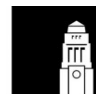

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The Missing Wit(h)ness:
Monroe, Fascinance and the Unguarded Intimacy of Being Dead.

Griselda Pollock

Abstract

In 1985 journalist Anthony Summers published a post-mortem photograph of Marilyn Monroe, titling it 'Marilyn in death', in his book, Goddess: The Secret Lives of Marilyn Monroe, (1985) which investigated the theories that her death was not suicide. The photograph thus acquired forensic significance. Roland Barthes had identified the uncanny intimacy between the photograph of a person and death. Despite writing about a photograph of his recently deceased mother as a child, long before his life had begun and she became his mother, he refused to reproduce this counter-image of the child who would become his mother because, in his understanding, death was already inscribed within it qua photograph. While the image trace remains, its sitter is gone. Thus every image portends the person's non-existence. In his grief following the death of Marilyn Monroe on 4/5 August 1962, the American artist Andy Warhol (1928-87) silkscreened a publicity photograph of the movie star taken for the film Niagara (1953) in which Monroe made her breakthrough to stardom, to make a memorial icon for a fellow white, working class victim of modern America's cultural machines. In this article, under the rubric of this collection, unguarded intimacy, I address a further set of paintings made from the morgue photograph of a derelict Marilyn Monroe in the era of feminist ethics by two painters, Margaret Harrison (b.1940) and Marlene Dumas (b. 1953). My questions are these: Is there an inevitable transgression and even violence in the exposure of an image of a dead woman such as we find in Summers' and other publications? What are the material and theoretical possibilities of creating feminist e(a)ffects in re-workings of this stolen image if we can distinguish between the forensic notion of the silent witness (the pathologist performing an autopsy whose aftermath this photograph in the morgue indexes) and a concept derived from the Matrixial aesthetics of artist-theorist Bracha Ettinger—aesthetic wit(h)nessing ? Can such aesthetic wit(h)nessing deflect the unguarded intimacy of seeing an unattended body in its absolute helplessness by inciting compassion?

Key words:
Marilyn Monroe, aesthetic wit(h)nessing, death, feminist fascinance, photography, mourning, compassion, painting, corpse, death.

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> We cannot, indeed, imagine our own death; whenever we try to do so we find that we survive ourselves as spectators. The school of psychoanalysis could thus assert that at bottom no one believes in his own death, which amounts to saying: in the unconscious every one of us is convinced of his immortality.
>
> Sigmund Freud Reflections on War and Death (1918:15)

> Death belongs to the realm of faith. You're right to believe that you will die. It sustains you. If you did not believe it, could you bear the life you have? If we could not totally rely on the certainty that it will end, how could you bear all this?
>
> JacquesLacan
> https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=EW2F8WtruAY
> accessed last on 20 February 2016

> Because the feminine body is culturally constructed as the superlative site of alterity, culture uses art to dream the deaths of beautiful women. Over representations of the dead female body, culture can repress and articulate its unconscious knowledge of death even as it cannot express it directly.
>
> Elisabeth Bronfen Over Her Dead Body: Death, Femininity and the Aesthetic, (1992: xi)

Does Freud believe that we imagine that others die, but we cannot? What would looking on the dead, therefore, do to, or for, us? What are the ethics of so doing since, in death, the other may be exposed to what might be considered a moment of unguarded intimacy? Is Lacan, however, proposing the opposite by suggesting that we need always to be imagining our release into death to make living bearable? Do we thus find relief in contemplating another's death as a liberation from life, bearable or otherwise? Finally, holding alignment with both Freud and Lacan, cultural theorist Elisabeth Bronfen has asked if the confrontation with the fact of death—a person become a dead body—is a trauma that incites a deflection of the dreadful intimations of mortality, and does so, however, by means of the image of the beautiful dead woman. Across music, art and literature in Western culture, Bronfen has traced a recurrent conflation of death, femininity and the aesthetic in which beauty veils—or we might say fetishises—man's (and she is casting this in the masculine for whom the

feminine is its other) encounter with, and imaging of, human finitude. (Bronfen, 1992).

These introductory questions raise four issues about the relation of the viewer to an image, the image being of a dead body, that dead body being feminine, that dead feminine body being either beautifed or not aestheticized, and that body being exposed unguarded to a gaze. My case study is a photograph of Marilyn Monroe taken in August 1962.

Meeting the Dead

> It is finished. Consummatum est. Marilyn's life is over… And yet her dead body will be dissected again and again out of a political desire that articulates itself as the drive for historical accuracy. Now Marilyn will be remembered as she is dismembered: the contents of her form will be made to reveal her as a postmodern subject. (S. Paige Baty, 1995: 145)

The American movie star Marilyn Monroe died on the night of 4/5 August 1962 aged 36. The scholarly consensus is that this occurred either by suicide through an intentional overdose or, more likely, by misadventure through a medically administered and fatal mixture of different drugs. (Spoto, 1994) The unresolved nature of Monroe's sudden and youthful ending has generated a range of different explanations. Displacing the immediate assumption of suicide proclaimed by the coroner and in the press, conspiracy theories that suggest she was murdered or even assassinated for political reasons, link the unresolved mysteries surrounding the events of night of 4/5 August 1962 with organized crime, the FBI, the Kennedy brothers John and Robert, as well as communist plots against the latter. (Wolfe, 1999) Published in 1985, one of the biographies to review and assess the conspiracy theories, but without reaching a definitive conclusion, was written by British journalist Anthony Summers (b. 1942) and titled Goddess: The Secret Lives of Marilyn Monroe,

(Summers, 1985). The cover carries an image of a figure-hugging dress in profile but without its wearer. It uncannily mimics the emptied female skin that appeared on the 1973 Paladin paperback edition of Germaine Greer's The Female Eunuch. On Summers' cover, the infamously diaphanous dress into which Monroe was sewn to sing 'Happy Birthday' to President Kennedy on 19 May, 1962, becomes a ghost dress, hollowed while retaining the eroticized sexual silhouette of the curvaceous body for which Monroe, known in Hollywood as 'The Body', became known.

As part of my long-standing research into the work and meaning of a white working class woman who became 'Marilyn Monroe' in the context of the gender and race politics of post-war American art, film and visual culture, I have had to make my way through many biographies—all of which have been brilliantly analyzed for their recurring narratives and distinctive cultural tropes by Americanist scholar Sarah Churchwell (Churchwell, 2005). As I came to the concluding pages of Summers' book, I turned the last page of the final signature of inserted illustrations and found myself face to face with an image I had, at that early stage of my research, never seen before. (Fig. 1) My initial response, like many readers at the time of the book's first publication, was shock. I was looking at a photograph of Monroe as a corpse. Moreover, the reproduced photograph was curiously titled: Marilyn in Death. The formulation used only the first name in a manner typical of the cultural appropriation of women artists and stars — as if we knew them intimately. But what is it to be 'in death' — and to be intimately known via a photograph 'in death'?

To grasp the degree of disturbance that this, and potentially any reader's, encounter generated, I must remind readers now that Summers' book appeared before the existence of the internet, that is, published in a book before the current promiscuous flow of found, uploaded, and recycled access to any and every image

that can be digitalized and up- or downloaded. Thus the sudden and unexpected exposure of this unvarnished and dingy image—in the context of the journalistic examination of the undetermined nature of the death of Marilyn Monroe including an examination of evidence for a conspiracy to murder a Hollywood actor—had a much greater impact on readers at the time of publication in 1985. As we shall see later, this photograph had surfaced in a few magazines before, some marking the anniversaries of the actor's death, but its currency would have depended on the special reasons that collectors of such ephemera had to cut out the image or, like the artists Margaret Harrison and Marlene Dumas, to keep a magazine for this image.

Why did Summers publish this photograph in 1985? In its placement in a book assessing theories about the possible murder rather than suicide of Marilyn Monroe, the image functions as forensic, or even legal, evidence. The photograph becomes the potential index of an alleged crime; the image itself is now a representation, not only of a dead woman but of a murder victim. Furthermore, it indirectly implies the autopsy that, having just been performed on this abandoned woman, forensically opened her body in order to understand the enigma of a death no one could explain since its agent—or its victim—was dead. Currently the photograph controversially published by Summers can be licensed for reproduction. I have purchased a license to a high definition (!) reproduction for several hundred pounds from Getty Images, who acquired Bettman's archive via Corbis and now license reproductions. (Fig. 2) Significantly, however, because of the internet, it is also to be found on website FindaDeath (http://www.findadeath.com/Deceased/m/MONROE/marilyn.htm) and others featuring deaths of celebrities (http://www.celebritymorgue.com/marilyn-monroe).

