

Warhol & Mid-Century Modernisms: Art is anything you can get away with

Karin Grace Oen, PhD

Key Ideas

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Abstract Expressionism
Post-Modernism
Conceptualism
Minimalism
Pop Art
Eclecticism/Puralism
Activism
Structuralism/Post-Structuralism

Things to keep in mind

Post-War reconstruction
Post-Colonial Studies
Better Living Through Science
Mass/consumer culture
Cold War
Globalism
Happenings
Originality/Authorship

Suggested readings:

McLuhan, Marshall. "Chapter 1: The Medium is the Message," *Understanding Media: The Extensions of Man*. 1964.

"Andy Warhol in his own Words," in Stiles, Kristine, and Peter Selz. *Theories and Documents of Contemporary Art: A Sourcebook of Artists' Writings*. Berkeley: University of California Press, 1996, pp. 340-346.

Claes Oldenburg, *I am for an art* from Store Days, Documents from the Store (1961) and Ray Gun Theater (1962), selected by Claes Oldenburg and Emmett Williams, New York, 1967. (printed on verso)

"Roy Lichtenstein, Interview," in Stiles, Kristine, and Peter Selz. *Theories and Documents of Contemporary Art: A Sourcebook of Artists' Writings*. Berkeley: University of California Press, 1996, pp. 337-340.

Judd, Donald "Specific Objects," 1964. *Arts Yearbook 8* (1965), p 94; reprinted in Judd, Donald, and Thomas Kellein. *Donald Judd: 1955-1968*. New York: D.A.P., 2002.

Mulvey, Laura "Visual Pleasure and Narrative Cinema (1975)," in Harrison, Charles, and Paul Wood. *Art in Theory, 1900-2000: An Anthology of Changing Ideas*. Malden, MA: Blackwell Pub, 2003. pp. 963-970.

Additional readings:

Jones, Caroline A. *Machine in the Studio: Constructing the Postwar American Artist*. Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1996.

Jones, Caroline A. *Eyesight Alone: Clement Greenberg's Modernism and the Bureaucratization of the Senses*. Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 2005.

Claes Oldenburg, *I am for an art* from Store Days, Documents from the Store (1961) and Ray Gun Theater (1962), selected by Claes Oldenburg and Emmett Williams, New York, 1967. Copyright Claes Oldenburg.

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I am for an art that is political-erotic-mystical, that does something other than sit on its ass in a museum.

I am for an art that grows up not knowing it is art at all, an art given the chance of having a starting point of zero.

I am for an art that embroils itself with the everyday crap & still comes out on top.

I am for an art that imitates the human, that is comic, if necessary, or violent, or whatever is necessary.

I am for an art that takes its form from the lines of life itself, that twists and extends and accumulates and spits and drips, and is heavy and coarse and blunt and sweet and stupid as life itself.

I am for an artist who vanishes, turning up in a white cap painting signs or hallways.

I am for art that comes out of a chimney like black hair and scatters in the sky.

I am for art that spills out of an old man's purse when he is bounced off a passing fender.

I am for the art out of a doggy's mouth, falling five stories from the roof.

I am for the art that a kid licks, after peeling away the wrapper.

I am for an art that joggles like everyone's knees, when the bus traverses an excavation.

I am for art that is smoked, like a cigarette, smells, like a pair of shoes.

I am for art that flaps like a flag, or helps blow noses, like a handkerchief.

I am for art that is put on and taken off, like pants, which develops holes, like socks, which is eaten, like a piece of Pic, or abandoned with great contempt, like a piece of shit.

I am for art covered with bandages. I am for art that limps and rolls and runs and jumps.

I am for art that comes in a can or washes up on the shore.

I am for art that coils and grunts like a wrestler. I am for art that sheds hair.

I am for art you can sit on. I am for art you can pick your nose with or stub your toes on.