock book." And surprising enough, most people were flattered, asked to be drawn. So he had no trouble getting people to draw, and he did a lot of beautiful drawings. . . .[24]

The scandal of the question, or rather of Warhol's importuning, "let me draw your cock," never quite subsides, notwithstanding his models' flattered consent. What a drawing like fig. 249 begins to make clear, for example, is that the scandal of exposing one's genitals is tantamount to the social taboo of touching them in public, that it is Warhol's gaze that ultimately exposes them, his hand that implicitly touches them. It is represented here by the hands of the model, spread across either side of the pelvis, the pair of opposable thumbs that peel back the line of the pants.

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[24] Smith, Art and Films, interview with Ted Carey, 261.

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Visitations of the hand are irregular but recurrent among the cock drawings, performing varieties of touch in the area around the genitals. As the other figure that nests between the thighs in fig. 250, the touching hand is suggested as a visual equivalent to the display of the sexual organs. Pressed palm upwards beneath the scrotum, the contour of the hand continues the line of the thigh, the flexed thumb mimicking the penis. Similar symmetries between the digital and the genital are proposed in two drawings, where each model's fingers are cupped, about to close around the shaft of the penis (figs. 251, top and 252, top). In both drawings, the thumb doubles for the penis; in fig. 251, the way the other fingers are bent at the knuckles, divided into four sections, rhymes with the bipartite lobes of the testicles, whereas in fig. 252, they are partially opened as if restaging the concentric waves of the model's pubic hair. Touch is not so much incipient as mimed in both figures, the gesture of the adjacent hand articulating the trace of the genitalia, the hand as the index of the male sex, and of sex itself.

When the hand itself has been banished, a prop such as the cut tulip in fig. 253 may stand in. Long a familiar of the genitals, since it echoes attributes of physical beauty and odor, here the crimped petals of the flower touch down on the pubic hair, its leaves point upwards from the stalk, as if they were arms raised in tribute, as if the flower were a secondary figure prostrated over the model's displayed torso. A more unexpected group of props are the seashells scattered around the pelvic triangle in fig. 254, their appearance offered in analogy to the whorled and chambered structures of the sex organs.

That the cock project also inclined to the parodic is made abundantly clear in a drawing like fig. 255, where the hands are mobilized again, now dishing up a penis,

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reversing the usual burlesque of the brandished sausage that substitutes for the male organ. Figs. 251 (bottom) and 252 (bottom) variously offer sly and silly impersonations of masculinity, improvised from the same male members that had appeared in other drawings. Fig. 251 (bottom) may be found three pages later in the same sketchbook as fig. 251 (top). The watch that was barely noticeable worn around the wrist of the model in the prior sheet is now bound around the base of the penis and testicles. It takes the earlier correspondence to a farcical extreme, transposing the limb of the forearm with the hang of the sex organs, personifying them by lending them the watch's face. A similar personification occurs in fig. 252 (bottom). The prior drawing (fig. 252, top) now seems to have been retraced, but the shaft of the penis is dressed up like a doll with a waistcoat and bow tie, tassels appended from the testicles.

If fig. 252 (bottom) is pure capriccio, the bound genitals in fig. 251 (bottom) and another plate (fig. 256), drawn from a live model, are more double-edged. They are clearly part of the project's playful trajectory, but also sexed. The ribbon and the watchband are devices that act out the pressure of the hand around the genitals, subjecting them to the libidinous ministrations and special veneration of a fetishized object-choice.

Warhol's other project, his series of drawings of feet, catalogues a similar array of carnal opportunities, set in motion by touch. In fig. 257 for example, the occasion is indicated by the champagne cocktail, candle and cigarette at the lower right, an after-hours rendezvous, sexed by the naked feet dangling into the frame at the upper left, in scale with the corny props on the table, but seemingly gigantic in effect, the right foot flexed and caressing the left. Moving across the composition, the varieties of touch as well as

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invitations to smell and taste are offered up to our inventory as a spectrum of physical sensations, that, like a 17th century vanitas, address the passing of time: the feet fondling, champagne fizzing (tickling the nose), the candle melting, the cigarette burning.

The correspondence between the feet of the model and the two candle-sticks fabricated from animal paws is made explicit in another drawing (fig. 258), where one of the paws has been inserted between the feet of another model, juxtaposing the smooth and the hairy, the trimmed and untrimmed. The notched contour line that tracks the silhouette of the paw splits into Warhol's smooth line as it crosses over to the model's left foot, as if paw and foot were split extensions from the same woolly trunk. It almost rationalizes the jarring detail of the single untrimmed nail on the model's big toe as a facet of the foot's animal masquerade.

The tactile physiology of the foot is, of course, two-fold, operating digitally as an instrument of touch, and stationed as a receptor surface, lined with nerve endings. It reminds us that touch doesn't occur only through the fingers or the hand, as in fig. 259, but that it is registered through every pore of the body, and that there is nothing passive about being touched. In fig. 260 for example, as the heel of the right foot rubs against the pad of the left foot's big toe, scratching an itch: the toes of the right foot flex with a sensation of pleasure wired along the arched line of the foot.

These drawings imply nothing less than a constant state of tactile hyper-awareness, a condition of kinesthesia directly communicated through the feet. In fig. 261, Warhol's line unwinds from the legs of the pants, making contact at the balls of the feet, linking the toes in a kind of interdigital network. Or the intercalation of soles and insteps, of hairy and

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smooth, as in fig. 262, functions like a lower-body Braille. The sensation of hairiness is marked by short springing strokes of the pen that proceed axially along a form or are scattered randomly over it, contrasted to the whiteness of smooth skin, the absence of marks. In one of the most strikingly tactile figures of the series, fig. 263, Warhol poses two feet touching sole to sole. They cup around a pear, its cleft form voluptuously mounded at the center of the composition, evoking the genitals, the body's haptic core. Together, they also make the body more polymorphic in its erotogeneity.

As in the "Cock Book," the parade of feet mobilized in these drawings also perform a broad burlesque. In fig. 264 (top) for example, the foot camps it up, a cigarette holder poised between the toes; in fig. 264 (bottom), it is a stubby cigar. Or clowning as an artist, the foot wields a paint brush in several drawings, such as fig. 265. Other feet are bejeweled like love objects (fig. 266), posed with all beef hot-dogs and a large pepper mill, that pun on the genitals (fig. 267), or appeal more directly to the comfort food of childhood, Hershey's chocolate milk (fig. 268). The parodic functions of drawings such as these, their theatricality and incongruity, is pure camp. Not only do they send up carnal and commodity fetishism side by side (especially the group in figs. 266 - 268), they deviantly stage the question of gender status. One foot smokes a cigarette in a long holder, the other brandishes a nubby cigar, another sports a ring on its little toe, a necklace draped about the ankles-- Warhol personifies his feet as nothing less than inverts.

The identification of what are likely men's feet with women or, better, with conspicuously theatrical female roles, is figured in another group of drawings, in which the feet indicate such visual tokens as the program for the movie Gilda (fig. 269), a copy of a

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book titled The Private Life of Greta Garbo (fig. 270), and sheet music from Act 1 of Samuel Barber's opera Vanessa (fig. 271). Of course, props such as these are rife with subcultural reference. The curvaceous silhouette of Hayworth that graces the program for Gilda, shows her in the form-fitting gown that she wore for "Put on the Blame and Mame," the "number" that led Glenn Ford to muse, "There never was a woman like Gilda," articulating Gilda as pure invention, as constructed, and as a heavily-gendered role.[25]

With respect to Garbo and Barber's Vanessa, the connections to Warhol are more direct. He had designed an announcement for a "tea party" at Serendipity in honor of Mercedes de Acosta and the publication of her memoir, Here Lies the Heart, that detailed her intimate relationship with Garbo. Warhol likely forgot de Acosta's rather sugary title, going directly to its scandalous text in fig. 270. And in 1957, he designed the cover for the libretto of Vanessa, probably published on the occasion of a production designed by Cecil Beaton, and assisted by Warhol's friend, Charles Lisanby. As Lisanby recalled:

> He [Warhol] wanted very much to meet Truman Capote. He had a strange feeling that he looked like Truman Capote, and Truman Capote was very famous at a very early age. And he wanted to do the same thing.
>
> He wanted to meet Cecil Beaton for the same reason. Truman Capote and Cecil Beaton were friends at about that time. I knew Cecil Beaton. I worked for Cecil Beaton as an assistant on a lot of things that he did in this country, such as Vanessa. I was his assistant for that and other things that he did. . . . I never knew Truman Capote at that time, . . .[26]

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[25] Gilda (1946) was directed by Charles Vidor, and starred Hayworth, Ford and George Macready.

[26] Ibid., interview with Charles Lisanby, 378.

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Warhol's feeling that he looked like Capote seems to underwrite the stronger conviction that he might come to be like him, becoming famous at an early age. Meeting Beaton, as Lisanby infers, was part of the same project.

Apparently the first meeting with Beaton took place in Philadelphia at the home of Henry McIlhenny, a collector and trustee of the Philadelphia Museum of Art, with Warhol drawing Beaton's feet while he napped.[27] In fig. 272, Beaton's feet are shown propped on a tasseled cushion, a rose between his toes. At the lower left, the drawing is dedicated and inscribed "to henry/Cecil Beaton's feet/Andy Warhol." The insertion of the flower is not uncommon among the drawings of this series or the two other related projects, the "Boy Book" and "Cock Book," although one wonders about the rose's thorns. They are missing in Warhol's rendering of the stem, but surely they would have wakened Beaton from his nap, if the rose had really been there. The scale and the stilted character of the petals suggest that it was a fiction, added later and probably in New York, with the inscription in Julia Warhola's hand. The constriction and ornamentalism of her clotted ink line contrasts with the economy and assurance of Warhol's, with its smoothness, especially where the word "feet" brushes up against Beaton's sole, a visual detail that can't help but alert one to touch, as a sensation and a tactile characteristic of line, even if the "thornless" rose did not already evoke the same things.

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[27] See Joseph J. Rishel, The Henry McIlhenny Collection. An Illustrated History (Philadelphia: Philadelphia Museum of Art, 1987), 143. The drawing is reproduced on p. 145, and dated ca. 1955. Based on the entry in Warhol's date book, see p. 339 below, a 1961 date would be more accurate. In late 1968 or 1969, Beaton photographed Warhol, his assistants and such superstars as Brigid Berlin, Candy Darling and Ultraviolet at the second Factory, 44 Union Square West.

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If Cecil Beaton's Feet momentarily fuses the threads of two projects, feet and sleep, it also introduces another side of the former, that of celebrity. This was the aspect that was most vividly remembered by Smith's informants, although apart from Beaton's, the only other celebrity feet that can be securely documented from inscriptions on drawings are those belonging to Tallulah Bankhead, Hermione Gingold and Christopher Isherwood (figs. 273 - 275). Bobby Short has recalled how Warhol drew his feet propped on a piano, and it seems probable that he also drew Leontyne Price's feet, but neither drawing has been found, or identified among the uninscribed works in the corpus from Warhol's estate.[28]

How Warhol managed the operation of drawing a celebrity's feet is indicated by the following account from Robert Galster, an illustrator who knew him during the 1950s:

> I know Shirley MacLaine slightly, and he wanted to do people's feet. He was going to do a Foot Book, and he wanted to draw the feet of celebrities. . . . I knew Lena Horne, and he wanted to know if I could arrange for him to meet Lena Horne and to draw her feet. Well, it's very hard to go to Lena Horne and say, 'I've got this kooky friend who wants to draw your feet.' [Laughs] You know, it's kind of strange. . .Well, I was telling Shirley MacLaine about it, I guess. It's hard to remember now, but she said something: she admired his work or something. So, the next time I saw him, I told him that I saw Shirley MacLaine and that she admired his work, and he wrote on a yellow . . . I still have it because I never gave it to Shirley . . . on one of those yellow pads with red lines like secretaries use, and it says something like, "For Shirley/With Love/Andy Paperbag." That's how I remember. I had forgotten all about that.[29]

It depends, of course, on connections, a chain of acquaintances, someone who knows someone well-known. The undertone of gossip in Galster's account is not incidental.

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[28] In a 1999 conversation with Sally King-Nero of the Andy Warhol Foundation for the Visual Arts, Bobby Short remembered that Warhol had drawn his feet on a piano.

[29] Smith, Art and Films, interview with Robert Galster, 304.

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There is, he confesses, something "kooky" about wanting to draw feet, something as sexual as asking to draw someone's cock. Indeed, "playing footsie" is already code for a surreptitious encounter, for touching under the table, out of sight. But Warhol's invitation in this project is kinkier and more fetishistic, ultimately less flattering to the vanity. From Capote through the "Boy Book," "Cock Book," and "Foot Book," stand-ins for the integral body-- e.g. hair and hands, heads, genitals and feet-- gradually level it to its basest part. It reminds one of an earlier "idea" recounted by Calvin Tomkins in his essay "Raggedy Andy," selling the dirty underwear of movie stars,[30] this idea of baring not the private parts, the centerpiece of erotic power or beauty, but the carnal trace of the genitals' surrogates, underwear and feet. This may account for the paltry number of celebrity takers for the foot project, although on the other hand, the more subculturally-oriented as well as those like Bankhead who staked an important part of their reputations on their ill-repute, were less likely to refuse.

Warhol's note to MacLaine, moreover, addressed to Shirley, but signed Andy Paperbag, was intended to appeal to her celebrity, by situating himself as a non-entity, as a lowly fan. This sort of abject come-on reverses D.D. Ryan's contemporary perception, passed on to Capote, that Warhol was now "very on-coming," that the nobody was becoming a somebody, the threshold factor that permitted Capote to accept his tribute, the gold shoe. Compared to this or the other shoe portraits, the foot project depended on the celebrated subject's participation, a coming together of Beaton and Warhol for example, or it noted a missed encounter, such as Shirley and Andy Paperbag.

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[30] Tomkins, "Raggedy Andy" in Coplans, Warhol, 9.

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The inscriptions on the drawings of the feet of Beaton et al. seems to indicate that when Warhol made the drawings, they were there. In this, his contour line approximates the indexical trace of light in a photograph, although the fact that this line is different from the inscription-- that it is in a different hand-- introduces a note of uncertainty. Might it not be like the drawing inscribed "Truman's hand," showing somebody without a body, not simply a body part, but a body not there at all?

Isherwood's feet are already cropped, only his toes appearing at the top of the frame below a later tear, the scale and density of the inscription close to the size and rugged demeanor of the toes (fig. 273). The other drawings not only show the whole foot, attached to discernible limbs, the limb is situated spatially. It is not simply that it is associated with a nearby prop, as is characteristic elsewhere in the series, but that it has been placed in a legible setting-- on a pillow or the cushions of a sofa. Tallulah Bankhead in fact appears to have been sprawled on the same or same type of sofa as Hermione Gingold, only the sheet has been pivoted, as it seems to have been with the drawings of Lisanby and Giordano. This opens a site for the inscription, lowering it to the interval under the sole of Bankhead's foot.

As an index of celebrity and a registry of pleasure, Warhol's "Foot Book" opens onto a two-fold capacity, crystallizing a thematic relay that, as I have argued, is constant and crucial to Warhol's drawing practice during the 1950s. It shuttles him between the inscription of identity and the objectification of desire, between two modalities that I have designated alternately as yesterday's children and tomorrow's man. Within the latter, within the field of same-sex object choice, men's feet, their genitals and sleeping heads,

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stand in for the body of tomorrow's man, representing highly specialized sites of arousal. Here, Warhol's line stands in for his desire, serving both as its agent and surrogate: it objectifies "touch" (i.e., mark-making and flesh pressing), and fetishizes pleasure in the domain of drawing.

Desire also permeates the other modality of Warhol's drawing, the field where identity is scripted on an already-marked but still receptive surface, such as Capote's face, or Beaton's feet. Wanting to become somebody, Warhol becomes someone not irreducibly other. He summons a series of others, personas such as Capote-Warhol, Andy Warhol's Mother, Raggedy Andy, André and Andy Paperbag-- yesterday's children-- that mediate between Warhol and the world. Like the hand in the Capote portraits, the rose between Beaton's functions in such a role. Warhol's line doesn't seem to pass through the toes so much as rise, ascending gradually from the site of inscription, the dedication written by Andy Warhol's Mother. The flower hovers above the feet, its tiny petals articulated like the lobes of a body projected in space: a shy androgyne issuing from Beaton's feet, offered to McIlhenny. That this rose should be identified with Warhol seems to me be without question. Small and thornless, it personifies the undifferentiated gender of the invert or the child. Indeed, here Warhol's line seems to materialize out of Julia's writing. It is borne upwards, it metamorphoses; it flowers.

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CONCLUSION

Warhol meeting Beaton effectively closes a particular circle of celebrity homosexuals, his drawing of Beaton's feet symmetrically bracketing the decade with the portraits of Capote. The occasion of the encounter between Beaton and Warhol is established not only by the drawing, but in the following account by Ted Carey:

> Andy was working on two projects in the late '50s. One was, that he was planning to do a book. And this was stopped because he started to get involved in the important, what he considered fine art painting and to have continued with something like this would have, as far as the project, would have seemed too, probably, not serious enough. And this was a book he was doing on feet. And I think the original connection was because he was associated with I. Miller [shoes]; that people think of Andy in association in I. Miller: feet. So, he started doing drawings of celebrity's feet. And he would put an object with the. . . I remember, one weekend we were in Philadelphia at a friend's, and Cecil Beaton was there, and Andy did Cecil Beaton with a rose between his toes . . . The other things that he started to do a whole group of Cock Drawings. Beautiful cock-penis drawings.[31]

Further, an entry in the day book where Warhol kept records of his expenses documents the weekend in Philadelphia to July 20, 1961 as well a later visit to Leontyne Price to

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[31] Smith, Art and Films, interview with Ted Carey, 260. Also see, Warhol, Popism, 128, where he seems to suggest a later date:

> We went to Philadelphia a few times in '64 and '65. . . . Sometimes Sam's [Samuel Adams Green] rich distant cousin Henry McIlhenny would have dinners for us in his townhouse on Rittenhouse Square with a footman behind every chair and we'd be sitting there in Queens College sweatshirts. (Cecil Beaton was at one of those dinners and when I asked him if I could do his portrait, he said, of course, so we went right upstairs and I drew his foot with a rose between the toes.)

The implication that the drawing was made in 1964 or 1965 suggests that more than one occasion is conflated in Warhol's memory. It also indicates the degree to which, at a certain moment, the divisions between the work of the 1950s and 1960s were not fixed.

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November 10. The drawings' dates, considerably later than is generally supposed, posit a field of intersection that elides the ready periodization of Warhol's work. It accounts for the presence of props such as the Campbell Soup cans and dollar bills, included in several foot drawings (figs. 276 - 278), that anticipate the subjects of several major series of paintings and drawings made during the early months of 1962.

Big Torn Campbell's Soup Can (Vegetable Beef) (fig. 279), is one example. It is part of a special series of works that Warhol undertook at this time, situated among his other early paintings of consumer objects. For these works-- paintings as well as drawings-- he literally posed soup cans, dollar bills and Coca-Cola bottles in various combinations and arrangements, subjected them to physical actions, such as folding, rolling, crushing and tearing, and had them photographed. The way each object was staged and made to perform before the camera, prior to having been painted or drawn, reiterates the theatricality of the cock and foot drawings-- the various props, points of view, and actions, the allusions to the senses of touch, taste, smell.

Nor is it incidental that the man behind the camera in early 1962 was Edward Wallowitch, Warhol's collaborator of the late 1950s.[32] His participation here indicates the congruence of all three projects-- the Capote impersonations, the erotica, and the consumer objects of early 1962. If the series to which fig. 279 belongs may be seen as a still life project, the "intimations of mortality" that commentators such as David Bourdon and Trevor Fairbrother have intuited might be rephrased in a somewhat less elegiac

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[32] In the Warhol archives in New York and Pittsburgh, many of the contact sheets and the 8 x 10 prints made from them have reference numbers written on the reverse in pencil that can identified with Wallowitch's negatives. And on occasion, his name and address may be stamped on the reverse of a print or contact sheet.

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voice.[33] As an actor rather than a symbol, the can may be said to "play" dead, the Campbell's made to camp.

The developing theatrical role of the Campbell Soup can as dramatis persona is nicely diagrammed by the three drawings from the foot project (figs. 276 and 277). In fig. 276, arguably the first, the feet are clearly the players and the can the secondary prop, its presence seemingly casual and contingent. The angle of the can, which mirrors the point of view in the still life painting (fig. 279), enacts its effacement, while the feet present themselves fully, exposing top and bottom faces. In fig. 277 (top), the feet have separated, moving away from the can, as if framing it, and the can has been slightly rotated to the left. The sequence is completed in fig. 277 (bottom), where the feet are now mobilized to execute the continuing rotation of the can, to offer it and offer themselves.

Although the actual order of the three drawings is not known, the sequence proposed above follows the sort of narrative logic that is mapped in Wallowitch's contact sheets for the still life project. Since it is speculative, I am tempted to extend its logic a bit further, adding another drawing, fig. 278, which clearly derives from a different sequence. Here, the coming together of drawing, the erotic and the commodity as media of exchange is, to my mind, climactically staged. The fetishism of all three is made explicit by the materializing powers of Warhol's line, swinging the foot into the frame like a piece of plump meat served up on a bed of crumpled and coruscated greens.

A painting such as Dr. Scholl (fig. 280), derives from an ad that Warhol extracted from a November 1961 issue of Redbook magazine, making it contemporaneous with the

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[33] Bourdon, Warhol, 92.

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drawing of Leontyne Price's feet. A comparison of the painting with another foot drawing, such as fig. 259, indicates that the difference between them, however, is not simply a matter of secondary motifs becoming foregrounded, as with the soup cans and dollar bills, but of a complete reorientation with respect to subject matter in terms of its transmission, either photographically or with respect to the format of the printed page. The latter especially seems to influence the way in which Warhol's subjects are marked by desire. If erotic desire is mobilized by physical presence, by proximity to the model, consumer desire is mediated by advertisement, the printed page. The reciprocity of feet and soup cans in figs. 276 and 277, however, suggests that neither form of desire is all that different, that both circulate within a field of substitution and inversion, that both are packaged, both produced.

Nor is there a decisive difference in technique. To make the painting based on the Dr. Scholl's ad, Warhol enlarged it in an opaque projector and traced its contours onto a blank canvas, his body imposed between the two during the process. This parallels aspects of his drawing technique in a work such as fig. 259: it is filtered through the intrusion of his intimacy with the model, the haptic trace of his contour line. Crucially, however, touch in the drawings is an unambiguous register of delight, that brings pleasure, as if it were scratching an itch.

In painting, however, this is another matter. The finger that peels back the pad in Dr. Scholl discloses a blemish that is a counterpart to the mole in Before and After [1], "corrected" by the cosmetic surgery of Warhol's over-painting. Suspended in mid-gesture, the digit in Dr. Scholl seems somehow undecided, as if caught between disclosing

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the mark and covering it, much as Warhol's touch in painting was indecisive at this time, much as his status as a painter was tentative. The blemish itself is ambiguous. Unlike the drips and strokes of black paint that stray over the toes, the marks that figure painting as disfiguration, the perfect circle of the corn echoes the regular contours of the pad, both the one folding over it, and the patch that decoratively reposes on the surface of the little toe. Above all, it mirrors the manicured condition of the finger poised above it. At the top edge of the composition, the word "Corns" intrudes in block letters, as if to remind us of the problem. But the problem isn't corns so much as corny. Beauty problem or beauty spot, or switching between both: the ambiguity is a function of Warhol's own interstitiality, a condition that may be particularized with respect to his inversion, with being in-between.

The fact that Warhol could maintain two such inverted but elided and chronologically overlapping practices, however briefly, is of interest. When weighed against the "fine art paintings," drawing projects such as the "Foot Book" became increasingly marginalized, ultimately "not serious enough" in Ted Carey's words. Without the negative assessment, this also appears to be the crux of Trevor Fairbrother's distinction, comparing the "mood of opportunity" in the foot drawings to the "sense of mortality" in the paintings of the 1960s.

> Considered as a group, the props in the foot drawings communicate what Warhol liked sexually, materially, and intellectually: boys, money, candy, antiques, Americana, celebrities, being open, having fun, being a mysterious attraction. If they are autobiographical, then they present the happiest parts of his life in the fifties. The sensuous and expectant feet celebrate a youthful here-and-now, and the objects included embroider the mood of opportunity. The props anticipate several of the subjects used for his later paintings, but without the sense of mortality that they acquired when isolated and subjected to Warhol's silkscreen technique.[34]

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Here we are up against the real divide between the 1950s and 1960s. More than a question of new subjects or techniques, this divide appears to be a matter of imputed "seriousness," or the lack of it, that is to say of differing motivations, to reinvoke Gluck's word, and of opposing receptions, a transposition into a different discursive field.

That the divide represented an unequivocal break with the past is vividly attested to by the following remarks from one of Warhol's closest intimates during the early sixties, Henry Geldzahler:

> The work of the '50s has a . . . I make a joke about it, but I used to tell Andy [that] it looks like [if] Jean Cocteau had been gay, he might have worked something like that. And they were very fourth-generation Picasso by way of Cocteau. That's the way it looks to me. . .. .
>
> And I had the delicious pleasure . . . around 1962 . . . Andy brought a pile of drawings over to my house, and then we looked through them, and I tore up about 80 per cent of them as just not being worthy of going out into the world and picked 15 or 20 or 30 that I thought he might keep and let go. But, ah, it was, ah, very light-headed kind of . . . illustration. And there was very little-- you know the German catalogue of drawings? [Crone, Das bildnerische Werk]. And there was a little bit of Ben Shahn. There was a little bit of Paul Klee (as there is in Ben Shahn). There was a little bit of Cocteau.[35]

Cocteau by way of Picasso, several generations removed, Shahn by way of Klee, smooth line or blotted line, Geldzahler has Warhol's influences all sewn up. In so doing, he articulates the other problem that would vex appreciation of Warhol's early work: it was too derivative, it lacked originality. Accordingly on behalf of the work of the 1960s, Geldzahler presumes to destroy 80 per cent of the evidence. One necessarily questions the other 20 per cent. Were these drawings any better, more "original", or was Geldzahler

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[34] Fairbrother, "'Tomorrow's Man,'" in "Success Is a Job in New York...", 70.

[35] Smith, Art and Films, interview with Henry Geldzahler, 307.

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intentionally leaving traces, scripting the official story of Warhol's development, while erasing its scope?

The anxiety of influence that Geldzahler resolved with such "delicious pleasure" was clearly his own. That it was also Warhol's, or became communicated to him at any rate, is evident. Throughout his career, he continued to suppress his work from the '50s, although however many drawings Geldzahler tore up, Warhol had the last laugh, reserving thousands of drawings-- hoarding them in essence--- that Geldzahler never saw.

There is another little bit of business here, another "problem," lurking in Geldzahler's remark. "I make a joke about it," he observes slyly to Patrick Smith, " but I used to tell Andy [that] it looks like [if] Jean Cocteau had been gay, he might have worked something like that." It is almost lost in Smith's transcription, but it is worth revisiting. Had Jean Cocteau been gay, Geldzahler seems to be saying, he might have made work like Warhol during the 1950s. Of course, Cocteau was. Geldzahler knew that, so did Warhol, and so did everyone else for that matter, including Picasso. But then, that is just the problem: it is not merely that Warhol himself was "too swish," as de Antonio had it, but that his early work was too gay.

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OTHER VOICES, OTHER ROOMS:

BETWEEN ANDY WARHOL AND TRUMAN CAPOTE, 1948 - 1961

by

NEIL PRINTZ

VOLUME II

A dissertation submitted to the Graduate Faculty in Art History
in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy,
The City University of New York

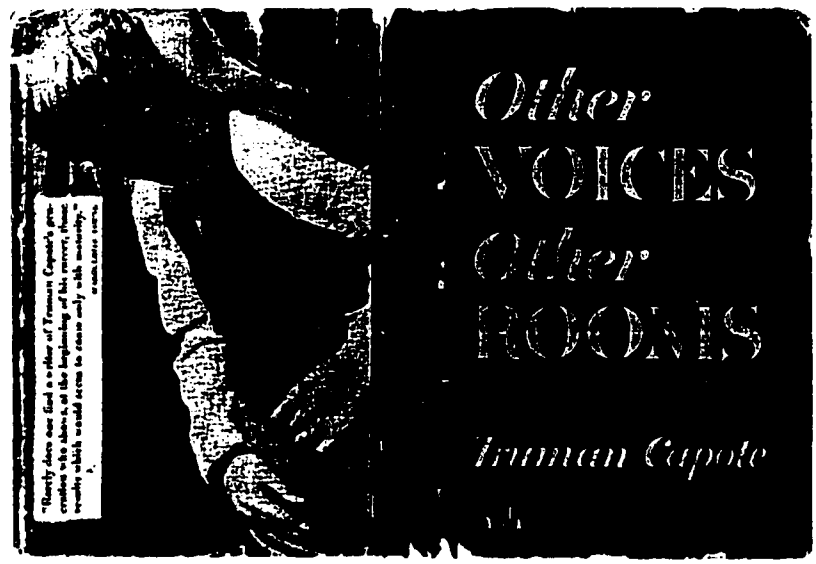
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fig. 1

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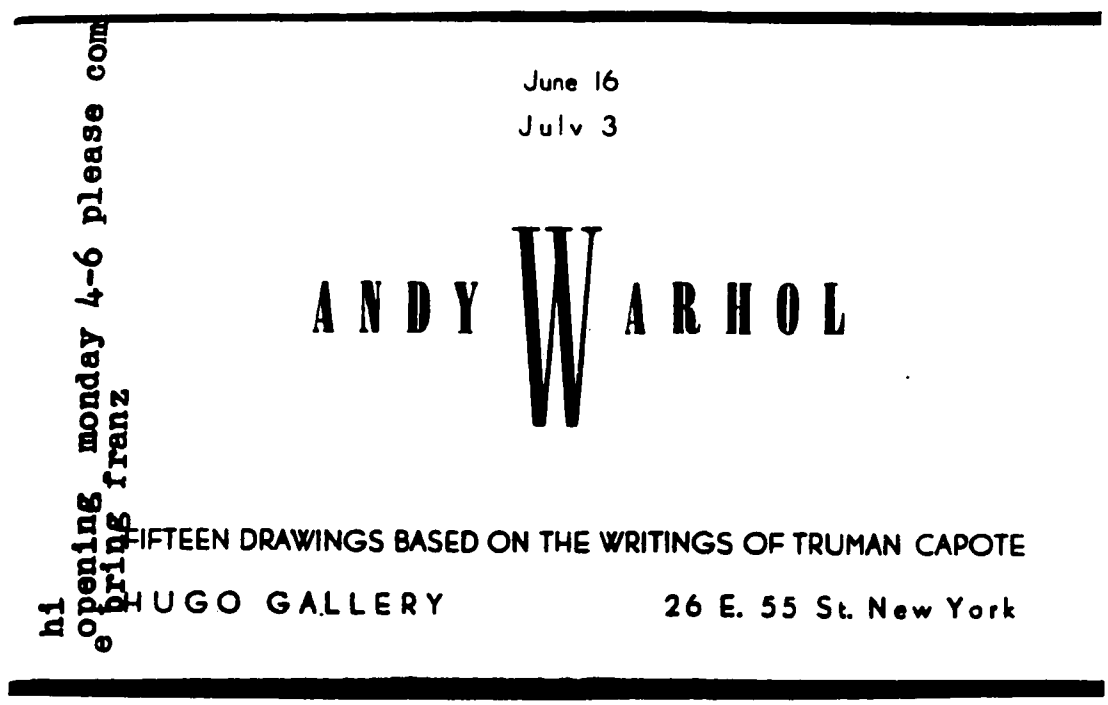


fig. 2, top; fig. 3, bottom

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fig. 8, top; fig. 9, bottom

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fig. 10

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fig. 11

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Photograph of Truman Capote on the book jacket of his novel *Other Voices, Other Rooms*, 1948



Warhol in pose echoing Truman Capote's, c. 1949

fig. 12, top and bottom

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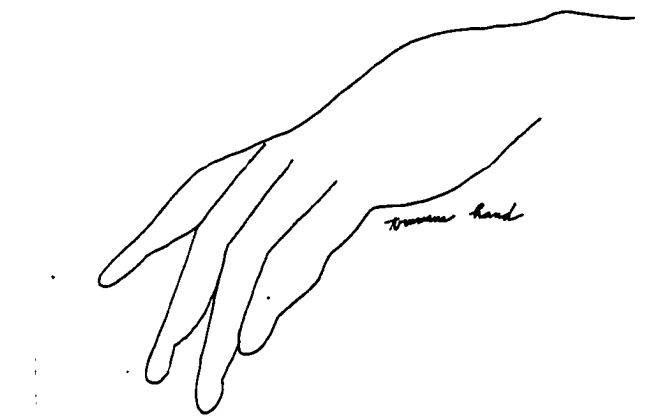




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fig. 20, left and right

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fig. 22, top; fig. 23, bottom

