

## The naked truth

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"Is it true the natives think the camera steals their souls?"

"Some of them. The sensible ones."

Pat Barker, *The Ghost Road*<sup>1</sup>

Not so long ago I was discussing aesthetics with the junior faculty of a northern university, when one of them said, as a kind of joke, that whenever she saw a job opening in aesthetics posted, she could not suppress the thought that the department wanted someone who could do nails. She clearly came from a language community in which the term serves as the generic business name of enterprises ministering to the cosmetic requirements of patrons who would, if they lived in the United States, instead have had recourse to what, evidently without thinking it the least odd, we designate as "beauty shops." And her amusement derived from the appropriation, in one language, of a term that has come to mean, in another language, primarily a branch of philosophy, concerned, as the dictionary tells us, with "a theory of the beautiful and of the fine arts." It is more than slightly ludicrous to think of cosmetology as applied philosophy, and the permanent wave as an exercise in practical aesthetics, as if one might assure graduate students in aesthetics that they might always find employment in a tight market by trimming hair – or for that matter "doing nails" – just as students of logic are assured that careers in computer programming are fallback options in case academic positions are not to be had. The ludicrousness of applying a discipline almost defined by the contrast between the aesthetic and the practical is given an edge of slight revulsion by the image of the philosopher with clippers and rouge pot.

The philosophical beautician – or practical aesthetician – would of necessity be engaged in the activity of flattering the appearances, which Plato had already decreed as repugnant in the *Gorgias*, where no deep differentiating line is allowed to be drawn between the art of the hairdresser and that of the Sophist. It is this perhaps that explains the mild shudder: what better characterization of the beauty shop could we find than Plato's way of putting the vaunted practice of the Sophist down as "making the worse as the better case?" The beautician does what she can to make silk purses out of the sows' ears who wish under false colors to win contests in the skirmishes of flirtation.

There is no dialogue titled *to' Aesthetikos – The Beautician* – but it would not be difficult to imagine a conversation – it might be a pendant to the *Ion* – in which Socrates, true to character, undertakes the dialectical brutalization of the somewhat effete hairdresser who takes on the defense of appearances. It would take very few ironic pages before Socrates would score the point that ringlets and pomades will not make anyone better but at most momentarily happy, and that we ought to turn from appearance to reality, from what we aspire to look like to what we should aspire to be, and instead of a life of ephemeral attractiveness we should seek one of abiding goodness and justice. After all, it was Socrates' mandate to establish that it was better to be than to appear just, even if, in the limiting case, the just man should appear maximally unjust and the unjust man appear the embodiment of justice, as in the case, Colin McGinn pointed out to me, of Dorian Gray. But *Aesthetikos* might profess puzzlement: he cannot see how our unhappiness with the appearances nature dealt us has anything much to do with goodness and with justice: there just is the human propensity to look askance at ugliness, even if beauty is only skin deep, and why should the just man badly endowed not enhance his hopes for happiness by rectifying his appearances in such a way as to deflect the propensity to suspect the ill-favored, gain the trust of others, and actually do the just things his appearances render difficult? Possibly we would be better off if we could be indifferent to our appearances, but, *Aesthetikos* continues, this is tantamount to saying that we would be better off if we were not human. To be human is to care about how we are seen, and that means that, as humans, we endeavor to see ourselves as others might see us, and seek, so far as possible, to assure that they will find us, if not attractive, at least not unattractive. Our preoccupations with aesthetics might be something of a distraction, but hardly equivalent to leading unjust lives! And

Aesthetikos, who happens to be a student of Gorgias himself, driven into cosmetic engineering because of the sparsity of paying jobs in Sophistry, presses his point. "Look at you, Socrates, with your belly hanging out and your dirty feet bare like that! If anyone *looks* indifferent to looks, it is you! Nobody would hire you if they wanted a lawyer! Nobody would hire you for anything, especially when you run about the marketplace saying to everyone in earshot that you don't know anything except how ignorant you are. You are an absolute master of appearances, and through the way you look get people to relate to you precisely as you wish. It would really be a fit punishment were the rulers to make you get a haircut, put on a pair of decent sandals, and lose a bit about the middle! You would probably prefer execution to changing your looks." The dialogue breaks off here, but it is very popular in the classroom, where there are predictably lively undergraduate discussions of the instructor's beard and blue jeans, or the ethnic jewelry and Andean pocketbook affected by the professor of multiculturalism, though shunned in the School of Accounting.

I shall memorialize Aesthetikos by designating as *aesthetikoi* those whose profession it is to enable individuals to achieve the looks that in their view represents them as they are, and letting the representationality of looks serve as a bridge between cosmetology and the mimetic arts in general. Needless to say, the look is capable of deceiving others, especially in causing them to believe its possessor younger and more attractive than reality underwrites, and it is the inducing of false beliefs that has doubtless made of *aesthetikoi* and their patrons targets of moralistic condemnation down the ages. It certainly establishes a philosophical fellowship between Ion and Aesthetikos, as it does between them and the legions of poets and imitators swept into the camp of enemies of the truth in the great dialogue that succeeds to Aesthetikos in the order of Platonic composition: Book 10 of *The Republic*. It does not matter that aesthetic mimesis is of an ideal, usually, which the acquirer of the false look falls short of, sometimes far short of, on her own. Mere works of art, however we fault them on Platonic grounds, in general do less damage than looks achieved through the mediation of *aesthetikoi*, which trap the unwary, as we see, for sad example, in the cruel case of the second Mrs. Dombey's meretricious mother, Mrs. Skewton, whom Dickens refers to as "Cleopatra" when she is made up to face the world:

Mrs. Skewton's maid appeared, according to custom, to prepare her gradually for night. At night, she should have been a skeleton, with dart and hour-glass, rather than a woman, this attendant, for her touch was as the touch of

Death. The painted object shrivelled underneath her hand; the form collapsed; the hair drooped off; the arched dark eyebrows changed to scanty tufts of grey; the pale lips shrunk; the skin became cadaverous and loose; an old, worn, yellow, nodding woman, with red eyes, alone remained in Cleopatra's place, huddled up, like a slovenly bundle, in a greasy flannel gown.<sup>2</sup>

But of course the deception can be vastly more serious than anything padding, coloration, and false curls can achieve. Plato tips his hand at the end of Book 10, when he has Er watch supposedly purged souls choose their next lives. He tells us of a man who chooses the life of a tyrant, obviously the life painted in glowing colors by the Sophists. Socrates wrangled with throughout, those who, like Callicles and Thrasymachus, tell us that the best life is the one in which a person can do what he wants with impunity. The assumption is that each of us really wants power and sex, whatever the appearances – and what Socrates has wanted to argue is that this is itself the most dangerous appearance of all: it represents a morally ugly life as beautiful – and when the duped soul sees the reality he has chosen “he began to beat his breast and lament over his choice.” The Sophists have, in their portrayals of life, as usual made the worst appear better, given the natural appetites of those they deceive. This, by the way, might give Plato an answer for Aesthetikos. He has given Socrates his unprepossessing look in order that the reality of the good, just life he exemplifies be the one his readers choose. The point is to *be* like Socrates, since no one would choose to *appear* like him. “And it shall be well with us both in this life,” Socrates tells Glaucon, “and in the pilgrimage of a thousand years which we have been describing.”

