

FILM, FASHION,  
AND THE 1960s

Edited by Eugenia Paulicelli,  
Drake Stutesman, and Louise Wallenberg

Indiana University Press

2017

## 2 The Art of Undressing: Automation and Exposure at the Margins of Cinema

Amy Herzog

I WOULD HARDLY BE the first scholar to point to Andy Warhol's fascination with the overlapping fields of fashion, celebrity, and pornography, three spheres in which art and commerce collapse into one another and offer up the human body as the ultimate commodity, simultaneously precious and utterly replaceable. Each industry operates via a machinelike modality, automated and impersonal, yet trafficking in the most intimate and private of desires: we wrap our bodies in the fabric and fantasies of stardom, desirousness, fulfillment—a commingled longing to possess, to inhabit, and to be the idealized image that is always suspended just beyond our grasp. Each industry, too, deals in surfaces, in self-presentation as a mode of being, a mode of working. Surfaces not as masks shielding an inner truth, but as an end in themselves, an endless series. These themes pervade Warhol's work as a whole, but are articulated in an extraordinarily fascinating way in his films of the 1960s.

Warhol's early cinema was created in the midst of an outpouring of experimental and independent filmmaking in New York City. Film distribution and exhibition were undergoing broad transformations during this period, as witnessed by the formation of experimental film collectives (such as the Film-maker's Cooperative and the Millennium Film Workshop), by the distribution of foreign and independent films by financially-strapped major studios, by the rise of independent art-house distributors (such as New Yorker Films), and by the explosion of Times Square "grindhouse" theaters devoted to exploitation cinema. The films produced during this period were wildly divergent in their approaches, ranging from high-art abstraction to expanded cinematic "happenings" to the most base sexploitation; beyond their position outside the Hollywood film industry, many of these works appear to share little in common. Yet I would argue that certain tendencies within Warhol's cinematic style resonate with independent pornographic films being produced and distributed in New York during this period. In particular, the fixation on acts of dressing and

undressing in each set of films illuminates a larger cultural and economic shift at work in New York at this time.<sup>1</sup>

My objective in this chapter is to read Warhol's portrait films, such as *Poor Little Rich Girl* and the "Screen Tests," alongside the typical pornographic peep show loops produced in the mid-1960s, which most often featured individual women stripping and posing for the camera. To coopt a phrase from Jonas Mekas, the Warhol film and the 42nd Street "beaver loop" are both shining examples of the "impure, naughty, 'uncinematic' cinema being made . . . in New York" in the 60s, both positioned squarely outside the established film industry and both straddling a line of ambiguity between spectacular performance and unembellished documentation.<sup>2</sup>

What follows is not an attempt to "rehabilitate" porn loops or to redefine them as "art." Nor am I seeking to contextualize Warhol's films in relation to contemporaneous porn. Instead, I would like to look at the modalities that both sets of films employ, modalities that inform one another and suggest provocative ways of rethinking questions of spectatorship, labor, and politics in cinema. Their affinity has everything to do with the politics and economics of that historical moment—the mid-1960s—conditions Warhol and the porn peddlers implicitly understood and exploited without inhibition. Three thematic frameworks will guide this inquiry: exposure, automation, and exchange. Critical here is the unusual system of rehabilitation that the early peep show loop and the early Warhol film share, what I would like to call the ethos of the "leftover." The strategies of recycling, cooptation, and recontextualization at work here challenge us to rethink many of the tenets of film studies, such as the distinction between spectator and text as the primacy of the theatrical model of exhibition, forcing us to confront one of the most foundational challenges that cinema poses: what does it mean, and what are the consequences, when we view another human body on the screen?

### Exposure

Martin Hodas, the peep show king of 42nd Street, began his career servicing vending machines in the New York metropolitan area. In 1966, he encountered a Panoram jukebox that had been retrofitted to show burlesque films. The Panoram was a film jukebox from the 1940s that played "Soundies," three-minute musical shorts by jazz artists and novelty bands. When the Soundies corporation folded in 1947, the abandoned machines were recycled for more prurient purposes. The large format screens were boarded over, and binocular viewers were installed. These newly outfitted machines were sometimes placed in entertainment arcades that featured a range of devices, such as pinball machine and "games of skill."<sup>3</sup>

Page 4      ARCADE OWNERS BULLETIN      FEBRUARY, 1947



**New Model  
SOLO-VUE**

The new "Peep-model" SOLO-VUE has special eye-appeal for arcades. Its brilliant-hued finish and "come-hither" appearance is a definite asset in any location—a "real" dime getter. Illustration at left is of old SOLO-VUE. New SOLO-VUE has countless new features and improved construction, is so startlingly different that we want you to see it for yourself at the C. M. I. Convention.