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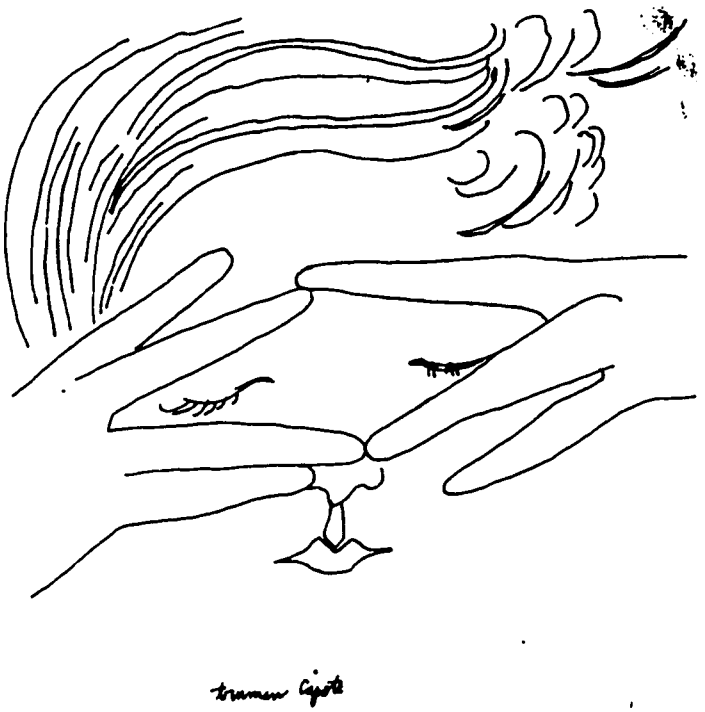




fig. 24, top; fig. 25, bottom

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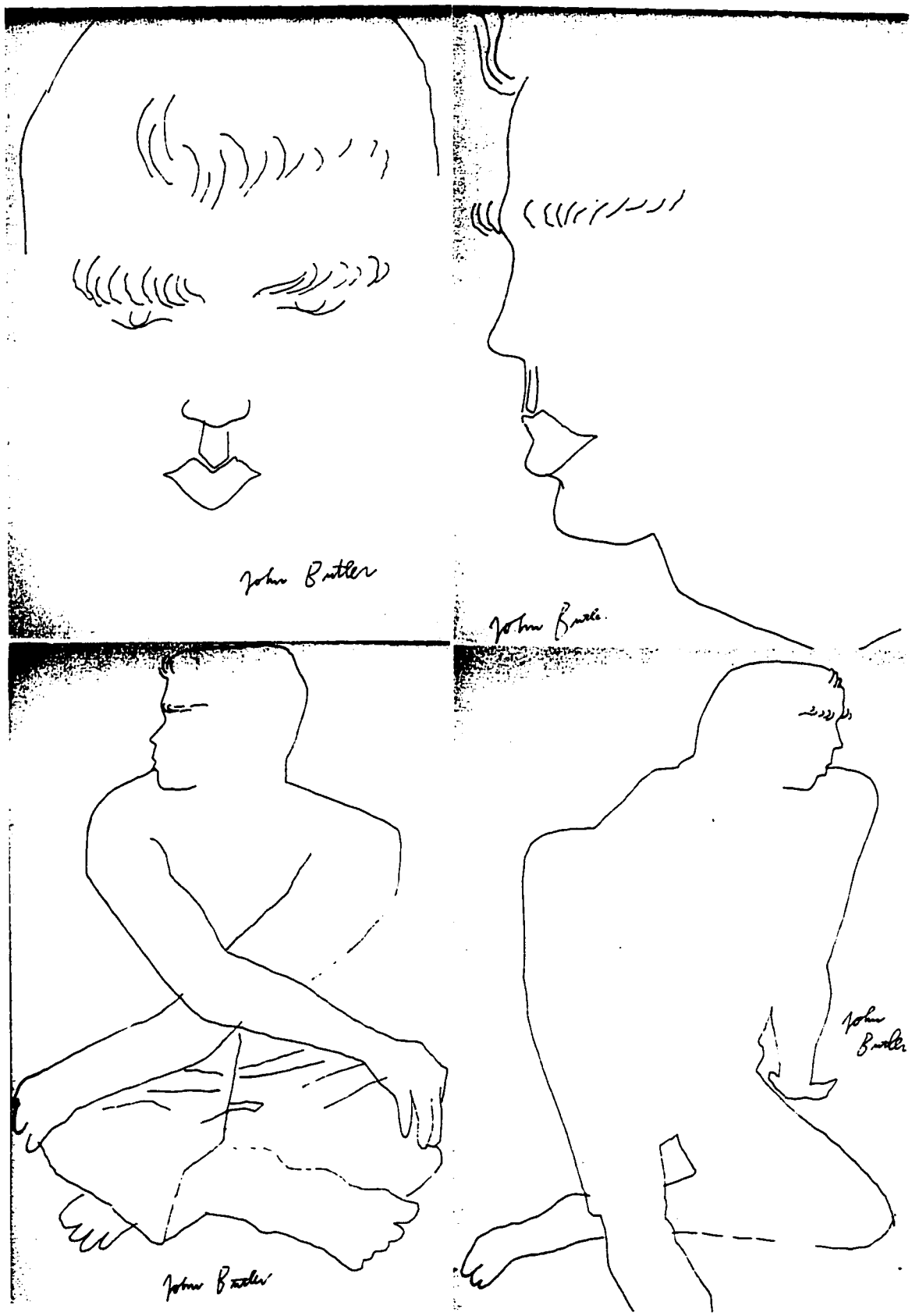


fig. 26

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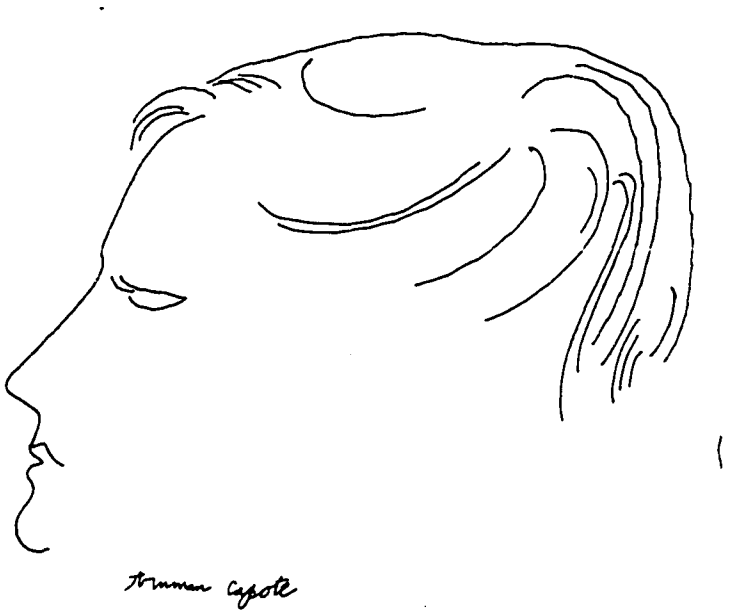
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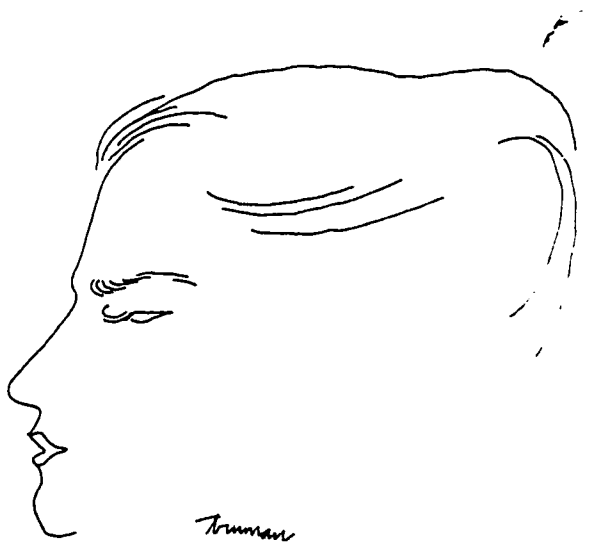


fig. 29, top; fig. 30, bottom

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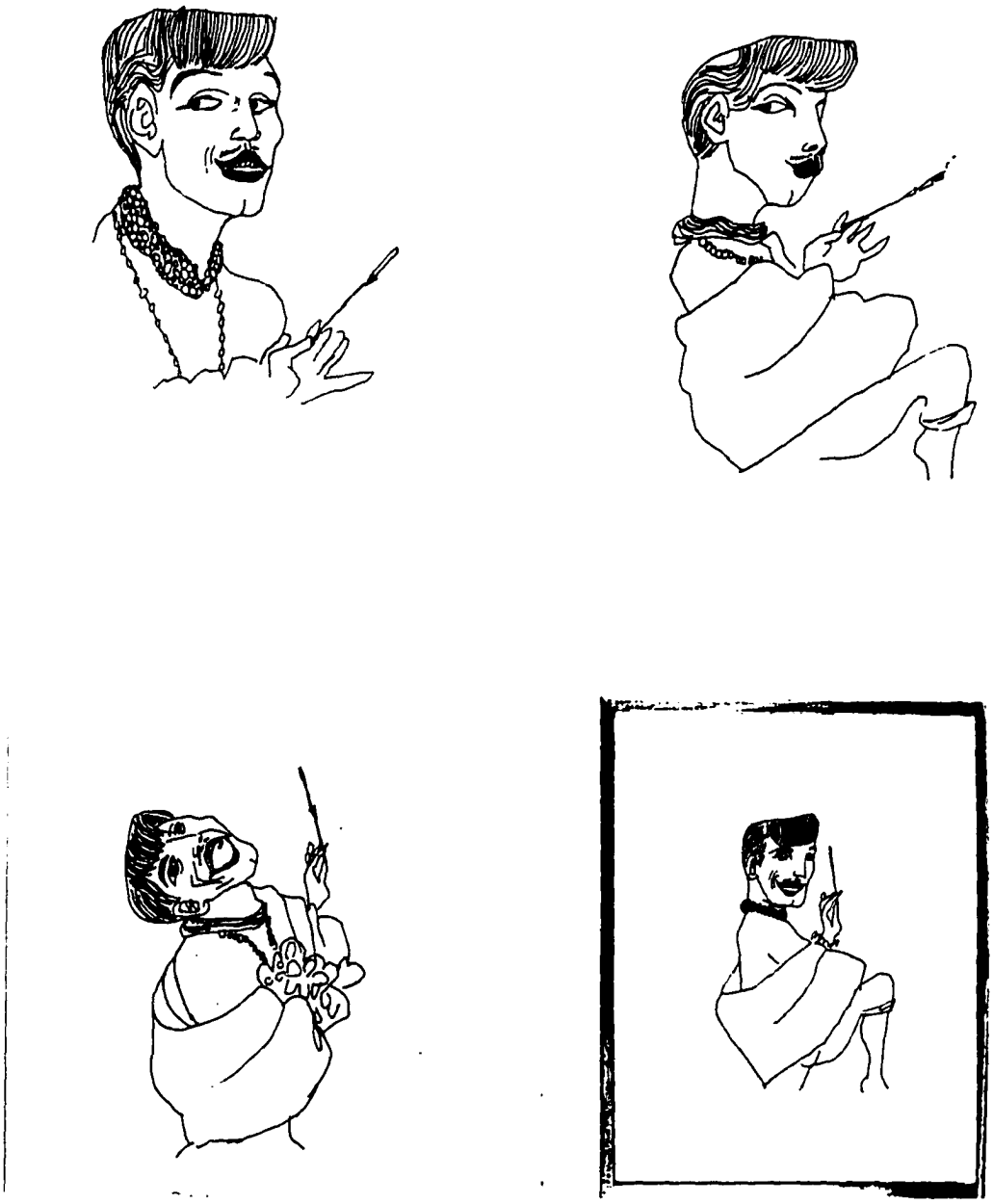


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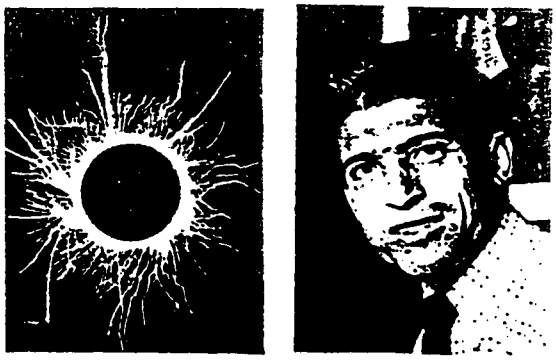
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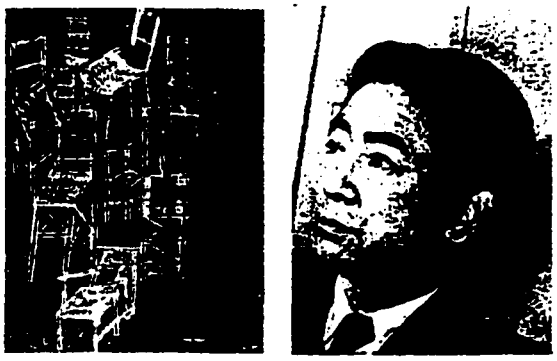


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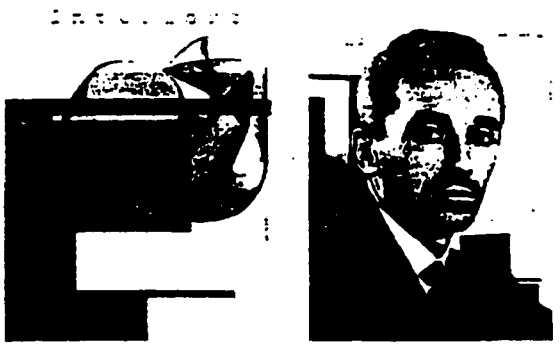


Salvatore Anthony Ludico, an aerialist and exhibition Gloves boxer, is one of our most muscular cover artists to date. Italian-born, he received all of his art training in the United States. Many of his posters have been exhibited at the Museum of Modern Art, and an advertisement he designed for the Moore Paint Company, in his present position as art director of Monroe F. Dreher, Inc., won an award from the Art Directors' Club.



Genichiro Inokuma, whose Net Chair was illustrated in our April 1951 issue, organized the significant Society of New Works School in his native Tokyo, is now on the Management Committee of the Bridgestone Museum there. Fully appreciated at home, he has had numerous shows and won several important awards in Japan. Internationally, he studied with Matisse, exhibited in Paris, Sao Paulo, and Pittsburgh.

Interiors' cover artists



Bruno Munari, Milanese designer and artist, quite naturally shuns the conventional in his approach and media for designs as diverse as his layers-of-tissue paper Christmas card, designed last year for the Museum of Modern Art, and his series-of-troughs fountains. His newest project, paintings on glass slides, were privately exhibited at the Museum of Modern Art during his recent visit to New York.



Andy Warhol, our most omnipresent non-staff cover artist, did some drawings for our Music in Interiors study in this issue, as well as the thematic cover. He also supplied some new biographical facts: he will have a show in October at the Loft Gallery, he has published two picture books—Love is a Pink Cake, and A [illegible]

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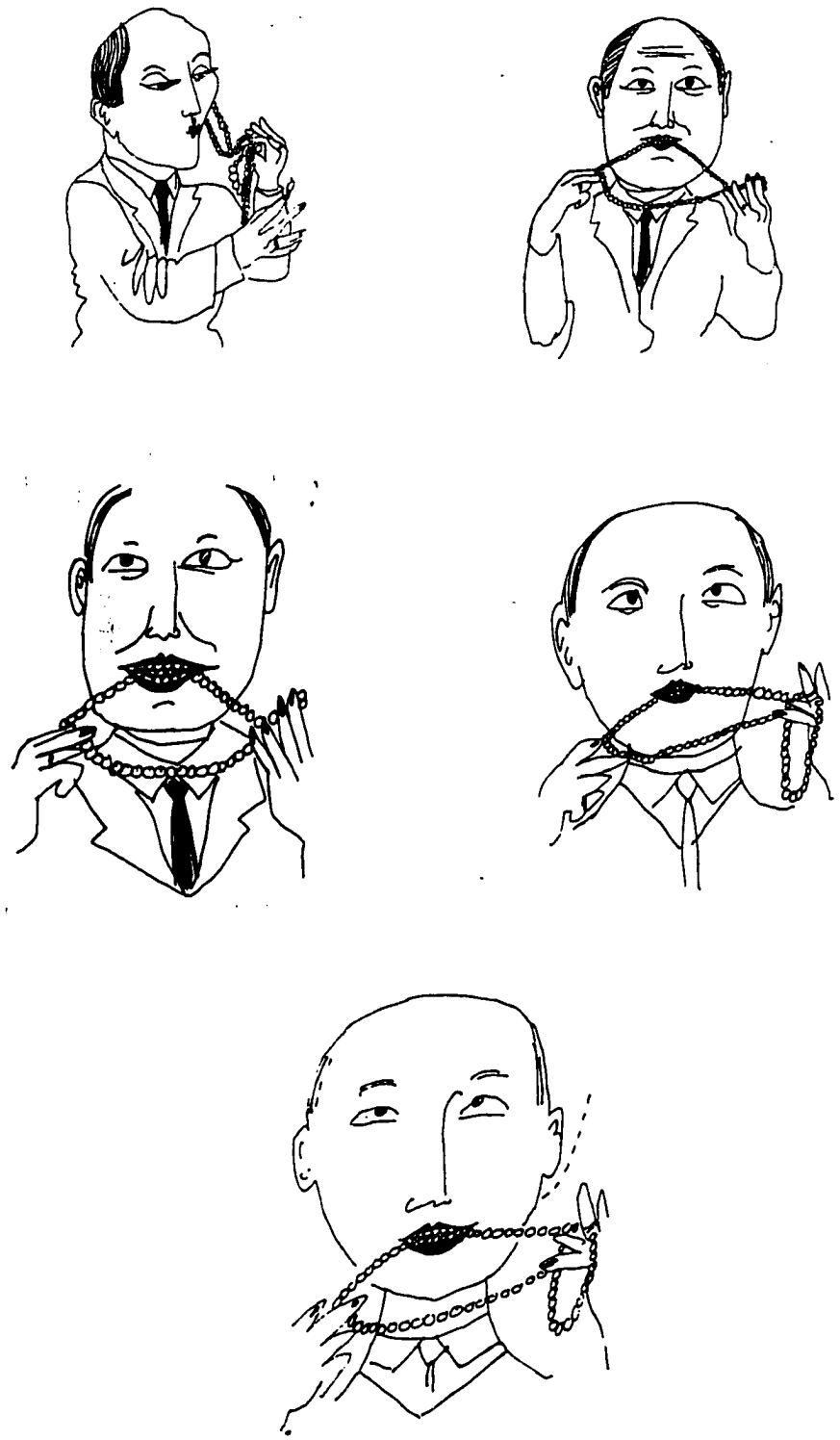


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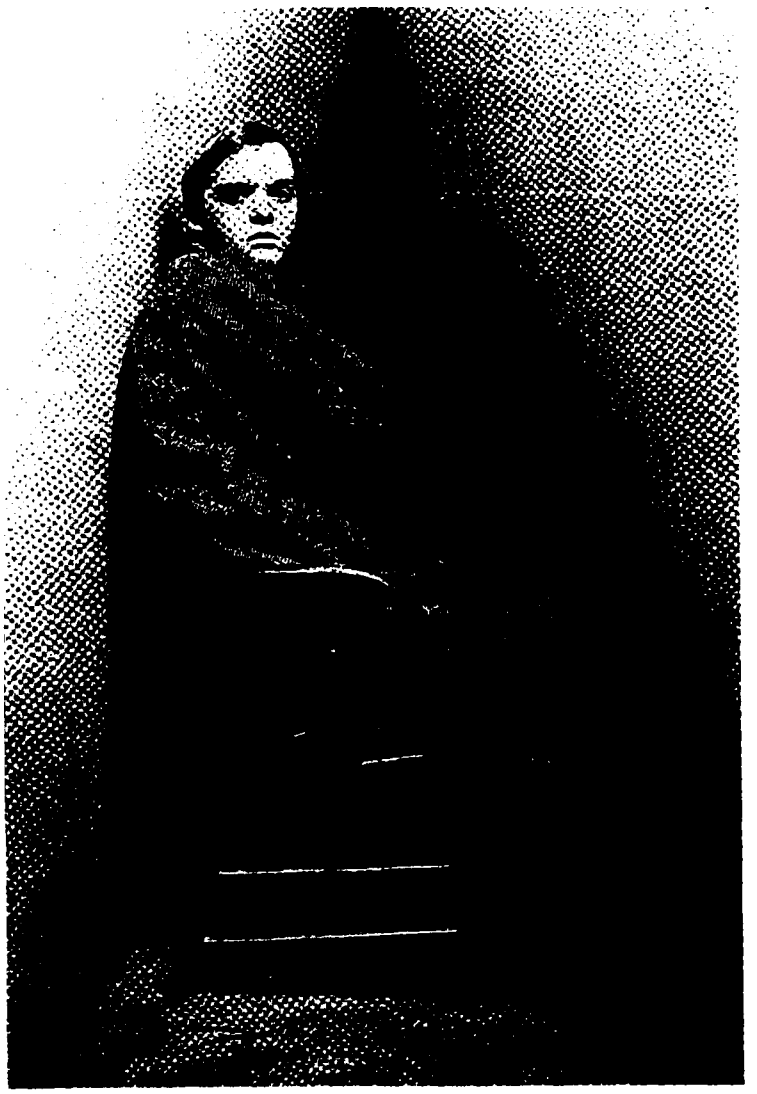


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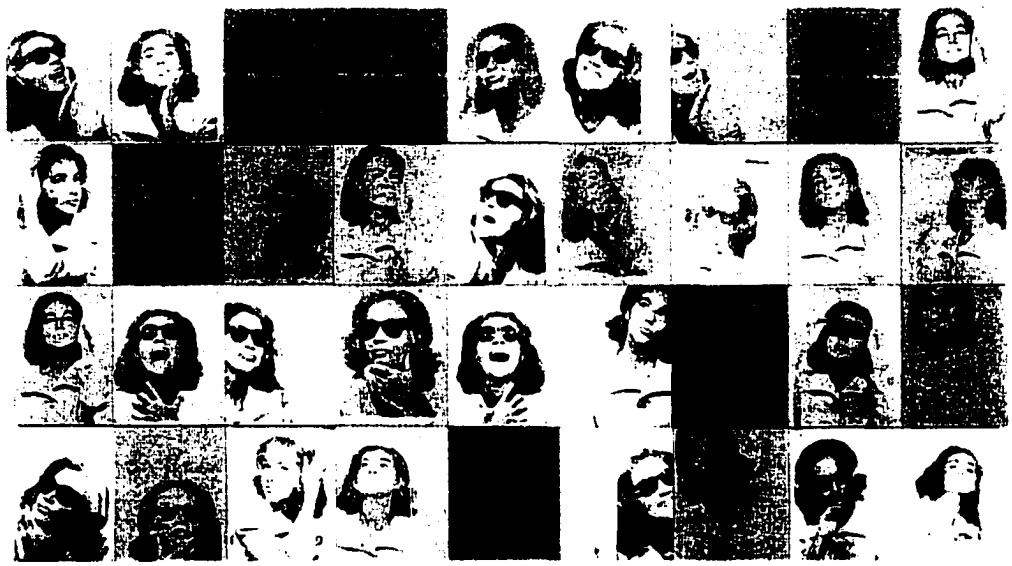


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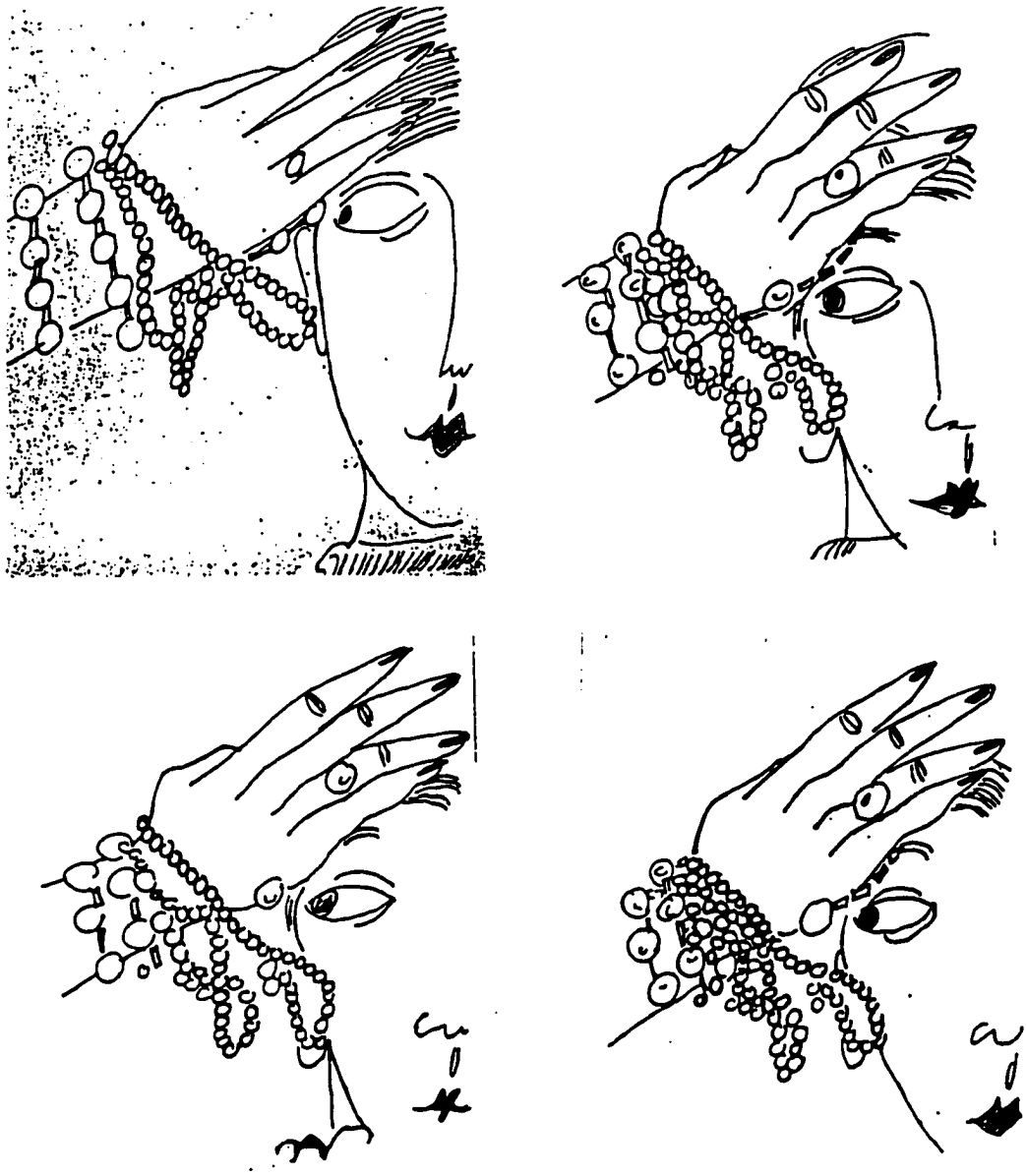


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the Story of moondog Prestige 7109

moondog is a poet who versifies in sound, a diarist overcome by love, curiosity and amusement by everything that reaches his ears, all of which he transposes into a symphony of himself. it may be the roar from the streets; it may be the casual chatter in a room or, best of all, it will be that secret music that seeps through imagination and memory. These experiences so dull to the dull but so alive to him, he orchestrates into a record of those enchanting conversations everyone can hold with himself would he only listen for a bemuse moment. They make up the script of that unique tragi-Comedy, the story of anyone's life. Picking up our ears would be so easy; yet it is seldom done.

But when moondog compels us to do it, we are entranced and delivered willingly into new worlds of meaning.

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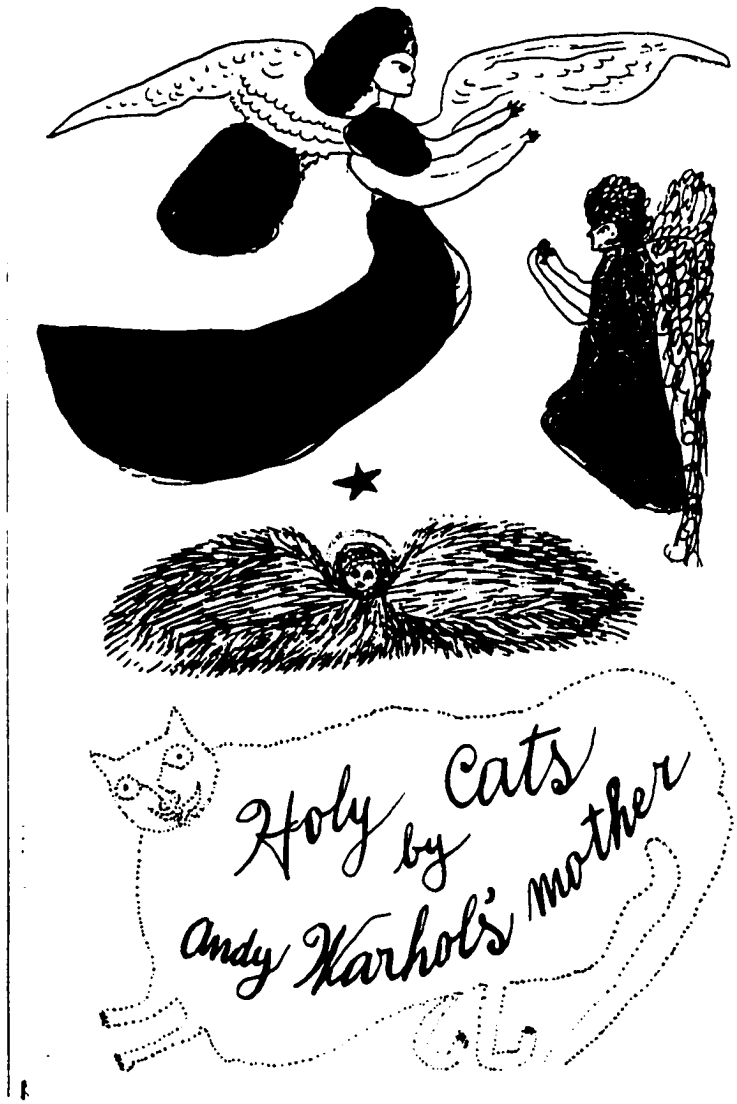


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fig. 50

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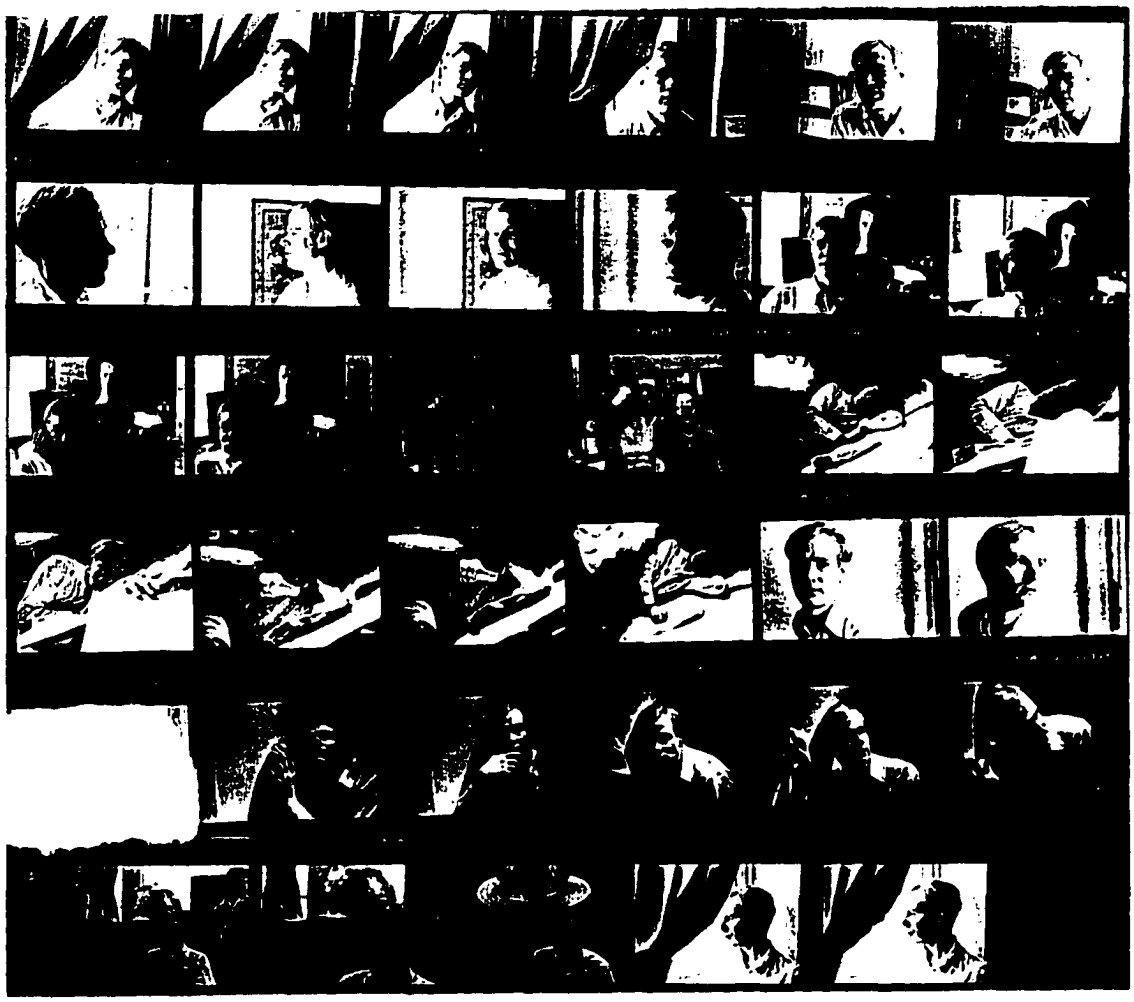


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fig. 54, top; fig. 55, bottom left and right

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fig. 56, top and bottom

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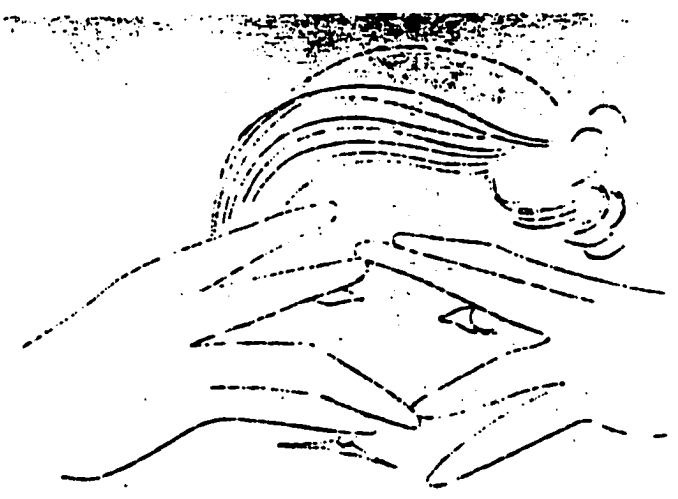


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TRUMAN CAPOTE

fig. 64

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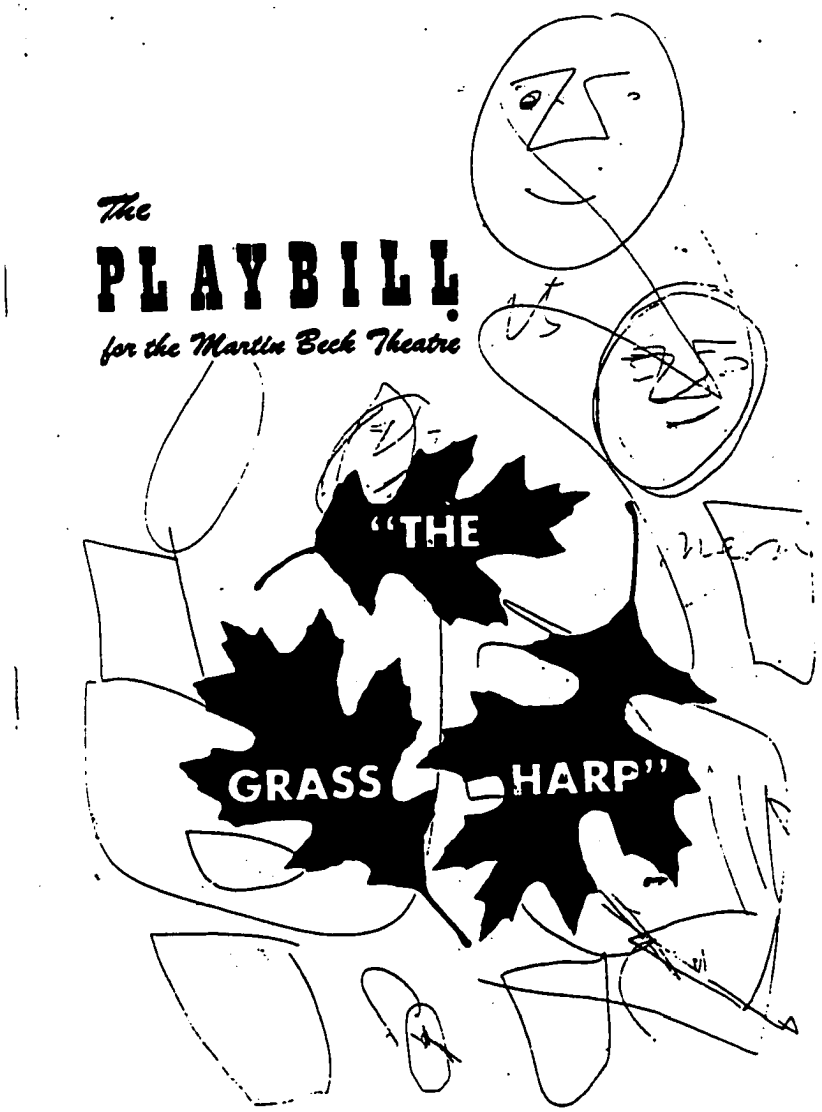


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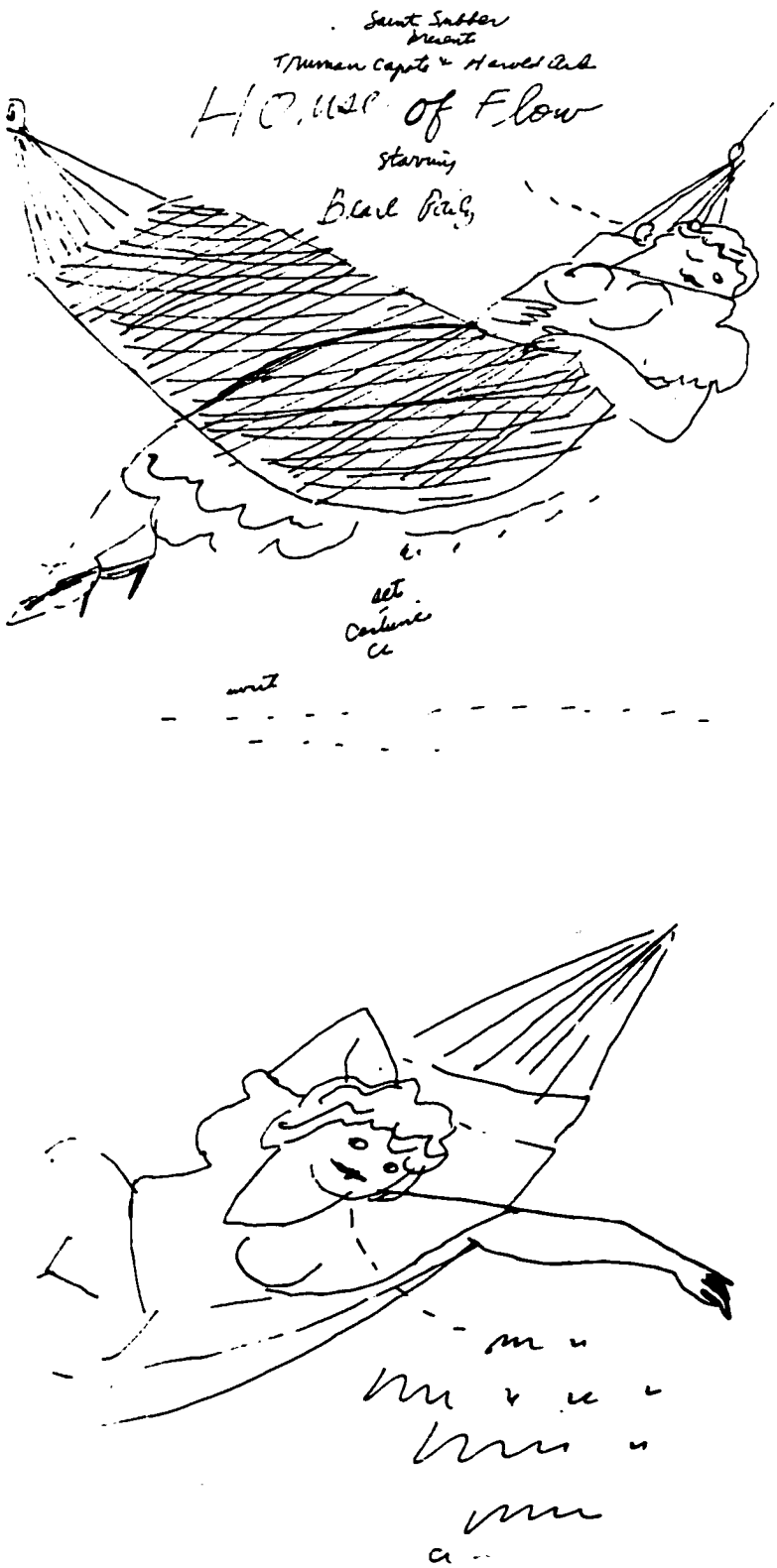


