Cut Up
The Art of Arturo Herrera

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Where is my knife?
I want to peel
One of my subjects,
So as to limber up,
So as to get my hand in.

Jean Arp

A cubist technique for splicing bits of the real world into pictorial space, collage is Arturo Herrera's weapon of choice. His opponent is Modernism. For over a decade, Herrera has used paper and the blade to probe forms and principles that may seem all but ossified as a source for artists in this post-conceptual era, when ideas, not ideals matter. But stick a point to the balloon-tight skin of Biomorphic Abstraction or the soft underbelly of Surrealism, and these still-sublimated Modernisms show their vitality. Fluid spurts in ropey skeins or oozes like lava over the high modernist ground of purity and purification. Indeed, one might say that it has been Surrealism's sheer dirty-mindedness—its desire to depict reality polluted by the unconscious and irrational, by sex and desire—as well as Biomorphism's bumptious-to-abject embodiment of these terms, that annexed these «isms» in the first place. Typically allowed a gallery or chapter, they have never been considered primary to the telling of an art history that would pare pictorial representation down to its essentials. But this is the curious achievement of Arturo Herrera's art, which despite its proclivity for the juicy and grotesque is downright classical in its formal rigor. No matter how perverse or entangled one of his abstractions might be, the delivery is elegant, spare,

refined. On view in this selective survey at the Centro Galego de Arte Contemporanea (CGAC), his art performs what Michel Foucault called, in his *History of Sexuality*, a «reverse discourse.» By this he meant a discourse in which the language that had been used to normalize one group and pathologize another gets taken up to legitimize the marginalized position. Foucault, of course, was writing of homosexuality. But anyone who remembers their Disney recalls a certain baby elephant, little Dumbo, whose mother tenderly turned his shame into a name. She knew the power of reverse discourse. And so does Arturo Herrera, whose art is full of Disney. With every cool twist of the blade, he cuts that which has been deemed excessive *into* a language of (im)pure line and color.

Herrera says he first started making collages in the late 1980s, when he was having a second stab at establishing himself in «the city of ambition,» as poet Walt Whitman dubbed Manhattan for aspirants of every stripe. Herrera's talent for art had already led him there in 1982, immediately upon graduating from the University of Tulsa, Oklahoma, where he went from Caracas on the heels of his older brother. But the impossibility of finding a studio, combined with the itinerant life of subletting that basically was the norm in New York for artists during the East Village days, seems to have left Herrera mostly cast adrift for several years. He frequently returned home to Venezuela and spent one year traveling in Europe on an informal Grand Tour of museums and architecture. Back in New York, he kept away from the SoHo galleries and the contemporary art scene, and continued his personal education by haunting the Metropolitan Museum of Art and the Museum of Modern Art. When asked to cite from MoMA's collection his three iconic pictures, Herrera quickly

responds: Picasso's *Harlequin*, Matisse's *Dance*, and Giacometti's *Woman with her Throat Cut*. One can readily see these strong acts of pattern, movement, and evisceration put to service by Herrera. Thus it seems that as formative experiences in recent art go, Herrera's was critically un-postmodern and positively not deconstructive.

«Nostalgic» is how he describes the very first works he made with cut paper, glue, and scissors, works he maintains are unrelated—except for their collage technique—to his subsequent practice. Attracted by friends' reports of Chicago, he had moved to that city and, finding the lake agreeable, he attended the University of Illinois, where he received his MFA in 1992. The nearby trove of Surrealist treasures at the Art Institute of Chicago also no doubt proved conducive. Constant dialogue with professors stimulated Herrera to take a more grammatical and less pictorial approach to his collages. The process of cutting and pasting started to yield an imagery of related actions—juxtaposing, covering, obliterating. These were performed with the help of paint and pencil, which were called on to dribble, pour, leak, scrawl, and scribble across the page. Having identified his verbs, he now needed nouns. What were these actions happening to? Honing in on his source material, Herrera realized he wanted a vocabulary of forms, not images. This is exactly what he found in the children's coloring books he was already in the habit of buying and slicing up; they provided an endless and inexpensive source of outlines, contours, and pliant shapes.

