

books have had a decisive impact on film studies, and his writings on literature and music promise to do the same for their respective areas. Deleuze's book on Bacon—like the cinema books—is as much a book of philosophy as it is a book on painting. Those familiar with Deleuze's work will encounter familiar concepts—the diagram, faciality, difference and repetition, and haptic space. However, these and other concepts are placed within the affective space, or the “logic of sensation” of Bacon's paintings. Likewise, those familiar with Bacon's twisted, distorted, mangled faces and figures will find here a complementary conceptual voice in Deleuze. Deleuze's book is not art criticism, nor does it ever claim to be. He works as a philosopher, but one who always begins from Bacon's paintings, and his concepts emerge from the paintings—not as interpretations, but as a kind of resonance between “concept” and “affect.”

The book is divided into 17 chapters, and the Minnesota edition includes an excellent introduction by Daniel Smith (also the translator), as well as an afterword by Tom Conley. In each chapter of the book, Deleuze begins from a particular aspect of Bacon's paintings: arena and ring, body and figure, athleticism, the triptych, the face and the head, and the tactile and haptic qualities of paint itself. In each chapter one finds Deleuze developing new concepts and new ways of thinking about aesthetics, ways that are never far from thinking about the body, or violence, or politics. Deleuze not only meditates on Bacon's paintings, but also draws upon art history. His concepts emerge from a strange sort of immersed stoicism in his consideration of the affective capacity of Bacon's paintings (and hence the subtitle, “The Logic of Sensation”).

Take, for instance, the chapter on “Body, Meat, and Spirit,” a chapter that highlights some of the best aspects of both Bacon's painting and Deleuze's thought. As Deleuze notes, meat is both horrific in its implications and yet beautiful in its raw materiality: “Meat is not dead flesh—It manifests such convulsive pain and vulnerability, but also such delightful invention, color, and acrobatics” (p. 21). Deleuze effectively rethinks Cartesianism through the “athleticism” of meat; “meat,” for Deleuze, is a concept that describes a zone of indiscernibility between flesh and bone. Speaking of Bacon's 1975 *Three Figures and a Portrait*, he notes that “[m]eat is the state of the body in

which flesh and bone confront each other locally rather than being composed structurally” (p. 20–21). In this way, “the bones are like a trapeze apparatus (the carcass) upon which the flesh is the acrobat” (p. 21). For Deleuze, the real tension is not between body and mind (or even body and soul), but rather between flesh and bone. “Meat” is the name for that tension. “Meat is the common zone of man and the beast, their zone of indiscernibility” (p. 21). Chapters such as this one evoke the affective role of “meat” in contemporary art. For instance, one thinks of Diane Gromala's piece *Meat-Book*, in which a time-based (that is, decaying) slab of meat is embedded with proximity sensors in silicone, causing the meat to react and quiver as the viewer approaches it.

Deleuze's study is fascinating, whether or not you are a fan of Francis Bacon's painting. The book is really about sensation itself, or rather, a notion of sensation that is not a kind of procedural, Kantian container-sensation. For Deleuze, sensation is always a verb, not a noun, and this book is an attempt to make this movement and logic of sensation apparent—but not necessarily visible.

### PHILOSOPHIZING ART: SELECTED ESSAYS

by Arthur C. Danto. University of California Press, Berkeley, CA, U.S.A., 1999. 288 pp., illus. Paper. ISBN 0-520-22906-1.

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Arthur Danto is known primarily as a philosopher of art, and this volume of essays on art is the companion to another collection of more philosophically oriented essays, *The Body/Body Problem*, reviewed recently in this journal.