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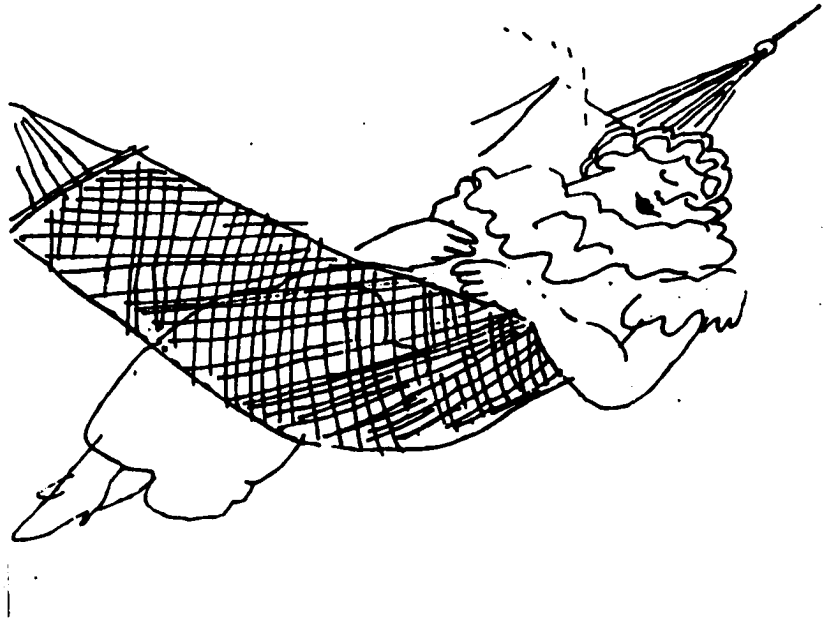


fig. 69, top and bottom

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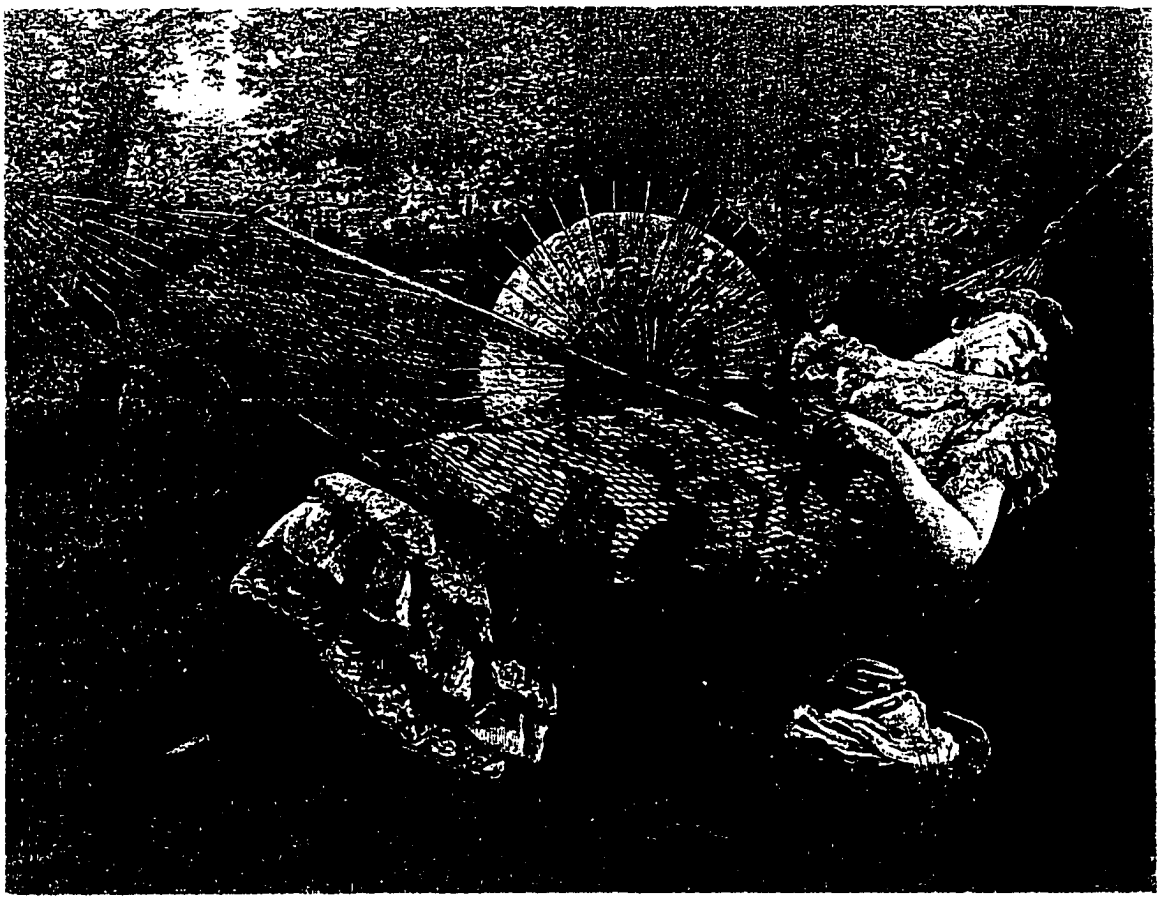
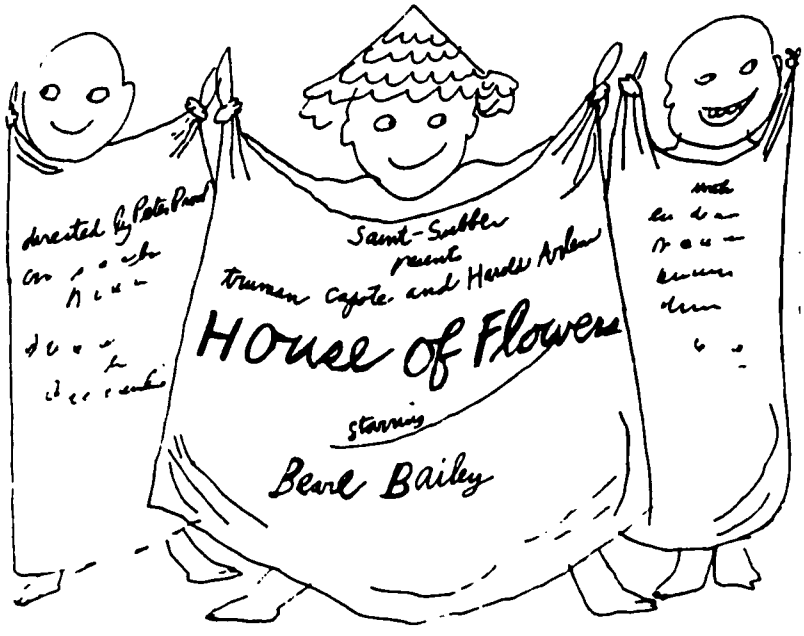


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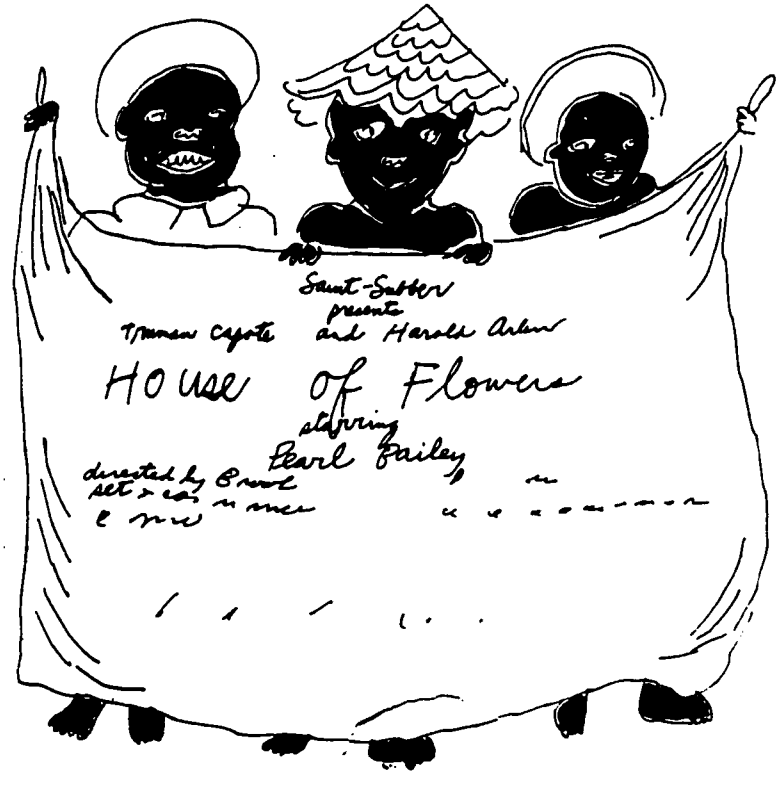


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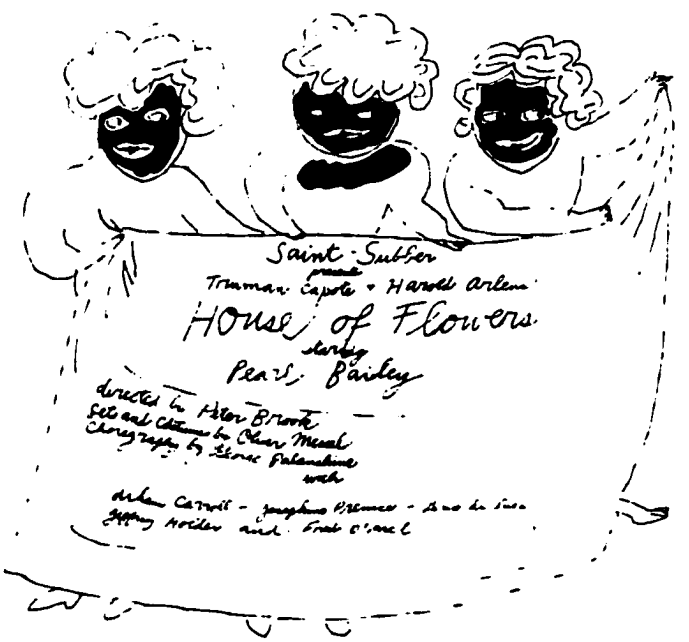


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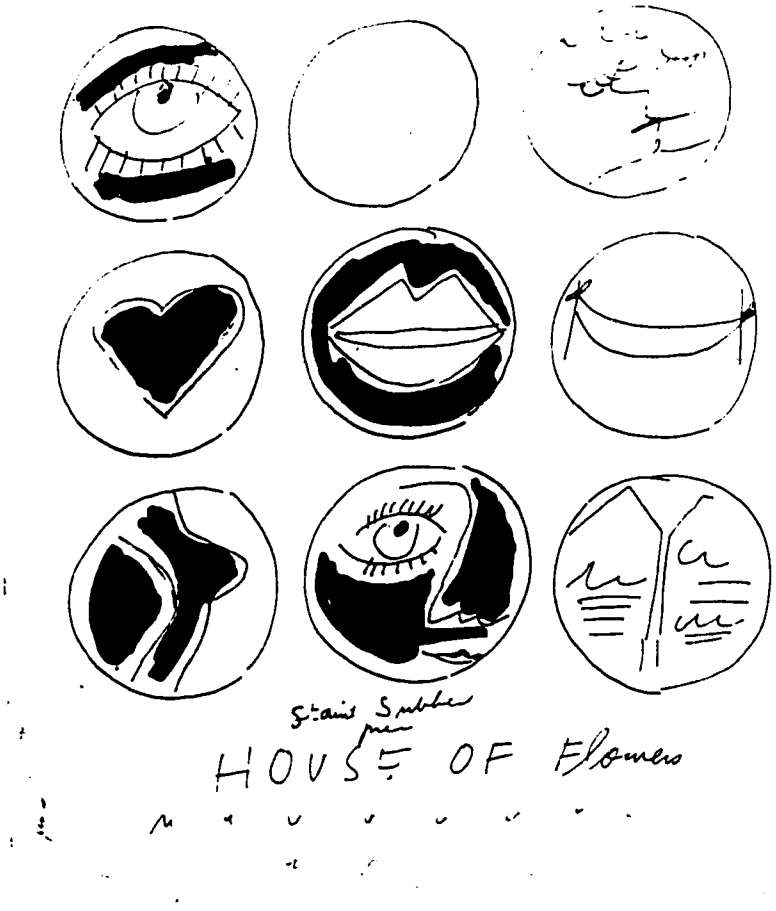


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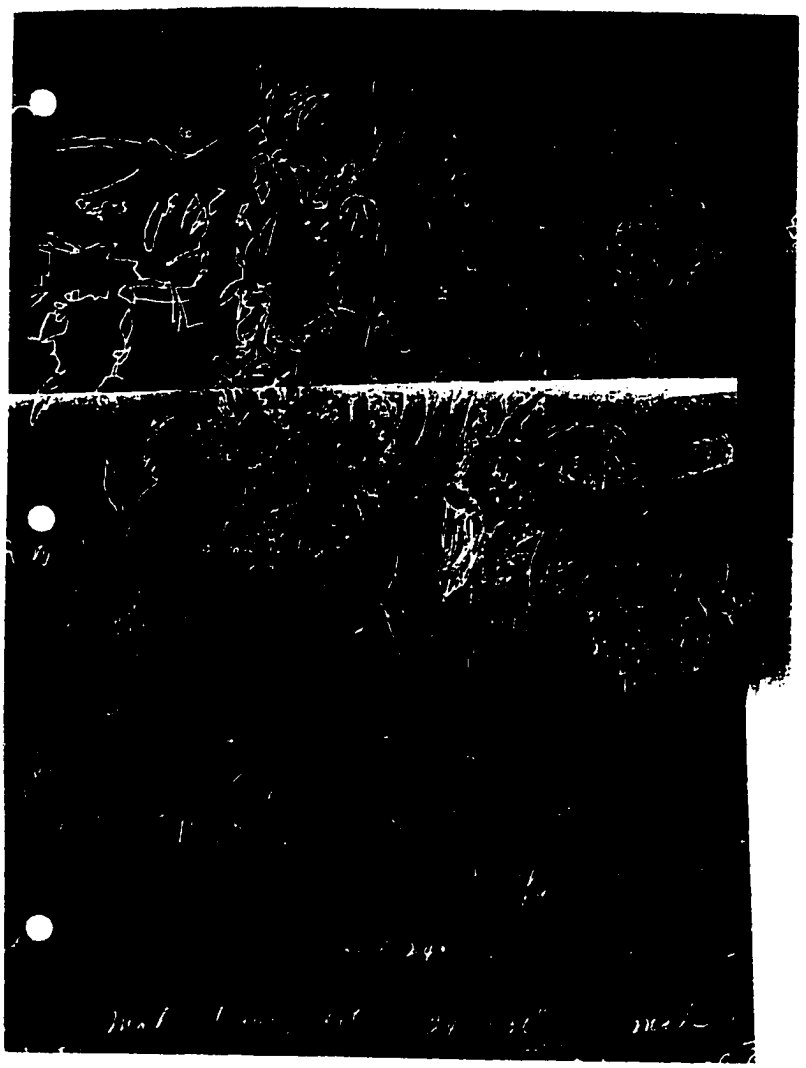


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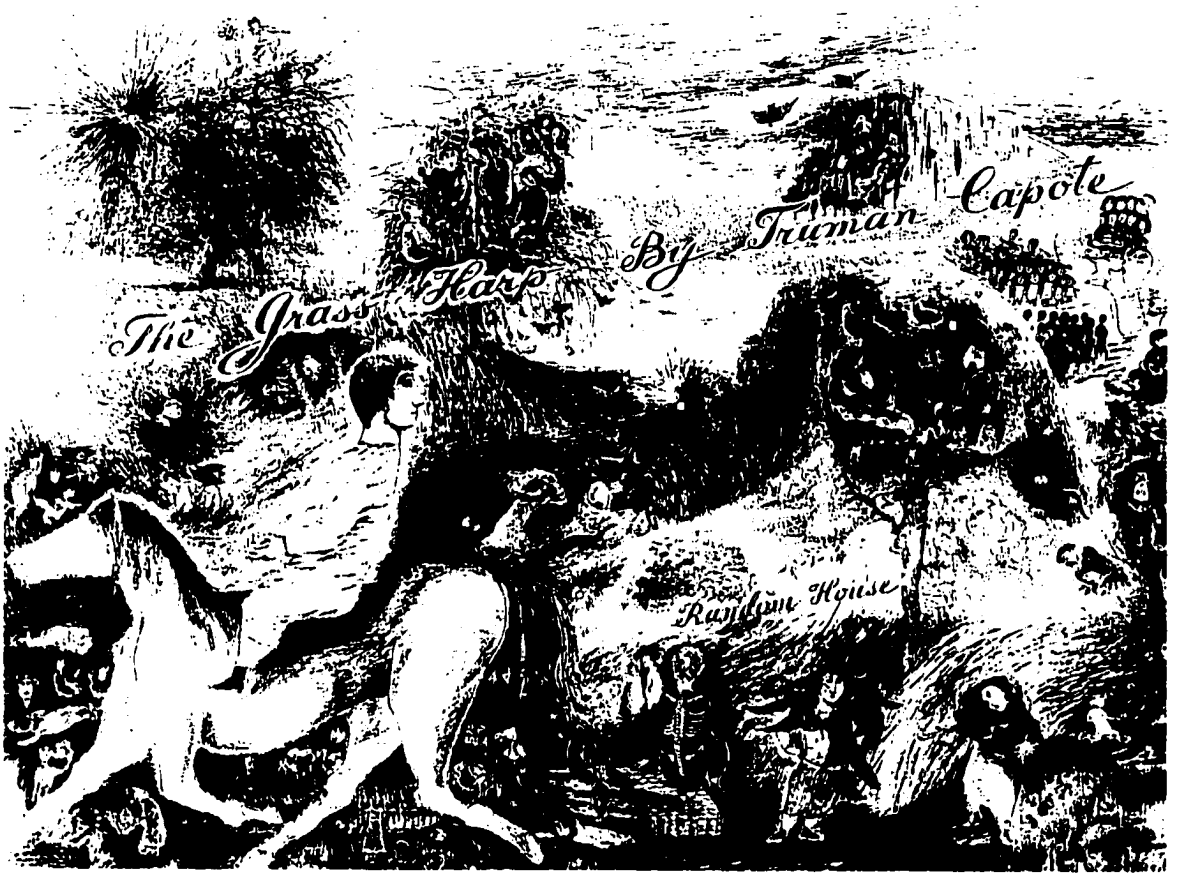


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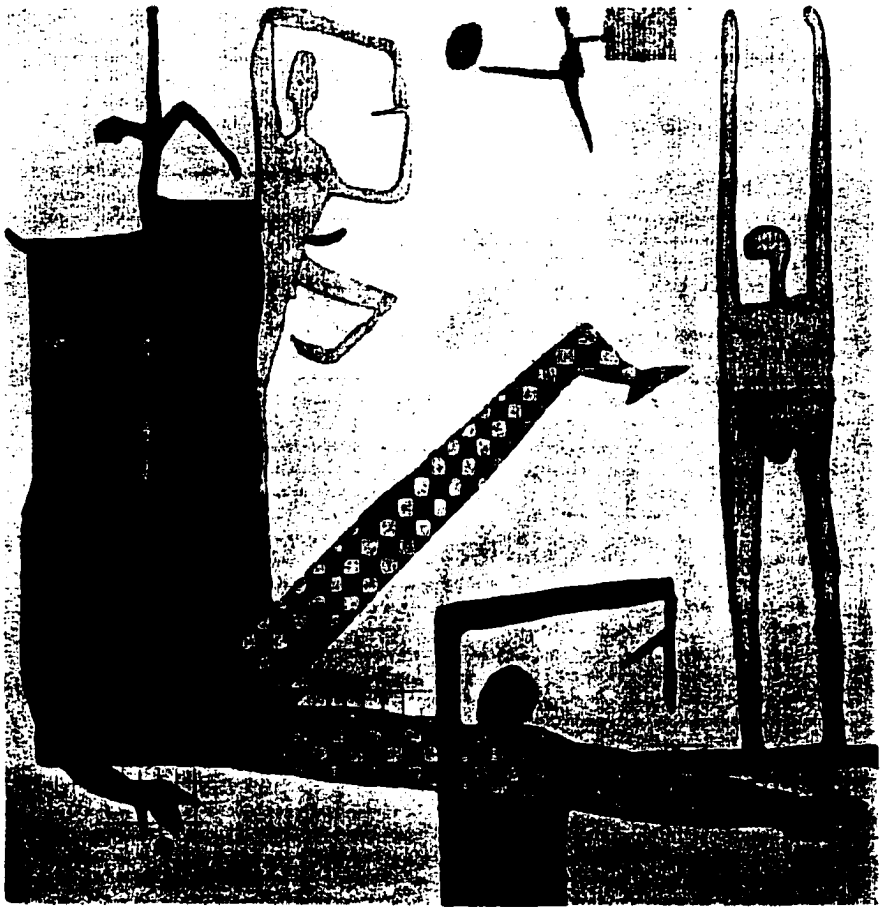
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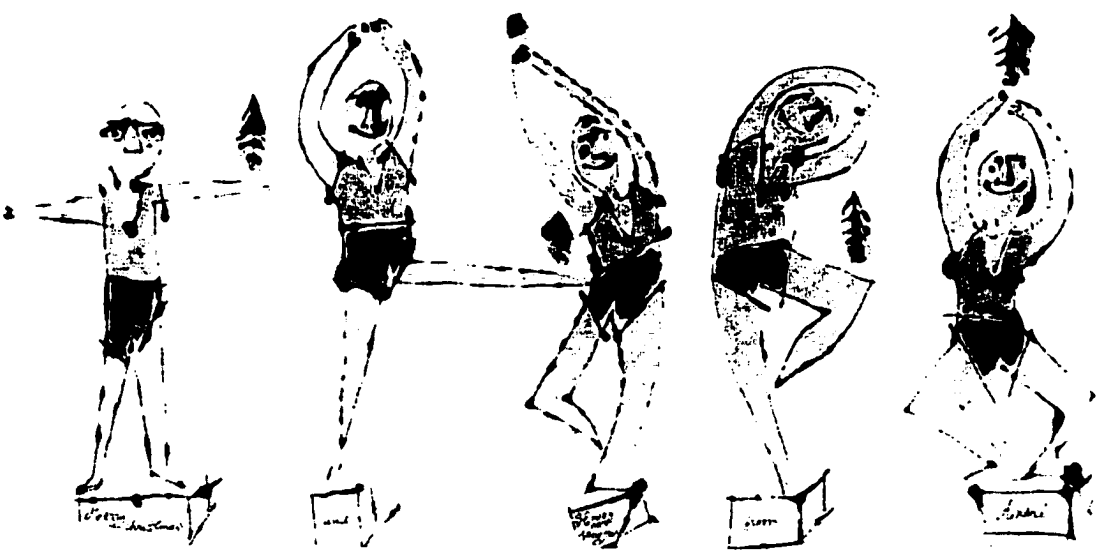


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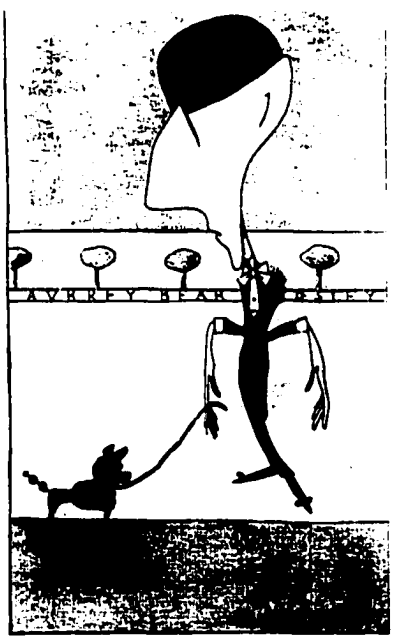


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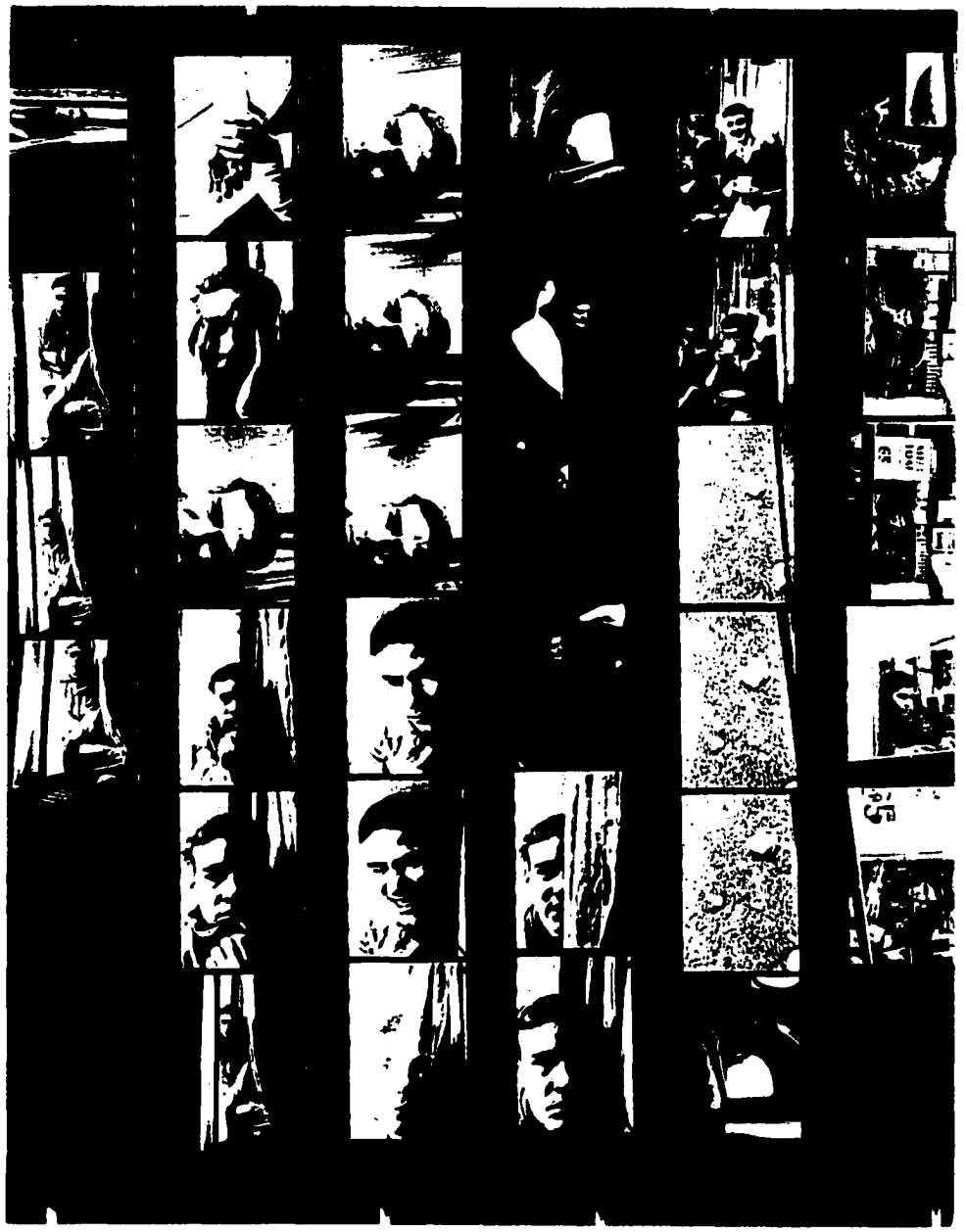


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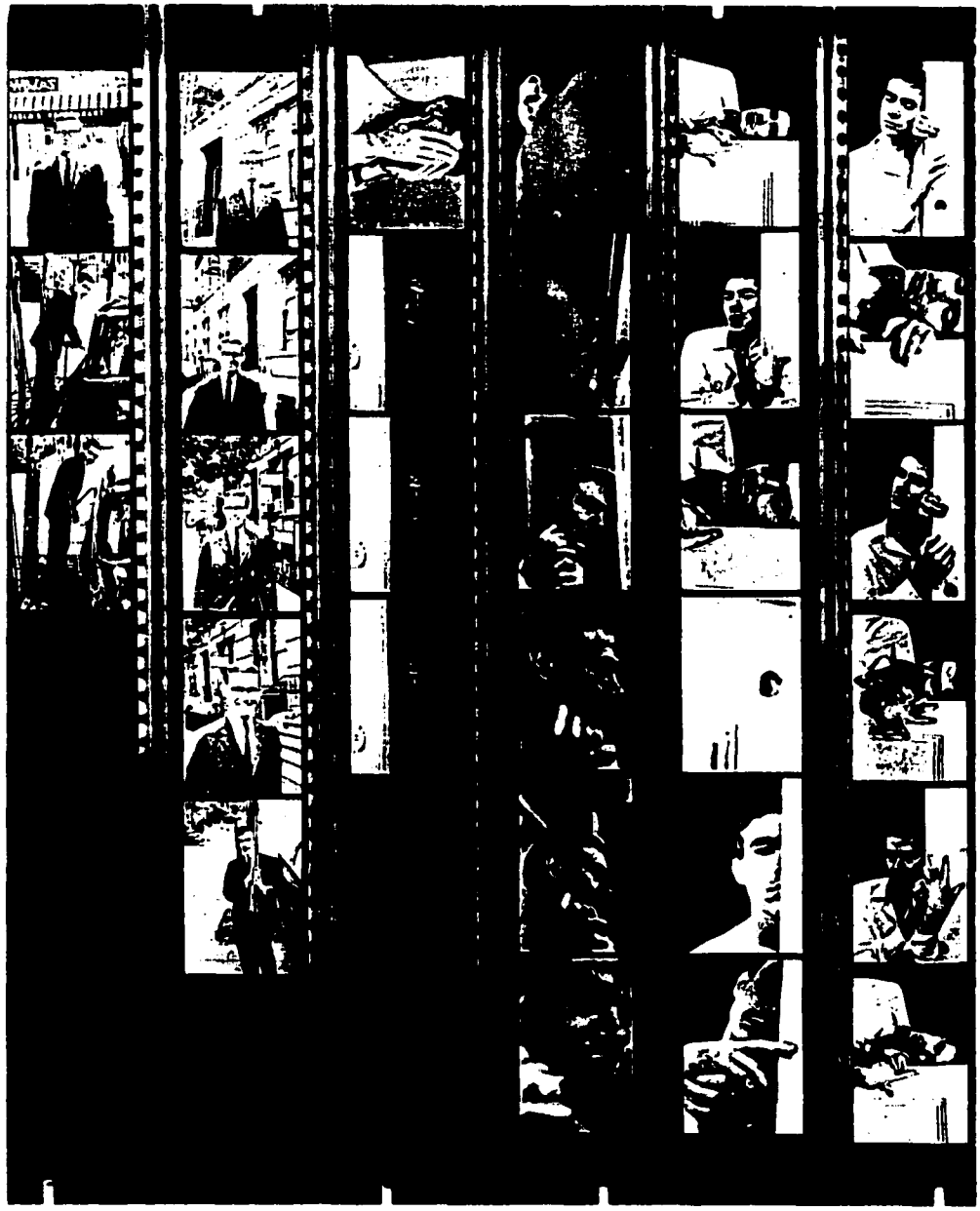


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fig. 99

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fig. 100

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fig. 101, top; fig. 102, bottom

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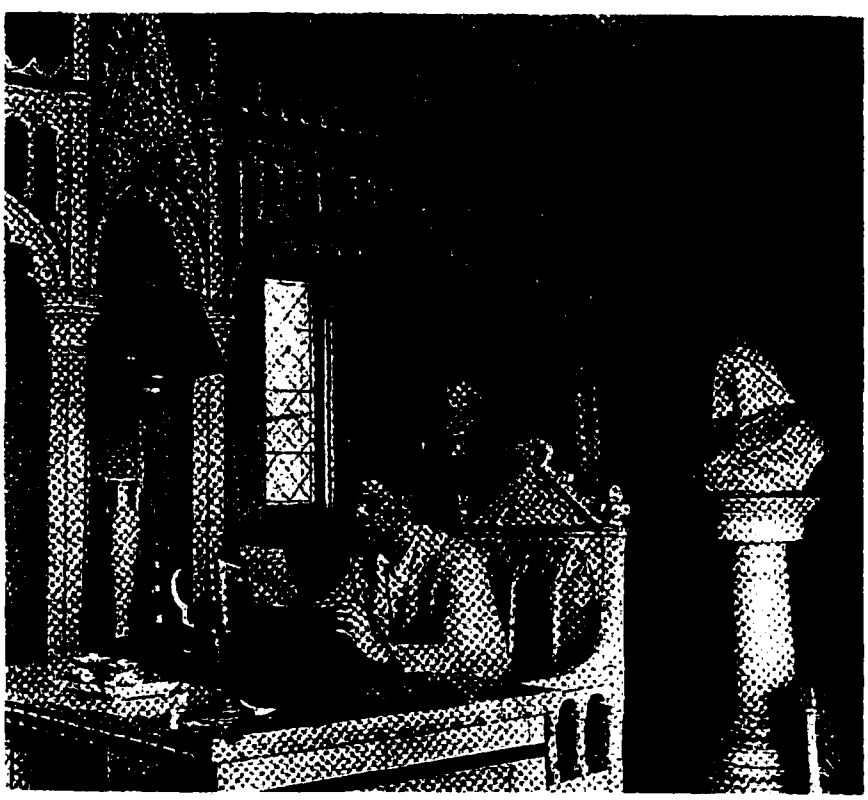


fig. 103, top; fig. 104, bottom

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fig. 105, top; fig. 106, bottom

