White Light/White Noise

A

Branden W. Joseph

> The signal proper is noise for a third, who is excluded.
> —Michel Serres, *The Parasite*, 1980

Andy Warhol's Index (Book) hit store shelves just in time for the Christmas rush of 1967. Random House, which provided advance copies to reviewers as early as September, marketed it in three distinct versions: hardbound, with a black-and-white lenticular front cover; a signed and numbered special edition of the same; and a lower-priced equivalent of a softcover in highly reflective black-on-silver, which the press—in a nod to the Reynolds Wrap adorning various parts of the Factory—listed as "tinfoil-bound" (fig. A).[1]

The cover featured Billy Name's photograph of Warhol sitting atop a ladder holding Nico's son, Ari Delon, montaged against Brillo Box sculptures on one side and helium-filled silver pillows on the other. Below Warhol appear the silhouetted countenances of Gerard Malanga (holding a whip), Mary Woronov, and Velvet Underground members Lou Reed (in by-then already signature dark glasses), John Cale, Sterling Morrison, and Maureen Tucker (face cropped by the cover's bottom edge), along with their chanteuse, Nico, behind whom Reed holds up rabbit ears. The group portrait marks *Index* as a collaborative endeavor, a fact confirmed by the title page, which credits Stephen Shore (whose penciled-in name replaces that of Malanga), Paul Morrissey, Ondine, and Nico, along with the Random House team: Christopher Cerf, Alan Rinzler, Gerald Harrison, Akihito Shirakawa, and David Paul. Further annotations attribute most of the book's imagery to Name's "Factory Fotos," with "several photographs by Nat Finkelstein."[2]

The conspicuously marked-up credits find themselves commented on by a quotation, set vertically along the facing page, that reads, "Well, Andy loves mistakes, this wasn't rehearsed."[3] The retention of mistakes was one of at least four decisions that can be attributed directly to Warhol, the others being the inclusion of children's-book-like pop-ups, the use of starkly high-contrast photostats of black-and-white photos, and the juxtaposition of nearly identical imagery on facing pages.[4] The last feature would ultimately occur only once, in the pairing of two images of the Velvet Underground on the lawn of Philip Johnson's Glass House in Connecticut, but it nonetheless informed the overall design, encompassing such spreads as the dual production stills of Warhol's film *The Nude Restaurant* (1967; one with the cast clothed, the other undressed); the positive and negative reversals of Susan Bottomly, aka International Velvet, on either side of a pop-up Hunt's tomato paste can; and the striking, slightly gender-bending comparison of the dark, long-haired Cale, with prominent rhinestone necklace, and the light, short-haired Edie Sedgwick, with immense dangling earrings (fig. B).

Although such imagery virtually codified the iconic look of the "Silver" Factory, *Index* has received surprisingly little art-historical commentary, even amid increased attention to the artist's other publications.[5] At best, it has been considered an allegory of Warhol's abandonment of high art in favor of more opportunistic business interests.[6] In retrospect, however, *Index* may be regarded as both a component of and a reflection on one of the most daring and experimental phases of Warhol's career, running from the May 1965 announcement of his "retirement" from painting to the February 1968 abandonment of the East 47th Street Factory for offices on Union Square—a period that, as a whole, has also remained surprisingly overlooked within art history.[7]

Appearing to reviewers as "an index to all his thoughts," *Index* encapsulated the full range of Warhol's contemporary endeavors, from the temporarily abandoned silkscreen paintings and sculptures to silver pillows, cow wallpaper, films, video experiments, audiotape projects (pictured in Warhol's recording Ondine for *a: A novel* [1968] but also used for the record included in *Index* and several of its texts), photography, fashion, music, and the Exploding Plastic Inevitable (EPI), the multimedia spectacle surrounding Velvet Underground concerts.[8] If many of these initiatives breached the institutionalized confines of the "art world" (as Arthur Danto defined it upon confronting Warhol's Brillo Box), they prove to do far more than merely ingratiate themselves into the norms and values of mainstream commercial culture.[9] On the contrary, *Index* presents Warhol simultaneously at his most populist and his most uncompromising, eschewing the camp appropriation of mainstream commercial products in favor of a remarkably candid foregrounding of homosexuality, transvestism, sadomasochism, and illicit drugs.

In one particularly revealing two-page spread, Mario Montez, posed in drag atop a mirror ball, gender betrayed by the arm hair he sought to hide from Warhol's camera, faces a handwritten sign, "All Junk Out!!," that divulges heroin's presence at the Factory (fig. C).[10] Such imagery evokes the thematics of Velvet Underground songs like "Heroin," "Venus in Furs," and "I'm Waiting for the Man," as well as Warhol films (many starring Montez) such as *The Chelsea Girls* (1966; pages 271–73), *Horse* (1965), *Vinyl* (1965), *Harlot* (1964; pages 268–69), and *More Milk, Yvette* (1966). Rather than capitulate to the vagaries of existing commercial culture, *Index* highlights a set of aesthetic and cultural values foreign to the more rapidly assimilated strains of Pop art, including many of Warhol's earlier canvases. It thereby indicates a fundamental but heretofore largely unexplored transformation in Warhol's project, one in which the paradigm of Pop appropriation and serial repetition gives way to what we will come to understand as the "parasitic" operations of noise. Comprehending how that transformation plays out within *Index* and other aspects of the Factory at the time necessitates approaching Warhol's interventions into mass culture with the same type of nuance recently urged for the analysis of Pop art's wider engagement with popular music and design.[11]

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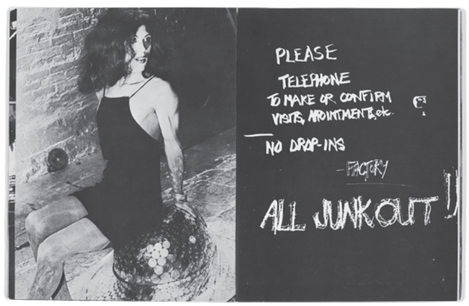
Not surprisingly, the initial publicity surrounding *Index* sought to capitalize on Pop's more anodyne public image. Referencing such foldout pictures as a castle, an airplane, and the Hunt's tomato paste can, early ads described it as "a mod, gadget-packed item guaranteed to surprise and delight."[12] Pointing to the red, accordion-like noisemaker, vanishing mock blotter papers with Warhol's signature, circular *Chelsea Girls* promo, silver balloon, record, and more, a slightly longer blurb similarly proclaimed it "a mod book-type thing

A. Cover of *Andy Warhol's Index (Book)*, tinfoil-bound edition (New York: Random House, 1967)

B



C

D

that squeaks, pops up, disappears, spins, inflates, talks back—and always excites."[13] Downplaying the book's starkly monochromatic aesthetic and occasionally adult subject matter—which nonetheless caught initial reviewers' attention—such copy harks back to an earlier publication of Warhol's: the December 1966 "Fab" issue of *Aspen* magazine that he coedited with David Dalton, a work that has also garnered surprisingly little critical reflection.[14]