At the start Danto lays out with deftness and clarity his well-known formulation of the problem of defining art in an age when the art object cannot be perceptually distinguished from the non-art object. The problem is so acute in the case of Warhol's *Brillo Box* (1964) that the mere fact of its institutionalization by persons acting on behalf of the art world (the so-called institutional theory) is not enough, for Danto at least, to account for the philosophical difficulties it provokes. For the box to be art is for it to be “internally con-

nected with an interpretation,” which means “precisely identifying content and mode of presentation” (p. 9). The core of Danto's thesis is that “persons embody representational states, as artworks embody their contents” (p. 9), thus linking the philosophy of mind and the philosophy of art, to the point where he speaks less of “philosophizing art” (as the title might suggest) than “of art philosophizing itself.” Such is the case with Andy Warhol, where the work itself, he argues, constitutes a kind of philosophical discourse.

The way Danto then proceeds to write about art from a philosophical perspective is not so much to expound a particular doctrine or mode of analysis as it is to bring philosophical insights to bear on the difficulties inherent in (mostly) contemporary art. These difficulties—problems of representation, meaning, reference and interpretation—that Danto recognizes are no less profound, complex or urgent than the problems of contemporary philosophy.

In his chapter on Robert Motherwell, the seminal American expressionist, Danto claims that the artist

saw painting itself as a problem, very much as the great philosophers of the past saw knowledge itself—or understanding, or truth—as a problem, or as, in the twentieth century, philosophers found philosophy itself to be a problem to which increasingly radical solutions were proposed (p. 14).

Motherwell's strategy for resolving the problem of painting was to adopt a mode of practice that “demanded a wholesale reconstructive methodological solution” (p. 15). This was the “psychic automatism” propounded by Breton in his literary work, but hardly applied to visual art by the original Surrealist circle.

The paintings and drawings Motherwell made using the automatist approach (originally popularized by the psychics and mediums of the 19th-century spiritualist revival) pose a number of problems, not just for the philosophy of art, but for the philosophy of mind. In these works we are presented with urgent, mostly scruffy, marks that speak of meaninglessness, holding cognition at bay, but which we inevitably try to reconcile with memory, to find in them known objects or meaning. Consequently, the ordinary perceptual process is somehow challenged or disengaged so that one becomes conscious, as it were, of one's act of viewing, sifting and guessing. One is left,

like Danto talking of the *Altamira Elegy* (1979–1980), hypothesising that “the four heavy forms could be bunches of grapes, or fruits on a table, as in a famous painting of persimmons by the thirteenth-century Japanese artist Mokkei” (34). Although Danto does not say it, in a suitably Zen-like way one is confronted in Motherwell’s automatist marks with something like “pure sensation,” a state almost devoid of cognition, a state of great philosophical significance.

But in an essay devoted to Warhol, “The Philosopher as Andy Warhol,” Danto could be accused of setting himself up for a fall, or at least an anticlimax. Given the centrality of Warhol to Danto’s life’s work, and the extraordinary claims made on behalf of his art (“[Warhol] made a philosophical breakthrough of almost unparalleled dimension in the history of the reflection of the essence of art” [p. 74]), we are entitled to expect something definitive on the nature of art, and even philosophy, as exemplified by this artist. The essay starts by fluently narrating the emergence of Pop, its reaction to the self-proclaimed profundity of the Abstract Expressionists, and Warhol’s peculiar role in shaping the dominant aesthetic of a generation. For Danto there is a specifically philosophical dimension that never quite causes—but is somehow married to—certain artistic concerns in the period: Kant, Kierkegaard and Wittgenstein are implicated in various ways. As with Motherwell, the Abstract Expressionists were devoted to manifesting an otherwise inaccessible world—be it the unconscious, the transcendental or, as Danto suggests, the ideal realm of the Platonic tradition.

But what Warhol’s art did, how he “invalidated some two millennia of misdirected investigation” in metaphysics (p. 69), was, according to Danto, to collapse the distance between art (or more precisely, the subject of art) and the “real,” so that art objects would look like ordinary objects. “Philosophy as Andy Warhol” can then commence: Philosophical understanding begins when it is appreciated that no observable properties need distinguish art from reality at all. And this was something Warhol *at last* demonstrated” (p. 80, my emphasis).

