A series edited by Michèle Aina Barale, Jonathan Goldberg, Michael Moon, and Eve Kosofsky Sedgwick

POP OUT

QUEER WARHOL

EDITED BY JENNIFER DOYLE, JONATHAN FLATLEY, & JOSÉ ESTEBAN MUÑOZ

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3 Ibid., p. 101.
4 Ibid., p. 132.
5 Gertrude Stein, *Portraits and Prayers* (New York: Random House, 1934), p. 21.
6 Wendy Steiner, introduction to *Lectures in America*, by Gertrude Stein (Boston: Beacon, 1985), p. xiv.
7 Katie Kent, "'Excreate a No Sense': The Erotic Currency of Gertrude Stein's *Tender Buttons*." Unpublished essay, 1992.
8 Donald Gallup, ed., *The Flowers of Friendship: Letters Written to Gertrude Stein* (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1953), p. 96.
9 Ibid., p. 79.
10 Andy Warhol, *The Andy Warhol Diaries*, ed. Pat Hackett (New York: Warner Books, 1989), pp. 474, 477, 478.
11 Andy Warhol, *The Philosophy of Andy Warhol* (New York: Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 1975), p. 118.
12 Warhol, *Diaries*, p. 279.
13 Ibid., p. 237.

JENNIFER DOYLE

Tricks of the Trade: Pop Art/Pop Sex

Love and sex are a business.—Andy Warhol, *The Philosophy of Andy Warhol*[1]

INTRODUCTION

If we take him at his word, Andy Warhol was pretty certain that love had a price, that it was a business much like art was a business, that sex was work, and that these could be good things. He thought that "making money is art and working is art and good business is the best art" and recommended that in love affairs we follow at least one rule: "I'll pay you if you pay me."[2] But where Warhol's fans might be galvanized by his aphorisms on the business of art, love, and sex, and where a jilted superstar might find solace in his advice, "Don't worry, you're going to be very famous someday and you'll be able to buy him,"[3] readers are probably more familiar with the endless citation of Warhol's axioms by grumpy pundits who read them as the cynical expressions of the whore who embraces the very system that exploits her.

If we removed figures of sex work from the vocabulary of criticism, Warhol's critics would have no small problem on their hands. Whores, hustlers, madams, and drag queens are popular among Warhol critics as figures for Pop's perversions—for how Pop flaunts the business of art, for how Warhol wasn't really an artist because he pandered to a popular audience, and for how the dubious pleasures of Pop are extracted from the very act of "selling out." When you sell your art, you also risk selling your place in an avant-garde that imagines itself, in the words of Andreas Huyssen, as a "resistance

to the seductive lure of mass culture, (and) abstention from the pleasure of trying to please a larger audience."[4]

In Warhol criticism, a rhetoric of prostitution tends to link sex and work in a way that gives the critic leverage to distinguish Warhol's work from the kind of work other people do, and to make the judgment that his art fails to provide a meaningful social critique. Moreover, in figuring Warhol's relationship to his work as a kind of prostitution, critics discredit his relationship to art by suggesting he also had a perverse relationship to sex. The use of a rhetoric of prostitution and its stigma of outlaw sex to name the artistic practices of a famous (and famously) gay man more often than not functions to signal (but only through inference) Warhol's homosexuality while also displacing the discussion of sexuality in Warhol's work onto a feminized, particularly public and abjected figure.

Critics will hint at Warhol's sexuality as being in relation to his work (by, for example, invoking Oscar Wilde as a figure with a similar understanding of celebrity)[5] and will suggest, in effect, that Warhol's work is all about sex, but they will nevertheless stubbornly refuse to make either inference explicit. The result is a kind of critical shell game that cloaks not only the libidinal investments *of* Pop but the critic's libidinal investments *in* Pop, declaring on the one hand that Pop is not about art but about sex (that it is ultimately prurient) and on the other that this sex is not about love but about money (and is therefore not a sex that counts as such).

This condensation and dismissal of issues key to his work under the rubric of prostitution is the starting point for my own approach to Warhol. After briefly indicating what these highly volatile and conflicted rhetorical gestures in Warhol criticism look like, I will turn to Warhol's work to recover his career-long struggle to take advantage of the incoherencies and contradictions in and around definitions of work in order to challenge limiting conceptions of authorship, art, and sex.

MADAM WARHOL

■

"Warhol managed the Factory not like a boss, but like a madam, if he managed it at all."—Thierry De Duve, *October*[6]

Representations of Warhol as a whore and Pop as prostitution are often concerned with the question of whether the way Warhol and other Pop

artists produced art counts as a legitimate form of art making. Thierry De Duve's above comment exemplifies the way such rhetoric circles around Warhol's problematic relation to categories of art and work. In casting Warhol as a madam, he responds not just to how Warhol made his art or to how he made his art a business. Although these aspects of Warhol's art are interesting to De Duve, what distinguishes Warhol from other artists is how his work manipulated and manufactured "fantasies." In his view Warhol was like a "madam" because he was "content to base his art on the universal law of exchange" and to make "himself the go-between for the least avowable desires of his contemporaries, each with his or her own 'look,' quirks, neurosis, sexual specificity, and idiom." Ever so obliquely referencing Warhol's homosexuality, De Duve imputes the "lifestyle" of Warhol and his friends as a way of life that was "beautiful only in its coherence, that wasn't a life, and was in no way the life of the species-being . . . [which] links the individual to the destiny of the species." He then slides from a discussion of Warhol's (non-reproductive) "lifestyle" to a diagnosis of Warhol's work as embodying "the cynicism of capital interiorized even by those it causes to suffer . . . the pleasure of the prostitute."[7] From his awkwardness with the word "manage" to his characterization of Warhol as a symptom of a larger social crisis, De Duve performs his discomfort with Warhol's relation to art and work (not to mention Warhol's sexuality) using a language of prostitution.