In one of her *Matisse Stories*, A. S. Byatt has her heroine, a middle-aged university lecturer, patronize a beauty shop because of a print of Matisse's *Pink Nude* she sees through the window. She would sincerely attribute her patronizing the establishment to the artistic taste of the patron when in fact it is the sexual voluptuousness of Matisse's nude that draws her in, but we learn this, as she does, only late in the story. The lecturer affects a certain plainness in her appearance, wearing her hair straight and somewhat severe. One day she comes in to have her hair done, for she is to be on TV, and in the midst of the washing she lapses into a memory of intense lovemaking with an Italian student, when she was young. On this occasion, the *aesthetikos* has turned her over to an assistant, who does not know her preferences, and when she emerges from her memory she sees herself in the mirror wearing rather an elaborate coiffure, an architecture

of curls and whorls, the kind, indeed, appropriate to a women of her age and her attainment. She throws a fierce tantrum, smashing the tinted mirrors with jars of gel. When she calms down it is clear to us, and it becomes clear to her, that her straight hair was a memorial to vanished youth and to that moment in her past when she and her flesh were as one, as in the Matisse. It is no longer appropriate, much, as Aristotle observes, as the young man's scarlet cloak is unbecoming when worn by an elderly man. The lecturer is not endeavoring to deceive nor disguise, but the look she has, with the collaboration of the *aesthetikos*, made her own has had a double meaning she only now is able to see through. It is meaning rather than mimesis that must be appealed to in seeing what appearances are in the moral lives of humans. When the curled replaces the straight in the lecturer's appearance, there is no question that she is being truer to what she is; it would be like putting aside scarlet cloaks and acting one's age. But that is because she now identifies with the meaning carried by the curled as against the more private meaning carried by the straight.

This might offer Socrates the basis of a reply to Aesthetikos. He can defend his looks by saying there is no stigma in carrying a potbelly when one has passed the age in which it is suitable to wrestle naked in the palaestra, where the belly would reduce effectiveness and would in any case be less – aesthetic. So his present lumpy middle is a way of signaling acceptance of middle age: diet and exercise would doubtless make him slim, but this would be a kind of scarlet cloak – part of the paraphernalia of youth. Socrates would be right, were he to have recourse to such an argument, but he would have lost the match, for he has conceded meaning to appearances of a kind his older way of contrasting appearance with reality was too coarse to capture. We live in a world of appearances, he would have to concede, but they define what we are at any given moment, and the *aesthetikoi*, like artists, are laborers in the field of symbolic reality. When Socrates first sets out to design his republic, the whole form of life to be lived by its inhabitants, while it ministers to basic needs, does so in a way to transmit to potential conquerors that this is not a polity worth the conquest. It has none of the gold and plate that countries go to war for. Nothing we do as human beings is innocent of meaning, and a Platonic Form of human reality that left meanings out of reckoning would be radically inadequate. The radical tack of turning one's back on appearances is a formula for ineffectiveness. The right tack would be to engage with the Sophists, but to make the bet-



ter appear the better. And what else, after all, do the Socratic dialogues try to do? There is a truth in appearances that ensures as deep an affinity between Aesthetikos and Socrates as the falsity in appearances gives Aesthetikos his standing in applied Sophistry.

Byatt's dowdy lecturer turns out to be transformed by her coiffure into a grudging attractiveness, as an evidently unwonted kiss from her husband that evening demonstrates. Nor is attractiveness altogether alien to her personal agenda of looks. It is just that the attractiveness she wants is only symbolically facilitated by the style she affects: it is the attractiveness of a lank, humid female in the coils of young fleshly love. *She*, before her enlightenment in the beauty salon, would have justified her dowdiness by appeal to "what is fitting" for a person of her station, dedicated in almost Platonic fashion to higher scholarship. It is a kind of uniform of the professor who would suppose that she had left behind what she continues to live for in her heart of hearts, smouldering beneath the clinkers of middle age. Indeed, her husband tells her she looks twenty years younger, and the wry irony is that in seeking to retain her youth by means of straight hair, she made herself into something of a crone. The enlightenment is an accident, benign or cruel only the subsequent narrative of her life, beyond the narrative boundaries of the short story, could reveal. Byatt leaves her at a fork in her life path, where competing coiffures point, like signposts, in conflicting directions. And the enlightenment raises the difficult question of whether the truth inadvertently released to her consciousness by the well-meaning *aesthetikos* was a good thing. Conscious or unconscious, the projection of our image of ourselves through a system of symbolic appearances is something the ethical rights and wrongs of which are infrequently discussed, though everyone has intuitions in the matter, and the intuitions in a certain way are universal. In the domain of human rights, the moral inviolability of the body, appealed to in connection with torture and rape, and in connection as well with cruel and unusual punishment, is widely conceded. But what of the symbolic body, the body presented symbolically under a system of signals that convey the meaning a person intends to have acknowledged by others? The kind of meaning mediated by the mirror in the *aesthetikos's* salon where patron and artisan collaborate on the production of an image?

In addressing this question, I want to make the mirror central: it is to one's mirror image that one assents or dissents, depending upon whether one believes that it expresses the truth of what one is. When

Byatt's lecturer sees reflected back a woman in a stylish coiffure, she has no doubts of the optical truth of the mirror image, but only of its moral truth – its *truth* to what she believes herself to be. And in a way her rage is explained less by the fact that the image is *false* to the belief than that the belief itself is false. She is no longer a student, no longer a girl; she has, as the mirror shows, taken on attributes she has systematically denied through affected plainness. Mirrors, like cameras, always tell the truth, optically speaking, but they do not always tell the moral truth, as I am using that somewhat uncomfortable phrase. I have in mind the distinction, made much of by Virginia Woolf in the character of Jennie in *The Waves*, between composing one's face before the mirror, so that one sees, hopefully, what one intends to see, and catching a glimpse of oneself in a mirror – one's mouth sullen, one's posture slack, one's belly out – and, using the mirror as a monitor, adjusting one's features, throwing one's shoulders back, sucking one's stomach in. One arranges oneself to conform with the mirror image that commands one's assent. Of course, the discrepancy may in the end conduce to the acknowledgment of the glimpsed image: one has taken on weight, and taken on years, and allowed the history of sorrows to show in one's features. And at that point one might have recourse to the *aesthetikos*, to diet and hair dye, a tuck here and a tuck there, a regimen of exercise, so that the distance between the glimpsed and the rehearsed mirror image closes. Or one just accepts the glimpsed image, in which case the distance may close again, this time in the opposite direction: one stops resisting gravity, age, and letting one's features tell the bitter story of one's suffering. When this happens one has stopped caring. One is beyond the hope and fear that open space for applied aesthetic meditation.