SEE FOR YOURSELF AT  
**BOOTH 27**  
C. M. I. Convention . . . Chicago

Introducing a new series of films, adapted for arcade owners and peep operators. These are all brand new, peppy subjects . . . incorporating top photography and clear RCA sound. The finest film stock properly processed for continuous reel operation.

**SOUNDIES FILMS, Inc.**  
208 W. JACKSON BLVD., CHICAGO

Fig 2.1 Soundies Films, Inc., advertisement, *Arcade Owners Bulletin* 2 no. 1 (February 1947): 4. This image depicts a Panoram machine that has been converted for peeping purposes. Image from the collection of the author.

Martin Hodas did not invent the peep booth as such, but he was instrumental in launching the pornographic arcade as a visible urban institution. He purchased a large number of discarded Panorams and convinced adult bookshop owners in Times Square to allow him to install and service groups of machines. He took advantage of changes in censorship law and loopholes in zoning regulations to establish a thriving franchise, and it is rumored that Hodas's operations accounted for 85 percent of the quarters deposited at the Chemical Bank branch at 42nd Street and 8th Avenue during the peak of his business.<sup>4</sup> As adult emporiums began to flourish throughout Times Square, the Panorams were replaced by privatized booths with curtains or doors.

The economy of the peep show is explicitly grounded in the commodification of a sexual experience. The apparatus of the peep booth both relies on and toys with notions of fetishism and control. Desire for sexual gratification (an affective experience) is objectified in the persona of the body on the screen. Yet, these visual fetishes are presented in a semiparadoxical way. On the one hand, the titles and stills posted on the fronts of the booths promise a unique, individualized encounter. On the other, the rows of identical machines point to the substitutability of this experience. And the rationing of only a short fraction of the film per coin fragments the event into regimented measures equivalent to a predetermined monetary value.

At the same time, at least in the series of films I am considering here, the performers have a relative degree of autonomy, evidenced by the affective surplus they are able to generate. Each performance is unique, occupying the space of the screen with varying degrees of control, but in all, there is an explicit, extended, and at times unsettling visual interaction with the camera.

Perhaps the most politically significant aspect of the peep arcades of the 1960s was the public venue they provided for activities not necessarily envisioned by the entrepreneurs who created them: cruising, hustling, and drug dealing. Indeed, in the early years of the arcades, when the majority of the film loops featured solo female performers or heterosexual couples, the film booths became accessible locales for gay male public sex. Particularly in the years before Stonewall, the peep arcades served as open sites for contacts and exchanges that, potentially, had very little to do with the content on screen.

The peep arcade thus represents a multifaceted site for recycling (of technology, of film, and of people) and co-opting (of diegetic and public space). A wide range of social and material "leftovers" are reactivated here and launched into new networks of exchange.

What ultimately, then, is being exposed within the peep arcade? The woman's body, to be sure, is exposed, as are her performative capabilities and her surroundings. Yet that exposure, as a commodity, remains hidden within the machine, accessed only via a purchase. Within the architecture of the arcade, the body of the spectator is, in fact, far more directly put on display than that of the performers, in some instances as a potential erotic offering for other patrons, much like the bodies on the screen. Exposed, too, is the complex traffic of urban public sexuality in all its diverse, polymorphous, and limited ways.

### Fashion and Undressing

It might be helpful to consider what the act of undressing tells us about the function of fashion and film in general before delving further into the specificities of the peep arcades and Warhol's approach to film. Certainly the cinema has been fascinated by acts of undressing from the outset, building on traditions of erotic

“revealing” that evolved from photography and other, earlier visual technologies. Mutoscope motion picture machines were often stocked with scenes of women undressing in their bedrooms or while preparing the laundry and with barely clothed dancers performing “exotic” routines. Early silent films, too, featured women disrobing before their baths and in more explicit burlesque routines, such as the 1901 Edison Manufacturing film in which a female trapeze artist strips whilst performing an aerial routine, much to the delight of her enthusiastic, male audience.<sup>5</sup>