Critics use prostitution and sexual deviance (for example, drag) as metaphors for Warhol's production of art as though the logic of that comparison were absolutely transparent. In a 1980 editorial for *Art in America*, for example, Suzi Gablik casually figures the Pop artist as a streetwalker when she criticizes Warhol for generating an atmosphere that makes "the practice of art . . . like any other career" whereby artists "lose their identity as artists" and will do anything to "make it," "even if it means hanging from the lamp posts."[8] In his 1963 editorial "The Phony Crisis in American Art" for *Artnews*, Thomas Hess invokes both drag and prostitution as metaphors for "phony" cultural production in worrying that Pop encouraged artists to "fake it" for profit. Pop was "phony" because it was motivated by money and not the "real crisis" expressed in modern painting, "which can kill or forge a man's identity." Real art is what real men produce and what produces real men. According to his argument, "phony" modes of artistic production threaten that masculinity. He thus warns his readers against allowing themselves to be seduced by Pop's production of the "phony crisis which kills (mostly with

kindness)." "How long," he wonders, "will even the most talented be able to resist the equivalents of cloche hats, beaded skirts, and the shimmy?" Pop, for Hess, as the art of "phony crisis," is the dangerously seductive art of faked orgasm—an on-demand performance that "avoids the real crisis by painting it over with a trademark or a sentimentality."[9] It is the doubly fraudulent spectacle of a drag ("cloche hats and beaded skirts") imitation of the already-imputed ecstasy of Woman. According to this story, in the same way that a woman is compromised by prostitution or a man is compromised by drag, Warhol and his audiences are compromised by his success. The logic of the story is that a woman who takes money for sex or a man who dresses as a woman are degraded versions of the real thing.

When they cast Warhol as a madman, a hustler, or a whore, critics draw the pejorative energy of their rhetoric from the pathologization of prostitution in order to negotiate, among other things, the question of what art is and is not and of what it ought to do.[10] In doing so, they also partake in discourse on prostitution which, on the one hand, localizes prostitution to a "certain type of girl" belonging to a "certain part of town" and which, on the other, figures nearly every imaginable social relation of exchange as a kind of prostitution—from marriage to labor, consumption, and art-making.[11] These minoritizing and universalizing impulses operate in tandem. At times the latter will borrow from the criminalization and stigmatization of sex work as a venal practice to point up a crisis in all social relations; in turn, a minoritizing discourse converts the exigency of this crisis into the fervent policing of prostitutes to reassure us that we *do* know a whore when we see one and that we *can* tell the difference between prostitution and, say, the institution of marriage. In other words, this discourse both articulates and manages the possibility that all of us are whores—in how we address others sexually, in where we shop, in how we dress, in our professional lives, and in what we do for money, for love, and for pleasure. Any relationship involving an exchange (of looks, of money, of favors) can look like prostitution.

Insofar as it is present in pointing up the absence of a solid apparatus for making distinctions between high art and mass culture or between the art object and the commodity, Warhol's work is a magnet for this rhetoric of prostitution. When art critics mobilize this discourse to evaluate Warhol's work, they map the anxieties of prostitution onto the vicissitudes of the category of art itself. The end product is a profoundly tautological rhetoric (in the words of one California judge, "A whore is a whore is a whore")[12] that

backs up the assertion "I know art when I see it" with the accusation "I know a whore when I see one."

So when Warhol the artist is outed as a fraud, it is by referencing a language of fraudulent, phony, imitation, or failed sex. In his responses to Warhol, Robert Hughes consistently reads his work as a kind of pornography, as the mediated and false representation of the "real thing." In this spirit he describes *Marilyn Monroe's Lips* (1962) as a cynical representation of "the administration of fantasy by the media, and not the enjoyment of fantasy by lovers," and characterizes Warhol as a "diligent and frigid" celebrity who surrounded himself with an entourage of characters with "unfulfilled desires and undesirable ambitions."[13] The presumption is that Warhol's work, as a kind of pornography, mistakes mediated sex for the "real thing" and that people who make or enjoy such representations of sex and pleasure are "frigid," "unfulfilled," and "undesirable."

The thematization of erection and orgasm as what Pop either can't do or as what Pop fakes begins early with Peter Selz's 1963 article "Pop Goes the Artist." Amazingly retitled "The Flaccid Art," this essay is unembarrassed in its complaints about the failure of the Pop artist to produce himself as a phallic hero, describing him as "slick, effete, and chic" and Pop as "limp art" generated by an "extraordinary relaxation of effort, which implies . . . a profound cowardice."[14] This rhetoric of complicity was itself inspired by Aline Saarinen's 1963 survey of Pop artists in which she attributes the weakness of Warhol's work to a lack of "the penetrating gaze" necessary to the production of real art and speculates on Warhol's incapacity for feeling: "I suspect he feels not love, but complacency and that he sees, not with pleasure or disgust, but with acquiescence. These are weak ways of seeing and feeling."[15] Even today reviewers reference and impute his sexual practices as they evaluate, for example, the merits of the Warhol Museum in Pittsburgh. Writing for the *Wall Street Journal*, Debora Solomon takes the following swipe: "The Warhol Museum is like a chic YMCA, turning the artist's dissolute ways and pursuit of celebrity into so much moral uplift for the community."[16] Dissolute, effete, frigid, indifferent, complacent, acquiescent—these words all work at hinting and inferring Warhol's sex and sexuality to make value judgments about his art.