Such publications of this image raise a number of ethical and political questions around unguarded intimacy in the face of an image of death that form the

focus of this article. What is it to see this image? How has it been used? What happens when, in turn, it becomes the source image for painters? Can art 'guard' the intrusive intimacy created by the publication and circulation of an indexical photograph of a body in a morgue to engender what artist Bracha Ettinger conceptualizes as aesthetic wit(h)nessing? [1]

The concept aesthetic wit(h)nessing names a position towards an other, known or unknown, from the present or the past, and a mode of gazing that Ettinger has further formulated from her own artistic practice as fascinance. (Ettinger, 2005) The premise of Ettinger's theory is that there are additional tracks or strata to subjectivity upon which relations to an other (what she will carefully name a non-I) and hence understanding of the self (the I) do not submit to the phallic logic of I versus not-I, namely a binary mode of difference based on the logic of plus/minus, presence/absence. Matrixial modes of relating, which are always partial, do not involve the split of the I from what it is not, and do not imply identification (like me)

[1] Between the composition and finalization of this article, a controversy has raged over a painting, exhibited at the 2017 Whitney Biennial in New York by European-American artist Dana Schutz. Her painting is made from a photograph of the open casket of a murdered fourteen year-old African-American Emmett Till in 1955. At that date, the young man's parents released to the press the photograph of their standing before their son's open casket rvealing his horribly wounded face in order to expose the unbearable and hideous violence done to the young man by his white murderers, who were acquitted at their trial but later confessed to the crime in a magazine interview. Despite attempts to re-open the case, it was stalled by the statute of limitations Yet the case, and the image, acquired new urgency in the context of current murders of young Black men by the police and the Black Lives Matter campaign. The existence of the image in the public domain had thus been authorized by Emmett Till's mother as part of her campaign against the racism that killed her child. Dana Schutz took on this image as a motif for a painting in 2017 in the light of its contemporary resonance. The artist was conscious of the complex political and ethical issues involved in her using this image in the context of American race politics and she has been powerfully critiqued for so doing. Indeed some have called for her painting to be destroyed. It is not the place to argue this case. I raise it here because it precisely demonstrates the way in which photographs that expose the dead in that extreme vulnerability are overdetermined by the larger political and what I would call also mythical dimensions of 'showing', seeing, and in some ways 'using' a person's body and image when they have no agency. Thus the fact that Emmett Till's family released the photograph changes its status in the public domain. But the question I shall address relates to the decision of any painter to claim such an image for her or his work. In doing so, the terms have changed and the question of ethical responsibility and political effect are to be addressed to the painter and to the question of how the painting in its rematerialization of the historic photograph solicits its viewers in relation to the unguarded intimacy to which the painting submits the dead person as a corpse. For one response to Dana Schutz see Calvin Tompkins' article http://www.newyorker.com/magazine/2017/04/10/why-dana-schutz-painted-emmett-till accesssed 19 June 2017.

versus rejection (different from me). Instead they operate by a different aesthetic-psychological process she names borderlinking that involves the seemingly paradoxical relation that her the neologism differentiating-in-jointness seeks to convey. The subjective condition of borderlinking is an encounter-event with a dimension of the subjectivity of an other. The encounter-event disperses its affects jointly but differently across the shared borderspace of subjectivities neither joined nor separated. In this non-cognitive but com-passionate mode we learn about and care for elements of that co-affecting otherness through fascinance.

> *Fascinance* is an aesthetic event that operates in the prolongation and delaying of the time of the encounter-event and allows a working-through of Matrixial differentiating-in-jointness and co-poiesis. *Fascinance* can take place only in a borderlinking within a real, traumatic or phantasmatic, compassionate hospitality. *Fascinance* might turn into *fascinum* when castration, separation, weaning, or splitting abruptly intervenes. (Ettinger, 2006a:61).

In her final sentence, Ettinger makes a theoretical distinction between the phallic position — fascinum is Lacan's term for the phallic encounter with the gaze in which we glimpse our own non-being—and a Matrixial position—fascinance, characterized by durational wit(h)ness. In the phallic position, the encounter with what is not-I, with the dead other for instance, becomes emblematic of a binary opposition: life versus death, a subject vis-à-vis a not-subject. Fascinum in the field of vision thus would scare us to death because it harks back to the dread fear of mutilation and destruction—castration—that Freud identified as a central element of the aesthetic experience in his essay on aesthetics, The Uncanny (Freud, 1919). The Matrixial position, fascinance, solicits a subjective position vis-à-vis an other quite different from that which Freud and Lacan imagined and Bronfen analyzed as endemic to phallocentric 'culture'. As a prolonged openness to being co-affected in the encounter with the pathos of the other, or to shared learning from the other and thus

being transformed in the encounter, fascinance is neither voyeuristic nor fetishising, neither sadistic nor mastering: these being the classic psychoanalytical theses on the gaze and the field of vision. In the case of encounter with death and dying, fascinance confronts what is no longer in life without treating what is seen as absolutely other: dead. In a Matrixial encounter, the other is non-I rather than the phallic not-I.

The gazing of fascinance is an element of the supplementary, trans-subjective rapport that Ettinger names Matrixial. This defines a fragile modality of trans-subjective responsiveness to an other which is characterized by the pairing of hospitality and compassion between I and non-I. Matrixial fascinance may modify the phallic mode that Lacan argued produced the image as fascinum, arresting us in terror before the threat of death (not-being). Ettinger opens the ways for exploring significant but subtle differences in the ways art and artists might aesthetically stage compassionate encounters for us with what she radically re-theorizes as conditions such as not-yet-life, non-life or no-longer-life. She thus modulates the phallic polarity (life versus not-life), by offering other subjective positions in relation to the other in their relations to becoming human (not-yet-life), and, in a sense, remaining human even after the end of organic life (no-longer-life). This clearly relates to her thinking about the ethical position of her own aesthetic wit(h)nessing by painting with photographs from traumatic violence such as the genocide we know as Shoah or Holocaust (Pollock, 2013).

Furthermore, in the Matrixial mode, the feminine is not identified with death, and neither must death be deflected by feminine aestheticization. The matrixializing artwork proffers a mode of being with the dying, both staying close as a witness to a crime that may have inflicted death, and sustaining some dimension of the subjectivity of the non-I even as the non-Is meet extreme dehumanizing violence. In

her neologism wit(h)nessing, Ettinger conjoins two words, withness and witness, while the bracketing of one letter (h) suspends an undecidable condition between them. Wit(h)nessing can be inspired in both painter and viewer through the aesthetic encounter. Ettinger's theorization of the aesthetically activated Matrixial dimension — aesthetic referring to the non- or pre-cognitive, sub-symbolic knowledge acqxuired through sense, hearing, sound, rhythm, colour etc—sets the theoretical and analytical stage for the following exploration of the photograph of Marilyn in Death.

The Photograph

During his research in the 1980s, Summers came across an analogue photograph in Los Angeles police files. (Fig. 2) Was it thus a police document, already suggesting a crime? There are several explanations of the origins of this photograph. One account of its production suggests that the photograph had been taken illegally by a press photographer sneaking into the morgue, thus without authorization, and in contravention of the protocols in which the unguarded corpse should not be left unprotected from such intrusion. Not married and without an intimate partner at the time of her death, and with only an institutionalized mother, the dead Marilyn Monroe, had no relatives to come forward to claim her body. Her body had thus been left unclaimed for days after the autopsy by the coroner. Some say it was stored for some time in a cupboard either before or after this moment recorded in this photograph. In effect, therefore, I could argue that any circulation of this image in effect stole an image of her death from its derelict, unguarded subject.

Who is that subject? Is there indeed a subject of death? Or are we, who survive, the subjects of death, given that dying effaces the subjectivity of the dead person? (Pollock, 2000) What demand does that make of those of us who look upon not merely the dead, but an image of a dead person, or an image of she-who-is-no-longer-in-life and thus may not be the face of death, i.e. the radical alterity to the living subjects who look on a corpse as the radical horror of organic dehumanizing deadness? Furthermore, how can we be sure at whom, or even at what, we are looking?

So let me be a bit more forensic. An important feature of the historical materiality of the photograph is that there is an inscription on it (not visible in the print released for licensing by the Getty for a reduced academic rate): the case number 62-508463 and another set of digits 8-5-62JB: these last digits stand for the date: 5 August 1962. Without a name to identify it, one body is like another once it enters the forensic bureaucracy of the mortuary where it is recorded by number, coroner and date. The photograph is thus, in Barthes' terms, anchored to this administrative naming by the textual relay of date and numerical cipher. (Barthes, 1977: 38) How do we know that this is an image of Marilyn Monroe? Is it not just body 62-508463?

Another photograph I cannot afford to reproduce, also with a number painted on it has surfaced on the internet. It shows the same face at a different angle and turned towards the camera. Yet a third is also circulating taken from yet another angle. We then we see the face frontally and from above. Their existence makes it more likely that we are looking at official, documentary post-autopsy photographs. But they still do not name the person represented.

So what are we seeing? Is that the same as asking: 'whom are we seeing'? Can it be the same woman as the innumerable named images of Marilyn Monroe—its

apparent, former subject or still its, and a, subject, even while that is a legally assumed name of a woman registered on her birth certificate as Norma Jeane Mortensen and legally known as Norma Jeane Baker and then, after her first marriage on 19 June 1942, Norma Jeane Dougherty until 1956 when she legally became Marilyn Monroe having adopted this stage name in 1946?

In the photograph, we are seeing not just a body or a head but a face. The skin of this face is mottled with lividity caused by Monroe having died, we think, face-down or having been laid out on her front after death. After death, blood pools at the lowest point, leaving such an effect of bruising on the skin. We are seeing a face whose muscles have been cut in the course of an autopsy. This is why the skin hangs slack off the face. We are also seeing a face unmade-up with hair washed and brushed away from the face. It is a face deeply marked by recent trauma: a specific death, postmortem surgery and now exposed, unguarded, to the interrogating registration by photomechanical means in black and white of the effects of these traumas, surgical and physical, that produce the face that is a no-face in such a condition of medically examined, and possibly criminally inflicted, mortality.

There are other police images of the body as it was supposedly found in the bed in the house Marilyn Monroe had recently bought but had hardly furnished. Some writers claim that these photos were staged for the purposes of criminal investigation or to confirm a cover-up story by showing an officer pointing to the bedside table and its pill bottles. (But where ask the conspiracy theorists is the glass of liquid with which such pills were consumed?) There are photographs of a body wrapped in a rough blanket being wheeled out of the house on a gurney. (But when is this, as there is evidence that Monroe had been rushed to hospital earlier and then when having expired en route was returned to the house to be reported as having died to the police

hours afterwards). There are images purporting to be the body wrapped in a white blanket being moved to the mortuary from the morgue after the autopsy. In both cases, the wrapped body becomes a 'proof' but also a veiled horror holding before us a recalcitrant mystery since there is, in effect, nothing to see, nothing to know.