Such a state is by no means contemptible. It can even be a basis for admiration. We all know one or two persons whose indifference to appearance is the objective correlative of their dedication to higher matters: the distinguished thinker with unkempt hair and cigar ashes on his stained vest, the visionary who so internalizes the urgency of her mission that she throws on whatever garment is at hand and makes obeisance to cosmetic imperatives by running her fingers through her hair. And probably that was Socrates' situation as well, so bent as he was on the pursuit of self-knowledge that we can imagine him throwing a scarlet cloak over his shoulders, not because he was an older gentleman feigning youth but because the scarlet cloak happened to be at hand. The admirability of indifference, on the

other hand, does not itself define a universal ideal, though certainly if it were universal, there would be one modality of vulnerability to which human beings would no longer be exposed, and one modality of suffering. They – we – would no longer be vulnerable to a certain form of ridicule, and no longer be subject to the pain of mockery. And with this I approach the ethics of aesthetic degradation, where persons are degraded through their looks. The unkempt visionary and the disheveled thinker are obvious targets of ridicule and objects of mockery. But their unconcern, the absence of care, immunizes them against the suffering ridicule and mockery are intended to inflict. Doubtless this can ground an imperative of aesthetic asceticism, a further way to indemnify ourselves against suffering, a corollary of the kind of Hellenistic philosophy that sought such indemnification in its various stratagems to stultify pain. But that is tantamount to enjoining sainthood as the solution to moral problems. And it is a variant on blaming the victim. It appears as if it is our own fault if we are open to suffering of this order when surely there is a moral misdemeanor in inflicting it. Surely it entails a violation of respect for the person, even if it is “one’s own fault” that one is vulnerable to it. Theft remains a moral transgression, even if we would be immune to it were we to forgo worldly possessions. One cannot exonerate thievery by enjoining Hellenistic wisdom against the transgressed. Besides, there is something brave in keeping up appearances in difficult times. One of Sartre’s characters insists on shaving in the prison camp, as a way of showing that his spirit is not in captivity. Winnie, in Beckett’s *Happy Days*, applies lipstick amid the ruins. Colette’s Julie de Carneihan knows that as long as she wears seductive lingerie, all is not lost.

I have read that when Elizabeth the Great grew old, she could no longer bear to look at her image in the mirror. So she left the daily task of applying makeup to her ladies-in-waiting, who, in the cruelty of their youth, placed a spot of red on the queen’s nose, to make her look foolish. One can imagine their stifled giggles as the queen, believing herself cosmetically armored, set forth to the ceremonies and duties of her day, made up like a clown. I take it that the queen must have ordered all mirrors removed from the court, and that none would dare to tell her that she had been betrayed. Cruelty is cruelty, even if it was the queen’s own fault that she left herself, through vanity, open to this practical joke. Had she known the truth, she would have felt at once degraded and betrayed, where the betrayal consisted in co-opting the vanity that would keep her from acquiring that



knowledge. The queen was hurt even though she in fact felt no pain: she was hurt through the subversion of her appearances, where she was made, on the scale of dignity, to look opposite to what she believed herself to look.

A case like the smutched queen helps us thus to see the moral inadequacy of Hellenistic theories, which tended to identify hurt with felt hurt and went on to argue that what you do not know – do not feel – does not hurt you. It is difficult to see how the queen's ignorance exonerates the ladies-in-waiting, whose action, because of its gratuitousness, has a quality of evil. It is a standard intuitive counterexample to Utilitarian moral theories that if they are right, it is morally acceptable to make a promise to someone one knows will die, all the while intending not to keep it, giving the promisee a pleasure she would not have had had the promise not been made, and none of the pain that knowledge that the promise was broken, was insincere, would cause, since death removes the possibility of that knowledge. Absence of knowledge cannot neutralize the moral quality of an action, though the knowledge would, in this case, constitute part of the action's wickedness, inasmuch as were the queen to discover what had been done, that would not merely add a truth to the body of truths in her possession: it would be a hurtful truth, and lodge, like an arrow, in the flesh of the queen's self-esteem. So in my view one has to build the pain into the indictment, even if the pain is never felt. And the controlling factor in the case would be the mirror image, even if mirrors had been systematically removed from the precincts of the court. The self-image with which the queen would have been presented, had she seen it, is hurtful to her even if she has not. It is hurtful because it makes her ridiculous, an object of derision and contempt, of mockery and hurtful, if suppressed, laughter. And all that for the mere entertainment of mischievous attendants!

I want to interject a word on the immateriality of death to the relevance of appearances as a source of moral concern. I am not thinking merely of the cosmetic interventions of the mortician, who seeks to leave an image of the departed in the minds of the mourners which is of a piece with the eulogy that paints the departed in becoming colors. For reasons far too deep for me to understand, it is a human reflex to want to establish an image of the departed, as if death is not final if the image itself lives on in the minds of those left behind. I am thinking, rather, of cases such as this: a wave of suicides among young women in a town in ancient Greece was ended abruptly when it was decreed that anyone who took her own life would be carried

naked to the graveyard. Nakedness in young men was not merely accepted but flaunted, but a woman's nakedness was a source of intense humiliation. It would not be a factor in not wanting to be seen naked that one would not know one was because dead. It would be even more painful to contemplate because one would be helpless to cover oneself. A New York medical examiner under the Koch administration was discharged because he entertained his wife and a group of her friends by showing them the reputedly anomalous penis of a famous actor when the latter had been taken to the morgue. Athena robbed Achilles of a gloating pleasure by preserving the body of the dead Hector against decay. And in general how we are to be remembered after death is an incentive to behave a certain way while alive, even if we know that we will not know how others represent us. Part of what concerns us is that the representations should be true. And this brings us back to the idea of the controlling image. The exposed maidens want to be remembered as virtuous, and for them being seen naked is inconsistent with that. The displayed actor wants to be remembered for interpretations and perhaps his romantic looks, but having his penis smirked at by strangers is inconsistent with that. Hector would want to be remembered as a hero, not a mass of decaying flesh, and Athena performed the function of mortician, keeping his beauty intact until he could be buried. Burial is a way of letting decay take place out of sight, so that the image is uncontaminated by it.

My interest in the rights of individuals over the way they appear, and my appeal to the endorsed mirror image as that through which the subject identifies himself, as how he wishes to be seen and of course thought of, was aroused by a certain concern with photographic images. Two concerns, in fact. The first is that there is no immediate assurance that a photographic image coincides with a look, just because there are differences between the speed with which visual images register and the speed with which photographic images do, so that there may be no way in which we can see something the way the camera shows it. This establishes a difference between the glimpsed mirror image, when we take ourselves by surprise, and being taken by surprise by a photograph of ourselves looking different from the way we would have looked had we composed ourselves for the camera. The difference is that it is unclear that what the "candid camera" shot shows and what the inadvertently glimpsed mirror image shows are on the same level, both being visually true. They are

not on the same level because we cannot see with the speed of the camera, and what the camera accordingly shows may not be the way we look, where "looks" are indexed to what is available to the unaided eye. The second concern is where the photographer asserts her authority to show the subject as she sees the subject, rather than the way the subject sees herself: where the photographer, as it were, asserts the rights of the artist over the rights of the subject. Both of these concerns may be violations of the right to control one's representations of oneself – the right, as it were, not to allow our appearances to be used without our consent – where consent consists, canonically, in endorsing an image as ours. This is not an absolute right, and it can be overridden. But I want to see how far the claim that it is a right can be taken. For if there is this right, then there are grounds for a certain moral criticism of images that violate the right.