Whether a whore or a hustler, the prostitute has been defined by legal and social apparatuses as a venal body, as a perversion of femininity, and as a person who has a passive relation to sex—either in the act of selecting a

partner or in the performance of sex acts, or both.[17] Often it is the paradoxical *willfulness* of that passivity that is the crux of some anxious writing about prostitution—the paradox of someone whose "preferment of indolent ease to labor," and eagerness to turn a profit combine to make a job of sex. In her writing on sex work, Anne McClintock has argued that the figure of the prostitute embodies a "pathology of agency" as well as sex. While the prostitute is understood as having no agency in selecting partners and as being a pure commodity, she is also represented as "having an excess of agency, as irresponsibly trafficking in male fantasies and commodification."[18] This particular logic shapes discussion of intentionality in Warhol's work: when critics ascribe intentionality to Warhol, it is the intention to submit (or, more nearly, the intention not to resist). Thus Pop, according to one critic, wants us "to believe that it is in fact adopting a critical posture towards that to which it has actually surrendered."[19] To this effect, Dore Ashton, in a key 1963 symposium on Pop, remarked, "Far from being an art of social protest, [Pop Art] is an art of capitulation."[20] For Jean Baudrillard, one of Pop's more nuanced critics, its sense of humor is "not the smile of critical distance, but the smile of *collusion*."[21]

As often as Warhol critics leer at hustlers, whores, and drag queens, they avoid speaking about the place of sex, gender, and sexual practices in Warhol's art. Criticism animated by sex but which evacuates sex from Warhol's work makes up a substantial amount of writing on the artist, from philosophical essays to the reviews, feature stories, and obituaries on Warhol that appeared in art journals and in such publications as the *New York Times*, *Time*, and *Esquire*. In glossing the language of Pop criticism, I am suggesting that we not take the queer figures that populate it for granted. They draw out some of Pop's most interesting attitudes—its curious configuration of agency which looks both active and passive, its investment in art and sex as sites of exchange, and its use of the queerness of these sites to resist monolithic narratives about what sex and art are.

SEX WORK/POP SEX

■

Kent: Blue Movie has recently been declared "hard-core pornography."
Warhol: It's soft-core pornography. We used a misty color. What's pornography anyway? The muscle magazines are pornography, but they're really not. They teach you how to have good bodies. They're the fashion magazines of Forty-Second Street—that more people read. I think movies *should* appeal to prurient interests. I mean, the way things are going now—people are alienated from one another. Movies should—uh—arouse you. . . . I really do think movies *should* arouse you, should get you excited about people, should be prurient.—Interview with Warhol conducted by Leticia Kent, *Vogue*[22]

Warhol "loved porno" and "bought lots of the stuff all the time—the really dirty, exciting stuff."[23] Responding in his diary to a complaint that he missed a luncheon appointment because he was "just down at Chris's to take male porno photographs," Warhol explains that of course he was, but "it was for *work!* I mean, I'm just trying to work and make some money. . . . I mean, the porno pictures are for a *show.* They're *work.*"[24] Throughout his career as an artist, Andy Warhol was asked to defend his work against the charge of pornography. Thus he did not balk when in the above exchange Leticia Kent outed him as a pornographer; instead, he corrected her classification of *Blue Movie* as hard-core ("It's soft-core pornography. We used misty colors") and offered a case for the "social" uses of porn (it can "teach you"). Blithely ignoring the line between art and porn, Warhol contradicts the rhetoric of his critics at the very moment he agrees with them. Yes, his work is pornographic. But art "should appeal to prurient interests" because "people are alienated from one another" and porn gets you "excited about people." When asked if this approach to art as a mechanism for "arousing" people contradicts his famous declaration about wanting to be a machine, Warhol retorts: "Prurience is part of the machine. It keeps you happy. It keeps you running."[25] At nearly every level of his work, Warhol challenged and parodied the fantasy of artistic production as original, unmediated expression. Mechanization and mediation are not obstacles to being "excited about people" but the very mechanisms by which that arousal happens. These answers to the charge of pornography look to his critics like hopeless cynicism. But from another angle his refusal of the fantasy of unmediated exchange looks like an incredible optimism about what art, as mediated exchange, can do.[26]

The relationships between sex, work, and art are as important to Pop as they are problematized. Nothing in the film *Flesh* (Warhol and Paul Morrissey, 1968–69), for example, lines up "straight." The equations by which heterosexuality, marriage, love, and reproduction are derived from one another are irrelevant to *Flesh*'s hustler Joe (played by Joe Dallesandro, Pop's

"working-class hero")[27] and his family. Joe hustles to make money for his wife so she can pay for her lover's abortion; he is married and supports his wife by having sex with men; his wife has a lesbian girlfriend and she (the girlfriend) is pregnant but is not having a baby because Joe is paying for the (illegal) abortion. The networks articulated around the hustler redefine and confound any received idea about what a family looks like, about what work is, and about what sex means.