This death—as an event, an interruption of history, a break in a life-time-line—imaged here has, however, no finality because neither science nor history can determine what brought it about despite all the words woven around it, all the evidence amassed, all the testimony recorded, all the speculations incited (Paige Baty). All the photographs that exist to record this event provide no solution to its mystery of what life, hence what subjectivity this death punctuates. They have, however, become the screen for the projection of a discontent about a death that gives us, its survivors, no rest because, if it remains undecidable, so too is our understanding of that person's life. Can there be an unfinished death that confers a different kind of immortality?

The existence and circulation of such images attest to a need— on the part of photographers and those who archived the photographs in picture libraries, or of those who publish them, and of those of us who upload or download them and of those of us who write about them—to have some kind of intimacy with this death even while the images of blanketed bodies or obscure 'crime scene' photographs tell us nothing of what we long to know so as to decide how to feel about this dying that shocks us because it signifies an unnaturally shortened life. For those of us who now experience it as its survivors, we do not know what kind of loss it has created for us.

MM: Becoming an image 1973 and 1985

The widespread circulation of the reproduction that was published by Summers, licensed and unlicensed, of a low-quality anonymous re-photograph is 'caused' or

predetermined by the image status of its apparent subject as a woman so intensely identified with her image as to have become the sign of imageness, an instance of iconicity (Silver, 1999). This may seem obvious now when there cannot be many on this planet who would not recognize an image of Monroe even without ever having seen a movie in which she starred. Marilyn Monroe's mediatic iconicity was, however, manufactured, very slowly while she was alive, and much more intensely after the rupture caused by her unexpected death. Her 'look' was formulated at first during the 1950s by the studio machine that created the publicity and defined the image for all its stars (stills, photographs, publicity stunts, classes, promotions). Her visibility and a more extended formulation of her image were however, also generated by her. Monroe created a secondary image archive through her calculated and creative collaboration during the 1950s with a range of remarkable photographers: Eve Arnold, Philippe Halsman, Cecil Beaton, Milton Greene, Sam Shaw, Andre de Dienes, George Barris, Richard Avedon and Bert Stern, just to name the most renowned.

Two key publications, thirteen years apart, in 1973 (Mailer) and 1986 (Steinem), will serve here to underline the third key element in her iconicity: the posthumous iconization of Monroe in cultural memory through the circulation of both studio generated publicity images and photographs by named photographer of Marilyn Monroe. These two publications used the images within differing narratives that seek to tell her story. Each author had to try to make sense of her death as the endpoint of their tale, investigation, or analysis. I shall discuss them in reverse chronological order.

In the early 1980s, the Californian photographer George Barris (who first photographed the star in New York in 1954) decided to publish the photographs he had taken of Marilyn Monroe in June and July 1962 in preparation for a publication

on the star based on his interviews with her. By chance, one of his photographs now appears to be the last taken of the living Marilyn Monroe. (I cannot afford its reproduction.) Snapped on 13 July, it shows the actor face on, seated on the sand, hair tousled by sea and wind. The sitter is fresh-faced and freckled, with a towel wrapped round her knees and a heavy knit cardigan keeping her warm on the late afternoon beach at Santa Monica where the last shoot took place. Interrupted and distressed by her unexpected death on 4/5 August, Barris abandoned his plans for the book for almost 25 years. He finally published his own book Marilyn: Her Life in Her Own Words in 1995 (Barris, 1995). His photographic evidence of her liveliness at that time countered any notion for him that she committed suicide.

When Barris refloated the idea in the early 1980s, the feminist journalist and founder of MS magazine (1972-), Gloria Steinem (b.1934), was approached to write an essay to accompany and situate this specific archive of 'final' images of Monroe, an essay that would 'explain Marilyn (sic) as an individual and as an icon of continuing power'. (Steinem, 1986:1) In her acknowledgements, Steinem specifically mentions the value of Anthony Summers' book Goddess. (Steinem, 3) Steinem begins her essay thus:

> It has been nearly a quarter of a century since the death of a minor American actress named Marilyn Monroe. There is no reason for her to be part of my consciousness as I walk down midtown a New York street filled with color and action and life. (Steinem, 9)

Everywhere Steinem looked, however, she encountered traces of this 'minor American actress': in a dress shop full of white summer dresses inspired by The Seven-year Itch (1955), a record store with publicity shoots for Madonna in her Marilyn 'Diamonds' replay, a bookstore window with at least two books on Monroe, on newsstands, in curiosity shops. 'These are everyday signs of a unique longevity', concludes an author, who, in the preface, remembered escaping as an appalled

teenager from a screening of Gentlemen Prefer Blondes (1953, Dir. Howard Hawks, Twentieth Century Fox), cringing 'in embarrassment at seeing this whispering, simpering, big-breasted child-woman who was simply hoping her way into vulnerability.' (Steinem, 3) She then writes of personally encountering this endlessly vulnerable 'child-woman' in New York 1955-6 whence Marilyn Monroe had come to learn serious acting at the famous the Actors Studio at which Steinem was also briefly studying as a would-be actor. (Steinem, 3)

Offering an early and a distinctively American-feminist reading of Monroe, Steinem's text presents her divided subject—the abused child Norma Jeane and the fabricated star Marilyn Monroe—as a victim of both an industry and a culture as well as a personal history of abuse and psychological scarring. What is significant for me in this instance is Steinem's own memory of shame and discomfort before the screen performance of Monroe mediated by later feminist compassion as she puzzles over the posthumous survival of the images of Marilyn Monroe's in so many forms of popular culture where the star of a range of humiliating comedies and forgettable films has become an ubiquitous commodity as cultural image and reference point still, and more so, 25 years after her death.

As narrative of Monroe's life, Steinem's essay has to end with the mysterious death in 1962. Her assessment of Monroe's end reviews the various conspiracy theories including those assembled by Summers, concluding, however:

> As Diana Trilling wrote just after Marilyn's death, 'I think it would be more precise to call this death incidental rather than purposeful—incidental to the desire to escape the pain of living.' In other words, she meant to die for the evening—but not to die forever. But most tragic of all, the time, effort and obsession that has gone into explaining Marilyn's death has done little to explain her life. Or the constant brushes with suicide. If we admit she died by her own hand, we must admit that her sugary smile was false, that her external beauty covered intense pain, that this sex goddess, as Andrea Dworkin wrote, " hadn't liked It all along—It—the it they had been doing to her, how many

> times? Her apparent suicide stood at once as an accusation and an answer: no, Marilyn Monroe, the ideal sexual female had not liked it." (Steinem, 134-5)

'It' in this case refers toThe other text I wish to partner with Steinem's early feminist reading had appeared a decade earlier, in 1973, in the form of another substantially illustrated publication that affirmed how the film star Marilyn Monroe had an equally powerful presence through a specifically photographic iconicity. A Los Angeles photographer, Larry Schiller (b 1936), who had snapped Marilyn Monroe on the set of her final incomplete film, *Something's Got to Give* (1962), provocatively doing a nude bathing scene, came to the realization that there was no compendium of Monroe's extensive and brilliant work for/with the still camera despite her having collaborated with a range of remarkable fashion, news, and documentary photographers, portraitists and photo-journalists. In 1972 Schiller created an exhibition of such photographs, MARILYN MONROE: The Legend and the Truth, which he selected from over 16,000 images by 24 photographers. Schiller finally published his own book, Marilyn & Me in 2012. The success of the show in 1972 led to a book project for which the American novelist Norman Mailer was commissioned to write a 25,000 word essay. This turned into a biography-novel of 90,000 words, novel naming a project that was based freely, and with acknowledgement, on existing research in published biographies. There could hardly be a stronger contrast to Steinem's anguished feminist reading than Mailer's confidently white, heterosexual and masculinist projection of his desire onto a woman he represented as the 'angel of sex' and icon of a complacent Americanness. For Mailer Monroe is Woman and Woman stands in for America.

> So we think of Marilyn who was everyman's love affair with America, Marilyn who was blonde and beautiful and had a sweet little rinky-dink of a voice and all the cleanliness of all the clean American backyards. She was our

> angel, the sweet angel of sex, and the sugar of sex came up from her like a resonance of sound in the clearest grain of a violin. (Mailer, 1973: 15)

To create his vision of the Monroe-Body as the Stradivarius of post-Playboy sexual fantasy, Mailer drew on existing biographies and interviews to craft his own. He seemed to accept death by probable self-administered but not necessarily purposeful overdose, accompanied by much panic by those around Monroe leading to a cover-up at the time of the details of her dying. In his afterward, however, Mailer mentions a book published in 1964 that he belatedly discovered. The Strange Death of Marilyn Monroe By Frank A. Capell, published by a rightwing press, proposed that the star was murdered by a Communist conspiracy aiming to protect Robert Kennedy from exposure by Monroe. (Mailer, 261) Placing this thesis in the realm of continuing right-wing anti-Communist sentiment in the US decades after McCarthy and the execution of the Rosenbergs as Communist spies on 19 June 1953, Mailer dismisses the plot. He concludes:

> If every human is a mystery, then perhaps we can obtain only our gleam of truth in the relation we find between mysteries. Let us take our estimate of her worth by the grief on Joe DiMaggio's face the day of that dread funeral in Westwood west of Hollywood.' (Mailer, 262)

The book thus concludes with a juxtaposition of a photograph of the anguished face of DiMaggio—who alone had come forward to claim the body of Monroe abandoned in the morgue for days and to arrange her funeral—and one of Bert Stern's fashion photographs shot with Monroe for Vogue in June, 1962, showing a newly mature and pensive Marilyn Monroe, dressed elegantly and dramatically in funereal black, in sombre mood, head resting in her hand. (Stern, 1982)

Both the Mailer and Steinem texts, heavy with photographs while telling a story that has to arrive at the end point of sudden death on 4/5 August 1962 that retrospectively makes sense of the trajectory of the life narrative the authors have constructed, are monuments to the secondary enigma of the place of a 'minor American actress' and star of not very remarkable movies typical of the lighter side of Hollywood during the 1950s: why and how did this one movie star, Marilyn Monroe, a fabrication of the movies and her own inhabitation of Hollywood's cinematic

history, outshine all others in that last gasp of the Hollywood studios' era of stars and glamour? Why, in the aftermath of the decline of that very studio system of managed production, was her image so embedded in popular cultural memory after 1962 in ways that do not abate with time, but grow exponentially in the era of internet dissemination? Has her premature death as interruption and inexplicable closure endowed the re-published archives of photographic traces of her once-liveliness with a specific articulation of the trauma inherent in all photographs?