Elizabeth's ladies-in-waiting transformed the queen into a sort of walking caricature of herself, but there is a clear difference between what they did and an act of iconoclasm, in which someone smears with red paint the nose of a statue of the queen or a painting. The desecration is intended to cause pain – it is a way of showing disrespect – but the evaluation of the action is qualified by considerations of political expression, which have to be balanced against the right of a subject to be portrayed a certain way. And iconoclasm has to be further distinguished from a caricature in which the queen is painted as having a red nose, where a further matter of artistic freedom complicates the issue. There are pictorial practices in which the relationship between an individual and her picture is considered to be one of identity, so that a desecration of an image is an attack on the individual whose image it is. Iconoclasm more or less presupposes this identity, but caricature does not: caricature makes a statement about its subject that may be injurious enough, since it asserts, by pictorial means, a proposition through exaggeration: the red nose can be taken as an assertion of alcoholism, or "bad blood," or mere disfiguring blotchiness: an assertion that the queen is a sot, a syphilitic, a hag. Being depicted in these ways is certainly painful enough when the assertions are true – but what if they are maliciously false?

In a show of student work from the school of the Art Institute of Chicago some years ago, someone exhibited a painting of Chicago's black mayor, Harold Washington, wearing nothing but frilly underwear. It was an exceedingly cruel painting, implying secret vices on the mayor's part or suggesting a metaphor for which there was no obvious interpretation that corresponded to any known fact of the

mayor's character or behavior. It was *merely* cruel: the painter wanted to hurt the mayor through damaging innuendo, and to justify his so doing not with reference to any truth but with reference to artistic freedom. An artist could paint what he wanted – and he wanted to paint Mayor Washington in a brassiere and panties. Shortly after the opening, a group of black aldermen entered the gallery and simply removed the painting, causing as great an uproar in the press as the painting itself had caused. The argumentation was predictable. Everyone in the art community regretted that the painting had been done, but saw no alternative but to show it once it was done. The premise was that any obstacle to its display was censorship and a violation of the artist's freedom of expression, however painful the content of what was expressed. The artist's First Amendment rights were at stake. But what of the subject's right to control over his image? I believe Washington had died by then, but as I have argued, that does not affect the right.

My own sense is that the aldermen's solution was correct. The painting was, literally as well as metaphorically, false, and it violated Washington's right to correct representation. The painting in question was essentially pictorial libel, as much so as it would be libel if a newspaper columnist, merely arguing freedom of the press, were to print an article claiming that Harold Washington wore women's underwear. One reads these days that J. Edgar Hoover liked to flit about in black cocktail dresses and fishnet stockings – but there is evidently testimony to this effect by people who actually saw him so garbed. The artist did not claim knowledge, but merely the freedom to assert pictorially what he did assert. He did not, as it were, believe it true. He simply did it as an act of aggression. The discussion on freedom of expression has from its inception allowed exceptions, notoriously in the example of shouting "Fire" in a crowded theater. I take it that the example intends the case of so shouting when there is no fire: in the situation where there is fire, shouting might save lives. It would be valuable to have some further examples, this perhaps being one, given the realities of racial antagonism in Chicago at that point. The removal of the painting would not open room for anyone to take down any painting found distasteful. The aldermen did not find this painting merely distasteful. They took it down because it falsely represented the mayor and appeared to justify false beliefs about him, and so violated the mayor's right not be falsely represented. Freedom of artistic expression is as limited as shouting in theaters is. My view would be that rights have to be balanced out.



### *The naked truth*

Merely, for example, because someone finds the representation of nudity offensive does not override a gallery's right to exhibit an artist's nude paintings. Injured sensibilities do not constitute a right to remove the agency of injury. There is no slippery slope at the top of which is the action of the aldermen with, farther down, the cancellation of the exhibition of Robert Mapplethorpe's photographs. There is no abstract right to remove offensive images, any more than there is an abstract right to exhibit them. We have to proceed case by case.

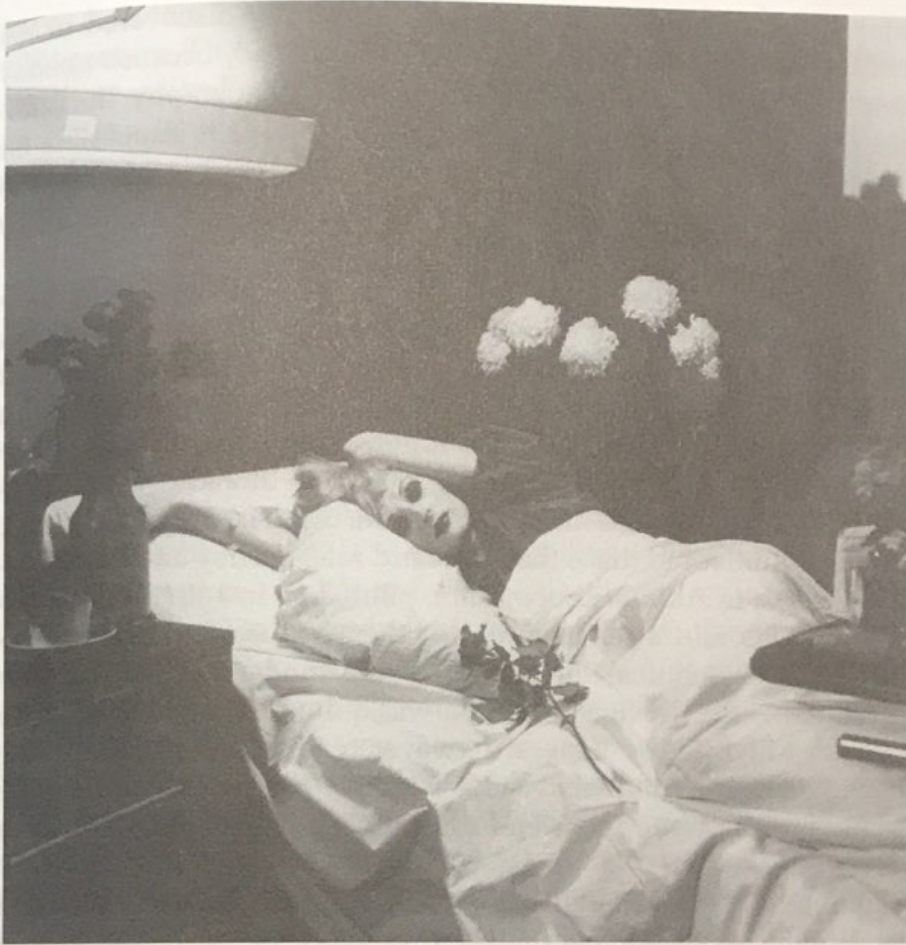
For the most part, the sorts of cases I am interested in discussing do not arise with photographs, though the technology of computer simulation certainly would raise them: a simulated photograph of Mayor Washington in feminine underwear closes certain of the gaps between painting and photography. The kinds of cases I am thinking about do not raise the specter so much of libel – they do not connect with legal matters at all. But they do involve moral judgments and hence a form of criticism on moral grounds that leaves artistic freedom untouched. There is a question of artistic autonomy somewhat parallel to the legal questions of artistic freedom. And in the case of photography there is probably an evenly matched contest between the right of an artist over his images and the right of the subject over his appearances. I will bring this out by considering two ways in which this conflict might arise, only one of which raises interesting philosophical questions.