Sex, art, and money are all part of the same economy in *Flesh*. *Flesh* acts out the capaciousness of the categories of art and work around the figure of the hustler. As it scripts artistic exchange as the setting for erotic, sexual exchange and frames both as kinds of economic activities, *Flesh* dramatizes some of what Warhol may have meant when he said that art "*should* appeal to prurient interests." By unpacking the hustler's relationship to "work," we also find that category unraveled.

Take, for example, one scene in which an older john (Maurice Bradell) cruises Joe Dallesandro and initiates the following exchange:

> John: Do you know anything about art?
> Hustler: A little. I did a little modeling.
> John: Now, isn't that strange. That's exactly what I had in mind when I saw you. [Pause] How much do you think you're worth?
> Hustler: One hundred dollars.
> John: One hundred dollars? For that you'll have to take your clothes off.

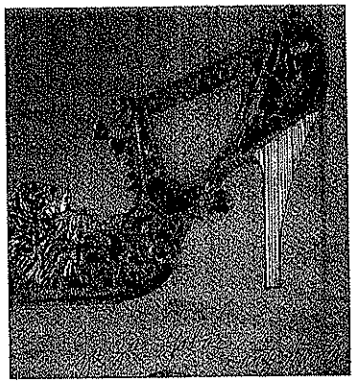
Here, the query "Do you know anything about art?" is the perfect solicitation because of the expansiveness and ambiguousness of "art" as a term. In this exchange, "art" becomes a euphemism for sex and, more specifically, for sex that you pay for. Once they've negotiated the terms of their econo-erotic exchange, Joe goes to the john's apartment where, scantily clad, he models classical poses for his customer, who bores him with lengthy but enthusiastic musings on how "body worship is the whole thing behind all art, all music, and all love." In a double-reverse take on "artistic production," the artist is positioned as a john/consumer, who then proceeds to do most of the "work"—if what we mean by "work" is "activity"—as he philosophizes, sketches, and directs the hustler, who, in turn, poses and looks bored.

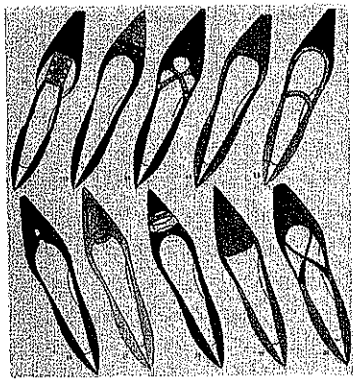
Dallesandro's affect of boredom and disinterest (an affect often attributed to Warhol himself) is what, on the street, translates into the look of availability which makes him a good hustler (see p. 63). This element of his "look"

prompted Stephen Koch to theorize that "the hustler, identifying himself as the sexuality of his flesh and nothing more, proposes himself as a wholly passive and will-less being, subject exclusively to the will of others."[28] But this reading of the hustler's "look" does not address all the ways that the hustler reverses the opposition of passive and active and then turns that opposition inside out. Often it appears as if most of the energy expended in the film goes into consuming Joe Dallesandro. Yet even when it looks like he does nothing or, more to the point, when it looks as if his customers are doing all the "work"—painting, talking, or giving him a blow job—he is the one getting paid for it. David James foregrounds the hustler's demeanor as a kind of "self-presentation" so as to draw out how that very appearance of "extreme passivity" itself constitutes a kind of performance.[29] I think here Gayatri Spivak's neologism "actively passive" (which she uses to convey the work that goes into the performance of a fake orgasm) gives us some traction on the slippery slope of agency in these scenes of posing and on the complicated place of agency in Warhol's own relationship to his work.[30] In thinking of the hustler as "actively passive," we can read the hustler's affect not as a mask that hides or denies a true self (as Koch seems to argue) but as a strategic gesture, as a pose that clears the space for his work, a pose that, indeed, is his work.

The hustler's pose enables the disavowals (the hustler's "I'm not queer, I do it for the money," or the john's "I'm not queer, just ask my wife"), which anchor the positions of both participants.[31] The condition of possibility for this queer practice is its status as an economic exchange. That the hustler is getting paid for doing what he does makes it "work." And because he does it for money means that it is not "real" sex, at least not sex that might make him "queer." These disavowals are equally important to the john. Because he is paying for the sex, it similarly doesn't "count" except as something he bought.

Hustling and prostitution are practices that insist on sex not as an expression of a congenital identity but as "trade." Anything that produces money is work, and thus whatever you do for money you can disavow as work. The presence of money in any exchange renders that exchange a kind of prostitution, because each time you accept money for something that you do, you, in a sense, sell yourself. Warhol reverses the truism that all kinds of labor are forms of prostitution to suggest that there is *no* sex that is *not* work and, by extension, that sex work is not some kind of exception (and therefore sex





it doesn't "count") but is, instead, paradigmatic. Thus the hustler's second om on sex work and the work of sex: "Nobody's straight—You just do atever you have to do." Here, Warhol's art, as it luxuriates in this exchange l its slippage, is not attacking the "heterosexual dollar" (as one early iewer, citing Allen Ginsberg, put it) so much as it suggests that the dollar :lf is a queering thing.[32]

