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Transtechology Research • Reader 2012/13

Plymouth University

Portland Square, Drake Circus

Plymouth PL4 8AA

United Kingdom

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ISBN 978-0-9538332-3-8

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Abstract

This paper considers two deaths – the imagined death of Marcel Duchamp on the one hand, and the near death of Andy Warhol on the other. Duchamp, although born in France, became an American citizen in 1955, causing protests amongst a vociferously anti-American French avant-garde who resented this final proof of his shift in cultural affiliations. A reckoning of sorts took place, luridly played out in a sequence of paintings that culminated in the portrayal of a military-style state funeral for Duchamp, with Warhol depicted as a pallbearer. Warhol was in the vanguard of American cultural imperialism's entry into Europe, and was understood to be an associate of Duchamp's. However, based on an examination of the postures they adopted at an opening at the Cordier & Ekstrom Gallery in Manhattan in 1966, when Warhol filmed Duchamp in front of his friends, this paper points to an uneasy relationship between the two. It begins with an appraisal of Warhol's design for the cover of the Rolling Stones' album *Sticky Fingers* in 1971.

"Besides, it's always other people who die"
(*"D'ailleurs, c'est toujours les autres qui meurent"*)¹ (Marcel Duchamp)

"I always thought I'd like my own tombstone to be blank. No epitaph and no name. Well, actually, I'd like it to say 'Figment'" (Andy Warhol in conversation with Benjamin Buchloh)²

Although the references to death, in relation to Duchamp and Warhol, are the themes that drive this text, the narrative also reflects a shift in attitude, a changing of the guard between methodologies that are defined elsewhere as Modes 1 and 2.³ Watching as my own Fine Art programme is methodically dismantled, with its immanent closure becoming more and more inevitable, the thematic of the paper can be further interpreted as a final exchange of Modes away from the possibilities of 1 or 2 and towards a dispiriting post-Mode emptiness. Preferring either of the former to the lacuna of the latter, the valedictory theme of this paper seems entirely appropriate – at which point, Warhol's 'screen test' of Ann Buchanan (the girl who cries on film) might well be projected as a fitting accompaniment.⁴

'Sticky Fingers'

It takes me three-and-a-half seconds to run through the letters of the alphabet from the 'D' of Duchamp to the 'W' of Warhol. It is a coincidence of limited proportions that the initials of both artists appear fourth from their respective ends of the alphabet: A-B-C 'D' for Duchamp – and similarly for Warhol, 'W' X-Y-Z. Of course, alphabetical opposites were not key concerns in the work of either artist, although both routinely addressed themselves to issues of reflection, repetition and duplication, as well as their attendant dissimilarities, all of which are predicated on symmetries such as these.

When I vocalise the intervals between D and W the sound merges into one drawn-out zipping effect – like a hi-fi stylus skipping over a damaged section of spinning vinyl. My own battered collection of records from the 1960s and 70s included several similarly damaged examples. Most of them bore their scars from over-enthusiastic handling at parties, but one of them, the Rolling Stones' *Sticky Fingers* (1971), bought in the year of its release, came