Like all issues of *Aspen*, "Fab" took the form of a box housing an array of separate components, including an amusement park–like ticket packet; an "underground movie flip book" depicting Jack Smith's film *Buzzards over Bagdad* [*sic*] on one side and *Kiss by Andy Warhol* on the other; a flexi-disc record; an ersatz music-industry press kit with contributions by Reed, Robert Shelton, and Bob Chamberlain; a portfolio of postcard-size reproductions of Pop and Op art with commentary by collector John G. Powers; *The Plastic Exploding Inevitable*, a newsprint compilation of articles collated from the underground press; and various loose-leaf advertisements (fig. D). Most of the issue pointed to Warhol's recent entry into the worlds of cinema, music, and multimedia spectacle. *The Plastic Exploding Inevitable* included references to this transition by both John Wilcock, who explained, "The boundaries of what is accepted as 'art' have become so wide that it is difficult to see how they could ever become constricted again," and Ronald Tavel, who proclaimed, "Although at the height of his fame as a painter, Warhol has virtually ceased to function as one for the last three years and has devoted himself entirely to the creation of films, more films than any other individual has ever before independently produced."[15] Behind the issue's visually arresting graphics, however, lies a surprisingly un-self-confident presentation. The specter of fraudulence still hovered about Warhol's canvases (Powers explicitly broached the question in his contribution), and Warhol and Dalton mobilized a great deal of rhetorical labor to legitimate the artist's engagement with film, music, and the EPI. In each instance, the magazine appealed to a figure with more pop-cultural credibility: Warhol's move into cinema was countersigned by Smith (in the aforementioned flip-book pairing), into music by Bob Dylan, and into multimedia spectacle by Timothy Leary and, more generally, association with LSD.[16]

LSD figured most prominently in the "Ten Trip Ticket Book," a set of carnival vouchers printed with proceedings from the 1966 LSD Conference in Berkeley, California, including Leary's infamous directive "TURN ON . . . TUNE IN . . . and DROP OUT." Leary also appeared in the centerfold of *The Plastic Exploding Inevitable* (LSD is referenced on the front cover) and, by proxy, on the flexi disc, the first side of which featured "White Wind" by Peter Walker, "Musical Director for Timothy Leary's LSD 'Religious Celebrations.'" (The Velvet Underground's "Loop" was relegated to side B.) At the Berkeley conference, Richard Alpert explicitly linked LSD to rock music and psychedelic light shows, a connection reinforced by Chamberlain's essay, "The View from the Dance Floor," which chronicled the "turned-on" audience at a Blues Project concert at San Francisco's Avalon Ballroom. The choice of group may have been motivated by the fact that the Blues Project's second album, *Projections* (1966), had been produced by Tom Wilson for Verve Records, the same combination underlying the recently recorded *Velvet Underground and Nico* LP (1967). (An ad for the Blues Project album graced "Fab"'s inside back cover.) Nevertheless, Chamberlain's contribution seems somewhat surprising given the Velvet Underground's disastrous reception that May in San Francisco, where promoter Bill Graham had castigated them as harbingers of perversion.[17]

Equally surprising is the overwhelming presence of Dylan, given his famously chilly relationship with the Warhol circle.[18] He appears at least six times, including in the introduction, in Patricia Oberhaus's article "Bobby, and Barbie and Ken in the 'Cat's Pink Mouth'" (reprinted from the *Berkeley Barb*), in Rolf von Eckhart's contribution to the "Ten Trip Ticket Book," and in Shelton's essay "The View from the Critic's Desk: Orpheus Plugs In." Even the "Slum Goddess" column reprinted from the *East Village Other* pointed toward Dylan, as Warhol and Dalton passed over Sedgwick (who had received the dubious honor of being featured as "slum goddess" that August) in favor of the singer's former girlfriend Suze Rotolo, who graced the cover of *The Freewheelin' Bob Dylan* (1963).

Dalton doubtlessly played a role in foregrounding Dylan (he admits to having "developed an unhealthy curiosity" about the singer after the summer 1965 release of "Like a Rolling Stone"), but Warhol also seems to have been feeling the challenge that the folk singer turned rock star posed to high art.[19] As Thomas Crow has recently argued, "It was during the summer of 1965 that [Dylan] singled out . . . visual art and by implication Pop in particular for failing to reach or address anything resembling the audience that popular music could claim: 'The only thing where it's happening is on radio and records [Dylan declared]. Music is the only thing that's in tune with what's happening.'"[20] Further support for Crow's contention that "Like a Rolling Stone" and the rest of *Highway 61 Revisited* (1965) had successfully met the challenge posed by Pop's global ascendancy can be found in the deference accorded to Dylan by Warhol and Dalton in "Fab." Throughout it, Warhol's association with the Velvet Underground is legitimated as a viable artistic pursuit by way of rock's claim to the status of poetry, an argument in which Dylan was already central. "Increasingly," wrote Shelton in "The View from the Critic's Desk," "the place to find the new poetry is on a pop record. As the academicians continue to speak largely to themselves, the New Poets are talking to the mass audience through the vehicle of music. 'The times, they are a-changin',' says Bob Dylan, and a chorus replies 'Amen.'"[21]

Although Reed's contribution to "Fab" pointedly avoids mentioning Dylan (whose influence is nonetheless betrayed by the 1965 Velvet Underground demo "Prominent Men"), he takes up much the same charge.[22] In "The View from the Bandstand: Life among the Poobahs," Reed argues for rock and roll's superiority over traditional verse, which he castigates as a "wrong, fake," and ultimately inconsequential "kind of beauty . . . manufactured so it could be taught" in schools.[23] "How can they give Robert Lowell a poetry prize," he asks,

> It's a joke. What about the EXCELLENTS, Martha and the Vandallas [*sic*] (Holland, Dozier, Holland; Jeff Barry, Elle Greenwich; Bachrach [*sic*] and David; Carol [*sic*] King and Gerry Goffin, the best song-writing teams in America). Will none of the powers that be realize what Brian Wilson did with THE CHORDS. Phil Spector being made out to be some kind of aberration when he put out the best record ever made, "You've Lost that Lovin Feeling."[24]

"Fab" was likely intended to appear alongside *The Velvet Underground and Nico*. Warhol and associates had expected the album's release as early as the summer, and their hopes were probably rekindled by Verve's decision to press the group's second single, "Sunday Morning"/"Femme Fatale," that December.[25] As such, *Aspen*'s deference to Dylan would have been partly offset by a strong, autonomous statement on the Velvet Underground's part. It is also within the context of a companion LP that the inclusion of the abstract, feedback-laden "Loop" makes sense, for it complemented the album's more lyrical songs by pressing the group's avant-garde musical lineage—as though continuing where the tumult of the LP's "European Son" left off. In "The View from the Bandstand," Reed slyly lauds the Velvet Underground (alongside the Who) as "better electronic music than the electronic people."[26]

The locked groove that causes the last few seconds of "Loop" to play endlessly exemplifies the concept of repetition, which is posed throughout "Fab" as a formal connection between the Velvets' music and Warhol's art—a potential counter to the music-poetry axis all but ceded to Dylan. After praising the repetition in songs like "You've Lost That Lovin' Feelin,'" produced by Spector and performed by the Righteous Brothers, and "Dawn (Go Away)" by the Four Seasons as "so fantastic, anti-glop," Reed asserted, "Andy Warhol's movies are so repetitious sometimes, so so beautiful. Probably the only interesting films made in the U.S. Rock-and-roll films. Over and over and over. Reducing things to their final joke. Which is so pretty."[27] On the folder housing Reed's essay, he continues, "Records should have cracks after the best phrases. So they will repeat over and over and over. As many times as I want to hear them."[28] Elsewhere, he attributed this idea to Warhol, who suggested "putting a 'built-in-crack' in 'I'll Be Your Mirror' so that the song will play the refrain endlessly until the needle is manually lifted off the record."[29] Suggesting a certain editorial guidance, Powers's discussion of Warhol's *200 Campbell's Soup Cans* (1962) also cites repetition as the link between painting and music. "I feel . . . that Andy is quite serious and sincere," he noted. "The repetition, for example, has a rhythmic effect, and if you respond to rhythm and music at all, you simply can't ignore the power of this work."[30]

Even this cursory glance at the contents of "Fab" reveals how it mobilized a range of specifically targeted rhetoric to justify Warhol's entry into mass culture. While his attempt to insert himself into the emerging 1960s pantheon was, in retrospect, clearly successful, the fact that he had to lean so heavily on more established cultural figures betrays a certain distance from the vanguard. As 1966 spun into 1967, however, the most important references in "Fab" ceded some of their prominence: after the scandal surrounding *Flaming*

B. John Cale and Edie Sedgwick in *Andy Warhol's Index (Book)*, 1967. **C.** Mario Montez in *Andy Warhol's Index (Book)*, 1967. **D.** "Fab" issue of *Aspen* magazine, December 1966, coedited by Warhol and David Dalton

Creatures (1962–63), Smith would refuse to complete another film; Dylan, who had retreated to Woodstock after his 1966 motorcycle accident, would not perform publicly again until 1968; and, after peaking in the 1967 "Summer of Love," Leary and the LSD he proselytized would begin to lose their allure, at least for the group around Warhol.[31] One of "Fab"'s touchstones, however, would only grow in importance: Marshall McLuhan. Although the Canadian media theorist appeared in "Fab" only once, the issue was broadly characterized as "an exploration of this product-oriented Pop McLuhan world."[32] And while McLuhan initially carried much less rhetorical weight than Smith, Dylan, or Leary, he would ultimately prove a more important reference point for *Index*.

