

THE NEW YORKER

AUGUST 9, 2010

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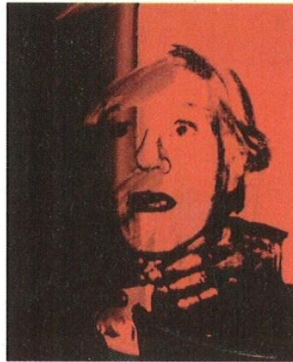
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COVER "Dropped Call," by Christoph Niemann **DRAWINGS** Michael Sharw, John O'Brien, Farley Katz, Joe Dator, Bruce Eric Kaplan, Frank Cotham, Gaban Wilson, Drew Dernavich, P. C. Vey, Michael Crawford, J. C. Duffy, Jack Ziegler, Kim Warp, David Sipress, Tom Toro, Danny Shanahan, Barbara Smaller **SPOTS** Richard McGuire

CRITIC'S NOTEBOOK
LATE GREAT

Anything negative you say, or even think, about Andy Warhol as an artist may come back to humble you. Some of us discounted the late styles of his painting and prints, up to his death, in 1987, as the phoned-in flailings of a tired talent,



with exceptions. In the Brooklyn Museum's "Andy Warhol: The Last Decade," shrewdly selected exceptions obliterate the rule. An array of potent visual inspirations, grandly realized, bespeaks a creative drive that, if anything, intensified amid the distractions of the artist's churning industry. Ever avaricious, Warhol spurned no weak idea—dollar signs, diamond-dust shoes—that might turn a buck. But he remembered his roots in heroic abstract art. Series like "Shadows" (enigmatic images from an illegible photo), "Oxidation Paintings" (Apollonian beauty achieved with piss on copper emulsion), "Camouflage" pictures (marvels of color), dashing collaborations with Jean-Michel Basquiat, and sombre self-portraits stand up to the strongest art made by anyone else, anywhere, at the time. See it. Admit it.

—Peter Schjeldahl