«Hundreds and hundreds of pages of material that costs practically nothing,» is how Herrera describes the Readymades, which he calls his «palette.» (When you begin to see what he does with it, the palette suggests another kind of board with a hole in it: the «Dutch Wife» that Jasper Johns immortalized in his encaustic tribute to some sailors' joy.) In his abstractions, Herrera leaves salient bits of anatomy and explicit signs of childhood intact. Together these fragments take the brunt of his collage. Animals hybridize with humans. Furniture morphs into lumpy homunculi. Pink paint puddles. Orange colors a situation. Nameless things bulge and protrude. There are lots of holes to contend with—chimneys, hollow logs, as well as just plain negative space, which on the page serves to keep the compositions relatively simple: an elephant's bugling trunk sprouts the marching end of a majorette. And relatively dirty: someone has drawn manly hairs on the girl's legs. The coloring book caption reads: PRACTICING FOR THE PARADE.

Within the palette of Herrera's collage, Walt Disney cartoons are particularly prevalent. In part because they are: Herrera says he finds cheap Disney coloring books wherever he travels. And it is surprising how legible their imagery remains, even if you are only given a few clipped lines to go by—an elbow, drapery, dishcloth, or toe. The wonderful world of Disney is already essentially reduced. What other Modernists set out to achieve, Disney accomplished: a near-universal cultural language. Of his own appropriations from it, Swedish-born Pop artist Claes Oldenburg said it was the basic geometry that appealed: «Mickey Mouse, as form, is important in the American range of forms. The Mouse's personality or nostalgia need not be discussed.»

For the Venezuelan-born Herrera, it's almost the opposite that attracts. Part of the legend of Disney is that he wasn't much of a draftsman. Nor did he pretend to be; after 1926, Walt proudly contributed not a single drawing to his studio's production. Getting the most economy out of his forms, while keeping his own hands off, was the talent he honed, ironically enough on a principle of touch. Under Disney's direction, studio artists had to get the «feel» of whatever was to appear on screen into their drawings. It's the thing that makes every inch of a Disney animation—every creature, castle, and candlestick—go bounce. And this is what Herrera is after when he takes the knife to Disney: those sinuous, insinuating lines that have shimmied their way into our collective unconscious, fully loaded with life force.

In Herrera's art, this force springs forth charged with sexual energy and collides with the childhood imagery of his collage. No sooner were these works being shown, than they came to be known as perverted visions of childhood. *The Sick Rose* is the title of the group show (named after William Blake's *Songs of Innocence and of Experience*) in which Herrera made his New York debut at The Drawing Center in 1994. Writing about it, *New York Times* critic Holland Cotter compared Herrera's collages to «kindergarten exercises that have veered seriously out of control. Polymorphously perverse and sweet, they seem to come from the hand of a child still too naïve to disguise the depths of his aggression.»

Over the years, much has been written about Herrera's work in reference to issues of childhood, sexuality, Freud, and fairytales. For his own part, Herrera tends to downplay these aspects of his art, which he sees as integral to how viewers might enter the work, but not primary to his interest in it. «These collages are ambivalent in meaning. The sublimation of sexual needs could be a point of entry for some viewers,» he told curator Neery Melkonian in a 1993 interview. He means that to be engaged by the work is not to get inside anyone's head, or pants, but to tap two standard sources of Modernist inspiration and see what flows. In Modernism, children's art stands (as a politically correct form of primitivism) for a happy state of pure imagination. Innocent of style, uninhibited and self-indulgent, children make whatever they feel like. Seeking similar license, the Surrealists unleashed the unconscious to see what would rip from the unfettered adult imagination. These days, both notions seem a bit quaint, if not ironic. Our current views of childhood hold that estate to be so far from innocence that de Sade would feel at home. And should the Marquis be in the mood for a little postmodern art, there is the exquisite cutwork of Arturo Herrera to enjoy. Bodies merge and fluids flow with such explicit formalism—pellucid as children's art and forceful as the unconscious—that Herrera's compositions purge the very notion of purity from abstraction.

Still, let's not be coy. When, for instance, critic Neville Wakefield describes, «Pluto's head disappearing up his ass or a seventh dwarf laid up in ways that might not have occurred to Snow White,» he is not being prurient. He's just describing what's cut and paste before him. This cutting contributes to a larger conversation led by the work of Robert Gober, Mike Kelley, Lari Pittman, Kiki Smith, and Sue Williams, artists interested in the body as a site of abjection and pleasure. The early 1990s also saw the rise of drawing in all its forms. Luca Buvoli, Jim Hodges, Amy Sillman, and Kara Walker are among Herrera's many

peers to put paper and pencil, cartoons and cut paper, into good practice. And as far as historic sources of inspiration and study go, Surrealism was at this time undergoing a revision in both the academy and in studios, informing the way art was looked at, talked about, and made. In light of all this, one can see how nicely Herrera's early collages, his one-artist *cadavre exquis*, emerged and participated in the various contexts and discourses of the day.