The problem, of course, is that Duchamp had effectively collapsed the distinction between art objects and ordinary objects some 50 years earlier, as had Braque prior to the First World

War with his introduction of found matter and papier-collé into image construction. Danto acknowledges Duchamp’s precedence, but seeks to distinguish it from Warhol’s contribution in a rather unconvincing way: “Unlike Duchamp, Warhol sought to set up a resonance not so much between art and real objects as between art and images, it having been his insight . . . that our signs and images are our reality” (p. 81).

The inherent distinction between objects and images upon which Danto’s argument relies is problematic, not to say dubious. Yet he goes on to define Warhol’s “breakthrough” precisely in terms of his treatment of surface, of image, of glamour, stardom and superficiality. As fascinating and ubiquitous as the images of Elvis, Marilyn, Mick, Liza and others are, it stretches credulity to equate them with the very fabric of reality, or to give them anything of the ontological significance implied by some of Danto’s earlier philosophical allusions. More importantly, it does little to explain why some images of Marilyn are art and some are not, which after all is Danto’s primary concern. It is a flat and rather thinly sketched conclusion to what is, in parts, a vivid essay.

There are many strong essays on widely varying subjects in this collection: “Moving Pictures” (inspired again by Warhol) examines the assumptions underlying stillness and motion in cinema and photography and would make a perfect set text for a seminar; “The Seat of the Soul” addresses the chair in art and the chair as art; “Giotto and the Stench of Lazarus” looks at olfactory data in *The Raising of Lazarus*, and so on.

*Philosophizing Art*, taken together with its companion volume, *The Body/Body Problem*, represents the outpourings of an extraordinary mind at play, a mind engaged with some of humanity’s most complex and elevated accomplishments—art and philosophy. In nearly all respects the result is vibrant, intelligent and illuminating for anyone deeply interested in either form of inquiry.

#### **PAINTED LOVE: PROSTITUTION IN FRENCH ART OF THE IMPRESSIONIST ERA**

by Hollis Clayson. Getty Publications, Los Angeles, CA, U.S.A., 2003. 202 pp., illus. Trade, paper (Yale, 1991). ISBN: 0-89236-729-6.

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The sketchbooks of visual artists are often of considerable interest in revealing the evolutionary stages of finished drawings or paintings. They may also expose more spontaneous sides, give dates to novel views and offer clues to individual professional developments. The same is true for preliminary paintings, unfinished works and things that fall behind the piano. But some of us worry a bit about the extent of posthumous interpretation that these artists would have wished and, given the opportunity, whether they would have preferred tossing out immature or unsuccessful creations. Not so Hollis Clayson, who seems to have assembled under one cover everything she could find—she gives Degas, Cezanne and Manet particularly extensive treatment.

In several cases the themes and goals behind the art are more ambiguous than *Painted Love* would have us believe. For example, the story behind Cezanne’s *A Modern Olympia*, his attempt to impress Dr. Paul Gachet by whipping off a match to Manet’s *Olympia*, is not properly developed. I was disappointed in the lack of definition of the title subjects and came away wondering if some of the images were really of prostitution as claimed, or rather of something more flirtatious and less commercial. Readers who might reasonably expect some comparisons (visual or narrative) with “wholesome painted love” (for the same era in Paris, or from London) will search in vain.

Although the title gives great weight to the Impressionists, the coverage is not restricted to this less than homogeneous group, or to their era. Manet, who is featured on the cover, has a special relationship to the Impressionists that is not properly explained. Likewise, the Post-Impressionists should at least have been identified as such. Including Pablo Picasso is a bit much, especially since Toulouse-Lautrec is mentioned en passant as early as page three but never illustrated.

In general, the paper and print quality are quite reasonable. The number of color plates is a bit mean, and some editorial decisions such as a black-and-white illustration for Manet’s *Olympia* are hard to fathom. The index concentrates on names and neglects subjects—a quick survey found many omissions. This is a picture book with a titillating