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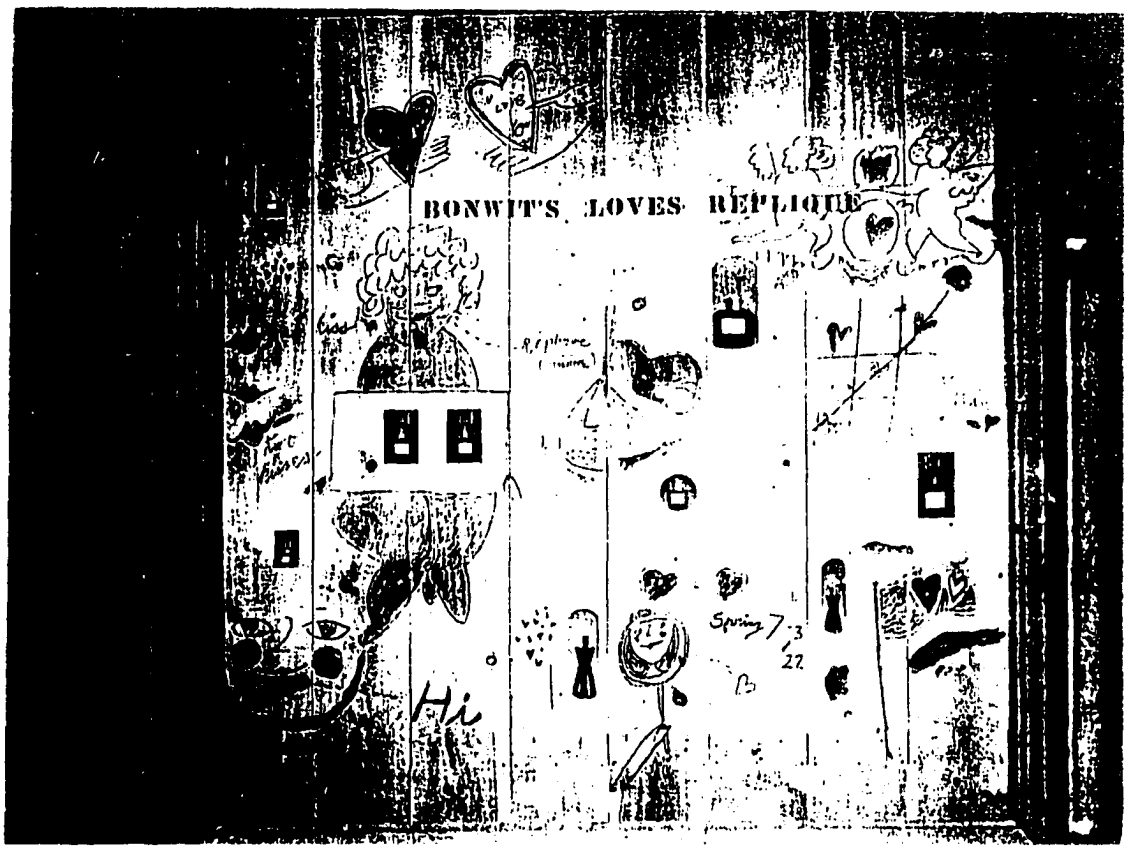


fig. 107

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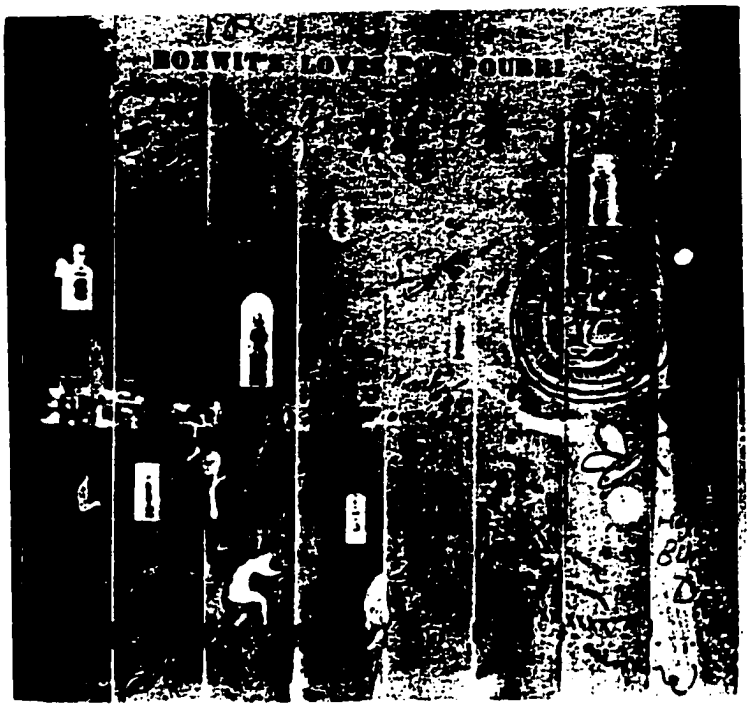


fig. 108

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fig. 109

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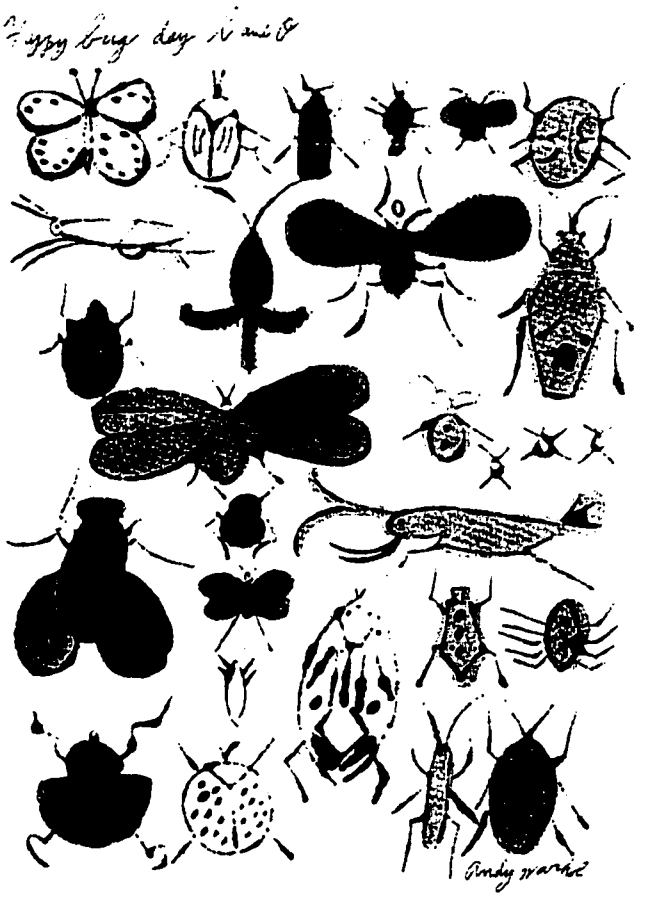
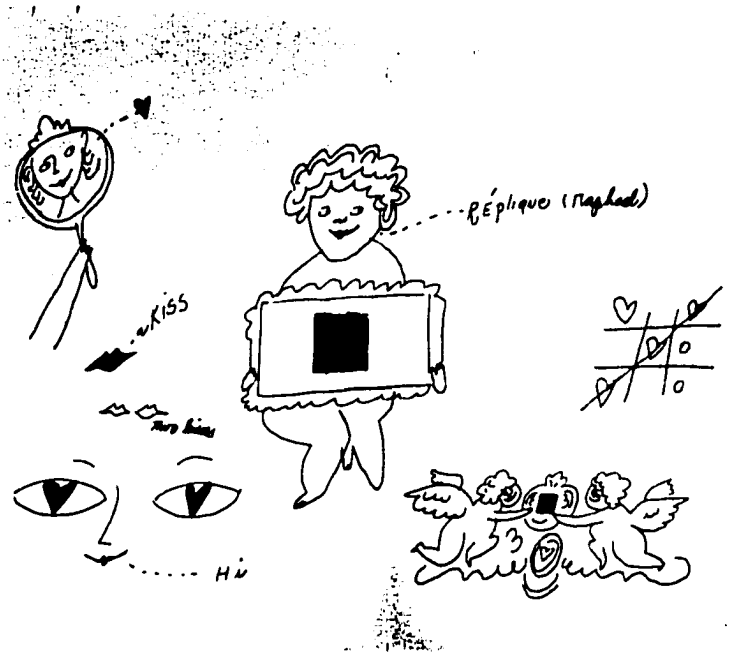


fig. 110

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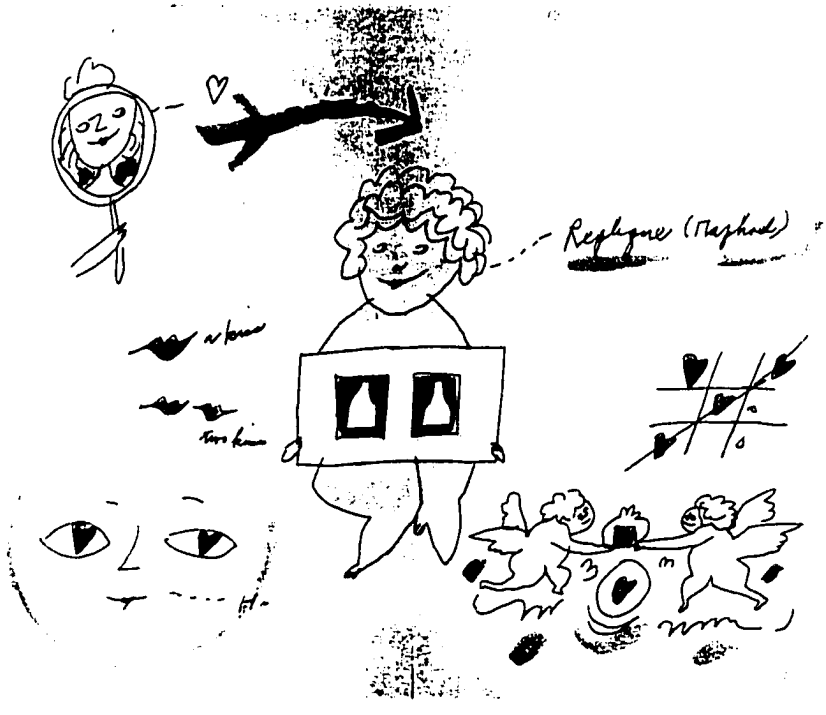


fig. 111, top and bottom

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fig. 112

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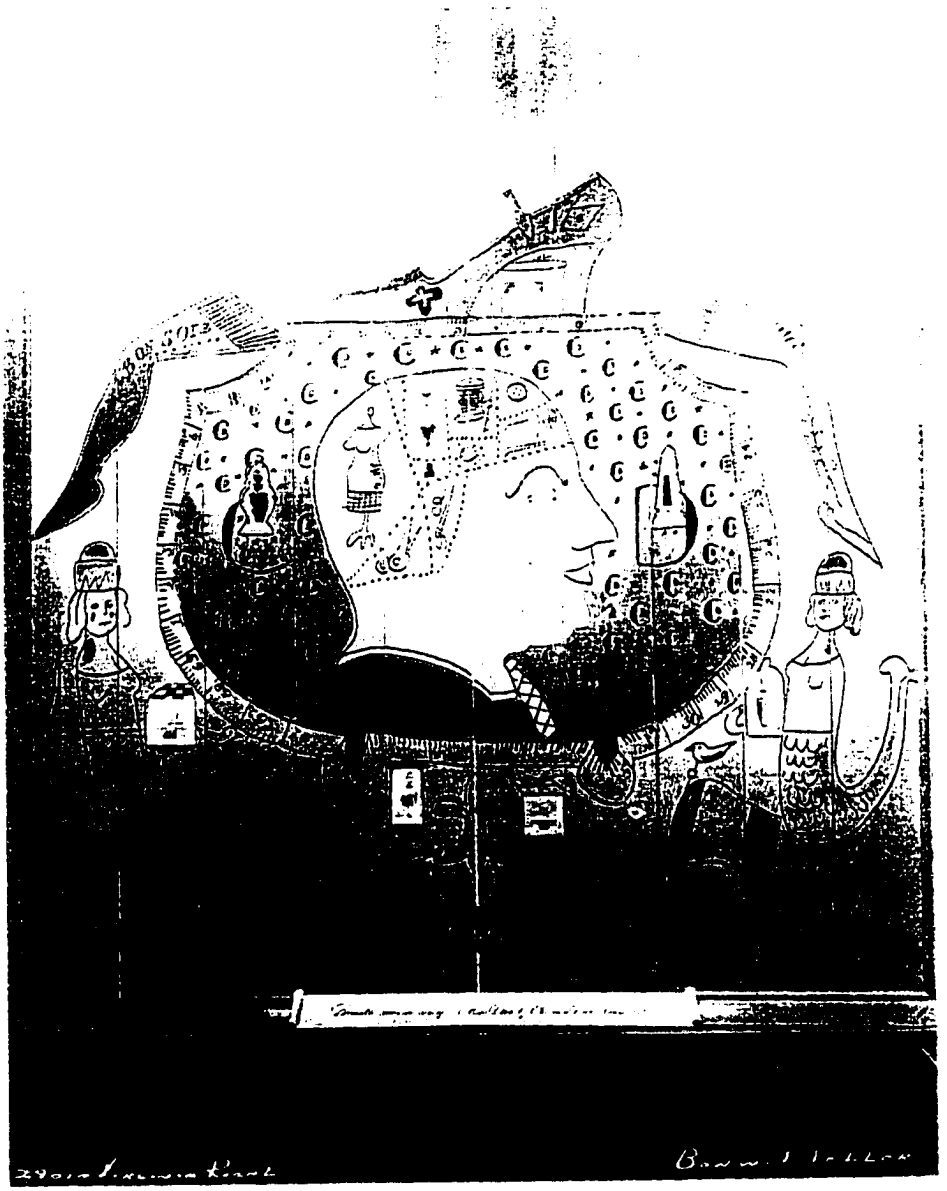


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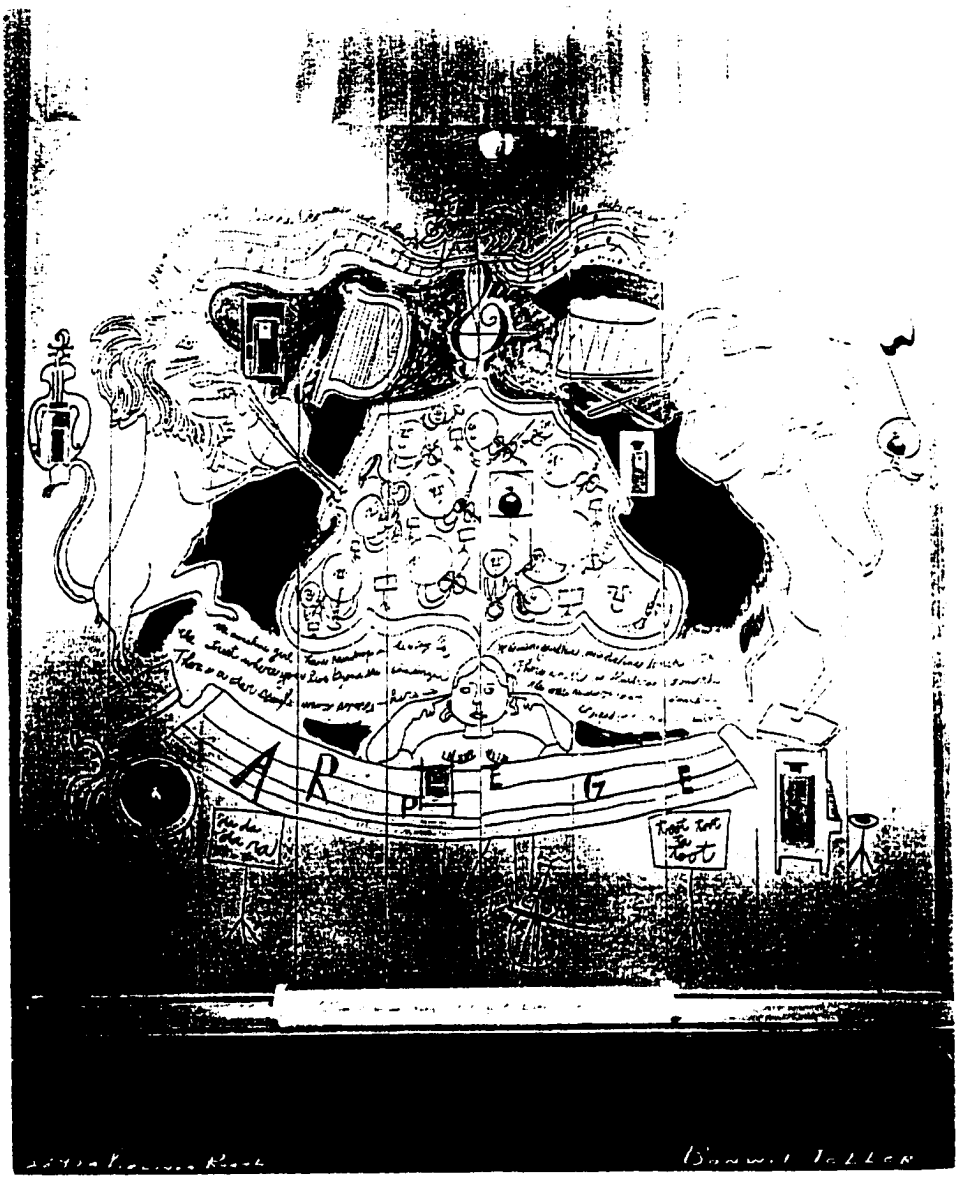


fig. 115

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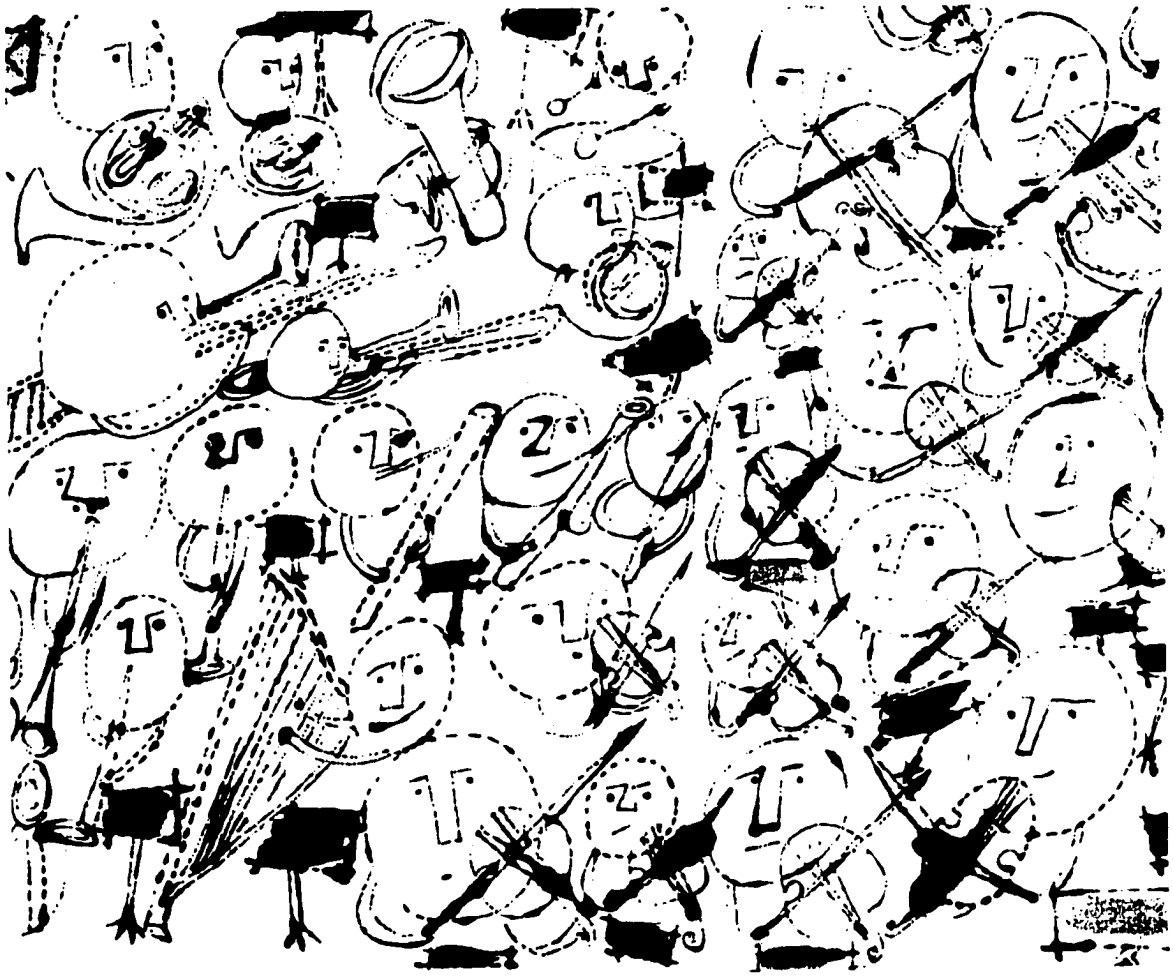


fig. 116

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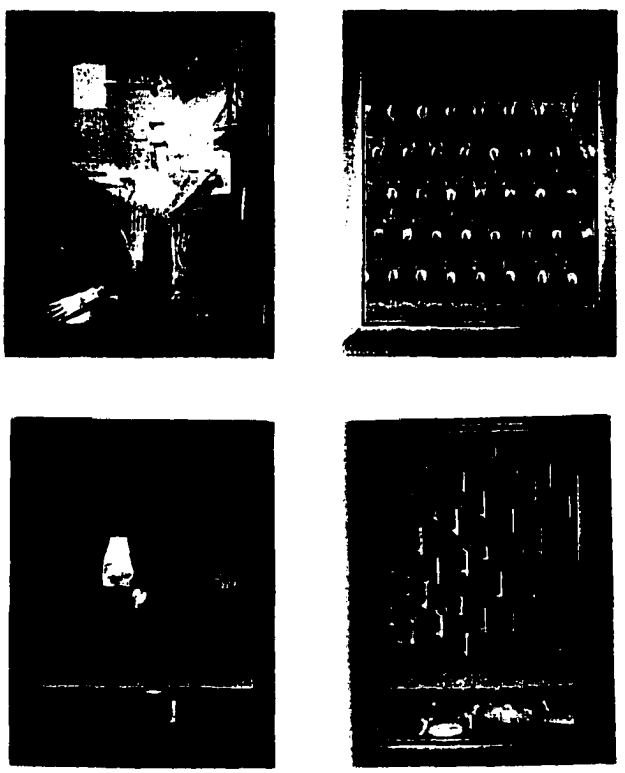


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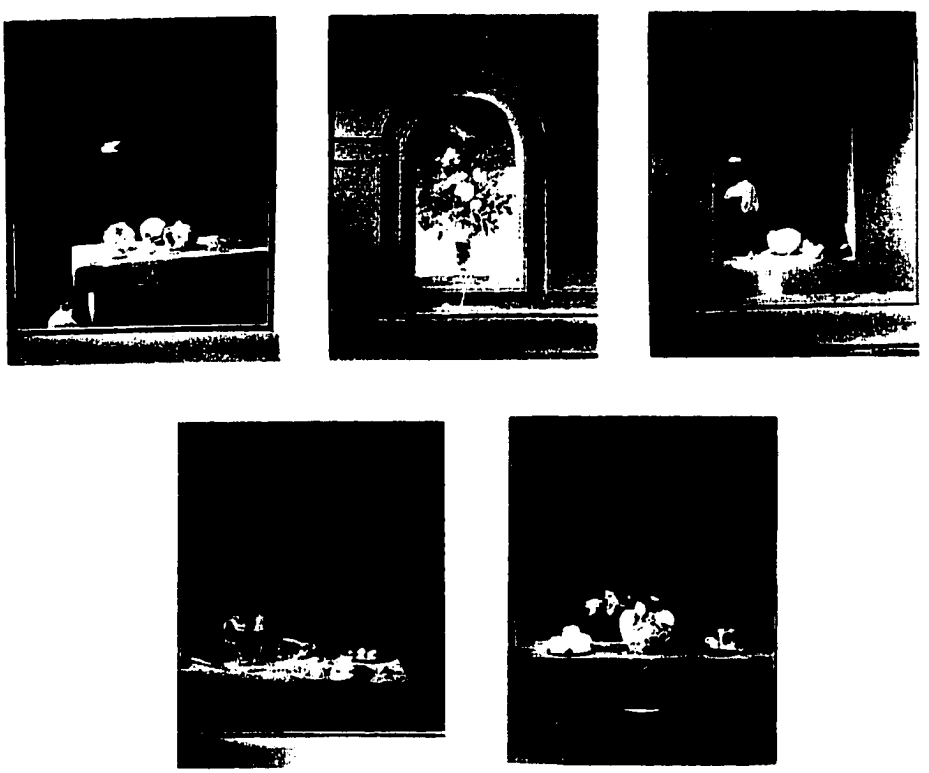


fig. 121

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fig. 122, left and right

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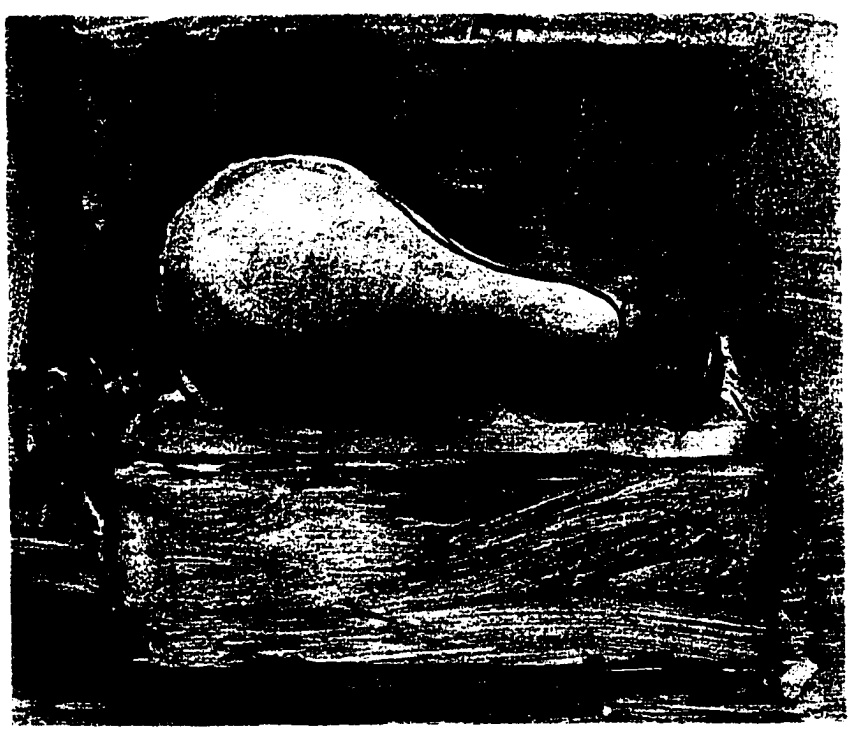


fig. 123, top; fig. 124, bottom

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fig. 125

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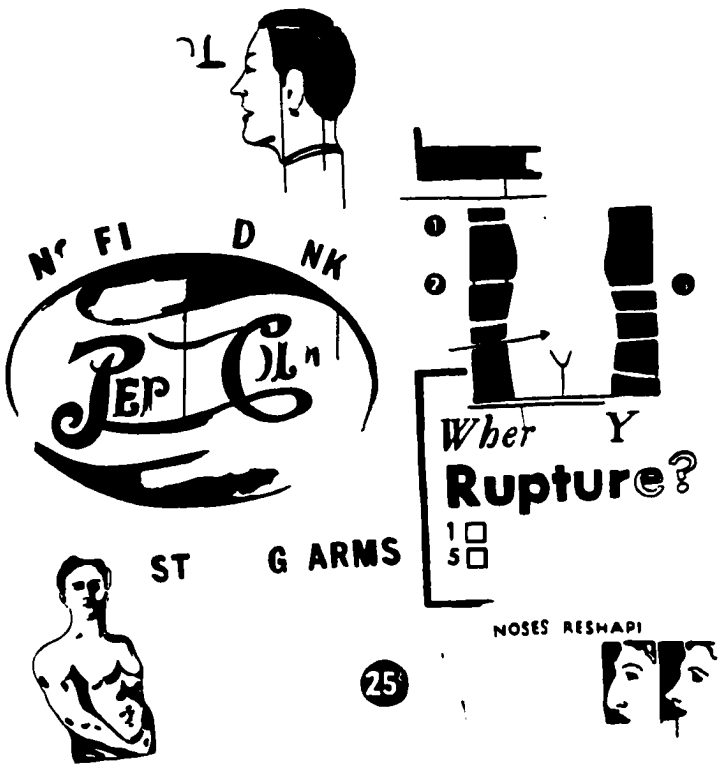


fig. 126

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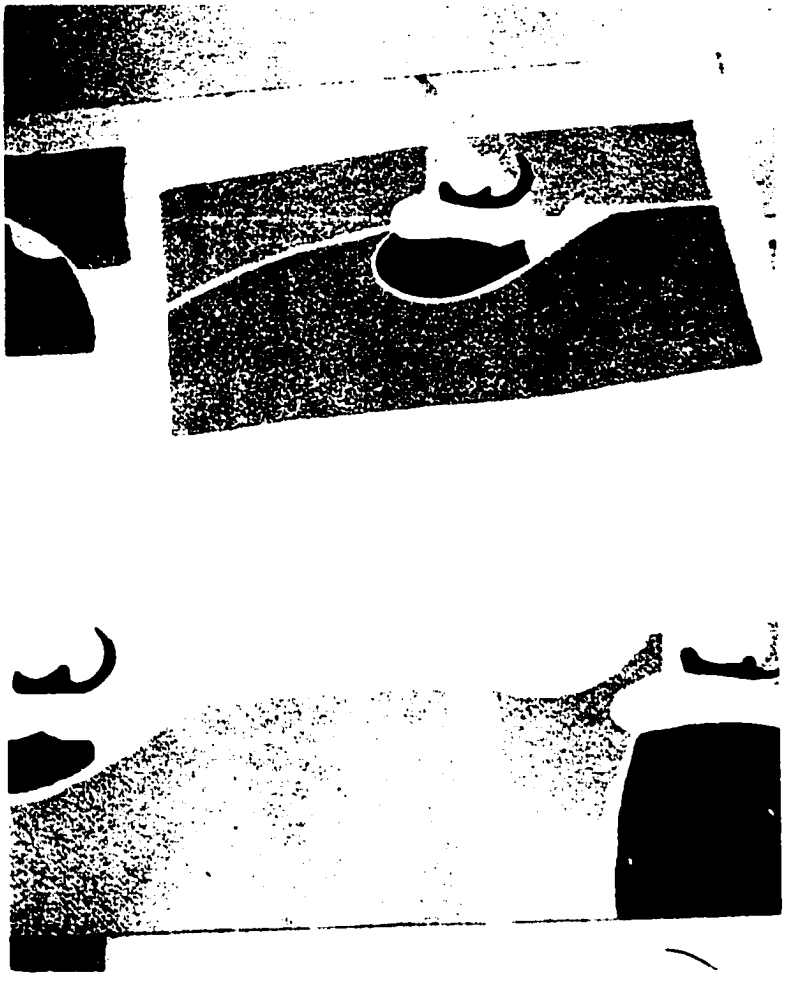


fig. 127

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fig. 128

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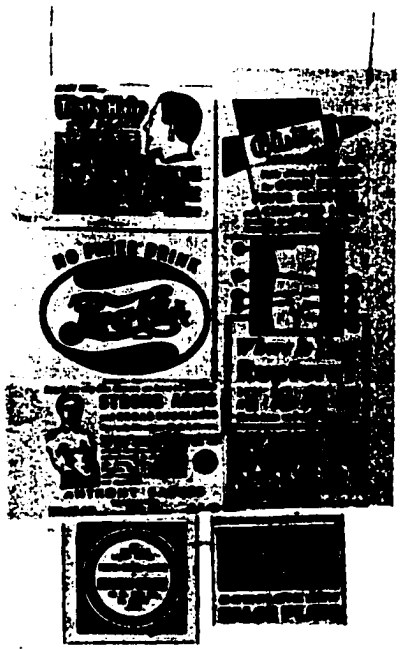




fig. 130, top; fig. 131, bottom

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fig. 132, top; fig. 133, bottom

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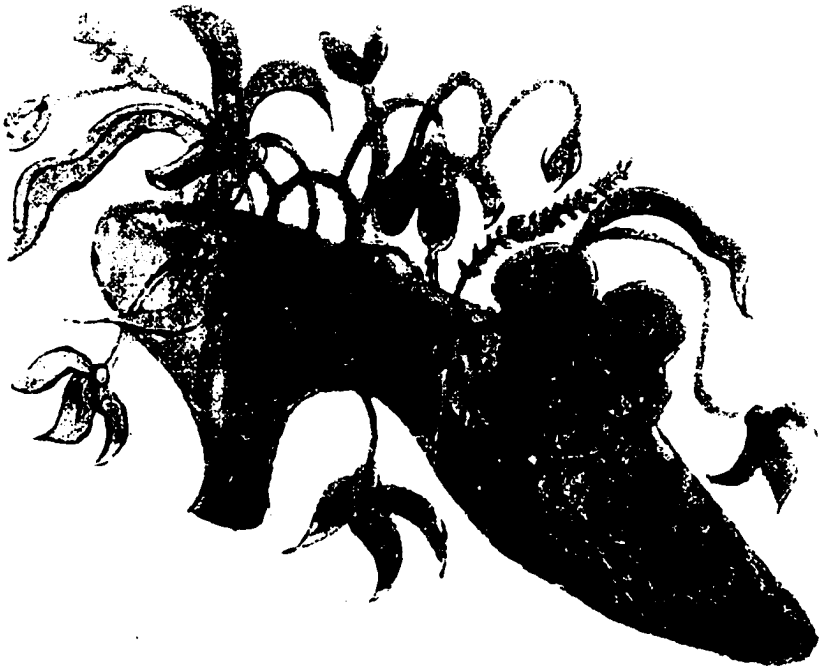
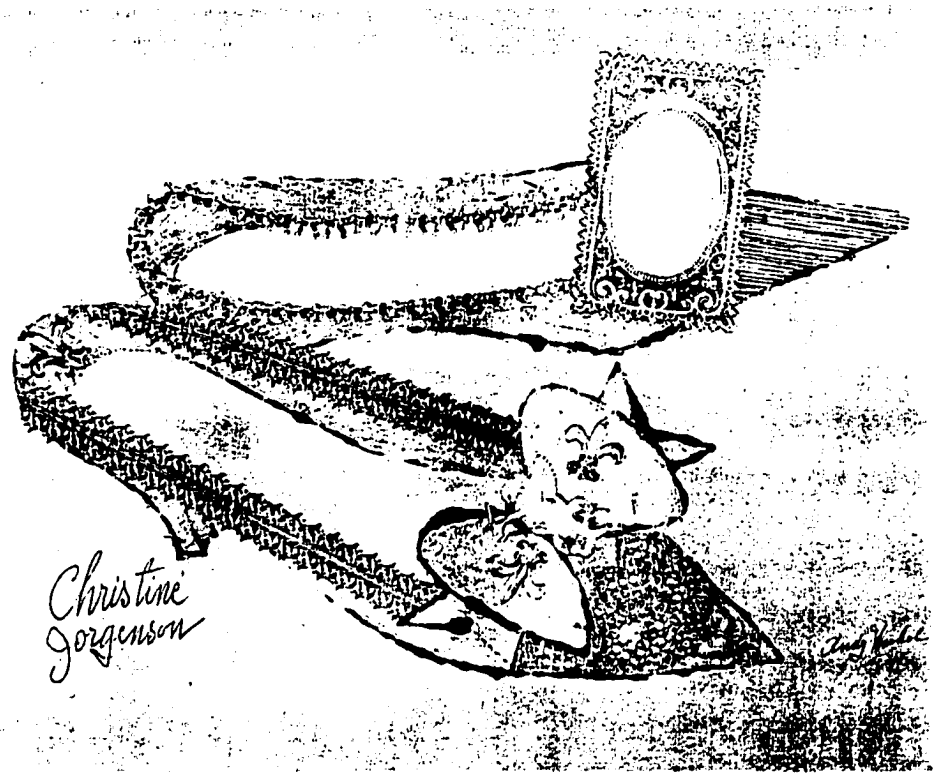




fig. 134, top; fig. 135, bottom

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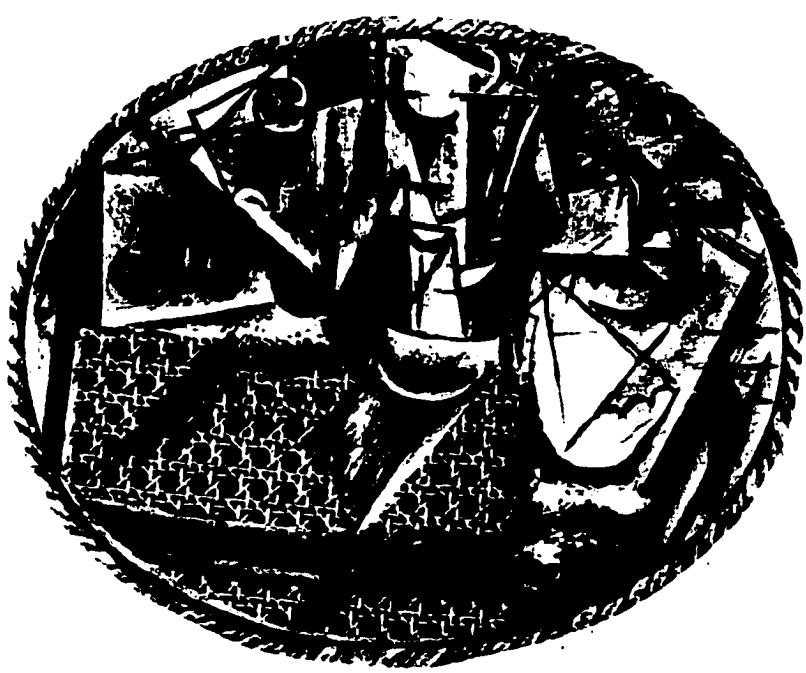


fig. 136, top; fig. 137, bottom

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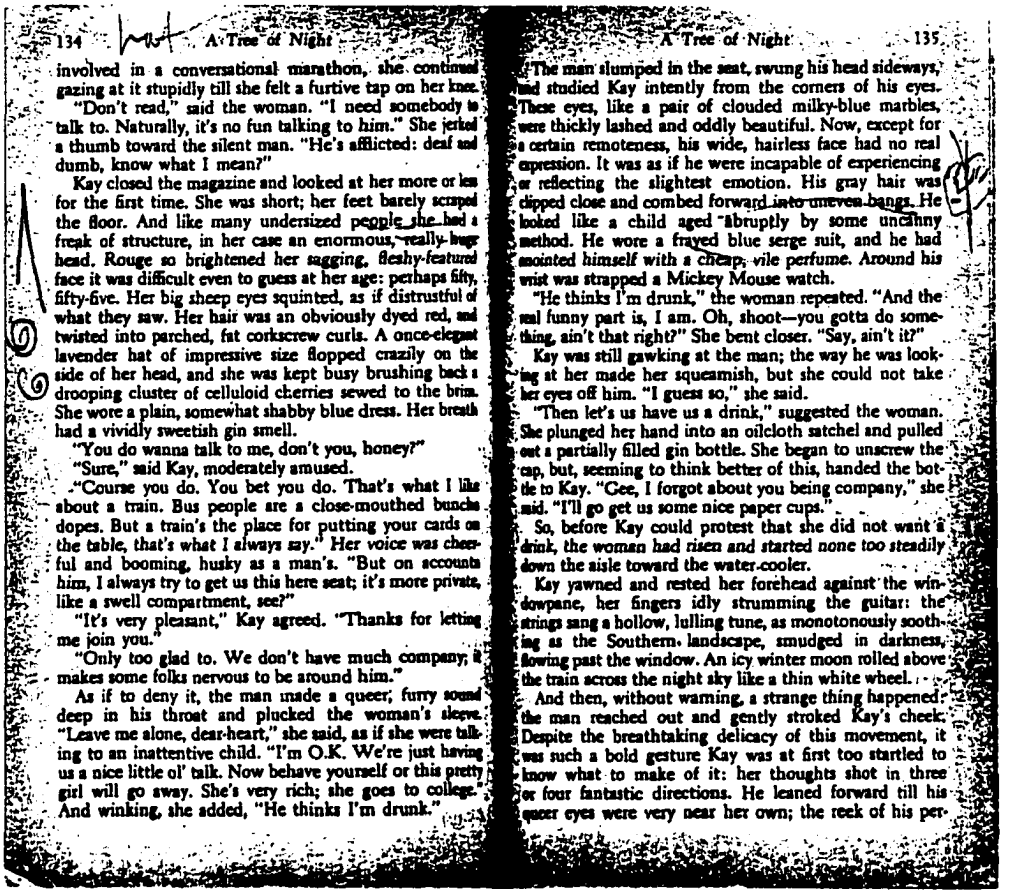
fig. 138

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fig. 139

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134 A Tree of Night

involved in a conversational marathon, she continued gazing at it stupidly till she felt a furtive tap on her knee.