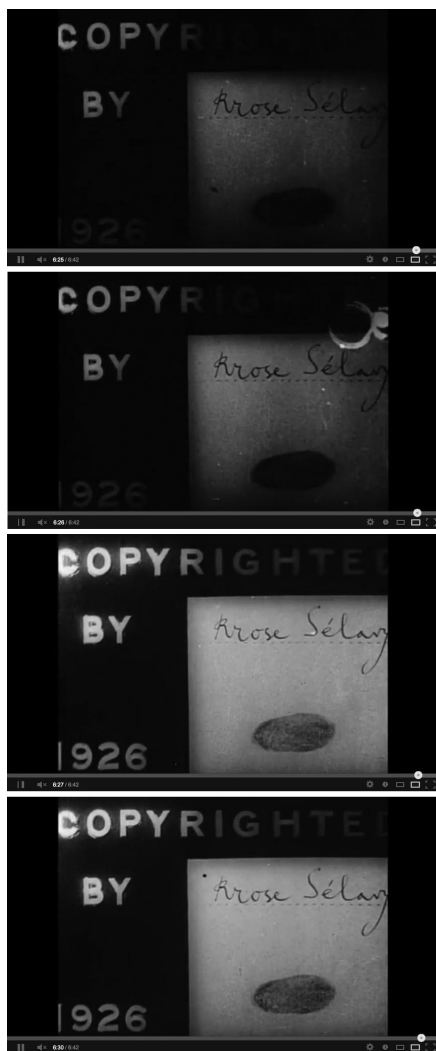


Fig. 1: Anaemic Cinema credits

with a blemish on it that caused just such an interference to the original sound, and it emerges that Warhol had played some distant part in this distortion. Of course, he never came near my record collection, and the closest I came to anything of Warhol's was when, as a student in the early seventies, along with a friend, I managed to drop one of his plywood Brillo Boxes.

At the time, it was in the possession of my art history lecturer, for whom we were returning it to the Stable Gallery warehouse in New York. There was no visible damage, but maybe the trauma we caused lingers on within its inner structure. The blemish on my copy of *Sticky Fingers*, however, is irreversible and remains to this day, seventeen minutes and nineteen seconds into the B-side of the record, where it can still cause a sudden segue from the middle of one song to the middle of the next – although the time it takes for this slippage to occur is considerably less than the three-and-a-half seconds it takes me to vocalise the letters between D and W.

Sticky Fingers, designed by Warhol, is perhaps the most iconic of the Stones' album covers. With its crotch-shot of what was assumed to be Mick Jagger's *Levis* (Joe Dallesandro was the more likely model), it conveys the raffish, swaggering sexuality of the songs, while further investing them with the hasty production values of Warhol's amphetamine-driven Silver Factory in the days before the trauma of his assassination attempt in 1968. Subsequent to Warhol's hospitalisation and eventual recovery, the Factory became more efficiently regulated and business-like; it also became more inhospitable to the low-life hopefuls who had congregated there before 1968. A commercial operation like the *Sticky Fingers* album cover could now be contemplated and delivered on time – a sign that Warhol's concerns had shifted away from an artisanal approach of one-off art-making towards a slicker 'business art' model. This shift was exemplified in his extended series of celebrity portraits and his virtual abandonment of the casual filmmaking that had increasingly occupied him between 1964 and 1966. Joselit (2012) credits Warhol as being fundamental to the change in the current forms of the expanded field of art as expressed in relational and transdisciplinary modes of practice:

Since the 1960s, artists have produced strategies of image saturation appropriate to populations of images rather than inventing single works. Andy Warhol was the pioneer: he overproduced paintings in his 'Factory' using photo-silkscreen processes; he mastered media circuits previously external to the art world such as film, music, advertising, and performance; and he carefully cultivated his own personal celebrity. As he put it himself, Warhol was a 'business artist' whose work encompassed a configuration of 'product lines' rather than a succession of individual objects. (Joselit, 2013, p. 19)

The *Sticky Fingers* album sleeve could be teased open at the top to allow a glimpse of flesh below the waistband of the jeans. Lowering the zip of the fly further revealed a strip of white, and then – just visible – Warhol's signature, with below it an elliptical cautionary message, "This photograph may not be ... etc.", in the form of a printed logo on what is presumably the elastic of a pair of underpants, which then disappear into the depths of the album cover. The hint of prurience, as well as its ambiguous nod towards copyright law, is reminiscent of the credit sequence of Duchamp's only finished film, *Anémic Cinéma*; at the end, Duchamp declares, in bold font that is illuminated somewhat sporadically from left to right, that the film is 'COPYRIGHTED BY' with an apparent blank before the date that appears below: '1926'. The official appearance of this apparently incomplete certificate, with its time-lapse effect as the phrase comes into illumination, distracts the eye away from the thin spidery signature of 'Rose Sélavy' at the side. Beneath the signature is his/her smeared thumbprint.

This strange effect may simply be the result of inexpert cinematic lighting, but Duchamp was always alert to, and ready to explore, the inconsistencies in text that might help to contradict or confound meaning. In the citation below he is discussing an earlier work – this time his assisted 'readymade' of 1916 called *With Hidden*

Noise:

On the brass plaques I wrote three short sentences in which letters were occasionally missing like in a neon sign when one letter is not lit and makes the word unintelligible. (Harnoncourt and McShine, 1973, p. 263)

Warhol's design for the cover of *Sticky Fingers* suggests other links between the two artists. In 1959, at the age of 72, Duchamp had released his final 'readymade' called *Laundress Aprons* (male and female).