«Why collage?» Herrera emphasizes the medium's economy. Collage is cheap. Composed of paper fragments and glue, it can be inexpensive to do, especially if you are sawing up pulp coloring books. It doesn't necessarily require much space either. Joseph Cornell worked for a lifetime at his kitchen table. Collage is also highly portable. It easily folds up and tucks away. It can be slipped into an envelope, or even become one. Among the older works in this exhibition is an untitled group of forty collages on envelopes. The format stems from the artist's early habit of sharing his work with friends by sending it through the mail. Although this activity recalls the reams of Fluxus art delivered for the price of postage paid, it's hard to imagine slapping a stamp on any one of Herrra's collaged envelopes. Indeed, these are the last of their kind; after creating this group in 1998, he stopped working in this format. This was also the year that four large-scale museum projects and a first solo exhibition at Brent Sikkema gallery in New York established Herrera within the contemporary art world. This un-mailed art therefore marks the end of the peripatetic and modest foundational period of Herrera's visual practice.

Or practices. The earliest work on view at CGAC is not collage on paper, but a latex-on-wall painting. *Tale* (1995) occupies its entire architectural frame with a rambunctious flow of positive and negative shapes that look like they were cut from a skin of orange paint. (Adding its own punning layer to this simple construction, the commercial latex color is actu-

ally called «Orange Peel.») One immediately thinks of Matisse's late cutouts, which the artist never considered collage—a technique he associated too closely with his Cubist competitors to indulge in himself—but as sculpture. They were carved from pure color. If the metaphorical medium for Matisse's monumental figures was blue stone, Herrera's might be seen as orange Jell-O. Scooped into a brand of eminently consumable abstraction, you see tits and tails, snouts and wieners, puckering lips, Pluto, Mickey, and Sweet Pea, all linked fore and aft, like an endless balloon animal, lumpy sausage, or sleeping-bag, into one happy mass of interpenetrating blobs and protuberances. (Think of Mike Kelley's sock monkey slumber parties without the shame.) Herrera's wall positively wiggles with joy, sparking another Matissian reference, this time to the ecstatic groups of circling figures in the artist's imagery of the dance. In Herrera's spin, however, the participants have worked themselves from an upstanding Dionysian gang into a flattened bang of orgasmic delights.

The precursor to *Tale*, which was first shown at Randolph Street Gallery in 1995, was a 1994 outdoor wall painting, also done in Chicago. Herrera has since continued to work on this scale, both indoors and out, on commissions from spaces in Los Angeles to Stuttgart. In 1998, he splashed the exterior of the Whitney Museum of American Art in lugubrious red drips, treating the whole building as if it were an element in one of his collages: he obliterated part of it. At CGAC, he responded almost perversely to Álvaro Siza's deconstructed architecture by creating his most pictorial wall painting to date. *Keep in touch* (2005) is installed on an immense wall in a gallery that is two stories tall and spanned by a bridge. Or rather, an abstraction of a bridge, inasmuch as you are not allowed to physically cross it. It is there to lead the eye through a window-like door that opens onto a landscape also designed by Siza. On this

same wall, Herrera has elected to paint an image that incorporates the architect's play on art being but a window unto nature. At the same time, he yanks the viewer's attention in the direction of his own work. A rickety fairytale staircase, painted as a great cartoon, spirals and plunges the eye downward, while a monumental blob of blue paint hovers serene on top of this picture plane, detached from the exigencies of representation and architecture both.

