



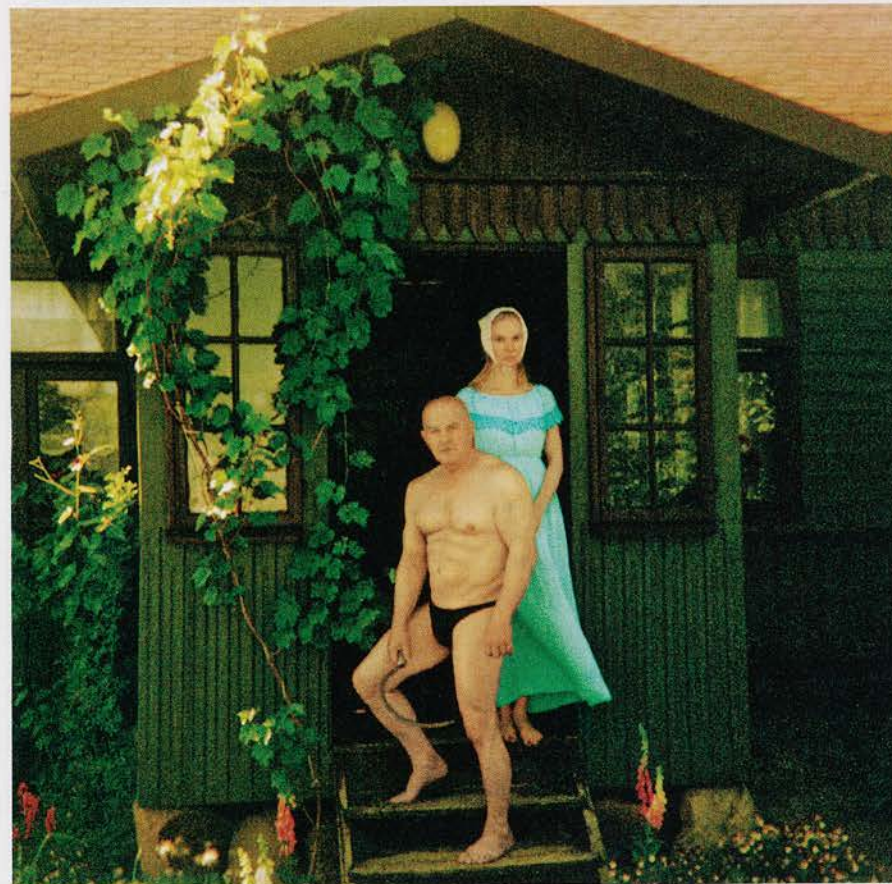
## The Photographs I Can't Stop Thinking About

By JERRY SALTZ

ANETA BARTOS's pictures were shown as part of the Spring/Break Art Show at 4 Times Square at the beginning of March.

MY PRIVATE THEORY of sexuality is, if you saw your parents naked while you were growing up, you'll be messed up. Of course, if you didn't see them naked, then you're probably messed up too. Those complications spark in artist Aneta Bartos's haunted, staged photographs of herself partially clad in bra and panties or camisoles with her Speedo-wearing, bald, bodybuilder father. They're both from Poland; she lives in Manhattan now.

Where does the power of these photographs emanate from? I think Bartos's intense awareness of her own sexuality is part of it—how she's stripped down for these pictures. At the same time, her father is as intense but about his own narcissistic obsession, his cartoon idea of masculinity. He's so deep in it that it renders his daughter invisible to him. They both pose for us but pretend not to be aware of the other, displaying a kind of nonsexual sexuality. Or vice versa. I cringe, confront a black mirror of hyper daddy issues or missing-mommy issues and my own American sexuality of never having seen my parents naked. Which side of that line are you on?



PHOTOGRAPHS COURTESY OF ANETA BARTOS