These were copied from a matching pair of commercially available novelty oven gloves, fashioned into miniature boxer shorts (male and female); one of them has a retractable penis accessible through a functioning fly. As we have seen, Warhol's cover for *Sticky Fingers* also incorporates a functioning fly-zipper correctly set into the record cover and inserted into the place where the zip ought to be. Working the fly brought no particular reward, however, especially as it became clear that it was the zip that did the damage, the zip that made the stylus slip, and the zip that caused the unwelcome interference to the song.

When the first shipments of this new recording left the warehouse tightly packed into boxes, the brass zips pressed their own zip-shaped indentations into the B-sides of the next records in the stack, imprinting themselves three inches from the outer edge of the record three minutes and fifty seconds into 'Dead Flowers', the penultimate track, causing a sudden trajectory from:

Send me dead flowers every morning

Send me dead flowers by the US mail

Say it with dead flowers at my wedding

And I wont forget to put roses on your grave

No I wont forget to put roses on your grave

F g H i J k L m N o P q
R s T u V

and coming to rest on Jagger's and Richards' conclusions on the disadvantages and alienation of their rock'n'roll life-style:

The sound of strangers sending nothing to
my mind

Just another mad mad day on the road

I am just living to be dying by your side

But I'm just about a moonlight mile on down
the road

To alleviate further problems, future shipments went out in similarly packed boxes but with the zip undone, so that any future damage would be done to the record label and not to the music groove.

'Live and Let Die'

Mention of the similarities between Warhol and Duchamp appear fleetingly in the standard literature, where their shared interest and obvious commitment to the 'readymade', as well as their films, are variously compared, along with more theoretical concerns such as the 'death of the author' that their equal commitment to chance and mechanical reproduction helped to invigorate.⁵ A more sombre, even fateful comparison can be seen with the two assassination attempts perpetrated on each artist; pitilessly effected yet ineffectually executed in one instance, and pitilessly imagined and morbidly wished for in the other. The lurid details of Duchamp's would-be assassination were revealed at an opening at the Creuze Gallery in Paris in 1965, and then deliberately ignored on Duchamp's recommendation. As a consequence, it went almost unreported in France, while Warhol's near fatal attempt three years later received instant media coverage, only to

be overshadowed by a second trauma in America, the actual assassination three days later of Senator Robert Kennedy in Los Angeles on 5 June 1968.

Duchamp's mock assassination was revealed in a series of paintings, where the event was re-animated in naïve detail as if seen as an episode in a French comic book or '*bande dessinée*'. The circumstances are sketchily introduced, but we are shown the seventy-nine-year-old artist lured up a flight of stairs and into an upper room, where he is brutally beaten to death and his lifeless body thrown back down the stairs.

Thus, in macabre fashion, Duchamp's aged and naked corpse undergoes, in a process of almost cinematic doubling, the passage of his most celebrated painting *The Nude Descending a Staircase No 2*, in which, as a young man in 1912, he sashayed naked down a staircase, making an altogether more stylish entrance into the world of American art than this pathetic and seedy French exit from it in 1965. Or, at least, the pathetic exit that the perpetrators of this imagined violence envisioned for him. And of course here's the rub, because Duchamp was not dead, and neither were these would-be murderers real assassins or bullying thugs but instead three artists vehemently committed to Marxist ideology as filtered through the teachings of the French philosopher Louis Althusser.⁶ They interpreted Duchamp's 'readymade' strategies in terms of a symptomatic relationship with the deception that cultural and political freedom was only possible within Western capitalism. They extrapolated from Althusser that the 'freedom' to designate products from the world of mass-production as art – all of Duchamp's 'readymades' were mass-produced – merely disguised the limited options and restricted potential of the individual within Western culture upon whom this gift was apparently invested in return for their obliviousness to its shortcomings. Duchamp's emphasis, they reasoned, was based on the cult

of individualism cherished by modernism that drew on the myth of individual freedom and the individual's capacity to operate at will and independently within the capitalist state. They reasoned further that if individuals cannot operate independently, then the authority to decree the transformation of articles of mass-production into art works of value has to be illusory.