Warhol's "Crazy Golden Slippers" (as *Life* magazine called his early shoe wings) also luxuriate in the overlapping and excessive meanings of sex, rk, and art. Whether Cinderella's pumps revised for Zsa Zsa Gabor and man Capote (see figure 1) or Dorothy's ruby slippers worked as *Diamond st Shoes* (1986), his shoe portraits wrap a rendition of the incoherencies l complexity of authorship in a visually indulgent celebration of one of ininity's most necessary accessories. By-products of his illustrations for Miller & Sons Shoes (see figure 2) the shoe drawings were Warhol's work, "bread and butter."[33] Their painstaking detail imitates the work of the ving machine—a mimetic relation he emphasized by visually likening his e drawing to the stitches produced by a sewing machine (see figure 3). ey accomplish what Tina Fredricks, as the art director of *Glamour,* asked hem: "They have to look neat, have to 'sell'; you have to see every stitch, l have to really want to wear them, or be able to tell what they're like."[34] e dainty and precious detail of these drawings references machine-made gerwork and engages a confusion of hands and machines. It also metonically signals another kind of enterprise, the involved work of wearing h heels. Walking in a pair of heels is an acquired skill. The work embod-

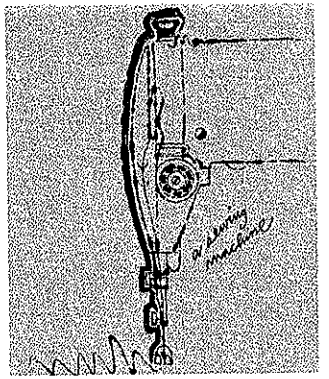


Figure 1. Andy Warhol, *Za Za Gabor* (1957). ©1996 Andy Warhol Foundation for the Visual Arts/ARS, New York.
Figure 2. Andy Warhol, shoe illustration from *Harper's Bazaar* (1952). ©1996 Andy Warhol Foundation for the Visual Arts/ARS, New York.
Figure 3. Andy Warhol, *"a sewing machine"* (c. 1952). ©1996 Andy Warhol Foundation for the Visual Arts/ARS, New York.

ied by the fantastic heels of *A La Recherche du Shoe Perdu* lies in walking in them. On the runway, the well-trained supermodel walks toe to heel, an awkward step, but one that makes you sway your hips and lift your knees in a runway sashay that constitutes the performance of high fashion femininity.

Remarking on the amount of energy required by this kind of performance (specifically, the work of drag), Warhol once said "being sexed is hard work." Part of the appeal of Warhol's use of the term "work" is that it can accommodate a range of activities that are generally thought of in opposition to work—even pleasure is a production, when we, like Andy, consider that "having sex is hard work." "Being sexed" is "so much work at something you don't always want to do."[35]

Behind the syntax of statements like "having sex is hard work" and "being sexed is hard work" is a complex assertion about the strangeness of "sex." The actively passive syntax of these maxims reproduces the difficulty of sorting out who we are from what we do by clouding the difference between subject and object, noun and verb. How a subject performs being sexed and having a body is a question that orients a substantial tradition in theoretical work on gender and identity, from Joan Riviere's assertion that "womanliness" is "masquerade" to Simone de Beauvoir's more widely referenced "Women are not born, they are made" and to Judith Butler's often-cited arguments: "There is no gender identity behind expressions of gender; that identity is performatively constituted by the very 'expressions' that are said to be its results," and "Gender is always a doing, though not by a subject who might be said to preexist the deed."[36] All these theorists problematize the

relationship between agency and the constitution of gender identity. Butler's work, as it advises us to be wary of formulations of identity in terms of the presence or absence of will, seems especially salient for reading Warhol given the ambiguous place of agency in his work and the frequency with which his relationship to will, desire, gender, and sexuality has been pathologized by his critics. Like Warhol's superstars, who in *Esquire*'s words, are "neither born nor made," who "just happen," the Pop subject "happens" within and through its queer grammars.[37]

The ambiguity of Warhol's syntax is by no means limited to his aphorisms. The very way he made his work reconfigured agency so as to make saying how Warhol actually created or authored his art not only difficult but also in many aspects irrelevant. He deliberately tinkered with melodramas of authorship and boasted that his art-making process was so routinized that, ideally, no matter who followed the routine, the result was the production of a Warhol. "I want to be a machine" announces what David James locates as his "most characteristic authorial gesture," the "erasure of authorship."[38] Or, as James himself argues when he suggests we think of Warhol as a kind of producer, Warhol's most characteristic authorial gesture was to insist on authorship as itself an effect.

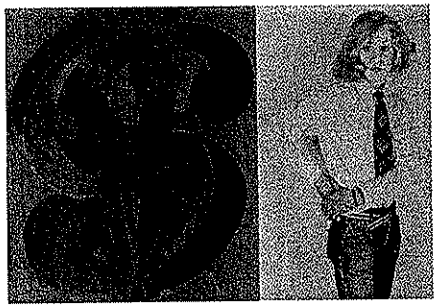
Many have argued that it is unproductive to read even accidental marks on the canvas of *Marilyn Monroe* (see figure 4), for instance, as the return of a repressed authorial presence.[39] Its overlapping and disjointed layers of color and image draw attention not to the accidents of the artist's hand but to the accidents of the layered mechanical reproduction definitive of Warhol's style (photography and silkscreening). Warhol's painted but paradoxically not painted face replaces a fantasy of unmediated self-expression with the manufacturing of the "painted woman." Making a joke of a long tradition in painting of acting out struggles with self-expression and quests for encounters with the "real" in representations of the sexualized female body, *Marilyn Monroe* enacts both a parody of the fantasy of authorship and a parody of gender identity. Like Warhol's shoes that mimic the work of wearing high heels in their worked detail, the celebrity portrait maximizes the slippage of the mechanical production of the work of art to underscore the degree to which "being sexed" is a kind of work, is something that is itself produced. The "painted woman," to borrow Butler's words, is not an artificial version of the real thing but a parody of "the very notion of an original. . . . It is a production which, in effect—that is, in its effect—postures as an imitation."