This aggressively painterly approach answers the implicit question: why doesn't Herrera call his wall paintings murals? Murals oppose an easel tradition that is the basis of Modernist art, an art that Herrera, despite his eschewal of canvas, ceaselessly recuperates and refreshes. An untitled wall painting of 1998 for the Wooster Art Museum in Massachusetts, for instance, pays tribute to the Swiss Surrealist Meret Oppenheim by teasing us with giant silhouettes of a squirrel and a stein of beer. These in fact represent the elements of Oppenheim's *Squirrel* (1969), another assemblage object by a prolific artist whose entire legacy has been effectively reduced to a single Modernist icon, the fur-lined teacup. Not that you are being recriminated for missing the (regrettably) oblique reference to a foamy mug with a furry handle—just the sort of tail and rim job Herrera likes to work up in his own collage. Rather you get to share in the artist's apparent delight at the chance meeting of a squirrel and a beer on the upper tier of a Renaissance-style courtyard. In Herrera's art, a single extract, such as this, reveals just how much Surrealism remains to be purely known.

The experience a viewer has with Herrera's own art is fundamentally a physical one. Collage is tactile. Color is sensual. Space is enveloping and objects are a part of it. A coil of extruded rubber lays on the floor like a garden hose, reminding us in a friendly fashion of the more grotesque, bodily aspects of painting. Making her gallery rounds, critic Kathryn Hixson memorably describes bumping up against «two little unassuming sculptural things...quiet objects of painted white wood.» These she likens to miniature Sol LeWitts. They abruptly locate her in the gallery, in the act of looking at art and of being in architectural space. In so doing, Herrera's objects also bring to mind the work of Richard Tuttle, whose poetic acts of intervention appear to be among Herrera's favorite readings in abstraction. Another Chicago-based critic, Fred Camper, sees Herrera's objects as kingpins in a plan to push every avenue of art to ground zero, then mess with the assertions: Art is painting, not. Art is flat, not. Sculpture protrudes, not. The 1998 Renaissance Society exhibition that Camper reviewed had a Duchampian *Étant Donné* moment, in which a peephole cast a view inside the head of Pluto, a Herrera object hung on the opposite side of the wall. This exhibition at CGAC has *Still* (2000), a painted wall relief of a bit of Bambi. Pared down to a spotted orange rump, tailess, it points heavenward.

Though they are always surprising, Herrera's objects have been there from the start. His very first solo show in 1993 at the Center for Contemporary Arts, Santa Fe, was composed of a group of collage drawings and an installation of colored tape on the walls—seams from which, in subsequent installations, wall drawings would bloom. There were also two objects on the floor: a wet soap dish and the sawed-off tip of a man's shoe. Just to identify them is to sound off a call and response between aspects of Herrera's art and that of an artist only a generation older, Robert Gober. Gober's meticulously crafted representations of sinks and drains, along with fragments of male bodies (especially legs and shoes) started to appear in the late 1980s when public consciousness of the AIDS epidemic sparked hysteria over cleanliness of all kinds. His art is a cool merging, or submersion, of Surrealism into Minimalism. He once paid dual tribute to the master Magritte and mistress Oppenheim with a sculpture of cheese sprouting hair: *Ceci est un morceau de fromage?* But Gober's constant muses are Marcel Duchamp and Duchamp's female alter-ego, Rrose Sélavy, as demonstrated by many queer couplings—a pair of urinals, for instance. This pair also reiterates the degree to which art history is self-sanitizing: Duchamp's celebration of American plumbing in the form of an object that has both male and female genital attributes is typically reduced in meaning to mere Readymade. And here is where the relevance of Gober's work to Herrera's takes on critical meaning, as an art of desublimation.

In his 1963 essay titled «Impurity,» Allen Kaprow writes of the material (clear, uncontaminated), moral (chaste, virtuous), and ultimately metaphysical (abstract, essential, sheer, true) nature of the term «pure.» By contrast, he says, «impurity is a second-hand state, a mongrel at best, physically; therefore tainted morally; and metaphysically impossible by definition.» His essay goes on to elevate the mongrel state by besmirching the claims of pure abstraction: Mondrian may not spurt paint like Pollock, but his lines do tremble. An artist who was himself bent on cluttering the white cube with performance, trash, and other affirmations of a grotesque humanity, Kaprow's reverse discourse clearly served his evolving agenda for assemblage. Returning to his paradigm today, you can see how the reverse of the reverse applies to both Gober and Herrera, who seek to create, if not a heaven for their works, then at least a state that transcends virtue.