As I have already mentioned, in Camera Lucida (1980/81) Roland Barthes discovered death in all photographs whose traumatic punctum 'more or less blurred beneath the abundance of and disparity of contemporary photographs, is visibly legible in historical photographs: there is always a defeat of time in them: that is dead and that is going to die.' (Barthes [1980]1982; 96) The photograph says: this once was, hence even when it was snapped, it was carrying its death within it. But what can the materiality and touch of painting do in and with this predominantly mortifying photographic history of iconicity and its immanent burden of death?

The Image, 1962

It is striking, however, that the immediate shift from persona in movie star publicity to spectacular iconization beyond that industrial-entertainment frame began within a month of Marilyn Monroe's death on 4/5 August 1962, and through the medium of art. The first gesture was created by an artist who built his career on the exploring, in knowingly modernist counterpoint, the intersection between the most abstract discourse of painting (as medium, flatness, surface) and the potency of popular visual culture (screen) signified then in the graphic arts of advertisement, popular music and cinema. I am speaking of Andy Warhol (1928-87).

The announcement of Monroe's passing appeared in newspapers on Monday 6 August 1962. Headlines thus declared: **Marilyn Dead |Marilyn Found Dead | Marilyn Monroe Kills Herself | MM: Accident or Suicide?| Marilyn Monroe Dies: Pills Blamed| Marilyn Monroe in Probable Suicide.** These bold headlines, graphically shouting out her death were often mismatched to an image of Monroe that showed a lively, smiling or waving, woman that was usually neither a historic studio image nor a posed photograph. The press obviously had had to scramble for, and then replayed recent images, some publicity stills from the actor's current (and never completed) film, *Something's Got To Give* (1962) and recent appearances snapped by news reporters at events. In some rare instances, the press chose an image of Monroe appearing distressed, which, linked to the word suicide, sought to claim prescience for the image. Death is announced, but fetishistically deflected as life is represented placing the subject of this death as a screen-image, defying the meaning of the words that accompany it. One of the reports in the British Daily Mirror picked up on George Barris' recent shoot. It built its story around the poignancy of his having taken the last photograph, while also weaving its own narrative around its meaning.

The newspaper front pages tell us about what images were available in early August 1962 from the Twentieth Century Fox and news agencies. One or two were older vintage as they had been published in magazines during the 1950s. In terms of what Any Warhol used that summer in his work on Marilyn Monroe, I sense that he must have already been a collector of her image to have the named photographer's formal still from Twentieth Century Fox publicity photographer Gene Korman made in 1952 during the Niagara shoot as the basis for his memorial.

Within a few weeks of her death, Warhol created a memento mori, Golden Marilyn, August 1962. (Fig. 3) The collection in theWarhol Museum holds the

marked up photograph by Hollywood photographer Gene Korman of Marilyn Monroe in character for the film Niagara (1953). (Fig.4) It is under copyright with the Andy Warhol Foundation for the Visual Arts and with the Artists Rights Society (ARS), New York. I cannot afford the multiple copyrights to reproduce this image, which also includes Gene Korman's copyright so it is not reproduced here. Often assimilated to Warhols many later repetitions of this use of Korman's Niagara image in multiples from 1966-67, or in varying colour ways, this first work of 1962 (Fig. 3) deserves to be considered beyond the usual interpretations of Warhol's purposeful desacralization and mimicry of the transience of popular cultural icons. Art historian Tom Crow has alerted us to the dark preoccupation with death and its political implications in Warhol's work at the beginning of the 1960s. (Crow, [1996] I read into this finely crafted and knowingly art historical painting a personal identification rather than the laconic comment so often suggested as its tone by art historians. Golden Marilyn functions as a work of mourning for another white working class kid ground up in the American cultural system.

Warhol's painting is the first response to Monroe's death. It involved responding to and with an image, and with an image that isolates the face from the body. Warhol cropped the face and head from the half-length portrait bust we see in the original. Onto a big canvas of a spaceless, almost Byzantine heavenly golden field that tips the painting into the sphere of the sacred (the set apart), the artist superimposed the tiny, cropped silkscreened image from a photographed face, whose multicolored features the artist then highlighted in black, as if adding makeup. The face is composed of carefully positioned half-opened and painted lips, lowered eyelids under sculptured brows, high forehead crowned with coiffed blonde hair, all planted icon-like in a field of gold. The skin tone is now virulent pink, the lidded eyes are

splashed with turquoise that is matched to the trace of the formerly white collar of her now invisible dress, the hair a brassy yellow, the lips a ruby red, while the delicate shadowing on the photographic face is emphasized with bold black shadowing. I conjecture that Warhol knew about, and even invoked, icons from European religious traditions in Byzantium and Eastern European Christianity of his Czech origins.[2] As the cropping lines of the superimposed silkscreen print show, Warhol chose to isolate the head, enclosing it inside a tight frame. This produces its own contrary affects of both intimacy and objecthood. At the same time the denaturalizing coloration makes that object both jewel-like and 'lively' compared to the fixity and artful posèdness of the original image when its sitter performed her own stilling iconization for Korman.

By choosing one photograph from a formal photo shoot done at the time Monroe was making the film Niagara in 1952, Warhol was furthermore being a historian of the Monroe image. The film, released in January 1953, initiated the annus mirabilis that made the small-time player who had been around Hollywood studios getting nowhere since 1948 into a box-office Hollywood star. The image in this photograph, which is meant to embody the character Monroe was to play in the film, was, however, the least true to the type within which the studio bosses at Twentieth Century Fox would subsequently imprison Monroe as icon of sexuality in 'dumb blonde' light comedies. In Niagara, Monroe was asked to project the persona of a calculating, murderous femme fatale instead of the vanilla ice-cream, comedic, bouncing sexuality imposed on her later that appalled Steinem and was celebrated by Norman Mailer in his text. (Mailer, 15) The face we see in Korman's photograph certainly exhibits some key elements by which this actor became visually recognizable ca. 1953: a frontal presentation of the face, lids lowered, red mouth

[2] This hunch was contested by an art historian colleague, Eva Frojmovic who then found for me some examples in medieval Bohemian Christian art of the use of a gold field for an icon of the Virgin Mary. I am most grateful for both the questioning and the revealed source.

opening, and the halo of golden hair. These features were, however, only produced around 1952-1953 when Monroe was in her Jean Harlow phase, effectively harking back to and miming the golden days of Hollywood glamour from the 1930s. It was this face she showed in the photograph by Ed Clark when wearing a golden lamé dress designed by William Travilla for a scene cut from the film Gentlemen Prefer Blondes in 1953, a dress that Monroe wore to the Photoplay Awards that year, another hidden reference point for historian of Monroeness, Andy Warhol and his choice of the golden field on which her face was floated. Unlike Steinem, fleeing in embarrassment from Monroe on screen in 1953, Warhol (b. 1928, hence only two years younger than Monroe) monumentalized the Niagara, or the 1953 mask and reclothed it in its equally golden memory of 1950s retro glamour. Identification mixes with a respectful awe and possibly disguised compassion through the relation of the scale of the field to the tiny image placed, and made so fragile, at its centre.

In 1973, when novelist Norman Mailer produced his infamous biography, there was encounter on its cover, but to a very different and deadening effect, a legacy of Warhol's primary choice. The cover was an image shot by Bert Stern in 1962 presenting a frontal view of the face in an enlarged close-up, that in a more typical Warholian style, emphasized the artifice and the mask-like cosmetic creation of the face-object. In 1957, Barthes had coined the term face-object when writing about the face of Greta Garbo as the exemplary close-up in the heyday of Hollywood in the 1930s 'when capturing the human face still plunged audiences into deepest ecstasy, when one literally lost oneself in a human image as in a philter, when the face represented a kind of absolute state of flesh which could neither be reached nor renounced.' (Barthes, [1957] 1973:56) Barthes built his essay around the contrast between Garbo's abstract, formal and cosmetically mask-like beauty and the new face

of the 1950s, which he identified with lively, gamine looks of Audrey Hepburn. Of course, Monroe did not figure in this genealogy for Barthes precisely because, as of 1955-6, when Barthes was writing, Monroe's movie face and posed image was in effect a brilliant reconstruction of an earlier era of the cinematic face as philter.

Summers' photograph in my Bilderatlas

If we now go back to 1985 and to the page in the biography by Summers having been exposed to a quick survey of what images of Monroe might have seen up through such publications as Mailer's and Steinem's up to its publication, the shock of seeing such the morgue photograph can be better imagined.

