

**REFLECTED IN THE MIRROR
THERE WAS A SHADOW**

**ROY LICHTENSTEIN
ANDY WARHOL**

**REFLECTED IN THE MIRROR
THERE WAS A SHADOW**

**ROY LICHTENSTEIN
ANDY WARHOL**

November 1 – December 23, 2011

LEO CASTELLI

To confront a person with his shadow is to show him his own light. Once one has experienced a few times what it is like to stand judgmentally between the opposites, one begins to understand what is meant by the self. Anyone who perceives his shadow and his light simultaneously sees himself from two sides and thus gets in the middle.

(Carl Jung, *Good and Evil in Analytical Psychology*, 1959)

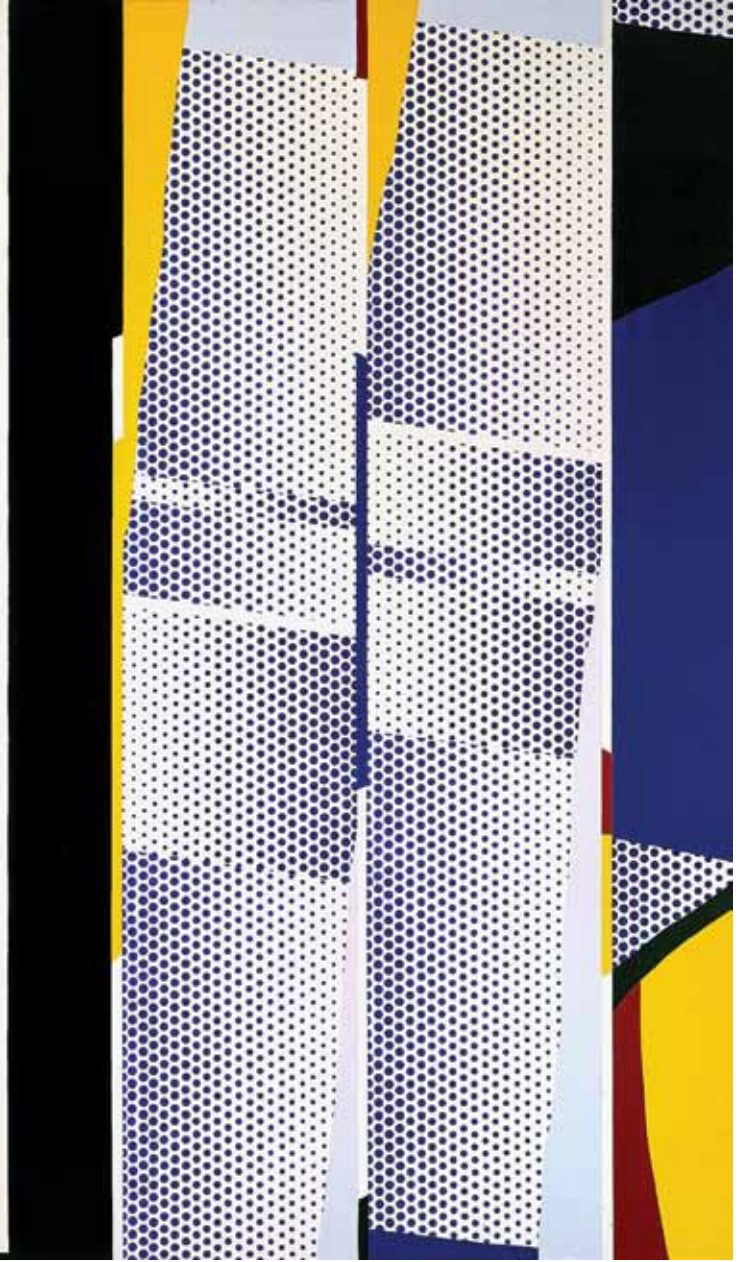
Roy Lichtenstein's new paintings based on mirrors show that he has taken on another broad challenge – that of abstract, invented forms. The Mirror paintings are close to being total abstractions. Nothing recognizable is “reflected” in them, but their surfaces are broken into curving shards of “light,” or angular refractive complexities. They are, in effect elaborately composed pictures of reflections of air.

(...)

The specific source for the “imagery” of the mirrors is the schematic denotation of reflections and highlights derived from cheap furniture catalogues or small glass company ads. However the distance of Lichtenstein's illusory Mirrors from their sources is so great that the interest is frankly elsewhere. Any tacky connotations (formerly to be cherished) are now dissipated in the paintings' final fastidious grandeur.

(Elizabeth Baker, “The Glass of Fashion and the Mold of Form,” *ArtNews*, April 1971)

Roy Lichtenstein, *Paintings: Mirror*, 1984
Oil and Magna on canvas, 70 x 86 inches





To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day
To the last syllable of recorded time,
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
This way to dusty death. Out, Out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage
And then is heard no more: it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing

(William Shakespeare, *Macbeth*, circa 1603-1607)

She returned to the nursery, and found Nana with something in her mouth, which proved to be the boy's shadow. As he leapt at the window Nana had closed it quickly, too late to catch him, but his shadow had not had time to get out, slam went the window and snapped it off.

You may be sure that Mrs. Darling examined the shadow carefully, but it was quite the ordinary kind.

Nana had no doubt of what was the best thing to do with the shadow. She hung it out the window meaning "He is sure to come back for it; let us put it where can get it easily without disturbing the children."

But Unfortunately Mrs. Darling could not leave it hanging out the window; it looked so like the washing and lowered the whole tone of the house.

She thought of showing it to Mr. Darling, but he was tottering up winter great-coats for John and Michael, with a wet towel around his head to keep his brain clear, and it seemed a shame to trouble him; beside, she new exactly what he would say, "It all comes of having a dog for a nurse."

She decided to roll the shadow up and put it away carefully in a drawer, until a fitting opportunity came to tell her husband.

(J.M. Barrie, *Peter Pan*, 1904)