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In an interview in the *Baltimore Sun*, Cerf, Warhol's Random House editor, indirectly but unmistakably placed *Index* within a McLuhanesque framework. "Despite the rapid growth of the electric media," he declared, citing one of McLuhan's signature concepts, "I think the book is going to be with us for some time to come, but its form will be constantly changing. Some of the techniques used in Warhol's 'Index' may very well be used in conventional books of the future."[33] Publicly touted as "a pop editor," Cerf specialized in unconventional projects, many of which, like *Index*, incorporated innovations spearheaded in the children's-book division.[34] (Cerf and Shirakawa also collaborated on *Pop-Up Animal Alphabet Book*.)[35] In rethinking publishing in an "electric" era, Cerf seems to have looked toward Jerome Agel, who paired McLuhan with graphic designer Quentin Fiore in *The Medium Is the Massage*, the vastly popular pictorial companion to McLuhan's *Understanding Media* that appeared in March 1967 (the same month as *The Velvet Underground and Nico*).[36] Reviewers immediately recognized the connection between *Index* and *Massage*, one of them quipping, "If Marshall McLuhan is on your Christmas list [*Index*] might make a good present for him."[37]

Massage had been specifically conceived to update the book format for the media age. Having previously made educational films for Bell Labs that streamlined the communication of elaborate concepts, Fiore intended *Massage* to "reduc[e] very, very complicated, complex ideas into simple signs, glyphs, patches of text, and so on."[38] Looking to Bauhaus polymath László Moholy-Nagy, Jeffrey Schnapp has placed Fiore's design within a lineage of cinematization. "The labyrinthine logic of syntax," he writes, echoing McLuhan's analysis of the linearity of conventional type, "yields to a simplified universal grammar of cuts and pastes. The printed page, once detached from the present, now edges closer, thanks to the near instantaneity with which its contents can be transmitted."[39] Whereas cinema, however, was classified by McLuhan as a "hot" medium—defined by high-resolution sensory data and passive audience response—Fiore aimed for a more participatory interaction on the reader's part, which aligned his designs with "cool" media, television, electronics, and "acoustic" space.[40] *New York Times* reviewer Eliot Fremont-Smith attested to the effectiveness of *Massage*'s hardcover edition, which was larger than the paperback version: "The difference in size," he contended, "seems almost to constitute a difference in media. The smaller book seems just a book; the larger book takes on the aspect of a TV screen." "If its purpose is to clarify, involve us in and overwhelm us with the effects of the new 'Electric Age,'" he continued, "it must be said that it succeeds. . . . With this book, we can absorb McLuhan; there's no longer any excuse for failing the elementary course."[41]

Massage broached the issue of an all-encompassing, environmental or "acoustic" space in a two-page spread adorned with a Roy Lichtenstein–like comic-book "BANG!" "We are *enveloped* by sound," it read. "It forms a seamless web around us. . . . Where a visual space is an organized continuum of a uniformed [*sic*] connected kind, the ear world is a world of simultaneous relationships."[42] Not confined to audible phenomena, McLuhan's notion of acoustic space encompassed any situation involving multisensory, simultaneous, and overlapping environmental stimuli.[43] By including an image of the Velvets performing at the Trip in Los Angeles on the two pages immediately preceding acoustic space's definition, Fiore indelibly linked the EPI to that concept, initiating a prominent and long-standing critical reception of Warhol's enterprise (fig. E).[44]

A similar two-page spread in *Index*, depicting an EPI performance at the Dom in New York (fig. F), reads as both a citation of and a rejoinder to *Massage*, an indication of the stakes around which the two books revolved.[45] And if, as critics have argued, *Massage* can be understood as a distillation, even an exemplification, of McLuhan's media theory, then *Index* may be approached in a similar fashion. To undertake something like its theorization, however, entails emphasizing less the commonalities between the two books than their most telling distinctions. For while the bold black-and-white graphics of *Massage* and *Index* may resemble one another, the two volumes actually function in almost antithetical ways.

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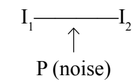
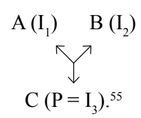
The two books' dissimilarities may be approached via Fremont-Smith's review of *Index*, which appeared in the *New York Times* a few months after his discussion of *Massage*. Whereas Fremont-Smith extolled McLuhan and Fiore's "photo and typographical tricks," he dismissed *Index*'s innovative design as wholly unoriginal "transitory pleasures."[46] "What isn't by now Warhol Factory Banal-Traditional," he sniffed, presumably referencing the artist's better-known Pop motifs, "is strongly reminiscent of *Flair* magazine. Remember *Flair*?"[47] More interesting, given Fremont-Smith's endorsement of *Massage*'s efficient transmission of McLuhan's lessons, is his frustrated admission of being nearly unable to perceive *Index*'s contents at all. He continues, "For the rest—semilegible type in Pogo-Gothic and montages of indistinct photos, mostly of languid groups, none indecent so far as I could tell, which wasn't far."[48] *Index*'s other reviewers corroborated this impression, noting that the book's interviews failed to convey information; its images were "fuzzy" or "blasted out with hot light until they are almost silhouettes" (fig. G); its record contained "mumbling"; its dialogue was "inane"; and its mistakes and redundancies went uncorrected.[49] "There is a cryptic text," noted *Publishers Weekly*, "but it accomplishes wonders of not saying anything, in a mad way."[50] In other words, unlike *Massage*, *Index* does not clearly transmit a signal, but effects its blockage or obfuscation by *noise*.