The photograph is posthumous. Marilyn Monroe is dead. But Summers gives it a title: Marilyn in death. **Marilyn Dead**—as in the headlines—is one thing, but what is it to be in death? Summer's reproduced photograph is accompanied by a text by the author. He acknowledges that something drastic has happened.

> The publication of this photograph, which the author located in police files, has proved controversial. It should be emphasized that the picture was taken after autopsy—and it the pathologist's work that has caused the face to sag. Before the procedure, say those present, the lifeless Marilyn remained beautiful. (Summers: opposite p.233)

For Summers, the controversy apparently lay not only in the publication of an image of the post-autopsy corpse. It arose specifically from its showing the drastic effect of cutting the muscles to remove the face in order to examine or remove the brain. What has medical investigation done to a person renowned for her appearance? Beauty, feminine beauty, can no longer enable the deflection of the horror of death. The autopsy photograph destroys that illusion by forcing us to look upon a once beautiful face that now sags, and is thus 'no longer beautiful'. The image of feminine beauty that might protect the viewer from the horror of mortality has been defaced. The icon

is exposed to its materiality and corporeality. The scopophilic fantasy is disrupted. The viewer is now forced to confront what we/he seek(s) to avoid most: the knowledge of what being dead looks like, a confrontation, that according to Freud, the unconscious seeks to refuse, while, in his terms, leaving us spectators before (whose?) death.

We need to examine more closely what we are seeing in the photograph. Is it a head of a dead body or it is, more paradoxically a face for something like being in death? Is it then a new kind of close-up? Is it another, terrible or even fearful, face-object that already anticipated Barthes' later work on photography in Camera Lucida where any image is already comporting the death that will come? Is there then a difference between any image of Monroe who is in Barthes' terms already immanently dead, and the post-mortem photograph? Is it valid to distinguish between the face of a living person and the face of her corpse? Does a corpse have a face? Do we make a distinction—and for profound reasons— between the living body and the dead—the corpse—distinguishing a corpse from the person in death through funeral cosmetics or masks? What face does death have?

In a deeply embedded ritual, people traditionally cover the faces of the dead, often for superstitious fear of their looking back at us from that other domain: the evil eye or the gaze as fascinum. We close the eyes of the deceased. Death then looks like sleep so as not to frighten us with eyes no longer humanly seeing but often staring elsewhere, in terror, or revealing only a no longer human vacancy. Bodies are often prepared for viewing before burial by cosmetic and other procedures to recreate the living appearance of rose-tinted sleep for those accustomed to viewing open coffins before burial or cremation. Morticians use a range of cosmectic skills to deflect the encounter with death's physical alterations to appearance.

The image I am discussing is a photograph taken after an autopsy. (Fig. 2) Such radical investigations and transformations of the individual's body that open up the chest to remove organs, cut into and lift off the face, drill into the skull and remove the brain, are undertaken forensically only when the cause of death is unknown. A post-mortem is not a normal process for those who die. It links being dead to enigma studied by the so-called silent witness, the medical examiner or by the secret study of internal organs undertaken by the forensic pathologist. This is not, therefore, a photograph of Marilyn Monroe in the terms that created and sustained her iconic longevity. We could describe the photograph as the image of Norma Jeane Mortensen later Baker also known as Marilyn Monroe Miller at a point of the maximum vulnerability. That vulnerability was legally transgressed firstly by the forensic pathologist and his photographic recording, and secondly, possibly, by the photographer under whatever conditions this image was produced. What is produced in that transaction that I am naming unguarded intimacy in the relation between death and the image of the dead?

Humanizing death

In death, the human subject becomes particularly vulnerable precisely because we, our species and its infinitely various cultures all consider death a human event. The vulnerability arises because dying leaves the human subject unable to protect itself. Thus the dignified treatment of the dead person has been considered by paleontologists and anthropologists one of the first signs of a specifically hominid culture. The idea of death as a human event means that our hominid ancestors had developed an idea of a human dimension that does not cease with the last beat of organic life. Such a leap involves defeating the palpable truth that a dead person is like any other once living thing. Yet he or she (not it) has to be treated differently—

with the resulting effects on the consciousness of the living about what it is to be human and live the paradox of a mortal life. (Recall that Freud suggested an unconscious refusal of such recognition of mortality, while Lacan thought mortality a relief from living.) But for the consciousness of the living to survive this encounter with the finality of not being organically alive, death has been invented as a state beyond the mortal end of living. Death serves to secure the idea of the human that retrospectively identifies the living as immortal, according thus with Freud's argument that unconsciously we cannot accept death.

As a concept, therefore, death defines humans. The concept is performatively invoked by the rituals surrounding the handling of those who can no longer handle anything themselves. It is, therefore, the deepest ontological crime to transgress our codes for the securing dignity of the helplessly dead, actions that effectively secure our own humanity through the maintenance of the humanity of others 'in death'. Thus people wash and prepare the corpse for ritual burial, interment, returning to the sea or cremation. Some keep watch over a corpse overnight, never leaving it unattended. We ritually arrange the limbs of corpses for burial, in some cultures reconfiguring the body in its once embryonic condition of becoming-life. We add grave goods or mementoes, or build elaborate tombs for an eternal after-life. All this signifies the difference of the dead person from other simply no longer living things we throw on the midden or put in the compost, or eat. We can indeed create death for animals or loved objects, but only by treating them as we would humans. Nevertheless, death is a cultural invention and thus poses a question for representation.

According to Hegel, Christian thought and theology and hence iconography, circles specifically around the paradox of the natural death—the death of the body—and the desired overcoming of natural mortality through the narrative of one,

exceptional death that involved a willing self-sacrifice made out of such divine love that death itself was overcome once and for all for the believers. The Christian narrative and its iconic representations follow a formally imagined, ultimately redemptive sequence that passes through suffering, death, entombment to resurrection after three days. The body that is the subject of, and subjected to, this passage through death back to life is more often than not represented in Christian art by the figure of pure and heroic masculine pathos in which suffering becomes the transient physical ordeal that will lead to resurrected and eternal beauty as a result of the divinely appointed victory over human mortality. (Clark, 1956) Meeting Rosalind Krauss' most exigent criteria for formal analysis of the signification of the axes of vertical and horizontal, Michelangelo's exemplary drawings of the Crucifixion (vertical), Entombment (horizontal) and Resurrection (vertical) would be the apotheosis of this tendency. (Krauss, 1993) Michelangelo's drawings are in the British Museum and can be viewed online through their digitalized collection.

There are modern literary theorists who suggest, however, that in rejecting the role of the image in the Catholic Christian imaginary, Protestant Christianity and the Reformation changed the consciousness of death in ways that heralded a modern, and unspiritualised encounter with death which allies death with the affect of psychological death: melancholia. One of these is French-Bulgarian literary theorist Julia Kristeva in her book Black Sun. (Kristeva, [1987] 1989) In the context of her psychoanalytical study of the affect of melancholia, Julia Kristeva devoted a chapter to the shocking brutality of the painting by Hans Holbein the Younger (1497-1593), **The Body of the Dead Christ in the Tomb** 1521-22 (oil and tempera on limewood, 30.5 cm x 200 cm., Fig. 5) made during the first decade of the Protestant upheaval, the 1520s, and in a key city of the Reformation, Basel. She focuses on the effects she

argues this painting introduced into culture through the aberrant figuration of the dark and unwitnessed moment of the body tightly laid in its tomb and presented iwithout the final episode of the Christian narrative promising resurrection. Kristeva was not concerned, however, with the art historical complexity of the theological, and resulting iconoclastic, shifts during the 1520s taking place in Basel when Hans Holbein the Younger was painting. For instance art historians have been able to determine neither what this long and narrow painting was—a predella for an altarpiece or a cover for a tomb—nor precisely where Holbein himself stood on the matter of Reformation theology and its assaults on images as idolatry which culminated in a campaign of smashing sculptures in Basel's churches in 1528. (Bätschmann, 1999; Müller, 2006)

Nonetheless, the painting now in the Kunstmuseum Basel, has attracted, and horrified, many modern writers, the Russian novelist Dostoyevsky for example, indifferent to such art historical precision. Perhaps Kristeva projects onto Holbein's daring image what she sees as a distinctively Protestant imaginary that is represented by the unrelieved confrontation with an unattended and decaying corpse. We know that as a young painter Holbein had been taken by his father to Colmar to see the strikingly realistic paintings by an older artist, Mattias Grünewald (1475/80-1528) whose representations of the Crucifixion and the attended Entombment on the Isenheim Atlarpiece (1512-15) were created with a gruesome Gothic realism (Musée Unterlinden, Colmar). With this still Catholic example in mind, Holbein, however, had, we know, made use in his painting of an actual corpse of a criminal, fished out of the river Rhein in Basel, as the model for his vision of the Dead Christ, reproducing all the ghastly signs of his actual death: open eyes, gaping mouth and the rigor of the

discolored hands and feet. This is not Gothic intensification, but to attention to the physical effects of death.