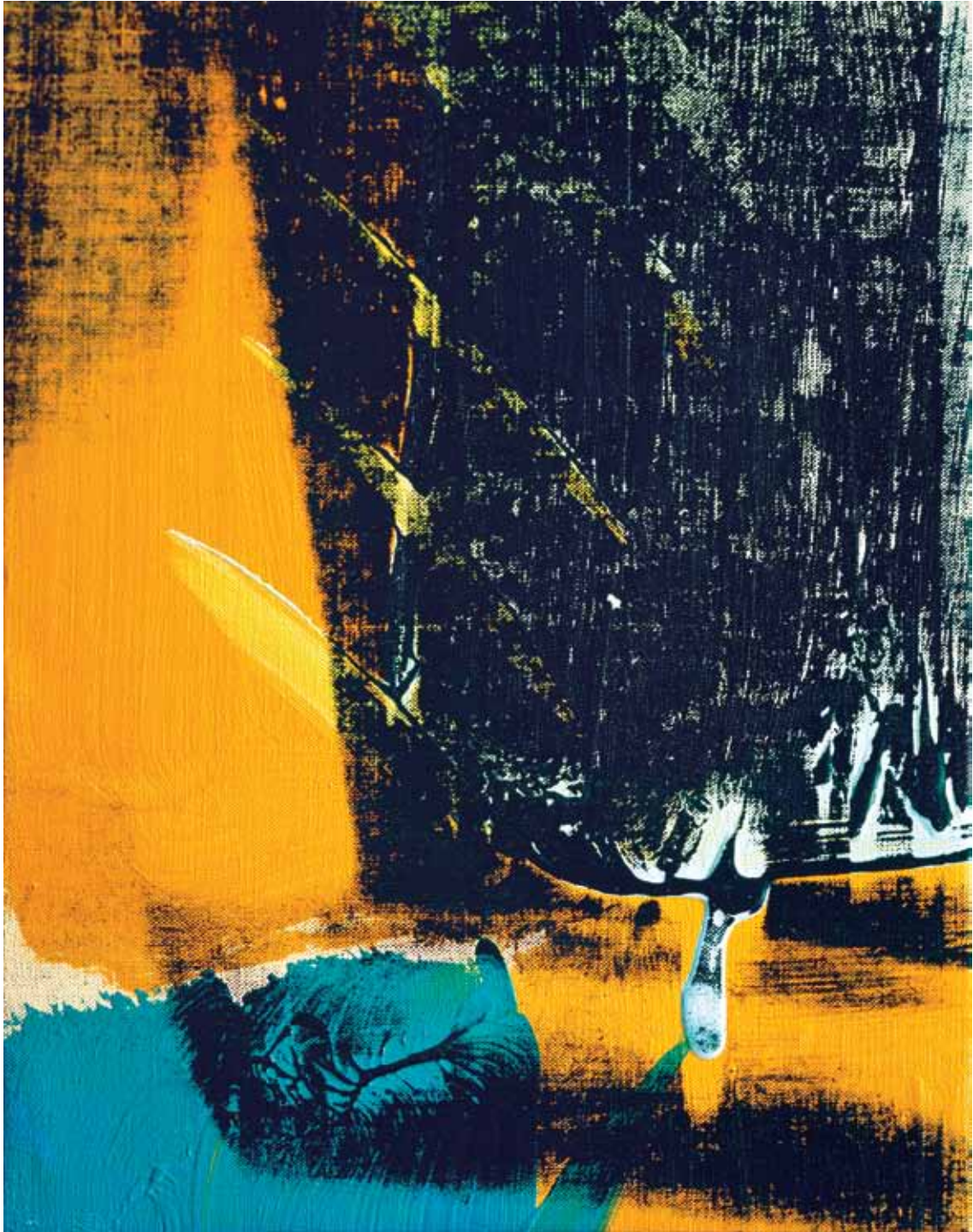
It is amazing how much you can get out of paintings just by looking at them. These paintings hover as the shadow of life's edge. These paintings are Andy Warhol's touch, his distance; whereas the subject of many of Andy's paintings is the record of events of life, these are a record of the act of painting. They are a brilliant emphatic view of everything and nothing.

(Julian Schnabel, *Andy Warhol Shadow Paintings*, Gagosian Gallery, November 1989)

Shadow is not the absence of light, merely the obstruction of the luminous rays by an opaque body. Shadow is of the nature of darkness. Light is the nature of a luminous body; one conceals and the other reveals. They are always associated and inseparable from all objects. But shadow is a more powerful agent than light, for it can impede and entirely deprive bodies of their light, while light can never entirely expel shadow from a body, that is from an opaque body.

(Leonardo da Vinci, *The Notebooks of Leonardo da Vinci*, 1651)

Andy Warhol, *Shadow*, 1978
Acrylic and silkscreen ink on canvas, 14 x 11 inches



I'll tell you all my ideas about Looking-glass House. First, there is a room you can see through the glass – that's just the same as our drawing room, only the things go the other way. I can see all of it when I get upon a chair – all but the bit behind the fireplace. Oh! I do so wish they have a fire in the winter: you never can tell, you know, unless our fire smokes, and then smoke comes up in that room too – but that may be only pretence, just to make it look as if they had a fire. Well, then, the books are something like ours, only the words go the wrong way: I know that, because I have held up one of our books to the glass and then they hold up one in the other room.

(...)

In another moment, Alice was through the glass, and had jumped lightly into the Looking-glass room. The very first thing she did was to look whether there was a fire in the fireplace, and she was quite pleased to find that there was a real one, blazing away as brightly as the one she had left behind. "So, I shall be as warm here as I was in the real room", thought Alice: "warmer, because there will be no one here to scold me away from the fire. Oh, what fun it will be, when they see me through the glass in here, and can't get at me!"

(Lewis Carroll, *Through the Looking-Glass and what Alice Found There*, 1871)

People are always calling me a mirror, and if a mirror looks into a mirror, what is there to see?

(Andy Warhol, *The Andy Warhol Diaries*, 1989)

A Greek myth recounts that the first drawing came to us when a woman traced the shadow of her lover before his departure for war.

(Kirk Varnedoe, *Matisse Picasso*, exhibition catalogue, The Museum of Modern Art, 2003)

There is almost nothing on them. Yet, they seem to be pictures of something and as full of imagery as any of Andy's other paintings. These paintings embody the art historical landscape of Post-War American painting as well as any other landscape I can think of; the ring around Saturn, fog lifting off of a lake near Fiji, the edge of the world or any other psychological one for that matter.

(Julian Schnabel, *Andy Warhol Shadow Paintings*, Gagosian Gallery, November 1989)

How does a mirror, the reproduction of a mirror on canvas, reflecting nothing you can name, become the subject of a series of paintings? It is in the sequence of painting, window, mirror, frame that we can see a capsule account of Modernism's concerns and premises. The window frames the scene and the mirror stands for this century's chosen subject matter: human concerns held up close to feel the frame.

(Henry Geldzahler, "Locating the Mirror in Modernism. Roy Lichtenstein's Mirror Paintings", *Roy Lichtenstein. The Mirror Paintings*, Mary Boone Gallery, 1989)

"Why do you weep?" the goddesses asked

"I weep for Narcissus," the lake replied

"Ah, it is no surprise that you weep for Narcissus," they said, "for though we always pursued him in the forest, you alone could contemplate his beauty

Andy Warhol, *Shadow*, 1978
Acrylic and silkscreen ink on canvas, 78 x 138 inches



close at hand.”

“But... was Narcissus beautiful?” the lake asked?

“Who better than you to know that?” the goddesses said in wonder. “After all, it was by your banks that he knelt each day to contemplate himself!”