Their answer was to work collectively on a project that would expose this deception, using visual shock tactics to upset and destabilise the most visible import into France of American bourgeois individualism – Duchamp. Their critique took in Duchamp, the *Nouveau Réaliste* artists (in their eyes, a quisling group), whose subject matter fetishised the material attractions of capitalist culture, and then passed on to Warhol, and through him to the rump of American art. Nursing their resentment over American financial supremacy, its inroads into French culture and its cold-war success in presenting itself as the cultural leader of the free world, Gilles Aillaud, Eduardo Arroyo and Antonio Recalcati collectively saw Duchamp as the local embodiment of all these ills. This belief found expression in a series of politically determined works, culminating in a set of eight paintings sardonically titled *Live and Let Die: the Tragic End of Marcel Duchamp*. They saw Duchamp's imaginary death and its violent manner as a just penalty for his association with American culture, as well as a timely retort to his adoption of US citizenship ten years earlier in 1955.

The reasons for their objections to the interventionist stance of American art in France was exemplified by statements such as that made by the overbearing American curator Henry Geldzahler (a friend of Warhol's); it's easy to see how it would cause offence to European artists of an anti-imperialist turn of mind:

[American art is] exportable to Europe, for we have carefully prepared and reconstructed Europe in our own image since 1945 so that two kinds of American imagery, Kline, Pollock, de Kooning on the one hand, and the Pop artists on the other are becoming comprehensible abroad. (Buchloh, 2001b (1989), p. 36)

It was inevitable that comments such as this would provoke a reprisal of some sort – even if, in this instance, the extreme imagery and the force of its violence might be unexpected. And so *Live and Let Die: the Tragic End of Marcel Duchamp* attacks the artist's high-profile status as an American exponent of individualism, which in their view subverted Marxist collectivism through the undeserved elevation of the 'readymade' as a primary form of art-world currency. Aillaud, Recalcati and Arroyo's collaborative sequence of eight paintings, produced in a purposefully naïve way, introduces them as populist fighters for an alternative artistic collectivism. In tormenting and killing Duchamp they would repay him for his cultural 'readymade-ian' offences: "Si /'on veut que l'art cesse d'être individual, mieux vaut travailler sans signer que signer sans travailler" (Aillaud et al., 1965).⁷

A year later, in 1966, in a series of wide-ranging interviews with Pierre Cabanne that surveyed the major themes of Duchamp's life, the topic of the exhibition came up in the following way:

Cabanne: Last year at the Creuze Gallery, there was a show in which three young painters ... did a series of collaborative paintings called 'The Tragic End of Marcel Duchamp'. In a manifesto they published, they sentenced you to death ... Did you see those canvases?

Duchamp: Of course.

Cabanne: The last painting in the series represented your burial.

Duchamp: It was very pretty.

Cabanne. Your pallbearers were Rauschenberg, Oldenburg, Andy Warhol.

Duchamp: Dressed as American Marines!

(Cabanne, 1971, pp. 102-103)

This final painting depicting Duchamp's funeral cortège drives home its point by appropriating an image from the state funeral of President Kennedy, assassinated two years earlier in 1963; the *Live and Let Die* painters used America's damaged psyche and vulnerable sensitivity as a means to attack it for the art it exported. Concurrently, in 1965, Ileana Sonnabend in Paris was exhibiting a huge Warhol show, and in the previous year, Robert Rauschenberg had been awarded the Venice Biennale's Lion d'Or – the prize going for the first time to a non-French speaking artist. The sight of these brash, confident Americans appearing in the *Live and Let Die* painting in American military uniforms – Warhol's complete with yellow tinted sunglasses through which he presides over the solemn pallbearers carrying Duchamp's casket draped with the Stars and Stripes – unambiguously declares an acute distaste for these exponents of the American world order. In parenthesis, we realise that by appropriating the title of Ian Fleming's novel, first published in French in 1959 and then reprinted in 1964 under the new title of *Vivre et Laisser Mourir* or *Live and Let Die*, the artists are also taking a swipe at Britain's acquiescence to America, allowing it to dictate its terms, both culturally and politically.

Warhol and Duchamp, Cordier and Ekstrom

Cabanne's discussion with Duchamp in 1966, where Warhol appears as a peripheral character in the story, is in fact the first mention of the younger artist in the burgeoning Duchamp literature. Duchamp's first appearance in the Warhol canon occurs more deliberately in a set of photographs by Nat Finkelstein, Warhol's

official photographer, taken at a rendezvous devised by Warhol at Duchamp's opening at the Cordier & Ekstrom Gallery in Manhattan in February 1966.