Following Duchamp, Gober cross-dressed in a white gown, turning his bachelor self into a virginal bride. From the vast cast of characters that makes up Herrera's early Disney palette, the figure to emerge most prominently is none other than the fairest-maiden-in-the-land and compulsive cleaner-upper Snow White. (After scrubbing their cottage, she washed those filthy mining dwarves clean.) Everywhere in evidence at CGAC, she and her seven little men have been the subject of endless cuttings and configurations. There's Snow White in a 1998 collage getting the ax (and liking it). Study a pair of large drawings that look like elegant abstract calligraphy and suddenly the telltale pickax, jewels, and fragmented figures start tumbling out. Likewise, those cut-paper silhouettes of drips and scribbles are also dwarf-infested. The most recent such cut-paper drawing in the show features a triangular composition—the most solid composition one can build—sliced into the finest of filigrees. Barely any sign of the dwarves remain on this snow-white paper laced with traces of things cut away.

Herrera's quest for reverse purism has led him to create an imagery of ever-greater simplification by increasingly complicated means. Take his use of reproduction and photography—a medium that first entered his work in 1995—and a seemingly incidental black-and-white photograph from 1997 of a forest. There is something odd about the view. That passage of reflection among the trees: Where does it come from? It's a trick Herrera confides he took straight from a hobbyist's book. Hold a mirror at an angle in front of the camera and reflect part of the picture back into itself. The illusion doesn't stop there, but grows more complex. Using black wool felt, Herrera made a series of cutouts that hang loosely from the wall like the physical embodiment of poured ink. Within these fluid silhouettes, one sees an uncanny resemblance to the densely tangled tree trunks reflected in the photo. Nevertheless, it's only the mangrove of one's own imagination, fooled by Herrera into seeing something that again is not there. The felts are utter abstractions. In a truly perverse application of the photogravure technique—a technique favored by Pictorialists for its exquisite detail—Herrera made the lugubrious kind of line you see in his felts the spare subjects of a photographic edition. At CGAC, the artist's most recent foray into photography finds his approach no more straightforward. Eighty abstract black-and-white prints are installed in two long rows, like an unfurled experimental film. In a sense the series is just that. After shooting extremely close-up details of collage drawings, he dropped the rolls of film into water for a length of time. When he had the film developed, the images came out gorgeously degraded, washed and burned by that elemental substance.

As Herrera's processes grow more indirect, so his own hands are less involved. After 2001, he stopped painting his wall works and started hiring professional sign painters. He provides the drawing and they enlarge and fit it to the space. At CGAC, a sign painter from Madrid who specializes in movie poster painting was brought in to realize the unusually rendered nature of this image. It was in 2002 that Herrera first employed a commercial illustrator to prepare the backgrounds for his collages. For the monumental series *Keep in touch* (2004), he commissioned five sets of thirteen different backgrounds, each airbrushed by hand. (One of the sixty-five became the wall painting of the same title.) Working on top of these backgrounds, he aims to keep his own moves to a minimum by using pre-fabricated collage elements. These he makes and stockpiles around the studio: batches of brushstroke silhouettes, heaps of paint pours, and stacks of selected pictorial parts, all ready to be art-directed into place. Once you start looking, you see the same elements turning up again and again, as positive and negative shapes, as painted or plain cutout pieces of paper. The backgrounds, taken from animated films and pared of any excess detail, are like tiny stage sets for Herrera's modular Surrealism. Stress-free in every way, anxiety is one of the things cut out of these strangely authoritative images.

Photography is only the most explicit form of mechanical reproduction that Herrera deploys. Buried within the process of making his drawings are often layers and layers of transparencies that have been duplicated, traced, projected, flopped, turned, and re-drawn over a lightbox to construct images that look wholly simple at the same time that they are nightmarishly complex. This is especially so when these images begin to clone themselves. Take *Night Before Last*, which begins in 2002 with sixteen drawings. Each sheet figures a pair of stacked motifs that seem identical: a painterly pour on top of a «seven dwarves» amalgam. (There are really only eight different drawings, but let's not go there, for sim-

plicity's sake.) Despite having aroused the desire for something as elusive as the perfect match, the pairs are not exactly the same. It is as if from this tiny gap in registration come the many variations that follow: single elements cut in sharp silhouette, random combinations drawn in juddering line. A number of wall drawings have spun off this matrix, including an upcoming commission in Chicago that will be the final «episode» of *Night Before Last*—just when it seems like there could be no end in sight.