Fremont-Smith's review, however, suggests not simply the presence of noise (audio or visual) but the copresence of two competing messages. On the one hand are those "banal-traditional" features of Pop that he perceives, although they remain partly obscured by noise; on the other, those "languid," "indecent" characteristics that he senses but protests he cannot clearly discern. The term "languid" is pointedly chosen, redolent of the torpor associated with "illicit" sex, drugs, and sickness—a cipher for all those facets of the book's content (homosexuality, transvestism, drugs, and gender ambiguity) that the reviewer claims to be unable to perceive. Via this contingent interrelation, in which one message is privileged (though he has difficulty receiving it) and the other repressed (though he cannot do so completely), Fremont-Smith approaches the operation of what French philosopher and historian of science Michel Serres has termed "the parasite."[51]

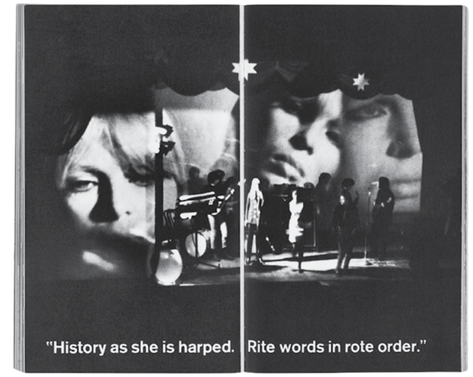
For Serres, a parasitic noise does not simply block a signal or message; it indicates the presence of another signal, another message, or, more precisely, a message directed to an other.[52] "Noise is a person," he writes, "it is the third person."[53] To demonstrate the point, Serres provides the following graph (a variant of Claude Shannon's schematic diagram of a general communications system):



where two interlocutors (I_1 and I_2) contend with the interference of a parasite (P).[54] However, since Serres's parasite is also a potential interlocutor (I_3), the system can, under certain conditions, begin to oscillate among the three poles, a situation he renders as follows:



Something like this oscillation is demonstrated by *Index*'s flexi disc, which features a conversation primarily between Cerf and Nico, who discuss the book's layout while a stereo plays "I'm Waiting for the Man" and "Femme Fatale" from the Velvet Underground's first album (fig. H). Despite the potentially dizzying *mise en abyme* in which one hears Nico, on a record, speaking about that record, while another record broadcasts her singing voice, the result is less a modernist self-reflexivity than a demonstration of two competing information channels. Either the listener pays attention to the conversation, in which case the music is a distraction, or they concentrate on the music, against which the conversation registers as interference. "The border," writes Serres, "goes from the message with repressed noise



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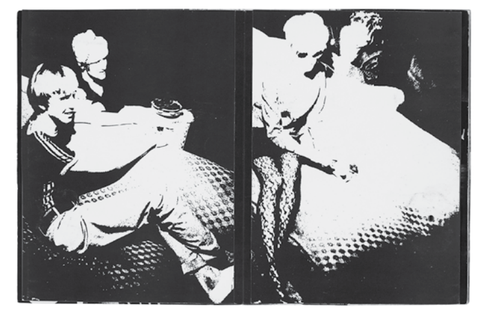

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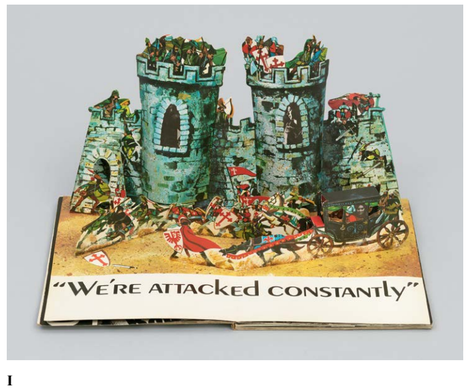
E. Velvet Underground in Marshall McLuhan and Quentin Fiore's *The Medium Is the Massage* (New York: Bantam Books, 1967). **F.** Velvet Underground in *Andy Warhol's Index (Book)*, 1967. **G.** Spread from *Andy Warhol's Index (Book)*, 1967

H



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to noise with repressed message. The couple fluctuates in the torus. The torus is the space of transformation of noise into message, and vice versa, for the observer."[56]

Fremont-Smith's reaction to *Index* attests to a similar phenomenon. The signals transmitted to him, or that he elects to receive (those "banal-traditional" aspects of Pop), register relatively weakly. They are, to his mind, obscured by various types of noise that render them "semilegible" and "indistinct." Yet this noise maintains an association with other signals, directed to potential interlocutors who are attracted to (rather than repelled by) those "languid," "indecent" figures Fremont-Smith can ignore with only partial success. Such an analysis would surely be too much to hang on this review alone were it not for the fact that it correlates with a great deal of Warhol's contemporary critical reception, particularly surrounding his engagement with the Velvet Underground, which explicitly intertwined an aesthetic of noise with solicitations of nonhegemonic subjectivity.

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In *Index*, the question of noise is most explicitly addressed in a discussion between Reed (billed as "Velvet") and Ingrid Superstar. "Well, I remember when I was in Chicago," Superstar recounts, most likely thinking about the Velvet Underground's concerts at Poor Richard's in June and July 1966:

> there was one last song they did in the show, and they had the feedback from the guitars which sounded like 12 million guitars going at one time with these amplified, intensified, screeches that really hurt the eardrums, and it was nothing but a chaotic confusion of noise. You couldn't even make out any distinction or hesitation between the notes, and I wouldn't call it beautiful and I don't know what I'd call it. It's different.[57]

Similar descriptions of the group's impact were typical, if usually less sympathetically cast. Wilcock, who chronicled Warhol's activities assiduously during this time, characterized his first exposure to the Velvets—at New York's Café Bizarre in December 1965—as "horrendous noise, like a hurricane to my ears."[58] After a few months of sonic habituation, his description became more precise: "a repetitive howling lamentation which conjures up images of a schooner breaking up on the rocks. Their sound, punctuated with whatever screeches, whines, whistles and wails can be coaxed out of the amplifier, envelopes [*sic*] the audience with disploding decibels, a sound two-and-a-half times as loud as anybody thought they could stand."[59] (At a later concert he revised his calculation: "they played about ten times louder than anybody that anybody had heard before.")[60] Others noted similarly overwhelming visual effects. As Jan Nelson described a March 1966 EPI performance in Ann Arbor, Michigan, "The light show was incredibly hypnotic and patterned in such a way that you really had to work to see the band; it just broke up the images so much you didn't know what you were looking at. You had to strain to see who these people were. . . . They were like this perverse thing where the band was hiding in plain sight!"[61]

In a particularly interesting review, David DeTurk of *Boston after Dark* cast his reaction to a September 1967 Velvet Underground concert in terms of information theory. "Each of the elements in the performance was good in its own way," he contended, "but together they failed to cohere and certainly did not transmit any intelligible message that could readily be received by mind, body or soul."[62] Noting the group's propensity for "revving up the amplifiers until the speakers fairly quivered with strain," he continued, "The result was a distortion factor that was almost painful. The expected 'tumultuous wave sound' became a tumultuous wave of noise in which musical characteristics were lost completely. As usual, and as expected, lyrics to songs were undistinguishable from the rest of the racket." According to Serres, the parasite "does not even have to speak; it resonates. It makes noise. . . . In short, it excites the milieu. It excites it thermically, making noise and producing a fever. It intervenes in the networks, interrupting messages and parasiting the transmissions."[63] Such is precisely what DeTurk encountered. Expected signals—whether "intelligible messages" or "musical characteristics"—were interrupted and overwhelmed by an earsplitting "wave of noise." Yet, as is essential to Serres's analysis, what is noise to one is signal to another. "It was only a noise," he notes of the parasite, "but it was also a message, a bit of information producing panic: an interruption, a corruption, a rupture of information."[64]

Approached from a McLuhanesque perspective, the EPI's overwhelming audiovisual impact appears as a synchronous and environmentally resonating unity that promotes an audience's sense of "tribal" interconnection.[65] Yet the group's actual reception history more clearly attests to an aesthetics of "rupture." The visuals beamed forth from the projectors and, especially, the "noise" issuing from the band's instruments did not simply envelop the audience within an all-encompassing acoustic space but rather insistently instituted a rift, a division, or even an antagonism amongst those in attendance.[66] As Ronn Spencer recalled about an EPI performance at the Rhode Island School of Design, "They made no attempt to relate to the audience, were painfully loud, and played long, atonal numbers that seemed to be intentionally fashioned to alienate the crowd. . . . I was mesmerized—many were not."[67] "Before we could take it all in," recounts Rob Norris of the group's first concert,

> everyone was hit by a screeching surge of sound, with a pounding beat louder than anything we had ever heard. . . . It swelled and accelerated like a giant tidal wave which was threatening to engulf us all. At this point, most of the audience retreated in horror for the safety of their homes, thoroughly convinced of the dangers of rock 'n' roll music. My friends and I moved a little closer to the stage, knowing that something special was happening.[68]