"Don't read," said the woman. "I need somebody to talk to. Naturally, it's no fun talking to him." She jerked a thumb toward the silent man. "He's afflicted: deaf and dumb, know what I mean?"

Kay closed the magazine and looked at her more or less for the first time. She was short; her feet barely scraped the floor. And like many undersized people she had a freak of structure, in her case an enormous, really huge head. Rouge so brightened her sagging, fleshy-featured face it was difficult even to guess at her age: perhaps fifty, fifty-five. Her big sheep eyes squinted, as if distrustful of what they saw. Her hair was an obviously dyed red, and twisted into parched, fat corkscrew curls. A once-elegant lavender hat of impressive size flopped crazily on the side of her head, and she was kept busy brushing back a drooping cluster of celluloid cherries sewed to the brim. She wore a plain, somewhat shabby blue dress. Her breath had a vividly sweetish gin smell.

"You do wanna talk to me, don't you, honey?"

"Sure," said Kay, moderately amused.

"Course you do. You bet you do. That's what I like about a train. Bus people are a close-mouthed bunch dopes. But a train's the place for putting your cards on the table, that's what I always say." Her voice was cheerful and booming, husky as a man's. "But on accounts him, I always try to get us this here seat; it's more private, like a swell compartment, see?"

"It's very pleasant," Kay agreed. "Thanks for letting me join you."

"Only too glad to. We don't have much company; it makes some folks nervous to be around him."

As if to deny it, the man made a queer, furry sound deep in his throat and plucked the woman's sleeve. "Leave me alone, dear-heart," she said, as if she were talking to an inattentive child. "I'm O.K. We're just having us a nice little ol' talk. Now behave yourself or this pretty girl will go away. She's very rich; she goes to college." And winking, she added, "He thinks I'm drunk."

A Tree of Night 135

The man slumped in the seat, swung his head sideways, and studied Kay intently from the corners of his eyes. These eyes, like a pair of clouded milky-blue marbles, were thickly lashed and oddly beautiful. Now, except for a certain remoteness, his wide, hairless face had no real expression. It was as if he were incapable of experiencing or reflecting the slightest emotion. His gray hair was clipped close and combed forward into uneven bangs. He looked like a child aged abruptly by some uncanny method. He wore a frayed blue serge suit, and he had anointed himself with a cheap, vile perfume. Around his wrist was strapped a Mickey Mouse watch.

"He thinks I'm drunk," the woman repeated. "And the real funny part is, I am. Oh, shoot—you gotta do something, ain't that right?" She bent closer. "Say, ain't it?"

Kay was still gawking at the man; the way he was looking at her made her squeamish, but she could not take her eyes off him. "I guess so," she said.

"Then let's us have us a drink," suggested the woman. She plunged her hand into an oilcloth satchel and pulled out a partially filled gin bottle. She began to unscrew the cap, but, seeming to think better of this, handed the bottle to Kay. "Gee, I forgot about you being company," she said. "I'll go get us some nice paper cups."

So, before Kay could protest that she did not want a drink, the woman had risen and started none too steadily down the aisle toward the water-cooler.

Kay yawned and rested her forehead against the windowpane, her fingers idly strumming the guitar: the strings sang a hollow, lulling tune, as monotonously soothing as the Southern landscape, smudged in darkness, flowing past the window. An icy winter moon rolled above the train across the night sky like a thin white wheel.

And then, without warning, a strange thing happened: the man reached out and gently stroked Kay's cheek. Despite the breathtaking delicacy of this movement, it was such a bold gesture Kay was at first too startled to know what to make of it: her thoughts shot in three or four fantastic directions. He leaned forward till his queer eyes were very near her own; the reek of his per-

fig. 140

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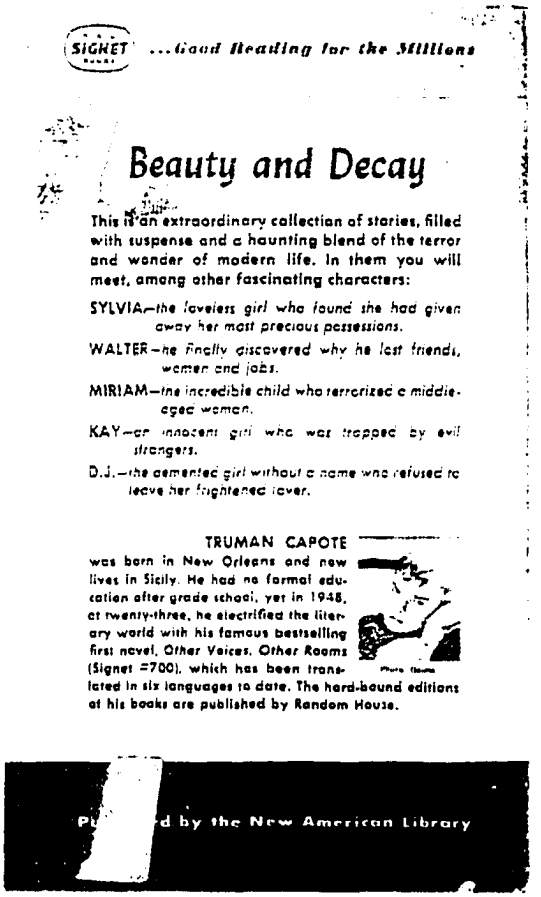


fig. 141

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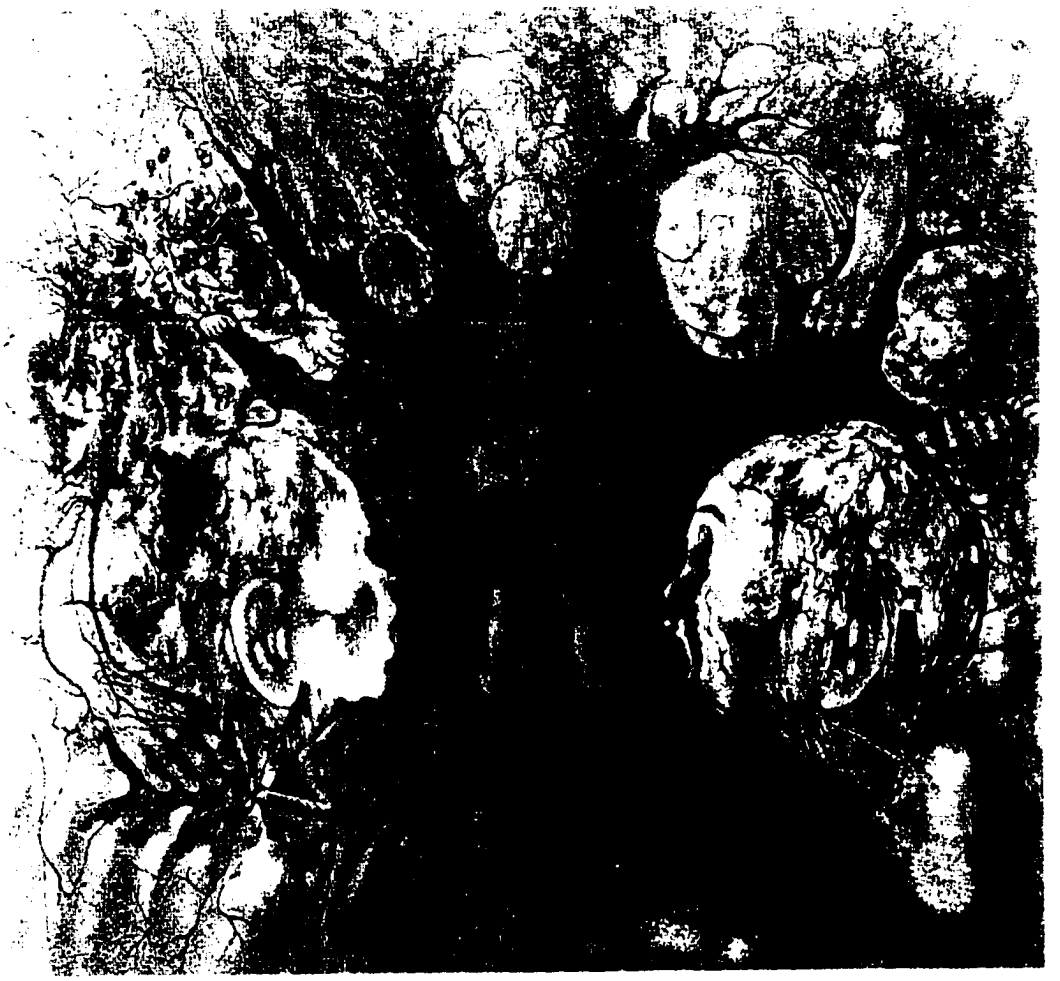


fig. 142

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fig. 144, top; fig. 145, bottom

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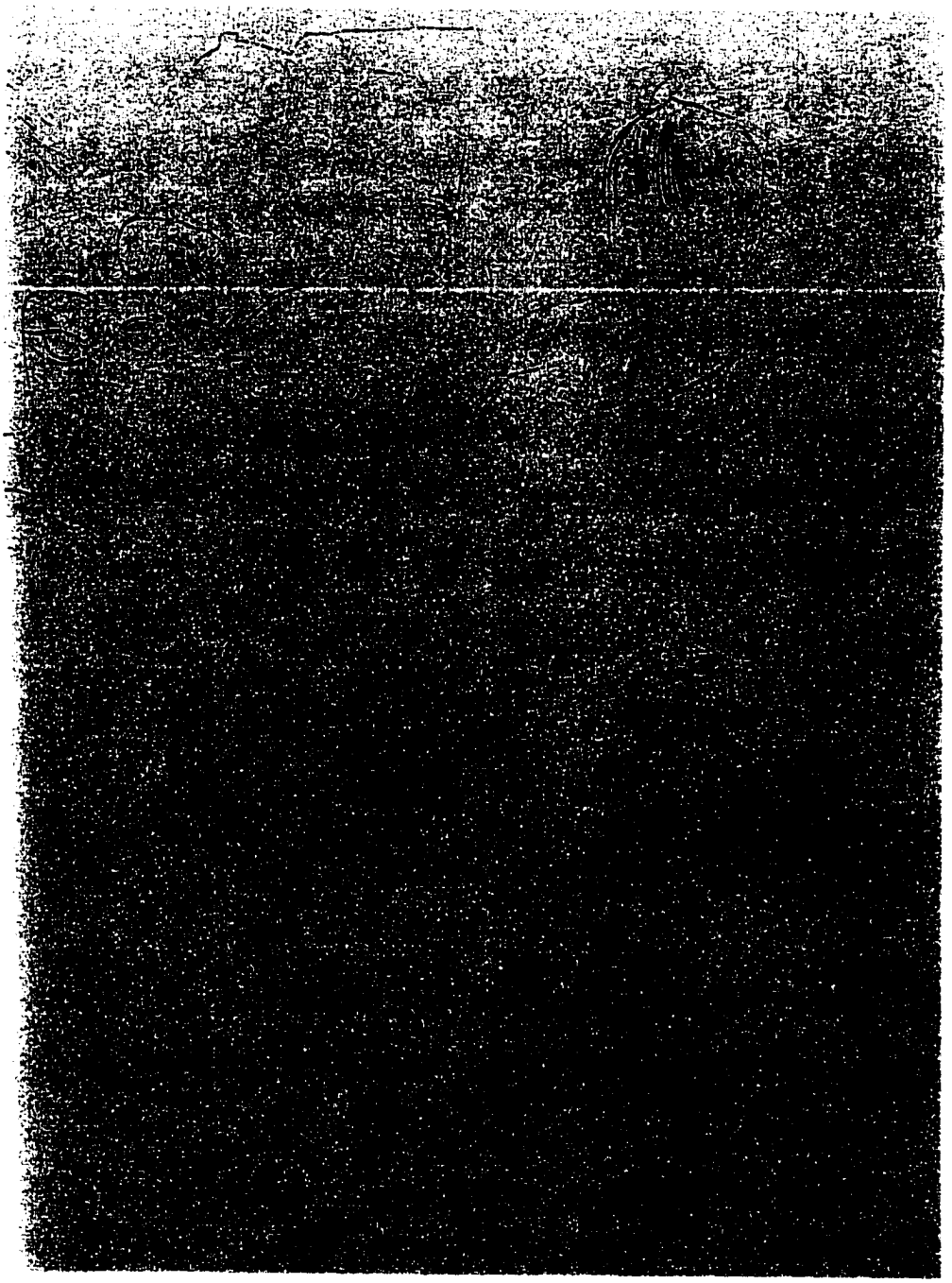


fig. 146

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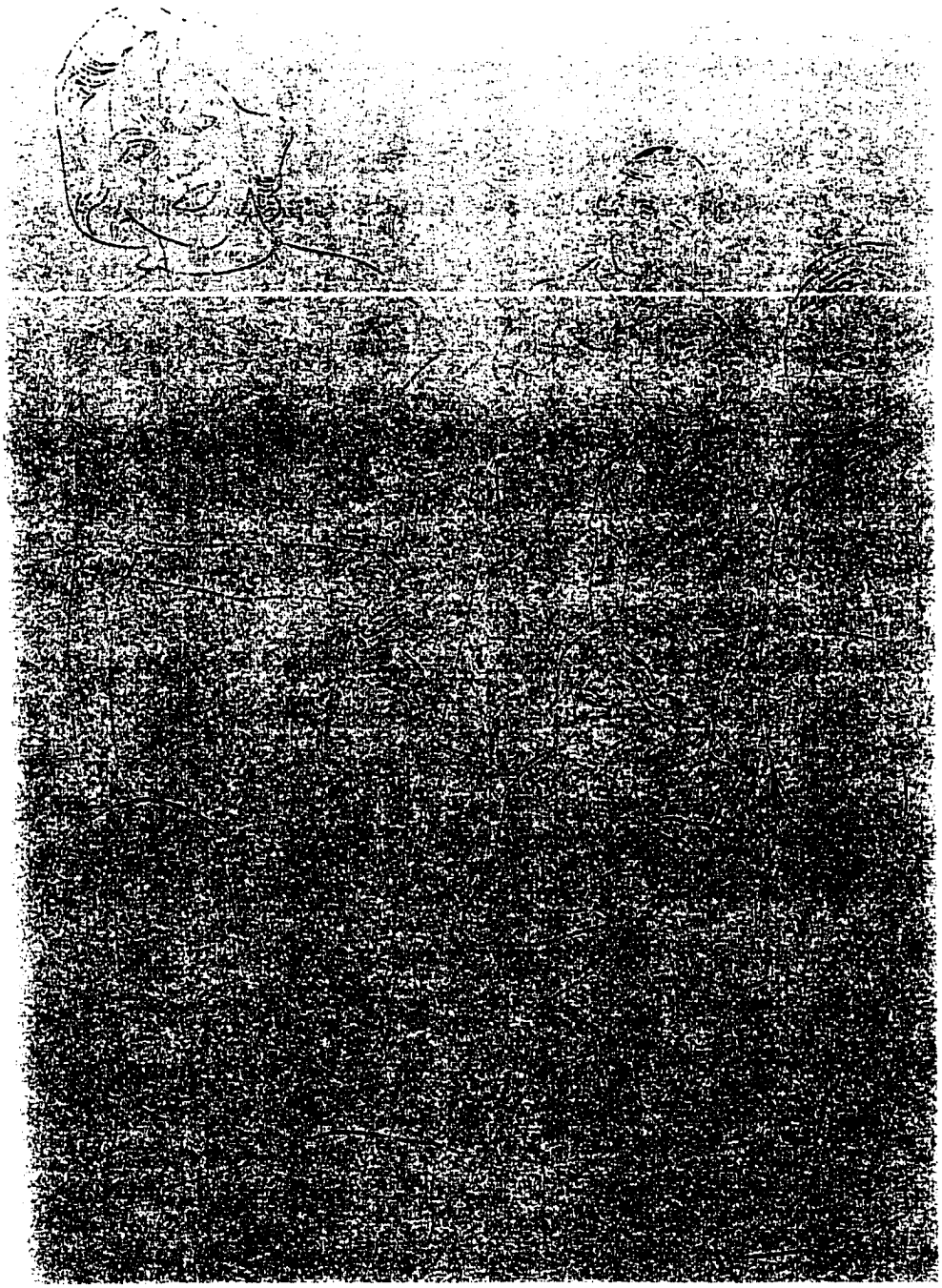


fig. 147

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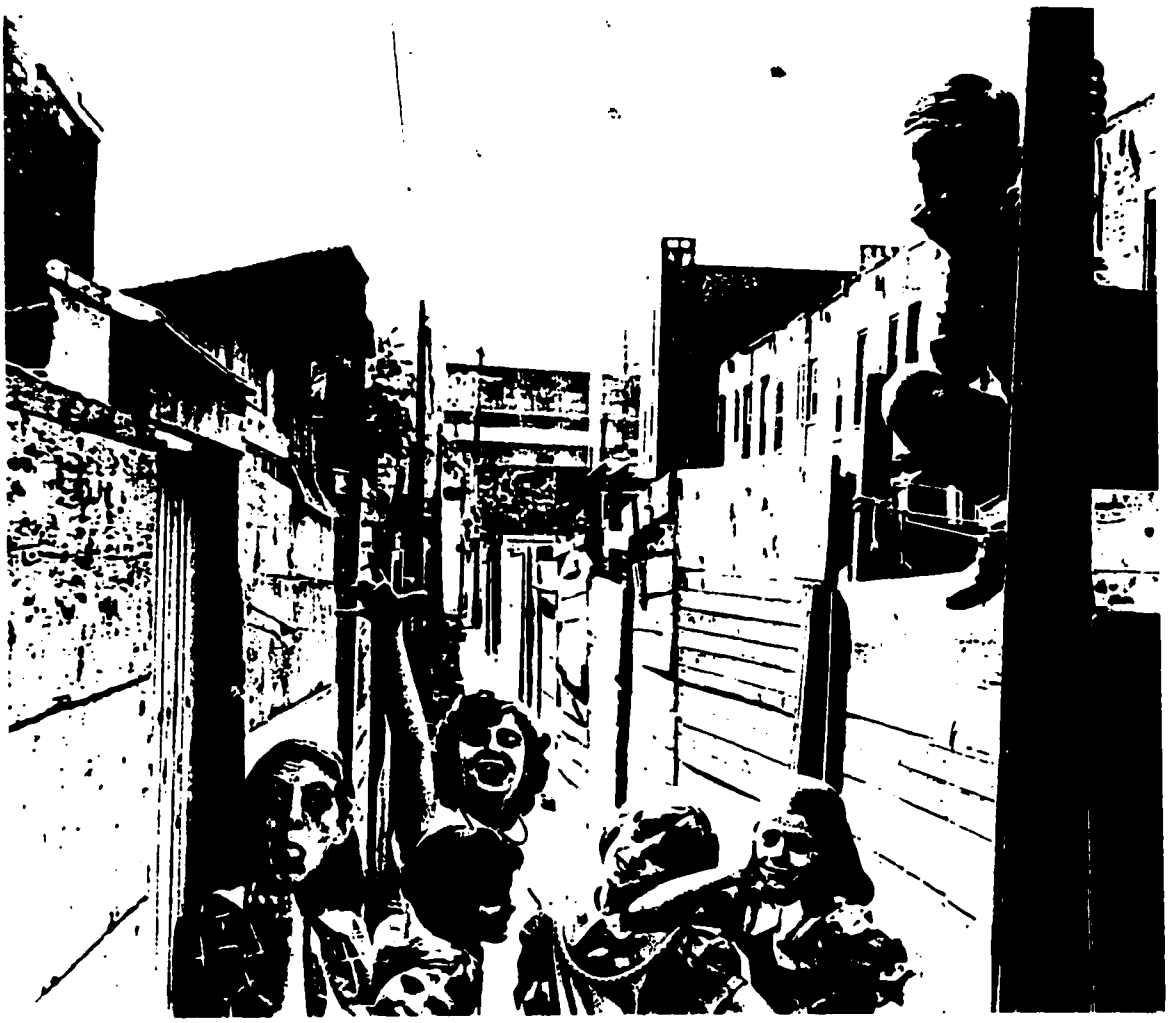


fig. 149

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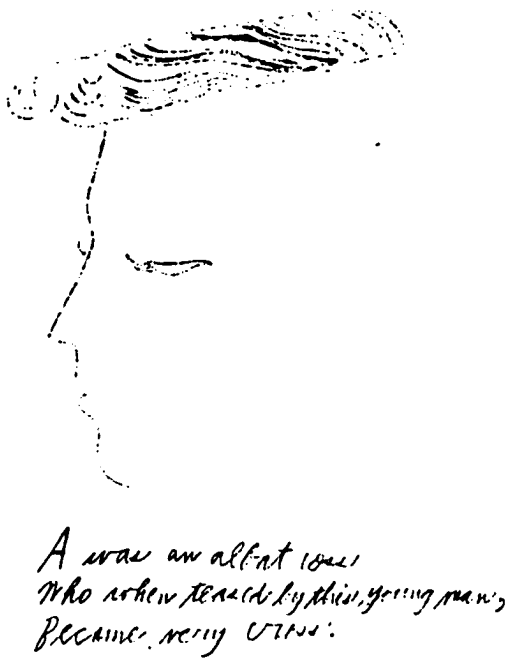


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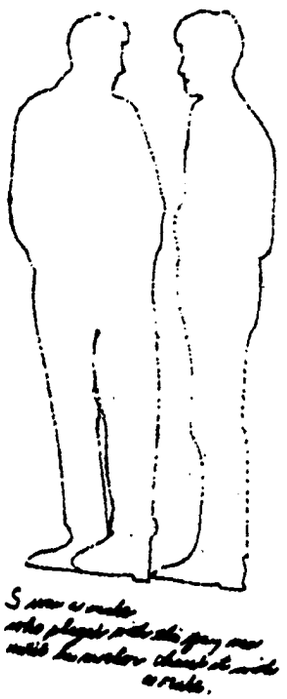


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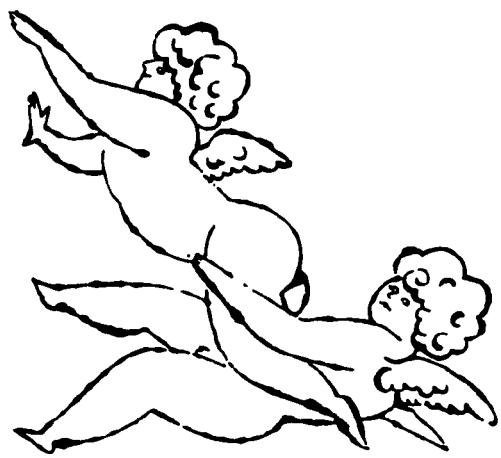




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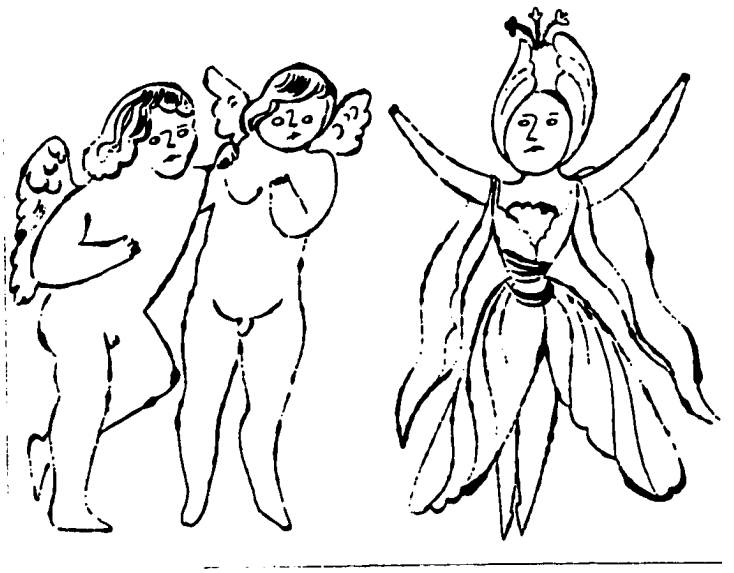




fig. 157, top and bottom

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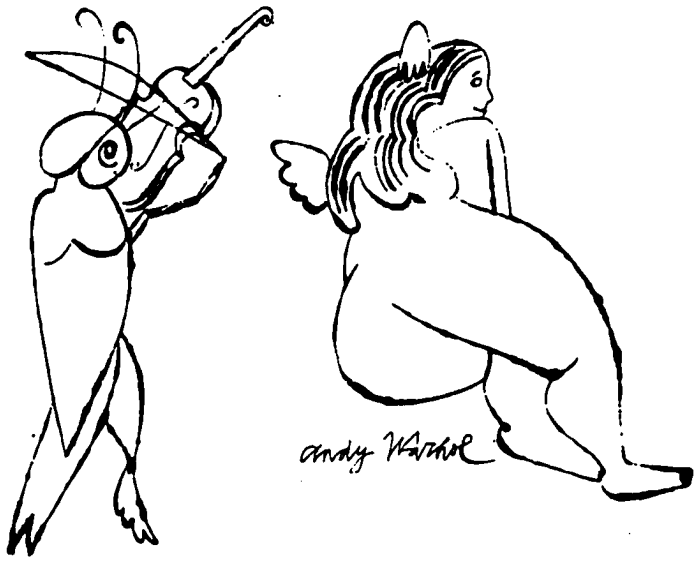




fig. 158, top and bottom

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fig. 159, top and bottom

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fig. 160, top; fig. 161, bottom

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fig. 162, top and bottom

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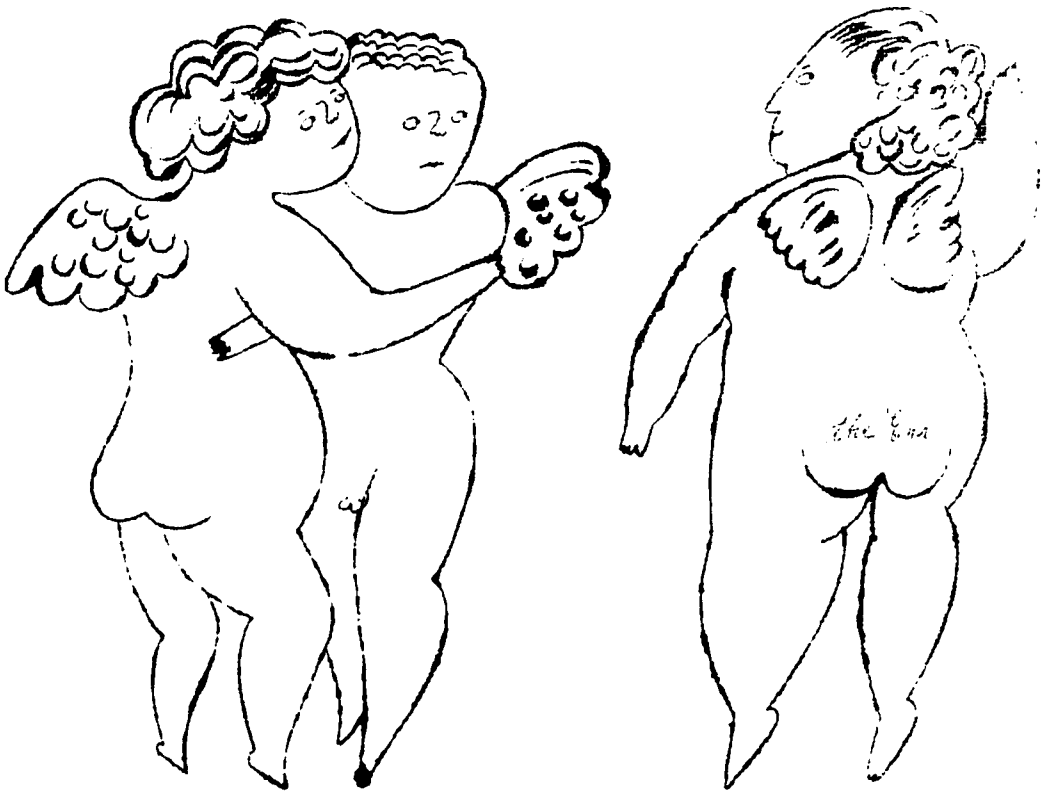


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fig. 165, top; fig. 166, bottom

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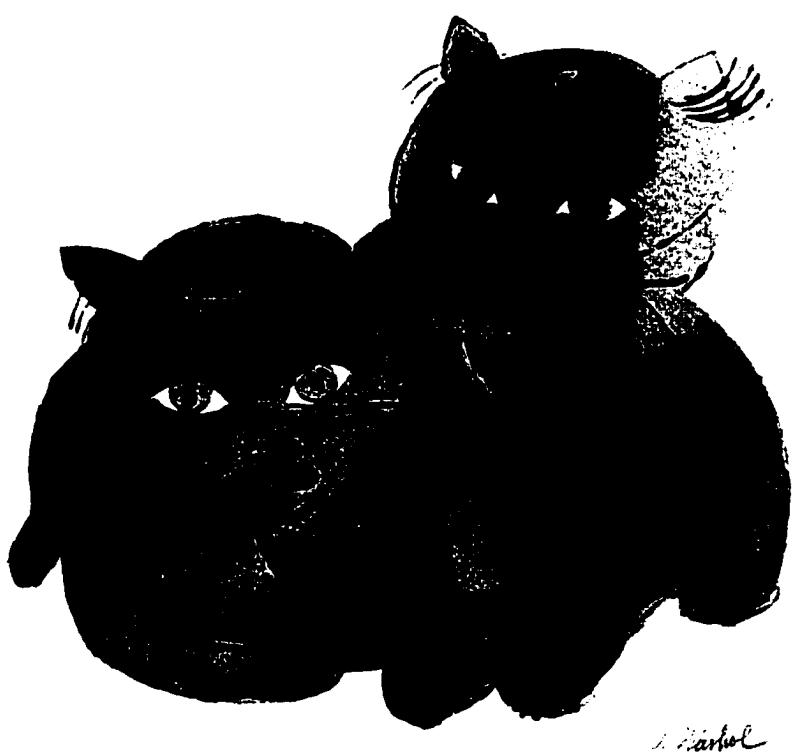


fig. 167, top; fig. 168, bottom

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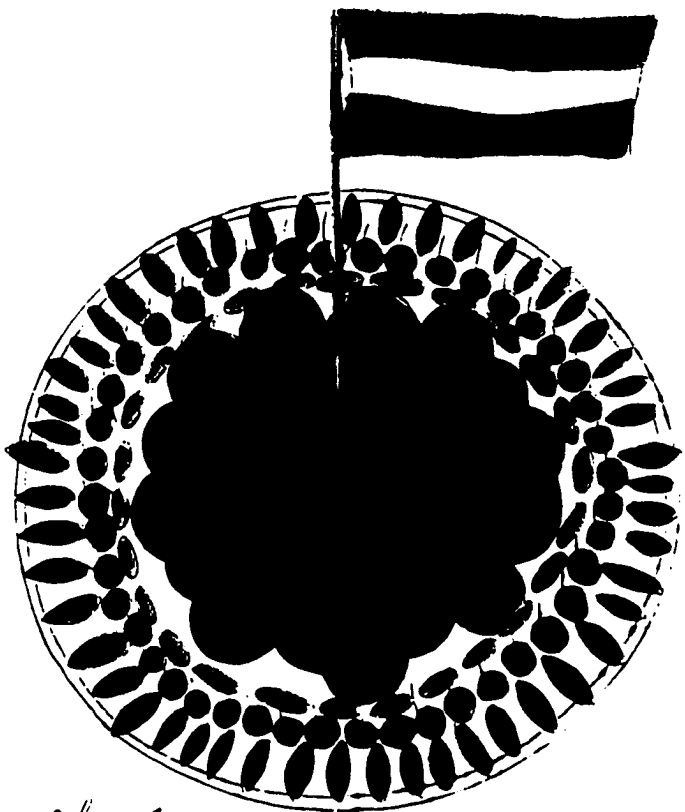
fig. 169

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fig. 170

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Chocolate Balls a la Chambord

Decorate a ten inch round silver Platter with Maraschino cherries, fresh mint and almond filberts, Then call up the Royal Pastry shops and have them Deliver a pound of half inch chocolate balls, Serve only with no-Cal Ginger Ale, To be served to very thin People.