In response to a question in an interview with Buchloh, Warhol is unaccountably evasive about his previous acquaintance with Duchamp:

Well, yeah, we saw him a lot, a little bit. He was around. I didn't know he was famous or anything like that. (Buchloh, 2001a, p. 119)

This disingenuous reply is perhaps typical of Warhol, but here he seems to be more than typically vague, and the effect, when put into context, makes him sound shifty, even furtive. He had in fact met Duchamp before, and had even filmed him on a previous occasion at Duchamp's Pasadena Museum retrospective in 1963. The fame of the older artist fascinated Warhol, who already owned several of his works, including a set of rotary disks from his 1926 film *Anémic Cinéma*. In contrast to Warhol's evasive reply to Buchloh, his manner in Finkelstein's photographs taken at the Cordier & Ekstrom opening seems purposeful, single-minded, almost predatory; this is further suggested by the knowledge that Warhol came to the opening with the single objective of capturing Duchamp on film. The exhibition, called *Hommage à Caïssa*, was a benefit show for the American Chess Foundation and Duchamp had invited a stellar group of thirty artists, each one exhibiting chess-related works (Franklin, 2004, pp. 77-90). This group of invited artists did not include Warhol, although he may well have thought that his status, coupled with his fascination with Duchamp, as well as his early paintings such as *The Chess Player* in 1954 (a painting that bore a distinct similarity, and was in fact a virtual homage, to Duchamp's 1911 series of drawings and paintings on the same subject), might well qualify him for inclusion. Warhol, however, entered Cordier & Ekstrom as an outsider whom very few people would



Fig. 2: Warhol and Duchamp

have recognised and who, furthermore, came with an agenda that was unrelated to the aims of the exhibition.

The films that Warhol made of Duchamp are generally classed amongst the five hundred or so that he made as part of his 'Screen Test' series between 1964 and 1966.⁸ Duchamp had presumably agreed ahead of time to pose for the film, perhaps following the example of Salvador Dali, a contributing artist to Duchamp's show, who had previously been filmed by Warhol. Dali's acquiescence contributed to the ease with which Duchamp was persuaded. But it is important to see how Warhol's whole approach with Duchamp was inconsistent with the posture of indifference that characterised his other 'Screen Test' movies, and this raises questions about their status, and even whether they were

intended as part of the 'Screen Test' series.

The 'Screen Test' films were all made in pretty much the same way – they were all shot on 16mm b/w movie film stock, with a fixed camera set on a tripod, with only the head and shoulders of the performer visible within the frame. They comprise a series of filmed, stationary portraits, ostensibly intended to examine the 'star potential' of the subject, who might then appear in Warhol's future films. Filmed one at a time in an empty corner of the Factory, Warhol or his assistants would show the subject where to sit and how to face the camera. A strong light would then be trained on them, the film set in motion and, more often than not, the camera operator, either one of Warhol's assistants or Warhol himself, would walk away, leaving the subject to deal with the

situation alone. The process lasted two minutes and forty-five seconds – the length of time that it took for a complete film to spool through the camera (Angell, 2006, p 15). Once processed, the films would then be screened, by projecting them at half speed, without any editing. Among the five hundred subjects whose reputations have migrated beyond the aspirations of that particular moment, we might recognise most prominently: Henry Gelzahler, Allen Ginsberg, Paul Thek, Gerard Malanga, Dennis Hopper, Donovan, Edie Sedgwick, Susan Son-tag, Barbara Rose, Paul Morrissey, Nico, John Cale, Lou Reed, Salvador Dali, Bob Dylan, Benedetta Barzini.