Figure 4. Andy Warhol, *Marilyn Monroe* (1962). ©1996 Andy Warhol Foundation for the Visual Arts/ARS, New York.

Marilyn Monroe is so overdetermined as "produced" as to suggest what Butler has formulated as "the imitative structure of gender itself."[40] The "painted woman" amplifies, in its effects, the authorship of art and the authorship of gender *as* effects.

Forged Images: Centerfold by Andy Warhol, a special project Warhol designed for *Artforum*, explicitly links what Pop has to say about the commodification of art and the commodification of sex (see figure 5a). In the center of the magazine on opposing pages are a dollar sign (borrowed from the 1981 *Dollar Sign* series) and Christopher Makos's photograph of Warhol in drag (in citation of Duchamp). This arrangement of drag and the dollar toys with the format of the centerfold. The centerfold spread is not an unveiling of Warhol which establishes a real, or original, identity underneath the drag. Unfolding the page yields three panels from the *Dollar Sign* series (figure 5b) for a total of three dollar signs. In short, *Forged Images* juxtaposes what Trevor Fairbrother has noted as "the things about him that most bothered most people"—Warhol's commercialism and his fagginess.[41]

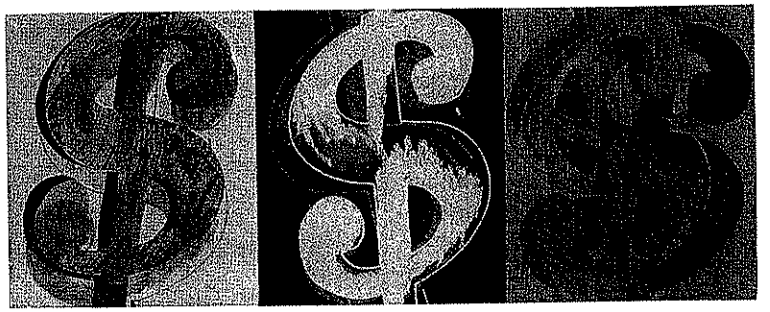
His drag queerly adopts a range of gender affiliations at the same time—



Figures 5a and b. Andy Warhol, a special project for *Artforum Forged Images* (1982). © 1996 Andy Warhol Foundation for the Visual Arts/ARS, New York.

femininity (the wig and makeup), mannishness (the jeans, the shirt, and the tie), and girlishness (the pose). The utterly mundane "look" of Warhol's drag and the refusal of the drag to disavow its drag-ness dramatize what Judith Butler, drawing on the work of Esther Newton, has described as the principal property of drag, that is, "not the putting on of a gender that belongs properly to some other group, i.e. an act of *ex*propriation or *ap*propriation that assumes that gender is the rightful property of sex, that 'masculine' belongs to 'male' and 'feminine' belongs to 'female.' . . . Drag constitutes the mundane way in which genders are appropriated, theatricalized, worn, and done; it implies that all gendering is a kind of impersonation and approximation."[42] Butler's words here seem especially appropriate as they resonate with the banality of Warhol's pose and with the curiously flat-footed title of the centerfold, *Forged Images*. As if confirming her argument, the centerfold spread unveils no "doer behind the deed" but instead offers us dollar signs—an abstraction, the very symbol for U.S. exchange itself—as what are "behind" or "inside" drag. The rhetorical force of the juxtaposition of drag and the dollar is to make even more visible the status of gender as "produced" by framing it as both "drag" and "work." In doing so, Warhol suggests an interesting homology between drag and his self-production as an artist.

The conjunction of drag and the dollar in the centerfold of an art magazine likens both being sexed (the work of drag) and selling sex (what a centerfold does) to art. Thus Warhol divulges the open secret of art, that it is something that is also "done," and done for money. *Forged Images* formally recalls a porn centerfold, playing on all the promises a centerfold offers its consumers: the promise of seeing someone undressed, something "dirty," the promise to appeal to your "prurient interests."



In offering dollar signs as the art world denuded (the promise of a good investment—as others have noted, the *Dollar Sign* series uncannily anticipates the art market boom and bust of the 1980s), Warhol's centerfold enacts a version of one of his most often recalled fantasies about art: "I like money on the wall. Say you were going to buy a $200,000 painting. I think you should take that money, tie it up, and hang it on the wall."[43] The irony, of course, is that he did not hang a bag of money on the wall. That would be beside the point. The *Dollar Sign* series makes visible how even when Warhol manufactures "painted" money, it has value on the art market insofar as it is "painted," as it is a "forgery." The "forgery" or painted-ness of the *Dollar Sign* series allows for the disavowal of its status as a commodity, even as the dollar sign makes that disavowal visible.

Like the drag image (or the "painted woman") that maximizes the incongruities of a "look" to expose not the imitative structure of drag but of gender, the painted dollar signs make visible art's refusal to acknowledge its status as a commodity. Thus the homology between pornography and art—where porn makes an industry out of selling representations of something that is not "supposed" to have a market (but does), what we might call Warhol's "money shots" obscenely undress the extent to which art is invested in the disavowal of its relationship to the art market. The "trick," then, is to carry off the double action of the disclaimer—to sell the pose. In this sense the pose the john solicits from the hustler—the pose that disavows the queer nature of the sexual exchange by asserting its nature as a *monetary* one—is a mirrored version of what is solicited from the artist—a pose that, in disavowing a relationship to the art market, allows the artist entry into its economy, into the pages of an art critic's magazine such as *Artforum*.