I want to contrast two photographs of the transvestite Candy Darling – aka James Slattery – a superstar, or at least a star, in various Andy Warhol films, who formed part of the flamboyant chorus of misfits that surrounded Warhol in the 1960s. Born in Massapequa on Long Island – the son of a policeman – Candy Darling achieved a triumph in Warhol's 1968 film *Flesh*, in which she and another transvestite, Jackie Curtis, read bits of gossip to one another from movie magazines as Joe D'Allessandro, his back to the viewer, is apparently receiving oral sex. Of the transvestites in Warhol's stable, Candy Darling had perhaps the deepest vocation to be a female movie star: as a youth, he wanted to be Lana Turner, then, somewhat later, Kim Novak. He dyed his long hair blonde, had a willowy figure, and displayed, as if by upbringing, the most ladylike demeanor. Candy Darling – who had by then a devoted following – died of cancer in 1974, and I shall respect her memory by using the feminine pronoun. The photographs are respectively by Richard Avedon and by Peter Hujar. Avedon's picture, *Andy Warhol and Members of the Factory* – a



rather large polyptych of 1968 – shows a number of figures, all of them male, naked. All but one of the women, several other men, and Warhol himself are fully clothed. Candy Darling is grouped with the naked males, and she stands, in makeup and garter belt, and with her long hair, looking like Venus in Botticelli's famous panel, but with a penis. It is an aggressive picture, like so many of Avedon's, and particularly so in the case of Candy Darling, whom it is clear the artist means to "uncover" or "expose": as if, had he left her clothed, the viewer would not know she was a man. Instead, she looks like something of a sexual freak. Candy Darling clearly had a fragile personality, and for someone who lived the fantasies of movie magazines and Hollywood allure, it would have been too much to ask her to resist the opportunity to be photographed by someone whose name signified fashion, beauty, and glamour. So for the sake of that opportunity, Candy Darling betrayed her true identity. When I speak of Avedon as aggressive, I mean that he did not simply disregard Candy Darling's values, he forced her to surrender them. I find it an exceedingly cruel image, but given that the subject was co-opted, there is no serious parallel between it and the painting of Harold Washington *en travestie*.

I contrast Avedon's image with a photograph by Peter Hujar, *Candy Darling on her Deathbed* (1974). It is an extremely moving picture of Candy Darling, in a black nightgown and mascara, dressed as it were for the occasion, with bouquets of flowers by her bedside and a single rose beside her on the sheet. She has arranged herself in the Hollywood pose required by a glamorous expiration and is clearly playing a role, that of *la dame aux camelias*, dying a beautiful death. Hujar has photographed her the way she would have wanted to be shown, and he has added something of his own: the black closes in on the beautiful lady as she leaves the world like a poem ending. Hujar lived in the closed world of transvestites, the world so marvelously recorded by Nan Goldin (who was also part of it), and accepted their values without question. I regard this as his masterpiece, and one of the truly great photographs of the century. What I admire is the profound respect he displayed for Candy Darling's project, and the way he presented this death portrait as an authentication and a gift. Hujar had deferred to the image Candy Darling would identify as her and submerged his artistic will to that of the subject. Avedon violates the subject's will to his own ends. He has whited out the background, which is a signature manner, displaying the truth of Candy Darling without qualification. Hujar has used the shadows to



lend drama and pathos to fit the role and the fact of a dying beauty. There is nothing of libel in Avedon's image – he shows us what is, after all, the truth. But it remains a morally bruising artistic action whose harshness is not mitigated by the so-called autonomy of the artist.

My second example also turns on the claims of artistic autonomy, and may again be illustrated by the work of Richard Avedon. But it turns on a certain feature to which the high-speed camera gives rise in the sense that it produces images that do not correspond to the way subjects look, mainly because looks are indexed to certain limits on the visual of which nobody was especially aware until the invention of high-speed photography, where the camera shows things we are unable to see. But it is what we *are* able to see under normal conditions that defines a look. This can be brought home by considering a whimsical charge by the Russian émigré painter, Alex-

ander Melamid, that the cave paintings recently discovered in the Ardeche were fakes. They were, Melamid argued, because nobody knew how to paint animals in motion before photography, the influence of which on whoever did the painting makes it impossible for them to have been executed before the invention of photography. The allusion, of course, is to the celebrated images of moving horses by Eadweard Muybridge of 1877.

It is well known that the unaided eye cannot answer certain questions regarding the locomotion of animals – for example, whether a horse in flying gallop ever has all four legs off the ground at once. It was in order to settle this (and decide a bet) that Muybridge set up a bank of fourteen cameras whose shutters were triggered by a horse running in front of them, tripping attached threads. These photographs were published in 1878 under the title *The Horse in Motion*, and it is doubtless to these that Melamid refers. They and the subsequent images in *Animal Locomotion*, published in 1887, made Muybridge famous, and when he projected them by means of his zoopraxiscope – a technical forerunner of the modern motion picture mechanism – the illusion of motion was quite thrilling. No one who has seen Muybridge's images, however, which are stills showing arrested motion, would have the slightest temptation to see any resemblance between them and the running beasts of the Ardeche caves.

The reason is easy to state. We really don't see animals move the way Muybridge shows them moving, or else there would have been no need for the photographs in the first place: it was because no one knew the disposition of horses' feet when they run that Muybridge hit upon his awkward but authoritative experiments. Muybridge's published images had an impact on artists like Eakins and the Futurists, and especially on Degas, who sometimes shows a horse moving stiff-legged across the turf, exactly the way it can be seen in Muybridge's photographs, but never in life. Far more visually satisfying are the schematisms artists evolved down the centuries for representing animals in motion the way we *feel* they move. And what is striking about the Ardeche animals is the presence of such schematisms twenty centuries ago. Muybridge was, of course, positivistically contemptuous of the use of schematisms. His photographs showed how differently the horse uses its legs in the amble, the canter, and the gallop: it was, he told audiences, "absurd" to depict a galloping horse with all four feet off the ground. But a famous painting, which he made merry with – Frith's *Derby Day* of 1858 – shows no

fewer than ten horses in this visually convincing but locomotively false posture. The animals at Ardeche dash headlong through space, vastly more like Frith's – or Gericault's or Leonardo's – than the reality Muybridge's photography disclosed. And the philosophically interesting point is that we do not really know what a horse in flying gallop looks like, since it does not look like Muybridge's unquestionably true images and unaided perception cannot support any existing description. That is why schematisms are indispensable. The schematism in a certain sense corresponds to the canonical image of the subject – the image of who the subject thinks he is.