fig. 171

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fig. 172

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fig. 174, left and right

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fig. 175

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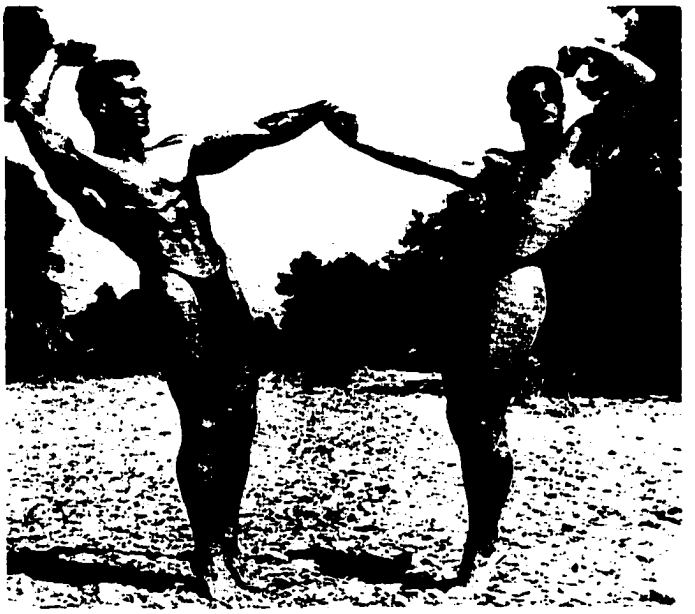


fig. 176, top; fig. 177, bottom

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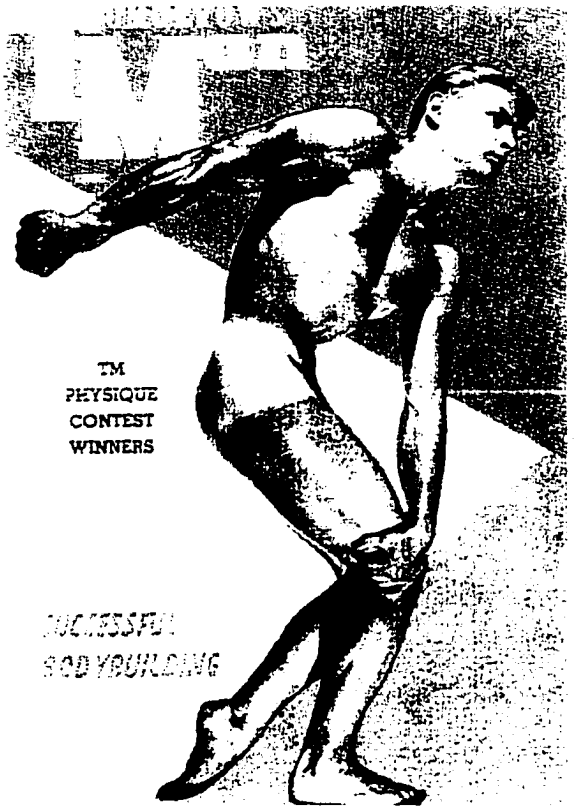




fig. 179, top and bottom

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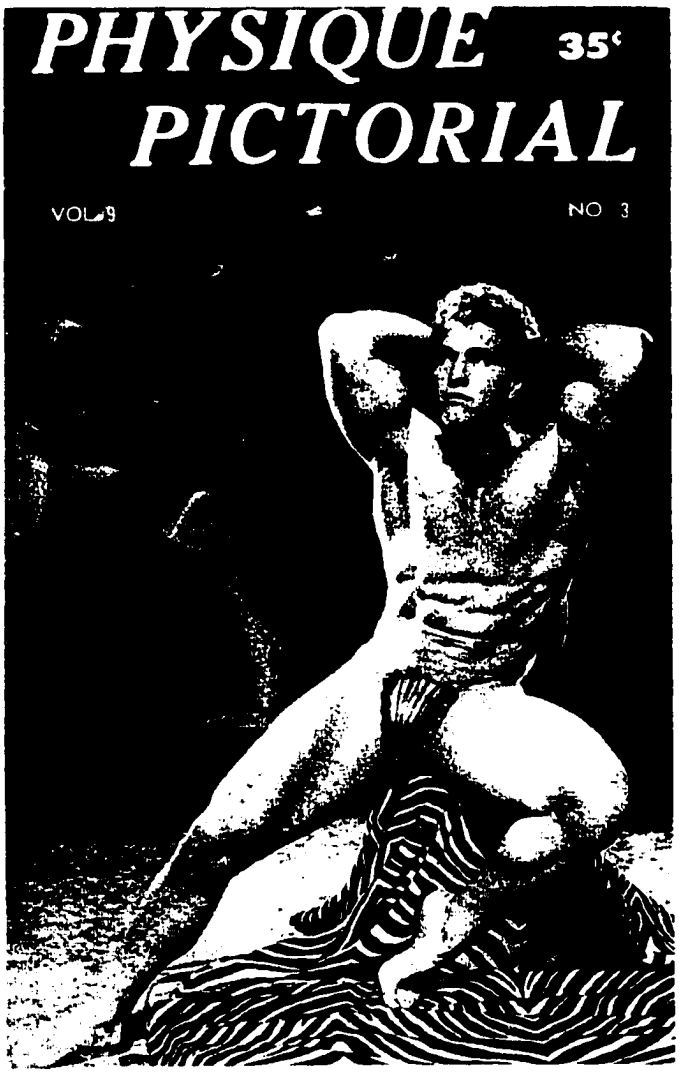


fig. 180

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fig. 181

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fig. 183, top and bottom

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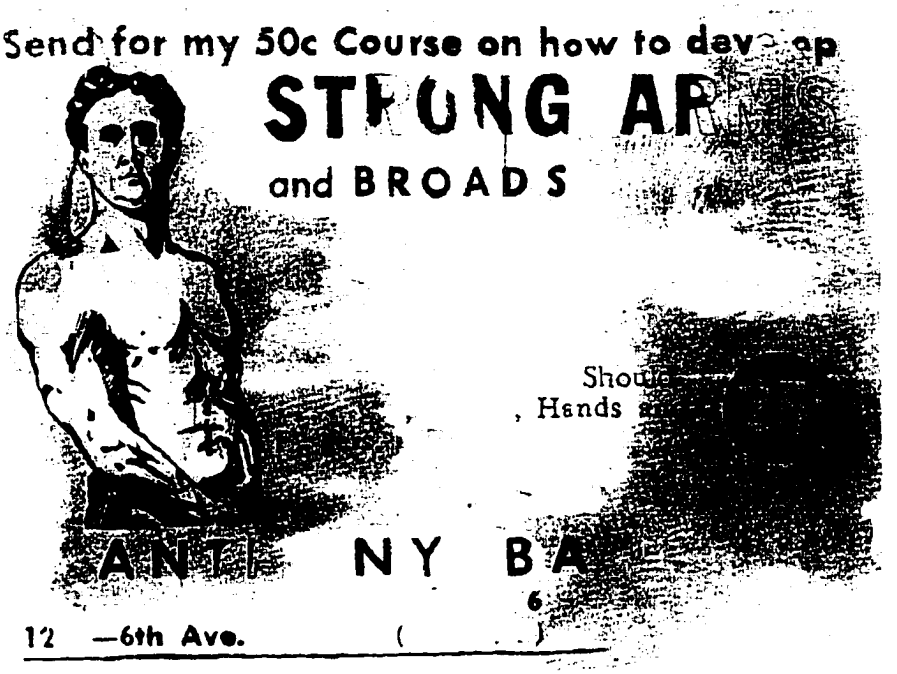






fig. 184

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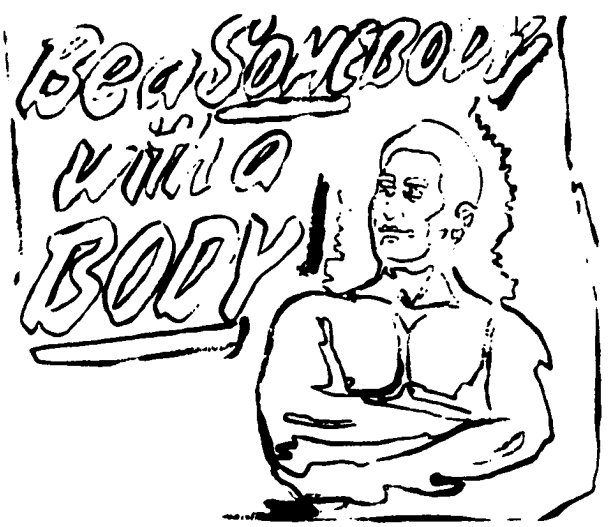


fig. 185, top; fig. 186, bottom

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fig. 187, top; fig. 188, bottom

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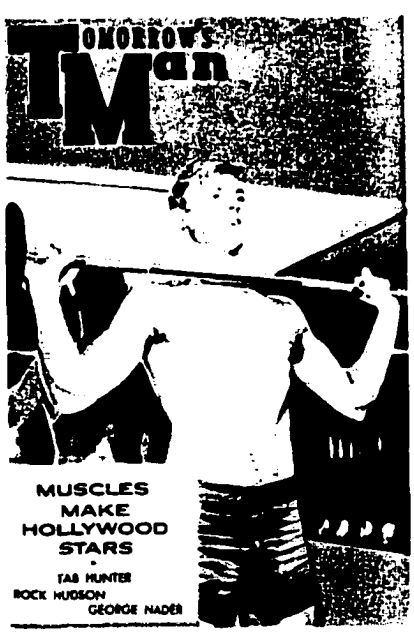


fig. 189, top; fig. 190, bottom

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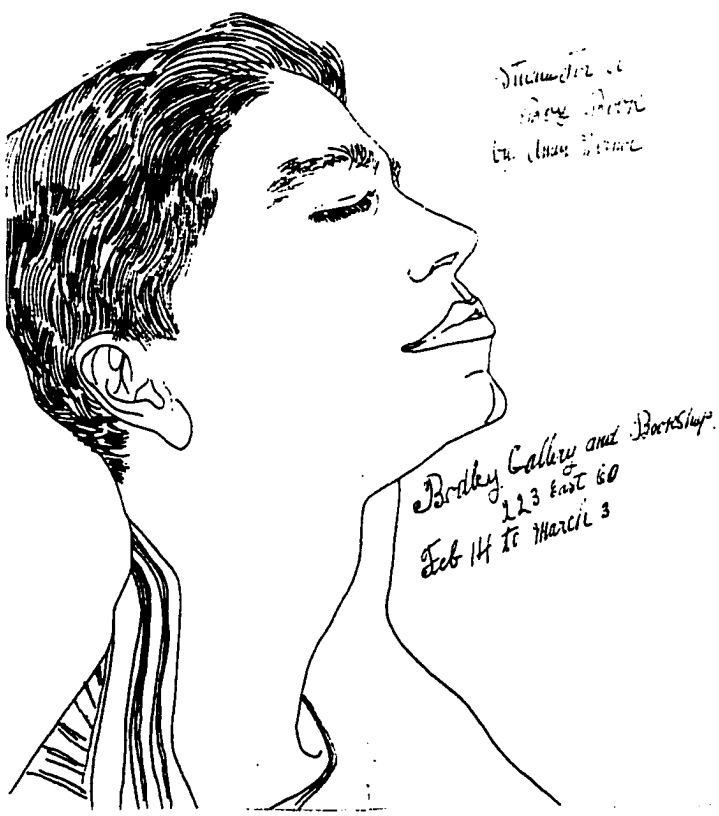


fig. 191

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fig. 192

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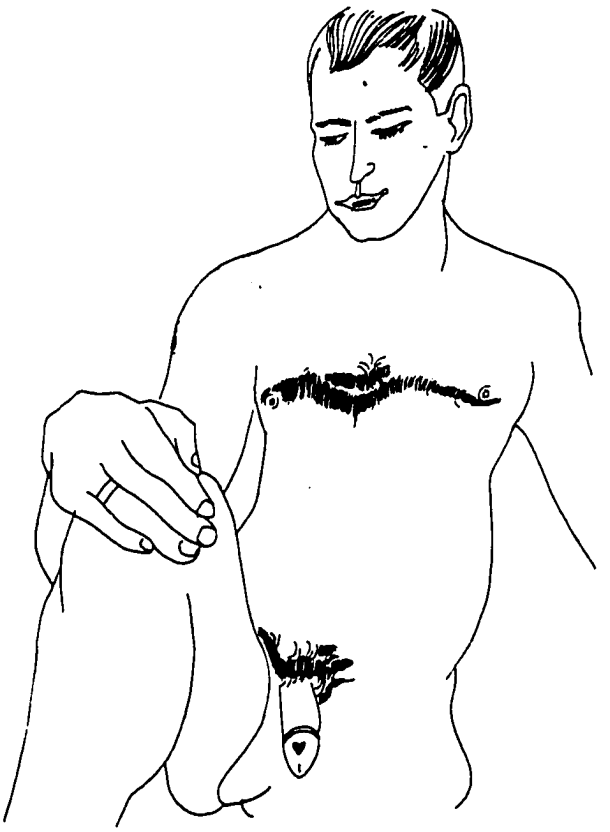


fig. 193

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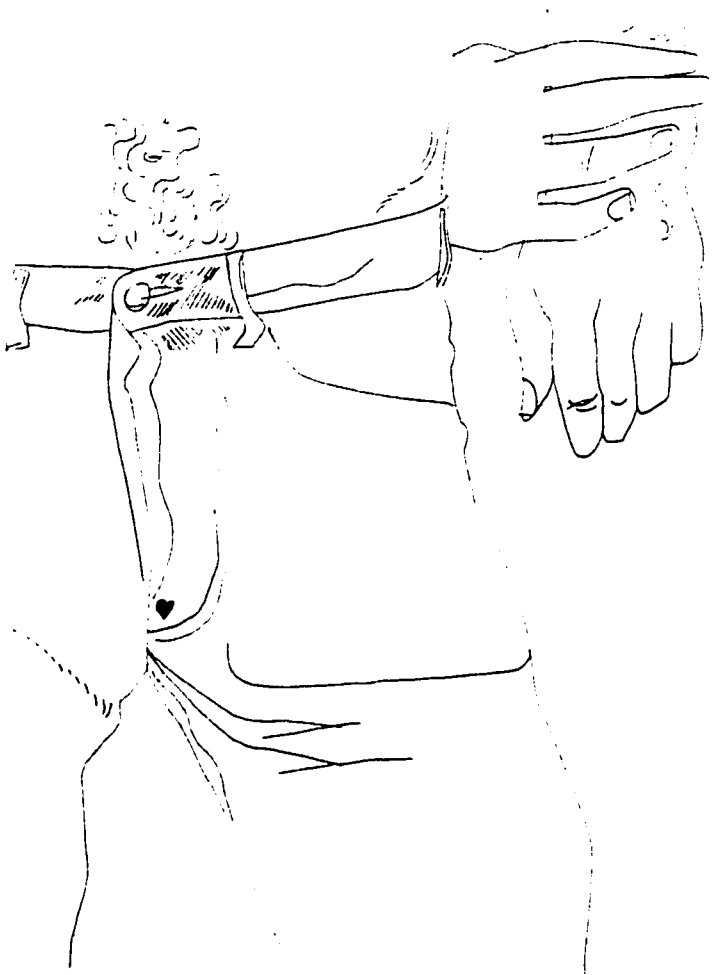


fig. 194

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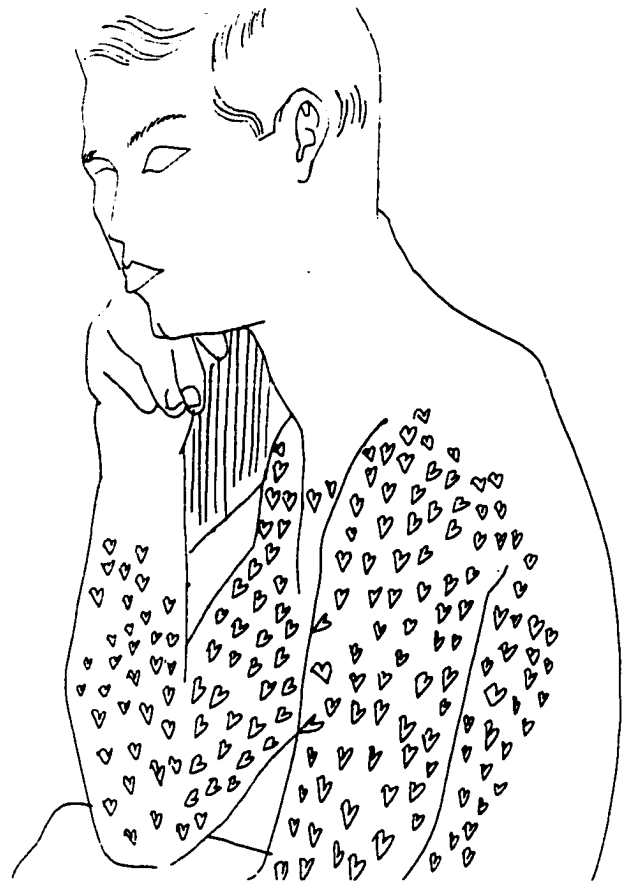




fig. 195, top and bottom

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fig. 196

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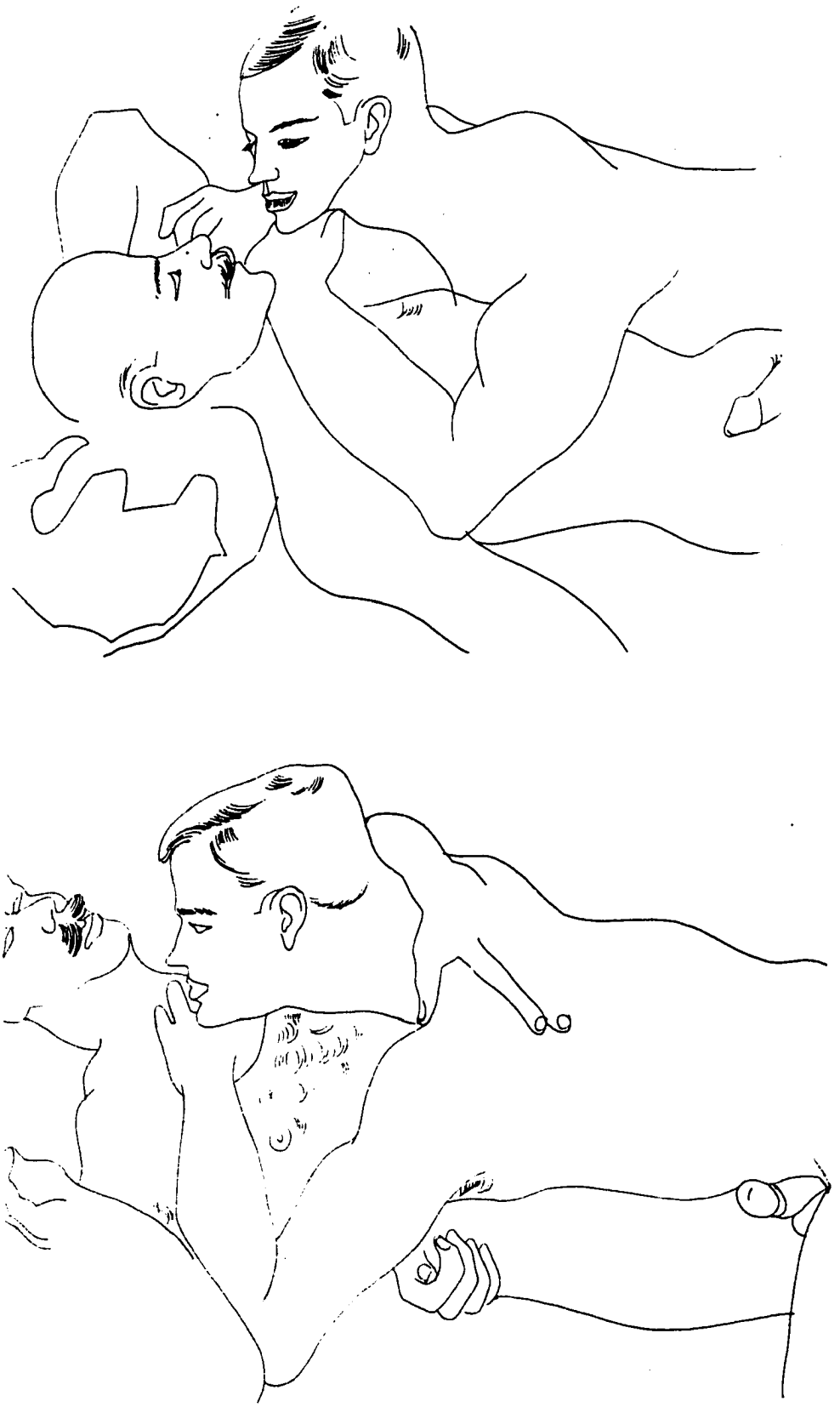


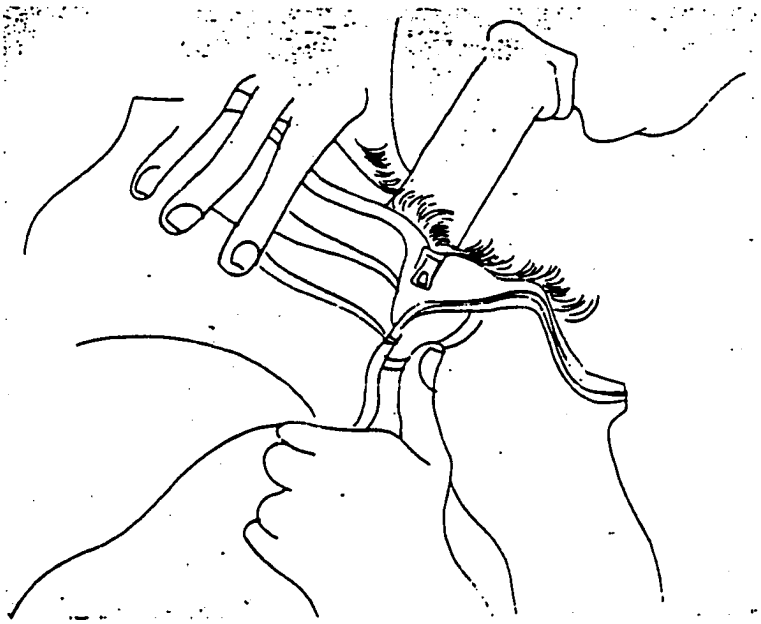
fig. 198, top and bottom

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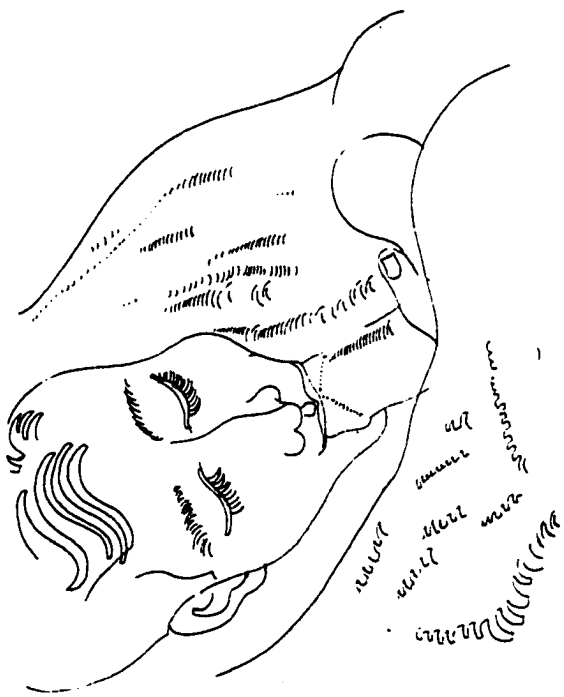


fig. 200, top; fig. 201, bottom

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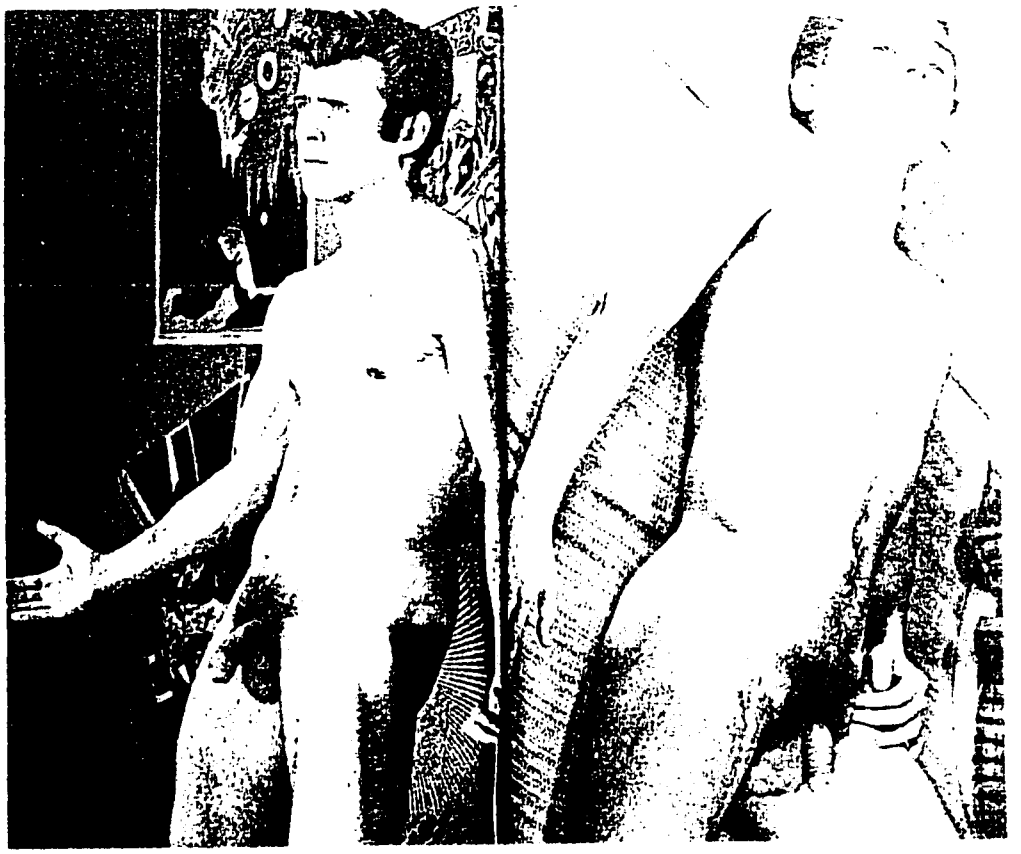


fig. 202

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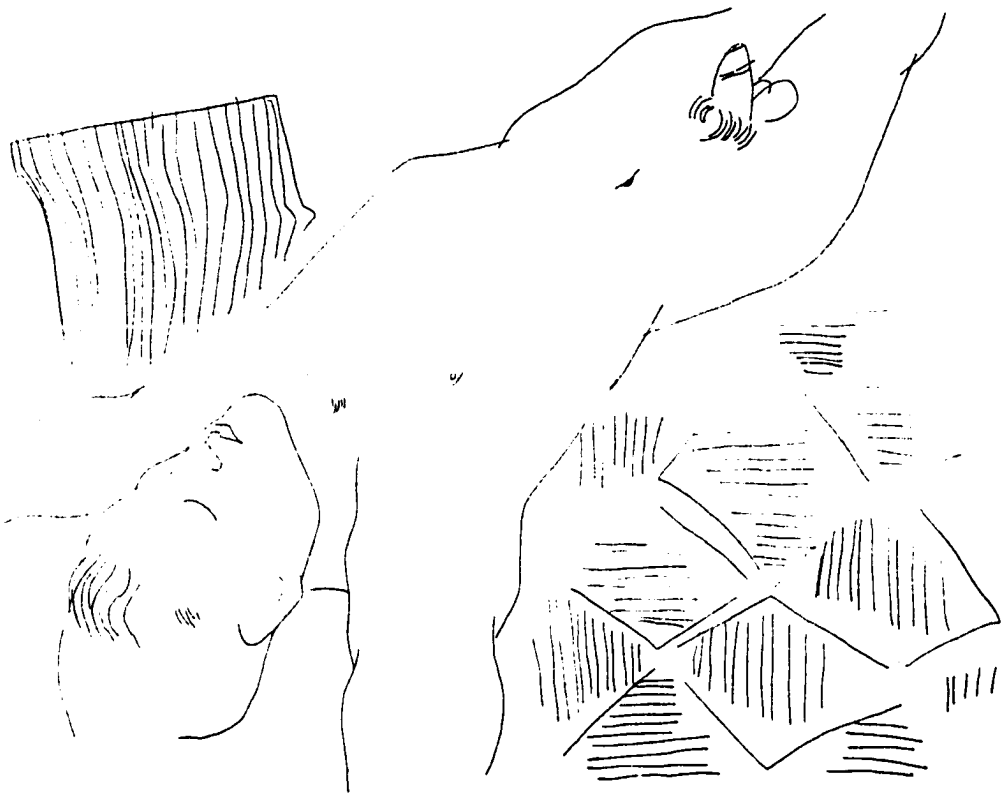


fig. 203

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fig. 204

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fig. 205, top; fig. 206, bottom

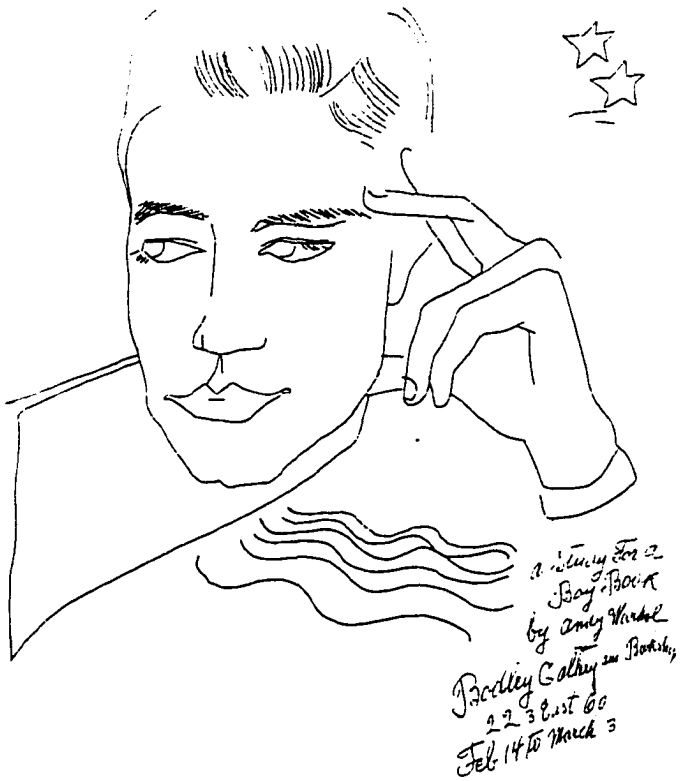
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fig. 207, top; fig. 208, bottom

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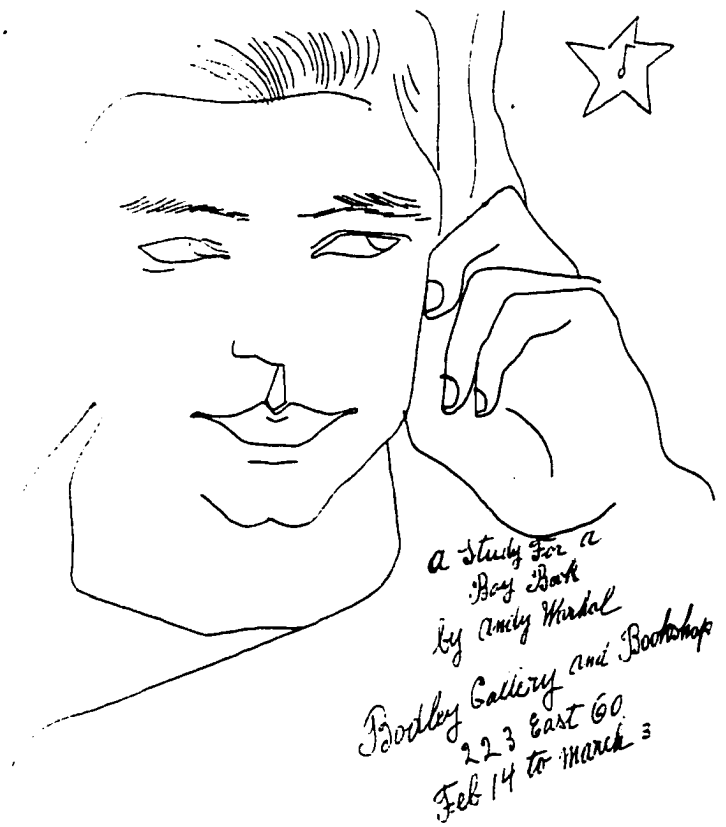


fig. 209, top; fig. 210, bottom

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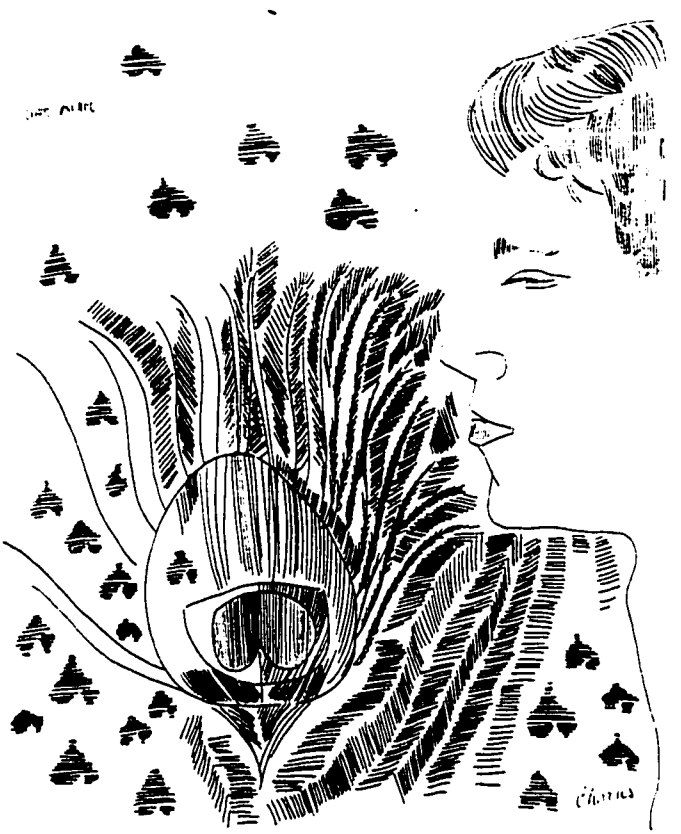


fig. 211

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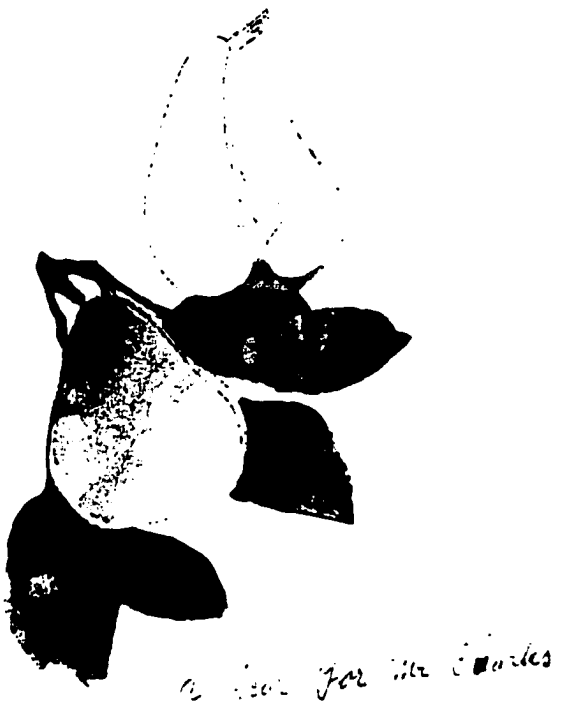