Kristeva makes Holbein's image exemplary of its cultural-historical moment of early sixteenth century European humanism and iconoclasm that marked the emergence of Protestantism and its novel theology of which Hans Holbein the Younger was, for her, the subject (as representative agent not as topic). At the junction of Catholicism with its spiritual understanding of the death of Christ and novel Protestant insistence on the reality of suffering, this painting, according to Kristeva, offers us 'an unadorned representation of death' which conveys to the viewer 'an unbearable anguish before the death of God, here blended with our own, since there is no hint of transcendence': everything, save a tiny touch of light on the toe, produces a feeling of the permanence of being dead. An incarnated deity's, hence now, a human, dereliction is seen here at its most intractably material. To do that the eyes are shown open but sightless, the mouth gaping, the hands cramped, the skin greening and yellowed with decomposition. Paint thus insists for us upon the disfigurement of the face and body in organic death. Kristeva concludes, therefore, that in Holbein's confrontation with the dead body he entombs so emphatically '[h]umanization has reached its highest point'. The structure of the painting proposes itself to a 'solitary meditation of the viewer in disenchanted sadness'. Despite the novelty of oil painting and its potential, this act of painting the entombed Christ poses a question for Kristeva: 'Is it still possible to paint at that point where the body and meaning are severed, where desire disintegrates?' She concludes: 'Holbein's chromatic and compositional asceticism renders such a competition between form and a death that is neither dodged nor embellished, but set forth in its minimal visibility,

in its extreme manifestations constituted by pain and melancholia.' (all citations above from Kristeva: 122-3).

She is arguing that Holbein has managed to hold in tension form—namely the possibility of meaning—and death—the erasure or end of meaning, non-being— by means of the dismal palette he has deployed. Then there is the violence of compositionally enclosing the anguished dead body in the chilling confinement of the narrow, horizontal tomb closed by the painted slab so close to the body. This insistent form incites in viewers both the terror of imagining ourselves locked in the interior of the airless cold tomb while at the same time that chill condition so physically evoked serves as an image of psychic pain and the living deathliness of the condition that is profound depression.

Kristeva seems to be saying that Holbein's painting represents man knowing death at the point of transition from a Catholic to a Protestant, hence, modern post-religious imaginary. But what of woman, who, in Catholic Christian iconography is represented by the Virgin Mother? In Western Catholic theology, the Virgin does not die but is 'assumed' into heaven. In the Orthodox Christian tradition of the Eastern Church, the Virgin Mary is said to 'fall asleep' and is thus translated directly into Heaven. This translation is named Dormition: Κοίμησις Θεοτόκου (*Koímēsis* Theotokou), Falling asleep. From the Greek κοίμησις /*Koímēsis* we get κοιμητήριον, namely in Roman alphabet *coemetērium*, and thence the English word cemetery, 'a place of sleeping'.

Under the pressure of the militant Catholic Counter-reformation that contested Protestantism's powerful rise, Michelangelo Merisi da Caravaggio (1571-1610) daringly introduced a disturbing degree of desacralization of the theology of Assumption and Dormition of the Virgin in a highly controversial painting of the

Death of the Virgin Mary (1601-6, Paris: Louvre) Caravaggio bravely represented a dead woman in all her pallor. (Fig. 6) Perhaps under his inspiration, but from very different motivations as a child who had perhaps witnessed the death of her own mother and knew its awful physical signs, Artemisia Gentileschi (1593-1653) also confronted us with death in two important works cloaked in historical reference. Her painting of Cleopatra (1611-12, Milan: Amedeo Morandotti) captures the coming of death by showing the nude body of the Egyptian queen Cleopatra as she grasps the deadly asp fiercely in her hand. We see her as the poison overtakes her, leaving her eyes open just enough to suggest the subjectivity of the agent of this act, still conscious of her deed. Gentileschi's later version of Cleopatra (1633-35, Fig. 7) fearlessly but brutally showed the artist's personal knowledge of what death does when it ends life by making the viewer confront the ghastly pallor of complete lifelessness, the rigor mortis of one hand, and the sightless eyes, rolled back in death.

Some artists of the modernist era have captured death as it occurred in daily life. The most notable image of dying is that created by Claude Monet when he could not stop himself from capturing the changing colours of the flesh of his fading wife Camille. In Camille Monet on her Deathbed (1879, Paris, Musée d'Orsay) rapid and obsessive brushwork seeks to note but perhaps also to stay the moment of dying. A more agonizing tracking of the road to death appears in the series by the Swiss artist Ferdinand Hodler (1853-1918) who painfully painted his lover, Valentine Godé-Darel, also dying agonizingly from cancer. This series has been brilliantly studied by Elisabeth Bronfen in her profound analysis of use of the beautiful image of woman to protect the masculine viewer from the confrontation with mortality. (Bronfen). Such honesty before the effects of mortal illness have hardly been repeated until American artist Hannah Wilke's daring self-documentation of her decline from cancer in a series

of portraits posthumously exhibited as Intravenus (Ronald Felman Gallery, New York, 8 January-19 February 1994).

The death of even cultural deities does not promise us relief. There is a point at which death, ending, dying, being no more, ceasing to be, expiring, being deceased, defunct, bereft of life, being dead—in the words of John Cleese in the infamous Monty Python sketch about a dead parrot—has to be confronted, even if iconicity 'resurrects' as an image, itself already, as a photograph, conceptually carrying mortality in its very existence. (Barthes, Camera Lucida) The photograph attesting to a human-being-there also carries within that fact the photograph's material capacity to outlive its mortal sitter captured in one moment of being. This confers on the sitter, even in life, the imminence and immanence of being dead. The photograph is a then perpetual death mask.

Death Masks form another sign of contact with, and attempts to deflect, death. The Laurence Hutton Collection of Death Masks now at Princeton University presents faces in the neutral pallor of plaster casts. This endows the faces with the appearance of sleeping, while plaster's whiteness preserves them from the sickly greening Holbein so faithfully reproduced. The rigor mortis has passed it seems, or the mask was taken before it began. There is no rictus here of sightless staring eyes and mouths gasping for life. One of the most famous of such casts is known as *L'Inconnue de la* Seine, ca 1880s, (Fig. 8) apparently taken from an anonymous young woman who drowned in the Seine during the 1880s. So beautiful and unmarked by suffering was the young woman's face that the autopsy technician decided to make a wax death mask of it. Copies were then made in plaster and reproductions of it are known to have hung in many artists' studios. Well into the twentieth century, this image was the

topic of literary and philosophical discussions by writers including Rilke, Camus, Nabakov, Aragon, Blanchot and Alvarez. (Bronfen: 207)

Humanities scholar Ruth Leys reports a case from the psychoanalyst Abram Kardiner (1891-1981), who told Sigmund Freud of dream of a mask, which Freud interpreted as masking his own profound psychic trauma of looking on the lifeless face of his mother, a face that lies at the foundation of all our fascinations with the human face, and also perhaps feeds into the aesthetic iconization of the feminine face. Kardiner explained that he had

> …a dream about a mask, from which I awoke with great apprehension. The dream stimulated very important associations, which led to the discovery of a childhood phobia that I had had, namely, the fear of masks and clothed wax figures. Freud asked, "What was there about the mask that frightened you so?" My first response was that it was the facial immobility, the lack of expression, the fact that it neither smiled nor laughed, and that the face was immobile. I myself had had several dreams in which I could see myself in the mirror, and the face would not reflect my emotional expression; that is, I would smile or I would frown, but the expression in the mirror did not change. Freud drew the conclusion that the possibility was that "the first mask you saw was your dead mother's face." Now, this idea sent shivers through me when I first thought about it, but the circumstantial evidence from this dream and the associations led to the striking possibility that I had discovered my mother dead, while I was alone with her in the house. (Leys: 44)

This personal horror of the change to the human face wrought by death can be taken into a more cultural and collective dimension. According to Arendtian feminist philosopher of violence, Adriana Cavarero, what causes the profoundest horror in us is disfigurement. '*Figura'*–like the French word figure, means face, and, for Cavarero, face is the site of human singularity, namely what makes each of us unique (not exceptional). It thus also represents our constitutive vulnerability as a human before an other. Cavarero, therefore, defines as horrorism the current form of violence of suicide bombing that explodes a human body and thus defaces it as an ontological crime: a crime against fundamental human being. Cavarero invokes the trope of the

classical legend of Medusa not only in relation to the severed head of a dismembered body that is the effect on the suicide bomber him/herself but because the face functions as the locus of subjective singularity:

> Medusa reminds us that the 'killing of uniqueness' as Hannah Arendt would say, is an ontological crime that goes well beyond the inflicting of death. Medusa confirms that this crime is visited on a body not just vulnerable but reduced to the primary situation of absolute helplessness (inerme in Italian). (Cavarero: 29-30)

This journey through my historical and philosophical Bilderatlas that forms room in in what I name my virtual feminist museum, which is a feminist reworking of the image thinking practised by Aby Warburg (Pollock 2007; 2013). It enables me to return once more to the morgue image of Marilyn Monroe. In the work two very different artists who are women, I want now to assess the significance of their aesthetic intervention that may be said to be performing an act of elective intimacy with the image of an unguarded body. I have been suggesting a potential association between the Medusan image and the photograph that isolates the face of the dead Marilyn Monroe. I have implied that the image might also be considered in Cavarero's terms a radical defacement. Now I want to ask if artistic revisitings of this photograph of the unattended dead body can perform otherwise. Can they perform a Matrixial wit(h)nessing in fascinance that radically disrupts the phallic fascinum that has typically been avoided only by aestheticizing deflections of the intimacy with death explored by Elisabeth Bronfen in her study of femininity, death and the aesthetic? (Bronfen, 1992)

Margaret Harrison 1994

The British feminist artist Margaret Harrison (b.1940) has long been interested in Marilyn Monroe as a historical woman worthy of feminist compassion and respect.