Muybridge reproduced his images sequentially, like panels in a comic strip, so that we get, with qualification, some sense of a total movement, whether of an animal or a human. The qualification is that the point of view on the moving subject is distributed across the several cameras, so that it is as if we get concatenated glimpses by distinct observers, which are never fused into a single coherent movement. This was regarded as a blemish on Muybridge's achievement by Thomas Eakins, who invented a form of the modern motion picture camera by attaching a rotating disk with two apertures to a camera, thus referring the successive images to a single point of view. When a device was contrived for projecting them at a certain speed, so that the individual images fused into a single motion, one could no longer answer questions about the relative position of the feet in flying gallop: that could be answered only by stopping the film and examining what we now refer to as a still. But the still does not correspond to anything the unaided eye is able to take in: we do not see, as it were, in time-stop fashion. The motion picture camera (including Muybridge's prototype) is accordingly an optical device for arresting motion if we arrest the motion of the film and study the frame. It shows us things that are not part of the normal visual world, like the microscope does. When the microscope was invented, there were those who seriously raised the question whether God meant for us to see things as it enabled us to see them. In 1877, that kind of question was no longer asked, though a somewhat similar one was, namely whether God intended us to see one another naked. Indeed, that got to be a very vexed question in Philadelphia, where Muybridge was invited by Eakins, at that time the director of the Pennsylvania Academy, to lecture. But this takes me ahead of my story. The point is that Muybridge had, as it were, invented the still without having quite invented moving pictures. Up to that point there was a relatively simple correspondence between ordinary perception



and the photograph: the photograph shows the world as we perceive it visually. The still, by contrast, shows the world as we are not able to perceive it visually. It shows us the world from the perspective of stopped time – the *fermata*, to use the title of Nicholson Baker's novel about a man able to stop time and explore the nakedness of women without their knowledge. The still is a kind of invasion into a world in which our eyes have no natural entry point.

In consequence of this contribution of Muybridge's, photographs became divided into two main classes, stills – which imply a reference to motion – and what one might, having in mind Fox Talbot's phrase "Nature's pencil," call "natural drawings." Talbot, after all, invented photography because of his own limitations as a draftsman: the camera was to do by means of light what he did by means of pencil – only, of course, more accurately and better. I am not recommending that we change our vocabulary to fit a distinction language has chosen to disregard. I make the distinction to draw attention to photographs that take normal perception as canonical, and photographs that disregard normal perception in showing us things the eye cannot see. Since the same kinds of cameras are used in making both kinds of photographs, with mechanisms for altering exposure by means of lens openings and shutter speeds, it gets to be a matter of the attitude of the photographer. Avedon makes stills, Hujar makes "natural drawings." And this in effect is the result of how they treat their subjects. Hujar posed his subjects as if he were a painter. They were not supposed to move. They *held* the pose, in the interest of an image that was a matter of negotiation between artist and subject. The controlling factor was what the subject wanted to look like, which the artist helped realize. Candy Darling was typical of the society of misfits and sexual fantasists from which Hujar drew his subjects (and his friends). They dressed for their portraits. Men wore women's clothing, or they posed in such a way as to proclaim their sexuality. And Hujar was unwavering in taking them at their own assessment, which is what gives his photographs their power and their truth. For what it is worth, my sense is that gay photographers are naturally drawn to "natural drawings," largely because of the fact that they are so singularly sensitive, through their sexual orientation, to appearances: the gay photographer and the *aesthetikos* probably share a sexual preference. Avedon has no interest in the sitter's wishes. He is after something the sitter may be unable to identify with at all. *Tant pis*. The sitter is a means to the attainment of an image that Avedon will not hesitate to claim is the truth of the sitter,



a revelation or discloser of who she is. But often, typically, the image is false.

Avedon's portraits are stills, then, even if not cut from a filmstrip. What makes them stills is that they are of moving objects. In a sense, the world, as Buddhists might say, is in unremitted motion: even a rock is different from instant to instant as sunlight and shadow induce their changes. Those are changes we do not see, any more than we see grass growing. They are too slow, the way a horse's movement is too fast for us to see the way its legs go. The changes I refer to in the case of portraits are the changes in the human face as it moves from expression to expression. One does not register these motions, which is why the artistic discipline of physiognomy never sought to deal with them: it dealt with fear, anger, joy, hope, and the like. Nadar collaborated with a physiognomist to capture the basic facial expressions, which Cindy Sherman astutely observed looked all alike – which means, probably, that there were schemata for these, as for horses in flying gallop, though the same expression would take on different readings in different contexts.<sup>3</sup> Edgar Wind, for example, demonstrates in *Hume and the Heroic Portrait* that the expression that means wild sexual abandon on the face of a maenad means intolerable grief on the face of a *Mater Dolorosa* at the base of the Cross.<sup>4</sup> The "smile" we are urged to show by the photographer is as close as most of us can come, if that far, in complying with a schema. Probably the photograph of a real smile is a natural drawing, since the smile assumed for purposes of being photographed is willed, where real smiles are not. The *still* of a smile is probably a record of a fleeting facial expression that merely looks like a smile.

Most of what the human face shows is not so much expressions as transitions between expressions, and with ASA 160 and shutter speeds of a sixtieth of a second we can capture stages in these changes that the eye never sees. Avedon gets his severe effects by overexposure – he sets his openings about two f-stops above what a light meter would recommend – and then underdevelops. (Maplethorpe kept his camera at f16, whatever that means here). The result is that faces are defamiliarized, all the more so as the typical Avedon portrait strips away the sitter's entire context. They are not the faces we know, if we know the subject, and certainly not what the subject sees in the mirror. My feeling is that in making stills Avedon asserts his autonomy over the subject, all the more so when he displays the image as the subject – for example, *Isaiah Berlin, Philosopher* – when anyone who knows the subject knows that this cannot

be he. It is, moreover, false to say that he sometimes looks like this. He never looks like that to the eye. He only does so to ASA 160, f22 at 30 – which, of course, does not see. Apologists often say, "In a hundred years, nobody will know what Berlin – or anybody Avedon photographed – looked like." But given the natural authority ascribed to the photograph, namely "Photographs never lie," this is how people a hundred years from now will believe someone looked. And that is to use artistic authority in the propagation of a falsehood.