As Al Aronowitz, the Velvets' first manager, observed that evening, they "seemed to have an oddly stimulating and polarizing effect on audiences."[69]

One's positioning on either side of the audience divide—between those who retreated home (or, in other accounts, simply fled the auditorium) and those who pressed up against the stage—is a function of one's relation or nonrelation to a certain set of expectations and norms.[70] For those comfortably situated within a system, message is highlighted and noise is ignored or repressed; for those thrust outside, however, the relationship reverses: message seems overwhelmed and obscured by noise. The distinction between inside and outside, inclusion and exclusion, also initiates a moral response: "whoever belongs to the system," explains Serres, "perceives noises less and represses them more, the more he is a functioning part of the system. He never stops being in the good, the just, the true, the natural, the normal. All dogmatism lives on this division, be it blind or decided."[71] Such dogmatism has far-reaching implications. "An observer seated within the system," Serres continues,

> overvalues the message and undervalues the noise if he belongs to the functioning of the system. He represses the parasites in order to send or receive communications better and to make them circulate in a distinct and workable fashion. This repression is also religious excommunication, political imprisonment, the isolation of the sick, garbage collection, public health, the pasteurization of milk, and so forth, as much as it is repression in the psychoanalytical sense.[72]

Exemplifying Serres's perspective, the negative responses prompted by the Velvet Underground and the EPI were far from merely aesthetic, but rather were consistently associated with imputations of dirt, garbage, and ill health. Such vehemence inspired the proclamation, emblazoned at the foot of *Index*'s pop-up castle, "We're attacked constantly" (fig. I).[73] Perhaps the most infamous reaction occurred in San Francisco, where Graham castigated their effect as "negativism. Everything was anti. It was sickening, and it drew a real Perversion USA element to the auditorium."[74] As Reed recalled of their trip west, "They saw this as this terrible, terrible influence of the virus and disease of New York City into the beautiful new counterculture of the West Coast."[75] Yet much the same happened on the East Coast as well. Witness the denunciation by Paul Chalfin, a board member of the Philadelphia YMHA, which hosted the EPI in December 1966:

> The electronic noise under the aegis of music was ear shattering. By the end of the program very few adults were left in the "Y" auditorium. . . . [By contrast,] a couple of hundred people were crowded up front—these people were beatniks—the Rittenhouse Square group, college people, many homosexuals, unkempt, dirty. They seemed to be in a trance. Some were shaking their heads—some dancing. A few were throwing themselves on the floor, some were doing push-ups, etc. This was frightening . . . because this was taking place under the auspices of people who intended to bring art to Philadelphia and under the auspices of the "Y." This may represent a sick

H. Spread with flexi disc in *Andy Warhol's Index (Book)*, 1967. **I.** Pop-up castle in *Andy Warhol's Index (Book)*, 1967. **J.** Velvet Underground, *White Light/White Heat*, Verve Records, 1968

part of our society but it has no place in the "Y," and served no legitimate purpose. The people who unwittingly brought teenagers were horrified.[76]

Some years later, Reed basically endorsed Chalfin's verdict, albeit with an entirely different valence: "It was a show by and for freaks, of which there turned out to be many more than anyone had suspected, who finally had a place to go where they wouldn't be hassled and where they could have a good time."[77]

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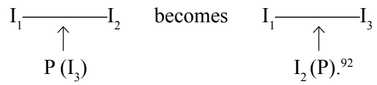
When looking back on this period, Warhol cast the aesthetic we have termed noise as his most significant connection with the Velvet Underground. "I was worried," he recalled about the group's first album, "that it would all come out sounding too professional. But with the Velvets, I should have known I didn't have to worry—one of the things that was so great about them was they always sounded raw and crude." "Raw and crude," he added, "was the way I liked our movies to look, and there's a similarity between the sound in that album and the texture of *Chelsea Girls*, which came out of the same time."[78] A lesser-noted parallel with *Chelsea Girls* occurred during the recording of the Velvets' second album, *White Light/White Heat* (1968). Faced with the band's insistence on playing all instruments at maximum volume, the frustrated studio engineer reputedly abandoned the booth with the recording equipment on, an unconscious reenactment of Warhol's leaving the room—but making sure to keep the camera running—when an enraged Ondine slapped Ronna Page during filming.[79]

In some ways, *White Light/White Heat* represents the culmination of this era of the Factory aesthetic. Recorded in September 1967, just as the first copies of *Index* were hitting reviewers' desks, the LP boasts a cover with a greatly enlarged Billy Name photo of a skull tattoo, printed, at Warhol's suggestion, in barely discernible black on black (fig. J).[80] The album's second side, which consists solely of the frantic "I Heard Her Call My Name" and the seventeen-minute odyssey "Sister Ray," is a monumental slab of screeching, distorted, instrumental bleed. "We were working in a very small studio with no isolation," Cale recalled, "so it was all this noise just smashing into more noise."[81] "There's all this distortion," concurred Morrison, "and all sorts of [fuzz] and compression and all this leaking, a lot of white noise."[82] Exemplifying the logic of the parasite, Reed's lyrics couple this noise with tales of speed freaks, junkies, gay hustlers, and other denizens of the necessarily semiclandestine criminalized underworld. Reviewing the record for the *Los Angeles Free Press*, Gene Youngblood aptly summed it up as "a ruthless howling cry swirling up from the bottomless neon depths of East Village speed dens and Jack Smith's transvestite orgies."[83] Released in January 1968, *White Light/White Heat* formed the perfect complement to *Index*, which was still being actively advertised and reviewed at the time.

The important point to be made here is that the "raw and crude" aesthetic that Warhol and his associates pursued in the later part of the 1960s was not merely a physical attribute or a stylistic qualification. Nor were the critical responses that his activities engendered an inevitable result of his subject position, his "anger," or the types of people he associated with at the Factory.[84] Rather, the confluence of the aesthetic impression and the social impact of Warhol's project at this time represents a fundamental transformation of the paradigm of communication and address previously established by Pop art.

Whether celebrated or disdained, Pop has primarily been understood as the appropriation and circulation of mainstream commercial symbols virtually without transformation.[85] At the 1963 "Symposium on Pop Art" held at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York, art historian Leo Steinberg presciently characterized Pop's significance in terms of audience reception: its instigation of "a particular, unique and perhaps novel relation with reader or viewer."[86] In the case of early Pop, the intention seemed no longer to be one of shocking the bourgeoisie, but rather, by embracing the symbols of commercial culture, "to out bourgeois the bourgeois, to move in on him, unseat him, play his role with a vengeance—as if Lichtenstein were saying, 'You think you like the funnies. Wait till you see how I like the funnies!'"[87] Approached from such a perspective, the long-standing art-historical debate about whether Pop's attitude toward such symbols is ultimately critical or conformist proves almost irrelevant. More crucial is how Pop established a seemingly direct channel of communication between artist and viewer, two interlocutors who may agree or disagree about what Steinberg called "conformity with middle-class values."[88] Firmly ensconced within a system characterized by such values, even the most sophisticated viewers overvalue signal and repress noise. Steinberg all but confesses as much when declaring that he "cannot yet see the art for the subject," so much have Pop artists "pushed subject matter to such prominence that formal or aesthetic considerations are temporarily masked out."[89] In Steinberg's description, Pop basically amounts to a signal-processing system: transmitting a symbol, virtually without noise and in conformity with "middle-class values," to the most expected and accepted receptivity on the part of a "bourgeois" viewer. Such is point for point what Warhol's work of the later 1960s would oppose.