Monroe first appears in Harrison's early work, Anonymous was a woman, 1977, a work about women who lost their lives tragically. In 1994, after a long residency in Los Angeles, Harrison undertook a series of 14 acrylic paintings and further graphite drawings. She worked from and, more importantly, with the 1962 morgue photograph that she too saw reproduced in Anthony Summers' book, having also come across it elsewhere. (Personal email communication to the author, 2016)

As a painter, Harrison clothes the figuratively naked, unguarded image in a feminist affect created by the nature of her painted touch. Painting takes time, inducing reverie as the artist builds her image wash by wash, stroke by stroke, making her decisions as each effect appears from the materials' interactions. Harrison's series might be said to generate a gentler, feminist recuperation of Marilyn Monroe than was her fate with her embarrassed contemporaries or the feminist writers of the 1980s when Gloria Steinem writing in 1986. Harrison represents those who recognize Monroe's brilliance and seek to reflect on her life and her work within the specific context of both. The cover image of the book, Moving Pictures, on Harrison's work (Fig. 10) that includes the paintings and drawings based on the photograph, (Harrison, 1998) reworks the late, 1962, image similar to that used Norman Mailer's volume, which I suggested paid its own homage to Warhol's gesture. Harrison works it to massively different effect.

The crop brings us in very close to the face, excluding the surrounding field that supports an image of the head. It becomes the only field. The image (51 x 51 cm) is produced by marks of acrylic paint on paper, building a surface from the surface of the photograph (rather than from the volume and planes of an actual face). The effects of the cosmetically crafted appearance that was the 'mask' Monroe so brilliantly produced for appearances before the camera are rendered vulnerable through the

fluidity of the medium. The hard finish of glossy lipstick, shiny eyeliner and lacquered hair yield to a delicacy of touch that conveys a vulnerable, even frightened presence, made even more intense by the modernist assertion of medium around one eye, that suggests weeping by means of this chance painterly bleed that marks a photographic shadow.

In an acrylic working of the image (25.5 x 21 cm, Fig. 10), Margaret Harrison adds vibrant colour. Boldly she sets the face against an intensely red ground that silhouettes the profile. She enlivens the earth colours of the face with traces of red and blue. Yet another acrylic painting (25.5 x 21 cm., Fig. 11) plays the made image against a golden-orange ground, tinting the covering sheet with watery blue. The washed peroxided hair is hued with purple in its shadows and Naples yellow in its highlights. The livid face is blued and sprinkled with pointillist red touches. This painting declares its source, writing onto the shroud the title given by Summers: Marilyn in death.

This curious phrasing seems more intelligible in Margaret Harrison's painting precisely because I am looking at a painting, a translation of the stolen shot, a reframing of its dreadful loneliness and vulnerability by her artistic transformation. Performatively, its creation is a work of intimacy bringing this image into vision over time, through an aesthetic fascinance before the original and in memory of a working class woman's life, by strokes of liquid paint on a ground, each feature created by movements of the hand, dabs of the brush, imaginings of the vital colours of a living form. Once the basic image had come into being on the page, the artist remains with it, slowly, gently adding its patches, marks, and washes. The bruise must emerge from the page just as the blood it represents once settled under the skin.

The image has also been carefully positioned on the page. If we compare the photograph and Harrison's paintings we can see that the artist has distanced herself a little. She has played with position as we can see in a juxtaposition of four less intensely coloured essays in graphite on paper. (Fig.12) Closing in and withdrawing: these produce very different effects and generate diverse affects in their relations and repetition. I would suggest, however, that in this transformation, the face is no longer one that has lost its contours, sagging through severed muscles so that it no longer offers its beautiful appearance. It is as if the artist has recast the brutal postmortem scene to transfigure the corpse into a sleeping woman still marked by her passing. The nature of the transformation through the delicacy of paint or graphite tips the affective scale towards a kind of tenderness of touch that incites a different ethic in the gaze. Both relieve the unguarded exposure of the original in its snatched production and controversial reproduction that produced an unguarded intimacy. A new kind of intimacy is produced through the possibilities of a non-phallic gaze in/ through painting called fascinance that seeks to learn from and be with the image because the time of painting incites a time of viewing that produces transformation in both the image and its Matrixialized viewers. What de-phallicizes and thus Matrixializes those who encounter the paintings and drawings lies in the temporality and materiality of the artworking itself, in the forms chosen, space, framing, and above all touch.

Physical layers of colour that enact the temporalities of Bracha Ettinger's painting practice gave rise to what she elaborated theoretically as a Matrixial gaze. (Ettinger, 2006a) Such a gazing through touching and sensing, enabled by materiality, colour and the light that paint creates (not represents) is produced by Ettinger's aesthetic practice that is bathed in its own ethics. Its effects emerge into theoretical

articulation as fascinance, the Matrixial counterforce to the fascinum of the Medusan look: arresting and killing. Fascinance is the prolonged process that performs and induces the aesthetic gesture of com-passion. In Harrison's work, horror in the image is muted even while colour or shading truthfully reports on the pooling of blood that is the effect of dying and lying for some time face down.

Marlene Dumas 2008

During a visit to the Tate Modern Modern in Londonn to see the exhibition by South African-Dutch painter Marlene Dumas, titled The Image as Burden (Tate Modern, London, 5 February -10 May, 2015), I once again encountered the autopsy photograph in a version reworked by a painter. (Fig. 13) Let it be said straight off. I struggled with the paintings by Marlene Dumas in the show. I felt hurt by her work. I found its psychic economy fierce, harsh, and wounding. Its evident register of trauma offers me little 'transport station of trauma', no transformation—or rarely (Ettinger, 2000). But whose unconscious shaped my reaction to Dumas' painting of the dead Marilyn Monroe? How do we manage that critically as more than a personal disposition in the face of a challenging form of art?

Dumas' paintings are certainly bold and intense. I sense, however, that she hides the sources of her works' intensity behind the screen of the found image from which so many of her works are painted. The found image, usually from the media, is itself a trace from and index of the harsh, politically violent and racist world, but at second hand and at one remove. The image from elsewhere thus serves as the distanciating mechanism. It is turned into an icon, hypostatizing an other's suffering, of suffering as Other. Yet the nakedness of the other as captured in the photograph is heightened by her bold painterly translation. The images Dumas collects and re-uses

are then wounded by her creative re-translation into and by means of her powerful painted gestures. Her gestures and her colour carry their own affective freight charging the images, like Holbein with their own chromatic and gestural economy. These gestures of painting register the artist's bodily energy as she works with the image and on the canvas. They disperse her psychic energy across the surface, which is then, curiously, given a face by the intimacy between her painting, its referent-source in an image and the latter's paradoxical defacement by paint itself.

Choosing a word such as defacement knowingly suggests an implicit ethical transgression. Face is one of the conceptual terms in the ethical philosophy of Emmanuel Levinas (1906-95). The source, or key site of Levinas' proposition of the face as the moment of the ethical encounter with the other was, however, inspired by his reading of a novel by the Soviet novelist, Vassily Grossman (1905-64). In Grossman's posthumously published novel about the horror and the courage of his years under Stalin and Hitler, Life and Fate ([1959], 1980) Levinas was fascinated by a scene in which Grossman describes a line of women outside the Lubyanka prison: 'each reading on the nape of the person in front of them the feelings and hopes of his misery.' [Levinas in Robbins 2002: 208). Thus face is not the image of a face. Face stands for 'expression or appeal' — 'the nakedness of the other—destitution and misery beneath the adopted countenance'. One might say that face is a kind of living pathos formula that emerges at the site of an encounter in which both parties are exposed to an other in an unguarded and unknown intimacy. Face is often actually articulated by the pathos of the body. The register of face is primarily neither conscious recognition by the observer of the other nor unconscious investment of the observer in the other. It is a formally created space between affect and what Ettinger names response-ability. (Ettinger, 2006b)

My anxiety or discomfort before an artistic project that re-exposes others' faces in unguarded but not ethically-inducing intimacy is not a critical position on the importance or not of Marlene Dumas to the last gasp of art market art history that keeps trying to elevate its selected stars by belatedly allowing one or two artist-women into the already overfull pantheon of important men-painters. What I am introducing into the discussion within this volume is my interest in the psychic economies performed in aesthetic practices (Pollock, 2013). So I can and must be self-analytical while inevitably exposing myself to the reader's analytical attention by offering here a letter to the artist. I did write to Margaret Harrison with questions that she kindly and fully answered. This letter was not sent and becomes an open letter not an art historical enquiry.

Dear Marlene Dumas,

Your work has been on the edges of my consciousness for some time. As a feminist art historian, your paintings have often been suggested to me as a field I should explore. I know well one of the champions of your painting, Ernst van Alphen. You and I share, after all a South African birthplace, although my passing immigrant family barely gives me a right to claim any real relation to the country of your longer-settled Afrikaner ancestors.

I am writing now because I was more than distressed when in the final section *of the Tate show I encountered one, small painting. "Oh no, not you too", I cried out,* when coming belatedly upon your working of the postmortem image of Marilyn Monroe now promiscuously circulating on the internet.

Your title is **Dead Marilyn**. I can see that it is a rather wonderful painting qua painting. Your usually subdued palette of grays and browns and whites—a South African refusal and acknowledgement of the political power of colour in your life at the same time—have been lifted with the touches of lilac and turquoise greens. The photograph from which it is painted is a blurry, grainy black and white reproduction. So adding colour becomes a potential gesture of enlivening. Yet lilac and green are colours associated with bruising and decay. They take me *back to Holbein's*

gruesome **Dead Christ.** I know you know the work because you yourself have played in a series of paintings *with Holbein's use of horizontal body in a narrow frame.*

Your chosen colours are not the warm tones of living skin. Their hue emphasizes the fact that we are looking at a corpse. In fact we are not. The body, the corpse of the corpse, is invisible. Only the head is shown. Your bold strokes of paint translate the straight washed blonde hair of the original. Uncrimped, uncurled or unstyled, its flow is the hair of this person whom we have never seen thus. Your brustrokes give it force and weight. They also insist on the movement of the loaded brush, its own hairs parting to deliver tints and tones of pinks and blues. The features in the photograph that appear black are dark greens and shadows are paler blue-greens. Your paintbrush has moved with care to shape her ear. Her face is no longer livid. You have worked the mouth and not quite scaled the nose. The heavy stroke that is made to represent the close eyelids stand proud. How many strokes did this image take? I can see you followed the farther contour of the face afterward almost making it a profile. The numbers becomes mere smudges. They remain to index the source. It must matter.