The lake was silent for some time. Finally it said,

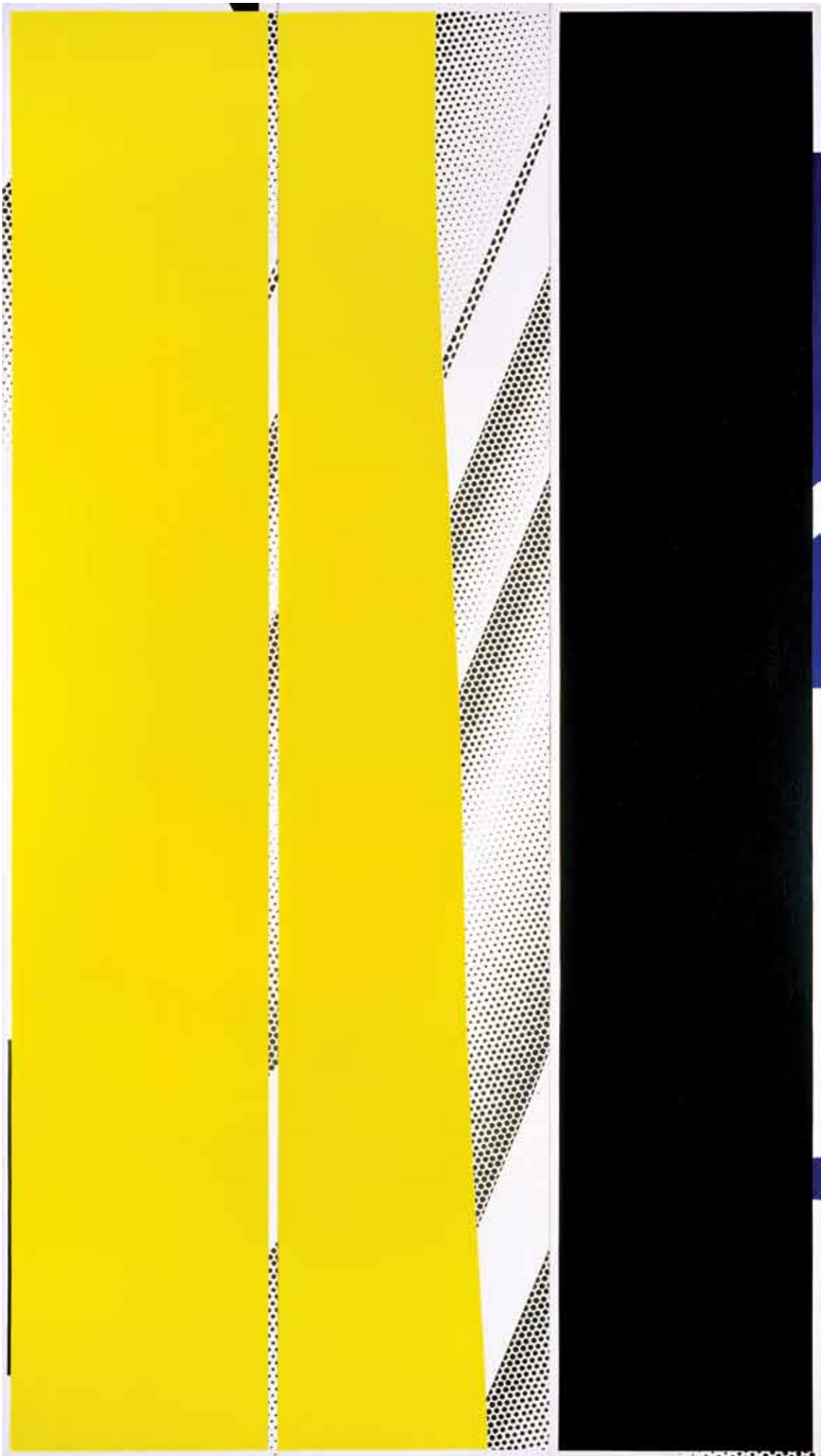
“I weep for Narcissus, but I never noticed that Narcissus was beautiful. I weep because each time he knelt beside my banks, I could see, in the depths of his eyes, my own beauty.”

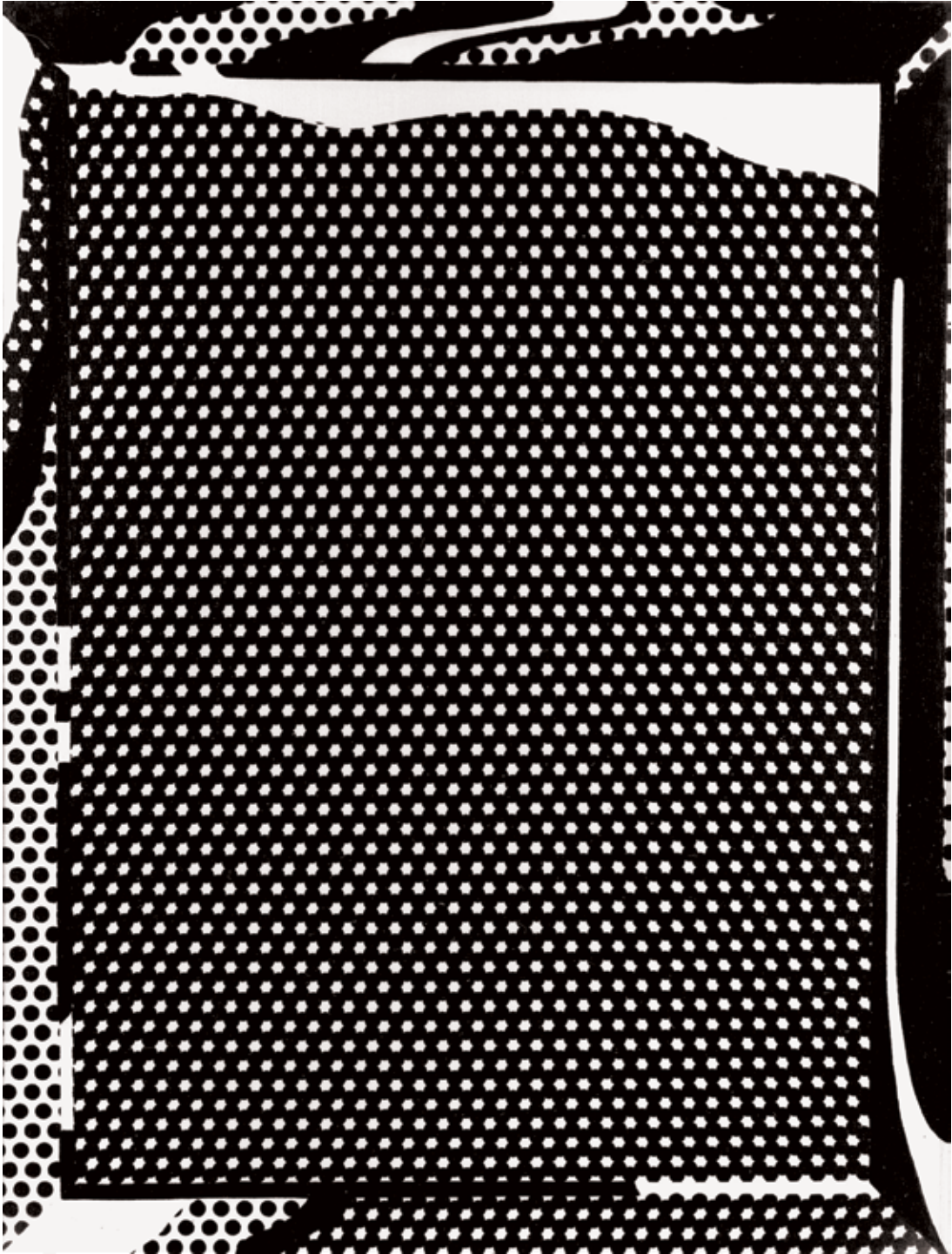
(André Gide, *The Treatise of Narcissus*, 1891)

He knew that even the memory of the piano falsified still further the perspective in which he saw the elements of the music that the field open to the musician is not a miserable scale of seven notes, but an immeasurable keyboard still almost entirely unknown on which here and there only, separated by shadows thick and unexplored, a few of the millions of keys of tenderness, of passion, of courage, of serenity which compose it, each as different from the others as one universe from another universe, have been found by a few great artists who do not the service, by awakening in us something corresponding to the theme that they have discovered, of showing us what richness, what variety, is hidden unbeknownst to us within that great unpenetrated and disheartening darkness of our soul which we take for emptiness and nothingness.

(Marcel Proust, *In Search of Lost Time. Swann's Way*, 1913)

Roy Lichtenstein, *Mirror Three Panels #1*, 1971
Oil and Magna on canvas, 96 x 54 inches





Next, in the course of their review of the chamber, the searchers came to the cheval-glass, into whose depths they looked with an involuntary horror. But it was so turned as to show them nothing but the rosy glow playing on the roof, the fire sparkling in a hundred repetitions along the glazed front of the presses, and their own pale and fearful countenances stooping to look in.

“This glass has seen some strange things, sir,” whispered Poole.

“And surely none stranger than itself,” echoed the lawyer in the same tones.

