If someone had asked Andy Warhol to write a book of poetry about himself, he might have chosen to copy Peter Oresick's *Warhol-o-rama* word for word, repetition being the highest form of flattery in Warhol's elusive world. Oresick's meticulous study transmutes the material of this materialist artist's life into a tasty elixir of fuzzy pop poetry. Through Oresick's poems we see an image-maker becoming the image himself; we see Warhol and his Factory "workers" creating the art that would create their staggering fame; and we see images of the immigrant Pittsburgh experience lurking in the artist's production and the production of the artist.

After his graduation from the Carnegie Institute of Technology in 1949, Warhol's gift for commercial art drew him from his hometown to the glitz of New York City. Nevertheless, Warhol's work ethic and private lifestyle never strayed far from images associated with Pittsburgh's, strong working-class ethic, solid family ties, and immigrant Catholic upbringing. All course through Oresick's collection and cement Warhol for better or worse as Pittsburgh's 20th-century prodigal son.

Oresick's choice to represent the persona of Warhol through recognizable forms, like FBI reports, classified ads, and letters from Campbell's Soup executives, also gives the collection a glossy look of verisimilitude. This whirlwind tour of poetic forms linguistically employs many of the techniques Warhol used in his work to define and defy popular culture. "Andy Warhol for Believers," is a mirror image of itself, espousing the cardinal rule of Warhol's art: "Warhol took endlessly reproducible images / and reproduced them endlessly." At the same time the poem undermines this accomplishment in the central crease of the poem, "Not really. It was just paint. / Not really. It was just paint." This repetition and the poem's turn on itself, while humorous in its hubris, also serves as a reminder of the insecurity beneath every Warhol canvas and silver mop-top wig. By the end of the collection in "Andy Warhol for *Familiar Quotations*," the repetition works even harder on the reader, "Fashions fade, Andy Warhol said, but style is eternal. / Everyone will be famous, Warhol said, for 15 minutes. / Isn't life, said Andy, a series of images that repeat? / Andy said, Always leave them wanting less," turning the poem from sassy romp into elegy.

*Warhol-o-rama* is a condensation of Warhol and his times distilled from Oresick’s delving into Warhol’s “Time Capsules” housed at The Andy Warhol Museum in Pittsburgh. Sifting through the treasure/debris of Warhol's life and death, *Warhol-o-rama* stands like Warhol and Edie Sedgwick on the cover, arms held open ready to embrace, a panoramic love letter from one Pittsburgh artist to another, and a tribute to the city that Warhol ultimately never left.

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