Research has led me to discover that you conceived the painting for your exhibition **Measuring My Own Grave** at the LaMOCA and MoMA in 2008 curated by *Cornelia Butler. You stated: 'I made this painting for the American show specifically. I wanted to make a big painting for America where they make big paintings.' Monroe* and Americanness. That was the theme of a long essay I wrote about Monroe and Jackson Pollock which I titled 'Killing Men and Dying Women', back in 1996.

But you then say your encounter with the Monroe image turned into a small, one might say an intimate, painting. 15 x 19 inches; 40 x 50 cm. You then add to your *account: 'Making a very small painting relates to my own history. My mother died in* 2007. I did not know how to give form to that experience. Things come to you when *you are ready for them'. You tell that an old newspaper ima*ge fell out of one of your newspaper boxes. But you also relate the coming of this image and the painting of it to the larger sphere of death: the war in Iraq at the time. This made me think that for you painting is not merely about the finality of one p*erson's death and your own* bereavement. The iconicity of Monroe: American and dead, relates to an idea that *'Dead Marilyn' expresses the end of an era. You also call it a portrait of death, a portrait of Monroe, or of a period or a portrait of one's own po*tential death.

There's a lot of death in your work, notably in that exhibition of 2008. There are a lot of dead people's heads, from photographs, from other paintings, old and current. But these are big paintings, giantizing the severed heads, losing me in the outsized scale of your painting of enlarged details.

I could have been mollified when you linked your own bereavement to the discovery of a photograph. I know that territory of maternal bereavement and have studied its aesthetic strategies by many artists. But you had collected the photograph. It is not an easy photograph to find. I will talk about it shortly. Before that I want to pose the question that arose for me when I met this painting, your signature procedures, colours, tones, gestures.

Is the photograph of Marilyn Monroe after her autopsy available for anyone to project onto it whatever they wish? Can it be a screen for their own situation or affect? Does its existence and situation claim anything from anyone who sees it because of the nature of the photograph and that situation? Is there an ethics that denounces the politics of a practice that speaks its own veiled disclosures behind the publicly circulating, the found image, when the circulation of an photographic image of a dead individual has already breached deep cultural codes governing the most unguarded vulnerability and the most intimate singularity of the subject: their death?
Just some questions.
Yours sincerely….

Writing and speaking this letter during a conference in 2016 left me feeling uncomfortable. What were my ethics in so doing? I had written the imaginary letter with a certain honesty. Yet I felt that I should not send the letter. So I decided that I had to address my questions more openly to the artist, to open a dialogue and perhaps to learn more of who the artist is beyond my reading of the affects of her work when I encountered them at the Tate. Marlene Dumas graciously engaged in conversation with me via email.

Marlene Dumas explained to me in her reply something about the nature of her archive of found images. Not ordered but randomly collected, they come and go

in her consciousness gaining attention at overdetermined moments. She did remember finding this image of Monroe and being distressed at first that such a private matter as (her) death should be published thus. Passing through the experience of sitting at her own mother's deathbed and respecting its unguarded intimacy, and with the passage of time, the artist refound the image of Marilyn Monroe. She says that she felt compelled—almost commanded—to work with it at that point. In contrast to the banalized and exploitative use of the beautiful images of the younger Monroe in every strip club, bar, hairdresser and magazine, this image had taken on new meaning. No longer 'horrible', it now appeared to the artist as gentled, even 'respectful', irrespective of the motivation of the original photographer to snatch this shot or document an autopsy. The image took a different place in the posthumous abuse of its subject's 'living' image now so promiscuously disseminated and appropriated. Following down the many strings of association, Marlene Dumas arrived at one idea: that this face of a dead woman itself allegorized for her at a certain political moment a death of an American Dream. More suggestions were offered by the artist in her email, not as motivations but rather like unraveling of a many-threaded cloth only after the whole has been grasped. There are many levels of meaning, some political, some personal, some involving mourning for a mother, others mourning for her fading youth. The image functions, so it seems, as a screen for a fabric of memories, lives, deaths, politics—and being alert to the world.

In a PS Marlene Dumas then engaged thoughtfully with my questions about the ethics of painting this image, or of any painting. She affirmed that with every work questions are posed: should I paint this? Why do I want to paint this? Should I show it? Does it do anything? Is it any good? The artist also suggests that the viewer encounters the same questions as s/he confronts a work that has been produced out of

both necessity and doubt, equivocation and commitment, compulsion to confront something by painting and decisions about it as a painting, that may no longer be dependent on the image and the questions its topic poses.

These answers enabled me to locate my somewhat anxious and even judgemental 'letter to the artist' as part of the work Dumas does for and in the world by painting out of whatever she felt calls her to paint and to paint with. I now was able to recognize that the image is always in effect being translated by the hand that remakes it as something entirely other. This occurs at the intersection of different worlds of memory, history, politics and aesthetic possibility. It seems to me that in the intersections that evoke the many times and situations that condense in the decision to paint, the process of painting becomes different instances of wit(h)nessing, even if, for this viewer, the affect I felt in the presence of Dumas's painting was somewhat more challenging than that which I have described as my reactions before Harrison's watercolours and acrylics. But I did learn from this exchange that Marlene Dumas had encountered the photograph in a Dutch Magazine sympathetically marking the tenth anniversary of Monroe's death: thus in a context less harsh than that in which I met it in Summers' book. In concluding our conversation, Dumas kindly made available scans of her large scale paintings from the show that involved her versions of the horizontal corpse from Holbein's Dead Christ and the close up of the head of a martyred St Lucy: she has thus set me off in a new direction of writing about Dumas' work. I am grateful beyond measure to both Margaret Harrison and Marlene Dumas for our exchanges over their paintings of this found image.

A final image

I have to end this series of reflection by turning back to a one body of work created in 1946 by Norma Jeane Baker, who had just been given by her studio a professional name, Marilyn Monroe, working with the Hungarian photographer Andre de Dienes (1913-1985). She had just become a blonde. She was a model on an early shoot. She gave to his camera her still unknown face, unmade up, washed and gleaming before to his lens. She performed a strange a narrative of affects and moods across the frames wrapped in a black shroud, ending up horizontal, her face with eyes closed exposed to the light, his viewfinder and our gaze in several images that anticipate the pose and condition of sleep—or death. (Fig. 15-16) Hair flowing freely encircles a young face sculpted by light. He came in close. The photograph invites us to take up that position. But the world of difference lies in the presence of the subject who has veiled herself behind, and within, the face she has offered to the world, that the photographer has witnessed in its double gesture of offering (being photographed) and withholding (by closing her eyes). In radical contrast to the bleak poverty of the photo-mechanical 'shot' of an abandoned, unclaimed, unprotected, forensically mutilated dead woman, this beautiful image is the result of a creative collaboration between a desiring heterosexual man-photographer and a young woman who was not just his model but the co-creator of images that would later define her as a cultural memory. Between the work of painters Margaret Harrison and Marlene Dumas and their use of one of the most violent, violating images taken from this same woman 'in death' we encounter the work art does— not as image, but as the evocation and instanciation of the gaze. A phallic gaze can mortify again. Or a gaze infused with Matrixial possibility can remain with the unguarded fragility of one-no-longer-in-life in a moment of respectful intimacy that gives new meaning to Ettinger's Matrixial position of aesthetic wit(h)nessing.

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Figures

1. Interior Spread, p 233 of Anthony Summers Goddess: The Secret Lives of Marilyn Monroe. (London: Victor Gollancz 1985/ Orion Press, 2000)
3. Postmortem image of Marilyn Monroe. Getty Images
4. Andy Warhol Golden Marilyn, 1962 silkscreen ink on synthetic polymer oaint in canvas 211.4 x 144.7 cm. New York, Museum of Modern Art. © 2016 Andy Warhol Foundation for the Visual Arts / Artists Rights Society (ARS), New York
5. Andy Warhol, marked up photograph by Gene Korman of Marilyn Monroe in Niagara. © 2016 Andy Warhol Foundation for the Visual Arts / Artists Rights Society (ARS), New York
6. Cover of Norman Mailer Marilyn: The Biography.
7. Hans Holbein the Younger, The Body of the Dead Christ in the Tomb 1521-22 (oil and tempera on limewood 1520-22 30.5 cm x 200 cm. Basel Kunstmuseum.
8. Michelangelo Merisi da Caravaggio (1571-1610) Detail of Death of the Virgin Mary 1601-6, Paris: Louvre. RNM
9. Artemisia Gentileschi The Death of Cleopatra 1633-35
10. Death Mask of *L'Inconnue de la Seine,* ca 1880. Public domain
11. Margaret Harrison Marilyn is Dead! 51x 51 cm acrylic on canvas Berlin Siberkuppe

12. Margaret Harrison Marilyn is Dead! (cadmium) 25.5 x 21 cm cm acrylic on canvas Berlin Siberkuppe
13. Margaret Harrison Marilyn is Dead! (Icon) 25.5 x 20 cm acrylic on canvas Berlin Siberkuppe
14. Four by MH 14)
15. Marlene Dumas Dead Marilyn 2008 oil on canvas, 40 x 50 cm. Private Collection. Photo Peter Cox
16. Marlene Dumas
17. Andre de Dienes Norma Jeane Baker/ Marilyn Monroe 1946 silver gelatin prnt

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