“For what did Jekyll”—he caught himself up at the word with a start, and then conquering the weakness, “what could Jekyll want with it?” he said.

(Robert Louis Stevenson, *The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, 1886)

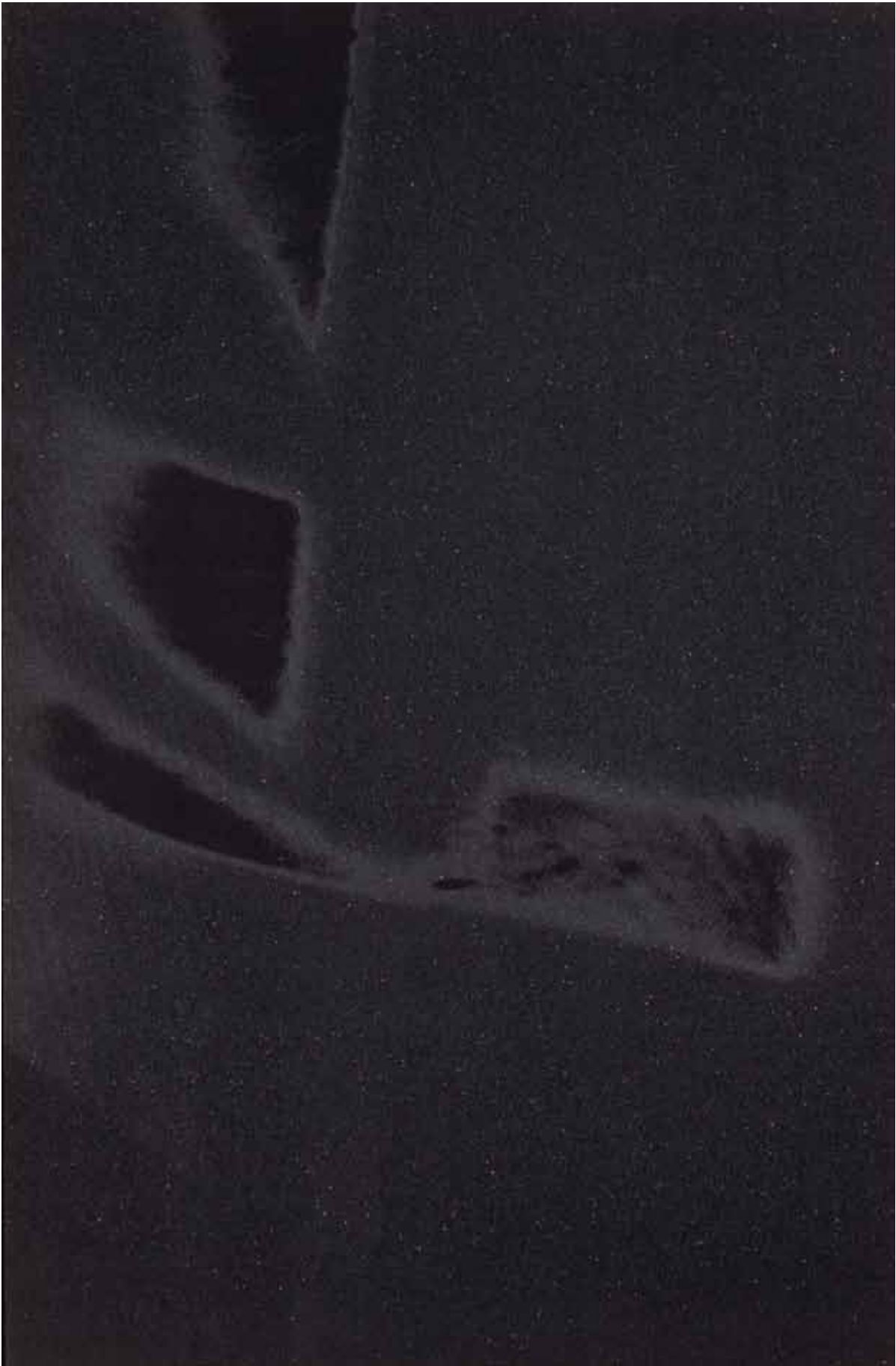
Roy Lichtenstein’s latest show at Castelli is, I think, his major achievement to date, and one of the best shows of the season besides. In his newest work this artist is, like Jane Freilicher in her landscapes, working the poetic vein; unlike Freilicher, Lichtenstein is observing not nature itself but the nature of perceptual painting. Fittingly enough, the show is titled “Mirrors”, in order to make “real” these works that are about perception (or, about being about).

(Garrit Henry, *Art International*, May 1971)

The shadow is self-generated by light and matter, a parthenogenesis of form, the utter opposite of man made even of ready-made. Who authorizes the shadow? Like obsolescence, the shadow is also an index of temporality and passing time. Since the shadow has no material substance of its own,

Roy Lichtenstein, *Mirror #1*, 1969
Oil and Magna on canvas, 24 x 18 inches





it will disappear when its light source fades or when its projecting object is shifted. Thus shadows are not just metaphysical readymade par excellence, they are also the sublime antidote to an aesthetic of the readymade itself, just as Duchamp himself would have wanted it. As he suggested, the readymade should disappear once it had been established as a new aesthetic category and as a convention of artistic production. Thus Warhol's shadows also execute that aspect of the Duchampian legacy.

(Benjamin H.D. Buchaloh, "Anniversary Notes for Andy Warhol," *Andy Warhol Shadows and Other Signs of Life*, Galerie Chantal Crousel, 2008)

In the depths of the mirror the evening landscape moved by, the mirror and the reflected figures like motion pictures superimposed one on the other. The figures and the background were unrelated, and yet the figures, transparent and intangible, and the background, dim in the gathering darkness, melted into a sort of symbolic world not of this world.

(Yasunari Kawabata, *Snow Country*, 1947)

We are surrounded by a reality which is not defined or corporeal. Inside of us things appear like dots of light in backgrounds of fog and shadow. Our concrete reality has a ghostly abstract quality.

(Michelangelo Antonioni, *Screenplays of Michelangelo Antonioni*, 1963)

Page 18: Andy Warhol, *Diamond Dust Shadow*, 1979
Acrylic, silkscreen ink, and diamond dust on canvas, 76 x 50 inches

Page 19: Andy Warhol, *Diamond Dust Shadow*, 1979
Acrylic, silkscreen ink, and diamond dust on canvas, 78 1/8 x 50 1/8 inches

Roy Lichtenstein, *Mirror #1*, 1971
Oil and Magna on canvas, 72 x 36 inches



Through in this fashion
Have been exiled flesh and blood
My shadow-image
In the mirror at your side
Shall never depart where you dwell.

(Shikibu Murasaki, *The Tale of Genji*, early 11th century)

Socrates: And now, I said, let me show in a figure how far our nature is enlightened or unenlightened: –Behold! human beings living in a underground cave, which has a mouth open towards the light and reaching all along the cave; here they have been from their childhood, and have their legs and necks chained so that they cannot move, and can only see before them, being prevented by the chains from turning round their heads. Above and behind them a fire is blazing at a distance, and between the fire and the prisoners there is a raised way; and you will see, if you look, a low wall built along the way, like the screen which marionette players have in front of them, over which they show the puppets.

