

has made himself quite rakish on limited means), but his photographs have interest qua photographs.

Mr. Schuman is a street photographer, a high-tech flåneur, whose images stick to a relatively simple format. His subjects are almost all shot standing in a public space. Unlike those of most street photographers, his subjects are not caught unawares but are posed; they look at the camera. Since he shoots in color he prefers a hazy sun that doesn't hide details in shadows. More of his subjects are female than male, most are young and pretty, but not all, and they are of different ethnicities and cultures — a black-hat Chasid in New York and two Muslim girls in burqas and identical white outfits in Stockholm. Within his rigid format, however, he achieves a fair amount of variety, because the clothes are varied, ambiances are varied, and personalities are varied.

In conventional fashion photography, the subjects are professional models who serve merely as armatures for the clothes they wear, manikins who are assigned the outfits in which they pose. But the Sartorialist's subjects have chosen their own outfits, and if the tailors' admonition that "clothes make the man" is true, we are curious to see what these people have made of themselves. We read the clothes as a gloss on who they are. We know from Mr. Schuman's brief interviews with them that they have conscientiously dressed themselves up the way they have, so this is not unfair.

The woman with her hair dyed bright red, rouge spots on her cheeks, and exaggerated Cupid's bow lips wears an enormous orange fur collar over her silver coat (2006). The man in London with a wide-brimmed fedora has set it on his head at a debonair angle (2006). The man in Bryant Park has taken pains with his handkerchief so that it seems to blossom from his breast pocket (2007). A young girl in Paris, maybe on the way to her lycée, has a black wool cap pulled over her head, a black coat, a black scarf wrapped around her face, black gloves, a black dress and rubber boots, but gray woolen stockings (2007).

How much of this is narcissistic vanity and how much creative play? The Sartorialist treats his subjects with the respect urban pedestrians ordinarily accord each other. And, as Mark Twain quipped, "Clothes make the man. Naked people have little or no influence on society."

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