Yet the relationship between cinema and acts of undressing cannot be reduced to the mere exposure of human flesh. Films about undressing engage in a curious depiction of labor—although rarely that of the labor of producing clothes, a subject that gets some rather oblique and heavily mythologized attention in cinema. Films about fashion might show the working girl struggling to climb the ladder in the glamorous-but-exploitative world of the fashion house, or we might see a backstage narrative about a young designer strategizing her way onto the runway, (although we’d almost never see a believable image of the clothes being cut and sewn en masse in a factory). Dressing, and undressing, however, is a different kind of work. For obvious reasons, the depiction of the body putting on or taking off clothing presents problems for filmmakers, particularly during the heavily restricted studio era. There’s a further disincentive, however, in that the act of undressing breaks the spell cast by the unified image of body-and-dress.

An undeniable power is generated when the camera cuts to Joan Crawford in an Adrian gown. We know intellectually that these are costumes, and we may even know who designed them, but their emotional impact depends on a union of fabric and flesh, an embodied vision that would likely dissipate the moment we see that flesh exposed in the very mundane task of hoisting up its stockings, or struggling with a zipper. Is it the girl who makes the clothes, or do the clothes make the girl? Perhaps we don’t want to know.<sup>6</sup>

But the film industry, and the industry of fandom, has always exploited our fascination with exposing the performers we adore. Fan magazines such as *Film Fun* and *Screen Fun* have existed since the silent era, offering salacious images of female celebrities provocatively undressed. *Celebrity Skin* was published from 1979 until 2015, providing helpful guides to which films feature which performers unclothed, with stills. A broad array of contemporary media outlets (such as TMZ, Celebrity Jihad, icanseeyourpants.com, celebritieswithoutmakeup.net, and celebritypussyblog.com) feature paparazzi shots of female celebrities caught unawares, not in makeup, or disembarking from vehicles with or without their underpants.

Wayne Koestenbaum has pointed to two primary subjects dominating Warhol’s oeuvre: stars and disasters.<sup>7</sup> Is there any disaster more poignant than



Fig 2.2 Enoch Bolles, *Film Fun* cover art (June 1938). Image courtesy of Jack Raglin, Indiana University.

that of the fallen star? And any more poignant fall than that of the female star, captured in a raw state, or forced to remove her clothes before the camera, to cash in on her most intimate assets?

Warhol was attuned to the magic of the fallen star, making her the subject of several of his films: *More Milk*, *Yvette* (1965), starring Mario Montez as Lana Turner, recounts the murder of Turner’s lover by her daughter Cheryl, played by Richard Schmidt. Hedy Lamarr (played once again by Montez) is the subject of *Hedy* (1967), she the stunning beauty and military communications inventor exposed in the most fashionable of crimes: shoplifting. And his fascination with star performers culled without judgment from all stripes and strata of society granted him special appeal to those working at the margins of “legitimate” social circles.

As Kathy Acker reminisced: “I was working at FUN CITY, a combination magazine and peep-show emporium and a (fake) sex-show theatre. My boss’ nephew, who worked in this family concern as the video booth cleaner, was friends with Joe Dallesandro. . . . In fact, one of the lines in our sex-shows was that we were waiting to be discovered by Andy Warhol. We weren’t entirely joking, but we were hoping.”<sup>8</sup>

Warhol was of course deeply invested in the fashion industry. He was particularly keen on exposing the shared paths of circulation that money, art, celebrity, and commodities trace—something we see manifest in his paintings, books, and films. And fashion figures prominently in his films, albeit in a far more improvisational and “downtown” context. For Ronald Gregg, style in underground cinema serves as a means of self-creation in which outsider stars fashion themselves via leftover, secondhand couture.<sup>9</sup> Performers are ceaselessly dressing and undressing in Warhol’s films: Freddy Herko in *Haircut #1* (1963); Mario in *More Milk*, *Yvette*; and Edie in *Poor Little Rich Girl* (not to mention more explicit works like *Couch* and *Blue Movie*). But it is in the more understated portrait films that the dynamics of exposure are most evident.