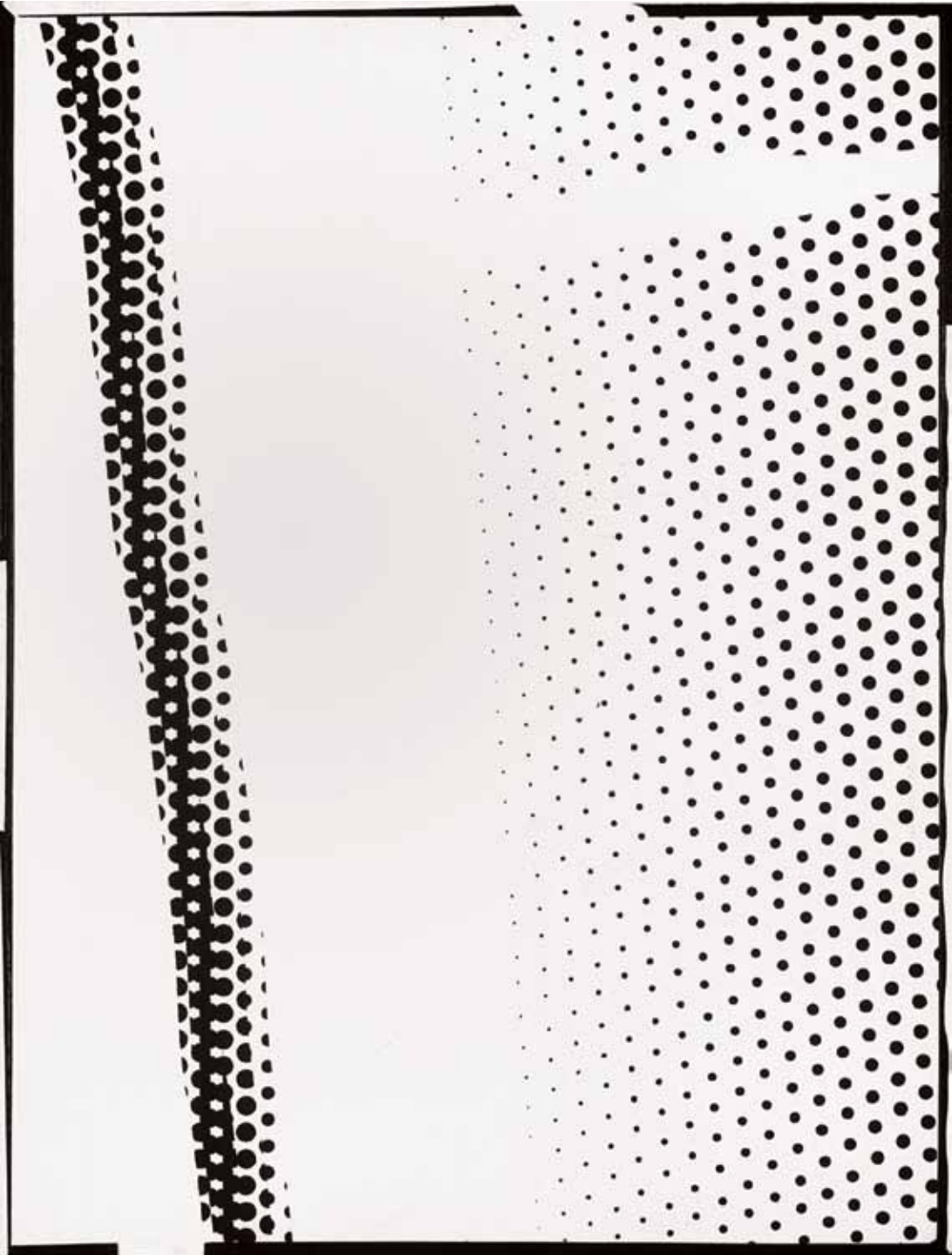
Glaucon: I see.

Socrates: And do you see, I said, men passing along the wall carrying all sorts of vessels, and statues and figures of animals made of wood and stone and various materials, which appear over the wall? Some of them are talking, others silent.

Glaucon: You have shown me a strange image, and they are strange prisoners.

Andy Warhol, *Shadow*, 1980
Acrylic and silkscreen ink on canvas, 14 x 11 inches





Socrates: Like ourselves, I replied; and they see only their own shadows, or the shadows of one another, which the fire throws on the opposite wall of the cave?

Glaucon: True, he said; how could they see anything but the shadows if they were never allowed to move their heads?

Socrates: And of the objects which are being carried in like manner they would only see the shadows?

Glaucon: Yes, he said.

Socrates: And if they were able to converse with one another, would they not suppose that they were naming what was actually before them?

Glaucon: Very true.

Socrates: And suppose further that the prison had an echo which came from the other side, would they not be sure to fancy when one of the passers-by spoke that the voice which they heard came from the passing shadow?

Glaucon: No question, he replied.

Socrates: To them, I said, the truth would be literally nothing but the shadows of the images.

Glaucon: That is certain.

Socrates: And now look again, and see what will naturally follow if the prisoners are released and disabused of their error. At first, when any of them is liberated and compelled suddenly to stand up and turn his neck round and walk and look towards the light, he will suffer sharp pains; the glare will distress him, and he will be unable to see the realities of which in his former state he had

seen the shadows; and then conceive some one saying to him, that what he saw before was an illusion, but that now, when he is approaching nearer to being and his eye is turned towards more real existence, he has a clearer vision, -what will be his reply? And you may further imagine that his instructor is pointing to the objects as they pass and requiring him to name them, -will he not be perplexed? Will he not fancy that the shadows which he formerly saw are truer than the objects which are now shown to him?

Glaucon: Far truer.

Socrates: And if he is compelled to look straight at the light, will he not have a pain in his eyes which will make him turn away to take and take in the objects of vision which he can see, and which he will conceive to be in reality clearer than the things which are now being shown to him?

Glaucon: True, he now.

(Plato, *The Republic*, 380BC)

In these works, viewers lose themselves in the emptiness, rather than fullness, of painted surface: the series' images are presented not just as paintings of but actual stand-ins for, mirrored surfaces, while the beholders they ostensibly mirror are distinctly absent, "selfless" in their identification with the spare painted surfaces before them. It is mirrors as such, after all, that Lichtenstein's declarative titles (Mirror #1, 2, 3, etc.) announce these works to be, and to which they correspond in both scale and position. Hanging on the wall before us just as do the mirrors into which we all gaze at the start of each day,



Lichtenstein's canvases are equally paintings and objects (a fact the artist repeatedly stressed), and thus situate their beholders in a position of explicit self-regard – and self-dissolution.

(Graham Bader, *Hall of Mirrors Lichtenstein and the Face of Painting in the 1960s*, 2010)

FIRST MEETINGS

We celebrated each moment

Of our meetings

As a revelation

Alone in all the world

You were lighter and bolder

Then the wing of a bird

Flying down the stair

Two at a Time

Pure digginess, leading me

Thought moist lilac

Beyond the looking glass

(Arsenij Aleksandrovič Tarkovskij, *First Meetings*, 1962)

There was a book lying near Alice on the table and while she sat watching the White King (for she was still a little anxious about him, and had the ink all ready to throw over him, in case he fainted again), she turned over the leaves, to find some part that she could read, “–for it’s all in some language I don’t

Roy Lichtenstein, *Mirror Six Panels #3*, 1971
Oil and Magna on canvas, 6 panels; 96 x 108 inches

know," she said to herself.