A photograph for which we are unprepared will often show us things we would not know about ourselves, of course, and we have to admit its higher authority than our own self-deceived self-image. "I saw you in the paper," someone tells the narrator in a story by Michael Byers. "'I've gained a little weight since you knew me,' I said. My picture had been on the inside front page. I was on the stage, receiving a plaque from the principal and superintendent. My suit jacket had been open and my stomach loomed out in its striped shirt, my tie barely reaching to the third button. I had been shocked by the picture, unpleasantly, but strangely fascinated, too, as if I were seeing myself for the first time in years."<sup>5</sup> But it will often lie as well. Candid shots, taken in a certain glaring artificial light, do not necessarily show people as they in fact are. Their expressions are unnatural, their gestures as wooden as Muybridge's horses' legs. They look like terrible people. I find this in Gary Winogrand's images, which in my view are often unmeritedly punitive. Catching people unawares does not automatically assure us that we have achieved the truth. Cameras do not lie, but photographers do, making "the better case look worse."<sup>6</sup>

I cannot recall reading a discussion of nakedness in the canonical literature of philosophical ethics, a surprising omission in view of the fact that the first discovery made by Adam and Eve upon partaking of fruit from the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil was that they were naked and that nakedness was something of which to be ashamed. The phenomenology of perception at Genesis I is brilliant: when their "eyes were opened," the disobedient pair saw nothing they had not always seen, including one another's naked bodies. But for the first time they saw themselves *as* naked, and hence as in a condition that called for hiding. "Who taught you that?" God wants to know, for he realizes that this is not so much a new truth as a special perspective on old truths. They have, as the serpent promised, become "as gods, knowing good and evil." And it is surprising that

philosophers have not paused long enough in their endless mooted of promise keeping and truth telling to ask wherein the wrongness of being naked lies. My own sense is that the contrast with their prior state would be the same, even had Eve and Adam, in finding that they were naked, suddenly felt proud of their bodies. So that instead of making aprons out of leaves and hiding from God, they might have twisted flowers in their pubes, like Connie Chatterly and her lover. Shame and pride alike contrast with the state of innocence from which they had fallen. God would have known that they had knowledge only the gods had a right to, either way. And in particular, insofar as it is wrong to be seen naked, it is wrong to be shown naked, however the person in question happens to feel about his body.

Obviously there is something wrong in showing a person in some state of which the person is ashamed. Patricia Morrisroe describes an episode in her biography of Robert Mapplethorpe in which, untypically, the artist took photographs of someone against the latter's will: a particularly fat man let himself in for some masochistic thrills at the hands of leather-clad sadists, who forced him to submit to having the seance documented. It is not clear that the man was ashamed of the episode – it was very likely the acting out of a fantasy – but he was clearly ashamed of having it shown, and Mapplethorpe was wrong to show him this way, even if one is tolerant about what consenting adults do to one another in the name of sex. On the other hand, there exists a horrifying photograph of three Jewish women, stripped bare by the Nazis, waiting, terror in their eyes, to be executed. One would tend to think the humiliation forced upon these pathetic women vastly worse than the witness borne by the act of photographing it, and thus that the photograph stands today not as a self-indictment but as an indictment of inflicted shame. An enlargement hangs in a museum in Israel, devoted to what the Jews were made to endure by the Nazis. However, there is an Orthodox objection to the image, not because the women are ashamed of their nakedness, but because they are naked – as though the whole point of showing it were morally unacceptable because nakedness is morally unacceptable. Showing nakedness is morally disallowed by the rabbinate, even if there are compelling moral reasons for showing it.

In 1877, a writer in Philadelphia argued that it might be granted that "practice in every department is necessary to the thorough artist" without this committing one to the proposition that "what must be painted in the life-school, may surely be shown to the public." No, the writer continues, "To paint well the human figure, mod-

els are necessary: but . . . we deny that to paint the human figure utterly naked *is* to paint it well. And to paint it in any condition of exposure that lowers our sense of the dignity of the human being should be forbidden by directors of the life-schools." And he concludes with the rhetorical "Has a Hanging Committee no right of refusal if the *technique* be correct?"<sup>7</sup> This was in an era when there were serious problems regarding nudity in the "life-school" itself, when male models were required to wear loincloths, and female models given the option of wearing masks. Eakins (who has left us some powerful drawings of masked female nudes) was forced to resign the directorship of the Pennsylvania Academy because he removed the loincloth in the presence of female students, and he created a scandal a decade later when he did the same thing at Drexel in a course he had been invited to give on anatomy. His defense was based on pedagogical necessity: to learn to paint the male figure "well," one has to be able to follow the musculature all the way through, which even the minimal garment renders impossible. But no such argument justifies exhibiting a painting of a human male without a garment: the painted nude must as a matter of course be anatomically correct, but it is not the purpose of the painting to teach anatomical correctness. And this was the Philadelphia editorialist's point. What artistic justification could there be for "lowering our sense of the dignity of the human being" that nudity evidently *a priori* does?

One might think that little could be less compatible with the dignity of the wearer than an apron of leaves of the sort to which Eve and Adam resorted to hide their nakedness. And one of the tasks of artists, compelled by convention to depict the male nude in the achievement of the kind of historical painting that secured preferment in the salons, was to find a way of concealing the penis without reducing the dignity of the figure represented by means of a ludicrous garment: the wide scabbard worn diagonally across the groin, a fortunate twig, an architectural fragment would be typical academic stratagems. But the question of why nudity as nudity reduces human dignity remains to be answered. One is dealing, after all, with generic nudity, presumably, so that the kinds of considerations I have been pursuing in the body of this text would have no particular application: there is no one whose will is violated by her being shown nude. The painting of, say, Themistocles nude, where the artist employed a nude model, is not a painting of that model, not even if the artist copied that model's features exactly. And the same



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considerations apply to photographs of naked models, which were "legitimized" by photographing the figure next to a classical column, so that one could title it (say) "The Dream of Alcibiades." That way, men with certain tastes could glut their eyes on luscious youths, and draw as a kind of moral loincloth over their prurience the always acceptable excuse that they were admirers of the Classical. And of course this worked with female models as well: piety and family values disguised the real object of depicting, in *Roman Charity*, a young matron offering her breast to her imprisoned father, to keep him from starving. Eakins was revolted by these subterfuges in viewing the Salon of 1868:

The pictures are of naked women, standing, sitting, lying down, flying, dancing, doing nothing, which they call Phrynes, Venuses, nymphs, hermaphrodites, houris, and Greek proper names. The French court has become very decent since Eugenie had figleaves put on all the figures in the Garden of the Tuileries. When a man paints a naked woman, he gives her less than poor nature did. I can conceive of few circumstances wherein I would have to paint a woman naked, but if I did, I would not mutilate her for double the money. She is the most beautiful thing there is – except a naked man. . . . I hate affectation.<sup>8</sup>

Eakins would have muttered something about nakedness being "natural," and hence a representation of someone naked would itself have to be natural. His marvelous painting of the nude model in *William Rush Carving His Allegorical Figure of the Schuylkill River* of 1877 solves the problem of showing nakedness without resorting to artifice. But not being artifactual is not equivalent to being natural in the intended sense: nakedness had not been natural in the whole long history from Paradise to Philadelphia, at least in the Judeo-Christian tradition. If anything is natural to human beings it is to wear clothes. And when Eakins depicts naked males in his painting *The Swimming Hole*, he is clothing his figures in a form of nudist philosophy. When nakedness was natural to Adam and Eve, they did not think of nakedness as natural, since clothing had not been invented.