The figure of the star, the star’s body and face, serves as a nexus for this traffic in commerce, desire, and disaster. Stars are exposed, rendered as icons and plasticine images. But present here, too, is an affective excess. Warhol’s attention to gesture is made possible by the relentless, unblinking gaze of his camera, trained on the faces and bodies of his superstars. He exposes the cruel, torturous relationship between the viewer and the viewed, between the performer and the camera. Exposed, as well, are moments of resistance: Taylor Mead’s refusal to keep his ass still in *Taylor Mead’s Ass* (1964), dancing and shoving objects up it; Edie’s exquisite vulnerability and anger in lobbing an ashtray at Chuck Wein during *Beauty #2* as he tortures her from off-screen; and, of course, the sublimeness that is Mario Montez stealing every scene and twisting the words of his humiliators into triumphant performances. We see these stars ceaselessly exposing themselves, a gesture in direct opposition to the paparazzi photo that implies some kind of “truth” that might be arrived at beneath one’s clothes. What is exposed is not the flesh or the self, but the perpetual necessity of performing that self, performing for—and against—all those other performers. “Being sexed,” Warhol philosophized, “is hard work.”<sup>10</sup> We strip ourselves and dress ourselves up again in an endless repetitive loop.

### Poor Little Rich Girl

*Poor Little Rich Girl* was first shot in early April 1965. It was the second of Warhol’s film’s featuring Edie Sedgwick, the enigmatic and deeply troubled heiress he had recently met. Conceived as part of a larger film saga, *Poor Little Rich Girl* was meant to capture a day in Sedgwick’s life in real time, as it unfolded.



Fig 2.3 Andy Warhol, *Poor Little Rich Girl*, 1965. 16mm film, black and white, sound, 66 minutes. © 2016 The Andy Warhol Museum, Pittsburgh, PA, a museum of the Carnegie Institute.

The title is borrowed from one of Warhol’s other favorite muses, a 1936 vehicle for Shirley Temple.

There was a problem with the lens during this shoot, and thus, the entirety of the two reels were out of focus. Warhol’s team obtained new equipment and shot the entire film again two weeks later; this is apparently the only time Warhol reshot a film due to a technological accident. Based on subsequent reviews of the film, it appears that Warhol first screened both reels of the in-focus, second version of the film on April 26. He then reprimed the film in June on a bill with *Vinyl*, but now combining the first of the out-of-focus reels with the second of the in-focus reels. The inclusion of the technological mistake is intentional and serves as cryptic sort of unveiling.

In the first reel, Edie appears cloaked in a protective haze. Aside from her phone conversation ordering coffee and juice, she remains relatively quiet, with an Everly Brothers record providing the main soundtrack, but all of this changes in the next reel. Edie is now in crisp view, laughing and chatting with Chuck Wein, who prods and questions her from off-screen. Dressed only in a black bra, panties, and stockings, Edie tries on different outfits (including a leopard coat

she declares “the most beautiful in the world”) and applies layer after layer of makeup. To quote Callie Angell, “The contrast between the romantic elusiveness of the first reel and the realistic immediacy of the second creates a minimal narrative of visual suspense and resolution, in which Edie’s extraordinarily mercurial, vulnerable presence is literally brought into focus through a subtle, yet strangely moving drama of loss and recovery.”<sup>11</sup>

Throughout the film, Edie slips between performing a prepared character discussing her squandered inheritance (the spoken credits at the opening of the film introduce her as “Mazda Isalon”) and intimate revelations of her naked self. I think we might find here what Wayne Koestenbaum cites as a tendency in Warhol’s work for the fusing of “the deliberate gesture and the unwilling spasm.”<sup>12</sup> And is this not precisely what pornography attempts to bring us, the deliberate gesture and the unwilling spasm? A performance that is artificial yet documents and elicits a natural affective response? What is so haunting about each of these film portraits, for me, is the palpable, almost unbearable labor that goes into the performer’s gestural and spastic self-presentation.

Yet one question looms here, particularly given the kinds of exposures these films elicit: what degree of agency might we assign to any of the selves involved with either of these film factories? Can one truly speak of self-representation in a world of automation, potential exploitation, and serial replication?

### Automation

JOSEPH GELMIS: It’s been suggested that your stars are all compulsive exhibitionists and that your films are therapy. What do you think?

ANDY WARHOL: Have you seen any *beavers*? They’re where girls take off their clothes completely. And they’re always alone on a bed. Every girl is always on a bed. And then they sort of fuck the camera.

GELMIS: They wriggle around and exhibit themselves?

WARHOL: Yeah. You can see them in theaters in New York. The girls are completely nude and you can see everything. They’re really great.