Pornography, in the oldest sense of the word, is writing about or representations of prostitution (pornográph[os]: writing about harlots). In more contemporary usage, the word "pornography" signals something as appealing to our "prurient interests" and that has no value as "art."[44] *Forged Images* works both these aspects of the word—speaking (like a child who should know better) of how sex sells art and art sells sex, of how art sells itself and of how all these things are the invisible supports of the system by which art is identified as such. Warhol's suggestion that pornographic magazines are the "fashion magazines of Forty-Second Street" turns itself inside out to recast *Artforum* as the "porno" of SoHo.

Forged Images uses the feedback generated from the rhetoric of "bad sex" that polices the art world's territories to sing an ode to the "drag" of art. This is the kind of song that an artist who makes queer art can sing. Warhol's conjunction of a portrait of himself as the artist in drag with a three dollar triptych offers us a clever pictograph: art-making can make an artist queer as a three-dollar bill.

NOTES

1 Andy Warhol, *The Philosophy of Andy Warhol* (New York: Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 1975), pp. 92, 43.

2 Ibid.

3 Ibid., p. 51.

4 Andreas Huyssen, *After the Great Divide: Modernism, Mass Culture, Postmodernism* (Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1986), p. 55.

5 W. F. Haug, *Critique of Commodity Aesthetics*, trans. Robert Bock (Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 1986), p. 85.

6 Thierry De Duve, "Andy Warhol; or, the Machine Perfected," trans. Rosalind Krauss, *October* 48 (Spring 1989): 3–14.

7 Ibid., pp. 3–14, 3–6.

8 Suzi Gablik, "The Art Job, or, How the Avant-Garde Sold Out," *Art in America* (April 1980): 9–13, 9.

9 Thomas B. Hess, "The Phony Crisis in American Art," *Artnews* 62, Summer 1963, pp. 24–28.

10 For writing about the stigma of prostitution, see, for example, Frédérique Delacoste and Priscilla Alexander's collection of writings by women in the sex industry, *Sex Work* (Pittsburgh: Cleis Press, 1987), and *Social Text* 37 (Winter 1993) for a special section on women and the sex trade edited by Anne McClintock.

11 Here I am borrowing Eve Kosofsky Sedgwick's useful formulation of universalizing and minoritizing discourses on sexuality and identity which she develops in *Epistemology of the Closet* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1990), pp. 82–90.

12 Anne McClintock, "Screwing the System: Sex Work, Race, and the Law," in *Feminism and Postmodernism*, a special issue of *boundary 2* (Summer 1992), ed. Margaret Ferguson and Jennifer Wicke (Durham: Duke University Press, 1992), p. 76.

13 Robert Hughes, "The Best and Worst of Warhol," *Time*, February 13, 1989, pp. 94–95, 95; and Hughes, "The Rise of Andy Warhol," *New York Review of Books*, February 18, 1982, pp. 6, 7.

14 Peter Selz, "The Flaccid Art," in *Pop Art: The Critical Dialogue*, ed. Carol Anne Mahusen (Ann Arbor: UMI Research Press, 1989), pp. 77–82, originally published as "Pop Goes the Artist," *Partisan Review* (Summer 1963).

15 Aline B. Saarinen, "Explosion of Pop Art," *Vogue*, April, 1963, 86–87, 134, 136, 142, 134.

16 Deborah Soloman, "Pittsburgh's Warhol Museum: Pop Art . . . in a Grimly Rehabbed, Final 'Factory,'" *Wall Street Journal*, May 18, 1994, A12.

17 This is a gloss of a definition of prostitution written by Henri Turot in 1904 and cited by T. J. Clark in his study of Manet's painting *Olympia*, "Olympia's Choice," in *The Painting of Modern Life* (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1984), p. 281 n.

18 Anne McClintock, "Sex Workers and Sex Work: An Introduction," *Social Text* 37 (Winter 1993): 1–10, 7. The phrase "pathology of agency" belongs to Mark Seltzer as he uses it in "Serial Killers (1)" in *Differences: A Journal of Feminist Cultural Studies* 5, no. 1 (1993): 92–127.

19 Jeremy Gilbert-Rolfe, "Popular Imagery," in *Theories of Contemporary Art*, ed. Richard Hertz (Englewood Cliffs, N.J.: Prentice Hall, 1985), pp. 129–130. Cited by David James in his suggestive article "The Unsecret Life: A Warhol Advertisement," in *October* 56 (Spring 1991).

20 Peter Selz, ed., "A Symposium on Pop Art," a special supplement to *Arts Magazine*, April 1963, pp. 36–45.

21 Jean Baudrillard, *Revenge of the Crystal: Selected Writings on the Modern Object and Its Destiny, 1968–1983*, ed. and trans. Paul Foss and Julian Pefanis (Sydney, Australia: Pluto Press, 1990), p. 87.