The procedure for filming Duchamp was different from all of these. The other subjects were filmed at the Factory, where they were likely to be either regular associates or celebrities attracted there by Warhol's glamour and status, and where – irrespective of who they were – they received the same casual, off-hand treatment. Many found the process to be unexpectedly demanding, requiring skill, self-control and confidence, all of which frequently deserted them while the film was running:

After turning on the camera, everybody left me there, alone. They just turned around and walked away, leaving me with a running camera pointed at my face. Next to the muzzle of a gun, the black hole of the camera is one of the coldest things in the world. I chose to ignore it, but what I couldn't ignore was the thought that this was all a joke, that there was no film in the camera and they were making bets at the other end of the Factory about how long I would sit there like an idiot. (Woronov, 2001)

Unlike Mary Woronov, care was taken to prevent Duchamp from experiencing the discomfort that attended so many other 'Screen Test' subjects. He was an old man and so he might well be treated differently. Warhol filmed him three times that evening in front of a group of Duchamp's friends and Madison Avenue so-

cialites.

Warhol was unusually attentive on this occasion, operating the camera, changing the film himself, and remaining unobtrusively in charge. Finkelstein's contact strips from that evening show that before filming began the two artists chatted to their separate groups, keeping their distance from one another, never actually conferring, never apparently engaging with the social niceties of fellow artists at an opening. Finkelstein catches the two men together in a single photograph only once, and even then they are at opposite ends of the room, holding different conversations.

Finkelstein's photographs of Duchamp's actual participation in the shoot shows him at ease, with drink and cigar in hand, interested in the goings-on around him and untroubled by the anxieties and difficult introspection that affected many of the previous 'Screen Test' subjects (Angell, 2006, p. 15). Duchamp, in contrast, was the centrepiece of a public spectacle, which presumably he could break at any time on the pretext of greeting and attending to his guests. But here the photographic record is at odds with the evidence of the films themselves – or at least two of the films, the final film having disappeared. Duchamp, in these films, has a caged, watchful quality. He remains silent, as instructed, acknowledging his guests with discreet nods and gestures from his position on the plinth, but his attitude is one of wary caution, with a hint of impatience creeping in. He seems uncomfortable about being manipulated in front of his own clique of gallery regulars – and he was at heart a rather shy man. He was probably unaware of Warhol's extended project or that this 'screen test' (he would never refer to the film by this name in later discussions) might contribute to a larger body of work. Had he known, he might not have been so compliant; Duchamp's record of agreeing to the wishes of others, particularly in gallery situations, was not good. Finkelstein's memory of the situ-



Fig. 3: Warhol and Duchamp

ation is interesting. He describes the tensions that were probably fairly evident by this time, contributing to the thesis that Warhol's intentions might not have been entirely benign:

Andy's coming to this art show was like a guerrilla attack. That's what made him, as a matter of fact that's what made all of us, a feeling like: "Fuck you man, we'll kick our way in here." Duchamp was surrounded by his phalanx of defenders. Andy was attacking – we were his point men. (Finkelstein cited in Franklin, 2004, p. 77)

He goes on to say:

So these people who were with Duchamp acted as defenders, who made sure that none of us would run over and bite him on the ankle, but they weren't defending Duchamp ... they were protecting their investment. (Ibid.)

(Fig. 3) So what was it that needed protecting at this very late stage in Duchamp's career? Given Warhol's obsession with money, Finkelstein's 'investment' idea might be right – but this was early in 1966, two years before Valerie Solanos shot Warhol and before the 'business model' for art, and projects like his Rolling Stones album cover, had taken shape. It would seem that the elderly artist offered little competition. He would certainly endorse the direction of Warhol's development that he, himself, had set in train in the first decades of the century and of which Warhol was now the chief exponent – to the dismay of the French 'Live and Let Die' group. But Warhol had become a film-maker, and Duchamp no longer had faith in film as a medium. He had of course been involved in the production of films, even acted in them, but his most notable achievement was



Fig. 4: Warhol and Duchamp

his *Anémic Cinéma* forty years before, where film was merely a means to an end; his real interest with film had lain in the development of an optical phenomenon, taking place in an imagined and fluctuating space, that would ramify into erotically suggestive illusions created entirely in the mind of the viewer.⁹ Warhol's 'screen tests', with their emphasis on the stressful phenomenology of an ordeal in front of the camera, which Duchamp successfully avoids engaging with, would seem wayward – and I think demeaning – to Duchamp (Fig. 3).