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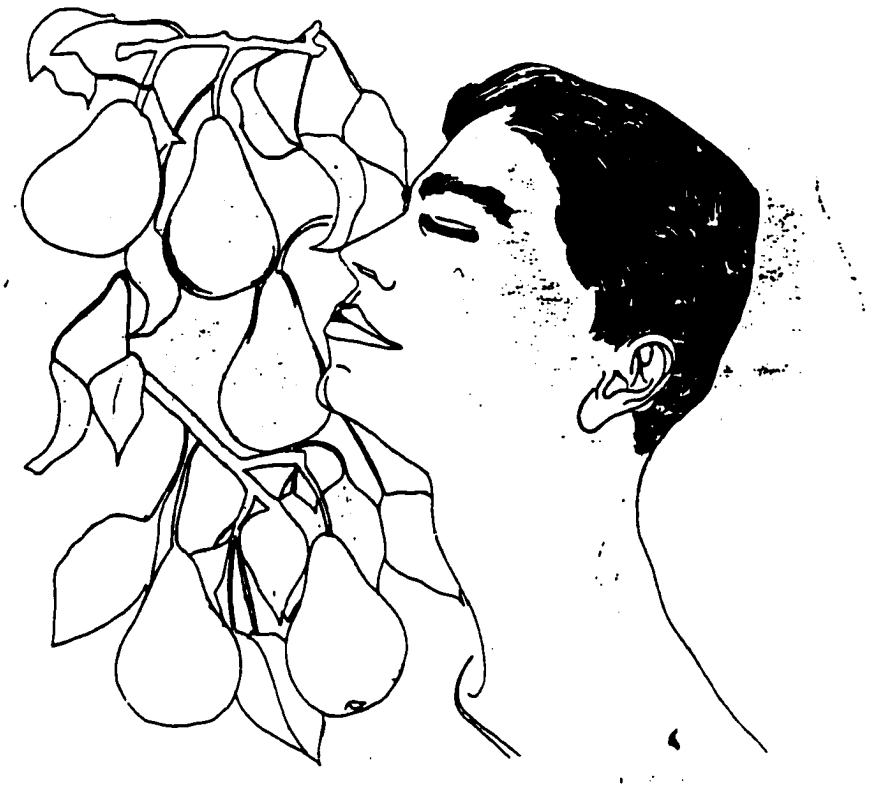


fig. 215

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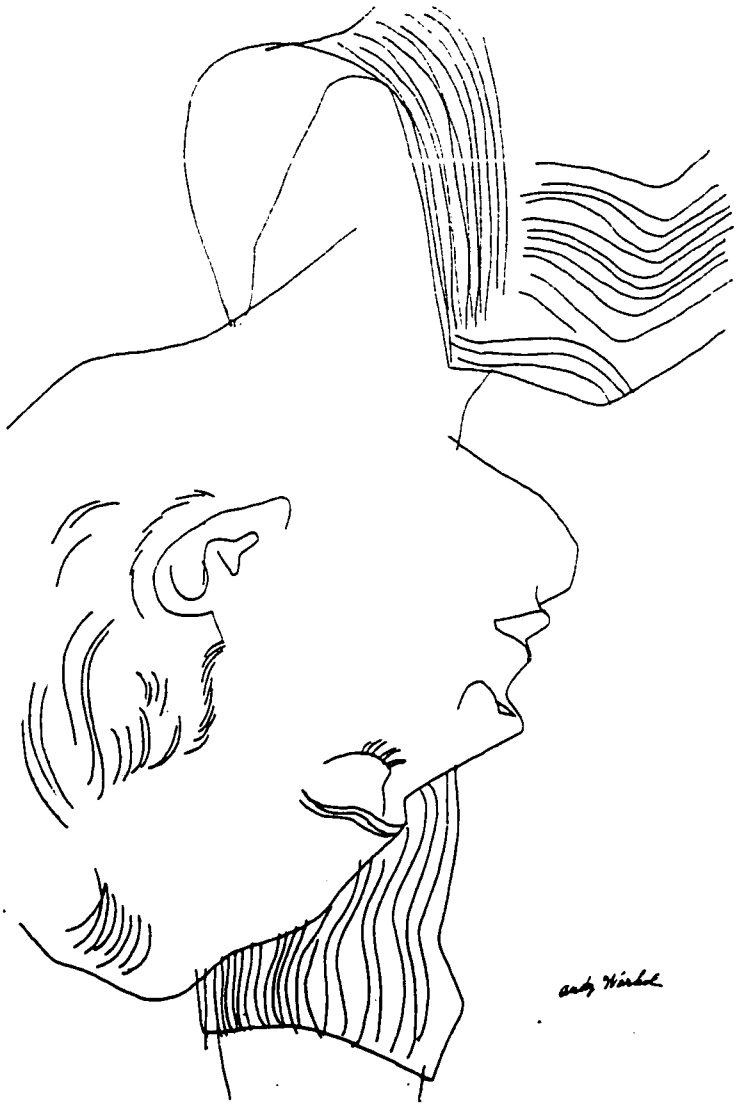


fig. 218

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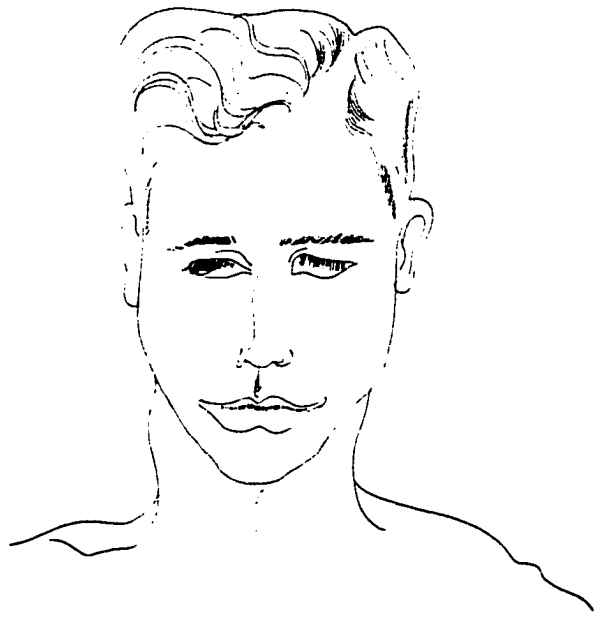




fig. 223, top and bottom

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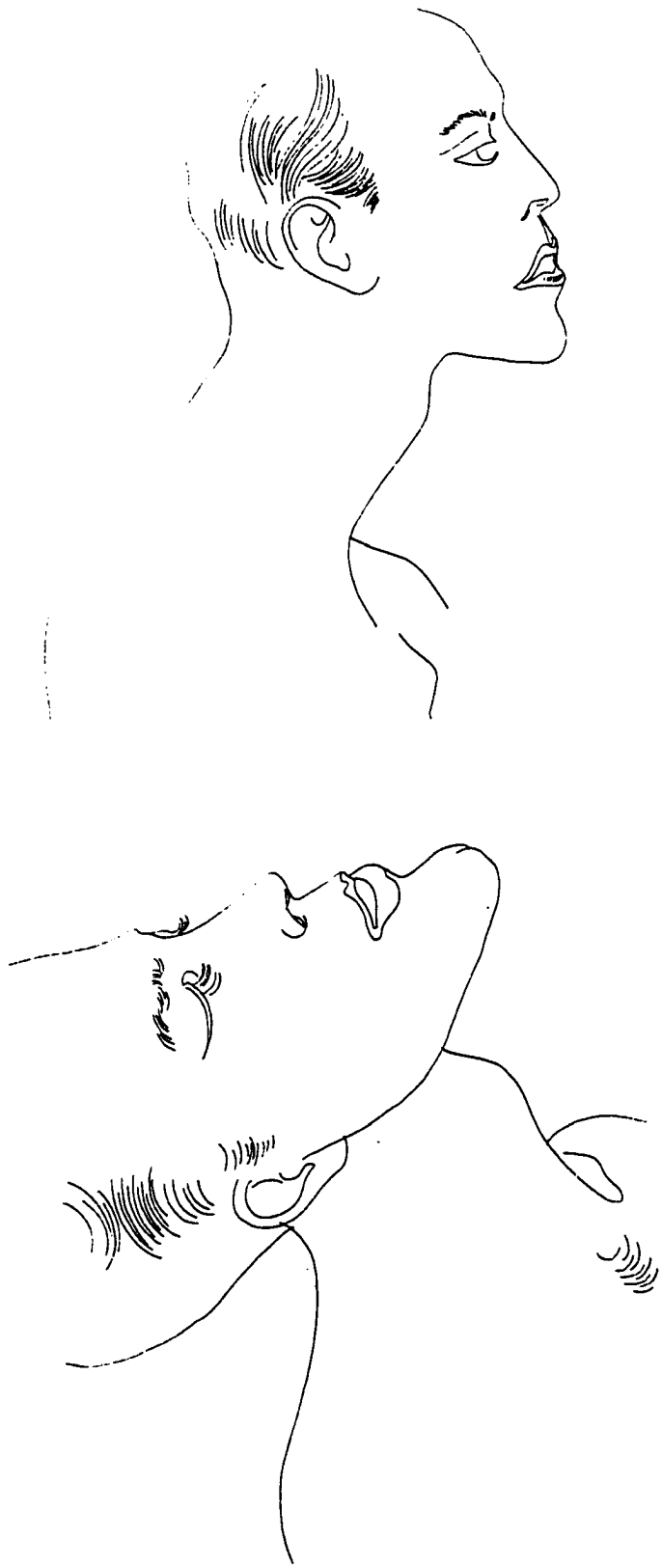


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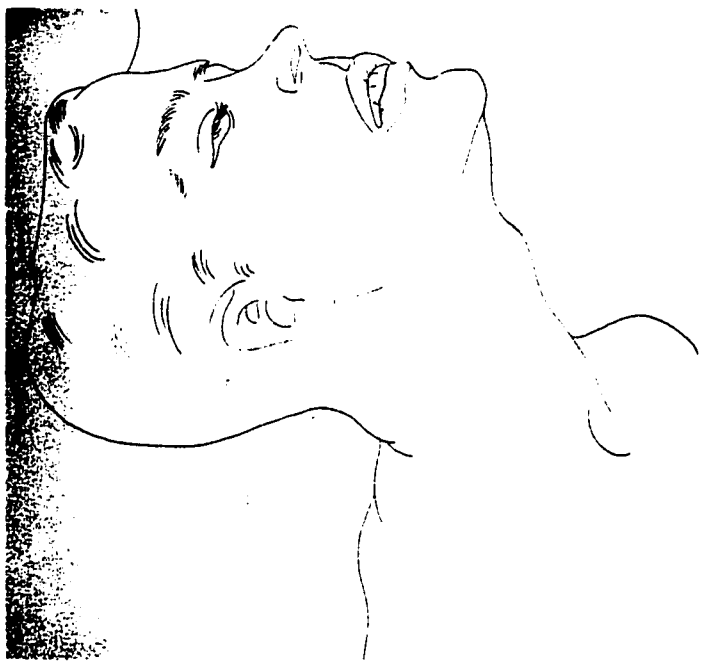




fig. 225, top; fig. 226, bottom

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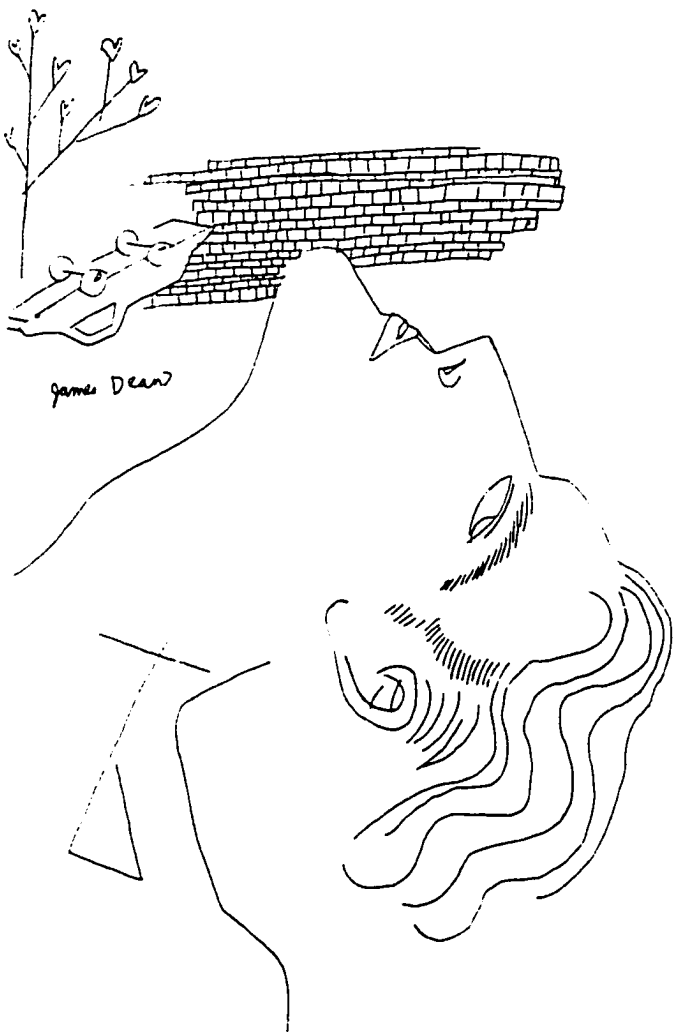


fig. 227

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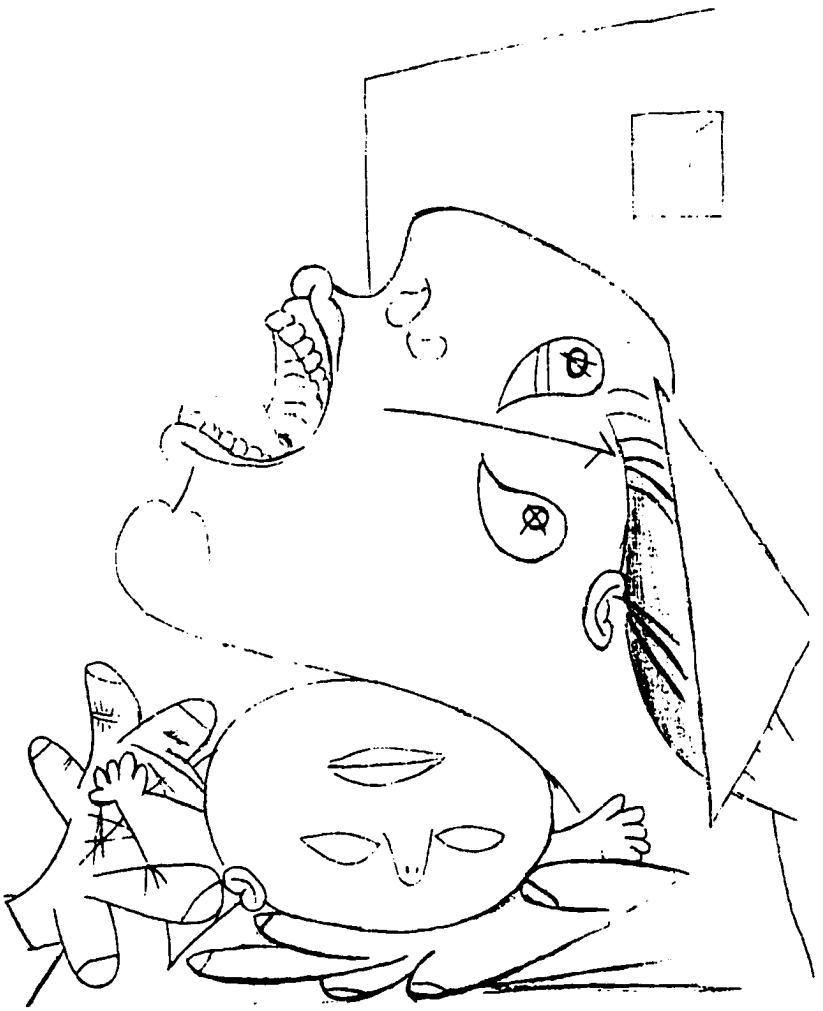


fig. 229

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fig. 230, top; fig. 231, bottom

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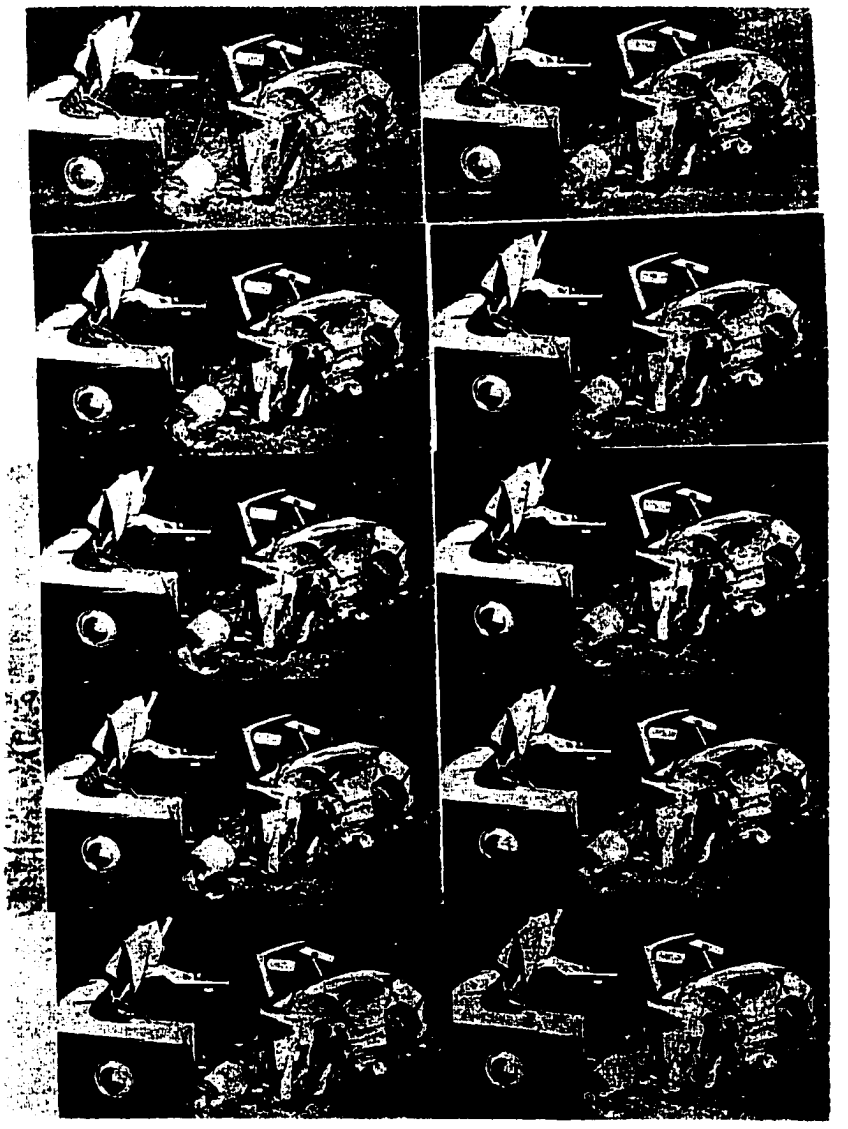


fig. 232

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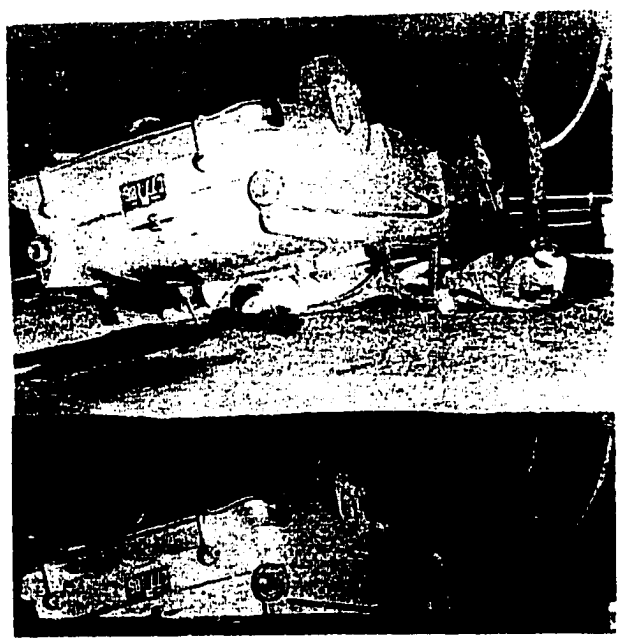


fig. 233

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fig. 234, top; fig. 235, bottom

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fig. 236

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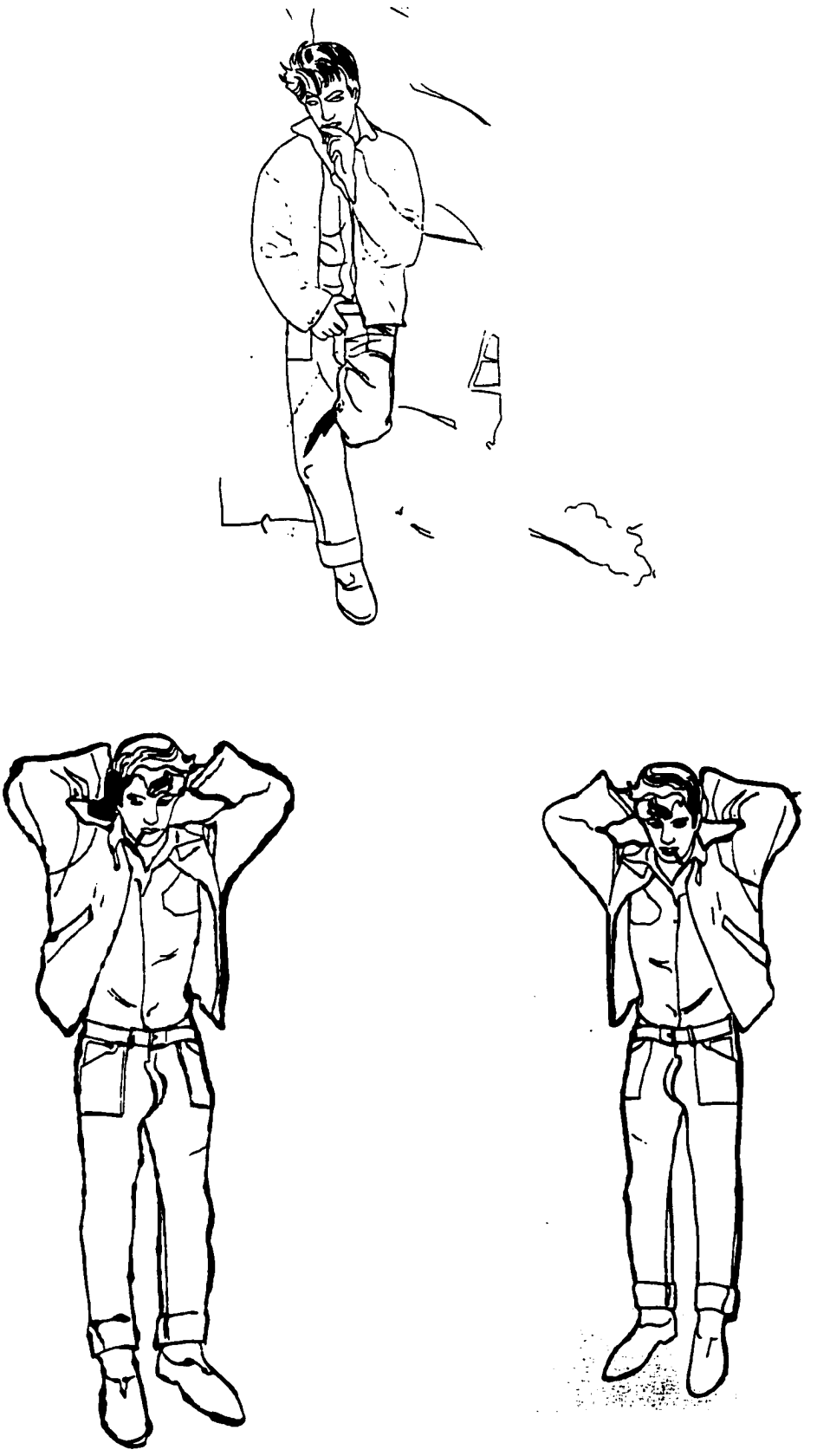


fig. 238

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fig. 239, left and right

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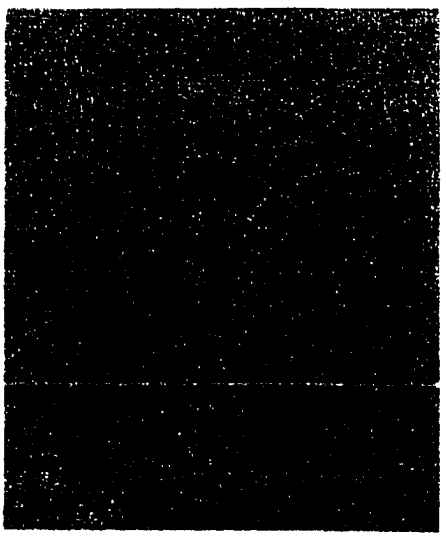




fig. 240, top; fig. 241, bottom

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fig. 242

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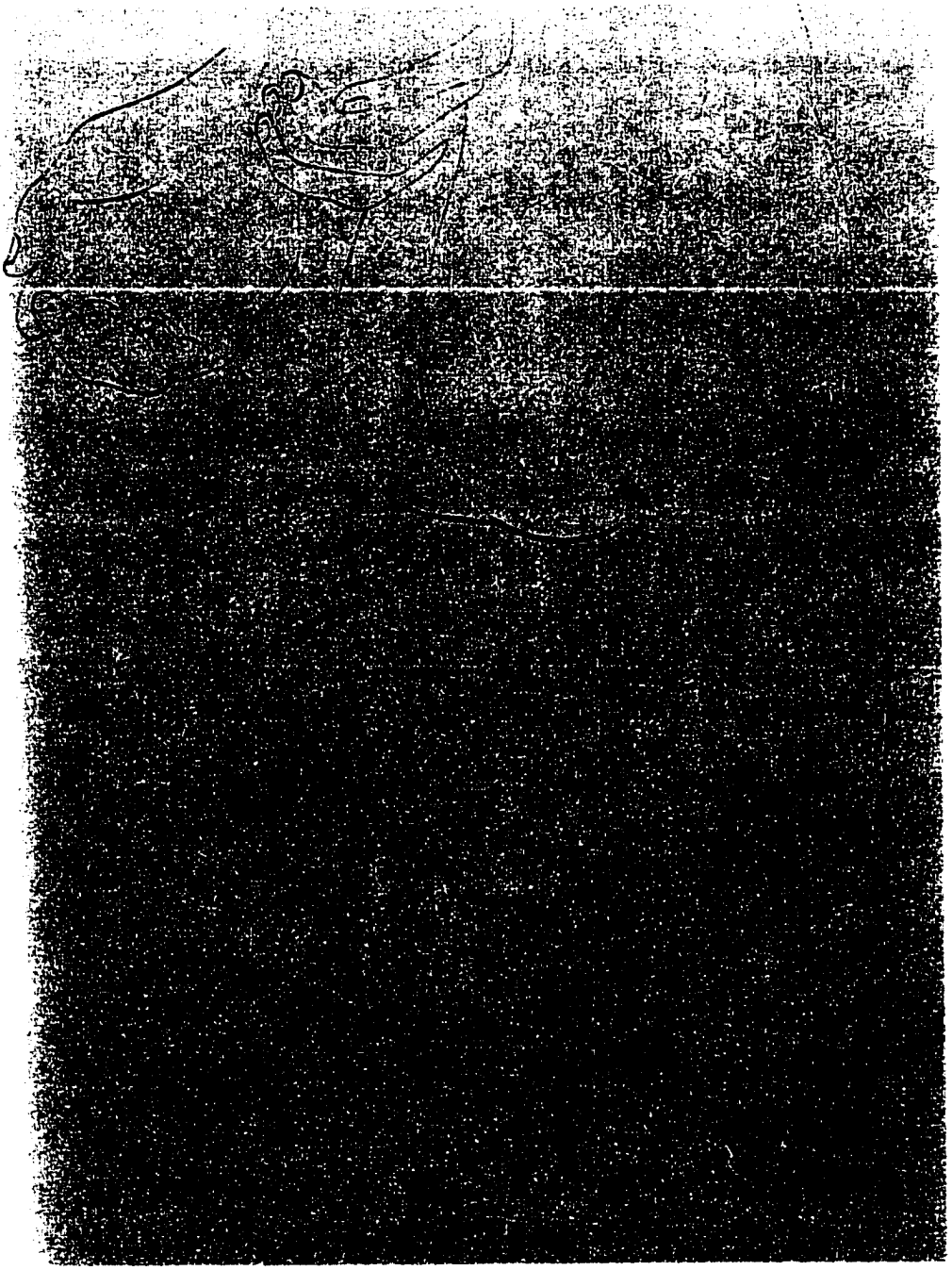


fig. 243

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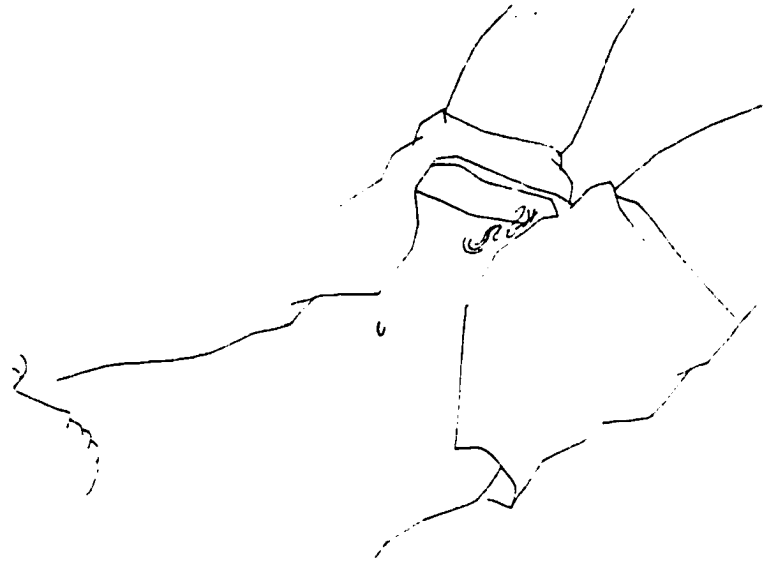


fig. 244

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fig. 245

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fig. 246, top; fig. 247, bottom

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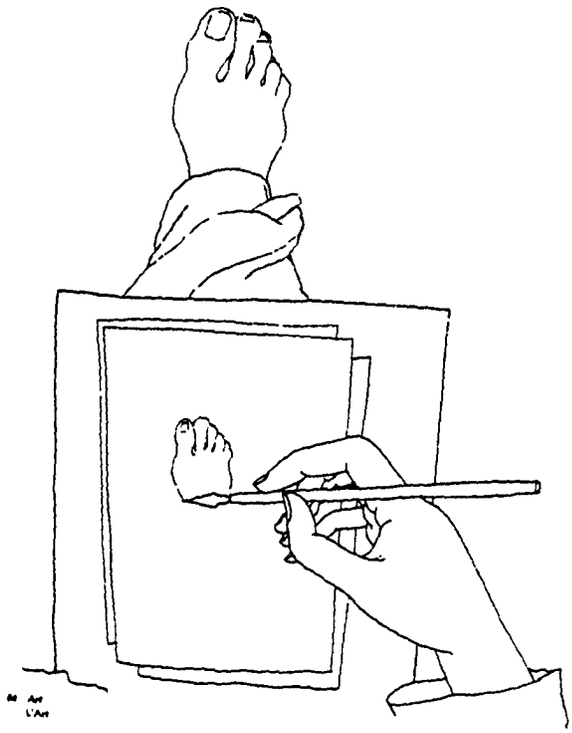


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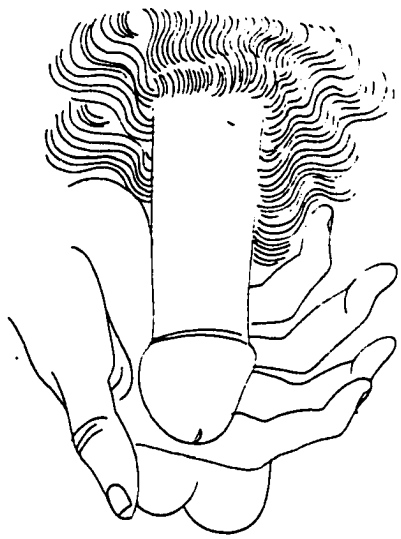
fig. 249, top; fig. 250, bottom

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fig. 251, top and bottom

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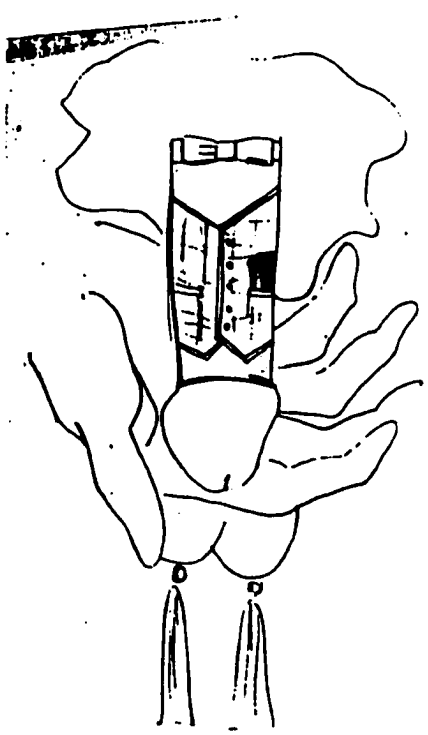


fig. 252, top and bottom

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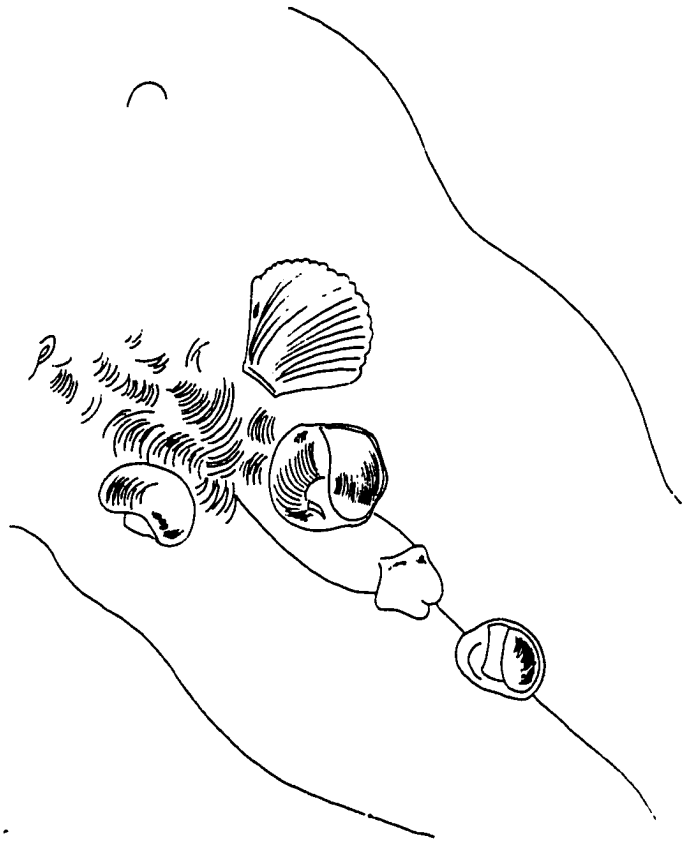


fig. 254

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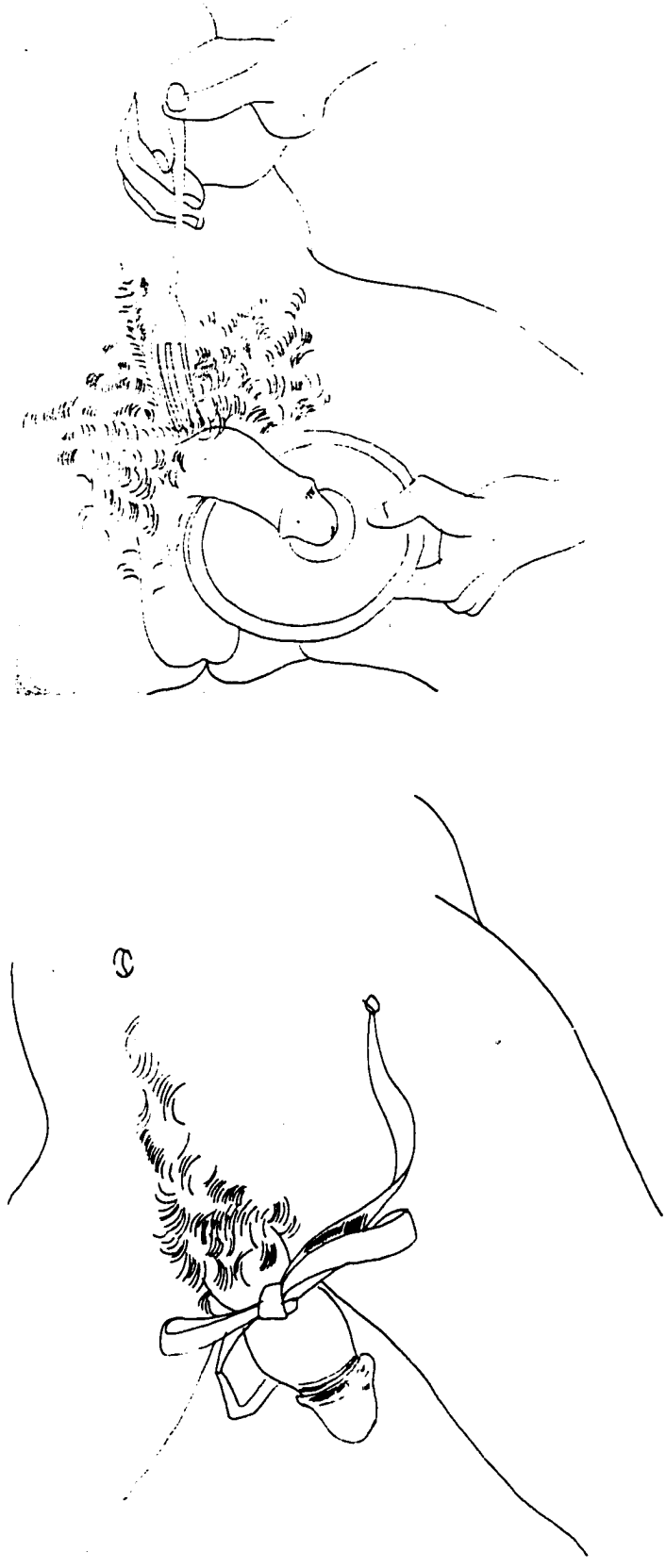


fig. 255, top; fig. 256, bottom

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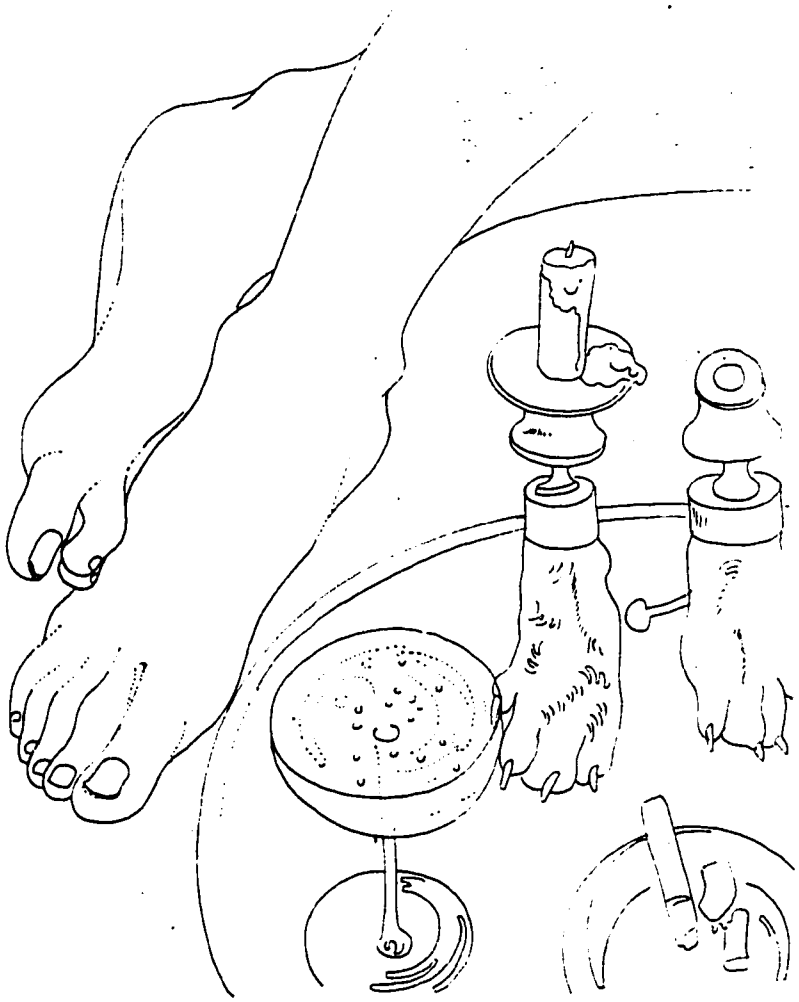