From the moment Warhol began exploring the silkscreen's capacity for misregistration, blurring, smudges, blank spots, and opacities, he introduced noise into the channel connecting artist and viewer. (Indeed, this was the case even earlier, in works such as *$199 Television* and *Icebox* [both 1961], where scumbling partially obliterates the motif, and in hand-painted canvases such as *Advertisement* [1961], where vast portions of visual information are omitted.) Yet it was only when Warhol more overtly coupled his engagement with noise to a distinct set of non-"middle-class" values that his work began to operate as a full-blown parasite, engendering the possibility of transforming the system or axis of address.[90] What incited individuals like Chalfin and Graham to react so forcefully to the EPI was a sense that the communication channel no longer connected the expected interlocutors (the artist and an audience with "middle class" or even "hippie" values) but rather the artist and "parasites," a transformation that left the previously addressed individuals in the parasites' former position: on the outside looking in.[91] To adapt Serres's graph:



Viewing the second system from the perspective of the first, "the channel is bad; the third is the master."[93] Yet it is precisely in the claim of the previously excluded third to be heard, to become a legitimate interlocutor and locus of address, that the parasitic operation becomes a political action.

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As Warhol's reception in the later 1960s makes clear, his reconfiguration of Pop was perceived as a threat.[94] Reviewing *The Chelsea Girls* for the *New York Times*, Bosley Crowther inadvertently traced the "parasitic" connection between various kinds of noise ("the soundtrack is frequently distorted to give a fuzzy effect . . . camera zooming in from time to time to take a look at an irrelevant detail . . . the images go blurry") and the foregrounding of nonnormative subjectivities, which he castigated as "the lower level of degenerate dope-pushers, lesbians and homosexuals." This combination of social and aesthetic qualities then precipitates a warning: "if this picture should do well on 57th Street [i.e., beyond the then seedy cinemas of Times Square], on the strength of the prurient interest and the cultish curiosity it might arouse, this could be a further encouragement to the tentative move uptown and could foster a cinema movement that has already taken a dark and dangerous turn." "It has come time," Crowther declares, "to wag a warning finger at Andy Warhol and his underground friends and tell them, politely but firmly, that they are pushing a reckless thing too far."[95] Somewhat less politely but equally firmly, *Chicago Daily News* critic Michaela Williams described the EPI as "an assemblage that actually vibrates with menace, cynicism and perversion." (Note the parasitic confluence of "vibration" and "perversion.") "Eventually," she proclaims, "the reverberations in your ears stop. But what do you do with what you still hear in your brain? The Flowers of Evil are in full bloom with the Exploding Plastic Inevitable; let's hope it's killed before it spreads."[96] Reviewing *Index* for the *Baltimore Sun* in January 1968, John Dorsey apparently felt threatened enough to imply that Warhol and his associates wanted him "*shot*" (an irony given the actual attempt on Warhol's life by Valerie Solanas the following June).[97]

Such concerns seem far from those generally associated with Warhol today. Indeed, as much as the aesthetics of parasitic noise have left their mark on Warhol's early critical reception, they have remained all but invisible in contemporary scholarship on his work. By continuing to focus almost exclusively on the Warhol of Pop art, including his legacy in the appropriationist strategies of inheritors such as Jeff Koons, Damien Hirst, and Takashi Murakami, art historians risk overlooking the Warhol of "white noise" (to use Morrison's term), thereby missing both the threat and the political importance of his aesthetic of the later 1960s. In so doing, Warhol's art-historical reception only partially grapples with his actual artistic one. For the portion of his career most closely associated with the Velvet Underground has left its mark on a significant lineage of contemporary artistic practices, which would include but not be limited to Kathy Acker's identification with the "very gay riffraff of forty-second street"; the lo-fi glamour and club references in Kim Gordon's early work; the staged violence and nihilism of Steven Parrino's paintings and noise-band projects; the linkage of explosive volume and political radicalism in Marco Fusinato's sculptures and performances; the slumming pop-cultural aesthetic of Raymond Pettibon's films; Eric Mitchell's gritty but alluring *Kidnapped* (1978) and no-wave cinema in general; Bruce LaBruce's raunchy *Super 8 1/2* (1993); and Daido Moriyama's grainy high-contrast photographs of supermarket shelves, which seem directly taken from the endpapers of *Index*.[98]

Notes

1. "Forecasts: Nonfiction," *Publishers Weekly*, September 4, 1967, pp. 54–55; Gene Shalit, "Books Happening: Warhol Turns to Pop-Up Work," *Los Angeles Times*, September 10, 1967, C33; and display ad, *New York Times*, December 6, 1967, p. 45.
2. Andy Warhol, *Andy Warhol's Index (Book)* (New York: Random House, 1967), n.p. Additional, uncredited photos by Stephen Shore also appear in the book.
3. The phrase is a quotation from a text later in the book, "'****': Ingrid Superstar on the Factory," in ibid., n.p.
4. See Alice Glaser, "Send-up of a Put-on," *Chicago Tribune*, January 14, 1968, p. J12, and Christopher Cerf, memo to David Paul and Alan Rinzler, April 20, 1967, Random House Records, 1925–1999, Columbia University Special Collections.
5. *Index*, for instance, receives only a couple of paragraphs' discussion in the exhibition catalogue *Reading Andy Warhol* (Munich: Museum Brandhorst, 2013), pp. 50, 220–21, 227.
6. Blake Stimson, *Citizen Warhol* (London: Reaktion Books, 2014), pp. 221–22.
7. On Warhol's "retirement" from painting, see Jean-Pierre Lenoir, "Paris Impressed by Warhol Show: Artist Speaks of Leaving Pop Pictures for Films," *New York Times*, May 13, 1965, p. 34. The period from 1965 to 1968 is substantially skipped in such recent publications as Thomas Crow, *The Long March of Pop: Art, Music, and Design, 1930–1995* (New Haven, CT: Yale University Press, 2014); Hal Foster, *The First Pop Age: Painting and Subjectivity in the Art of Hamilton, Lichtenstein, Warhol, Richter, and Ruscha* (Princeton, NJ: Princeton University Press, 2012); and Stimson, *Citizen Warhol*.
8. Eugenia Sheppard, "Inside Fashion: And What Uniform Are You Wearing," *Hartford (CT) Courant*, January 2, 1968, p. 19.
9. Arthur Danto, "The Art World," *Journal of Philosophy* 61, no. 19 (1964): 571–84.
10. On Mario Montez, see Warhol and Pat Hackett, *POPism: The Warhol Sixties* (New York: Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 1980), p. 91.
11. See Crow, *The Long March of Pop*, pp. vii–ix.
12. Display ad, *New York Times*, December 6, 1967, p. 45.
13. Display ad, *New York Times*, December 3, 1967, p. A22. This ad also appeared in the *Chicago Tribune* and the *Washington Post*.
14. On *Index*, see *Publishers Weekly*, which described it as "a great game, but only for adults. . . . And keep those pop-ups away from the kiddies"; "Forecasts: Nonfiction," p. 55. On "Fab," see display ad, *New York Times*, February 5, 1967, p. BR14: "It's definitely *fab*—an exploration of the Pop/underground worlds done in a three-dimensional manner."
15. John Wilcock, "EVO Freakout: Wilcock on Underground Establishment," and Ronald Tavel, "Ron Tavel on the Silver Scum," both in *The Plastic Exploding Inevitable*, in *Aspen* 3 (December 1966): n.p.
16. In its overall dedication to LSD, "Fab" might be considered the first volume