Things change again in Finkelstein's photographs taken during the final sequence of filming, when Benedetta Barzini unexpectedly starts to flirt with Duchamp, joining him on the plinth, insinuating herself into his attentions, as well as into the camera frame. Here, the tight format arrived at by Warhol over

two years of strictly controlled filmmaking in the Factory abruptly changes, and the taxing, solitary communication between subject and camera is completely broken. Barzini was a successful fashion model, a confident socialite, used to the spotlight, but she was also a habituée of Warhol's Factory, having made her own 'screen test' earlier that year, and although sufficiently sure of herself, is unlikely to have been acting on her own impulses. Finkelstein's contact sheet shows Barzini talking to Warhol just before filming, so perhaps she was being tasked with disturbing Duchamp's confident poise; if so, she appears to relish the challenge. The octogenarian Duchamp was presumably as susceptible as any to the attractions of this glamorous Italian model, but with his wife in the crowd of quizzical onlookers in front of him, he manages to keep his head without any further complications. The film with Barzini



Fig. 5: Warhol and Duchamp

has disappeared, and without the particular nuances it might bring to the subject, we have to accept the testimony of Finkelstein's rather dignified photographs. (Fig. 4)

Nevertheless, the images Finkelstein took of the ageing artist at the end of his life – constrained and perhaps compromised by a technological device, captured in a medium he had lost interest in, controlled from the periphery by the younger artist behind the camera in the darkness while he himself is trapped in light – remain memorable and affecting ones. They contribute to a shift in the conventional reading of both artists, and perhaps for Duchamp, his uneasiness comes not so much from having to comply with the demands of the spectacle arranged by the younger artist, nor from the fact that he was by nature a fairly shy and secretive man, but because of its close proximity

to the scenario of a secret project that he had been working on for the past twenty years and which he was now in the final stages of completing in a private chamber at the back of his own Manhattan studio. In it, a highly illuminated object of desire is viewed from a fixed peephole in the shadows, in much the same way as Warhol was now watching and capturing Duchamp – impassively, imperturbably – through the viewfinder of his camera mounted in the middle of the floor of Duchamp's exhibition at Cordier & Ekstrom.¹⁰

Notes

¹ Marcel Duchamp's epitaph, Le Cimetière Monumental de Rouen, Rue du Mesnil-Grémichon, 76000 Rouen, France.

² See Kraus (1996, p. 111).

³ See Nowotny et al. (2003, pp. 179–194).

⁴ See Dean Wareham's 2008 DVD *13 Most Beautiful Songs for Andy Warhol's Screen Tests*.

⁵ See, however, the 2010 exhibition 'Twisted Pair' at the Andy Warhol Museum, Carnegie Mellon Institute, Pittsburgh: <http://www.carnegiemuseums.org/cmaga/feature.php?id=200> (site visited on 12.12.2012).

⁶ For the single most comprehensive, nuanced and authoritative review of this deeply problematic intervention, see Carrick (2008, pp 1-26).

⁷ Carrick's (2008, p. 13) translation reads as follows: "If one wants art to cease being individual, better to work without signing than to sign without working."

⁸ For a complete survey of Andy Warhol's 'Screen Test' series, see Angell (2006). For a digitized selection, see Wareham (2008).

⁹ For example, the 'Chinese Lantern' suggests a breast with a slightly trembling nipple; the 'Corolla', an eye staring outward. And both, in their reverse condition as concave rather than convex, produce a fairly explicit sexual reading. This is not merely my own projection. Others, other scholars in fact, have concurred.

¹⁰ Taylor et al.'s Marcel Duchamp: *Étant donnés* (2009) stands as the authoritative account of the highly secretive development of this work. However, readers familiar with this series of Transtechnology Research Papers are also directed to my own 'Visual Arrangements in Duchamp's *Étant donnés* and Warburg's *Mnemosyne*' of 2011.

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About the Author:

Kieran Lyons is an artist and a writer. After graduating from the sculpture department at the Bath Academy of Art, Kieran took his Masters Degree in America, graduating in Sculpture from the School of Art & Architecture at Yale University. From there, he travelled to New Zealand with a fellowship at the University of Auckland and started to produce large scale installation works with a fictional company called E-Z-Gro. Returning to London in 1977, he joined the video/ performance collective at 2B Butler's Wharf producing video performances, and presenting them in London, Belfast, Newcastle and Dublin. Since this time he has worked and exhibited throughout Britain while teaching in an evolving programme at the University of Wales, Newport. He was awarded a PhD in 2008 with a thesis on military influences in the work of Marcel Duchamp.



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