It was like this:

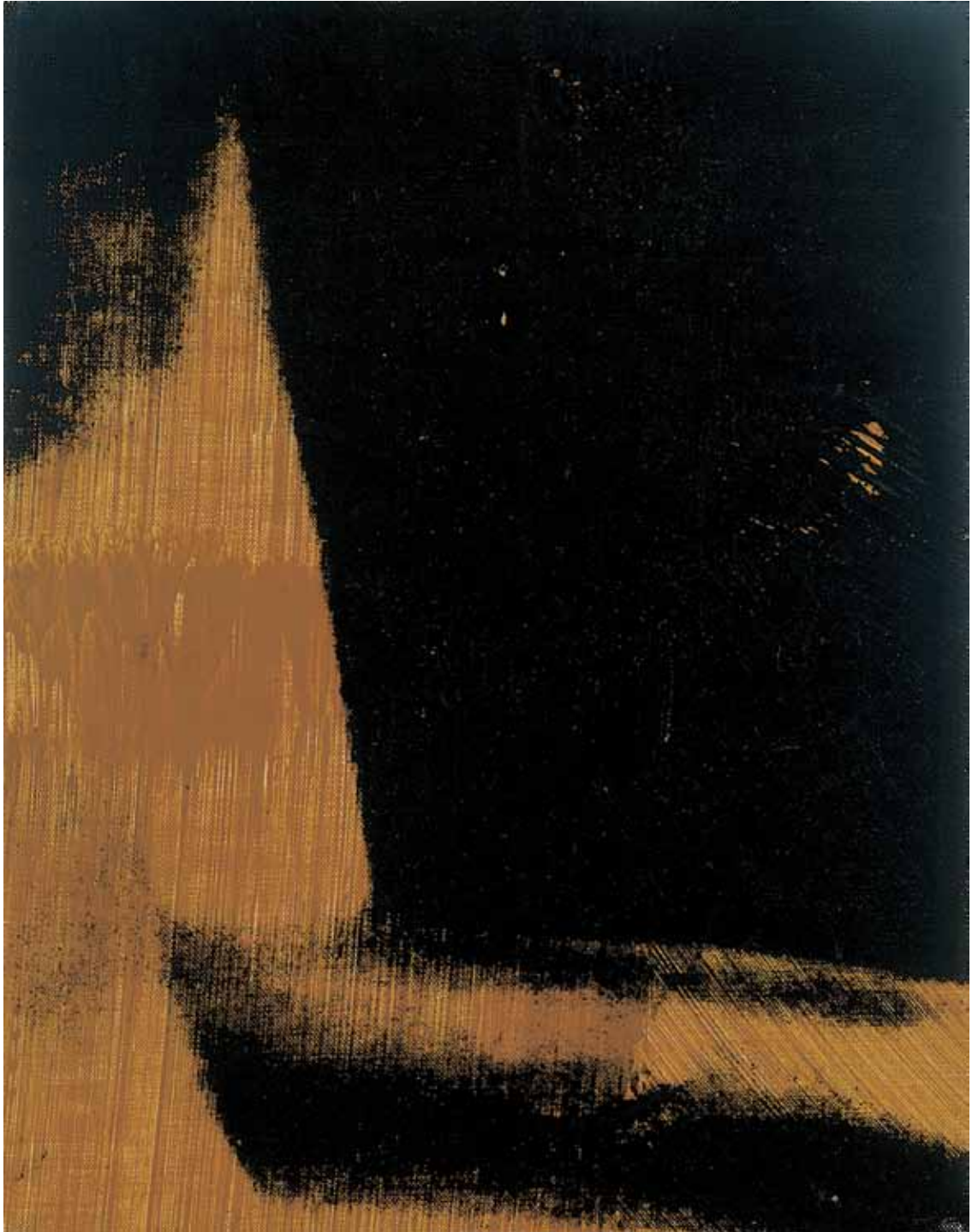
JABBERWOCKY
'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe:
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe.

She puzzled over this for some, but at last a bright thought struck her. "Why, it's a Looking-glass book, of course! And, if I hold it up to a Glass, the words will all go the right way again."

This was the poem that Alice read:

JABBERWOCKY
'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe:
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe.

(Lewis Carroll, *Through the Looking-Glass and what Alice Found There*, 1871)



Between the desire
And the spasm
Between the potency
And the existence
Between the essence
And the descent
Falls the shadow

(T.S. Eliot, *The Hollow Men*, 1925)

Early successes, Creation's pampered favorites,
mountain-ranges, peaks growing red in the dawn
of all Beginning, – pollen of the flowering godhead,
joints of pure light, corridors, stairways, thrones
space formed from essence, shields made of ecstasy, storms
of emotion whirled into rapture, and suddenly, alone:
mirrors, which scoop up the beauty that has streamed from their face
and gather it back, into themselves, entire.

(Rainer Maria Rilke, *The Second Elegy*, 1923)

The Shadow: Since I haven't heard your voice in so long, I would like to give you an opportunity to speak.

The Wanderer: Someone said something—where? and who? It almost seems as if I myself were speaking, though in an even weaker voice than mine.

Roy Lichtenstein, *Mirror Four Panels #1*, 1971
Oil and Magna on canvas, 96 x 72 inches





The Shadow (after a pause): Are you not happy to have an opportunity to speak?

The Wanderer: By God and all things, in which I do not believe, my shadow speaks; I hear it, but I don't believe it.

The Shadow: Let's accept it and don't continue to think about it—in one hour it will all be over.

The Wanderer: That's what I thought, when I saw two and then five camels in a forest near Pisa.

The Shadow: It's good, that we are both indulgent in the same way, if our reason stands still: thus we will not become annoying and press each other in conversation when something sounds incomprehensible to us. If one does not know how to answer, then it is already enough to say something—that's the reasonable policy under which I agree to converse. With longer discussions, the wisest one becomes once the fool and three times the dullard.

The Wanderer: Your modesty is not complimentary to your confessor.

The Shadow: Am I to flatter?

The Wanderer: I thought a man's shadow was his vanity, but his vanity would never ask: "Am I to flatter?"

The Shadow: Nor would man's vanity, as far as I know, inquire—as I did twice already—whether it could speak: it always speaks.

The Wanderer: Only now do I notice how impolite I am, my beloved shadow: I have not said a word about how pleased I am to see you as well as hear you. You should know that I love the shadow as much as I cherish the light.

For facial beauty, clarity of speech, quality and firmness of character, shadow is as necessary as light. They are not opponents: they are rather affectionate, holding hands—and if the light disappears, the shadow slips away after it.