GELMIS: Have you actually made a beaver yet?

WARHOL: Not really. We go in for artier films for popular consumption, but we’re getting there. Like, sometimes people say we’ve influenced so many other filmmakers. But the only people we’ve really influenced is that beaver crowd. The beavers are so great. They don’t even have to make prints. They have so many girls showing up to act in them. It’s cheaper just to make originals than to have the prints made. It’s always on a bed. It’s really terrific.<sup>13</sup>

Seriality rules the peep loop aesthetic. Each filmic artifact is at once unique and replaceable. The body is literally a commodity, a vehicle for exchange that

traffics the porous boundary between public and private, between product and person, and between perception and bodily reflex. In this context, image production serves not only as means of self-creation but also as a point of entry into what Michael Hardt and Antonio Negri have identified as an affective economy. “Being seen” is a form of productive labor, and the product being sold is our own affective response.

Serial imagery and machine aesthetics are, of course, key to Warhol’s philosophy. Many of his silkscreen portraits originated as strips taken in the coin-operated booths located near the Factory, his studio in Times Square. It is no accident, I would argue, that the photoboosts so closely resemble the motion picture peep machines nearby, and it was not uncommon for photobooth patrons to disrobe inside.

The art dealer Holly Solomon recalls her own photobooth session with Warhol:

We went to Broadway and 47th Street, where they had this photobooth. Andy met me there, and we had a bunch of quarters. He was very particular about which booth. We tried a whole bunch of them. . . . Actually, if you’re in a photobooth for a long time it gets pretty boring; being photographed anyway is pretty boring. After you do one pose, how many poses can you do? I got so bored that I started to really act in them. . . . Fifty dollars is a lot in a photobooth!<sup>14</sup>

Solomon later told Wayne Koestenbaum that she was “dismayed” when she first saw the silkscreen he created from her photobooth strips, as “she thought it made her look like a ‘cocksucker.’”<sup>15</sup>

What Warhol has tapped into here is a new capitalist model: the “Factory society,” an interminable busman’s holiday where life and work become indistinguishable. Hardt and Negri locate an epochal shift in the structure of capitalist production in the early 1970s, from a modern economy based on industrial manufacturing to a tertiary, postmodern economy dealing in “knowledge, information, communication, and affect.”<sup>16</sup> Within this new service-based economy, the products of affective labor may be immaterial (a sense of personal satisfaction, of belonging to a community, of arousal, of being cared for, and so on) but they are most frequently and most successfully achieved when they are produced or felt via the body. Feminists have long pointed to the ways in which traditionally female spheres of labor (domestic work, childcare, nursing, sex work) operate at the margins of the industrial economy and through various forms of corporeal work. This body labor relies on human interaction (whether direct or indirect, in the case of the entertainment industry) but produces something that is nevertheless ephemeral: “social networks, forms of community, biopower.”<sup>17</sup>

This kind of work is not new, of course, but the manner in which it has become instrumentalized within the broader economy is. And it is acutely manifest in the spheres of fashion, celebrity, and pornography. In the 60s and 70s,

we see a dramatic acceleration in the ways in which images circulate and in the meanings that they generate, especially in relation to the notion of a “fashioned self.” What was once nominally private is increasingly drawn into the public sphere in no small part because of the way in which an affective economy places a value on something immaterial, like sexual arousal, and uses technological networks (advertising, film, television) to produce and profit from it.<sup>18</sup>

“Advertising,” Walter Benjamin observed, “seeks to veil the commodity character of things. In the allegorical the deceptive transfiguration of the world of the commodity resists its distortion. The commodity attempts to look itself in the face. It celebrates its becoming human in the whore.”<sup>19</sup> I would like to suggest that the foregrounding of portraiture in the two sets of films I am examining here represents precisely this attempt to look one’s self in the face. And I suspect we might best locate this effort in the seemingly automated ways in which both Warhol and the peep loop producers operated.