Nevertheless, the CGAC show is full of endings: the last envelope collages and the near obliteration of dwarves, among them. Despite its circularity, or perhaps by way of it, this exhibition ends with a question that could be one of Herrera's own intimate yet rhetorical-sounding titles: Where do you go from here? Back to the beginning, of course; back to A for Arp, whose art is so synonymous with Biomorphism and collage that it seems redundant at this point to mention it. To say that Arp has been there since the beginning is to go all the way back to Herrera's natal city, where Arp's monumental sculpture *Le Berger des nuages* (1953) gleefully graces the campus of the University of Caracas. Itself a masterpiece of Modernism, the campus was designed by the Venezuelan Carlos Raúl Villanueva to unify art and architecture within a total plan. Works by Calder, Vasarely, Léger, Lam, as well as Arp, among others, are incorporated into architecture that itself responds to its tropical locale by making ventilation a premise for high design.

Arp also found artistic freedom in cut-away forms. Originally from Alsace (his name is actually a Teutonizing of the Gallic «Harpe»), he eventually ended up in Zurich, where his experiments with collage made him one of the founding figures of Dada, and later in Paris became a pioneer of Surrealism. And though his buoyant work seems almost antithetical to the anti-Modernisms it was advancing, Arp's art does stand in fundamental opposition to geometric abstraction as an absolute. His

own brief involvement with such a reductivist approach only led him to embrace organic forms and growth with greater enthusiasm. (The tale of him being horrified to learn that Mondrian hated trees is telling.) Sex was naturally a great source of inspiration for the principle he would eventually dub «creative abstraction,» and which is presaged as early as 1917 by his radically fresh relief objects. Composed of cutout shapes of brightly painted wood, and hung directly on the wall so that light and air freely circulate, these works are happy mongrels—the lovechildren of painting, drawing, sculpture, and collage. One is called *Flower-Hammer* (1917), a title that echoes the 1994 group exhibition *The Sick Rose*, which included Herrera's art. Indeed, Herrera's knobby relief object *Kindness (Pink)* (2000) seems modeled directly after the white «hammer» element in Arp's floral construction. And among his latest work at CGAC is a group of paper reliefs that could be the direct spawn of Arp's wooden ones, except that they so clearly speak Herrera's language of lines and forms. Made from two sheets of cut paper, pinned directly to the wall, these most ephemeral of collage constructions distill Herrera's art into an impure system of abstraction that might permeate any situation.

The installation at CGAC perfectly presents the circularity of Herrera's process. By selection not a comprehensive survey, it is also not laid out in strict chronological order. Instead, the show seems constructed in collusion with the architecture, an enfilade of galleries that allows one to maintain the beginning and end simultaneously in view. Upon entering the first gallery, you walk straight into *Tale*, the earliest work in the show. Basking in its orange glow, which illuminates the entire room, is Herrera's most recent collage series, *Keep in touch*. If you turn around right here and look straight ahead, you see in the distance the artist's wall drawing, created especially for the exhibition and based on one of

the collages you were just looking at. And so it goes with this show that constantly loops in on itself. Most strategically placed is *Still* (the deer relief object), positioned like a sticky wicket to keep popping attention back into the center of the exhibition. How apt! Arturo Herrera is, after all, the champion of curves and non-linear lines that defy Modernism's relentless drive forward (and into a blank wall?). In lieu of this progress, you have an opportunity to experience through Herrera's work acts of retrieval and process that circle back into the tale of Modernism and redeem from its essential impurities a contemporary art of sheer form.

Texts referenced in this essay include: Fred Camper, «Powers of Subtraction,» *Chicago Reader* (February 13, 1998). Jean Cathelin, *Jean Arp* (New York: Grove Press, 1959). Holland Cotter, «The Joys of Childhood Re-examined,» *New York Times* (March 24, 1994). Christopher Finch, *The Art of Walt Disney: From Mickey Mouse to Magic Kingdoms* (New York: Abrams, 1975). Michel Foucault, *The History of Sexuality* (New York: Vintage Books, 1978). *Arturo Herrera*, interview with Neery Melkonian (Santa Fe: The Center for Contemporary Arts, 1993). Kathryn Hixson, «Arturo Herrera,» *Flash Art* (October 1995). Allan Kaprow, «Impurity,» *Art News* (January 1963). *Claes Oldenburg: Multiples in Retrospective 1964-1990* (New York: Rizzoli, 1991). William Seitz, *The Art of Assemblage* (New York: The Museum of Modern Art, 1961). Neville Wakefield, «Arturo Herrera,» *Interview* (April 2001).