of a Warhol drug trilogy, complemented by *a: A novel*, fueled by amphetamines, and *Index*, which virtually defined the aesthetic of heroin chic.
17. See Warhol and Hackett, *POPism*, pp. 168–70, and Richie Unterberger, *White Light/White Heat: The Velvet Underground Day-by-Day* (London: Jawbone Press, 2009), p. 101.
18. It should be noted that when "Fab" was published, Bob Dylan and acid were closely associated in the popular imagination. Dylan's so-called heavy-drug period had only recently come to a close, after his infamous motorcycle accident of June 1966. Before then he had been so closely linked to the drug that fellow songwriter Phil Ochs described him as "LSD on stage"; see Martin A. Lee and Bruce Shlain, *Acid Dreams: The Complete Social History of LSD: The CIA, the Sixties, and Beyond* (New York: Grove Press, 1992), p. 137.
19. David Dalton, *Who Is That Man? In Search of the Real Bob Dylan* (New York: Hachette, 2016), p. vii.
20. Crow, *The Long March of Pop*, p. 283.
21. Robert Shelton, "The View from the Critic's Desk: Orpheus Plugs In," *Aspen* 3: 1. At the time, as referenced in *The Plastic Exploding Inevitable*, Warhol and Gerald Malanga were also editing a special issue of the poetry magazine *Intransit*, which would be billed as "The Andy Warhol–Gerard Malanga Monster Issue" (Eugene, OR: Toad Press, 1968).
22. On "Prominent Men" see Unterberger, *White Light/White Heat*, pp. 26–27.
23. Lou Reed, "The View from the Bandstand: Life Among the Poobahs or 'I Love You Eddie, but So Does Betty, 'Cause You're Such a Handsome Guy . . . ,'" *Aspen* 3: 4.
24. Ibid., p. 2.
25. Unterberger, *White Light/White Heat*, p. 107.
26. Reed, "The View from the Bandstand," p. 2.
27. Ibid., p. 3. On the relation between Warhol's use of repetition and records, see Branden W. Joseph, "The Play of Repetition: Andy Warhol's *Sleep*," *Grey Room* 19 (Spring 2005): 74–87.
28. Reed, in "Music, Man, That's Where It's At!," *Aspen* 3: n.p.
29. Unterberger, *White Light/White Heat*, p. 107.
30. John G. Powers, "12 Paintings from the Powers' Collection!," *Aspen* 3: n.p. Powers's is not a superficial reading, as there is a theme-and-variation feel to *200 Campbell's Soup Cans* if the flavors of soup depicted are read out one after the other.
31. See Paul Morrissey's comments on Timothy Leary in Warhol and Hackett, *POPism*, pp. 183–84, and Reed's on LSD in Bruce Pollock, "Lou Reed Does Not Want Anyone to Know How He Writes His Songs," *Modern Hi-Fi and Music*, June–July 1975, p. 70.
32. Contents (inside front cover), *Aspen* 3: n.p. A statement in the "Ten Trip Ticket Book" by the artistic collective USCO about "beating the tribal drum of our new electronic environment" also deployed Marshall McLuhan's language to legitimate multimedia environments such as the EPI.
33. Harry Robinson, "This Generation: Cerf's Son Follows Publishing Father," *Baltimore Sun*, August 22, 1969, p. B4.
34. Ibid.
35. Cerf and Akihito Shirakawa, *Pop-Up Animal Alphabet Book* (New York: Random House, 1967).
36. Marshall McLuhan and Quentin Fiore, *The Medium Is the Massage: An Inventory of Effects* (New York: Bantam Books, 1967). Jerome Agel has been variously described as the book's "coordinator" and "producer."
37. "Other Books," *Newsday*, December 9, 1967, p. 32W.
38. Fiore, quoted in Steven Heller, "Introduction: The Cinematic Art of Paperback Books," in Jeffrey T. Schnapp and Adam Michaels, *The Electric Information Age Book: McLuhan/Agel/Fiore and the Experimental Paperback* (New York: Princeton Architectural Press, 2012), pp. 17–18.
39. Schnapp, "An Inventory of Inventories," in ibid., p. 33. Alex Kitnick also relates *Massage* to cinema, while situating McLuhan and Fiore's project within a larger grouping of media practices; Kitnick, "Massage, c. 1966," *October* 159 (Winter 2017): 90.
40. See McLuhan, "Media Hot and Cold," in *Understanding Media: The Extensions of Man* (New York: McGraw Hill, 1964), pp. 22–32.
41. Eliot Fremont-Smith, "Books of the Times: All the World's a Sage," *New York Times*, February 27, 1967, p. 27.
42. McLuhan and Fiore, *The Medium Is the Massage*, pp. 110–11.
43. See McLuhan, "Acoustic Space" and "The Agenbite of Outwit," in *Media Research: Technology, Art, Communication. Essays by Marshall McLuhan*, ed. Michel A. Moos (Amsterdam: G+B Arts International, 1997), pp. 39–44, 121–25.
44. See Victor Bockris and Gerard Malanga, *Up-Tight: The Velvet Underground Story* (London: Omnibus Books, 1983), pp. 26, 36, and 42, and Jon Savage, "A Mirror Reflection: Andy Warhol, the VU, and 1966," in Johan Kugelberg, ed., *The Velvet Underground: New York Art* (New York: Rizzoli, 2009), pp. 163–76. The connection with the EPI would be further pressed by its reproduction in the "McLuhan" issue of *Aspen* magazine, which appeared in June 1967. For a critical reading of the association with McLuhan, see Branden W. Joseph, "'My Mind Split Open': Andy Warhol's Exploding Plastic Inevitable," *Grey Room* 8 (Summer 2002): 80–107.
45. Another media project foregrounded within *Index* was Warhol's twenty-four-hour multiple projection **** (aka *Four Stars* [1967]), which was shown at the New Cinema Playhouse, New York, in December 1967. Yet another stake, it would seem, was Dylan, whose profile was included in both *Massage* (McLuhan and Fiore, *The Medium Is the Massage*, p. 104) and *Index*, where Dylan's nose appears in a foldout that, according to Billy Name, harks back to Warhol's canvases *Before and After* (1961–62). According to Jay Reeg, the foldout's multiple colors may also reference the poster by Milton Glaser included in Dylan's album *Greatest Hits*, released in March 1967; see Callie Angell, *Andy Warhol Screen Tests: The Films of Andy Warhol Catalogue Raisonné* (New York: Abrams and Whitney Museum of American Art, 2006), p. 69, and Reeg, email to the author, March 12, 2017.
46. Fremont-Smith, "Books of the Times: All the World's a Sage," and "Books of the Times: The Put-On Book, What Is It?," *New York Times*, November 18, 1967, p. 35.
47. Fremont-Smith, "Books of the Times: The Put-On Book," p. 35. *Flair* was a highly designed magazine from the early 1950s. See Dan Piepenbring, "Fleur's *Flair*," *Paris Review*, January 20, 2015, available online at www.theparisreview.org/blog/2015/01/20/fleurs-flair/.
48. Fremont-Smith, "Books of the Times: The Put-On Book."
49. Robinson, "This Generation," p. B4; "Forecasts: Nonfiction," p. 55; Fremont-Smith, "Books of the Times: The Put-On Book," p. 35; and "Books," *Playboy*, January 1968, p. 28.
50. "Forecasts: Nonfiction," p. 55.
51. Michel Serres, *The Parasite*, trans. Lawrence R. Schehr (Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 2007).
52. In French, the term *parasite* refers both to static, or the interference in a signal, and what in English is signified by the biological term *parasite*. The somewhat redundant translation "parasitic noise" is intended to capture both aspects of the word where necessary.
53. Serres, *The Parasite*, p. 51.
54. Ibid., p. 53 (slightly modified).
55. Ibid. (slightly modified).
56. Ibid., p. 69.
57. Ingrid Superstar and Velvet, "The Velvet Underground," in *Index*, n.p.
58. Wilcock, quoted in Unterberger, *White Light/White Heat*, p. 65.
59. Wilcock, *The Auto-Biography and Sex Life of Andy Warhol* (New York: Other Scenes, 1971), n.p. Wilcock continues, presciently, "It bears roughly the same relation to hit parade rock and roll as does Archie Shepp to the mainstream of jazz."