Elizabeth Wissinger, in her work on affective labor and the modeling industry, quotes a makeup artist describing the ideal fashion model, one who can enter into the “flow” of a shoot without needing direction: “it’s almost like watching an actress where there’s no direction required; they’re just flowing with it, they get it, and they’ve paid attention, and the photographer can take pictures for over an hour and not have to say one word because everything is just wonderful.”<sup>20</sup> Indeed, what strikes me as most resonant between Warhol’s film portraits and the peep loops is the painful absence of a directorial presence, a lack that becomes increasingly apparent during the course of the films. I find that watching the pornographic peep show loops is remarkably similar to watching one of Warhol’s *Screen Tests*, where the subjects were asked to sit still in front of the camera for the duration of a 3-minute reel. Over the course of the ten-to-twelve minute peep loops, the performance tends to disintegrate. The women run out of material fairly quickly, sometimes bursting into nervous laughter, making eye contact with the unseen camera person for guidance, or beginning to play with props in a manner that I found burlesqued the very notion of “sexiness” (biting a hula hoop, or, in a series of six reels featuring a potted plant in the background, the inspired moment where a performer turns and begins licking the plant). Even in the more mundane loops, what we see performed might best be described not as sex, but as the performers’ imperfect idea of what sexiness on the screen ought to look like. I am reminded here of Judith Butler’s observation that “heterosexuality is always in the process of imitating and approximating its own phantasmatic idealization of itself—and failing.”<sup>21</sup>

The void created by the ambiguous gaze of the camera implicates the viewer as well. There is no cutaway shot, no narrative suture, and no fictional character to stand in for us. The machinations of the apparatus are painfully felt, and we, like the performers, begin to squirm. Duration becomes unbearable, deliciously



Fig. 2.4 Marquee card used to advertise the models featured in peep loops (1963–1968), courtesy of Albert Steg. Starlight Films and Photographs nos. 113, 820, and 326 are part of the Richard B. Kornbacher Collection.

masochistic, and we, too, are caught up in a system of conflict, exchange, desire, and suffering, in concert with those others on screen.

### Exchange

In his work on Warhol and machines, Jonathan Flatley has argued that the significance of the machine model is not that it allows the artist or the viewer to isolate themselves but that it forces us to recognize the messy and imperfect ways in which the many machines and systems that comprise our world intersect. “Warhol’s interest in faces, in celebrity, in technologies of reproduction, in

collecting can all . . . be productively thought about in terms of system interface, the (mis)translation between systems."<sup>22</sup> Faces and naked bodies are replicated, but imperfectly, via technological transformations that bring into focus a wide range of similarities, and variances. "The imitation of the machine does not increase our alienation; instead it rescues us from our isolation by reminding us to notice our likenesses."<sup>23</sup>

There is a collapsing of being, being alike, and liking in Warhol's work that is decidedly queer and that engages with what Homy King identifies as a queer temporality.<sup>24</sup> I would point here to the emphasis on deferral, the absence of a teleological purpose, and the production of displaced responses that implicate, rather than placate, the viewer. And I would like to suggest, somewhat paradoxically, that there is something inherently queer about certain types of pornographic peep loops, including many that are ostensibly heterosexual in focus.

The loops that I am drawn to are nonnarrative, noncopulative, and resplendent with colors and textures that adorn the body of the film. There is an exquisite vulnerability to many of the subjects, serendipitous occurrences, inspired performances, and absurdist humor in which we encounter sameness, difference, imitation, and failure.

If affect is a vehicle for exchange in our late-capitalist economy, it is also highly unstable and unpredictable, a force or flow that can generate unintended reactions and that can be redirected or subverted toward unsanctioned purposes. I am thinking about the co-opting of discarded technologies by the pornographers and the poignant performances of the stars of the loops, and most especially of the appropriation of the peep show arcade as a site for hustling, dealing, and cruising.

Warhol's philosophy stresses the need to democratize exchange: "Everybody does something for everybody else—your shoemaker does your shoes for you, and you do entertainment for him—it's always an exchange, and if it weren't for the stigma we give certain jobs, the exchange would always be equal."<sup>25</sup> Yet the exchange is not equal, and perhaps there are moments when this can be productive. Douglas Crimp has described the ethos of the Warhol world as "misfitting together."<sup>26</sup> "If people never misunderstand you," Warhol wrote, "and if they do everything the way you tell them to, they're just transmitters of your ideas, and you get bored with that. But when you work with people who misunderstand you, instead of getting *transmissions* you get *transmutations*, and that's much more interesting in the long run."<sup>27</sup>

A component of the misfit relationship is the remainder, the leftover, which contains a latent potential to set its machine on a different course. Warhol wrote of this phenomenon:

I always like to work on leftovers, doing the leftover things. Things that were discarded, that everybody else knew were no good. . . . When I see an old Esther Williams movie and a hundred girls are jumping off their swings,

I think of what the auditions must have been like and about all the takes where maybe one girl didn't have the nerve to jump when she was supposed to, and I think about her left over on the swing. So that scene was a leftover on the editing-room floor—an out-take—and the girl was probably a leftover at that point—she was probably fired, so the whole scene is much funnier than the real scene where everything went right, and the girl who didn't jump is the star of the out-take.<sup>28</sup>

The ethos of the leftover creates a space for an alternative economy of exchange, one that is often fickle, parasitic, and unruly. Misunderstanding, miscommunication, and failure become a means creating of transmutations, stutters in the system. It is important not to over-romanticize the capacities of practices that are still deeply embedded within systems of exploitation: the pornography industry is ruthlessly sexist, and there is an unsettling degree of cruelty in many of Warhol's works. Nevertheless, there is something happening in these films that is endlessly fascinating to me, that makes me uncomfortable, and that makes me rethink what it means to look at a face, or a naked body, what it means to be naked, and what it means to be a spectator. I feel confronted by these images, and by the exchanges with multiple others that they have engendered. They suggest a politics of looking that is mutual, if uneven, that is corporeal and serial, and in which similarity and difference can coexist. And they suggest the fantasy of a space in which the leftover girl on the swing can become, if just for a moment, a star.

AMY HERZOG is Coordinator of the Film Studies Program at the CUNY Graduate Center and Associate Professor of Media Studies at Queens College, CUNY. She is author of *Dreams of Difference, Songs of the Same: The Musical Moment in Film* and editor with Carol Vernallis and John Richardson of *The Oxford Handbook of Sound and Image in Digital Media*.

## Notes

1. My thinking about Warhol's filmmaking throughout this project is deeply indebted to the insights and advice provided by Callie Angell. I am further grateful to Claire Henry at the Andy Warhol Film Project at the Whitney Museum of American Art, who generously shared resources and her knowledge of the production logistics for Warhol's *Poor Little Rich Girl*.

2. Jonas Mekas, as quoted in Marc Siegel, "Documentary That Dare/Not Speak Its Name: Jack Smith's *Flaming Creatures*," in *Between the Sheets, In the Streets: Queer, Lesbian, Gay Documentary*, eds. Chris Holmlund and Cynthia Fuchs (Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 1997), 91.

3. An earlier version of this section appeared in "In the Flesh: Space and Embodiment in the Pornographic Peep Show Arcade," *The Velvet Light Trap* 62 (Fall 2008): 29–43. Both projects are part of a larger manuscript that is in process.