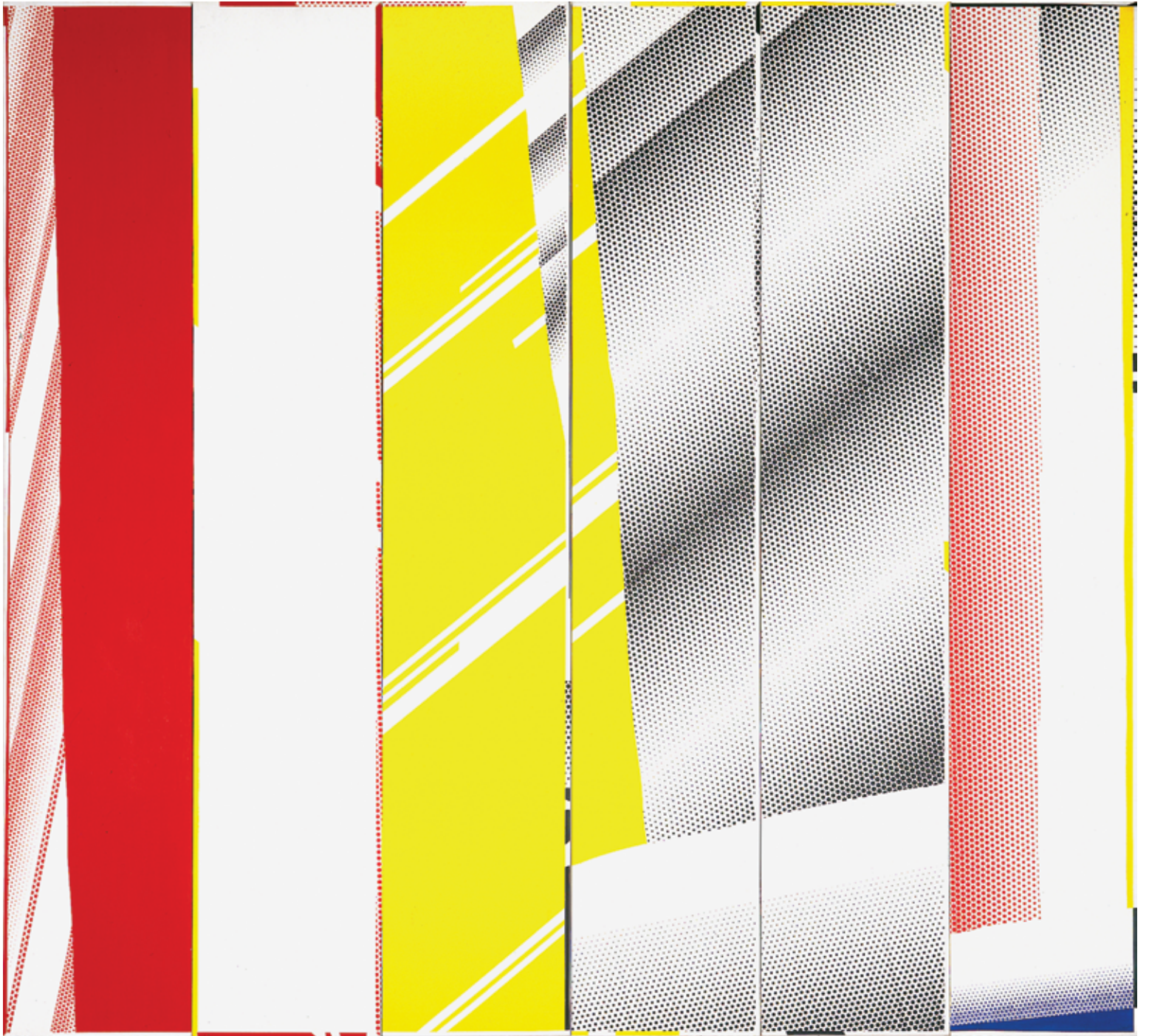
The Shadow: And I hate the same thing you hate: the night; I love human beings, because they are devotees of light and I'm pleased when their eyes shine as they discern and discover knowledge—untiring knowers and discoverers that they are. That shadow, which all things cast, if the sunshine of perception falls upon them—that shadow am I as well.

The Wanderer: I believe I understand you, despite your somewhat shadowy expressions. But you were right: good friends give each other—here and there—a cryptic word as a sign of agreement, which should be a mystery to any third party. And we are good friends. Therefore, let's dispense with the preliminaries! A few hundred questions press upon my soul, and the time you have to answer them is perhaps only brief. Let's see what, in all haste and peaceableness, we can agree upon.

The Shadow: But shadows are shier than human beings: you won't tell anyone how we have spoken together!

The Wanderer: How we have spoken together? Heaven forbid! especially from long drawn-out literary discussions. If Plato had less desire to “spin” his readers, they would find more pleasure in Plato. A really amusing discussion—when written down—is merely a painting with false perspectives: everything is too long or too short—nevertheless, perhaps you'll allow me to indicate what we agreed upon?





The Shadow: I'm happy with that, since everyone will recognize therein only your opinions—nobody will think of the shadow.

The Wanderer: Perhaps you are wrong, my friend! Up to now one assumed in my opinions more of shadow than of me.

The Shadow: More shadow than light? Is it possible?

The Wanderer: Dear fool, be serious! My first question requires seriousness.

(Freidrich Neitzche, *The Wanderer and his Shadow*, 1880)

I got the idea of doing mirrors, and they didn't look like mirrors and they didn't look very interesting, and it just took time to get something that was an interesting enough abstraction and that people could take for a mirror – you kind of learn a mirror the same way you learn a thing that is a brush-stroke. I had trouble with the Brush-strokes too: they looked like slices of bacon or something, they didn't really look anything like brush-strokes when I started.

(Roy Lichtenstein, *David Sylvester interviews Roy Lichtenstein*. New York City, April 1997)

The prince was amazed when he saw eight statues, all made of pure gold. He looked again and noticed that there was a note from his father which said that the most important statue was missing, it was the ninth one and he should go find it. He should look for a certain slave in Cairo, who would tell him what to do in order to find the most precious and fabulous of all status.

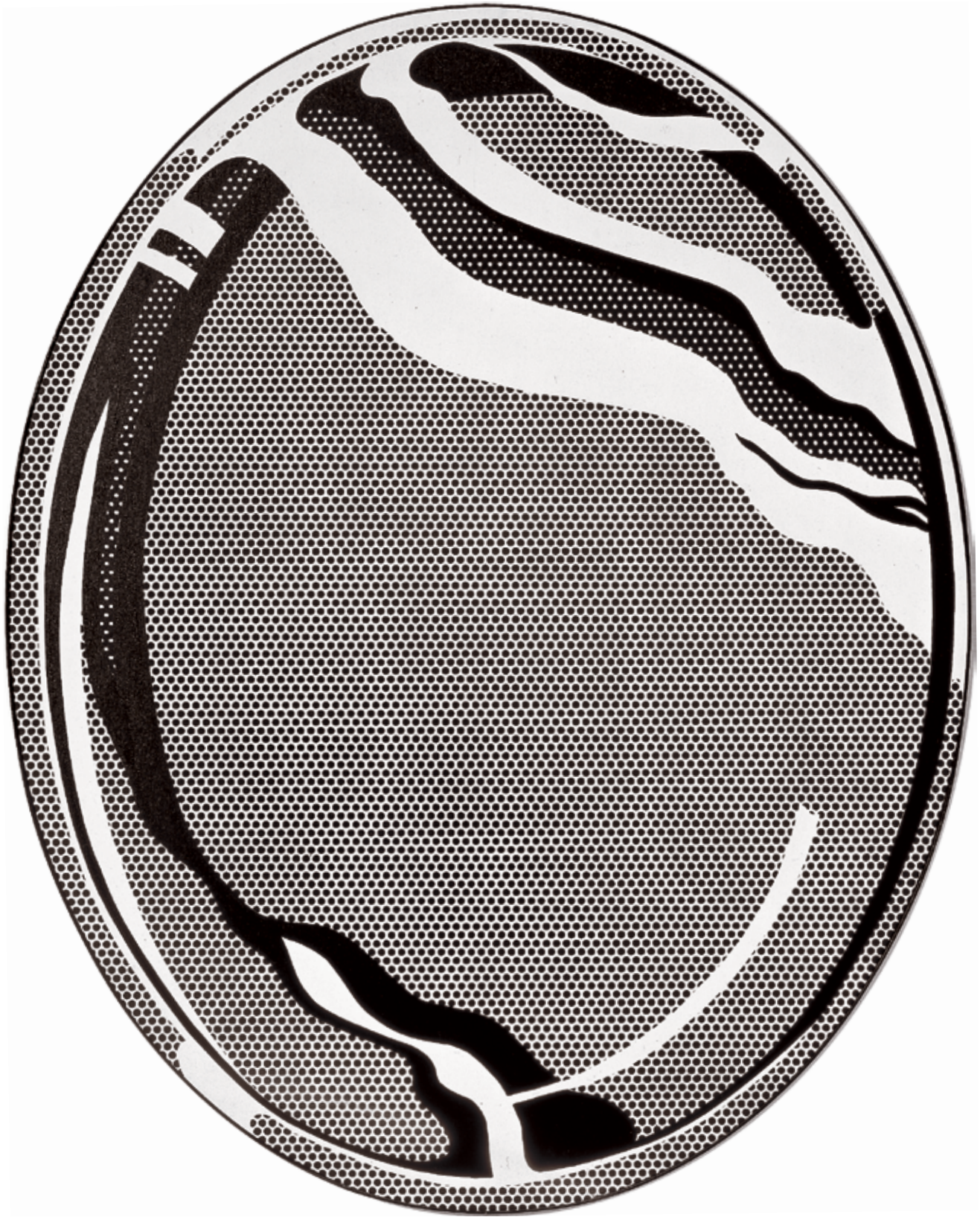
So off he went to Cairo and there he met the slave, who took him to a genie in a beautiful palace. The genie said he would reveal the secret of the ninth