Eakins's powerful painting of William Rush and his model really solved the problem of how to show nakedness when artists no longer had the taste to set naked figures in classical landscapes: what they did was to paint models as models, rather than as Phrynes, Venuses, and nymphs. Artist-and-model, or model alone, became standard motifs in Modernist art, and the nude (typically female) figure became part of the vocabulary of studio interior, like the still life – or studio exterior, like the landscape – which turned out to be so attrac-



tive in the free markets of art from the late nineteenth century until very recently, when the life of the artist began to undergo powerful changes. Nude, still life, and landscape, for example, formed almost the entire range of Cubist and Fauvist canvases. In effect, by showing the nude as model, artists made an end run around the distinction that the Philadelphia critic took as canonical – between the studio and the gallery. The viewing public was given the privilege of the insider's view of naked flesh, not placed in edifying mythological and historical surroundings, but as so many planes and tones and shapes. The beginner in the life class was advised not to be shocked, but to look on the body as if it were a still life, an arrangement of forms. This of course did not prevent the artist from painting still lifes as if they were bodies – painting apples as surrogate breasts, as Meyer Schapiro insists Cézanne did.<sup>9</sup> Cubism and Fauvism were far over the horizon in 1877, but it is difficult to believe the Philadelphia writer would have understood their way of showing nudity as – showing nudity. He presupposed a naturalistic representational style. As in photography. In modernist representation, the nakedness of figures is, as it were, covered by the *style*.

In painting the model as model, artists painted women working, where nakedness was the condition of labor. That was not, of course, “natural,” in the nudist sense of the term. But neither was it an assault on the woman's dignity, unless modeling itself was, given that she understood that in posing she very likely would be shown. And indeed, other than as models, there was no “natural” circumstance under which people would encounter nakedness in the regular course of life – except in the intimacy of the bedroom. The disjunction of artist's studio or bedroom then meant that unless shown as a model – which turned out to be in its own way an edifying context, as much so as the sylvan glade, the classical landscape, the picnic of the gods – the depiction of nudity was ipso facto associated with sex. And it is this, as much as anything, that must underlie contemporary feminist animadversions against the depiction of naked women as objects of “the male gaze.” It must be a residue of received ideas from 1877 that in the 1990s females avert their eyes from naked men. In any case, in 1992, the directress of the National Museum of American Art – part of the Smithsonian complex – ordered the removal from an exhibition titled “After Muybridge” of an early work by the Minimalist master Sol Lewitt that showed the figure of a naked woman receding in space as one moved from porthole to porthole in a kind of stylized peepbox. It was claimed that the photograph,

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which was about as sexual as any of Muybridge's galloping horses or leaping men, was degrading to women.

The church fathers, Saint Augustine especially, saw the moral root of the discovery by Adam and Eve of nakedness as really the discovery of desire and of the clotting of reason by passion. Augustine's inference was that in Paradise there was no passion, that Adam planted the seed of his kind as coolly and as dispassionately as he would plant seeds in the ground, by sowing. For the first time Adam and Eve saw each other with desire, and they were ashamed of that feeling and, derivatively, of the state that occasioned it. The solution was to regain rationality by whatever improvised garment lay ready to hand, leaves as it happened. But it was too late. Sexualized beings could no longer look on one another save as potential objects of passionate desire. And that means we no longer see one another as rational beings seeing rational beings. Genesis was wise enough to recognize that this cut across the gender gap: both Adam and Eve undertook to screen their nudity from each other, at least until the privacy of whatever served them as bedroom: they had no business running about the garden in the "cool of the day" when their maker took a proprietary stroll. Nakedness belonged to the night – hence not under the full illumination allowed by the skylight in Philadelphia's Memorial Hall at the time of the centennial exhibition of 1876.

The knowledge of good and evil meant, in the language of the Bible, opening the eyes, and that meant seeing one another sexually. That is our condition, for better or worse, and the Bible simply takes it as something to be explained. Acknowledging it is not the same thing as returning to a state of innocence, but it is better, in my view, than seeing it as inimical to our dignity, for if the human being is a sexual being, the dignity of human beings must be consistent with that. No doubt we exploit one another through our sexuality, but the moral path to dignity is to recognize that sexuality itself is not exploitative but possibly fulfilling, at least along one of the dimensions of what it means to be human. But then neither is it exploitative to depict human beings as sexual, though by that I have in mind something rather stronger than merely showing human beings as naked. As far as showing a subject naked, the morality of that is altogether a matter of how the subject feels about himself as seen that way. Pauline Bonaparte was proud of her body when she posed for Bernini, but the *Man in Grey Polyester Suit* was sufficiently ashamed of his opulent sexuality that he made Mapplethorpe agree to crop his head when he photographed his immense penis hanging out of his

fly. Pride and shame, those postlapsarian feelings, define the morality of the situation once the objections to generic nakedness have been removed – if they have been removed.

Notes

1. Pat Barker, *The Ghost Road* (New York: Dutton, 1995), 86.
2. Charles Dickens, *Dombey and Son* (London: Penguin English Library, 1979), p. 472.
3. See Michael Kimmelman, "Portraitist in the Halls of Her Artistic Ancestors," *New York Times*, May 19, 1995.
4. Edgard Wind, "The Maenad under the Cross: Comment on an Observation by Reynolds," in *Hume and the Heroic Portrait: Studies in Eighteenth Century Imagery* (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1986), 74–6.
5. Michael Byers, "Settled on the Cranberry Coast," *Prize Stories, 1995*, ed. William Abraham (New York: Doubleday, 1995), 166.
6. An instructive example is the recent work of photographer Philip-Lorca diCorcia. "DiCorcia, 43, hides several synchronized strobe lights on signs or buildings, places his camera on a tripod and steps aside. . . . This technique allows his subjects no warning that they're being photographed, which seems to rankle New Yorkers more than most. 'They think I'm violating their rights,' says diCorcia, a New Yorker himself. 'Maybe I am.'" *New York Times Sunday Magazine*, May 18, 1997, 69.
7. In David Sellin, *The First Pose* (New York: Norton, 1976), 58.
8. *Ibid.*, 47.
9. Meyer Schapiro, "The Apples of Cézanne: An Essay on the Meaning of Still-Life," *Art News Annual* 34 (1968). Reprinted in *Modern Art: 19th and 20th Centuries* (New York: Braziller, 1978).