



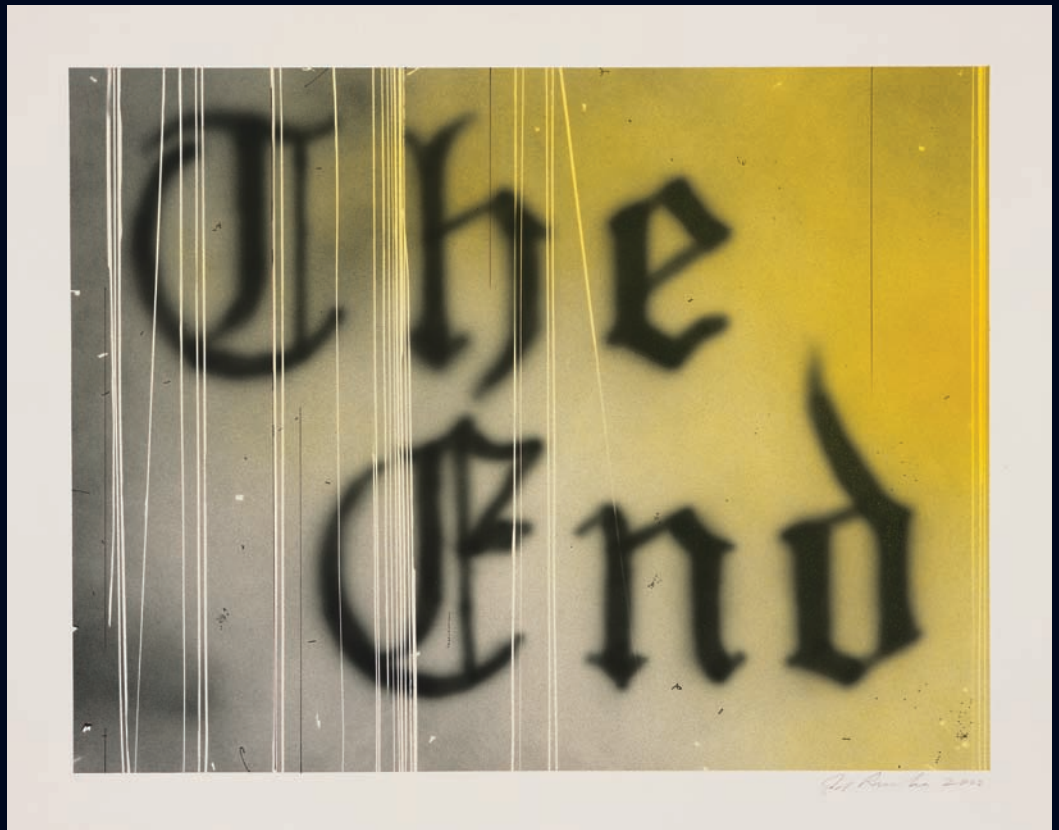
DÉJÀ VIEW

LOOKING BACK AT THE VISIONARY WORK OF ARTIST ED RUSCHA

IT GOES WITHOUT SAYING THAT FASHION

and graphic design borrow from art, but the influence of Nebraska-born artist Ed Ruscha on the look of now runs deeper than most. That hot new tee bearing a single witty phrase in unlikely Gothic lettering, the slick, navy-inspired font on the cover of *GQ*, those seductively minimal landscape paintings everybody's into: Ruscha's been there, done that – but skipped the T-shirt. This summer, New York's Whitney Museum of American Art takes a look at the seminal artist with *Cotton Puffs, Q-tips®, Smoke and Mirrors: The Drawings of Ed Ruscha*, a retrospective featuring works drawn using his tasty trademark media: onion juice, lettuce stains, gunpowder, petroleum jelly, blood and pastels. Though Ruscha tends to get grouped with pop art, his combination of text and imagery as a sort of dreamy mental collage has more in common with conceptual artist Joseph Kosuth and Dadaist Marcel Duchamp. His titles, like his work, are transcendental, strange and wryly humorous in a way that only '60s Americana can be. *Honey, I Twisted Through More Damn Traffic Today*, *Pigeon Love* and *They Called Her Styrene* are bound to get gallery-goers laughing under their breath. Who knows? Maybe you could be the impetus for the next Ruscha masterpiece: *Cola Squirting from Canuck Nostrils and onto My Work*. Just don't tell them we sent you. **DAVE G.**

Cotton Puffs, Q-tips®, Smoke and Mirrors: The Drawings of Ed Ruscha runs concurrently with *Ed Ruscha and Photography from June 24 to September 26* at the Whitney Museum of American Art in New York.



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