22 Leticia Kent, "Andy Warhol, Movieman: 'It's Hard to Be Your Own Script.'" *Vogue*, March 1970, p. 204.

23 Andy Warhol and Pat Hackett, *POPism: The Warhol Sixties* (New York: Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 1980), p. 294. As virtually any account of the Factory life will tell you, Warhol had a significant place in the every life and imaginary of the sex industry in New York. Kathy Acker illustrates this nicely when she recalls that while working at FUN CITY, "One of the lines in our sex-shows was that we were waiting to be discovered by Andy Warhol. We weren't entirely joking, we were hoping." Acker remembers the Factory as welcoming those the art world and hippie culture disparaged: "Whores, pimps, working girls of all sorts, drug dealers, transsexuals and transvestites—the general population of forty-second street." Kathy Acker, "Blue Valentine," in *Andy Warhol: Film Factory*, ed. Michael O'Pray (London: British Film Institute, 1989), pp. 62–64.

24 Andy Warhol, *The Andy Warhol Diaries*, ed. Pat Hackett (New York: Warner Books, 1989), p. 799.

25 Ibid.

I am drawing from Michael Moon's discussion of reading poetry and pornography in "Rereading Whitman under Pressure of AIDS," in *The Continuing Presence of Walt Whitman: The Life after the Life*, ed. Robert K. Martin (Iowa City: University of Iowa Press, 1992), pp. 53–66.

Callie Angel, *The Films of Andy Warhol: Part 2* (New York: Whitney Museum of American Art, 1994).

Stephen Koch, *Stargazer: Andy Warhol's World and His Films* (New York: Praeger, 1973), pp. 124–133. I owe David James, "Andy Warhol: The Producer as Author," in his book *Allegories of Cinema* (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1989), pp. 77–79, for bringing these passages to my attention.

James, *Allegories of Cinema*, pp. 67, 77–79.

I am borrowing the phrase "actively passive" from Spivak in the spirit in which Craig Owens cites her in his essay "Posing." Spivak coins the term in when suggesting that feminist criticism: "produce useful and scrupulously *fake* readings in place of the actively-passive fake orgasm." Gayatri Spivak, "Displacement and the Discourse of Woman," in *Displacement: Derrida and After*, ed. Mark Krupnik (Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1983), p. 186. Owens uses the phrase in his insightful reading of feminist appropriations of the pose in the visual arts; see "Posing," in *Beyond Recognition: Representation, Power, and Culture*, ed. Scott Bryson, Barbara Kruger, Lynne Tillman, and Jane Weinstock (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1992), pp. 201–217, 214.

Michael Moon has recently read these disavowals as kinds of cross-dressing. By dressing each other up as "not really queer," the hustler and his client in a sense fetishize sexuality itself, so that "both men 'never feel straighter' than when they are having sex with each other." The tenuous hold that this script has on "being straight" accrues a kind of erotic value as it manages to clear the space for an exchange between men that is already prohibited, under any condition. Michael Moon, "Outlaw Sex and the 'Search for America': Representing Male Prostitution and Perverse Desire in Sixties Film (*My Hustler* and *Midnight Cowboy*)," *Quarterly Review of Film and Video* 15, no. 1 (1993): 27–40, 31.

Philip Leider, "Saint Andy," review of the Pop exhibition "The Arena of Love," *Artforum*, February 1965, pp. 26–28, 28.

Peter Palazo, art director for I. Miller, cited by Donna M. De Salvo, "Learning the Ropes: Some Notes about the Early Work of Andy Warhol," in *"Success is a job in New York": The Early Art and Business of Andy Warhol* (Pittsburgh: Carnegie Museum of Art, 1989), p. 12.

Tina Fredricks, cited by De Salvo, "Learning the Ropes," p. 4.

Warhol, *Philosophy*.

Roughly, Riviere's passing remark has been taken to mean that women do not adopt a mask of womanliness as such; rather, womanliness or the psychological position of women is defined by, or is constituted as, masquerade. Joan Riviere, "Womanliness as Masquerade," in *Formations of Fantasy*, ed. Victor Burgin, James Donald, and Cora Kaplan (New York: Routledge, Chapman and Hall, 1986), pp. 35–44. Beauvoir argued that "woman" is a social and not a natural construct. Simone de Beauvoir, *The Second Sex*, trans. E. M. Parshley (New York: Vintage, 1973). Butler's citation of Nietzsche describes gender identity as a never-ending citation of prior "expressions" and not the externalization of an interior, prior, and congenital condition. Judith Butler, *Gender Trouble* (New York: Routledge, 1990), pp. 24–25.

37 Elenore Lester, "The Final Decline and Total Collapse of the American Avant-Garde," including a photo album by Andy Warhol, *Esquire*, May 1969, pp. 143–149, 144.

38 James, *Allegories of Cinema*, p. 64.

39 Benjamin Buchloh puts this well when he remarks that, given the shaky status of authorship in Warhol's work, critics who try to read it by the codes of painterly expression generally succeed only in embarrassing themselves. "Andy Warhol's One Dimensional Art: 1956–1966" in *Andy Warhol: A Retrospective*, ed. Kynaston McShine (New York: Museum of Modern Art, 1989), pp. 39–61, 50.

40 Butler, *Gender Trouble*, pp. 137, 138.

41 Trevor Fairbrother, "Tomorrow's Man," in *"Success is a job in New York,"* p. 73.

42 Judith Butler, "Imitation and Gender Insubordination," in *Inside/Out: Lesbian Theories, Gay Theories*, ed. Diana Fuss (New York: Routledge, 1991), p. 21.

43 Warhol, *Philosophy*, pp. 133–134.

44 See, for example, Linda Williams's discussion of legal approaches to classifying works as pornography in *Hard Core: Power, Pleasure, and the "Frenzy of the Visible"* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1989), pp. 85–91.