statue, but first the prince would need to bring a certain beautiful and pure young lady to him. In order to find the right one, the prince was given a mirror that would only reflect the face of that girl. At last, the genie said that she should remain untouched. So the prince searched everywhere in the streets of Cairo for the beautiful and pure lady that the mirror would reflect. When he finally found her, he immediately married her in order to be able to take her with him. The lady was absolutely beautiful but the prince remained faithful to his word and delivered his untouched wife to the genie. The genie then, ordered the prince to go back home, and the ninth statue would be right in his father's room.

The prince went back home in tears for leaving his new wife but certain that he had done the right thing. When he opened the room, he fell on his knees completely amazed. His wife was there where the ninth statue should be. A great thunder was heard and the genie appeared.

He said to the prince that his wife was the missing statue and he had earned the right to finally have her. They lived happily ever after and he ruled the kingdom with fairness and justice.

(One Thousand and One Nights)



WORKS CITED

- Anonymous. *Tales from the One Thousand and One Nights*. New York: Penguin Classics, 1973.
- Antonioni, Michelangelo. *Screenplays of Michelangelo Antonioni*. New York: Penguin, 1971.
- Bader, Graham. *Hall of Mirrors Lichtenstein and the Face of Painting in the 1960s*. Boston: The MIT Press, 2010.
- Barrie, J.M. *Peter Pan*. New York: Aladdin Paperbacks, 2003.
- Baker, Elizabeth. "The Glass of Fashion and the Mold of Form." *Art News*, April 1971.
- Buchaloh, Benjamin H.D. "Anniversary Notes for Andy Warhol." *Andy Warhol Shadows and Other Signs of Life*. Paris: Galerie Chantal Crousel, 2008.
- Carroll, Lewis. *Through the Looking-Glass and what Alice Found There*. Somerville: Candlewick Press, 2009.
- da Vinci, Leonardo. *The Notebooks of Leonardo da Vinci*, 1651. Seattle: Pacific Publishing Studio, 2010
- Eliot, T.S. "The Hollow Men." *The Complete Poems and Plays*. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Harcourt, 1971.
- Geldzahler, Henry. "Locating the Mirror in Modernism. Roy Lichtenstein's Mirror Paintings." *Roy Lichtenstein. The Mirror Paintings*. New York: Mary Boone Gallery, 1989.
- André Gide, "The Treatise of Narcissus." *The André Gide Reader*. New York: Knopf, 1971.
- Henry, Garrit. *Art International*, May 1971.
- Jung, Carl, "Good and Evil in Analytical Psychology", *Journal of Analytical Psychology*, vol. 5. London: 1960
- Kawabata, Yasunari. *Snow Country*. United Kingdom: Vintage, 1996.
- Lichtenstein, Roy. "David Sylvester interviews Roy Lichtenstein." *Roy Lichtenstein All about Art*. Denmark: Louisiana Museum of Modern Art, 2003.
- Murasaki, Shikibu. *The Tale of Genji*. New York: Penguin Classics, 2002.
- Neitzche, Freidrich. "The Wanderer and his Shadow." *Basic Writings of Nietzsche*. New York: Modern Library, 2000.
- Plato. *The Republic*. Indianapolis: Hackett Pub Co, 1992.
- Proust, Marcel. *Swann's Way: In Search of Lost Time, Volume 1*. New York: Penguin Classics, 2004.
- Rilke, Rainer Maria. "The Second Elegy." *The Selected Poetry of Rainer Maria Rilke*. New York: Vintage, 1989.
- Schnabel, Julian. *Andy Warhol Shadow Paintings*. New York: Gagosian Gallery, 1989.
- Shakespeare, William. "Macbeth." *Complete works of Shakespeare*. White Plains: Longman, 2008.
- Stevenson, Robert Louis. *The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*. New York: Triberia Books, 2011.
- Tarkovsky, Arsenij Aleksendrovic. "First Meetings," *Mirror*, 1975. Film directed by Andrei Tarkovsky, 90 minutes, distributed by International Film Forum.
- Varnedoe, Kirk. *Matisse Picasso*. New York: The Museum of Modern Art, 2003.
- Warhol, Andy. *The Andy Warhol Diaries*. New York: Random House Value Publishing, 1991.

WORKS IN EXHIBITION

Roy Lichtenstein
Mirror #1, 1969
Oil and Magna on canvas
24 x 18 inches

Roy Lichtenstein
Mirror #2, 1970
Oil and Magna on canvas
24 x 18 inches

Roy Lichtenstein
Mirror Four Panels #1, 1971
Oil and Magna on canvas
96 x 72 inches

Roy Lichtenstein
Paintings: Mirror, 1984
Oil and Magna on canvas
70 x 86 inches

Andy Warhol
Shadow, 1978
Acrylic and silkscreen ink on canvas
76 x 52 inches

Andy Warhol
Shadow, 1978
Acrylic and silkscreen ink on canvas
14 x 11 inches

Andy Warhol
Diamond Dust Shadow, 1979
Acrylic, silkscreen ink, and diamond dust on canvas
76 x 50 inches

Andy Warhol
Diamond Dust Shadow, 1979
Acrylic, silkscreen ink, and diamond dust on canvas
78 1/8 x 50 1/8 inches

Andy Warhol
Shadow, 1980
Acrylic and silkscreen ink on canvas
14 x 11 inches

I would like to thank Jack Cowart, Shelley Lee, Larry Levine, Evan Ryer and Natasha Sigmund together with everyone at the Roy Lichtenstein Foundation.

I would like to thank Cassandra Lozano for her tireless work.

Thanks to Vincent Fremont and to Neil Printz, the editor of the Andy Warhol catalogue raisonné, for their helpful insights.

A special thank you to the generous lenders to this exhibition.

As always, it has been a privilege to work with Dorothy Lichtenstein.

BBC

Photo credits:

page 13: Collection of the Andy Warhol Museum, Pittsburgh

page 27: Christie's Images/The Bridgeman Art Library

page 31: Christie's Images/The Bridgeman Art Library

page 29: Collection of the Museum of Contemporary Art San Diego

page 34: The Andy Warhol Foundation, Inc./Art Resource, NY

Publication © 2011 Leo Castelli

Artworks by Roy Lichtenstein © Estate of Roy Lichtenstein.

Artworks by Andy Warhol © 2011 The Andy Warhol Foundation for the Visual Arts, Inc. / Artists Rights Society (ARS), New York.

Design by Matthew Polhamus

ROY LICHTENSTEIN ANDY WARHOL

LEO CASTELLI

LEO CASTELLI

18 East 77 Street New York NY 10075