4. Anthony Bianco, *Ghosts of 42nd Street: A History of America's Most Infamous Block* (New York: William Morrow, 2004), 162–64.
5. *Trapeze Disrobing Act* (Silver Lake, NJ: Edison Manufacturing, 1901), film, 2:40 min., accessible via the Library of Congress, <http://www.loc.gov/item/96514756/>. Bieke Gils discusses this film and the fascinating career of its star, Charmion, in “Flying, Flirting, and Flexing: Charmion’s Trapeze Act, Sexuality, and Physical Culture at the Turn of the Twenties Century,” *Journal of Sports History* 41 no. 2 (Summer 2014): 251–68.
6. For an extended treatise on the relationship between costume and constructions of gender, see Stella Bruzzi, *Undressing Cinema: Clothing and Identity in the Movies* (London: Routledge, 1997).
7. Wayne Koestenbaum, *Andy Warhol* (New York: Viking, 2001), 62–63.
8. Kathy Acker, “Blue Valentine,” in *Andy Warhol: Film Factory*, ed. Michael O’Pray (London: BFI, 1989), 65.
9. Ronald Gregg, “Fine Vintage,” in *Birds of Paradise: Costume as Cinematic Spectacle*, ed. Marketa Uhlířová (London: Koenig Books, 2014), 293–304.
10. Andy Warhol, *The Philosophy of Andy Warhol (From A to B and Back Again)* (San Diego: Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 1977), 98.
11. Callie Angell, *Something Secret: Portraiture in Warhol’s Films*, Exhibition Catalog (Sydney: Museum of Contemporary Art, 1994), 14. Edie’s brother Bobby had died in a motorcycle accident shortly before the filming, and she discusses her anxiety about meeting with several of his friends during the shoot.
12. Koestenbaum, *Andy Warhol*, 24.
13. Joseph Gelmis, *The Film Director as Superstar* (New York: Doubleday, 1970).
14. Holly Solomon, as quoted in “Early Celebrity Photographs,” *Andy Warhol Photographs*, New York: International Center for Photography, exhibition January 11 to March 18, 2001, [http://museum.icp.org/museum/exhibitions/warhol/early\\_celebrity.html](http://museum.icp.org/museum/exhibitions/warhol/early_celebrity.html).
15. Koestenbaum, *Andy Warhol*, 99.
16. Michael Hardt, “Affective Labor,” *boundary 2* 26, no. 2 (1999): 91.
17. Hardt, “Affective Labor,” 96.
18. See Elizabeth Wissinger, “Always on Display: Affective Production in the Modeling Industry,” in *The Affective Turn: Theorizing the Social*, ed. Patricia Ticineto Clough and Jean Halley (Durham, NC: Duke University Press, 2007), 233–35.
19. Walter Benjamin, “Central Park,” trans. Lloyd Spencer and Mark Harrington, *New German Critique* 34 (Winter 1985): 42.
20. Wissinger, “Always on Display,” 242.
21. Judith Butler, “Imitation and Gender Insubordination,” in *The Lesbian and Gay Studies Reader*, eds. Henry Abelove, Michèle Aina Barale, and David M. Halperin (New York: Routledge, 2003), 313.
22. Jonathan Flatley, “Art Machine,” in *Sol LeWitt: Incomplete Open Cubes*, ed. Nicholas Baume, Wadsworth Atheneum Museum of Art (Cambridge, MA: MIT Press, 2001), 93.
23. Flatley, “Art Machine,” 101.
24. Homay King, “Girl Interrupted: The Queer Time of Warhol’s Cinema,” *Discourse* 28.1 (Winter 2006): 98–120.
25. Warhol, *Philosophy*, 100.
26. Douglas Crimp, “Our Kind of Movie”: *The Films of Andy Warhol* (Cambridge, MA: MIT Press, 2012), 96–109.
27. Warhol, *Philosophy*, 99.
28. Warhol, *Philosophy*, 93.

### 3 Pasolini’s *Teorema*: the Eroticism of the Visitor’s Discarded Clothes

Stella Bruzzi

*TEOREMA* (*THEOREM*), MADE in 1968, is an odd, almost surreal movie; it is also arguably Pier Paolo Pasolini’s masterpiece and offers an exemplary portrait of the “swinging sixties.” The casting of English heartthrob Terence Stamp as the anonymous “visitor” was enough to secure the film a kind of cult status, and its blasphemy (that the seductive visitor was an allegorical representation of Christ) led to a certain notoriety. Having appeared the previous year as the caddish Sergeant Troy in John Schlesinger’s adaptation of Thomas Hardy’s *Far From the Madding Crowd*, Stamp started stepping out with that film’s female lead Julie Christie, sparking a popular fantasy that they were the “Terry and Julie” of The Kinks’ 1967 single “Waterloo Sunset” (a reading that Ray Davies, who penned the song, denies). Pasolini’s fixation with Terence Stamp is evident throughout *Teorema*, from the tight crotch shots to the lingering, dreamy close-ups of his delicate yet surly facial features.

Yet, the film’s allusions to other 1960s concerns—sexual liberation, class, and Italy’s concentration of wealth in the industrialized north, especially around Milan—also demonstrate the many sides of Pier Paolo Pasolini himself: the Marxist, the director of documentaries (such as the feature-length *Comizi d’amore* [*Love Meetings*] in 1965, in which the director appears on camera interviewing Italians about their attitudes toward sex and sexuality), and the poet. Though it is a concise and relatively short film, *Teorema*’s title points to its schematic complexity and, in passing, to Pasolini’s intellectuality and his intellectualization of “art” cinema in the 1960s. Beyond being understood as a critique of European bourgeois society and values, and despite its superficially detached tone, the film is also frequently interpreted as an allegorized expression of Pasolini’s (furtive) homosexuality. For, although the visitor awakens the sexuality of all the characters—male and female—the liberation of the men (the father and the son) remains especially intense. Pasolini’s humor is often neglected, and I have always found *Teorema* to be not only a profound but also, in parts, a funny film.