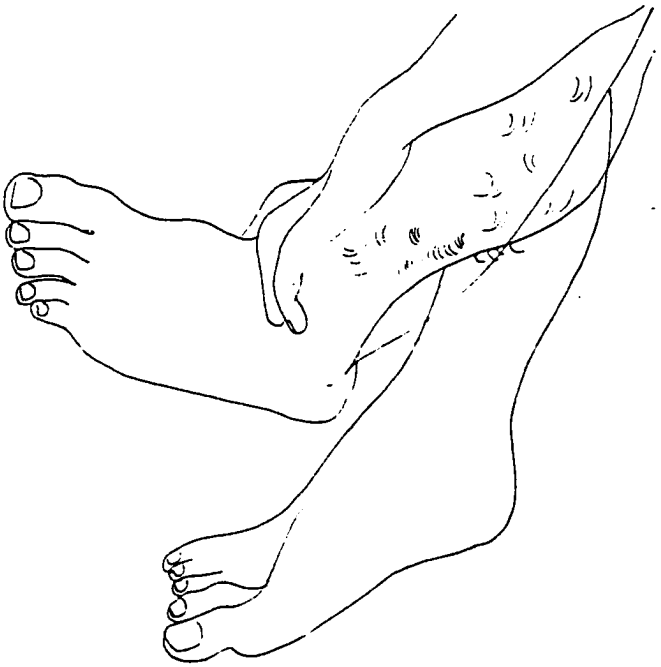
fig. 257

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fig. 258

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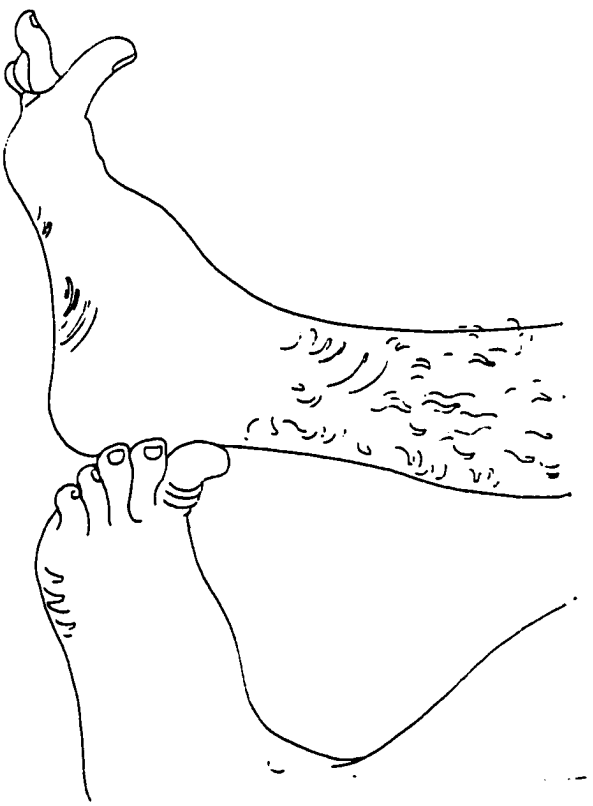


fig. 259, top; fig. 260, bottom

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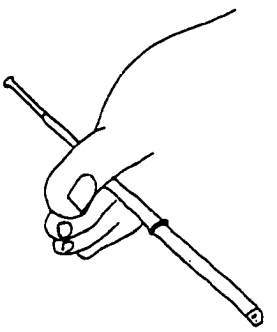
fig. 261, top; fig. 262, bottom

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fig. 263

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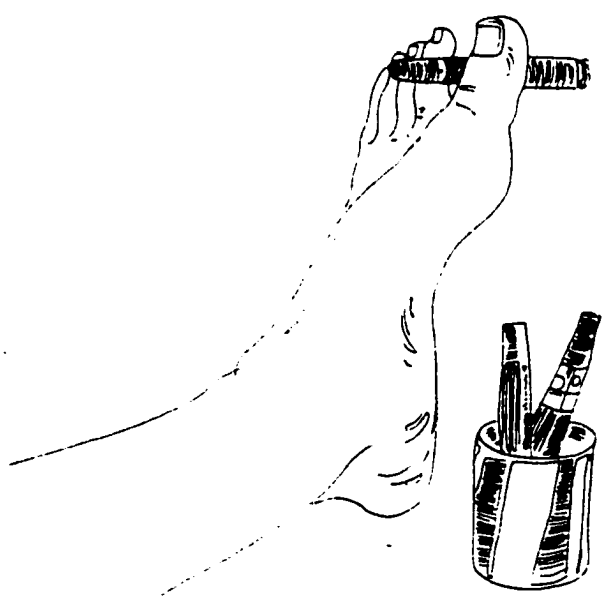


fig. 264, top and bottom

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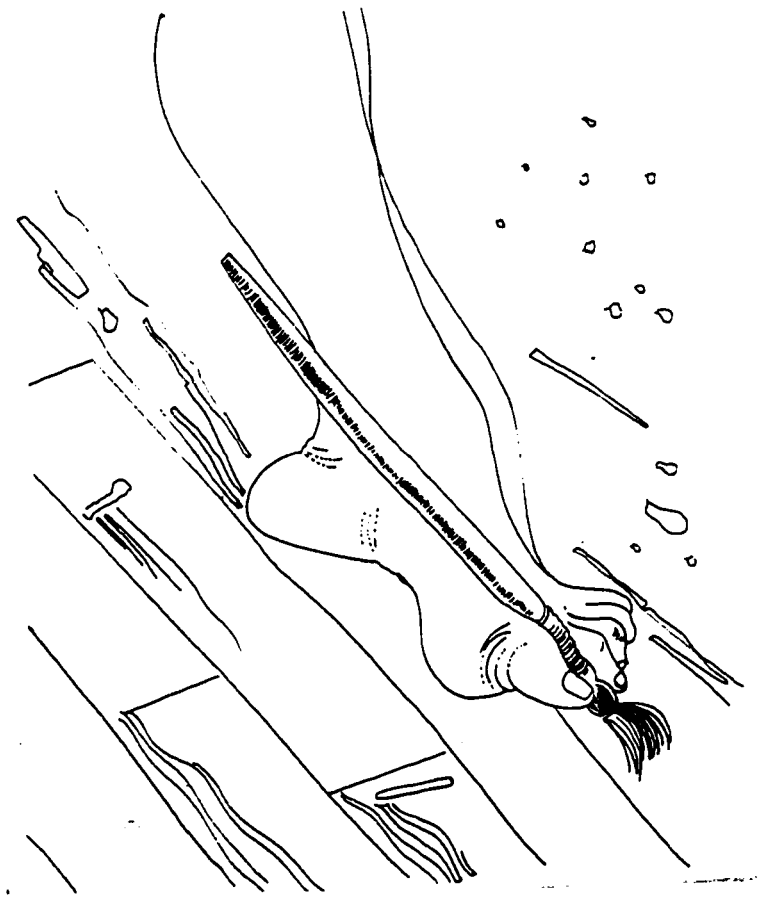


fig. 265

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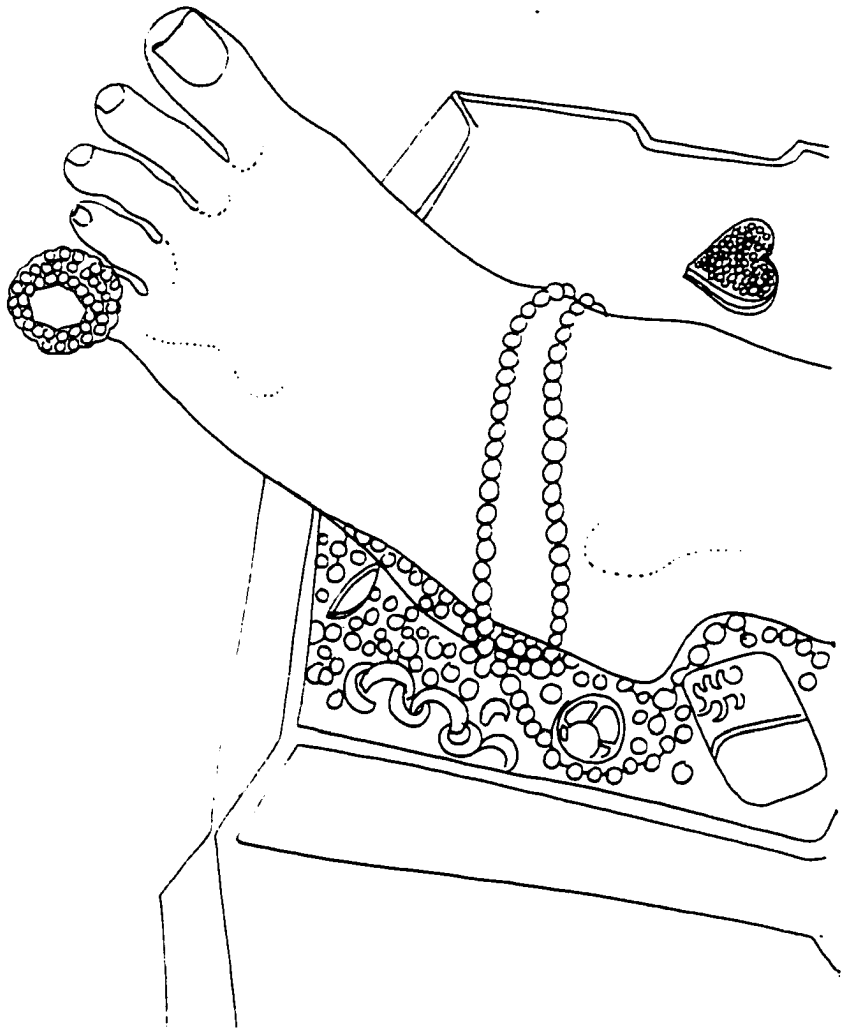


fig. 266

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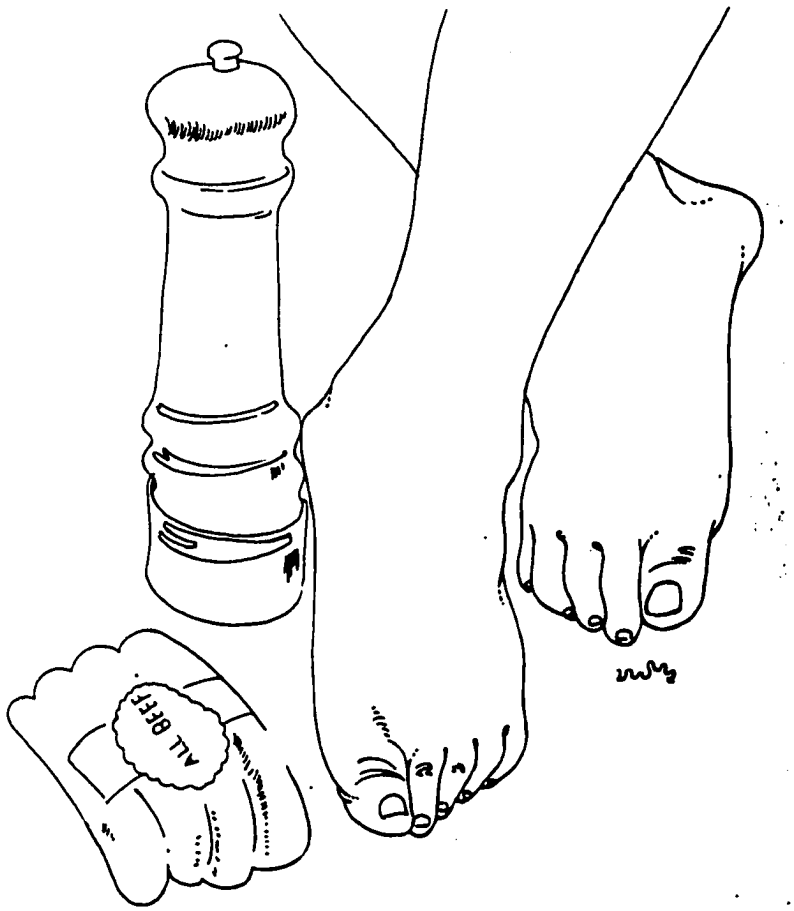


fig. 267

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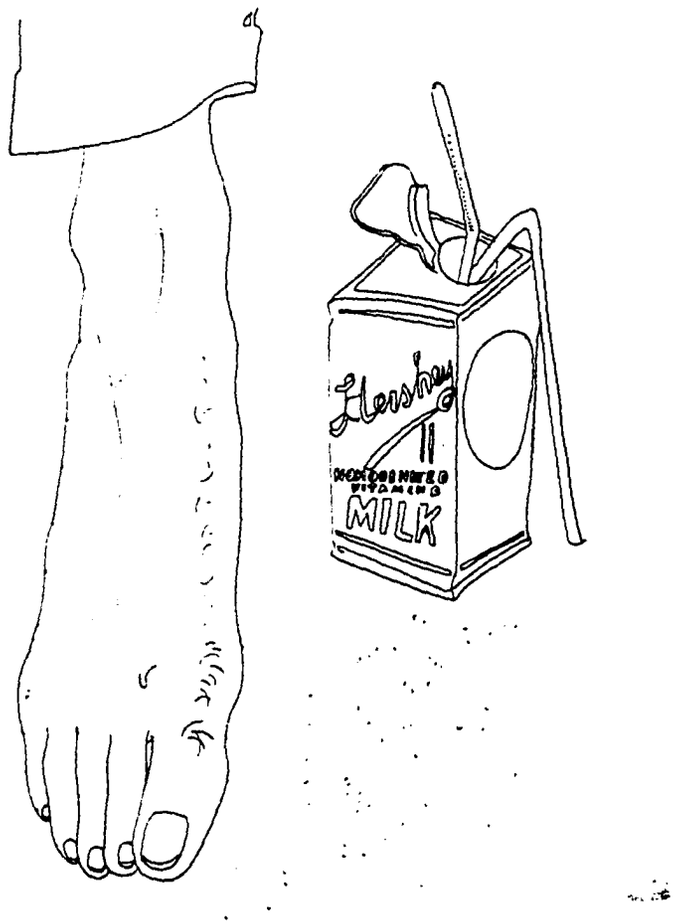


fig. 268

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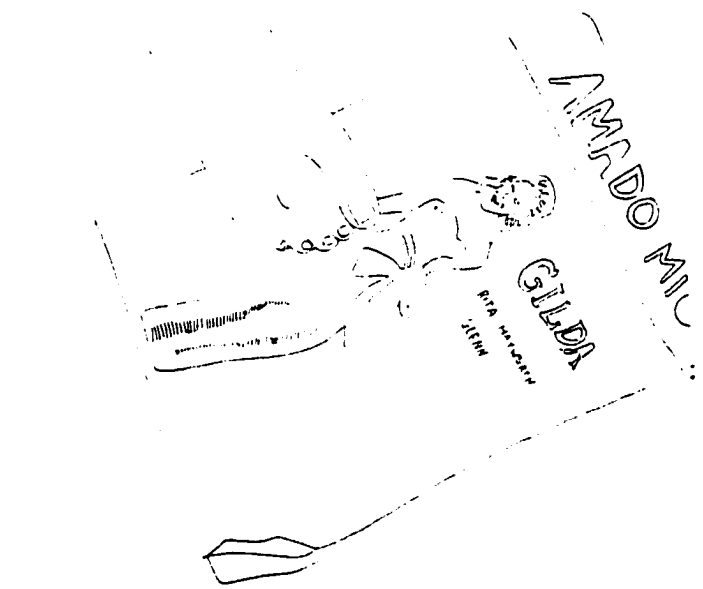


fig. 269

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fig. 270

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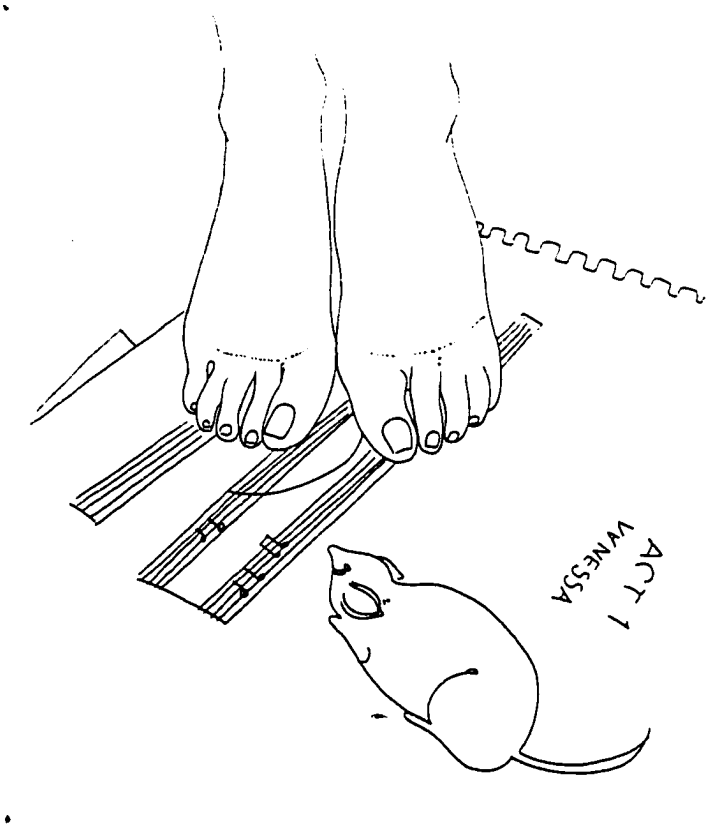


fig. 271

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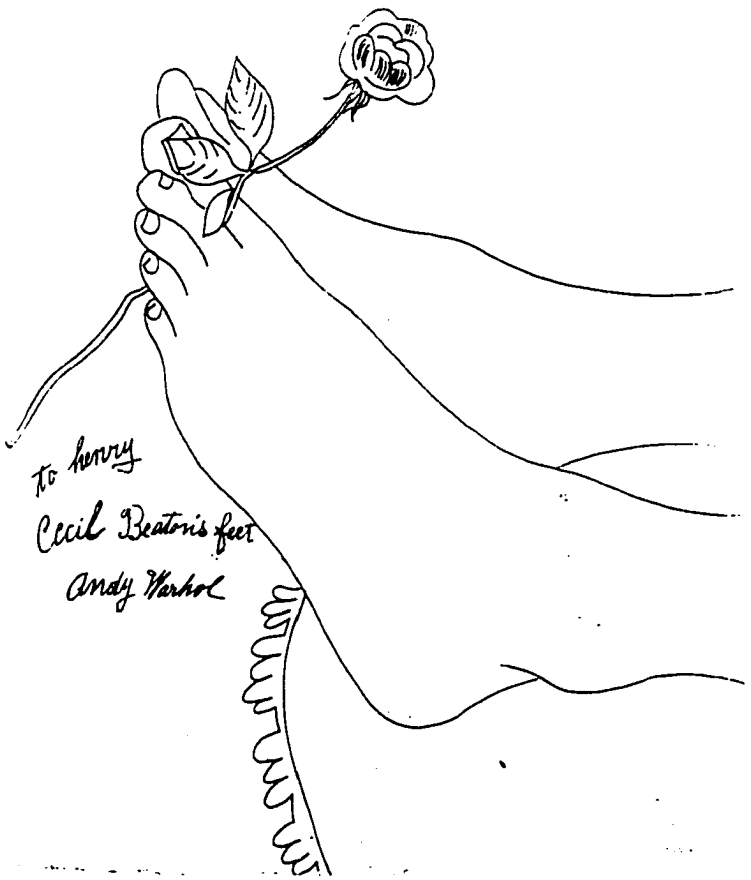


fig. 272

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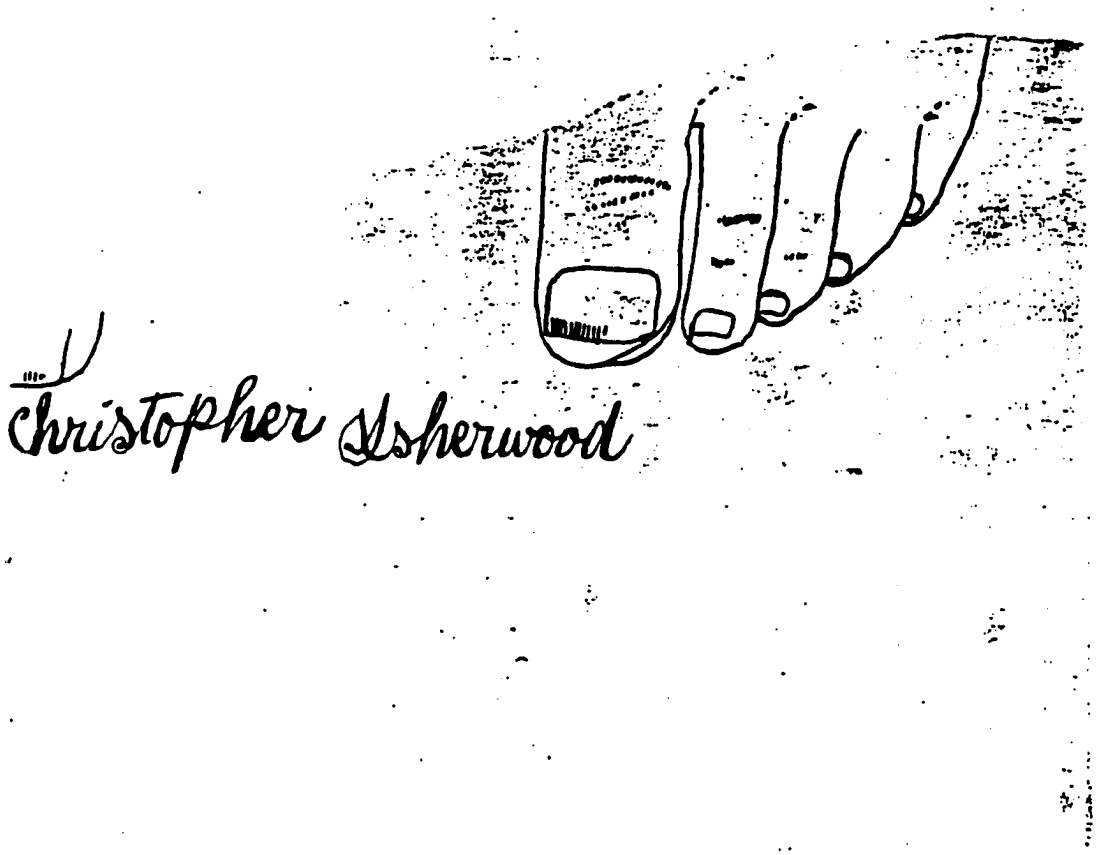


fig. 273

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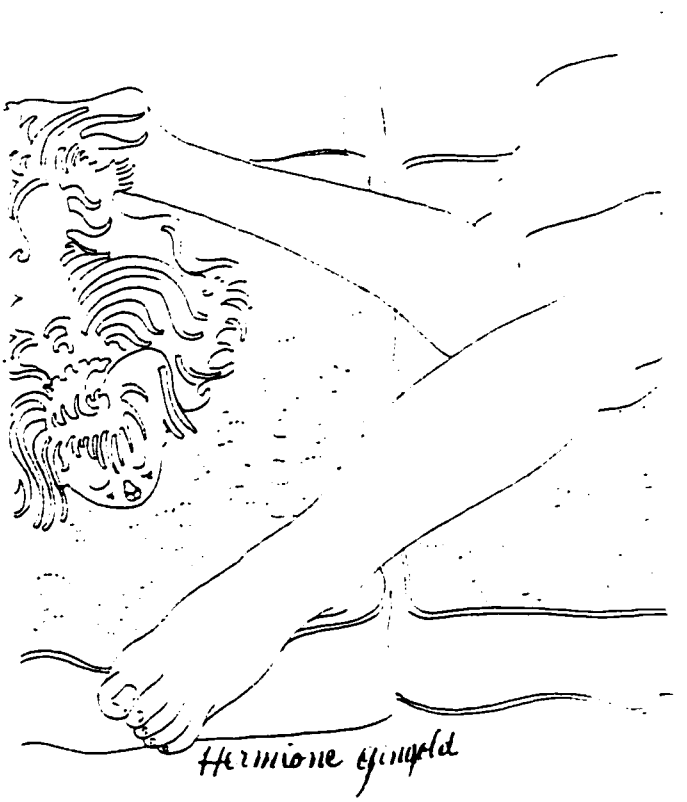


fig. 274

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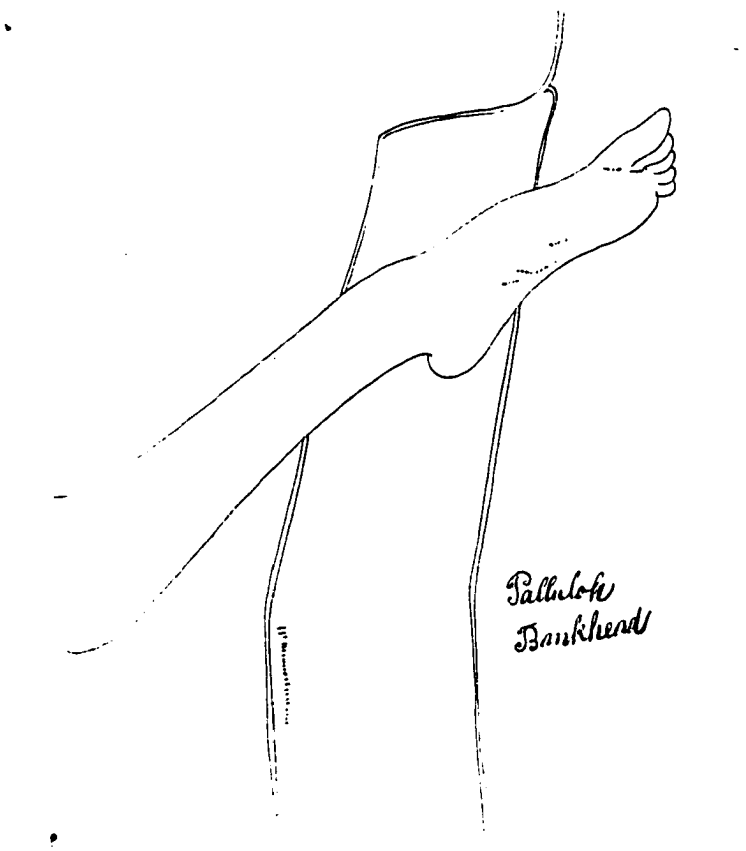


fig. 275

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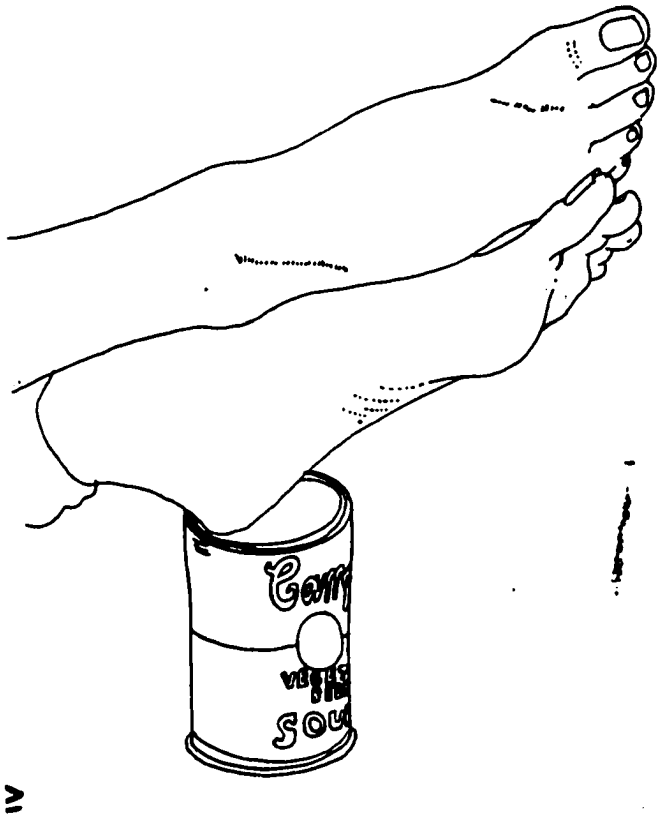


fig. 276

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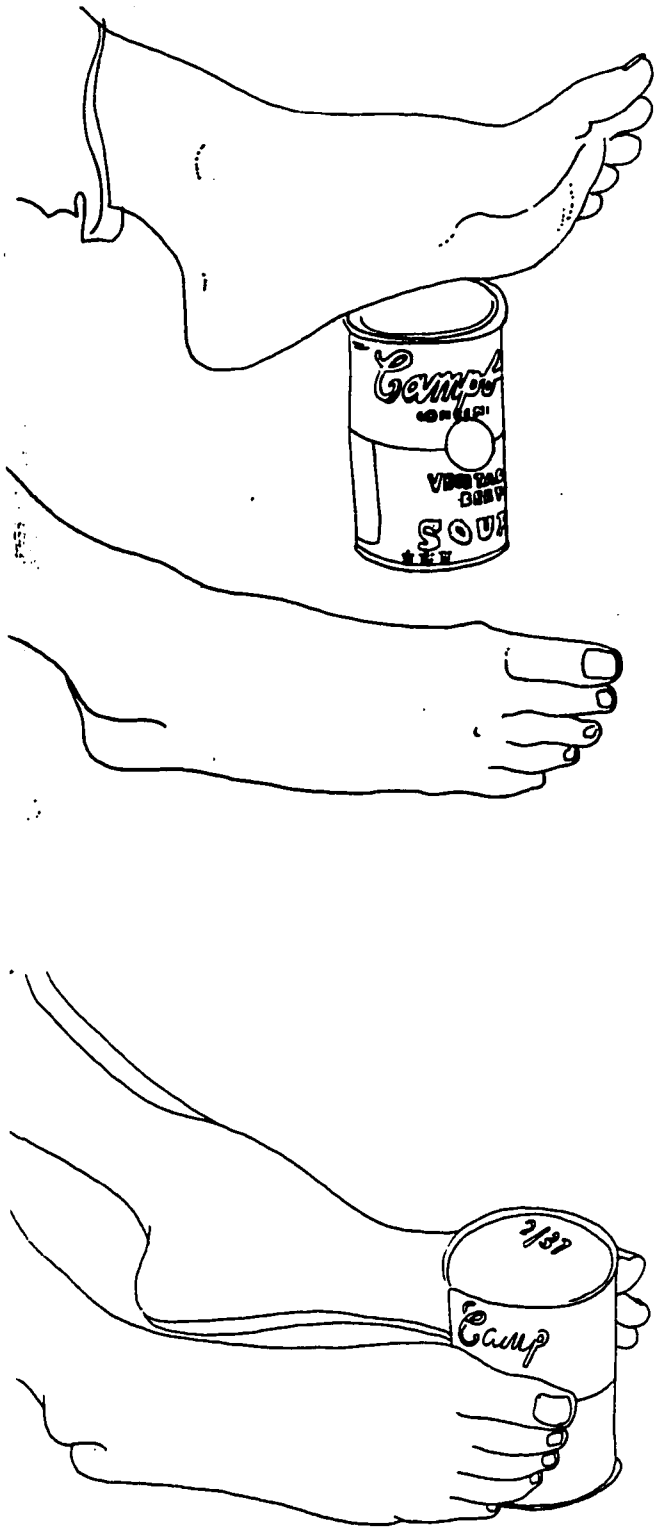


fig. 277, top and bottom

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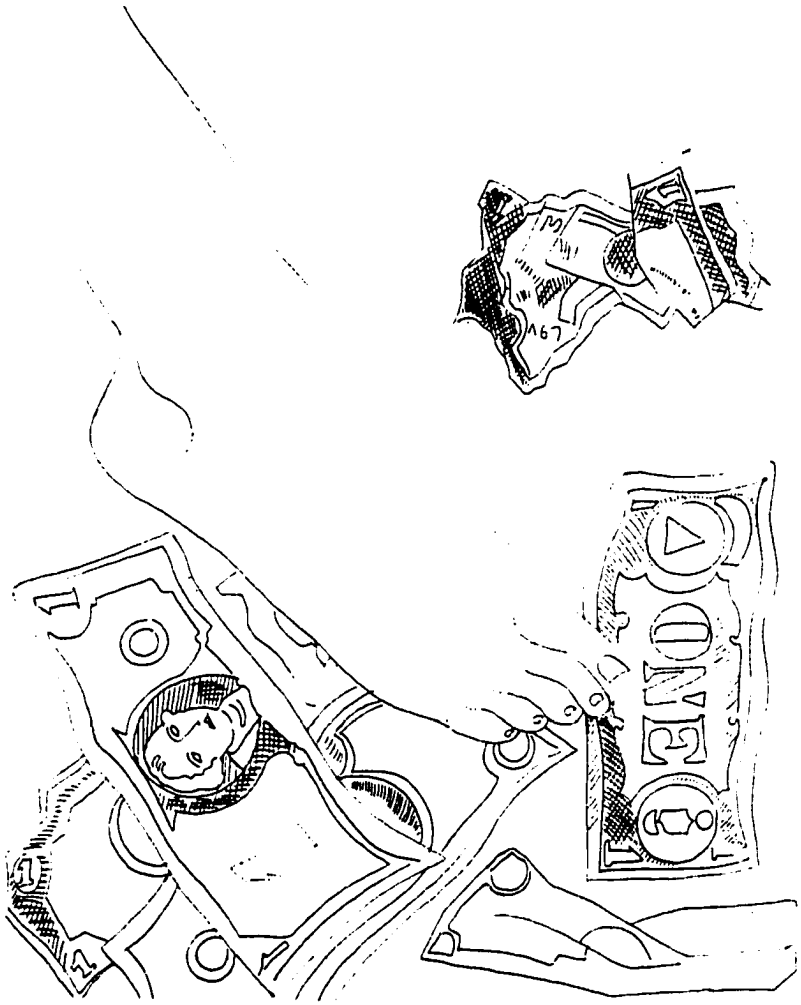


fig. 278

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fig. 279

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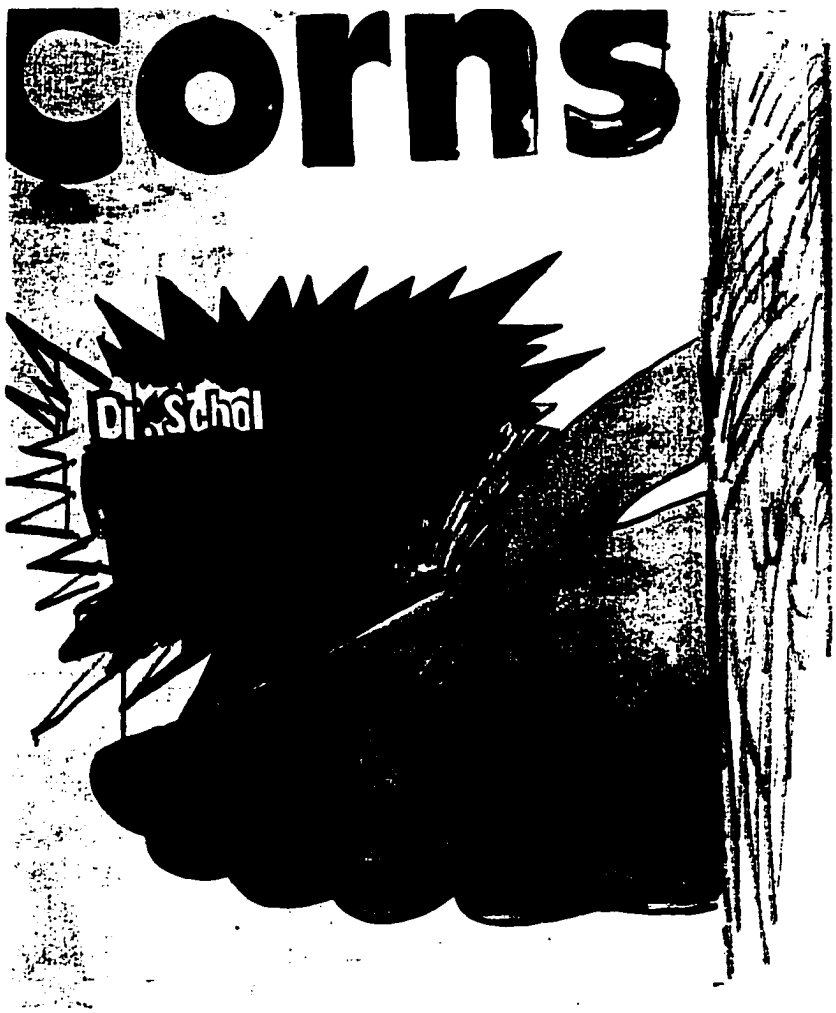


fig. 280

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