60. Wilcock, quoted in Unterberger, *White Light/White Heat*, p. 92.
61. Jan Nelson, quoted in ibid., p. 80.
62. David DeTurk, quoted in ibid., p. 165.
63. Serres, *The Parasite*, p. 144.
64. Ibid., p. 3.
65. Bockris and Malanga, *Up-Tight*, p. 42.
66. On division, see Serres, *The Parasite*, p. 41. Division within the Velvet Underground's audience was initially accomplished in the early "Up-Tight" phase of their performances when Barbara Rubin and Jonas Mekas attacked audience members by asking rude questions and thrusting running cameras and floodlights into their faces. See "Reproduced from the Fire Island News," in *Index*, n.p., and Joseph, "'My Mind Split Open,'" pp. 87–89.
67. Ronn Spencer, quoted in Unterberger, *White Light/White Heat*, p. 142.
68. Rob Norris, quoted in ibid., pp. 60–61. Norris's account is corroborated by that of classmate Tony Janelli ("A very small, but loud, fraction adored them"); Janelli, "Le Velvet a débuté dans mon lycée," in Dominique Carré, ed., *The Velvet Underground: New York Extravaganza* (Paris: Éditions La Découverte, 2016), p. 112 (translation mine).
69. Al Aronowitz, paraphrased by Sterling Morrison in Unterberger, *White Light/White Heat*, p. 61.
70. Bob Moses of the band the Free Spirits notes, "I remember all of us waiting outside freezing in sub-zero weather till [the Velvet Underground] were finished, it was so painful to hear them." Quoted in ibid., p. 131.
71. Serres, *The Parasite*, p. 68. Race, it should be noted, was a surreptitious factor in the Velvet Underground's reception, as those who recognized the group's musical affinities with African American improvisers Ornette Coleman, Cecil Taylor, Archie Shepp, Albert Ayler, or Pharaoh Sanders were generally the ones who could hear the music in the "noise." See Unterberger, *White Light/White Heat*, pp. 79, 162–63; Lester Bangs, "Dead Lie the Velvets, Underground," *Creem*, May 1971, repr. in Clinton Heylin, ed., *All Yesterdays' Parties: The Velvet Underground in Print, 1966–1971* (New York: Da Capo, 2005), p. 224; and Frank Kofsky, "The Scene," *Jazz and Pop*, January 1967, p. 25, repr. in Alfredo Garcia, ed., *The Inevitable World of The Velvet Underground* (self-published, 2011), p. 167.
72. Serres, *The Parasite*, p. 68.
73. On the phrase's attribution to the Velvet Underground, see Alice Glaser, "Send-up of a Put-on," p. J12. As John Cale recently reiterated, "It was the rest against us. And we had a point to make: 'We weren't there to fuck around. We're doing this song about this subject and that subject. Have you ever heard a song about this subject?' We had a point to what we were doing, and we refused to be treated like the trash we were treated as." In Kory Grow, "John Cale on Velvet Underground's Debut: 'We Weren't There to F--k Around,'" *Rolling Stone* online, March 10, 2017, www.rollingstone.com/music/features/john-cale-on-the-chaos-of-velvet-underground-w470828.
74. Bill Graham, quoted in Unterberger, *White Light/White Heat*, p. 101.
75. Reed, quoted in ibid., p. 96.
76. Ibid., p. 125. At the time, Philadelphia's Rittenhouse Square was infamous for gay cruising, hippies, Vietnam War protests, and panhandling.
77. Reed, quoted in ibid., p. 84. Once again, this can be put in marked contrast with the West Coast scene. As Morrissey noted, "In San Francisco, instead of becoming outcasts like you're *supposed* to when you take drugs, they organize communities around it!" Quoted in Warhol and Hackett, *POPism*, p. 170.
78. Warhol and Hackett, *POPism*, p. 166.
79. See Unterberger, *White Light/White Heat*, p. 161, and Warhol and Hackett, *POPism*, pp. 180–81 (Warhol remembers the actress being slapped as "Pepper").
80. See Unterberger, *White Light/White Heat*, p. 178. Some accounts of the group's history make much of their dropping Warhol's management in July 1967, but as late as February 1968, they were still closely associated with the Factory in public perception and self-presentation, as when they played that month on a bill with Warhol films at the Aardvark Cinematheque in Chicago after a record release party for *White Light/White Heat* (Unterberger, *White Light/White Heat*, pp. 155, 181). Songs that would appear on the second album had been on the group's set list since at least May 1967 (ibid., p. 151). Early pressings of *White Light/White Heat* clearly credit "Cover Concept: Andy Warhol."
81. Cale, quoted in ibid., p. 163.
82. Morrison, quoted in ibid., p. 164. This effect is particularly evident in earlier vinyl pressings.
83. Gene Youngblood, quoted in ibid., p. 186.
84. On Warhol's "anger," see Savage, "A Mirror Reflection," p. 164.
85. This is as true of Danto's philosophical reading as it is of Jean Baudrillard's "simulacral" one; see Danto, "The Art World," and Baudrillard, *The Consumer Society: Myths and Structures* (London: Sage Publications, 1998), pp. 114–21.
86. Leo Steinberg, in Peter Selz et al., "A Symposium on Pop Art," in Steven Henry Madoff, ed., *Pop Art: A Critical History* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1997), p. 71.
87. Ibid., p. 72.
88. Ibid., p. 73; cf. his comment on "non-dissenters," p. 80.
89. Ibid., p. 72.
90. "The noise," writes Serres of the parasite, "is the end of a system and the formation of a new one." Serres, *The Parasite*, p. 67.
91. On Warhol's distinction from hippie culture, see Kathy Acker, "Blue Valentine," in Michael O'Pray, ed., *Andy Warhol: Film Factory* (London: British Film Institute, 1989), p. 65.
92. "The third is the second, the second becomes the third." Serres, *The Parasite*, p. 53.
93. Ibid., p. 62.
94. On the change in Warhol's reception after the release of *The Chelsea Girls*, see Warhol and Hackett, *POPism*, pp. 184–85.
95. Bosley Crowther, "The Underground Overflows," *New York Times*, December 11, 1966, p. 159 [D3].
96. Michaela Williams, "Warhol's Brutal Assemblage: Non-Stop Horror Show," *Chicago Daily News*, June 22, 1966, p. 34.
97. John Dorsey, "A Little Warhol Is Too Much," *Baltimore Sun*, January 14, 1968, D5. Dorsey's review took the form of a mock interview in which an eighteen-year-old female correspondent suggests to Warhol that those who don't identify with the artist (a group in which the actual reviewer clearly counts himself) "ought to be *shot* or something." Dorsey's imagination may have been fueled by the image of a young woman holding a toy gun to Warhol's head in *Index*, n.p.
98. Acker, "Blue Valentine," p. 65. High-contrast images of supermarket shelves that seem to reference *Index* appear in Daido Moriyama, *Shashin yo sayonara* [Bye-bye photography] (Tokyo: Shashin Hyoron Sha, 1972). *Index* also appears to be a reference for the silver cover and overall design of Moriyama, *Inu no toki*: *New York—Okinawa—Tokyo, 1964–1983* (Tokyo: Sakuhinsha, 1995). Another descendant of *Index*'s grainy photographic imagery can be found in Steven Parrino, *The No Texts (1979–2003)* (Jersey City, NJ: Abaton Book Company, 2003). Richard Aldrich also made the connection between Parrino and this era of Warhol's production explicit by giving the title "Sister Ray" to his contribution to the memorial publication for Parrino: John Armleder, Amy Granat, and Mai-Thu Perret, eds., *Black Noise* (Geneva: Écart Publications, 2007).